

The Dog and the Tube



Each morning I say, 'Hello, hair. What is the plan today?' My hair never says a thing back. But it has a plan, that is **true**. Two clips, a good brush, and whoosh! I am set for the day.





In summer, my hair
goes up. Way, way up.
It blocks the hot sun
like a big roof.

I sip my cool drink
from a **tube** in the
shade. My dog pants in
his dark specs. **Phew**, it
is hot! 'Enjoy the shade,'
I tell my dog.

When the leaves drift
down, we run. My
hair flies out like a
wave full of leaves. It
fills the path. My dog
pursues me, leaping
over each twig in his
way. But no pup can
beat my hair.





In winter, I do not need
a scarf. I coil my hair
on my neck and chin
and step out in the **new**
snow. Warm as toast!

My dog huffs and puffs
in the snow. 'I would
lend it,' I tell my dog,
'but there is just hair
for one.'

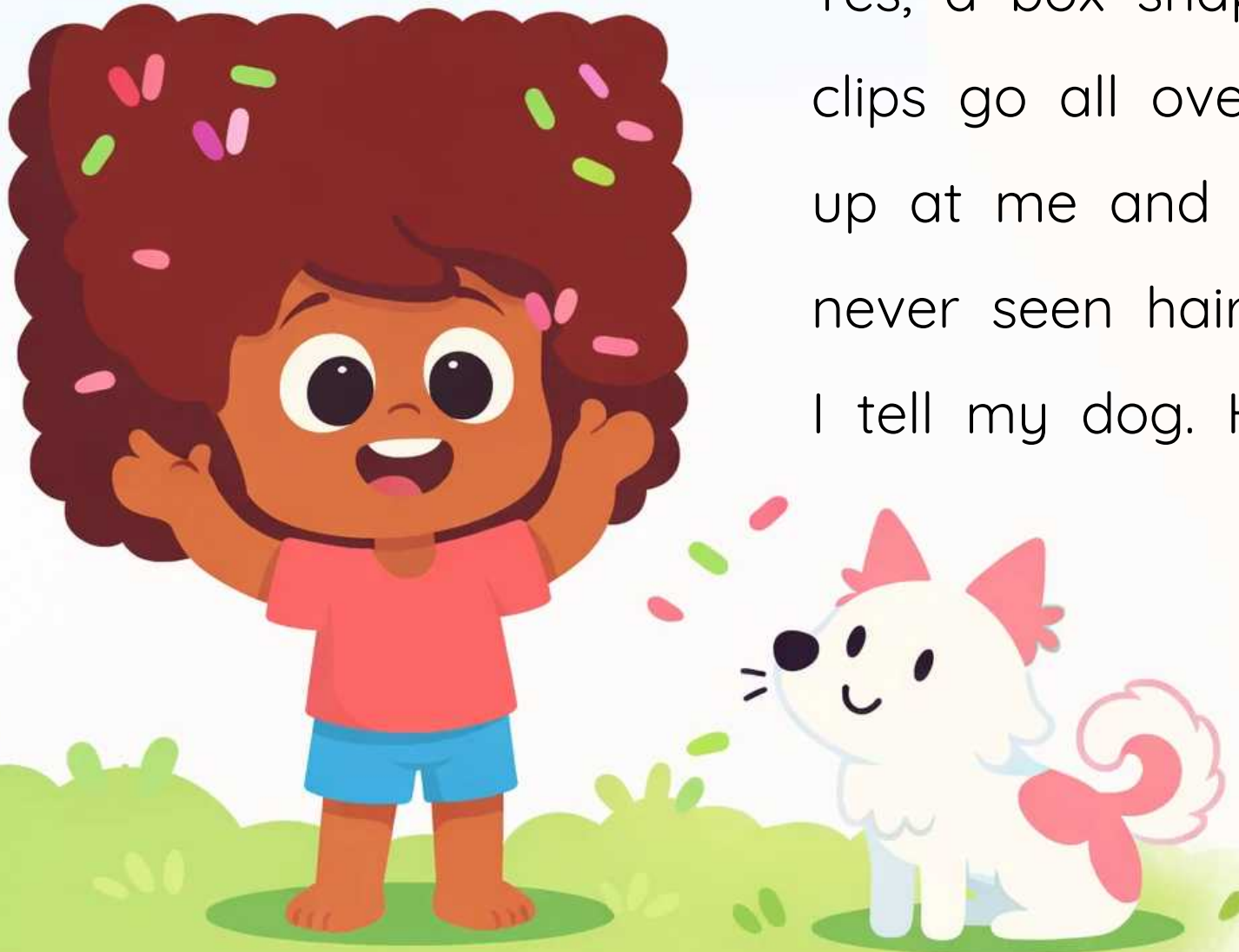
One day, I cut it all off. Short. My **new** short hair is less hard, yes. But less hard is not more fun. My dog blinks at me as if to ask, 'Where did it go?' Now I must wait, birthday to birthday, till it grows back.



In time, it grows back.
I lie down flat in the
dewy grass and let my
hair fan out like a rug.
I shut my lids. Little
bugs creep up my
arms to say hello. My
dog curls up by my
side. 'We are back,' I
say.



On dress-up day, I do a **new** thing with my hair. A box shape. Yes, a box shape! Pink and green clips go all over it. My dog gazes up at me and blinks. He has never seen hair like this. 'It is art,' I tell my dog. He just sniffs.



My hair is a tool kit too.
When I make art, I tuck
each pen and wax stick
into my curls. Need the
blue pen? Grab it from
the left. Need pink?
Check the back. Then
my dog pokes out from
my curls. He was in
there all this time, and I
did not have a **clue**!





My mom says my hair looks like a bird nest. So I think, what if it was one? A **bluebird** could nest right on top. My dog could perch up there too, happy as can be. A bird home that can walk! Mom does not say no. She just steps away, step by step.

When the wind blows,
my hair flies out like
a big flag. All who
pass stop and gaze.
My dog and I lean
into the gust, side by
side, as if we **rule**
the street. And **guess**
what? We do.



At bedtime, my mom sits me down and brushes out each twist. She adds bands, pins, and bows in **blue** and green, and hums a sweet **tune**. My dog sneaks in and hides in my curls. Then he peeks out. He wants a bow too. Mom gives my dog a bow. She does this each night.



Will I ever cut my hair short? No way!

Long hair makes each day feel like my birthday. A rose or two tucks into my curls, as if it **grew** there. I think even the plants wish they had hair like this. And that is **true**.





The Dog and the Tube

A girl's hair has a plan every morning, shading her from summer sun and racing the wind while her dog pursues her down the autumn path. But when she cuts it all off short, she must wait a whole year for it to grow back. Will she ever get her long hair back? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 8: /ue/ mixed), this book practices words like 'tube', 'pursues', 'dewy', 'bluebird', 'rule'.

Phonics Focus: <mixed>

blue, bluebird, clue, dewy, grew, guess, new, phew, pursues, rule, true, tube, tune

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