

My Curls Bounce!



Joy had a rule. One bold, bright rule. Curly is always **better** than flat. She hung upside down and let her curls prove it. Every curl bounced like a wild spring. She stretched one out, let go, and pop! It coiled right back, **quicker** than a blink. 'See?' she said to no one. 'Flat locks can not do that.'



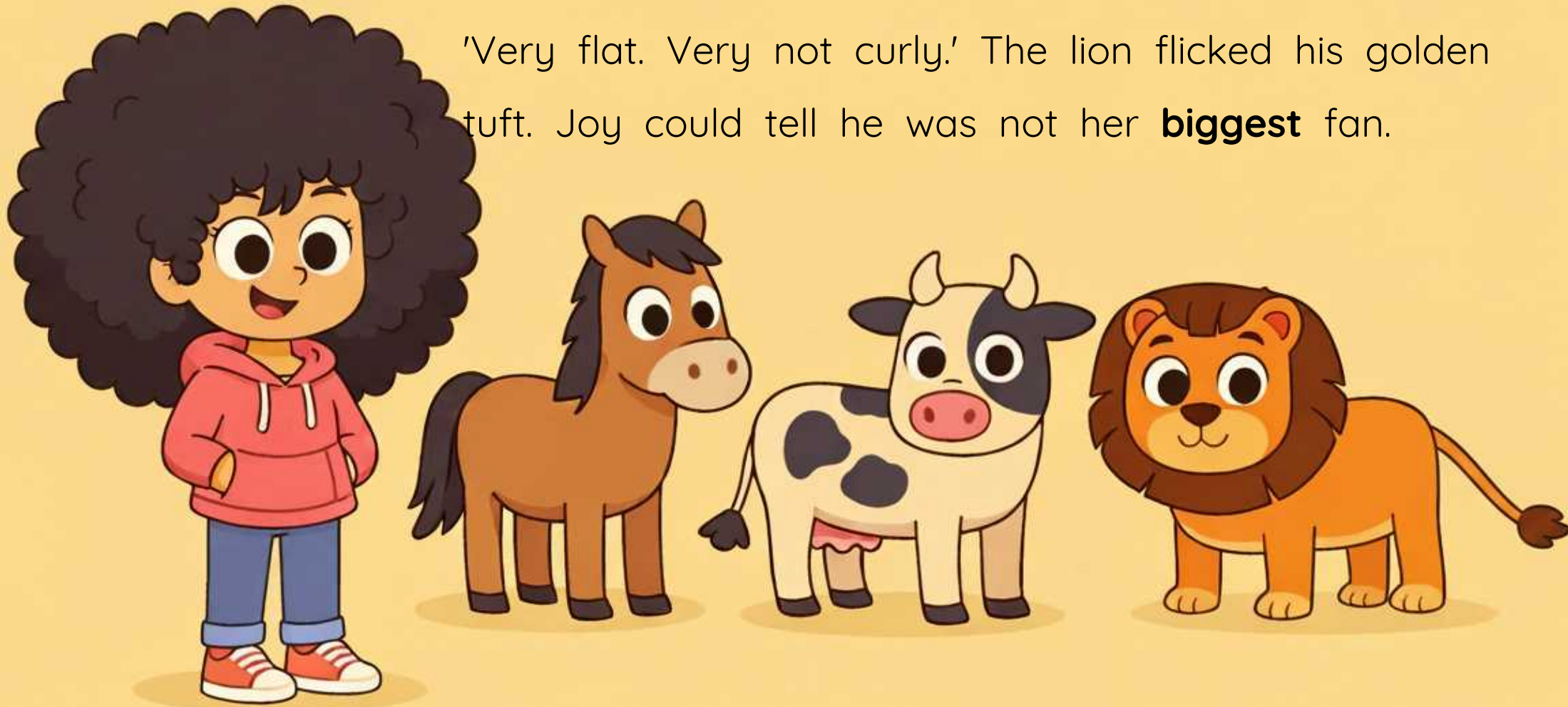


Joy had a sister named Rose. Rose lay on the floor with her flat blond locks spread all around her head like a fan. 'My locks can do something curls can not,' Rose said. 'They stay where I put them.' 'Boring,' said Joy. But she had to look twice. Rose's locks had the **smoothest, blondest** shine Joy had ever seen. Just a tiny bit pretty.

Joy set out to prove her rule. The cat came along, its tail curled up round and high. A furry friend hung upside down from a vine, its tail coiled up tight. A small beast sat close by. Its tail had the **neatest** swirl of all. 'Team Curly!' Joy called, giving the cat a long scratch. 'They all know. Curly. Is. **Better.**' The cat purred and shut its eyes. Joy counted that as agreeing.



Then Joy met a horse, a cow, and a lion. All three tails hung flat, not one curl in sight. Joy used her **kindest** smile. 'That tail is very... nice,' she told the lion, because you must always be polite to lions. 'Very flat. Very not curly.' The lion flicked his golden tuft. Joy could tell he was not her **biggest** fan.



Joy found a set of steps that curved up and up and up. She held the railing and started to climb. 'Even steps can be curly!' she whispered, eyes wide. Each one curved into the next, like the inside of a shell. Joy felt her curls bounce at every turn. 'A flat path could never be **grander** than this.' Far below, Rose would pick the **plainest** way up.





Joy sat down and rested her chin on her hands. The cat curled up beside her in the **softest** little ball, tail raised high over its back.

'What things are curly?'

Joy asked. 'And what things are flat? And is the curly thing always the best?'

She paused. 'Yes,' she said at last. 'Yes, for real.'

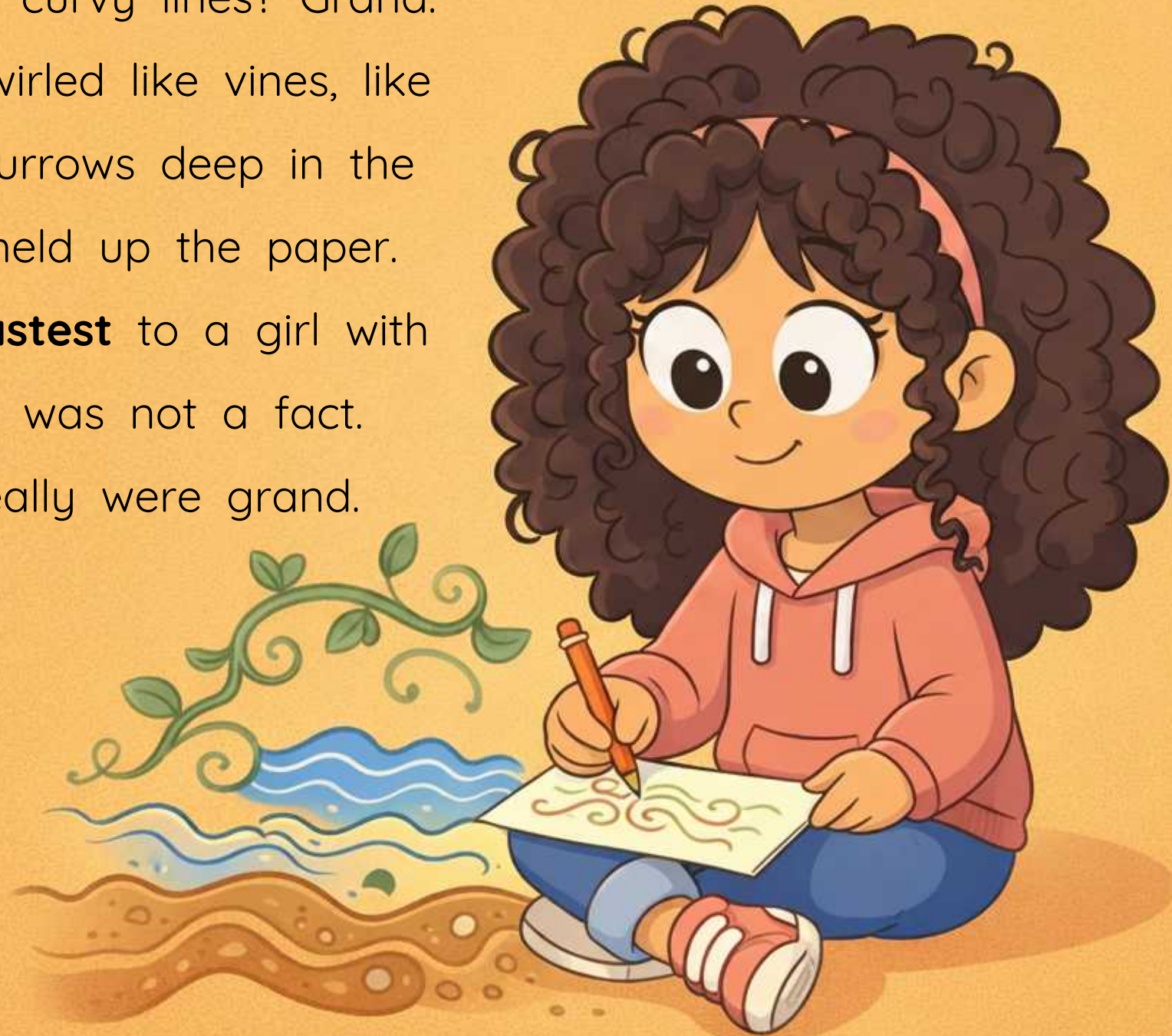
A pic in a frame hung on the wall. It showed Joy at the top of a steep hill, with her **proudest** grin on her face. She had hiked up a path that twisted and curled all the way to the top. 'A straight path would go right up the cliff,' Joy said. 'I would fall right off! The curly path saved my life.' She gave a nod. Case closed.





Then Joy sat down and tried to draw straight lines. Bent. Bumpy. Crooked. She tried again. Worse. She tried a third time and drew a curl. 'This is fine,' Joy muttered, frowning at the paper. 'Straight lines are just **harder** because they are not as good. That is the real reason.'

But when Joy drew curvy lines? Grand.
They looped and swirled like vines, like
waves, like rabbit burrows deep in the
ground. 'See?' Joy held up the paper.
'Curly lines come **fastest** to a girl with
curls. It is a fact.' It was not a fact.
But the drawings really were grand.





Joy found two big golden buns, coiled like snail shells. They were so big she could rest one on her head. 'Curly food!' she gasped. 'The **richest, sweetest** kind!' The cat peeked out from behind one, eyes gleaming. 'You little bandit!' Joy called out. 'Those are for eating, not for hiding in!'

Three curly buns sat on the counter, each one a tight, perfect coil. Joy leaned in and looked at them. Hard. This was not easy. One might have a **tighter** swirl. One might have the best curl of all. 'I do not want to pick the wrong one,' she whispered. Choosing the best bun was the **hardest** thing she had done all day.





Then Joy opened the food case and looked in. Curly pretzels. Long breadsticks. Swirly cheese puffs. Flat crackers. Every shape, all jumbled up in the **wildest** mix. And they all looked so good. Joy had a big grin. 'Fine,' she said. 'Maybe plain things are not so bad. But only when they are snacks.' She picked up the lot. 'I will call Rose,' she said. 'She can bring some flat snacks, too.'



100

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Joy has one big rule: curly always beats flat, and her curls bounce to prove it. Her sister's flat locks stay put, animals from cats to lions weigh in with tails curled or straight, and even the stairs seem to agree with Joy. But when Joy tries drawing straight lines herself, will she still be so sure that curly wins every time? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 100: -er/-est), this book practices words like 'quicker', 'grander', 'richest', 'sweetest', 'wildest'.

Phonics Focus: -er/-est

better, biggest, blondest, fastest, grander, harder, hardest, kindest, neatest, plainest, proudest, quicker, richest, smoothest, softest, sweetest, tighter, wildest

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