

Hair Love by Matthew A. Cherry

Hello, everyone. My number is ____ .

Today I'm going to read you a story. It's called "**Hair Love**".

My name is Zuri, and I have hair that has a mind of its own. It kinks, coils, and curls every which way.

Daddy tells me it is beautiful. That makes me proud. I love that my hair lets me be me. In funky braids with beads, I am a princess. And when my hair is in two puffs, I am above the clouds like a superhero.

My hair even does magic tricks. One day Rocky and I were playing outside when along came the rain. From large to small it went. Presto! Just like that! There's nothing my hair can't do!

Today I woke up extra early all by myself. I was too excited to sleep. It's a big day! Daddy was still sleeping. "Shh," I said to Rocky as we tiptoed past him. Lately Daddy has been worn-out! He makes my breakfast, takes me to school, goes to work, picks me up, and yesterday we went for a bike ride around the park. I think he needs a break.

Because today is special, I want a perfect hairstyle. This calls for a professional's touch. "Paws off, Rocky!" Daddy heard the crash. "Zuri, what on earth?" he asked. "I was only trying to help," I said. Daddy smiled. "Can I help, too? It'll be a piece of cake, Zuzu"

The first style was fa big NO WAY. The second was no better.

“No, Daddy.” Then Daddy tried slicking my hair back into two puffs. “Ouch!” Daddy yelled. “Wait a minute,” Daddy said as he reached into the drawer and puffed out a pick. “Ta-da!”

“Daddy, really?” I said. “I’ll be right back,” he promised.

“Now. How’s that?” he asked, pulling a hat down over my eyes. “Daddy, come on. We can do better than that.” “I really need my hair to be special.” “Don’t worry,” he said, “we’ll figure this out.”

Then I had a great idea. Daddy gathered all the tools we needed, and we were set! Watching carefully...Daddy combed, parted, oiled, and twisted. He nailed it. Funky puff buns! Pretty, pretty, and so much fun. Rocky approved, too! I put on my superhero cape as the final touch to a perfect look.

“Where’s my Zuzu?” Mommy called from the door. She could not get in the house fast enough. “Mommy!” “You’ve got to be the prettiest Supergirl I have ever seen,” she said. “And your hair is beautiful, Zuri. Who did it?” I looked at Daddy and beamed. Mommy smiled. “Very nice.” “Thank you. We learned from the best,” Daddy said as he gave her a big hug.

My hair is Mommy, Daddy, and me. It’s hair love!

Thank you for listening. Have a nice day!