



Bad-hair day



– I hate my hair!
My mother says I am fine,
but I hate my hair.
Look at it! It is terrible.
A big bush grows on top
of my head.

It is not fair. My friends have lovely
blonde hair, they can put into pigtails.
I also put my ugly hair into pigtails.
When I play, my hair pops out,
more bushy than ever.
My best friend Sam says it looks
like my head explodes.



bush = busk
grows = vokser
not fair = urettferdig

pigtails = musefletter
ugly = stygg
pops out = spretter ut

than ever = enn før
explodes = eksploderer



My father always says that if you don't like something, then you have to do something about it. And so I will! I will cut my hair until it looks the way I want it to be. Just like the pretty blonde girls in the magazines.

I find all the things I will need and put them in a little pile in the bathroom.



Scissors from the drawer in the kitchen.

My brother Ron's hair gel, to flatten out the curly bits.

A pair of swimming goggles to protect my eyes, in case the scissors slip.

A hairbrush and a comb.

something = noe

magazines = ukeblader

need = trenge

pile = haug

drawer = skuff

to flatten out = å rette ut

goggles = svømmebriller

protect = beskytte

in case = i tilfelle

slip = glipper

a comb = kam

