

CHAPTER ONE

The Hairdo



Annie tickled Simon's foot with her green comb.

"Yoo-hoo, big brother! Guess what I've been doing?"

Simon looked up. "What, Annie?"

"Fixing Hazel's hair," said Annie. "When I grow up, I'm going to be a hairdresser."

Simon looked at Hazel. Then he turned a page.

"There's an idea," he said.

Annie looked at Simon's head. "Can I fix your hair, Simon?"

"My hair?" said Simon.

"Hazel hardly has any," said Annie.

Simon stopped reading and sat up. "My hair doesn't need fixing, Annie."

"It does, too, Simon. Hold still."



Annie combed the hair on top of Simon's head straight up.

She combed the sides straight out.



She patted the back down flat.



“There,” she said. “Now you look pretty.”

Annie held up a mirror and showed Simon his new hairdo.

“Holy cow!” said Simon.



“Now let’s play cards,” said Annie.

Annie laid out the cards. “My turn,” she said.

Annie picked up two cards and put them back.



Hazel jumped up and licked Simon’s hairdo.

“Hazel, lie down,” said Simon. Hazel didn’t.

Simon picked up two cards and two cards and two cards.

“She’ll listen to me, Simon. Hazel, LIE DOWN!” said Annie.

But Hazel didn’t.

“Hey, I won!” said Simon.

“Let’s not play cards,” said Annie.

“You know, Annie,” said Simon, “if you’re going to be a hairdresser, maybe you should give yourself a new hairdo.”

Simon went back to reading his book.

Annie picked up the comb. She combed her hair up and down and all around.

“Hey, this is fun,” she said.



Soon Annie’s hair was all done. And it wouldn’t come undone.

“Eeeeeek!” said Annie.

Hazel leaped and barked at Annie’s hairdo.

“HAZEL, LIE DOWN!” said Annie.

But Hazel didn’t.



“What’s up?” asked Simon. He came over to have a look. “Annie, what have you done?”

Annie pulled her sweater over her head. “I wound up my hair and it’s all stuck.”

“Let me see,” said Simon.

Annie took the sweater off her head.

“Lord love a duck,” said Simon. “It really is stuck.”

Simon twisted Annie’s comb a little this way and a little that.

“Ouch!” said Annie. “Maybe I won’t be a hairdresser, Simon. I could be . . . a baker.”

“Huh,” said Simon. “There’s an idea.”

“Can I have a cookie, Simon?”





Simon found a pair of scissors.

“Hold still, Annie. I’ll cut the comb to bits.”

“Aaaaaagh!” said Annie.

One by one, Simon snipped off each tooth of Annie’s comb. He wiggled the comb a little this way and a little that. Then he pulled the comb from Annie’s hair.

“There,” said Simon. “Now you have your old hairdo back.”

Annie held up the mirror to see.

Then she tapped Simon’s head. “Simon, Simon, look! Hazel’s lying down!”



“At last,” said Simon. “Here, Annie. Have another cookie.”



Annie and Simon munched on their cookies.

“You know what, Simon?”

“What?”

Annie scratched Hazel’s tummy. “When I grow up, I’m going to be a dog trainer.”

Simon took a bite of his cookie. “There’s an idea,” he said.