

When Dad's Hair Took Off



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Dad's hair was sick of being
brushed and combed. It was tired
of hanging around on his head.
It wanted a life of its own.
It wanted to see the world.

One day, it coiled itself, and sprang.



Horrors!

Dad sprang after it.



He flailed his arms about,
shooing it around
the bathroom.



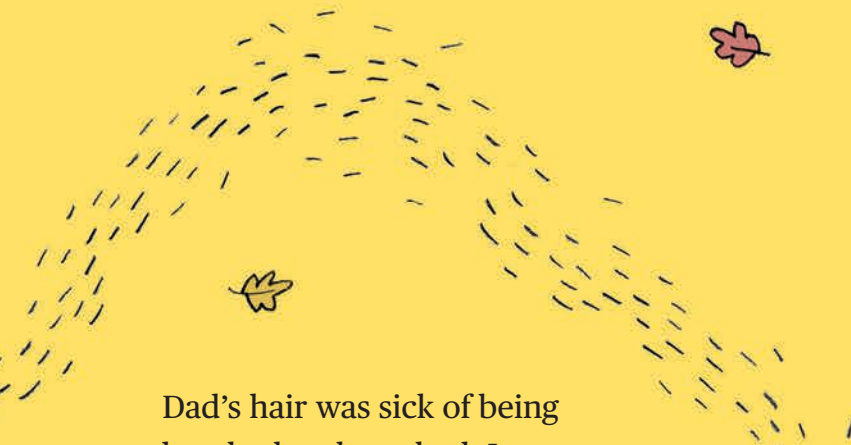
He scolded. He threatened.



He begged
and pleaded.



“Stop!” he shouted. “Stop right there!”
But his hair didn’t stop.
It didn’t listen. It didn’t stay.
It fluttered around him, just out of reach.



Dad's hair was sick of being brushed and combed. It was tired of hanging around on his head. It wanted a life of its own. It wanted to see the world.

One day, it coiled itself, and sprang. It cut along the hall to the living room, over the kitchen table, and out through the open window to freedom.

But my father doesn't give up easily. He set off to get it back.



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