

Snip!

By Kathleen Doherty
Art by Mike Brownlow



I sink down in the big red chair.
The barber starts to cut my hair.
Her scissor blades go *clip, clip, snip*.
I close my eyes. I bite my lip.
I'd like to move, but I don't dare.
I know the floor is full of hair.
"Just one more snip," she says to me.
And when she's done, I peek to see
No clumps of hair hang in my eyes.
I look like me. I'm so surprised!

How many *S*'s can you find?
How many scissors can you find?

