



*Mrs. McNair's
Fantastic Hair*

*Written by M.C. Tillson
Illustrated by Elizabeth Lee*

For Julia and Emily, who inspired Ms. McNair (and me),
for Andrew and Leon,
and, of course,
for Marilyn.

Ms. McNair's
Fantastic Hair

Written by M.C. Tillson
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Ms. McNair's Fantastic Hair
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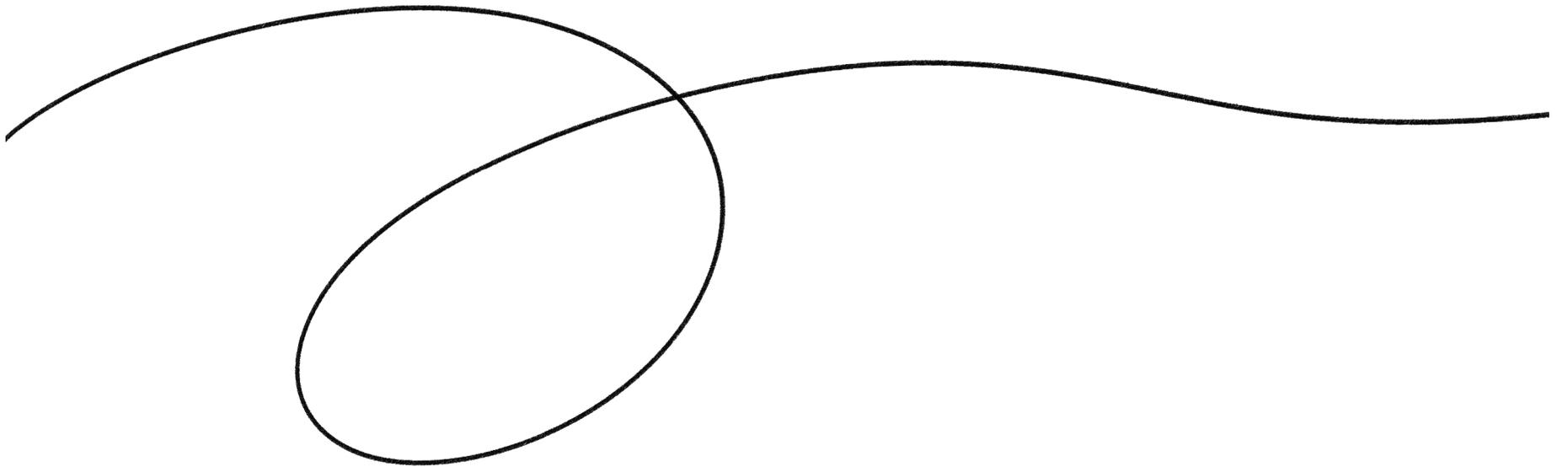
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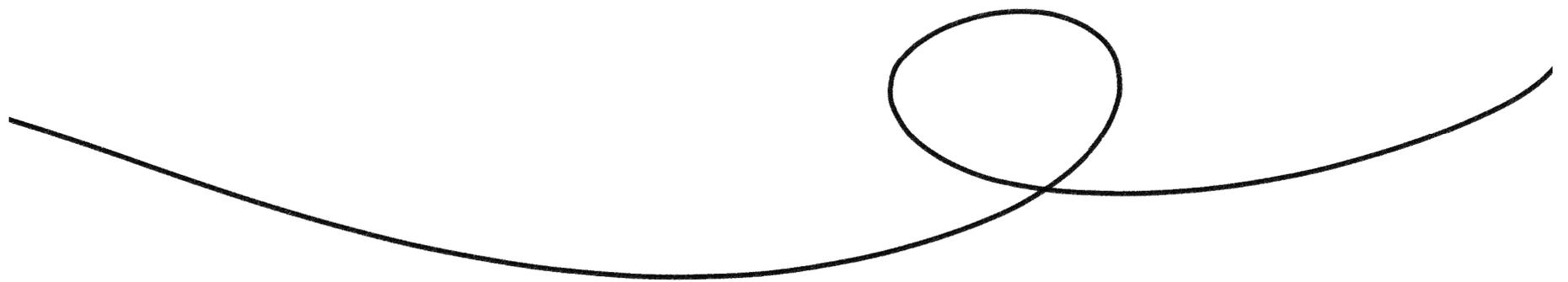
Ms. McNair has great big hair.



It's not a secret—
She's aware.



She's used to having people stare,



'Cause locks that look like hers are rare.

Ms. McNair has **AWSOME** hair.

It's shiny,

SOFT

and up to there.

A
pouffy
tower
in the air.

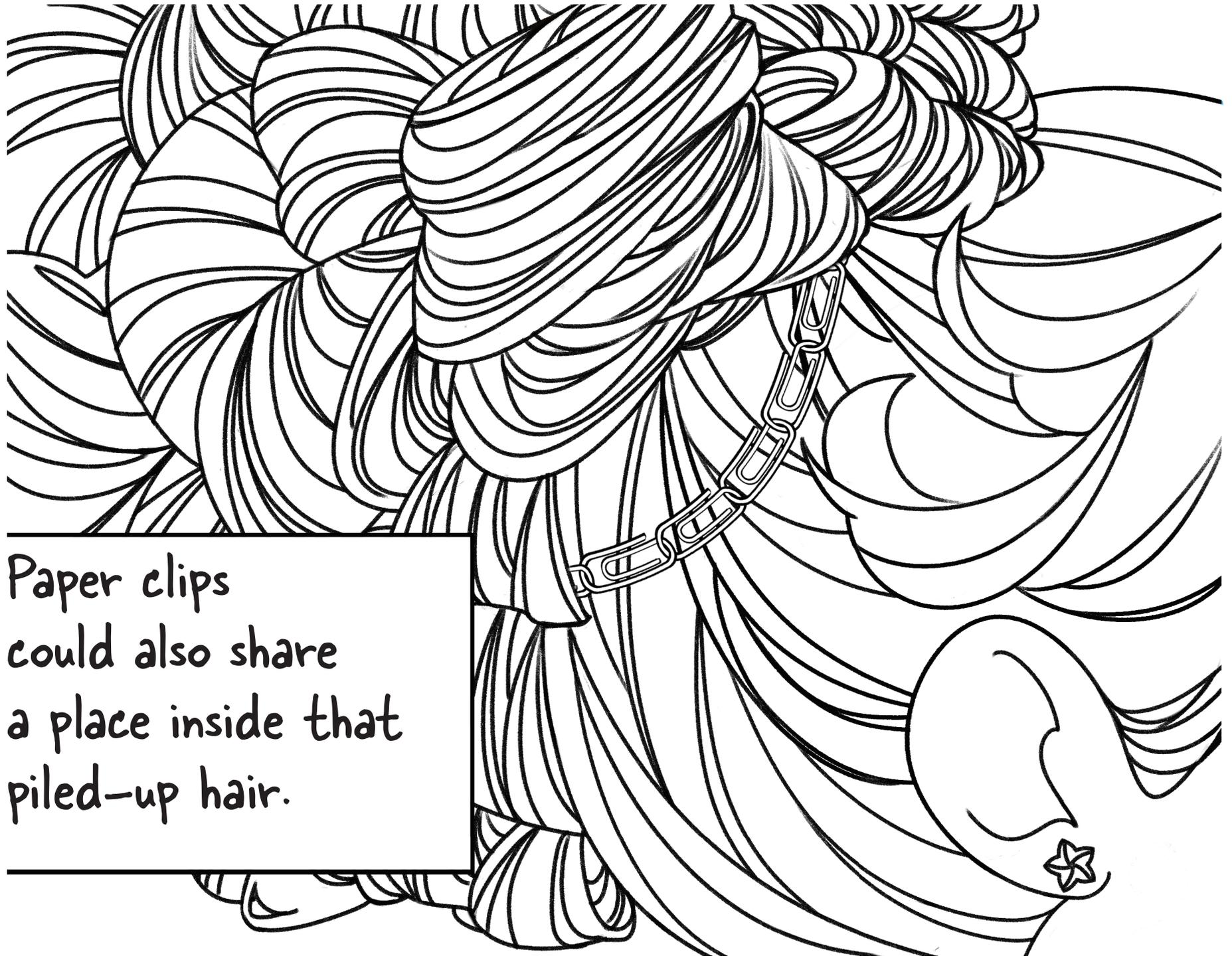
I wonder what she keeps in there.



Can you imagine?



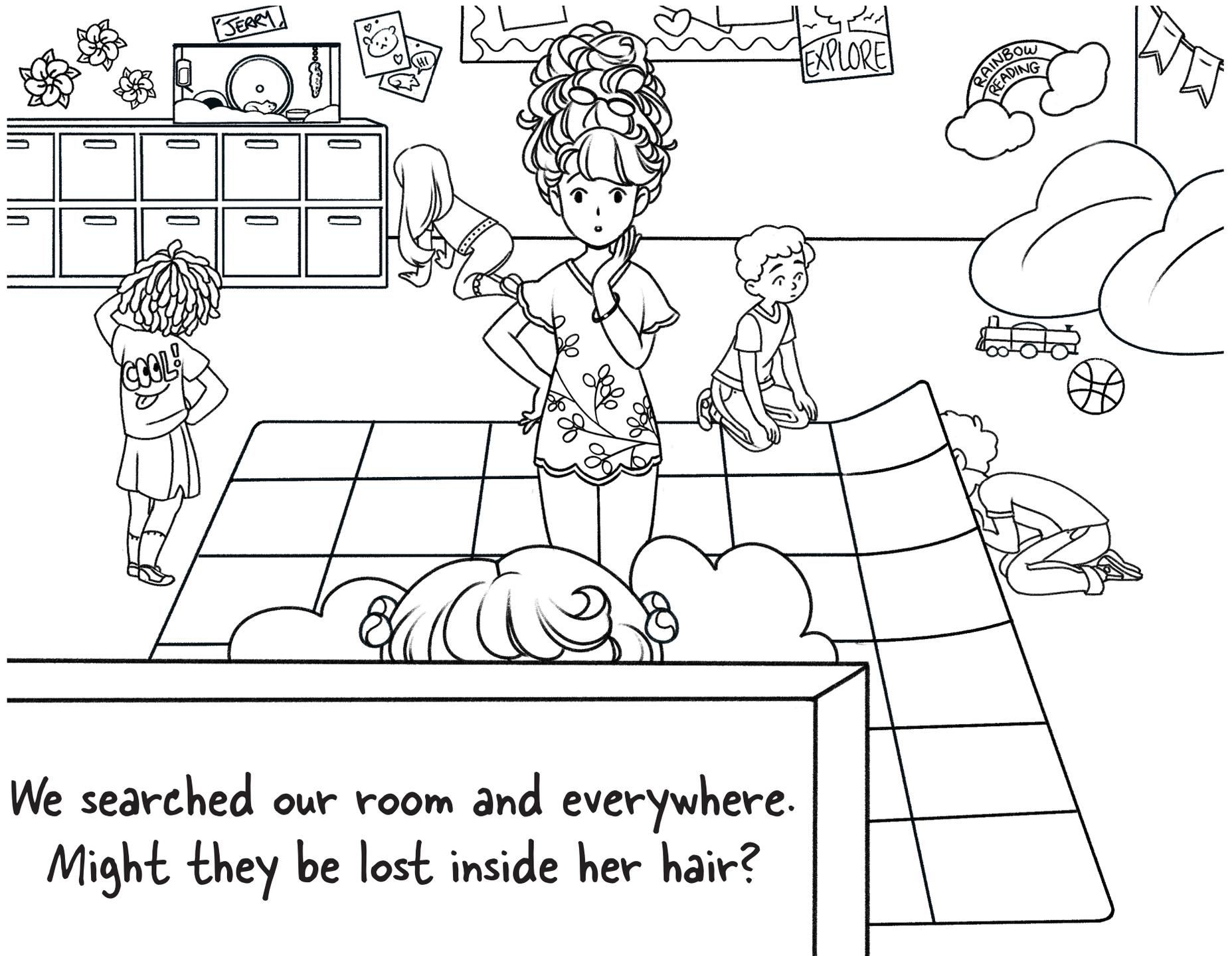
A pencil? Sure.
She needs a spare.
It's handy sticking
out up there.



Paper clips
could also share
a place inside that
piled-up hair.

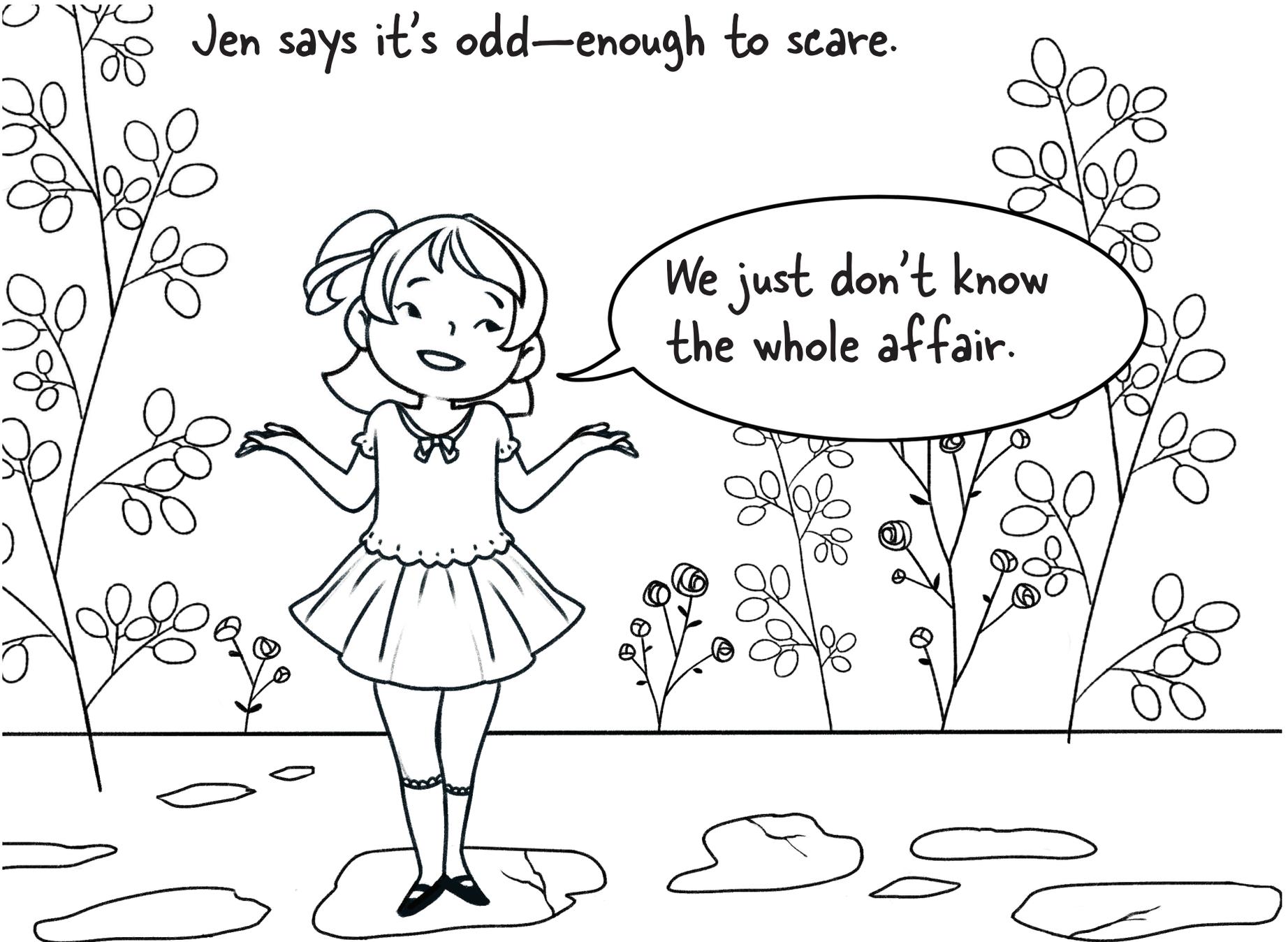


The glasses she forgets to wear?
You know they're hiding out somewhere.



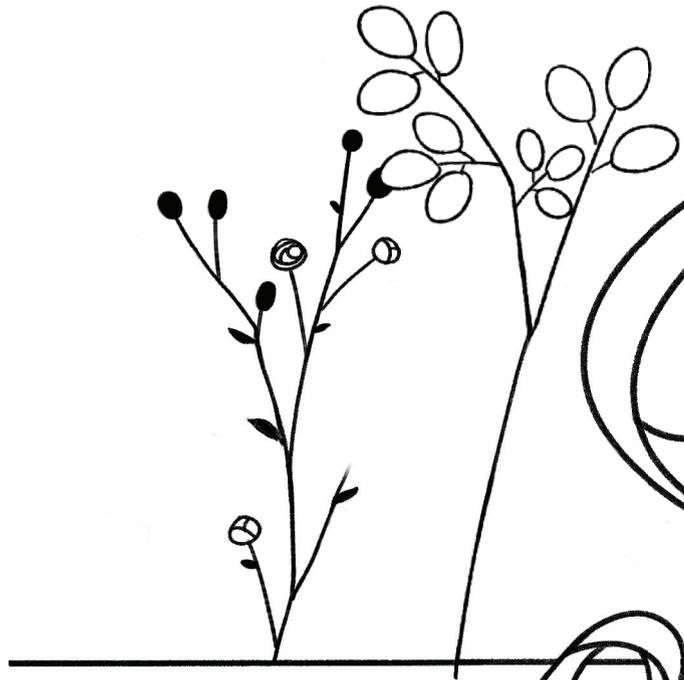
We searched our room and everywhere.
Might they be lost inside her hair?

Jen says it's odd—enough to scare.



We just don't know
the whole affair.

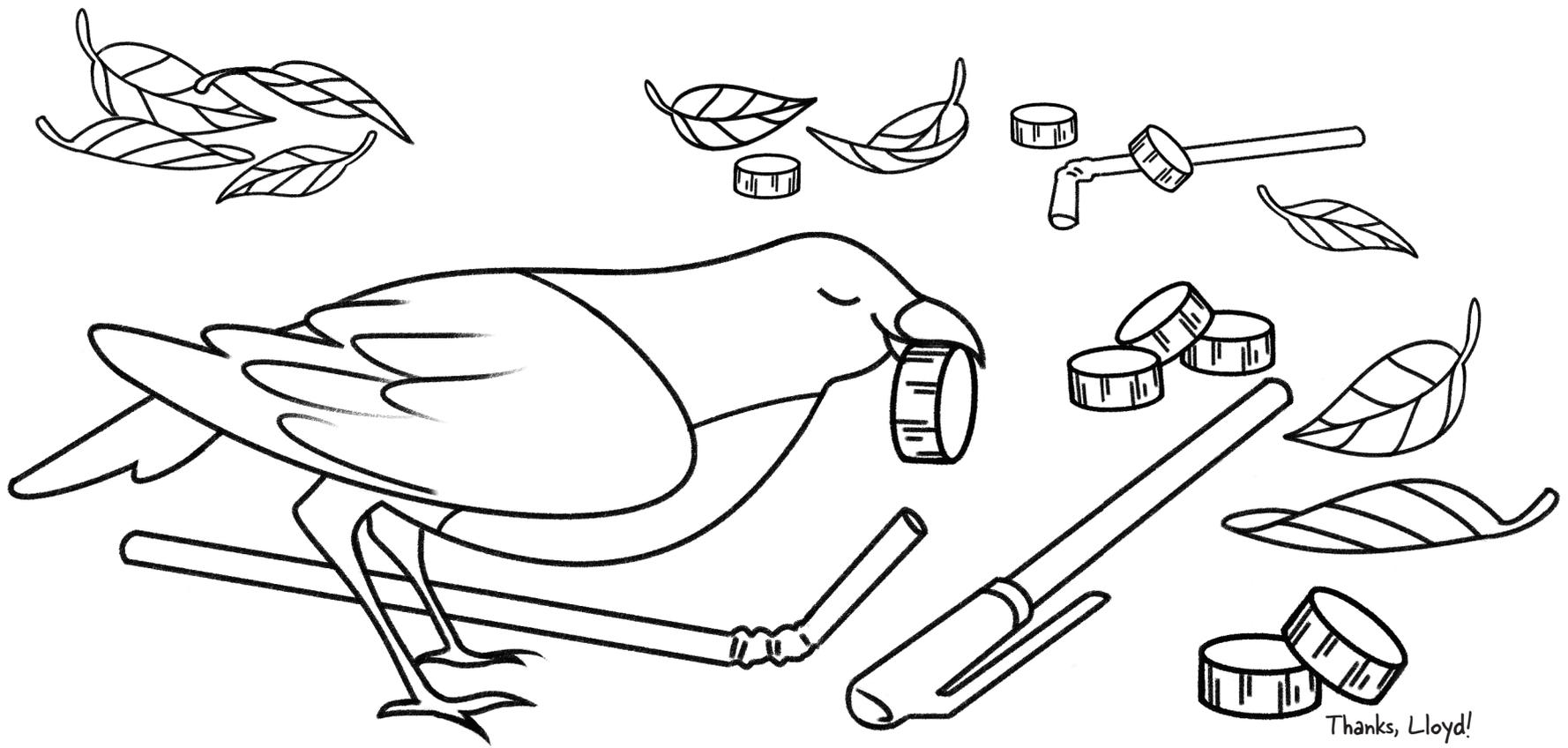
She has a point,
but let's be fair.
It's not like something lives
in there.



Or does it?



A bowerbird might use such hair
to build a nest extraordinaire.



Thanks, Lloyd!

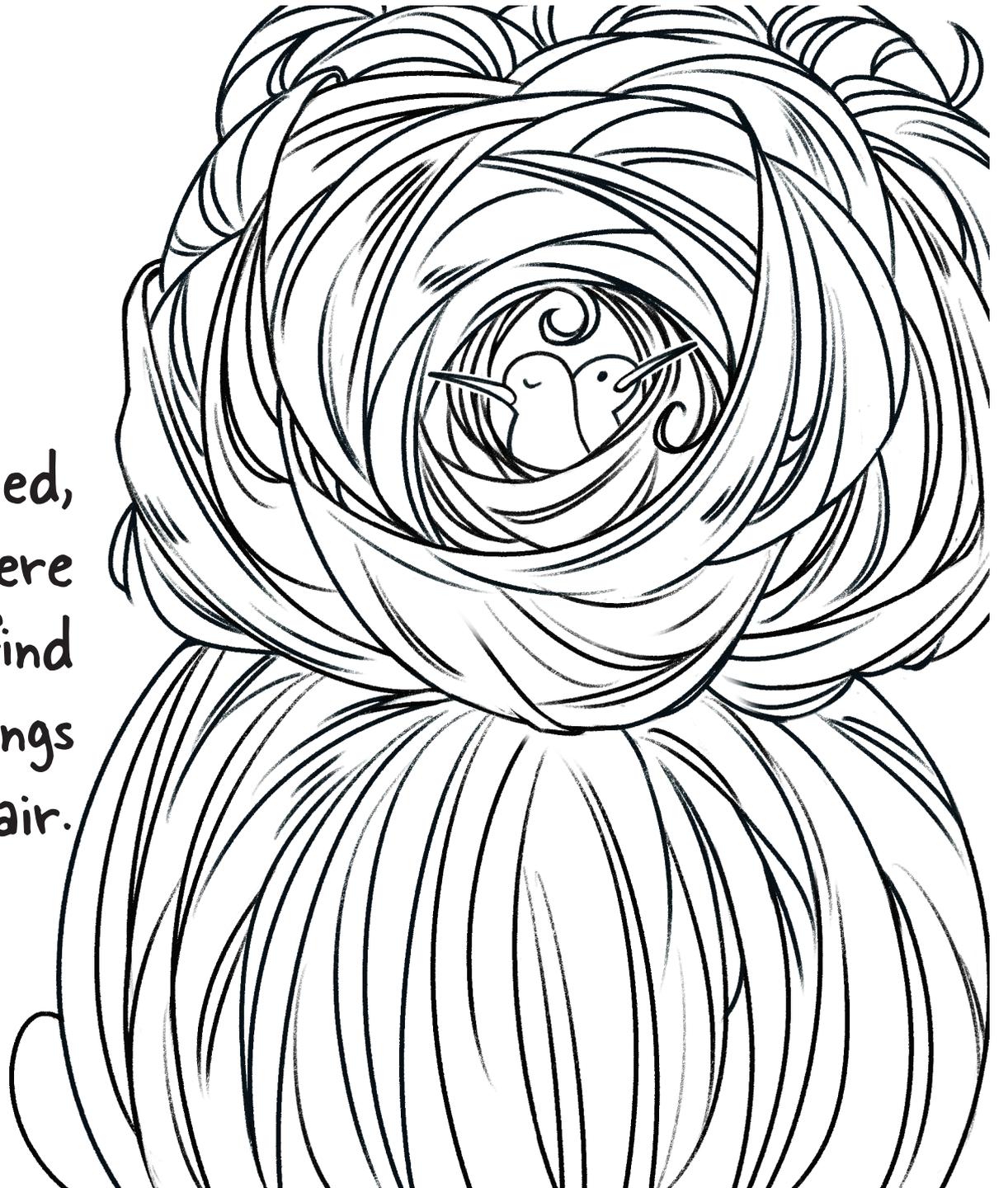
With lots of bling
and trimmed to snare,
he'd find a mate
with which to share.



Or hummingbirds
could nest
(a pair)
and lay an egg
(perhaps a spare).



Once they hatched,
we'd all know where
to find
the fledglings
in their lair.





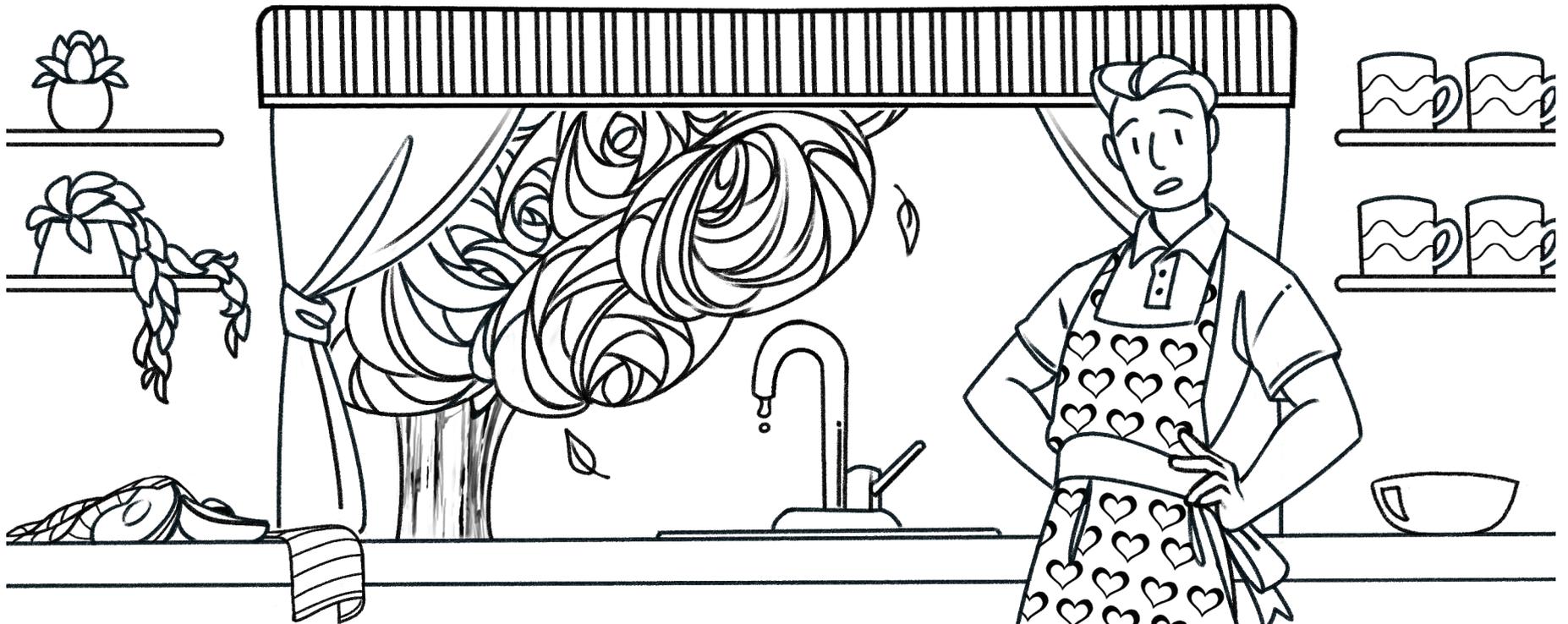
But butterflies
had best beware,

and flutter by
such risky hair.

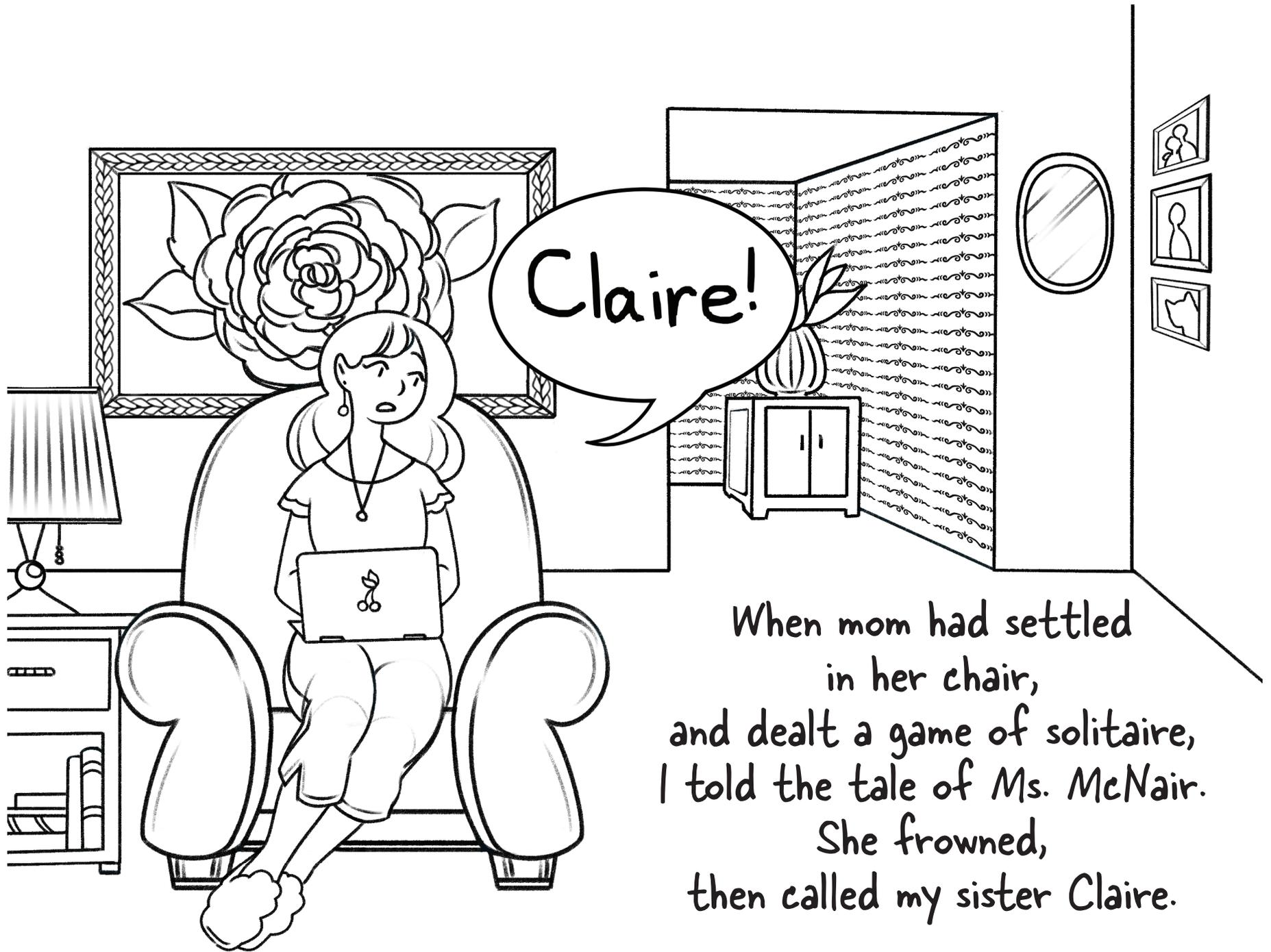
For if they're caught and tangled there,
their fragile wings would need repair.



But what about bats?



I told my dad that Ms. McNair
had big, amazing, dark brown hair.
“That’s nice,” he said,
“now tell me where
I’ve left that avocado pear.”



When mom had settled
in her chair,
and dealt a game of solitaire,
I told the tale of Ms. McNair.
She frowned,
then called my sister Claire.

"In just a month my teacher's hair
has grown a foot!"
I said to Claire.



"Hair with
feet?
Now THAT is
rare!"

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

She laughed, but all I did was glare.

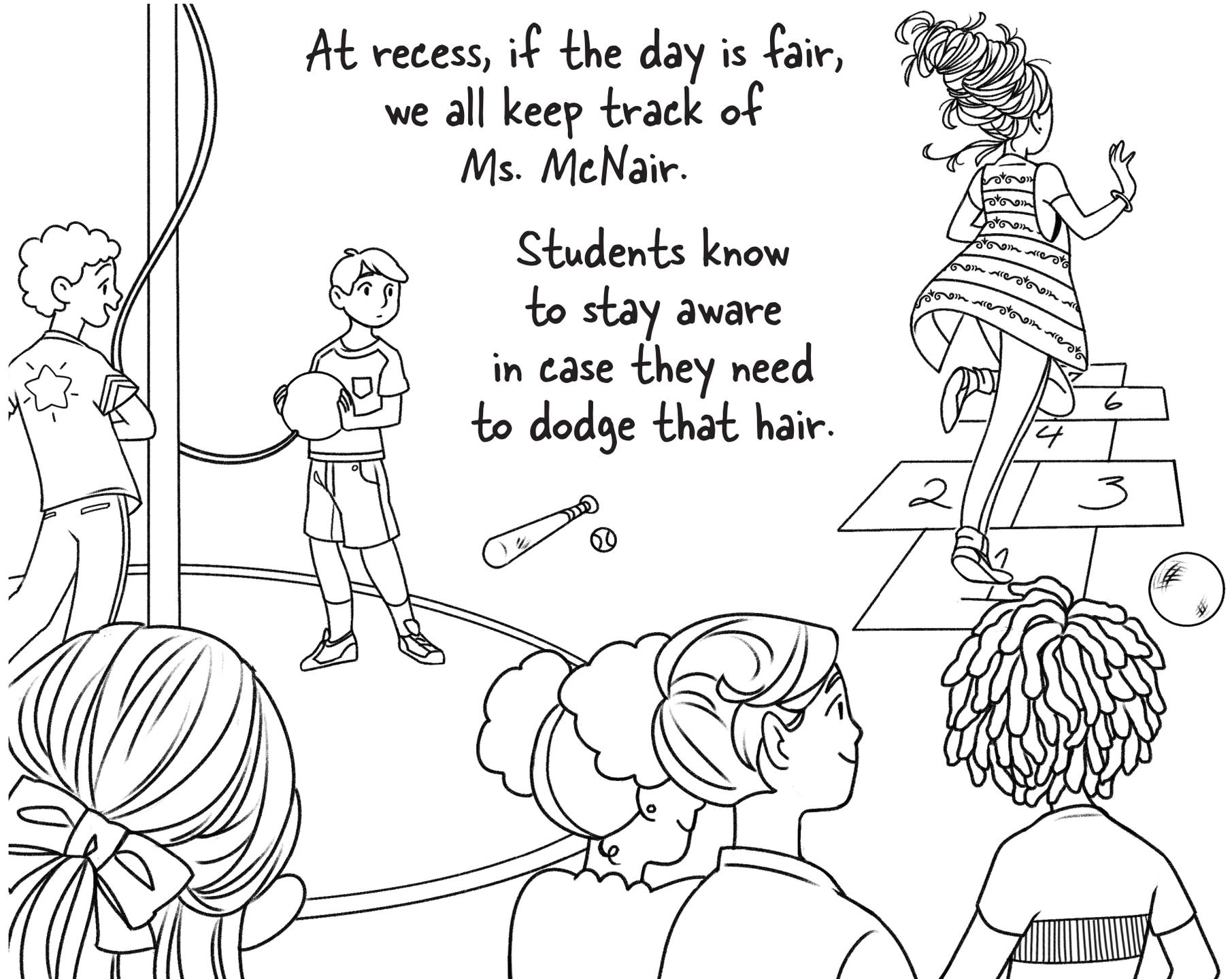
In school, when it's our time to share,
we keep an eye on teacher's hair.

(It bobbles when she turns her chair,
and it could topple anywhere!)



At recess, if the day is fair,
we all keep track of
Ms. McNair.

Students know
to stay aware
in case they need
to dodge that hair.

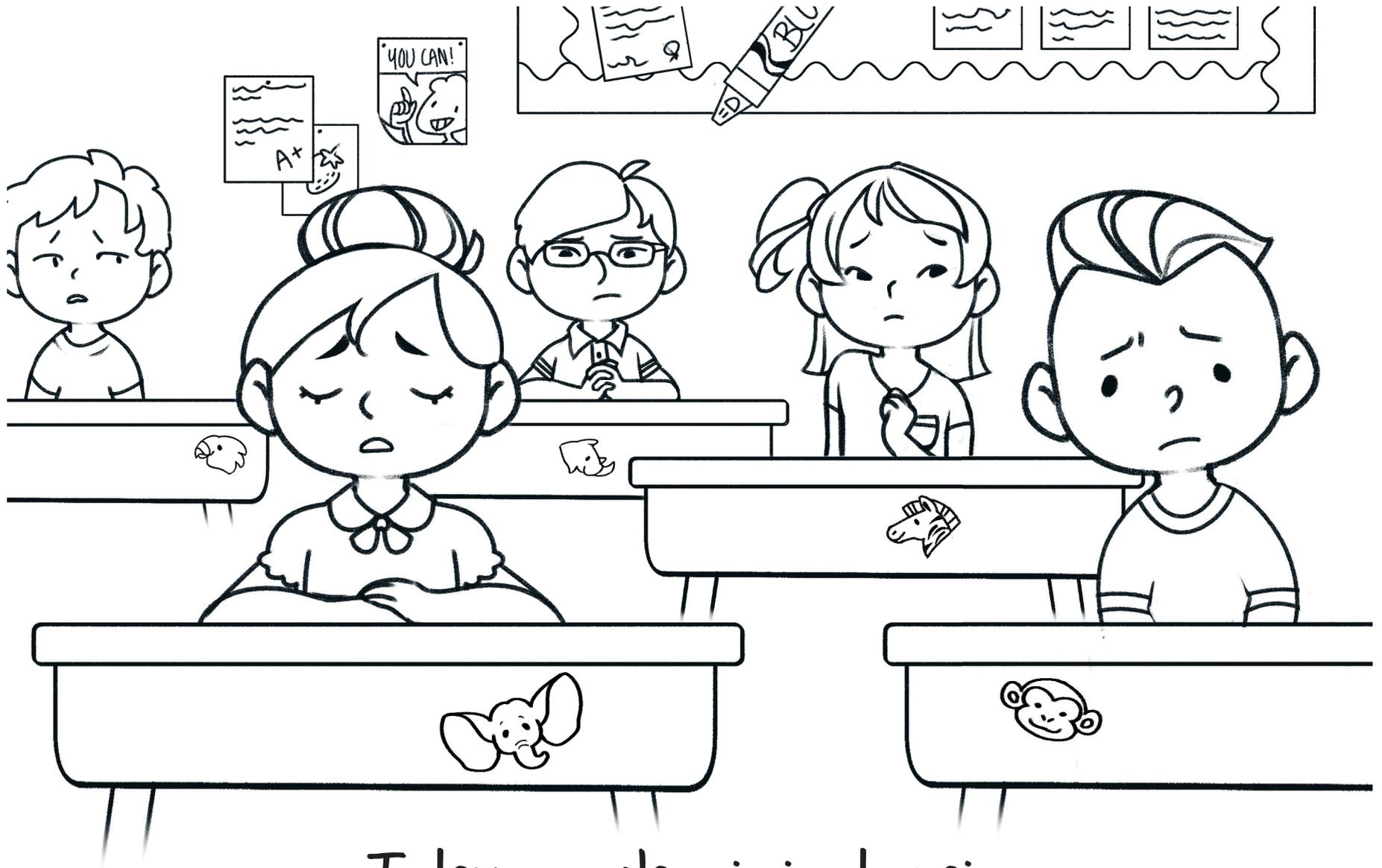




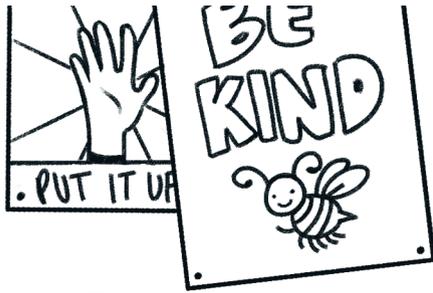
The other teachers try, but their normal "do's" just don't compare. They sigh and smile at Ms. McNair and wish they had her flair for hair.



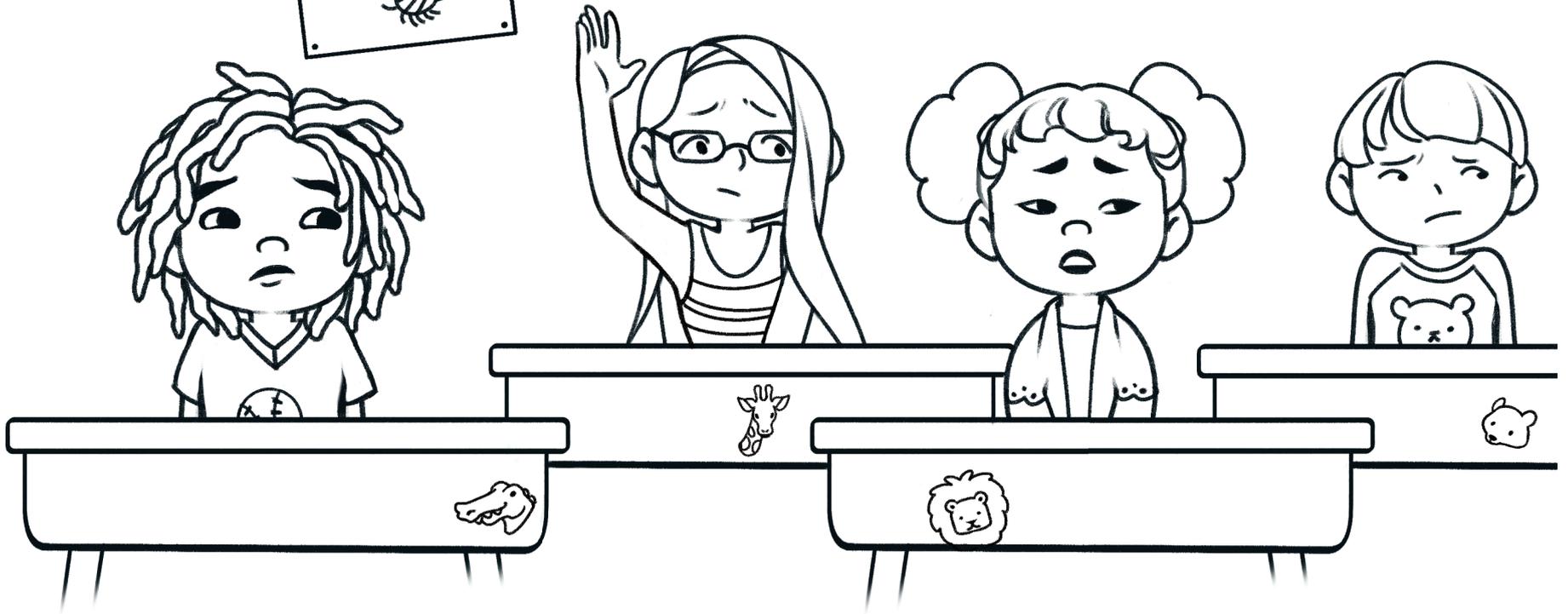
I'm so glad Ms. McNair is my teacher.



Today our class is in despair.
There is no sign of Ms. McNair.



Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee Ff Gg Hh Ii Jj Kk Ll Mm

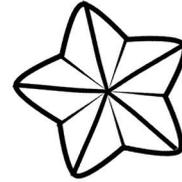
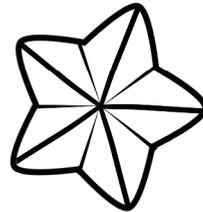
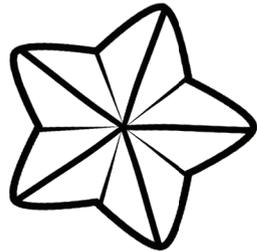
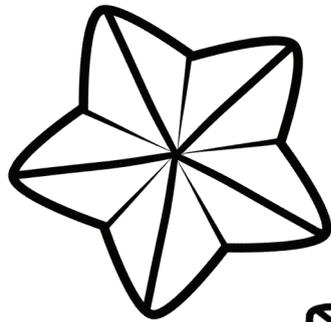


We asked the substitute to share
why *she* was called.
(It's so unfair!)

But when she turned, we gasped for air—
Our substitute was Ms. McNair!

We gawked and couldn't help
but stare.

What *had* she done
with all her hair?



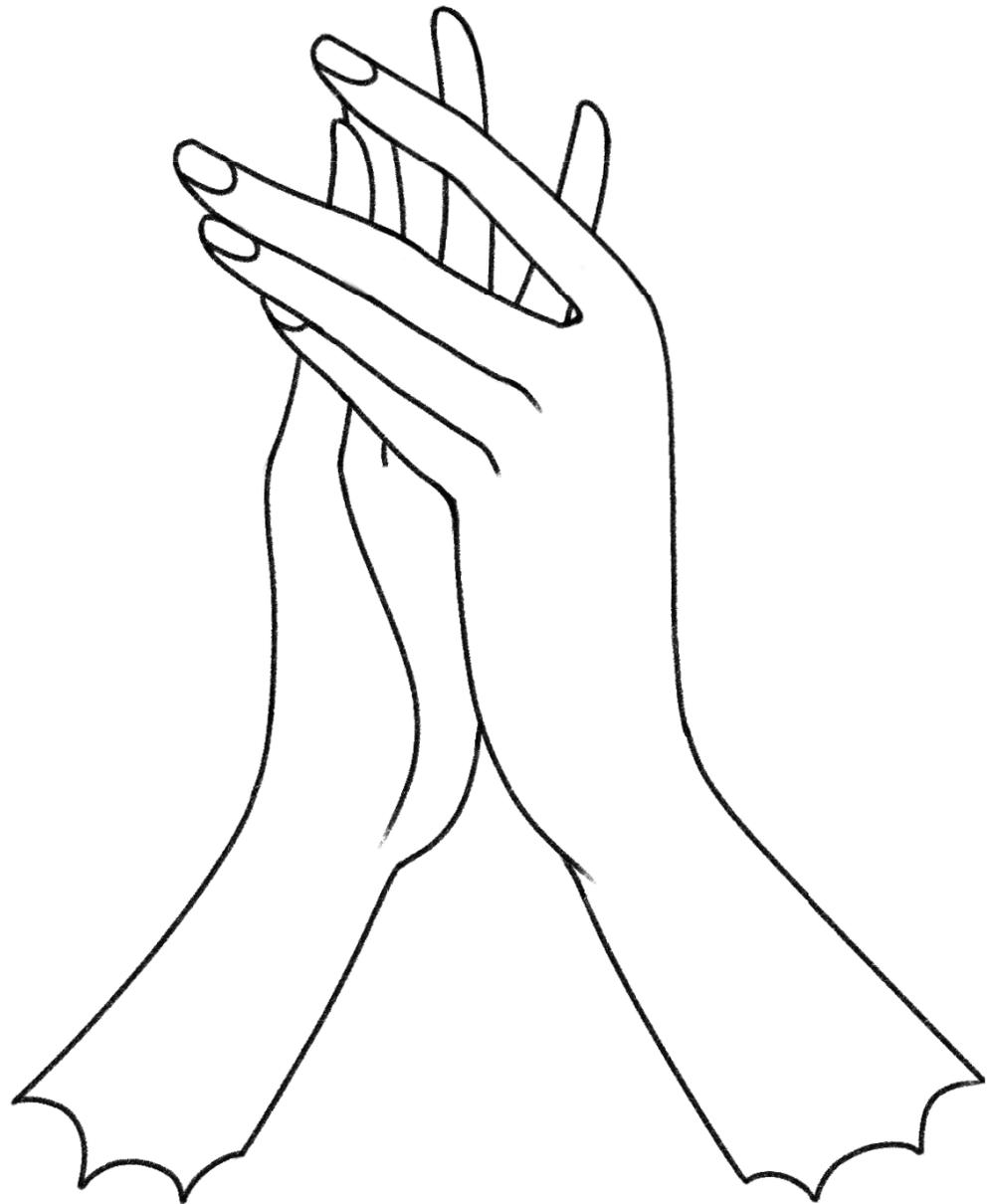
“Ms. McNair, you have *new* hair!
It’s curly, short, and stops right there.

Was it a bet?
Perhaps a dare?
What made you cut
your trademark hair?”



A smile appeared on Ms. McNair.
She clapped her hands;
we took a square.

Then she sat too,
and said she'd share
the story of
her long-lost hair.



“Some kids, when sick, need special care.
Their meds can make them lose their hair.
We all know I had tons to spare,
So off it came so I could share.

Those kids are tough; their spirits rare.
They had a *blast* with all that hair!
Pink and green—quite debonair.
And now they know they’ve friends who care.”



Andrew claps, and soon the air
is filled with cheers as we declare—

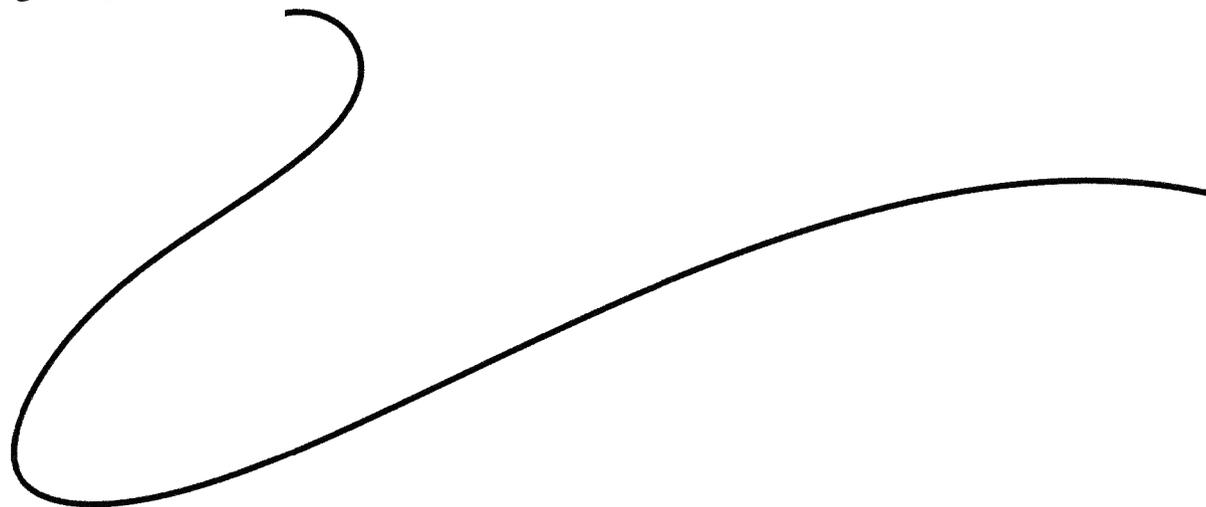


Hooray for our own
Ms. McNair!

We LOVE the way you wear your hair!



Ms. McNair has short hair.





Ms. McNair has big hair.

It's not a secret—she's aware.
She knows that locks like her's are rare,
but there is definitely something a little odd
about our teacher's hair.
It's almost like it has a mind of its own.

Or does it?

Come along on a rhyming adventure
and find out what makes *Ms. McNair's* hair
so special. Add your own colors
to make *Ms. McNair's* story
even more fantastic.

Ms. McNair's Fantastic Hair

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