

Snip

“Right, that’s it,” said Mum. “We’re going to get your hair cut.”

“No!” wailed Josh.

“I’m not going to let you have another disaster and that’s final,” she said.

Josh had to admit, she had a point.

At swimming, his hair had come loose from his swimming cap and got in the way. Walking home from school, he had bumped into a lamppost. Today, as goalkeeper for his team, he had completely missed the ball and it had trickled past him into the net. His hair was just too long for his own good.

It wasn’t that he really minded having a shorter style. What he hated was sitting in the barber’s shop. It was always crowded. It was always too hot. Some of the men he had to squeeze next to smelt funny.

Worst of all, it itched. No matter how big the gown he was covered with or how much paper towel was stuffed down the back of his neck, some snippets always got through. That meant his neck tickled for the rest of the day.

By the time they arrived at the barber’s, Josh was in a foul mood. Seeing the packed shop and steamed-up windows only made it worse.

At last, it was his turn to sit in the special chair. Mum took pity on him and just asked the barber to get it out of his eyes and tidy it up a bit.



Josh wriggled and jiggled. He grumped and he grizzled. The barber sighed and struggled. He was just about to snip a clump of hair when Josh jolted. The scissors missed and a very long lock floated to the floor.

“Oops,” said the barber.

“Oh well,” said Mum. “You’d better take it all off now to even it up,” and she glared at Josh, who looked very sheepish. Soon, there was a big pile of hair on the floor.

Still, Josh had to admit, he did look good.

“Much better,” said his instructor next time he went swimming.

“Great save!” cried his teammates next time he played football. The lamppost said nothing. We can only guess how it felt.

