

# Frizzzy



**Written** by Tala Charif

**Illustrated** by the Grade 5  
students of the Amine Bayhom  
School Al Namouzajiah

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Age Group: 8-10 years old

EDUC 218 - Children's Literature

Other girls' hair is

long,

silky,

smooth,

shiny,

and soft!



Some wear their hair in a ponytail, while others put in a pretty headband, or just let it cascade on their shoulders.

My hair is

**frizzy, dry, short and rough.**



My hair tie breaks every time I try to put it into a ponytail and no headband can cover my mane.

My classmates call me Frizzy Crazy Riri.

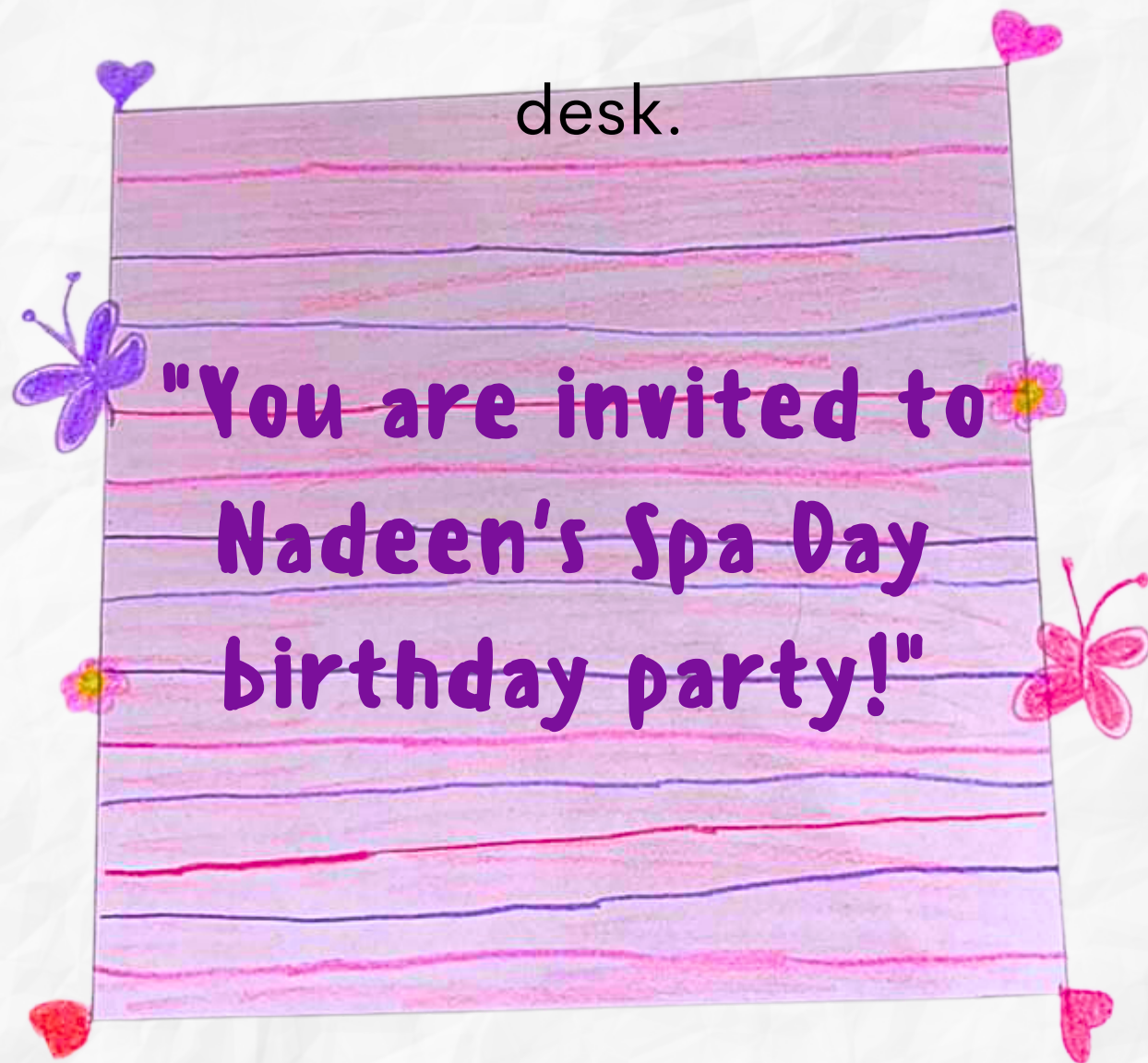


**"My name is Reem!"**



I answer each time, but they don't seem to care.

One day, I was sitting at my desk in school when Nadeen slides a pink and glittery invitation on my



I read. I was so excited! I never get invited to birthday parties!

The day of, I got up earlier than usual, brushed my teeth, washed my face, and put on my favorite baby blue dress and my cherry-flavored lip-gloss. I added a glittery silver hair clip and voila! I was ready to go to the party!



I rang on Nadeen's door.  
Her mom opened and  
welcomed me. "They are  
upstairs! Go join them!" she  
exclaimed. I ran up the  
stairs to enter Nadeen's  
room.





As soon as I walked in, all the girls were staring at me, then looked at each other and giggled. I blushed from embarrassment.

**Is it my dress?**

**My lip-gloss?**

**My smell?**



**“Fizzy Crazy Riri is here!”**



shouted Nadeen. The next thing I knew, I was dragged to a chair with a hairdryer roaring in my ear. “What’s going on?” I asked. “It’s a surprise!” Nadeen exclaimed.

An hour has passed sitting on that chair, not knowing what was happening. The hairdryer eventually turned off, and I was offered a mirror: my hair became straight.



The girls rushed to compliment me. It became long, silky, smooth, shiny and soft... just like them! For the first time ever, I felt like other people! I finally fit in!

The clock struck 6 PM and my mom came to pick me up.

**"Reem... your hair..."**

She whispered.



**"Mom! Mom! My hair is long, silky,  
smooth, shiny and soft!"**

I shouted.



Concerned, my mother asked me: "Do you prefer it that way?"

"Yes! Nadeen and the girls said that I look beautiful!"

I excitedly exclaimed.

"Okay... but do **you** like it?" my mother asked.

I stayed silent as my mother drove us home.

The next day at school, everyone looked at me weirdly. Nobody at school recognized me.

**"Reem?"**

Bassel, my classmate, asked.

**"You look... different."**

**"Oh..."**

he said in a disappointed tone.

**"Yes! Nadeen and the girls  
straightened my hair!"**

I exclaimed.



The day went by, and the weird looks increased everywhere I went. At lunchtime, we all went down to the cafeteria. As I was filling my tray with food, the lunch lady, Ms. Lydia, looked at me with pure shock!



She pulled me aside and asked:

**"What have you done with your hair?!"**

I stayed silent, knowing that I don't feel like myself with straight hair.

"I'm not Frizzy Crazy Riri anymore, but I like being Frizzy Crazy Riri" I said sadly.

"Then be Frizzy Crazy Riri again! I am Frizzy Crazy Lili!"

She says after showing off her curly hair.

We laughed as she helped me become confident and feel beautiful again.



The day after, I walked into the school flaunting  
my curly mane. My hair is

**bouncy,** **fluffy,**

**and thick!**

"Frizzy Crazy Riri is back!" said Bassel.

"I sure am!"





