

Madison's
Hair



*Written and Illustrated
by Briana Fryman*

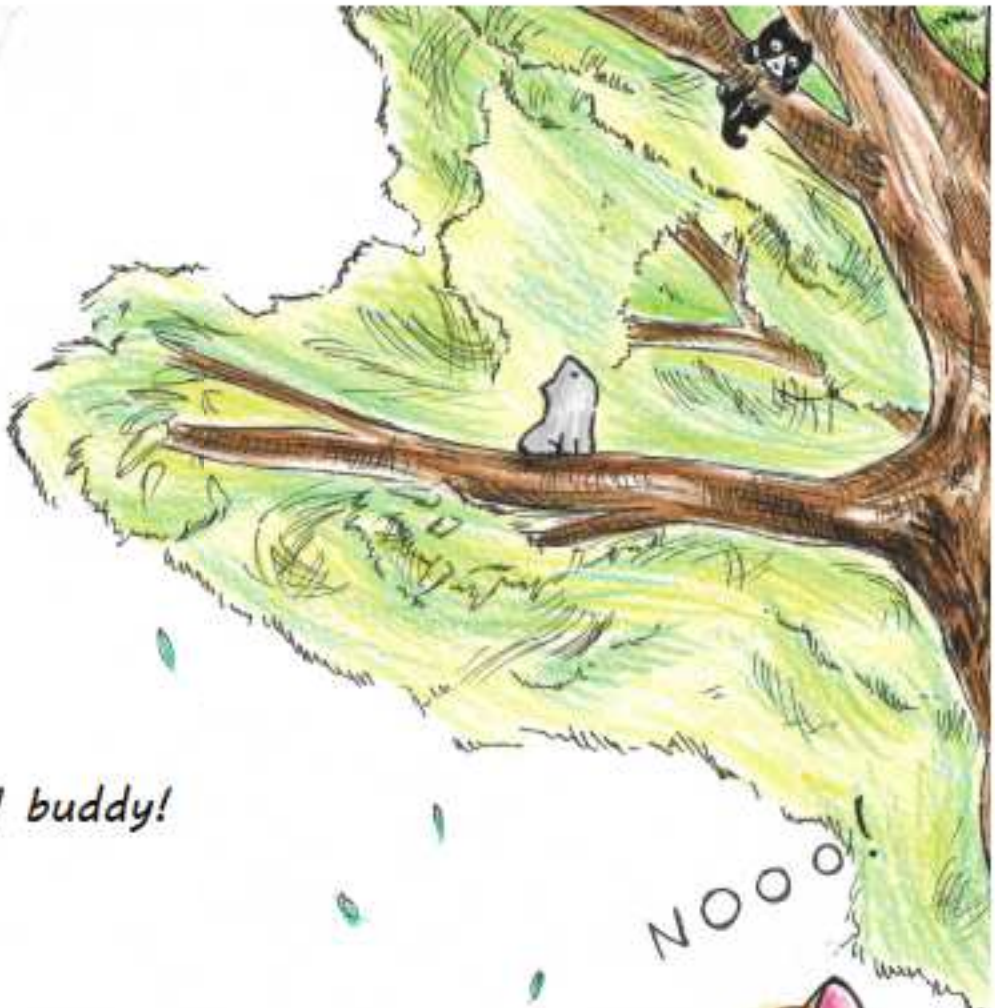
*To all the children who have wanted
to never brush their hair*

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Entirely fictional

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To a very special buddy!

NOOO!



*This is the story of a girl named
Madison, who never wanted to brush her
hair.*

*Of course, if you never brush or wash
your hair, there is bound to be about an
inch or two of dirt eventually.*



Madison hated brushing her hair.



"Madison," said her mother, "please let me brush your unruly hair."

"No, no, no." said Madison.

"But," said her mother, "there is a sprout growing in your hair!"

"I like it that way!" Madison said defensively.





At school, all of Madison's classmates were envious.

*"Look!" said Madison's friend, Lina.
"There is a tree growing in Madison's hair!"*

"Wonderful!" said their teacher, Ms. Becker. "Just in time for our ecosystem unit! We will observe and record the animal life of Madison's tree over the next week."



The next day dawned bright and early.

"Madison," begged her mother, "please let me brush your hair!"

"No, no, no." said Madison.

"But," said Madison's mother, "there are birds nesting in your tree!"

"I like it that way!" Madison said defensively.



*That night, Madison made sure to
water her tree well.*

*In the mirror, Madison noticed three
dandelions coming up.*

She patted each gently.

*A family of squirrels moved into the
tree with the birds.*



The next day dawned wet and rainy.

*"Madison," pleaded her mother,
"please let me brush your hair!!"*

"No, No, No!!" said Madison.

*"But," pleaded her mother, "there is
a cat stuck in your tree!!"*

"I like it that way!!" yelled Madison.



By now, Madison had her very own ecosystem living on top of her head, complete with fairies.

Madison's class was jealous but fascinated.

The fairies started a flower garden around the tree's roots.

They rained candy and pixie dust on the class.



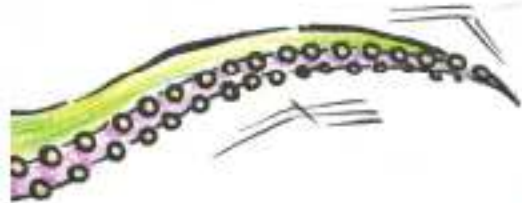


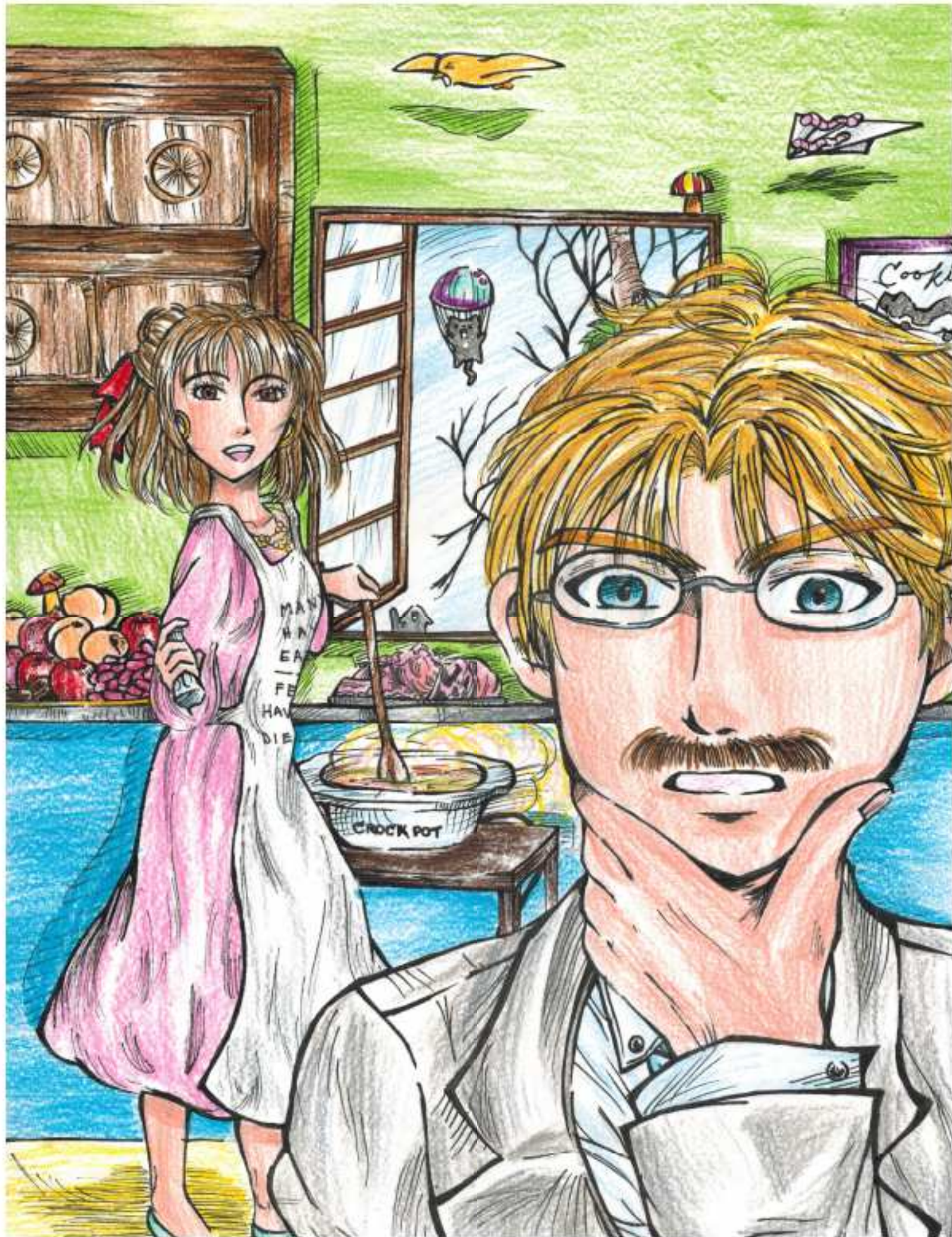
That night, Madison's dad said, "This has got to stop. I will not have a child with a tree on her head."

"Yes," agreed Madison's mother. "But how?"

"We can use a puppy," said Madison's father. "Every kid wants a puppy."

"Ok," agreed Madison's mother.



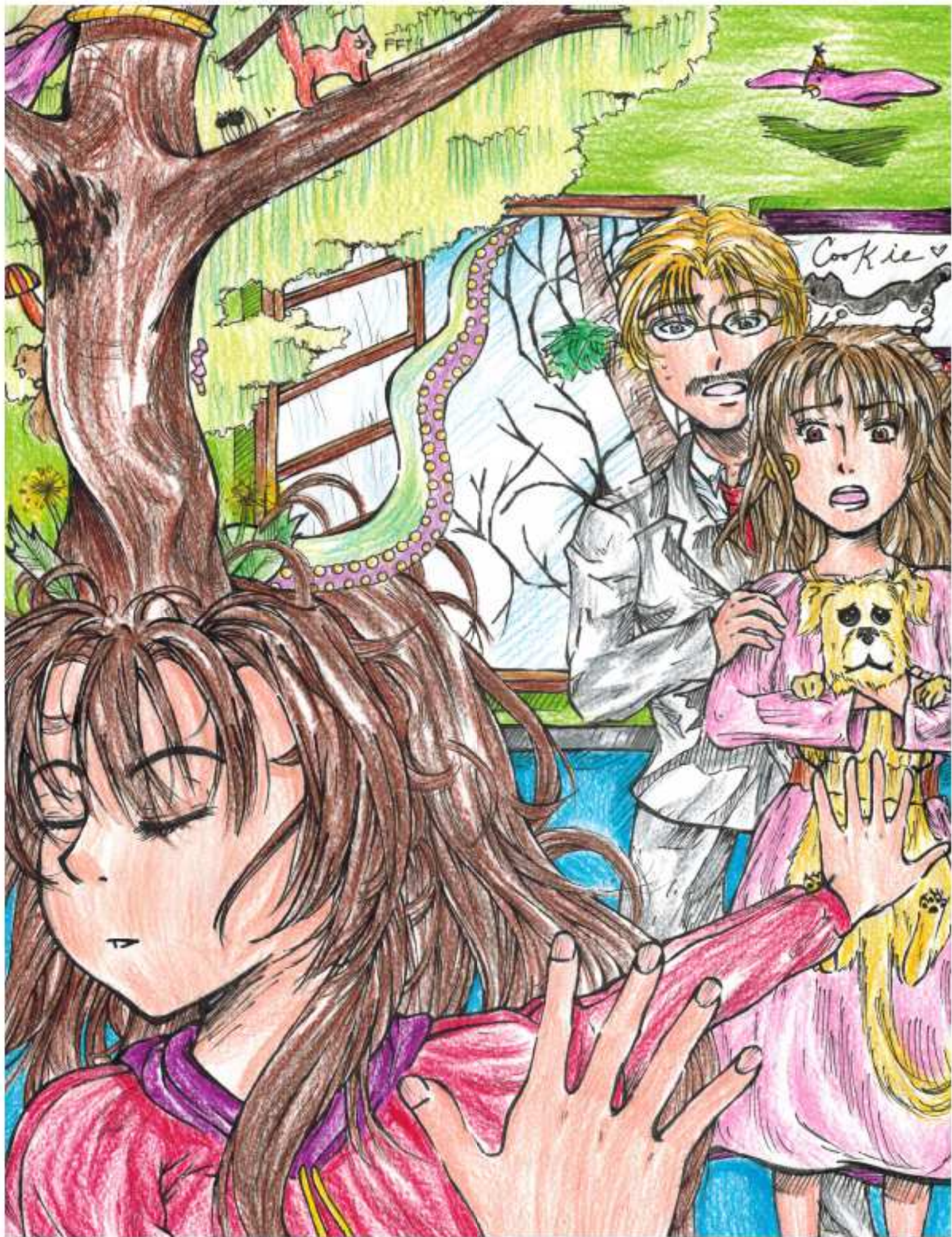


The next morning Madison's mother said, "Madison, we will buy you a puppy if you will let me brush your hair."

*"NEVER EVER!!" screamed Madison.
"I WILL NOT!!"*

*"Not even a golden retriever?"
asked her father.*

"NO! NO! NO!" yelled Madison.



That night, they schemed again.

*“What about video games?”
suggested Madison’s mother.*

*“There isn’t a kid alive who
doesn’t want video games.”*

“Yes,” said Madison’s father.

“That is a good idea.”



The next morning Madison's mother said, "Madison, we will buy you lots of video games if you let me brush your hair."

"NEVER EVER EVER!!!" screamed Madison. "I WILL NOT!!!"

"Not even for Pritty Glitter Kitty Litter 3?" begged Madison's father. "Knatlin's Flycatcher 5?"

"NO!! NO!! NO!!" yelled Madison.



Madison's father thought and thought.

*"What about one hundred bucks?" he
said. "All kids want one hundred bucks."*

*"Yes," said her mother. "That will
definitely work."*



The next morning, Madison's mother said, "Madison, if you let me brush your hair, we will give you one hundred bucks."

"NEVER EVER EVER!!!" screamed Madison. "I WILL NOT!!!"

"But," implored her father, "Don't you want one hundred bucks?"

"NO!!! NO!!! NO!!!" yelled Madison.

"Well," said her mother, "What do you want?"

"To not brush my hair!" shouted Madison.



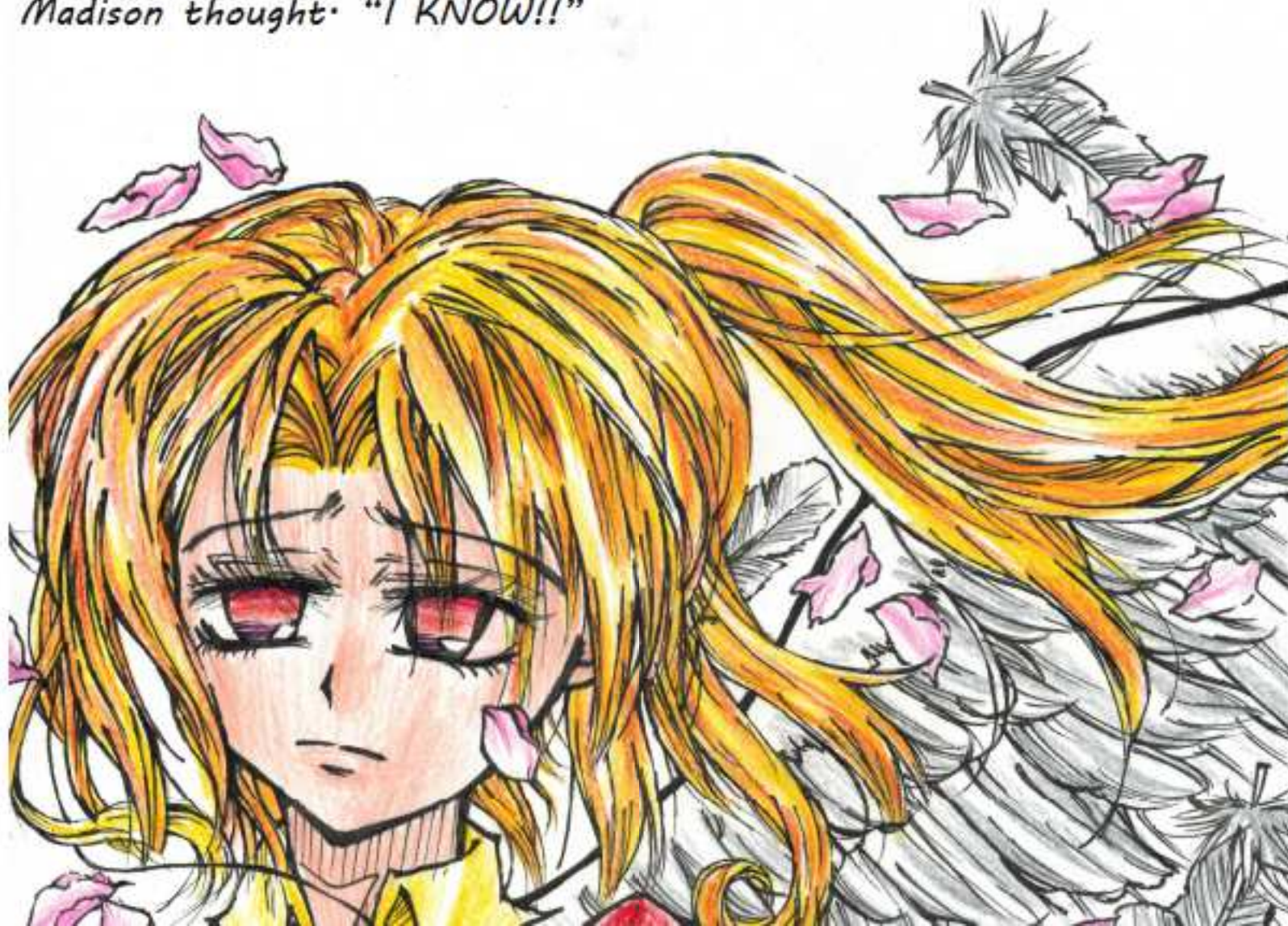
But Madison was starting to have headaches from the weight on her head and she was tired of constantly having to duck to go through doors. That night, the three fairies living on her head talked to Madison.

"Madison," said the fairies, "Please don't let them brush your hair. Our life forces are attached to those dandelions. We will die if your hair is brushed."

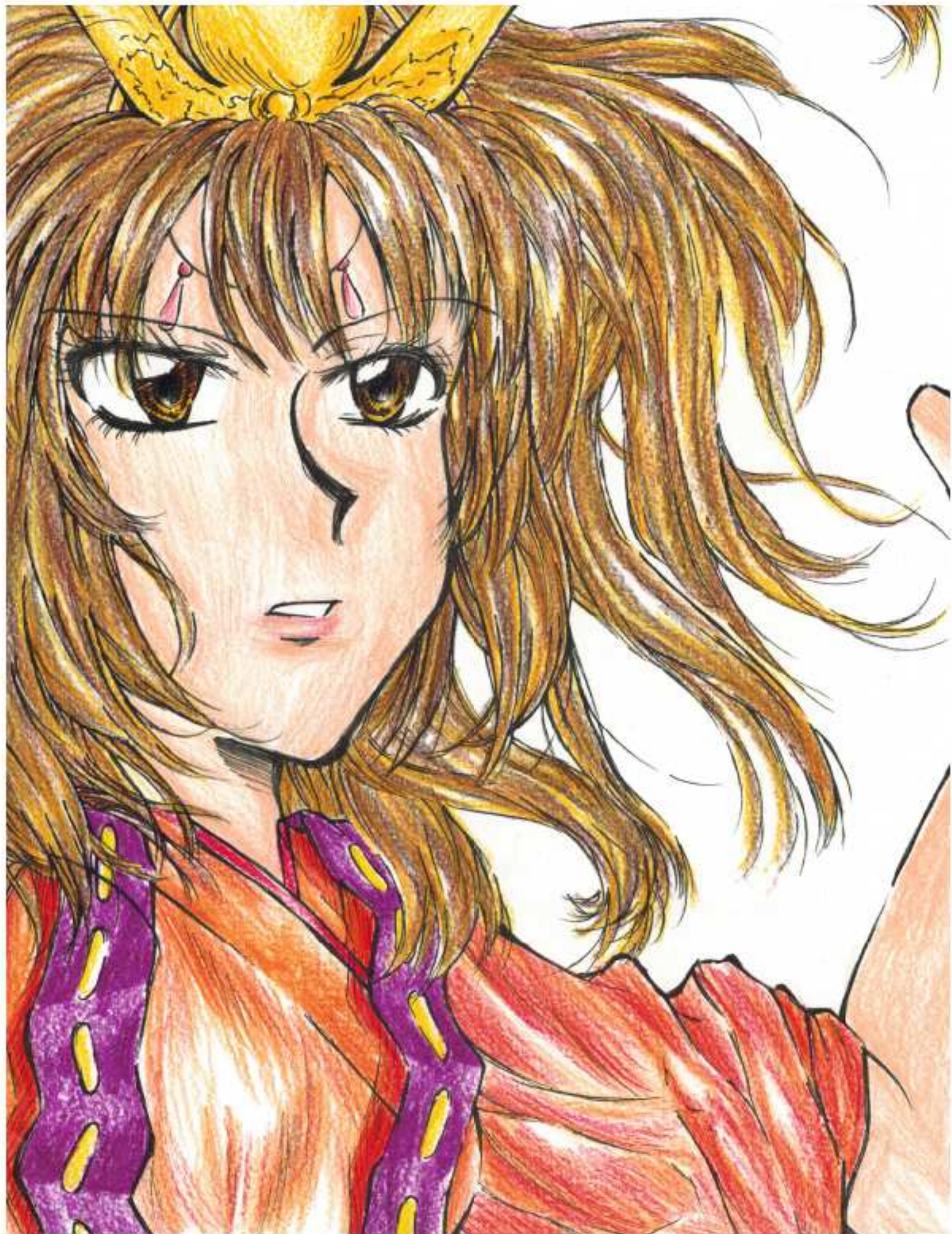
"Hey," said a fairy, "We have magic. Why don't we just transfer your hair onto someone who won't brush it?"

"Yeah!" said another fairy. "You're right! You can trade hair with whoever gets yours."

"But," said the last fairy, "Who would take your hair?" Madison thought. "I KNOW!!"







The next morning, Madison's mother and father waited apprehensively.

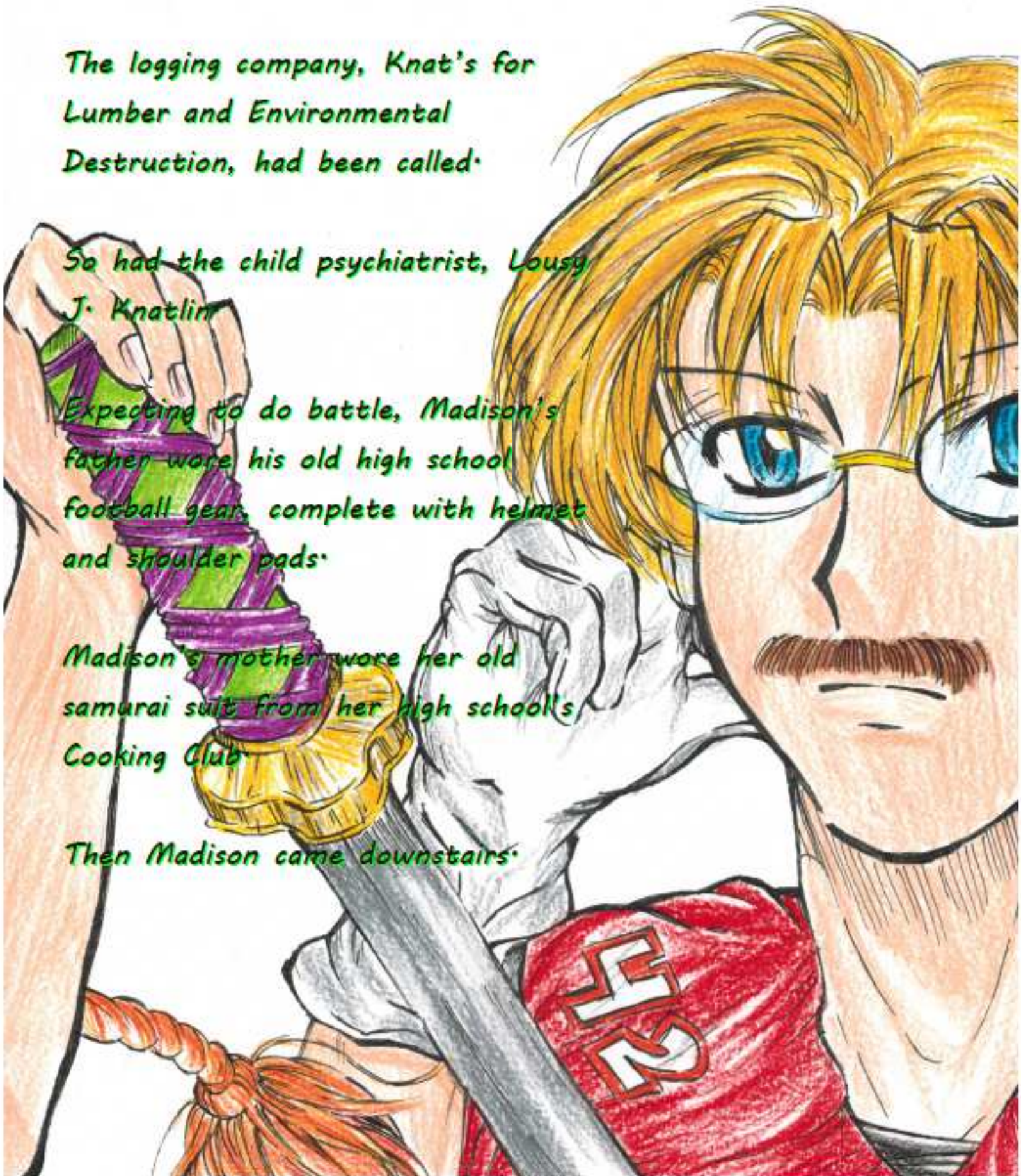
The logging company, Knat's for Lumber and Environmental Destruction, had been called.

So had the child psychiatrist, Lousy J. Knatlin.

Expecting to do battle, Madison's father wore his old high school football gear, complete with helmet and shoulder pads.

Madison's mother wore her old samurai suit from her high school's Cooking Club.

Then Madison came downstairs.

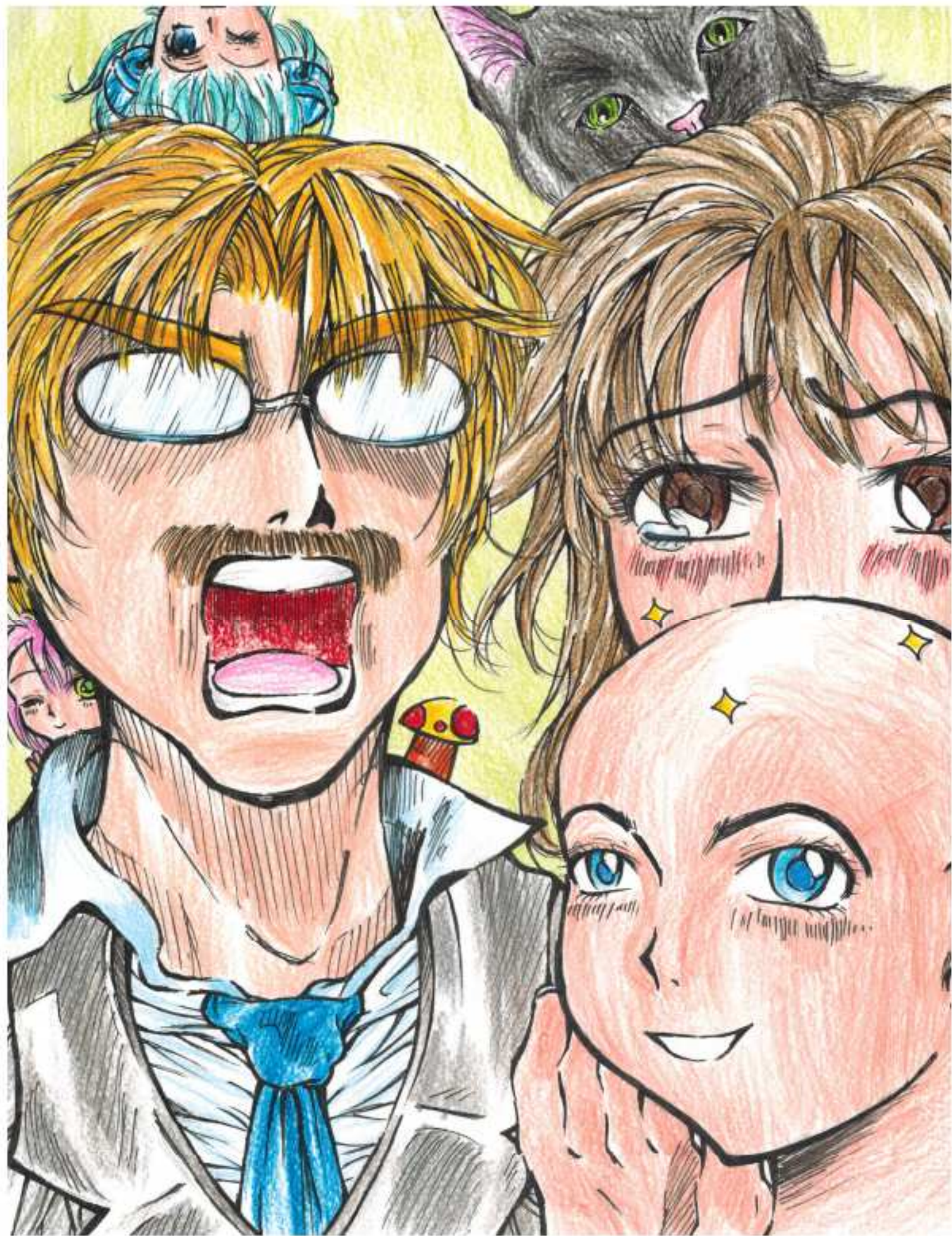


*"Madison...!!" Gaspd her mother,
like a fish out of water.*

*"MADISON!!!" Squeaked her
father, like a doggy chew toy.*

*"Where is your hair?" they said in
unison.*

*"Don't worry," said Madison. "I'll
have hair again soon."*





*Lina was very, very
happy that day.*





Briana Fryman is growing up - but not too fast - on Planet Earth somewhere.

She loves art, cats, and cookie dough.

Briana Fryman is also co-author and co-illustrator of OOPS: A Lesson Learned in Life and Compost. She is also eligible to be many time winner of any procrastination award, if one existed.

In her spare time, she lies around daydreaming. Interestingly, Briana has long dreamed of one day possessing a rocket umbrella, inflatable lawnmower, and inflatable chainsaw.

YOU DO REALIZE
HOW MUCH WE PUT UP
WITH FOR YOU, RIGHT?

NEXT, I'M GOING TO NEVER
TAKE A BATH!



"Expecting to do battle, Madison's father wore his old high school football gear, complete with helmet and shoulder pads. Madison's mother wore her old samurai suit from her high school's Cooking Club."

Critically Acclaimed:

"I laughed so hard, milk came out my nose!" - Hathai Sangsupan

"My daughter now wants to stop washing her hair; I hate this wonderfully creative and beautifully illustrated book!" - Daddy

