

The background is a solid pink color with a subtle, grainy texture. In the top-left corner, there is a partial view of a piano keyboard with several keys in shades of blue and dark blue. Scattered across the pink background are several blue musical notes, including eighth and sixteenth notes, some with stems and flags. The text is centered in the middle of the image.

**To anyone who has ever
felt different ...**

Tori stared at herself in the mirror. What she saw made her feel so sad.

"I don't understand! Why is my hair always so hard to brush?"
Tori held the hairbrush as though it was a broken magic wand.

She suddenly jumped on the bed. If her hairbrush had lost its magic,
at least her guitar still knew how to rock!







"Woke up this morning,
wish I could **transform**.
My hair is so curly,
it's as wild as a storm!
I've got the curly girl blues.
Oh, yeah,
I got the curly girl blues."



"And why does my little pop star have the curly girl blues?" Tori's mom asked as she walked into her daughter's bedroom.

"I can't go to the fair today," Tori sadly replied.

"You're right, not with that **bedhead** of yours!" her mom said as she grabbed the hairbrush and combed it through Tori's curly hair.



Tori thought hard about the Friday Fun Fair. It included all her favorite things: friends, cotton candy, puppets, rides, and lots of games.

If the brush wasn't going to fix her wild curls, she simply could not go to the fair! She felt like an **outsider** compared to the rest of her classmates. Only she had a head full of crazy curls—thick and messy curls with pieces sticking out all over the place.

She pointed sadly at her curls. They were better off unbrushed. All she wanted to do was stay home and hide.