

# **I hate nits and knots.**

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From a poem by Pip Harrison



## **I hate nits and knots**

The problem with hair is not the hair  
But the knots and tangles that gather there.

So, instead of falling straight and sleek,  
It catches the comb and gives a tweak,  
Which hurts a lot and then I shriek -  
And Mum is not best pleased.



I don't like hair one little bit.

There are always knots in it.

My Mum has to get them out -

And if she pulls, it makes me shout.

She says, 'Sorry but I'm doing my best.

Oh, these knots—they are a pest.

Now don't go getting into a state.

We're nearly there and your hair looks great.

Hurry now, we're running late.'

It's done—and I like my hair.



My Mum says, 'These knots are bad.  
But don't shout and don't get mad.  
Now I've done. Your hair looks cool,  
And we must run to get to school.'

**The problem with hair is not the hair  
But the nits\* that seem to get  
everywhere.**

**Guzzling blood six times a day  
So that I scratch in such a way  
That it makes Mum look at me  
and say,  
'Oh no, not nits again!'**

**\*We all know that nits are eggs  
And they don't have any legs.  
But folk don't think it's very nice  
To say your hair is full of lice.  
It's when the nits begin to hatch  
The creatures make you want to scratch.  
It is unfair a little titch  
Can be the cause of such an itch!**



Sometimes it isn't just the knots.

I get some nits. Well, lots and lots.

All at home, right on my head -

Mum and I wish they were dead!

**We've tried the spray and  
we've tried shampoo.**

**We've tried the comb and  
the buzzy thing too.**

**And it seems each time,  
no matter what,**

**Some nits are killed and some are not.**

**And the few that are left  
are soon a lot.**

**It surely is a bother.**





‘Oh no,’ I say. ‘What shall we do?’

Mum says she will get shampoo.

And buy another comb as well.

I wish we had a magic spell.

When Grand-dad complains that he's losing  
his hair,

And his head's now shiny and shivery bare.

I tell him at least there isn't a place  
For the nits and the knots to set up their base.

'But your hair's beautiful, just like your face,'  
He says. And I am pleased.

Grand-dad hasn't  
got much hair.

He says it isn't  
really fair.



I tell my Grand-dad, 'Don't be sad!  
No knots or nits. That can't be bad!'  
He says he loves my hair and face,  
The nits should find another place.



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