Introducing the letter ‘h’
Acknowledgments

For my awesome son, Connor, without whom these books wouldn’t exist.
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Quick Start Guide

Read the book WITH your child. You read the “regular” text, and he/she reads the big, red words, sort of like reading the different parts in a play.

Help your child sound out the words as needed.

Read the book several times. This helps develop the eye muscles and left-to-right reading patterns.

Don’t rush it. Body-builders don’t train in a day – neither does a child.

And most important of all, HAVE FUN!
Lesson 1

This is the letter ‘h’ –

The letter ‘h’ says “-h- for horse.”
Can you say “-h- for horse”? 
Lesson 1

We use the “-h-” sound in lots of words, like:

Happy horse, ha, ha, ha.

Hug a hairy heart.

Who’s a hungry hippo?
Lesson 1

Show me the pictures that start with the “-h-” sound.

Answer: Hat, horse, hippo, house.
Lesson 1

Here are two words we can make with the letter ‘h’ – can you read them?

hat
han

(“Han” is the name of the hero in this book, Han the Handsome Hippo. ‘Han” rhymes with “can” and “man.”)
Handsome Hippo, 
or han for short,
hated his hair – it looked like a fork.
So he always wore a hat on his head.

“Now I am handsome, ha, ha!” he said.
Then one day his hat was gone –
han forgot
he had it on.
han ran outside.

“Who has my hat?

Whoever you are,

give it back!”
And then he thought,

“Oh! Someone could see my horrible hair.

No, that cannot be!”
han ran back inside and grabbed a sheet
and covered himself, except for his feet.
Then he got on the phone and called the police. “My hat was stolen by a thief!”
“I will be right there,” said Shirley the sheep.
Then she jumped into her big blue jeep.
han stood waiting in the breeze; his sheet flap-flapping ’round his knees.
Then a big wind blew the sheet up high.
“Oh, no! My hair! I have to hide!”
han grabbed a pen and left a note.
“Please find my hat – I had to go.”
han hid in a bush so the cop wouldn’t see his horrible hair. No, that cannot be.
Shirley read
the note upon
the door.
Then she followed the footprints on the floor.
And there, in a bush, she saw the hat.
Tall and purple,

just like that.
“Aha!” she said.

“You are the thief!”
han tried to hide. “It wasn’t me!”
“You have the hat upon your head.”
“No, I don’t!”

the hippo said.
Then han reached up, and what did he find?

“Ha, ha!” he said.

“This hat is mine!”
But another big wind came down from the sky and took that hat and made it fly.
“Noooonoo!” said han. “Don’t look at me. I don’t want anyone to see...”
“See what?” said Shirley.

“A dancing bear?”
“No!” said han.

“My horrible hair!”
Shirley laughed.

“You silly hippo.”
“My hair’s like a pink flamingo."
“Learn to love the way you are.
“There’s only one you, and you’re a star.”
han smiled. He felt a little better.
And now he wears a hat only when the weather’s wetter.

THE END