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Opening extract from

Molly Maybe and the Monster Mission

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For my amazing mum,
Karen Stephenson,
with all my love X

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Molly Maybe and the Monster Mission



by Kristina Stephenson

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This is Smallsbury.
It's a sleepy little town where nothing much ever happens.

At least that's how it might seem.

In this snoringly, boringly ordinary place, Molly Maybe was up in her tree house with her dog by her side.

Next door, Molly's neighbour, Mr Bottomly Brown, was digging a pond in his garden when he suddenly found something rather peculiar.

'Look at that, Waggy Burns,' said Molly. 'Whatever could it be?'

Then, three days later, Molly and Waggy heard a terrible roar.

It was Mr Bottomly Brown, shouting.

'Look at my perfect lawn!
Pesky moles have been digging holes.'

Molly shook her head.
'Moles?' she said. 'I don't think so.'
And that's when she spotted . . .

the claw.

'I knew it,' said Molly. 'There are monsters at work and we need to find out why. Time to go underground, Waggy Burns!'

Waggy wiggled his wiry whiskers and waggled off to fetch his special Walkie-Talkie Collar.

Then they opened a door in the tree house floor.


You see, Molly's tree house was no ORDINARY tree house. Inside it was the best-kept secret in Smallsbury. It led to a magical monster world and Molly's marvellous Mundervator was the only way to get there.
Down,
down,
round the bend,
and into . . .
Undermunder!

Clunk! The Mundervator dropped them in the middle of the Murbling Wood. 'Odd!' said Molly. 'I wonder why the Mundervator decided to bring us here?'

'Woof, woof, woof!' said Waggy.
'Oops,' said Molly. 'I nearly forgot!'
And she turned on Waggy's collar.

'My canine calculations tell me we need to go to town,' he said and read:



'Then that's where we'll find our lawn-destroying monster,' said Molly with a grin.

Waggy was right.
In a hustle and bustle of monster mayhem,
there were monsters EVERYWHERE.

'Golly,' said Molly when she saw them all.
'How will we find the right one?'

But before Waggy Burns
could speak . . .

