

Monster Cuts

Louise doesn't like her new home in the mountains. It's cold and snowy and away from all her friends. Her mum's hair salon isn't booming either. But when Louise bumps into a particularly hairy yeti called Garrath in the woods, an idea sparks: who says her mum's customers have to be humans?



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RRP £6.99
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Written by
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Illustrated by
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'Monster Cuts'

An original concept by W. G. White

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Published by MAVERICK ARTS PUBLISHING LTD

Studio 11, City Business Centre, 6 Brighton Road,

Horsham, West Sussex, RH13 5BB

© Maverick Arts Publishing Limited November 2021

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A CIP catalogue record for this book is available at the British Library.

ISBN 978-1-84886-839-7

Maverick
publishing
www.maverickbooks.co.uk

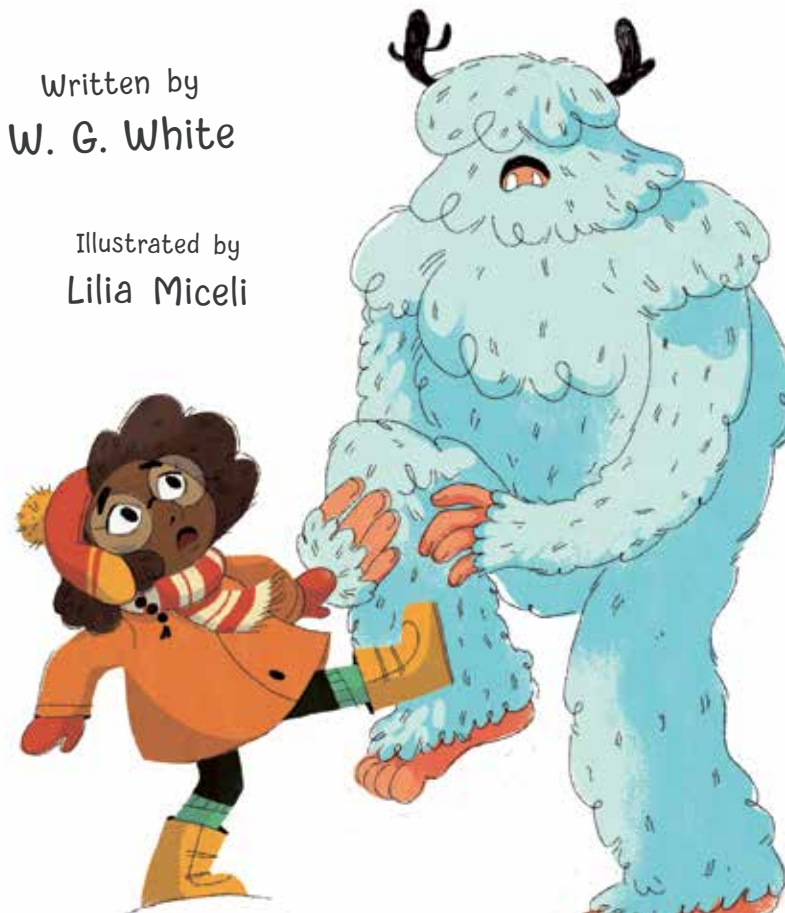
Lime

This book is rated as: Lime Band (Guided Reading)

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Chapter 1

At the end of a windy driveway, under a tall mountain and surrounded by snowy trees, was Louise's new house. But Louise wasn't happy or even a little excited. Louise didn't think there was anything wrong with her *old* house. She loved her old house. It wasn't big or fancy, but it was home.

"What do you think?" asked Mum.



“I want to go home,” replied Louise.

“We are home, love!”

Louise watched as Mum moved boxes. Instead of helping, she crossed her arms and stomped her feet. This *wasn't* home. How would the postman know where to deliver her letters? And her friends! They were all so far away now. It wasn't fair!

“Come on,” Mum said, taking Louise's hand.

“Let's see our new salon!”

Not far from the new house was the longest high street Louise had ever seen. It had snowy forests on either side of it, and lots of people

rushing up and down. Mum led Louise all the way to the bottom of the street.

“Ta-da!” said Mum, pointing to a tiny hair salon with old walls. It looked like it'd been empty for years. “It needs a name, yes. But we'll come up with something amazing.”

Louise crossed her arms and huffed. She didn't care! She just wanted to go home!





Chapter 2

One week later, Louise hadn't stopped frowning. She'd frowned through her lessons at her new school. She'd frowned through meal times and even her favourite TV shows.

Mum sighed as she counted out the salon's daily earnings. "Business is slow..."

Louise wanted to hug her mum, but didn't. She was still cross. Instead, Louise snatched her coat and stormed off, out of the house. She walked into the nearby forests, listening to the snow crunch beneath her feet.

