

Sample of Cover and Selected Pages

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CODE READER™

Making Difficult Words Easy

Code Reader Books provide codes with “sound keys” to help read difficult words. For example, a word that may be difficult to read is “unicorn,” so it might be followed by a code like this: unicorn (*YOO-nih-korn*). By providing codes with phonetic sound keys, Code Reader Books make reading easier and more enjoyable.

Examples of Code Reader™ Keys

Long a sound (as in make):

a (*with a silent e*) or **ay**

Examples: able (*AY-bul*); break (*brake*)

Short i sound (as in sit): **i** or **ih**

Examples: myth (*mith*); mission (*MIH-shun*)

Long i sound (as in by):

i (*with a silent e*) or **y**

Examples: might (*mite*); bicycle (*BY-sih-kul*)

Keys for the long o sound (as in hope):

o (*with a silent e*) or **oh**

Examples: molten (*MOLE-ten*); ocean (*OH-shen*)

Codes use dashes between syllables (*SIH-luh-buls*), and stressed syllables have capital letters.

To see more Code Reader sound keys, see page 56.

Ghost Catcher



By Susan Niessen
Illustrations by Jan Saße

TREASURE **BAY**

Ghost Catcher

A Code Reader™ Book Green Series

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Title of the original German Edition: Leserabe - 3. Lesestufe: Henry & Hobbs. Geisterjäger © 2020 Ravensburger Verlag GmbH

English translation, along with additions and revisions to text in this edition: © Copyright 2025 by Treasure Bay, Inc.
Translated by Madeleine Williamson-Sarll and Quarto
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Patent Pending.

Code Reader books are designed using an innovative system of methods to create and include phonetic codes to enhance the readability of text. Reserved rights include any patent rights.

Published by Treasure Bay, Inc.
PO Box 519, Roseville, CA 95661 USA

Printed in China








Library of Congress Control Number: 2024944831

ISBN: 978-1-60115-741-6

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CodeReader.org

PR-1-25

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CHAPTER 1

Ghost Catcher Clinic

I'll admit that my office isn't particularly (*par-TIK-kyoo-lur-lee*) impressive. It's small, located (*LOH-kay-ted*) in a modest wooden shed, and I share it with a gardener. On top of that, it's pretty remote, far out in our backyard. You'd never come across it by chance. But people don't come to me for something they don't need. People come to me because they have a problem. What I mean is: if you need me, you'll find me.

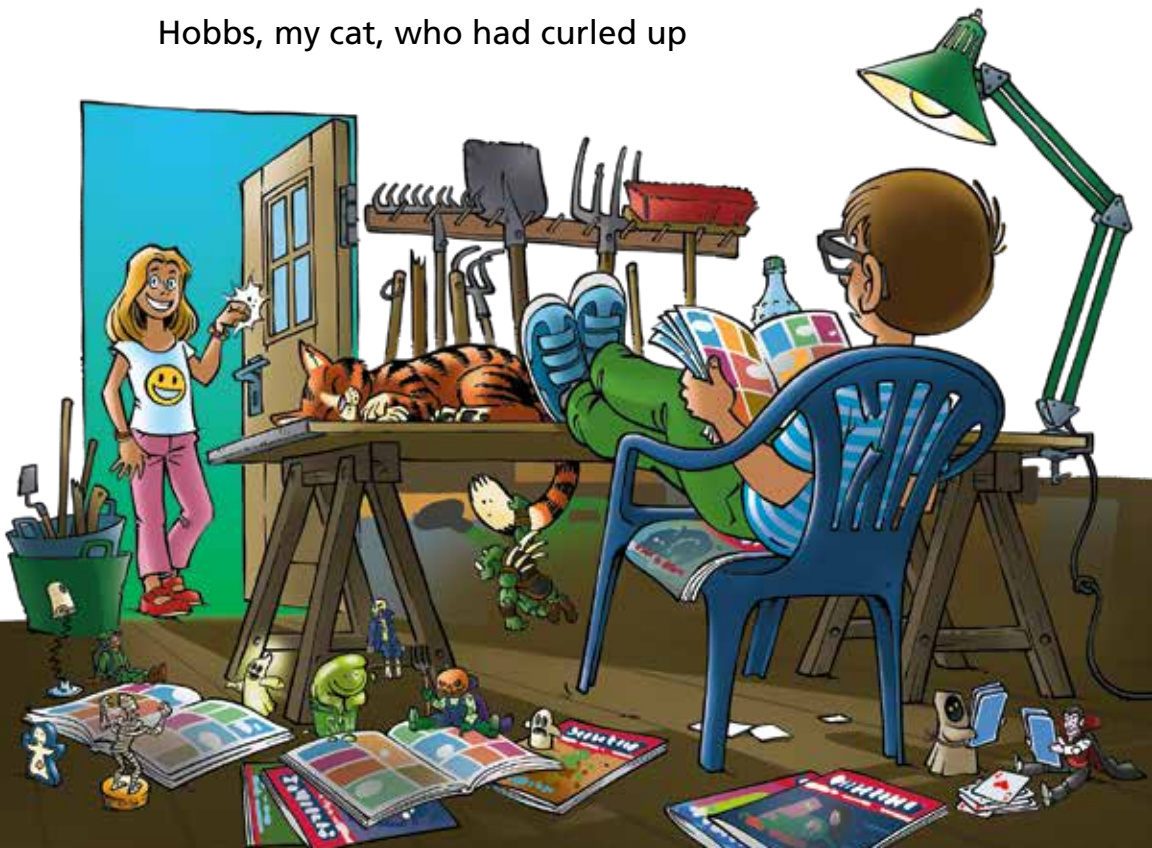
On Tuesday, June 7th, my cousin (*KUH-zin*) Mackenzie (*Meh-KEN-zee*) came to find me. My consultation (*kon-sul-TAY-shun*) clinic is every Tuesday afternoon. This was my third. The first time, only my parents came. The second time, Rex, my next door neighbor's (*NAY-burz*) dog, turned up. And now my cousin Mackenzie. Business (*BIZ-nes*) wasn't exactly booming.

"Hi, Griffin. I hear you're a ghost catcher now," she said, looking around my office curiously (*KYUR-ee-us-lee*).

“Hello, Mackenzie,” I mumbled and yawned. It was going to be another one of those visits that didn’t result in a job, just long explanations (*ex-pluh-NAY-shuns*) of why I’d recently become a ghost catcher. Nobody thinks ghost catching is a real job. But that’s because nobody thinks that ghosts really exist.

But there’s a lot of little guys (*gize*) out there that people (*PEE-pul*) can’t see. And they’re not all just imaginary (*ih-MAJ-jin-nair-ree*).

Mackenzie came closer and stroked Mr. (*MIS-tur*) Hobbs, my cat, who had curled up



on my desk and was fast asleep. He opened one eye lazily (*LAZE-ih-lee*).

"Your assistant doesn't seem all that excited to help," she commented.

"He's not on duty (*DOO-tee*)," I explained. "I'm in charge of customer service."

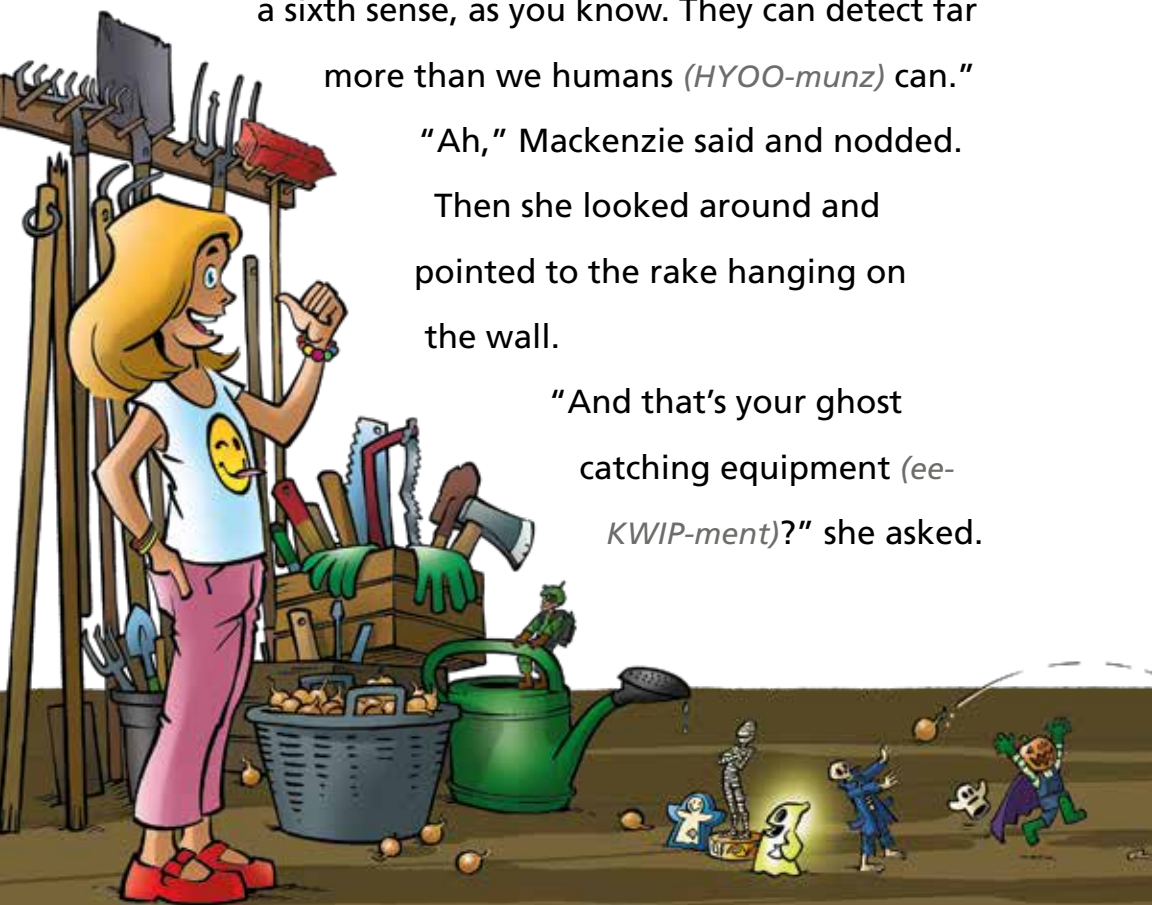
"And what does he do?" Mackenzie asked.

"He helps me detect the ghosts," I replied. "Cats have a sixth sense, as you know. They can detect far more than we humans (*HYOO-munz*) can."

"Ah," Mackenzie said and nodded.

Then she looked around and pointed to the rake hanging on the wall.

"And that's your ghost catching equipment (*ee-KWIP-ment*)?" she asked.



"A ghost-grabber or something?" She giggled.

"No," I sighed. "It's just a rake." I really didn't want to waste my time dealing with amateurs (*AM-uh-churz*).

"What brings you here?" I asked in a bored tone. "No riding lesson, piano (*pee-AN-oh*) lesson, ballet (*bal-LAY*) class, or homework today?"

Mackenzie is always unbelievably (*un-bee-LEEV-ub-lee*) busy (*BIH-zee*). Even though she only lives two streets away and goes to the same school as me, we hardly ever see each other.

Mackenzie sat on the big wooden box that I keep my ghost traps in.

She narrowed (*NAIR-ode*) her



eyes, leaned forward, and said, "I'd like some advice. Our house is haunted (*HAWN-ted*)!"

Now she had my full attention (*uh-TEN-shun*). Even Mr. Hobbs opened both eyes. "For real?" I asked in surprise. "Where?"

"In our attic," said Mackenzie. "No kidding. Right above Leo's (*LEE-ohz*) room."

Leo is Mackenzie's younger (*YUNG-gur*) brother. He's five.

"You can hear really weird (*weerd*) noises (*NOY-zez*) coming from up there. Leo can't sleep anymore because



he's so scared," Mackenzie said. "Mom and Dad have told him a thousand times that there's no such thing as ghosts. But he doesn't believe (*bee-LEEVE*) them, and they don't believe him. So Leo comes into my room every night. And now I can't sleep either (*EE-thur*)!"

I studied her thoughtfully (*THAWT-ful-lee*). "And does anyone other than Leo hear the noises that the ghost makes?" I asked.

Mackenzie nodded. "I slept in Leo's room once," she said. "I heard it then too. Super (*SOO-pur*) spooky. Honest (*AH-nest*)!"

"And your parents?"

"They went up into the attic and had a good look around. But they didn't find anything other than a creaky window (*WIN-doh*), and a few things that had fallen over."

Aha, I thought. Now things were getting interesting.

"Did the noises stop afterward?"

Mackenzie shook her head. "Nope, only the creaking stopped. Not the rest."

“Perfect!” I cried. “Definitely (*DEF-fin-et-lee*) a job for a ghost catcher!”

“Great,” said Mackenzie. “You’re hired. What happens next?”

“We need to agree on a fee,” I said with a grin. “Professionals (*pruh-FEH-shun-ulz*) don’t work for nothing (*NUH-thing*).”

Mackenzie looked a little offended. “But I’m your cousin!” she said.

I thought about it for a second. This was my first job. Perhaps I should be generous.

“Fine, then,” I gave in. “An extra-large Chocolate Champ.” That was my favorite sundae (*SUN-day*) in Mario’s (*MAH-ree-ohz*) ice-cream parlor (*PAR-lur*).

“Done (*dun*)!” Mackenzie seemed relieved (*ree-LEEVD*). “So now what?”

“Step one: interview (*IN-tur-vyoo*) the witnesses. Step two: examine (*ex-AM-min*) the scene (*seen*) of the haunting. We’ll do that right now.”

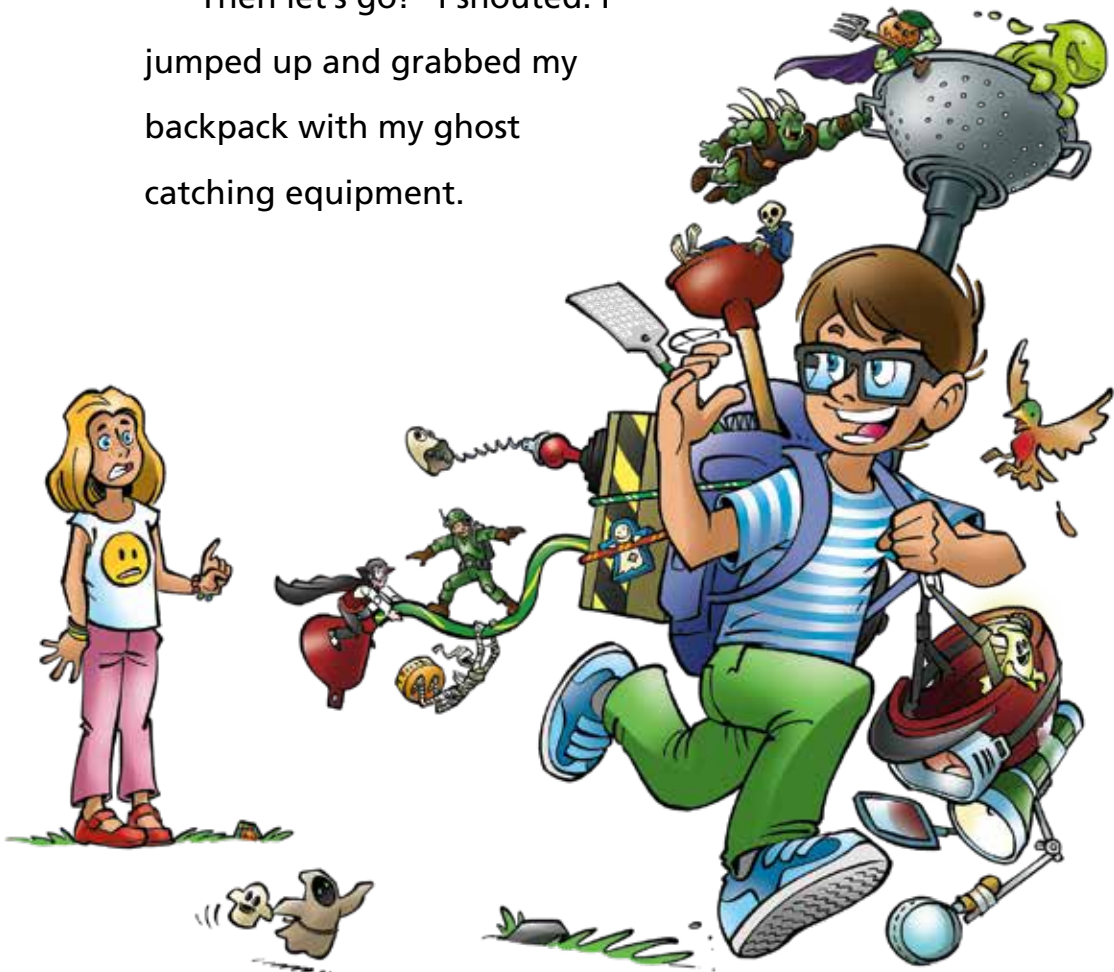
“But it’s not haunted during the day,” Mackenzie objected.

I waved this aside. You really had to explain absolutely (*ab-soh-LOOT-lee*) everything to newbies (*NOO-beez*).

"I have to take a look at the location (*loh-KAY-shun*) in daylight first," I explained. "And before that, I'll need to speak to Leo. Is he at home?"

Mackenzie nodded.

"Then let's go!" I shouted. I jumped up and grabbed my backpack with my ghost catching equipment.



Mackenzie stood up too. She pointed at Mr. Hobbs, who was fast asleep again.

“And what about him? Isn’t he coming?”

“No,” I said. “We need to check out the location first. I don’t need him for that.”