

GRANDPA BERT AND THE Ghost Snatchers

MALORIE BLACKMAN

With illustrations by
Melanie Demmer

Barrington Stoke

Published in 2018 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

This story was first published in a different form
as *Grandma Gertie's Haunted Handbag*
(Heinemann Young Books, 1996)

Text © 1996 Oneta Malorie Blackman
Illustrations © 2018 Melanie Demmer

The moral right of Oneta Malorie Blackman and
Melanie Demmer to be identified as the author and illustrator
of this work has been asserted in accordance with the
Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be
reproduced in whole or in any part in any form without the
written permission of the publisher

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available
from the British Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-78112-830-5

Printed in China by Leo

This book is in a super readable format for young readers
beginning their independent reading journey.

For Neil and Elizabeth

With much love



Contents

1.	Grandma Gertie Comes to Stay	1
2.	Hello, Bert!	12
3.	A Pencil and Two Wild Eyebrows	25
4.	The Stolen Handbag	31
5.	Under Anna's Hat	43
6.	A Bike for Everyone	53
7.	The Chase Is On!	59
8.	Ghost Works	65
9.	In a Glass Prison	73
10.	Home Time	81





Chapter 1
Grandma Gertie Comes to Stay

Grandma Gertie was the oddest person Anna and her brother Kasper had ever seen.

It wasn't just her huge square glasses, or her hat with a real live parrot on it. (The parrot was winking at them as Grandma sat next to them on the back seat of the car.)

No, it was the odd way that Grandma Gertie's eyes gleamed. It was as if she had a secret that no one in the whole world knew except her. And the oddest thing of all was the way she kept patting her handbag. Pat! Pat! Pat! As if her handbag were a pet poodle.

"So how was your flight, Mum?" Dad asked Grandma from the front of the car.



"Fine as ripe peaches!" Grandma Gertie grinned. "I had four cups of tea and six buns!"

Kasper nudged Anna in the ribs. Anna nudged him back. She shifted along on the back seat of the car to put a bit more space between her and her strange grandma.

Then, without warning – PLOEUFF! BLOOP! BLOOOP! BLOOOOP!

"What on earth was that?" Dad said. He pulled over to the side of the road and stopped the car. They all got out.

"Rats! A flat tyre!" Dad groaned. "And we're only ten minutes from home!"

Dad inspected the tyre as Grandma Gertie peered over to look too.



"Don't worry, son," Grandma Gertie said to Dad. "It's only flat at the bottom." Dad gave Grandma Gertie a look, but she didn't seem to notice.

"Dad, can I help you fix the tyre?" Kasper asked.

Anna wanted to help too, but Grandma Gertie grabbed her arm and started to pull her along the High Street.

Anna grabbed Kasper's hand – no way did Anna want to be alone with her very odd grandma. And off they all went together.

"Don't mind me!" Dad called after them. "I'll manage!"

Grandma Gertie looked up and down the street as she raced along.

