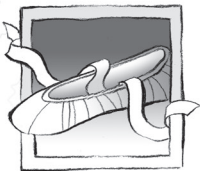


Mystery of the Ballerina Ghost

BY JANELLE DILLER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADAM TURNER



Contents

1. Austria! (Not Australia).....	1
2. Schloss Mueller.....	9
3. Eva’s Ballerina Room.....	17
4. The Ghostly Visit.....	24
5. The Face in the Window.....	31
6. The Note.....	44
7. The Note Disappears.....	48
8. The Scent of Roses.....	53
9. No More Chances.....	62
10. What to Know Before You Go....	80



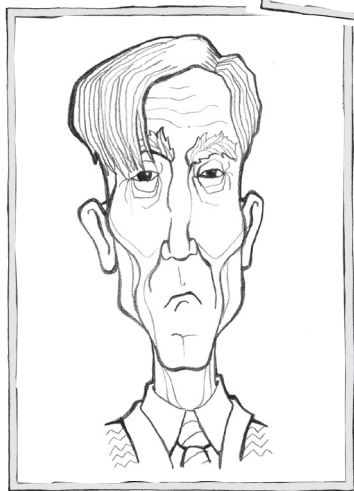
Meet the Characters

Brooke Mason
is crazy about horses!
She can't wait to see
the castle they'll be
staying in.



Eva Mueller
is lighter than air
when she dances. She's
really excited to show
Brooke the castle.

Mrs. Mason
is Brooke's mom.
She loves art more
than anything—
except her family,
of course.



Herr Mueller
is Eva's grandfather.
He's the master of
the castle, Schloss
Mueller.

Mystery of the Ballerina Ghost



Chapter One

Austria! (Not Australia!)



Brooke Mason plopped down on her suitcase. She was Tired.

Brooke knew only proper nouns should be capitalized in the middle of a sentence. She also knew “tired” wasn’t a proper noun. But she was tired enough to make it a capital letter anyway. Mrs. Harvey, her third grade teacher from last year, would just have to understand.

The clock on the airport wall said 10:42.

Mystery of the Ballerina Ghost

That made it 10:42 in the morning in Austria. Brooke's watch said 2:42. That made it 2:42 in the middle of the night in Colorado. She should be sound asleep in her own bed, not dragging her suitcase through an airport. She hadn't even stayed up this late at the last slumber party she went to. In fact, Brooke wasn't sure she'd Ever stayed up this late.

In this case, "ever" deserved a capital letter, too.

Brooke tugged at her mom's sleeve. "So when will we get to see kangaroos?"

"Huh?" Mrs. Mason's eyes were only half open. It was 2:42 in the middle of the night for her, too.

"All my friends told me to make sure I send them pictures of kangaroos. Isn't that what Australia is famous for?"

Mrs. Mason's eyes opened a tiny bit wider. "Honey, we're in Austria, *not* Australia. We're in Europe, remember?"

Austria! (Not Australia!)

“Oh, yeah.” She’d made that mistake when her mom first told her about going on this trip. She must be really, really, *really* TIRED to make that mistake again. Brooke looked around to see if anyone had heard her. If they did, they were too sleepy to laugh at her. “I remember now. Austria is next to Germany.”

“And Italy.” Mrs. Mason gently rubbed Brooke’s back. “Instead of pictures of kangaroos, we’ll get a picture of you in a castle.”

“Oh, yeah. Castles! I remember now.”

“Next,” the man in the little booth said.

“That’s us,” Brooke’s mom said.

Brooke tried to stop a monster yawn. She stood up and pulled her suitcase up to the booth. She handed her passport to the customs agent.

“How long will you be in Austria?” the man asked. He looked tired too. She wondered if it felt like 2:42 in the morning for him.

Mystery of the Ballerina Ghost

“Two weeks,” Mrs. Mason said.

The man stamped their passports. Bam, bam. “And what will you be doing here?” he asked.

“I’m an art expert. I’ve been invited to help a man organize his large collection of American paintings,” Mrs. Mason explained. Brooke was proud her mom was an authority on art. She was lucky enough to come with her mom. Her two brothers had to stay home, so Brooke felt doubly lucky.

“And will you be working too, Miss Mason?” the immigration agent asked.

“No, sir. I’m only nine-years old. I get to have fun.”

The tired man in the booth laughed and stamped their passports again. Bam, bam. “Well, Miss Brooke Mason, I hope you do have fun. Welcome to Austria.”

Austria. *Not* Australia. Brooke was going to

Austria! (Not Australia!)

have to remember that! She followed closely behind her mom. She didn't want to get lost before they even started.

When they got outside of customs, Mrs. Mason stopped and looked around. Brooke plunked down on her suitcase again.

“*Herr* Mueller should be here soon,” Mrs. Mason said. “Our flight was a few minutes early.”

“Hair Mueller?” Brooke said. “What kind of a goofy name is Hair?”

Mrs. Mason laughed. “It sounds like ‘hair,’ but it’s spelled H-E-R-R. It means mister in German.”

“Oh, so we’re looking for *Mr.* Mueller.”

“Yes. But since we’re in Austria, we’ll call him Herr Mueller, won’t we?” Mrs. Mason gave Brooke a no-nonsense look. She looked tired too.

“Why do they speak German here? Since we’re in Austria, shouldn’t we speak Austrian?”

Mrs. Mason thought for a minute. “Well, we’re

Mystery of the Ballerina Ghost

Americans but we don't speak 'American.' We speak English because English speaking people colonized America. The people who settled Germany and Austria spoke a common language.”

“That makes sense. So how do you say 'Mrs.' in German?”

“*Frau*. I'm Frau Mason.”

“And me?”

“You, young lady, are a *Fräulein*. Fräulein Mason.”

“I like that,” she said and smiled.

Brooke scanned the room. She decided that Austrians looked a lot like people in Colorado. They came in all shapes and sizes. They were dressed like people would dress at the airport in Denver. She relaxed a little. Most people looked like they were waiting for someone.

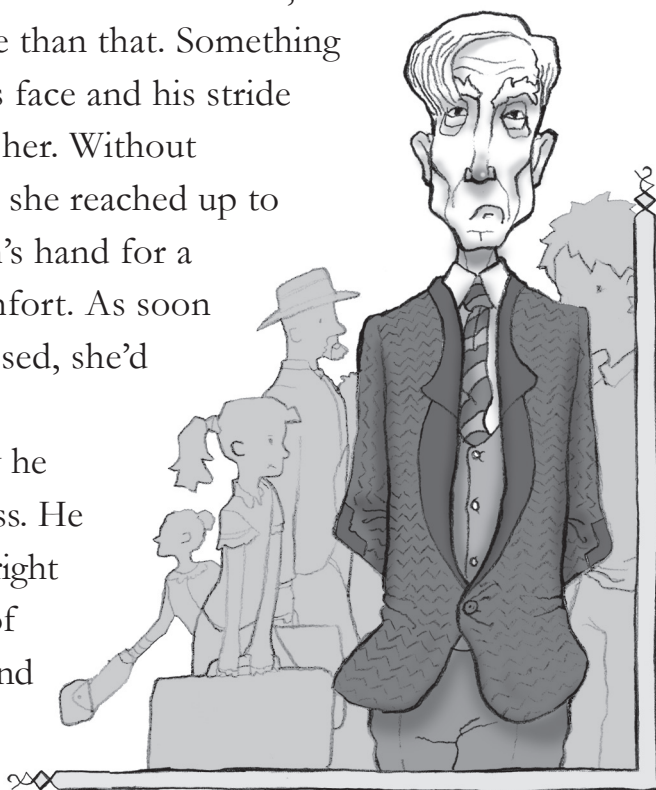
One man, though, marched straight towards them. He had a long, thin face, a mouth bent into

Austria! (Not Australia!)

a frown, and a bony body. A tangle of crazy grey eyebrows shadowed his icy blue eyes and mean mouth.

Brooke immediately decided she didn't like him. She didn't even want to be in the same room with this man. In fact, it was more than that. Something about his face and his stride spooked her. Without thinking, she reached up to her mom's hand for a little comfort. As soon as he passed, she'd be fine.

Only he didn't pass. He stopped right in front of Brooke and



Mystery of the Ballerina Ghost

her mom. “Frau Mason?” he asked. He held out his hand. “*Grüß Gott!* I’m Herr Mueller. Welcome to Austria.”

What to Know Before You Go!



Where is Austria?

Schoolchildren in Austria learn their country is shaped like a shoe. Can you see why they think that? Austria is in the southeastern area of Europe. It is completely surrounded by land. Austria has eight other countries as neighbors: Czech Republic, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Liechtenstein, Slovakia, Slovenia, and Switzerland. It's not a very big country. It's about the size of Maine. But it's a beautiful country full of forests and mountains. Because it has so many mountains, it's well known for its great skiing.

Facts about Austria

Official Name: Republic of Austria, which means “Eastern Empire” (the German name is Österreich)

Capital: Vienna (the German name is Wien)

Currency: Euro

Government: Parliamentary representative democracy

Language: Austrian German; this is very similar to German spoken in Germany

Population: 8,384,745 (2010)

Major Cities:

- Vienna: 1,523,000
- Graz: 219,000
- Linz: 185,000
- Salzburg: 145,000

Say It in German!

Grüß
Gott!

English

German

German

Pronunciation

Hello	Hallo	Hahl-lō
Hello (Good day)	Grüß Gott	Gröss göt
Good day	Guten Tag	Gū-těn tahg
Good morning	Guten Morgen	Gū-těn morgen
Good night	Guten Abend	Gū-těn ah-bend
Hi	Hi/Tag	Tahg
Goodbye	Auf Wiedersehen	Auf vē-der-zāhn
Bye	Tschuess	Tchoos
Please	Bitte	Bī-rah
Thank you (very much)	Danke (schön)/ (Vielen Dank)	Dahn-kah (feel-en dahnk)
Excuse me	Entschuldigen Sie mich	Ĕnt-shū-lī-gěn zee mīck
Yes/No	Ja/Nein	Yah/Nine
Enjoy the meal	Guten Appetit	Gū-těn a-pě-teet
Grandfather	Grossvater	Gröss vahter
Mrs./Miss	Frau/Fräulein	Frow/Frow-line
Mr.	Herr	Hair
Castle	Schloss	Shlöss
Sweetheart	Liebling	Leeb-Līng