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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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# The Halloween Ghosts

In the delightful town of Maplewood, where golden leaves were falling to the ground, a peculiar event occurred every Hallowe'en. Underneath the radiant Harvest Moon, eight unique ghosts would come to life, causing mischief and delight among the townsfolk. They were an odd group of ghosts, full of character and whimsy. Appearing out of thin air, they would declare,

"We're the Hallowe'en Ghosts,  
comical as hosts,  
standing tall like lamp posts.  
Hush, hush, hush!"



And one by one, they would retreat into the shadows, causing a hushed thrill to ripple through the town.

The first ghost was a melancholic soul who hummed a haunting melody, a song long forgotten.

"I'm the ghost of a song,  
forgotten long,"

He sighed, his sorrowful voice floating on the chilly autumn wind as he hummed the tune of "Sweet Genevieve".

The second ghost was a tender spirit who cared for ghostly flowers.

"I'm the ghost of the flowers,  
for hours and hours,  
I've watered them with my tears, like showers,"  
She mourned, tears flowing like tiny silver streams  
under the moonlight.

The third ghost was a fantastical figure who rode on a  
moonbeam, telling tales of a lean witch and a fat cat  
that sat side by side on a broomstick.

"Strange it may seem  
but I'm the ghost of a dream."

The fourth was a humorous apparition, the ghost of a  
turkey who had met its end on Thanksgiving Day.

"Ha ha; ho, ho; what did he say

The turkey—a ghost on Thanksgiving Day!"

The fifth ghost was an embodiment of autumn, the  
spirit of the leaves.

"My spirit grieves

I'm the ghost of the leaves,

dancing and playing in merry October."

The sixth ghost was a forgotten storybook, left out  
under the snow for an entire year. "I'm the ghost of a  
storybook you know," he creaked, causing the town's  
children to gather round, eager to hear his spooky tale.

The seventh ghost was a grand dancer, regretfully  
admitting, "I can't remember the minuet. I tell you I'm  
the ghost of a dance; I can neither retreat nor  
advance."

The eighth ghost, finally, was a warm figure, the spirit  
of a cat that once sat by the hearth on a bright red  
mat. "Meow—Meow—Meow," she would echo, causing the  
townsfolk to smile at the endearing spectacle.

And just as mysteriously as they appeared, they would whirl off into the night, their echoes lingering in the crisp air. Two by two, they would disappear, leaving the townsfolk in awe. And the last ghost, with a sudden shriek, would vanish, leaving Maplewood under the enchantment of their Hallowe'en spirit. Every year, this enchanting spectacle would be eagerly awaited, a treasured tradition that made Hallowe'en in Maplewood a magical event.