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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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The Halloween Mystery Of The Vanished Boy

Once upon a time, in the eerie season of Halloween, there lived a curious boy. He loved to wander the streets, in and out of the shadows, engrossed in the magic of the night. One Halloween, he embarked on his usual adventure but this time, he never returned.

Now, in his neighborhood, there was a witch, solemn and dressed in black from head to toe. She was the guardian of secrets and time, and she wouldn't reveal where the boy had gone.

The witch murmured, "The little one has taken a path I cannot reveal. His story is one only the night can tell." Also, there was a ghost, a friendly soul, wrapped in robes as white as the moonlight. He was the last to have seen the boy, wandering on that fateful Halloween night. The ghost would often whisper into the wind, "I watched the boy fade into the night, like a star losing its light."

Amidst these enigmatic characters, was a jack-o'-lantern, its bright smile illuminating the street. It had seen the boy being taken away into the night. The jack-o'-lantern would glow a little brighter, as if signaling, "I witnessed the boy's journey. It was a sight mysterious and yet full of delight."

High in the tree, an owl resided, its eyes wide and wise. It was this owl who narrated the entire story of the

boy's disappearance. With a solemn hoot, the owl revealed, "From my perch high in the tree, I've seen many a mystery unfold."

Then there was a bat, a creature of the night. He too was a witness to the boy's unexpected departure. Swooping through the darkness, the bat added, "I fly through the night and have seen sights most peculiar. The boy's departure was but one among many."



In the heart of this mystery was a black cat, the catalyst of the whole affair. The boy, who was fond of pranks, had pulled its tail while the cat was peacefully perched on a fence. The cat, with a swish of its tail, said, "It was a mischievous pull that started it all."

Since then, every

Halloween, when the air turns chilly and the leaves rustle with stories, you might hear a faint moan carried by the wind. Some say it's the spirit of the vanished boy, forever a part of the magical Halloween night.