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The Four Ghosts

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Once upon a time, in a quaint little town that stood on the edge of a dark and mysterious forest, lived two best friends, Maude and Laura. This forest was often whispered about in hushed tones, with legends of Elves, Goblins, and Ghosts who danced under the moonlight. The curious girls, however, were never ones to shy away from a little adventure.

One evening, Maude had begun to tell a tale about the peculiar beings that supposedly lived in the forest, "They sing songs of Goblins and Elves, even Ghosts," she said, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "And since we've seen the others, I thought perhaps we might see them too."

Laura, always the more pragmatic one, chuckled at her friend's words, "But Maude, the Elves and Goblins we've seen weren't real, they were just children playing."

In the middle of their friendly debate, a mysterious character, an old wise woman known as the Storyteller, appeared. She was a beloved figure in their town, known for spinning the most exciting and vivid tales that you could almost believe were true.

"They were real enough, young ladies," the Storyteller said with a knowing smile, "They were real, beyond a doubt; And so are these—the Ghosts—who now come gliding in and out."



Suddenly, four Ghosts appeared, with the atmosphere turning more eerie and whimsical than frightening. They wandered around aimlessly, and occasionally threw their arms up in the air, letting out soft, sorrowful wails. They were more forlorn than scary, prompting the Storyteller to ask about their stories.

Each ghost, in a voice as haunting as the wind blowing through a graveyard, told their stories. The first was a miser, forever chasing the gold he had lost. The second, a beautiful maiden, eternally searching for true love she had rejected. The third, a heartbroken lover, stuck in his past of vengeance. And the fourth, well, he was revealed by Laura to be their friend Bert, all part of a grand play put together by the Storyteller.

"I knew it! I knew only Bert could roll his "r's" like that!" Laura exclaimed, laughing. She had unveiled the ghost's identity and Bert, amused by Laura's sharpness, agreed, "Well, you're a smart one, Miss Laura."

Maude's other friends too unveiled themselves and explained that they were all part of the grand Halloween party Maude's mother, the Storyteller, had planned. "Your mother? Oh, the Storyteller!" Katherine, another friend, exclaimed in realization.

As the evening drew to a close, the children shared laughs and stories, their imaginations filled with the vivid tales of the Ghosts. The Storyteller wrapped up the night with a moral, "Every ghost you saw tonight has a story, a lesson to be learned. Make sure to treasure what you have, love with all your heart, and always be true to yourself."

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