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The Halloween Witches

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Once upon a time, in a land where autumn painted the leaves in hues of red, yellow, and orange, a group of special friends gathered every year on All Hallow's Eve. They were not ordinary friends but charming, delightful witches who loved to frolic and play.



On this special night, the witches dressed up in their finest - beautiful white dresses, tall pointed hats of brilliant scarlet, and cloaks that swished with every movement. And let's not forget their brooms, not used for cleaning, but for flying around under the moonlit sky!

As the sun set and the moon took its place in the star-speckled sky, the witches began to gather. Each witch brought her broomstick, treating it as a beloved pet. One by one, they stabled their broomsticks at the back, patting them affectionately before stepping to the front and greeting their friends with a graceful bow.

"Now, are we all ready for our magical mischief?" asked the oldest witch, her eyes twinkling with excitement.

"All ready!" chorused the rest, their faces illuminated by the soft glow of the moon.

And so began their playful antics, they danced and swirled in the moonlight, their voices weaving a song of mirth and magic. "Beware, young man, now escape while you can!" they sang, their laughter echoing through the quiet night.

As they danced, their cloaks billowed around them, and their brooms waved high in the air. They teased and chased each other, their laughter ringing through the night, adding to the enchantment of All Hallow's Eve.

One of the witches, the youngest, looked at her friends and giggled, "Just imagine if someone actually took our warnings seriously!"

"Oh, wouldn't that be a sight!" another witch cackled, her eyes glinting with mirth.

Yet, in their hearts, they were as gentle as the morning dew, their warnings meant only in good fun and not to scare.

As the night drew closer to the dawn, a call rang out among the witches, "There's one, girls!"

Immediately, an excited chorus echoed, "Oh, catch him! Catch him!" And with that, they seized their brooms and flew off into the night, their silhouettes disappearing into the early morning mist.

Each All Hallow's Eve, they returned, the playful witches spreading joy and a magical charm that filled the air. And if, dear children, you ever find yourself on an All Hallow's Eve with the sight of these charming witches, remember their playful warnings, but don't forget to enjoy the magic of the night. For in every corner of the world, magic exists, sometimes where we least expect it.





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