

Nil and the Ghost Who Scared the Leaves

On Halloween night, Nil went out wearing a green cape and carrying a moon-shaped lantern. The houses were decorated with pumpkins, cotton cobwebs, and cardboard bats. When he reached the town square, he saw something curious: the leaves were rising up on their own and running in circles.

“Boo!” came a tiny voice.

A small, transparent ghost appeared from behind the fountain. His name was Bruc. He had practiced all week to give a big scare, but he only managed to frighten the leaves. The cats stared at him without flinching, the streetlights didn’t blink, and the children thought he was just a decoration.

“I’m the worst ghost in the world,” he sighed.

Nil sat down next to him.

“Perhaps you haven’t yet discovered what your power is for.”

Suddenly, a strong gust of wind scattered a mountain of leaves across the entrance to the square. The wheels of a wheelchair got stuck, and the musicians couldn’t get their instruments through. The party was

about to begin.

Nil had an idea. He asked Bruc to do his best boo. The ghost took a deep breath and shouted at the top of his lungs. The leaves jumped, spiraled out, and parted to create a clear path. Then, following Nil’s gestures, Bruc transformed them into an orange dragon, a yellow boat, and a huge red butterfly.

The people applauded. Bruc, surprised, twirled in the air and created a shower of leaves that didn’t touch anyone but sparkled under the streetlights.

“I’m not very scary,” he said, “but I know how to make autumn dance.”

That night, the ghost led the town’s first Leaf Dance. Nil kept the rhythm with his lantern, and the children followed the shapes that appeared on the ground.

When the party ended, Bruc no longer wanted to be like the ghosts in books. He had found his own way of doing magic. And every Halloween he returned to the square, not to frighten people, but to remind everyone that a talent can seem small until it finds the place where it’s needed.