

The Friendly Ghost



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In a cozy village nestled between green hills stood an old windmill with creaky sails. The villagers loved their quiet home, but at night, strange sounds drifted from the mill. Whispers said a ghost haunted the place. Nobody knew it was just Casperton, a shy little ghost with a kind heart and a secret wish to help.



Casper was small, about the height of a child, with pale mint-white skin that shimmered like moonlight. His large amber eyes glowed softly, and rosy cheeks made him look almost human. He wore a tiny blue apron full of pockets, each holding a special tool. Instead of legs, a wispy tail floated behind him as he drifted.



Every night, when the village slept, Casperton crept out of the windmill. He carried his little tools and mended broken things—a loose fence, a cracked bucket, a wobbly wheelbarrow. He worked quietly, afraid of being seen. By morning, everything was fixed, and the villagers scratched their heads in wonder. But the mysterious noises at night made them nervous.



One windy evening, the old windmill groaned and stopped. Its sails stood still, and the village lost its flour for bread. Grandpa Otis, the windmill keeper, shook his head. "The machinery is broken," he said with a sigh. "We need to fix it, or we'll have no bread." The villagers gathered, worried and unsure what to do.



Casperton watched from the mill's window. He saw the worried faces and heard Grandpa Otis's sad voice. "I can help," he whispered to himself, but his shyness held him back. What if they scream? What if they run? Still, he couldn't let his village go hungry. That night, he floated down to the broken windmill, his tools jingling softly.



Meanwhile, Milla, a curious girl with chestnut buns and a yellow polka-dot dress, couldn't sleep. She saw a faint glow near the windmill and tiptoed out with her silver lantern. Peeking through a crack, she gasped. A tiny ghost was busy tightening bolts and oiling gears. He wasn't scary at all—he was helpful!



Milla watched as Casperton worked tirelessly. His amber eyes were focused, and his stubby arms moved quickly. He hummed a little tune while he fixed the windmill's heart. Milla smiled. She wanted to help, but she didn't want to frighten him. So she waited until he finished and then stepped out gently. "Hello," she said softly. "I'm Milla. Thank you for fixing our windmill."



Casperton jumped and his cheeks turned pink. He tried to hide behind a sack of flour, but his wispy tail betrayed him. “P-please don’t be scared,” he stammered. “I only wanted to help.” Milla shook her head. “I’m not scared. You’re kind. But why do you hide?” Casperton sighed. “The villagers think I’m a scary noise. I don’t want them to fear me.”



Milla thought for a moment. “We should show them who you really are,” she said. “Grandpa Otis is having a meeting tomorrow about the windmill. Come with me. I’ll introduce you.” Casperton’s eyes widened. “But what if they scream?” Milla smiled her gap-toothed smile. “They won’t. Trust me.” Casperton nodded slowly, his heart fluttering.



The next day, the villagers gathered near the windmill. Grandpa Otis leaned on his cane. "The windmill is fixed!" he announced. "But who did it?" Murmurs filled the crowd. Milla stepped forward. "I know who did it," she said. "He's shy, but he's our friend. Please don't be afraid." She turned and called softly, "Casperton, come out."



Casperton floated out from behind the windmill, his blue apron fluttering. The villagers gasped. Some stepped back. Grandpa Otis raised his hand. “Wait,” he said. “Let’s hear what he has to say.” Casperton’s voice trembled. “I fixed your things at night because I wanted to help. I’m sorry if I scared you. I just want to be your friend.”



Grandpa Otis's eyes softened. He walked over and put a hand on Casperton's shoulder—it felt cool but gentle. "You fixed our windmill and kept our village running," he said. "That's not scary. That's kind." The villagers looked at each other. Then one by one, they smiled. "Thank you, Casperton," they said. "Welcome to our village."



To celebrate, the villagers planned a party. They hung lanterns and baked fresh bread. Casperton floated among them, his amber eyes shining. Milla stayed by his side, introducing him to everyone. Grandpa Otis gave him a tiny brass wrench as a gift. "For our official fixer," he said with a wink. Casperton's cheeks glowed rosy with joy.



From that day on, Casperton no longer hid. He helped fix things in the daylight, and the villagers greeted him with waves and smiles. Children asked him to mend their toys, and Grandpa Otis taught him how to make windmill sails. The windmill turned proudly, and the village was happy. Casperton had found a place where he belonged.



Milla and Casper became best friends. They spent afternoons exploring the hills and evenings sharing stories. The villagers learned that understanding someone is better than fearing them. And whenever someone new came to the village, Casper was the first to say hello, his blue apron fluttering. Because friendship begins with understanding, not fear.



And so, the little ghost who once hid in the shadows became the heart of the village. The windmill spun, the bread rose, and laughter filled the air. Casperton learned that being kind and brave could turn fear into friendship. And Milla knew that a curious heart and a friendly smile could change everything. The end.