**The Pumpkin Parade of Willowbrook**

In the little English village of **Willowbrook**, autumn had painted the trees in golden and crimson colours. Every doorstep had a pumpkin, and the smell of toffee apples and baked pies floated through the chilly October air. Halloween was coming—and everyone was excited for the **Pumpkin Parade**!

Tilly and her best friend Alfie were putting the final touches on their costumes. Tilly was a shimmering ghost with sparkly silver ribbons, and Alfie was a friendly dragon with wings made from old cardboard boxes.

“Do you think we’ll see the Willowbrook Witch this year?” Alfie whispered as they walked down the cobbled street.

Tilly giggled. “She’s just a story, silly! Mum says she’s been around since her gran was a girl.”

Still, when they reached the village green, the lanterns seemed to flicker extra brightly, and a cool wind swirled around their feet. The **Pumpkin Parade** was about to begin! Everyone marched through the village holding glowing pumpkins, singing songs and laughing as the moon peeked through the clouds.

Suddenly—**whoosh!**—a tall figure in a pointy hat appeared near the old oak tree. Her cloak shimmered like night sky.

“Good evening, Willowbrook!” said the woman in a warm, cheerful voice. “I’m Matilda Moonlight, the friendly witch of the woods! I’ve brought something for the parade!”

With a wave of her wand, one enormous pumpkin rolled forward and—**poof!**—turned into a glowing pumpkin carriage! The children gasped and clapped.

“You see,” Matilda said, smiling, “magic is even better when it’s shared.”

She let the children take turns sitting inside the glowing carriage. It twinkled brighter with every laugh. When the parade ended, Matilda’s pumpkin carriage gently turned back into an ordinary pumpkin, ready to be baked into pies the next day.

As the villagers waved goodbye, Tilly whispered, “I guess the Willowbrook Witch *is* real after all.”

Alfie grinned. “And she makes the best Halloween ever!”

That night, as the stars sparkled above the quiet village, a soft voice drifted through the breeze:  
“Happy Halloween, Willowbrook!”