In a bustling port town, there was a mischievous girl named Elara. She loved fabricating tales of phantom ships. One day, she climbed to the lighthouse and cried out, “Ghost ship! Ghost ship! A spectral vessel approaches!” The weary sailors, mending nets by the docks, heard her and rushed to the cliffs. But when they arrived, Elara giggled wildly and declared, “No phantom here! Just a jest! The sailors, annoyed, returned to their work. Later, Elara shouted again, “Ghost ship! Ghost ship! A spectral vessel approaches!” The sailors, with heavy hearts, climbed the cliffs once more, only to be mocked anew. They warned her sternly, “Your lies will cost you our trust,” and stomped back to their tasks, leaving Elara cackling.

Days later, a true phantom ship emerged from the fog. Elara, trembling, screamed for help from the lighthouse: “Ghost ship! Ghost ship! A spectral vessel approaches!” She pleaded, “Help! Help!” But no one stirred. The ghost ship’s crew dragged Elara into the mist, and the town never saw her again.