

Being Mean on Halloween

and other stories

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Being Mean on Halloween



It was Halloween, and Miss Mirabel Witch was very angry. Her magic wishing pot was broken! The little witch was so angry, that she was picking up everything in her sight and hurling it against the wall.

Tall black hats, magic wands, bottles of witch's brew, all went smashing and tumbling to the floor in a big heap.



“My magic wishing pot WON’T WORK!” screamed Mirabel Witch. “And without my wishing pot, I won’t be able to scare anybody on Halloween. I won’t be able to make the bats fly or the children cry.”

Then Mirabel sat at her wooden table, and beat her tiny fists on the table top. "I'm destroyed!" she shouted. Always before, on Halloween night, the witch had stayed in her kitchen, stirred the magic wishing pot, and muttered:

Bats scream high and bats scream low

Scare the children as they go.

Black cats slither, black cats slink

In the night as black as ink.

Make children run and hide their faces,

Make it scary in all places!

Mirabel Witch had a high, scratchy call. Always before when she had stirred her magic pot and said things aloud, lots of strange creatures had come from their hiding places. They had gone into the streets to frighten the children all over the village.



No, never before had Mirabel Witch had to leave her house in order to scare everybody in the village. But tonight she'd have to go into the village, and try to do a good job of being a bad witch!

"I don't think it's possible to get all over the whole village in just a single night," she muttered. "But I'll have to scare as many as I can. I'll scare them so much, they'll wish they'd never had a Halloween night." She chuckled to herself, and began to feel better... thinking of all the mean things she'd do.

Mirabel Witch put on her best black dress, her black cape with the red underneath, and her cap that was three feet tall. She looked in the mirror. She squinted her eyes and cackled.

**SHE MADE
SOME VERY
UGLY FACES!**

