
The Little Witch of Salem
~ A Short Halloween Adventure ~

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Welcome to Salem, Oregon

It was a brisk and misty Halloween morning in Salem, Oregon. All over town, people were getting ready for the Halloween festivities. A little girl named Sabrina was getting ready too. This year was different. This year, she would join in the Halloween fun for the very first time. And she had chosen to be a witch!

“Excuse me, little witch. Have you seen my daughter?” Dad asked.

“Dad, it’s ME!” Sabrina shouted.

“That’s your pirate costume?” asked Sabrina.

“It’s what pirates wear on their day off…,” joked Dad



Welcome to Salem, Oregon



A Call from the Other Salem!

Then the tablet rang. Sabrina noticed the call was from Salem, Massachusetts.

“There are TWO Salems?” asked Sabrina.

“Theirs has the famous witches,” said Dad. “Ours has the puddles.”

Grandma and Grandpa appeared on the tablet screen.

Grandma pulled on a pointy hat. “I’m dressing up as a witch too! Grandpa and I are going out tonight.” She gave Sabrina a wink.



A Call from the Other Salem!



The Hamiltons Hit the Town!

“Come on, we need to hurry up!” said Sabrina.

“Before all the good pumpkins are gone!”

Sabrina dragged both her parents out the door.



The Hamiltons Hit the Town!



The Pumpkin Patch!

The Hamiltons arrived at the pumpkin patch to pick out Sabrina's FIRST PUMPKIN!

There were pumpkins of all shapes and sizes: lumpy pumpkins, green pumpkins, warty pumpkins. So many to choose from!

But Sabrina walked right past all the perfect round ones and picked the lumpiest, bumpiest, most lopsided pumpkin in the whole patch.

"That one?" asked Dad.

"It looks like it has a story," said Sabrina.



The Pumpkin Patch!



The Hayride!

Salem, Oregon, had so many activities this Halloween! The whole town must have known it was Sabrina's first time joining the fun!

A hay wagon pulled up to take the Hamiltons from the pumpkin patch to the festivities in town.

"Why do we ride on hay?" asked Sabrina.

"Long ago, farmers celebrated the end of the harvest," said Mom, "and they rode in the very same wagons that carried the hay."

Sabrina picked hay out of her hat. Then out of her boots. Then out of Dad's hair.



The Hayride!



Bobbing for Apples

The Hamiltons arrived downtown, where all sorts of Halloween festivities were underway.

Sabrina noticed big tubs with shiny red apples floating on top. “No hands allowed!” a man called as people lined up.

“What are they doing, Mom?” Sabrina asked.

“They’re bobbing for apples!” said Mom. “Hundreds of years ago, people believed the first person to bite an apple would be the next one to get married.”

“EWWW,” said Sabrina.



Bobbing for Apples



Sabrina Carves Her First Pumpkin!

This year, Salem was holding a contest to find the town's best carved pumpkin. The Hamiltons helped Sabrina carve her very first pumpkin!

Sabrina scooped out the pumpkin's insides.

"Pumpkin spaghetti!" she squealed. "Why do we carve pumpkins, anyway?"

"In Ireland, people used to carve faces into turnips and potatoes," said Mom, "to scare away a tricky fellow from an old story called Stingy Jack."

"When Irish families came to America," said Dad, "they found pumpkins. Much bigger. Much easier to carve."

Sabrina carved a face that was a little lopsided, just like her pumpkin.

It was perfect.



Sabrina Carves Her First Pumpkin!



Downtown Parade!

The Hamiltons turned in Sabrina's perfect jack-o'-lantern to the judges. The winner would be announced tomorrow. First prize was a year of free ice cream from the Scoop Shop!

The Hamiltons made their way through the town parade.

Downtown, EVERYONE was dressed up. Even a dog dressed as a hot dog. Three more witches waved at Sabrina, and she waved back.

"A little witch! In SALEM! How perfect!" one of the witches said. "But every witch needs a broom!" She handed Sabrina her very own broom!



Downtown Parade!



Porch Lights!

The sun went down, and the whole street began to glow.

Porch lights flickered on. Jack-o'-lanterns grinned. Mom walked on one side. Dad walked on the other, holding the broom.

"What do I say again?" Sabrina asked.

"Just ring the doorbell and say, 'Trick or treat!'" Mom said reassuringly.



Porch Lights!



Trick or Treat!

At the first house, Sabrina felt a little nervous.

She reached for the doorbell… then stopped. She turned around and started to walk away.

Just then, another girl in a witch costume came running up the path. She grabbed Sabrina's hand and pulled her back toward the door.

"Let's ring the doorbell together! It's my first house of the night too!" she said. "And I love your costume!"

Sabrina smiled. Together, they reached up and pressed the bell.

Ding-dong!

"TRICK OR TREAT!"

The door swung open, and there stood a third witch, with a pointy hat, a long black cape and a big bowl of candy.

"Well, look at this! Two little witches in Salem!" she said. "You're my very first trick-or-treaters tonight! We witches have to stick together!" She gave them a wink.



Trick or Treat!



Luna the Cat!

At the very last house the Hamiltons visited lived Mrs. Featherby, who had a porch full of pumpkins… and cats. Big cats, small cats, sleepy cats.

And sitting on the top step was a black cat Sabrina had seen before. And before that. And before THAT.

“He’s been following us ALL DAY!” said Sabrina.

“Oh, that’s the stray I feed,” said Mrs. Featherby. “I’ve already got seven cats. If he’s been following you, I think he’s picked you.”

Mom knelt down. “Sabrina… would you like to adopt him?”

Dad grinned. “Well, you can’t be a real witch without a cat of your own.”

Sabrina hugged him close. He tucked his head under her hat brim and closed his eyes.

“His name,” she announced, looking up at the full moon, “is Luna.”



Luna the Cat!



The Window!

That night, Sabrina sorted her candy while Luna meowed at the window.

She looked outside.

A big round moon hung over the rooftops. And across the moon flew… a witch on a broomstick!

“GRANDMA!” Sabrina shouted. “That looks like Grandma’s costume from this morning!”

Mom peeked outside too late. “I don’t see anything in the sky, Sabrina.”



The Window!



One More Call!

Just then, the tablet rang. It was Grandma and Grandpa!

Grandma’s cheeks were rosy, as if she’d been somewhere very windy. Her hat was a bit crooked.

And stuck in the brim was a bright red maple leaf, just like the ones on Sabrina’s street.

Grandpa was holding a broom.

“How was your first real Halloween, my little witch?” asked Grandma.

Sabrina looked at the leaf. Then at Grandma.

Grandma winked.

“It was magical!” said Sabrina.



One More Call!




A little witch. A town full of firsts.
A touch of Halloween magic.
Sabrina has her witch costume picked out, and Salem, Oregon, is waiting! From choosing a wonderfully lopsided pumpkin to riding a hay wagon and joining the town parade, every stop brings something new to discover.
But when the porch lights glow and trick-or-treating begins, can Sabrina find the courage to ring that very first doorbell?
Join Sabrina and her family for a cozy Halloween adventure filled with laughter, friendship, and a little wonder around every corner.