

The Mole and Cricket's Tunnel Library

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



Deep in the earth, where the roots entwine,
Milo the mole made a cozy line.
He dug one nook with a careful shove,
A tiny tunnel library made with love.



A cricket came tapping, light and slow,
With a happy chirp and a gentle glow.
"May I help?" it asked with a friendly cheer,
"I can sort the books and bring them near."



Milo felt shy, but smiled right then,
And pointed to pages, one by one.
Together they stacked the stories tall,
To make a snug shelf along the wall.



They added a rug and a reading light,
So the little room felt warm at night.
"This place is perfect," the cricket sang,
As soft book corners and starlight rang.



Milo picked stories with careful care,
While Cricket hummed in the dusky air.
One book was about moons, one about rain,
And one about tunnels deep and plain.



They read out loud in a whispery tone,
Till Milo no longer felt alone.
The letters danced in a sleepy glow,
And kindness made the whole room grow.



More friends peeked in with a curious grin,
And the tunnel library let them in.
With every page and every turn,
The little room helped hearts all yearn.



So if you feel shy, come rest and see,
A friend and a book can help you be free.
In a cozy nook, where warm tales gleam,
Even the quietest heart can dream.