

The Leaf Boat by the Autumn River

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



By the river, crisp leaves fell down,
The squirrel skipped with a happy bound.
The robin sang, so light and clear,
“Let’s build a boat for autumn here!”



They found one leaf, wide, smooth, and bright,
A golden boat in morning light.
The squirrel held it nice and flat,
While robin pecked a twig for that.



They tied the twig from tip to tip,
To make a tiny, sturdy ship.
With acorn string and careful paws,
They worked with smiles and tiny claws.



They added seeds for seats inside,
And tiny reeds along the side.
“Now off it floats!” the robin cheered,
As breezy water waited near.



The boat was set upon the stream,
It bobbed like part of a dream.
The squirrel waved from mossy shore,
While robin fluttered, pleased once more.



It drifted past a bend of gold,
Where reeds and ripples softly rolled.
A silver fish gave one small leap,
And autumn hummed its song so deep.



Then maple leaves began to spin,
Like little stars upon the wind.
The squirrel laughed, the robin sang,
And warm tree branches softly rang.



At sunset, home they skipped along,
With hearts made full and spirits strong.
“Goodnight,” they sang to river, tree,
“Sweet dreams for you, and you, and me.”