

The First Stars on the Hill

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



Up on the hill where the grasses sway,
A baby deer and sparrow came to play.
They watched the sky turn soft and deep,
As dayfolded gently into sleep.



The little deer blinked, calm and slow,
While breezes hummed a sleepy glow.
The sparrow chirped, "The dark is kind,
It brings the sparkles we may find."



One tiny star began to peep,
A silver twinkle, bright and deep.
Then two, then three, came shining near,
Like sleepy lamps the night could hear.



The baby deer gave one soft sigh,
And watched the stars bloom high and high.
The sparrow said, "They light the way,
For dreams to dance and skies to play."



The moon rose up with silvery glow,
And wrapped the hill in gentle snow.
Not snow to touch, but moonlight bright,
That made the whole wide meadow white.



The sparrow tucked in by the deer,
And both felt safe and snug and near.
They listened to the quiet night,
And watched the stars stay soft and bright.



The sky twinkled, calm and clear,
And whispered, "Rest, my dears, sleep here."
The deer and sparrow, warm and slow,
Let sleepy dreams begin to grow.



In dreams they drifted, light and light,
Through fields of stars that shone all night.
And when the dawn came pale and new,
Their hearts held glow from sky-blue hue.