

Milo and Dot Bake Moonlit Muffins

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



Milo stirred the batter with a happy hum,
Dot sprinkled blueberries, one by one.
The moon peeped in with a silver glow,
As muffin tins waited in a neat row.



They measured the flour, soft and white,
And tapped in sugar, just right.
With gentle paws and careful cheer,
They mixed their song for all to hear.



Blueberries rolled like tiny blue stars,
Dot chased a few across the jars.
Milo laughed, then gave a nod,
And folded them in with a careful prod.



The oven glowed a cozy gold,
Their brave little muffins puffed and bold.
A sweet smell drifted through the air,
Like nighttime wishes everywhere.



Outside, the grass was cool and still,
The picnic basket sat on the hill.
A blanket waited, soft and bright,
For moonlit treats and dreamy night.



They packed the muffins, warm and round,
Then skipped along without a sound.
Dot held the lid, Milo held the tray,
As little clouds drifted far away.



At the picnic, they shared each bite,
And smiled beneath the silver light.
Blueberry crumbs and happy sighs
Fell like sparkles from the skies.



When the moon grew soft and low,
They yawned and whispered, "Time to go."
With sleepy hearts and tummies full,
They dreamed of muffins wonderful.