Misty Woods and the Glowing Acorn

A SharkBoat AI Storybook

At dusk in the wood, where the tall trees sway,
A little badger sniffed near a path of gray.
A tiny bright acorn began to gleam,
And lit up the mist like a sleepy dream.

He trotted along where the cool fog swirled,
With the golden acorn like a lantern unfurled.
It shone on the leaves and the roots below,
And pointed the way where the brave mice go.

A puddle of silver lay still by a stone,
The acorn lit ripples all shimmering alone.
The badger peered down with a cheerful grin,
And watched little sparkles dance within.

He heard a soft chirp from a branch overhead,
Then followed the glow where the little bird fled.
Through bracken and fern, past a ferny bend,
The acorn kept shining like a kind old friend.

At last on a hill with a view through the haze,
The badger found lanterns of firefly rays.
The acorn grew warm in the sweet woodland air,
As if it was happy to bring them all there.

The fireflies twirled in a soft golden ring,
And all of the woods seemed to whisper and sing.
The badger sat down with a peaceful sigh,
While moonlight blinked gently from the sky.

Then homeward he wandered beneath the pale stars,
With the acorn aglow like a lamp near the jars.
He tucked it in moss where the moonbeams played,
And smiled at the magic the evening had made.

When sleep touched the leaves and the branches grew still,
The acorn kept glowing atop a soft hill.
The little badger dreamed in the hush of the night,
Of misty wood wonders and warm golden light.