Fox and Cricket by the Sleepy Creek

A SharkBoat AI Storybook

By the sleepy creek at the end of day,
A small fox listened while crickets played.
A tiny green cricket began to sing,
And moonlit ripples joined in a ring.

The fox gave a yawn and curled up tight,
While notes floated softly into the night.
The cricket strummed on a leaf so light,
And stars blinked awake in the velvet sky bright.

A silver frog on a lily pad sighed,
As lullaby music drifted wide.
The creek made a shimmer, calm and slow,
Like a sleepy ribbon beginning to flow.

The cricket sang, 'Rest now, little friend,'
'The long, busy daylight has come to an end.'
The fox smiled warm with a dreamy hush,
And tucked her paws in the meadow plush.

A firefly lantern lit the air,
With golden dots a-twinkling there.
The fox and cricket sang one tune,
Under a blanket of sleepy moon.

The fox hummed low with a gentle purr,
The cricket answered with a tiny blur.
Their lullaby floated, soft and slow,
To the reeds where the hushy breezes go.

The night grew soft as a feathered shawl,
And the sleepy creek sang back to all.
The fox closed eyes with a peaceful grin,
While the cricket whispered, 'Dreams begin.'

So under the stars, both cozy and sweet,
They sang till the moon made slumber complete.
Then quiet and cuddly, side by side,
They dreamed by the creek where the moonlight died.