Mouse and the Warm Scarf

A SharkBoat AI Storybook

On a windy hill at harvest time,
A little mouse felt brisk and small.
The scarf held close in warm red twine,
And made the chilly breezes fall.

The leaves all danced in gold and brown,
They twirled like kites up in the air.
The mouse looked up, then skipped around,
With happy hops and lively care.

A pumpkin rolled from row to row,
It bobbed and bumped along the way.
The mouse gave chase, both swift and slow,
And laughed at how it slipped away.

Beside a fence, the scarecrow swayed,
It bowed and winked within the gust.
The mouse gave thanks, then softly played,
With acorn caps and bits of dust.

The scarf wrapped warm from cheek to chin,
A snug soft hug on every side.
Though autumn air blew cold within,
The mouse felt brave and safe inside.

A sleepy barn stood near the trail,
Its open door glowed soft and bright.
The mouse stepped in without a fail,
To rest and dream through afternoon light.

Inside, the hay made golden beds,
And hush fell down like floating snow.
The mouse curled up with nodding heads,
And let the woolly silence grow.

The wind sang low beyond the wall,
But dreams were warm and sweet and near.
The little mouse, so snug and small,
Slept through the night without a fear.