The Tiny Squirrel and the Starlit Pumpkin Wagon Ride

A SharkBoat AI Storybook

A tiny squirrel said, “What a night!
The stars above were twinkling bright.
A pumpkin wagon rolled along,
As moonbeams hummed a sleepy song.

He climbed aboard with gentle cheer,
And found a cozy seat up here.
The wagon creaked, then softly swayed,
As silver starlight up above played.

The wheels went round on velvet grass,
Past sleepy flowers as shadows pass.
The little wagon jingled low,
Like bells that whispered, “Go, go, go!”

A firefly lantern blinked ahead,
And painted golden dots of red.
The squirrel laughed, so light and small,
And waved at stars that watched them all.

They crossed a bridge of twigs so neat,
Then bounced along with patter feet.
The starlit path grew wide and clear,
And made the tiny traveler cheer.

A friendly breeze blew soft and sweet,
It brushed the leaves and cooled the heat.
The squirrel snuggled in his seat,
And felt the night was calm and□□

Then pumpkin wheels slowed to a stop,
Beside a hill with flower top.
The stars were bright, the world was still,
And dreams came tiptoe down the hill.

He whispered, “Thank you, night so dear,
For bringing joy and cozy cheer.”
Then snuggled in as sleepy light
Turned every soft small dream to bright.