The Brave Little Owl and the Silver Moonbeam

A SharkBoat AI Storybook

When night wore a blanket of velvet and deep,
A brave little owl woke ready to leap.
He lifted his wings with a soft little sigh,
To meet a moonbeam silvering the sky.

The moonbeam glimmered, so gentle and bright,
Like a ribbon of starlight that danced in the night.
The owl gave a hoot and flew out with a grin,
To follow the shimmer that beckoned him in.

He fluttered past pines where the soft breezes slept,
And over the meadow where fireflies crept.
The moonbeam stayed with him, both friendly and free,
A silver-white path through the dark, sleepy sea.

A cloud rolled nearby like a pillow of gray,
But brave little owl would not turn away.
He tipped through the mist with a brave little cheer,
And found that the moonbeam still shone crystal clear.

He saw little rooftops all tucked in below,
With windows like candles in warm yellow glow.
The moonbeam leaned down in a hush and a gleam,
To sparkle and dance on a chimney top dream.

Then moonbeam and owl spun a joyful round,
While sleepy night crickets made soft lullaby sound.
He laughed in the hush as they twirled through the air,
Two friends on a journey without any care.

At last by the moon, the dark sky felt near,
And the brave little owl was cozy and clear.
He thanked the silver beam with a tender small coo,
For showing the night all its magic to view.

So if you are snug when the evening is through,
And wonder what brave little hearts may do,
Look up at the moon and the soft stars that shine,
For courage and wonder can glow right in line.