

The Owl and the Moonlit Map

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



A young owl fluttered out one night,
To find a map that glowed so bright.
It whispered, "Come, the path is near,"
Beneath the moon, so calm and clear.



The map showed reeds and misty blue,
A sleepy marsh where fireflies flew.
The owl gave one soft, joyful hoot,
And followed gently where it 



Past lily pads and silver streams,
The water shone like bedtime dreams.
A frog blinked once, then settled near,
While stars above grew warm and clear.



A sleepy heron bowed its head,
And whispered, "Night is nearly spread."
The owl replied, "I'll travel slow,
To where the moonlit cattails grow."



The map then led by twinkling beams,
Across a bridge of moonbeam dreams.
The owl stepped soft on wooden planks,
And listened to the rippling banks.



At last the marsh was hushed and still,
With sleepy ripples on each hill.
The owl found a cozy tree,
And tucked beneath it, smiling free.



The moon said, "Little friend, you're home."
The stars replied in silvery foam.
The owl yawned wide, then snuggled tight,
And dreamed of maps and gentle night.



All through the marsh the night birds sang,
And soft reed chimes like lullabies rang.
The owl slept warm till morning light,
With dreams that glowed so sweet and bright.