

Little Bear and the Golden Kite

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



On an October hill so high,
A little bear watched leaves fly by.
He held a golden kite with pride,
And hoped the wind would lift it wide.



The breezes laughed and danced around,
They twirled the leaves upon the ground.
The little bear took one small hop,
And said, "Dear wind, please do not stop!"



He ran and ran with steady feet,
Across the grass, both soft and sweet.
The kite popped up, then soared so high,
Like sunshine painting on the sky.



It wobbled once, then swooped and swayed,
As if it liked the game they played.
The little bear laughed, bright and clear,
For windy days felt good to hear.



A cloud drifted by, so soft and gray,
Then puffed right through and went its way.
The kite climbed higher, calm and bold,
And glowed like butter and bright gold.



He sat upon the grassy hill,
And held the string all snug and still.
The wind sang low, a sleepy tune,
Beneath the pale October moon.



The stars blinked on, one, two, and three,
And whispered, "What a day for me!"
The little bear yawned, then smiled so wide,
And tucked his golden kite beside.



He cuddled home through dusky light,
Dreaming of the windy night.
And in his dreams, the golden kite
Still danced and danced in autumn bright.