Pebble Path Under Moonlight

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



By the river, soft and still,
A baby otter felt a thrill.
The moonbeams danced on pebbles pale,
And silver sparkled down the vale.



It padded on with tiny paws,
To find the path and make a pause.
The stones went click and soft-clack-clack,
As gentle ripples waved back.



A firefly blinked, then blinked again,
Like a little lantern in the rain.
The otter smiled and followed near,
Its tiny light so bright and clear.



A cattail bowed and whispered low,
“Keep going where the moonlight glows.”
So onward through the shining gleam,
It drifted like a happy dream.



The pebbles twinkled, smooth and round,
Like bedtime jewels upon the ground.
The baby otter gave a cheer,
For every stone felt warm and dear.



A little fish leapt, splash and swoop,
Then slipped back down in a silver loop.
The otter waved and watched it go,
Beneath the moon’s soft glowing show.



The river sang a lullaby,
While stars stitched glitter in the sky.
The baby otter yawned so wide,
And curled up near the river side.



In sleepy night, so calm and clear,
The pebble path was safe and near.
The otter dreamed with peaceful sighs,
As moonlight danced behind its eyes.