The Rabbit and the Lantern Mushroom Circle

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



In autumn woods where gold leaves whirl,
A little rabbit took a twirl.
He found a ring of mushrooms bright,
And paused to glow in lantern light.



The lantern shone on mossy ground,
While tiny sparkles drifted round.
The rabbit watched with quiet cheer,
For cozy magic felt so near.



He bowed politely, then he smiled,
And circled once in dance so mild.
The mushrooms swayed, the leaves said 'swish,'
As if they all had made one wish.



A beetle came with tiny feet,
To share the ring and feel the heat.
A moth flew down from far above,
To meet the night with sleepy love.



They told soft tales of acorn tea,
Of cloud-felt boats and sleepy sea.
The rabbit listened, warm and still,
While moonlight slipped across the hill.



Then one by one they yawned, 'Goodnight,'
Beneath the lantern's honey light.
The rabbit tucked the glow in place,
And wore a sleepy, pleased-up face.



The mushrooms lit a gentle path,
Like little lamps along a path.
The rabbit hopped with soft, slow grace,
Toward home and dreams in a snug warm space.



So if you walk where leaves drift free,
And find a circle made to see,
Be kind and quiet, sweet and bright,
And autumn woods will hum goodnight.