The Little Fox and the Sleepy Foxglove Garden

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



Under the stars, so soft and bright,
A little fox began his night.
He tiptoed slow with quiet care,
To find the blooms were resting there.



The foxgloves swayed in silver glow,
Like sleepy bells in rows below.
The little fox gave one small yawn,
And watched the hush of evening dawn.



He brushed the path with careful feet,
Past petals pale and smelling sweet.
The garden hummed a lullaby,
Beneath the deep and velvet sky.



A moth came drifting, light and slow,
To dance where sleepy breezes blow.
The little fox smiled, soft and small,
And let the quiet evening fall.



He found a leaf as smooth as шелк,
And tucked it near a tiny brook.
Then foxgloves nodded, one by one,
As if to thank the fading sun.



The stars winked down in dotted gold,
To keep the garden warm and old.
The little fox lay down to rest,
With dream-clouds floating in his chest.



The petals closed their sleepy eyes,
Beneath the calm and cozy skies.
The little fox sighed, warm and light,
And dreamed of flowers through the night.



By dawn, the garden softly glowed,
With dewy pearls along the road.
The little fox woke up with glee,
To hear the birds and buzzing bee.