Little Owl and the Harvest Moon Trail

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



The little owl woke in the glow,
Beneath the moon so round and slow.
He fluffed his wings and gave a yawn,
Then blinked at rows of trees at dawn.



The harvest moon began to sway,
And pointed out a silver way.
The owl flew on with gentle cheer,
To follow where the trails appear.



Through apples red and pears of gold,
The orchard breathed and felt so old.
The leaves were soft, the grass was cool,
And crickets sang a tiny lull.



A pumpkin patch shone round and neat,
With sleepy vines at owlish feet.
He paused to watch the lantern glow,
Then trotted softly on tiptoe.



The moon kept leading, bright and kind,
As breezy clouds drifted behind.
The owl said, "Thank you for your light,"
And floated through the hush of night.



He heard a rustle, soft and small,
A squirrel tucked behind a wall.
They shared a nod and sweet good cheer,
Then watched the moon come even near.



At last the trail grew pale and thin,
And morning gold began to spin.
The little owl found home at last,
As night time dreams were drifting past.



He closed his eyes with tender grace,
And tucked the moonlight in its place.
The orchard hushed, the stars said "Sleep,"
While sweetest dreams began to creep.