Little Beaver and the Starlit Dam

A SharkBoat AI Storybook

A little beaver worked with care,
While leaves danced softly through the air.
He stacked each twig so neat and tight,
To build his home before the night.

The water whispered, cool and slow,
As amber leaves began to glow.
He pattered on with steady cheer,
And hummed a tune for all to hear.

The moon climbed up so round and bright,
And sprinkled silver through the night.
His dam shone softly, stone and stream,
Like a cozy, silver dream.

He tucked in twigs both high and low,
To hold the shining water’s flow.
The leaves swirled past in rust and red,
Like little boats on gentle thread.

A sleepy owl called, "Whoo, so late?"
The beaver smiled and checked each gate.
"All is snug," he said with pride,
"For dreams and ripples side by side."

He listened close to water’s song,
A soft, sweet lullaby all night long.
The stars blinked down, one, two, and three,
And tucked the world in gently.

He yawned and stretched, then laughed with glee,
"My cozy dam is just right for me!"
The leaves made blankets, gold and brown,
As moonlight laid its hush down.

So if you wander near the bend,
You'll find a happy, hushing friend.
A little beaver, brave and true,
Dreaming where the starlight grew.