The Raccoon and the Glowing Kite

A SharkBoat AI Storybook

On a windy hill, so high and bright,
A raccoon found a glowing kite.
It tugged and danced in the autumn air,
Like a tiny star that wanted to share.

The kite gave a shimmer, soft and sweet,
And tapped the grass with a twinkling beat.
The raccoon said, 'Hello, little light,
Shall we go play in the breezy night?'

They ran through leaves that whirled and spun,
And laughed as they chased the sinking sun.
The kite rose higher, then swooped and swayed,
While golden shadows in circles played.

Up and up, the glowing kite flew,
Through clouds of pink and orange hue.
The raccoon held tight with a happy grin,
And felt the whole wide sky begin.

A whispering breeze sang, 'Stay with me,'
Through rustling weeds and a sleepy tree.
The raccoon smiled, 'I'll sing too,
Till all the wind knows what to do.'

The stars came out in a shining chain,
And moonlight silvered the autumn plain.
The kite glowed brighter, warm and kind,
Like a lantern drifting on the wind.

The raccoon yawned wide beneath the moon,
And hummed a soft and sleepy tune.
The kite hung low like a dream in flight,
And kept the dark as gentle as night.

Side by side, they rested there,
In the hush of the cool autumn air.
With glowing dreams both warm and bright,
The raccoon and kite slept through the night.