The Tiny Fox and the Firefly Jar

A SharkBoat AI Storybook

A tiny fox in leaves so gold,
Saw one warm glow in the cold.
A firefly jar shone soft and bright,
Like a little moon at night.

The fox held close the shining jar,
And walked beneath a maple star.
The amber leaves began to sway,
As firefly light lit up the way.

By sleepy moss and berry bush,
The fox went slow, without a rush.
The jar-glow danced from tree to tree,
A tiny lamp for all to see.

A little owl blinked from the bough,
Then gave a tiny, sleepy bow.
The fox and owl shared gentle cheer,
In lantern light so warm and clear.

The fox found acorns, shiny, round,
And tucked them safely on the ground.
Each tiny spark made shadows play,
And turned the dark to gold and gray.

Then fireflies joined the evening air,
Like twinkling notes of sweet moon care.
Their little lights began to sway,
And lead the fox along the way.

At last the fox reached home so snug,
With fern-filled bed and maple rug.
The glowing jar near pillows white,
Kept tiny dreams all soft and bright.

So if you wander woods at night,
And find a jar of firefly light,
Walk gently on and whisper low,
For bedtime blooms where soft lights glow.