Little Badger and the Starlit Lantern

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



The little badger walked soft and slow,
With a lantern bright to guide the glow.
Through golden fields where breezes hummed,
A peaceful evening had begun.



The wheat bent low in waves of gold,
Like sleepy ripples warm and bold.
The badger smiled and sniffed the air,
For cozy harvest scents were everywhere.



The starlit lantern gave a gleam,
A little moon in a quiet dream.
It twinkled blue with a tender shine,
And lit the path in a silver line.



A scarecrow waved from by the corn,
As if to greet the coming morn.
The badger gave a cheerful grin,
And walked where sleepy trails grew thin.



The pumpkins sat in round, warm rows,
Like sunny hearts in orange glows.
The little badger patted one,
And laughed beneath the fading sun.



A pair of crickets started to play,
A tiny tune at close of day.
The field grew still, the sky grew deep,
And whispered stars awoke from sleep.



The starlit lantern sparkled bright,
To match the new sky of night.
The badger walked on, calm and small,
Wrapped in the wonder of it all.



At last the moon rose soft and high,
And brushed a pearl light through the sky.
The little badger yawned, then smiled,
And cherished one more peaceful mile.