The First Frost Picnic

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



When first frost kissed the morning grass,\nThe little squirrel skipped along at last.\nShe packed her snacks with cheerful care,\nFor a cozy picnic waited there.



She found an oak tree, sturdy and tall,\nWith acorns tucked beside its wall.\n“Just right for me!” she sang so sweet,\nAnd spread a cloth for a tiny treat.



She stacked some nuts in a happy heap,\nAnd sipped warm tea to stay awake and keep.\nThe chilly air felt soft and mild,\nFor cozy food can warm a child.



A wind went whoosh through branches bare,\nBut she was snug with gentle care.\nShe nibbled acorns, round and sweet,\nAnd tapped her toes to a crunchy beat.



Then from the lawn, all white and bright,\nThe first frost sparkled in the light.\nShe laughed, “Oh look, the world has dressed\nIn glittery shoes and snowy vest!”



She shared a nut with a beetle friend,\nAnd watched the day begin to bend.\nThey munched and smiled in happy hush,\nAs winter painted silver brush.



The sun grew low, the sky turned blue,\nAnd purple shadows wandered through.\nShe tucked her crumbs and tea away,\nAnd waved goodnight to end the day.



Back in her nest, so warm and snug,\nShe curled beneath her quilted rug.\nShe dreamed of acorns, soft and neat,\nAnd frosty mornings, crisp and sweet.