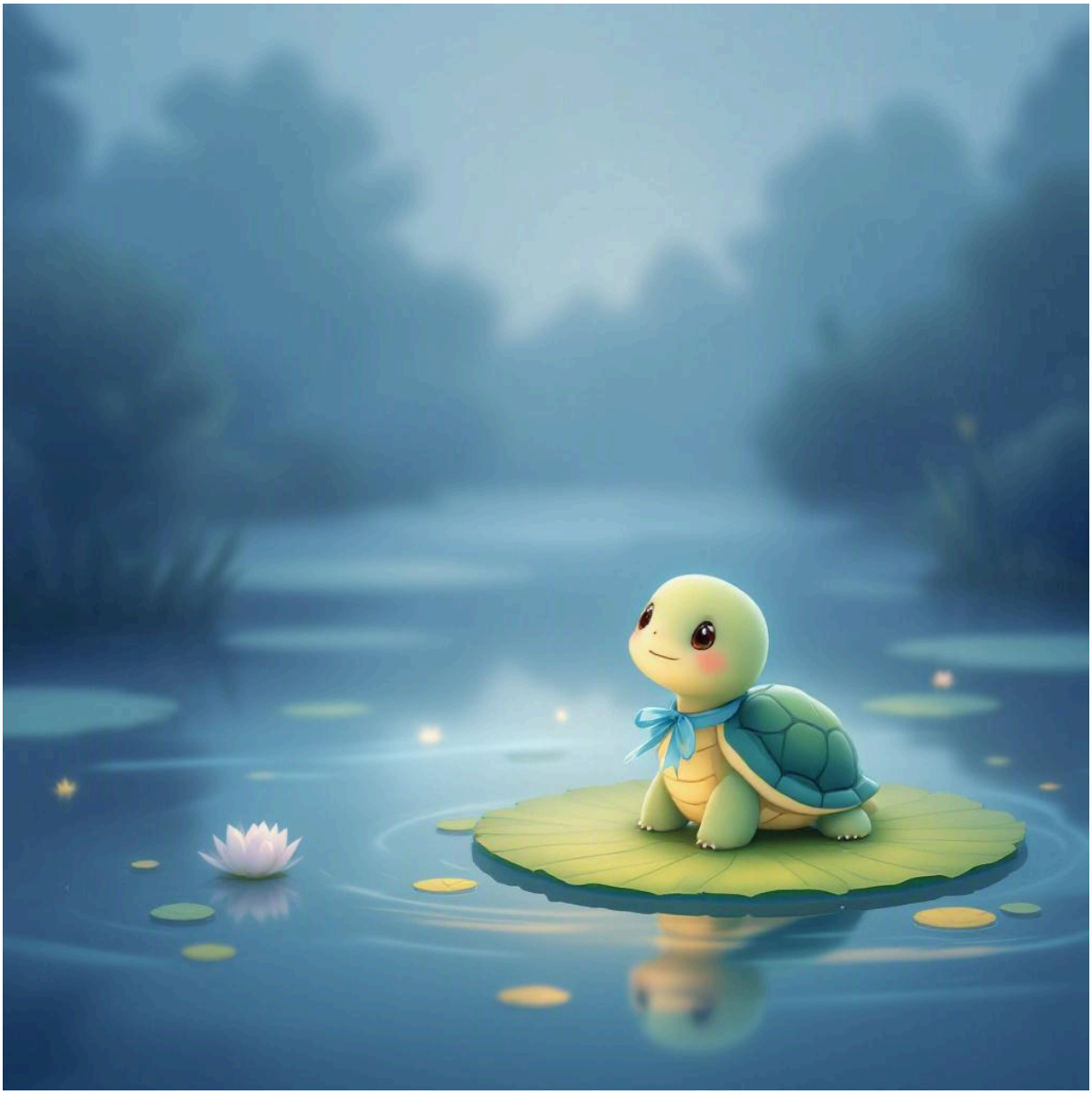
Tiny Turtle and the Floating Lily Pad

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



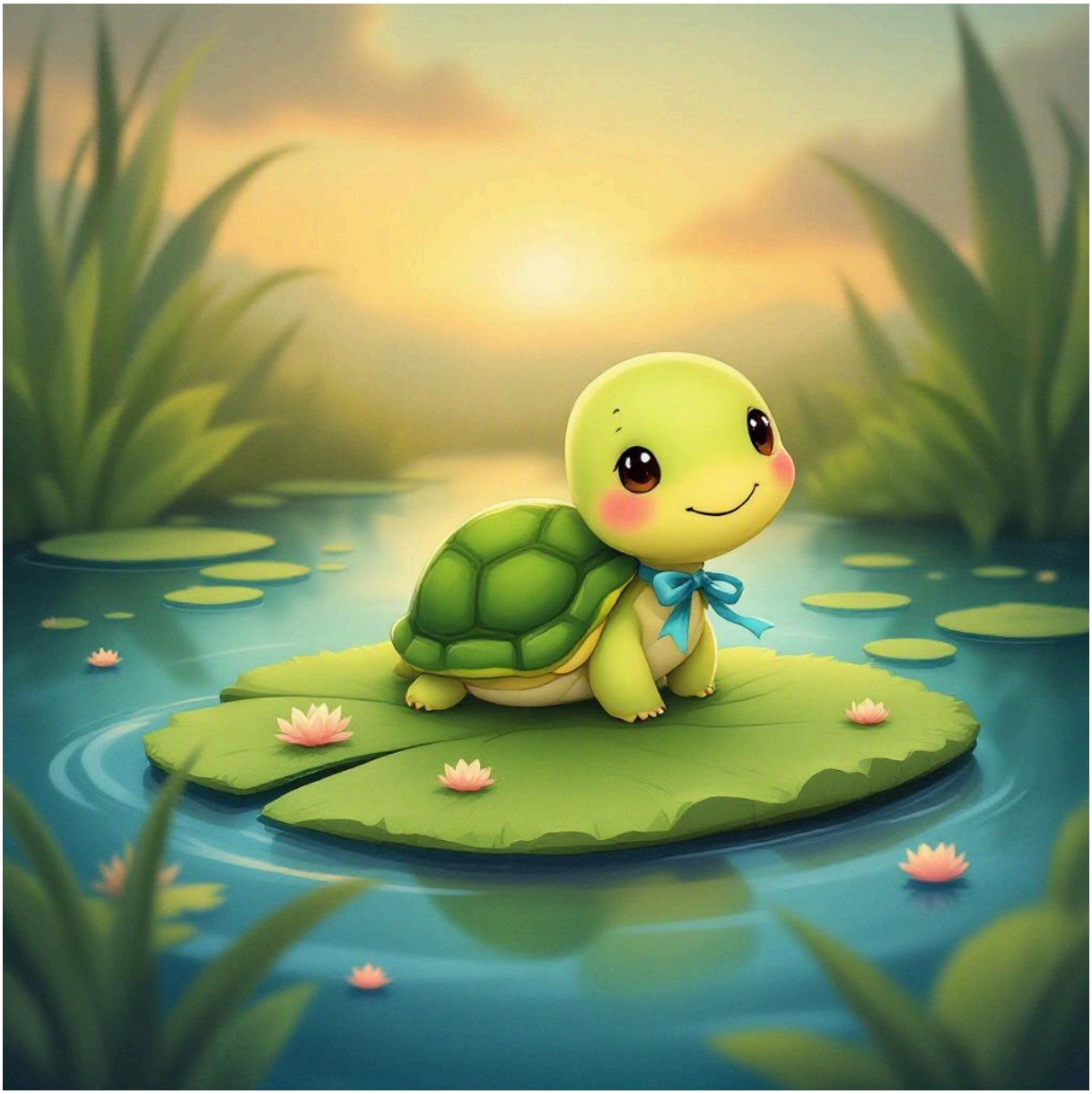
A tiny turtle drifted by night,
On a misty pond soft and white.
A lily pad floated near his shell,
And both felt cozy, calm, and well.

The turtle gave a sleepy sigh,
And watched the silver ripples fly.
The lily pad bobbed left and right,
Like a little boat of moonlit light.

A dragonfly zipped in a line,
Then danced above the reeds so fine.
The turtle smiled and raised one hand,
To greet the glow of pondside land.

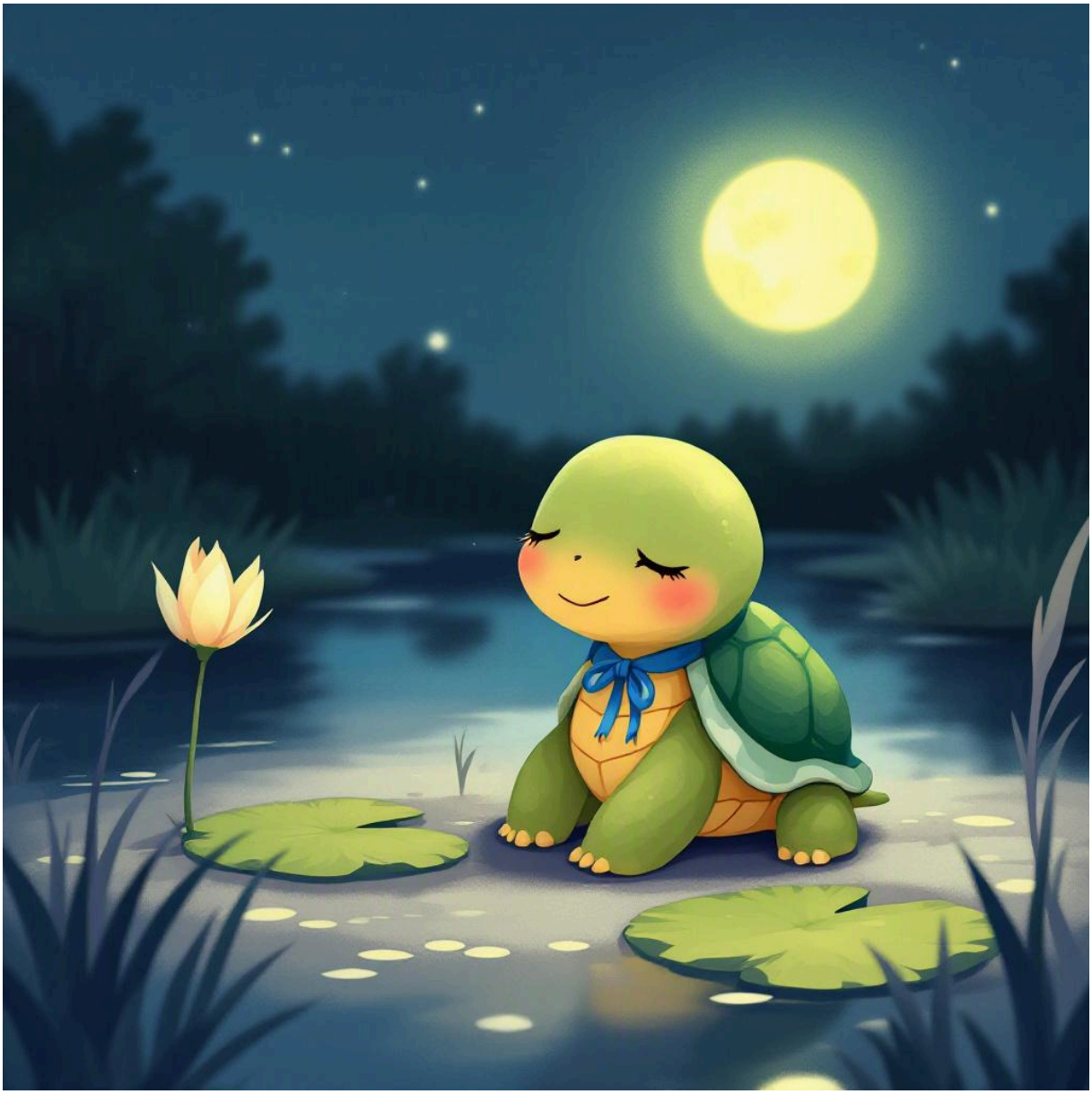
The lily pad turned in a spin,
And made the turtle beam within.
He held on tight with happy cheer,
As drifting currents brought him near.

A frog sang low a lullaby,
Beneath the pale and cloudy sky.
The turtle listened, snug and slow,
While tiny waves went to and fro.



The lily pad began to sway,
And pointed home along the bay.
The turtle nodded, brave and bright,
And glided on through fading light.

He saw a bank with mossy green,
The softest place he’d ever seen.
He tucked his head and yawned with glee,
Then thanked the pond so sweet and free.



The moon came up, so round and gold,
And wrapped the pond in quiet fold.
The tiny turtle slept at last,
While lily pad and night drifted past.