Baby Badger in the Warm Pumpkin Maze

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



At dusk the maze glowed soft and gold,
Where pumpkins sat in rows so bold.
A baby badger tiptoed near,
With tiny paws and eyes so clear.



The leaves went whisper, swish, and sway,
As amber clouds drifted away.
The little badger sniffed the air,
And smiled at scents of pumpkin there.



A twisty path led left, then right,
Like ribbons painted in the night.
The baby followed, brave and bright,
By dusky glow and fading light.



He met a squirrel on a stump,
Who tapped a pumpkin with a thump.
“Let’s find the center,” said his friend,
“Before the twinkling stars descend!”



They walked past vines in tangled loops,
Past sleepy rows and pumpkin scoops.
The moon came up, so round and white,
To sprinkle silver through the night.



At last they found a cozy place,
A hidden nook, a sunny space.
A circle of pumpkins, big and small,
Made warm gold pillows round them all.



The baby yawned a sleepy sigh,
Beneath the stars in velvet sky.
“Good night,” he murmured, soft and sweet,
While pumpkin dreams began to creep.



And if you listen, still and deep,
You may hear tiny dreams at sleep.
The maze grew calm, the night grew mild,
Good night, dear baby badger child.