Little Squirrel and the First Frost

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



The first frost came silver and light,
And little Squirrel blinked at the bright white night.
She found her acorns tucked in a mound,
Safe and snug on the chilly ground.



She tucked one acorn close to her chest,
Then smiled and whispered, "This one is best."
The cold air twinkled, crisp and thin,
As rosy dawn began to spin.



She counted her acorns, one by one,
Like little brown buttons in the sun.
"Enough for breakfast, enough to share,
And still some left for later care."



A wind went whoosh through the sleepy trees,
And curled her scarf in the frosty breeze.
She gathered leaves in a cozy ring,
A tiny nest for wintering.



She rolled her acorns into a line,
Then hummed a tune so soft and fine.
Each little nut made a tiny clack,
Like winter feet on a wooden track.



A sparrow hopped by on the snowy stone,
And Squirrel said, "You need not roam alone."
She shared one acorn, small and sweet,
A perfect little winter treat.



The sky turned lavender, soft and deep,
And all the frost began to sleep.
Squirrel curled close with her treasure near,
A pile of acorns, warm and dear.



Under moonlight, calm and still,
The frosty world was quiet and chill.
Little Squirrel sighed, cozy and bright,
And dreamed of dawn and warm delight.