Baby Turtle and the Seashell Path to the Sleepy Lighthouse

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



A baby turtle crept out from the sand,
Where moonbeams shimmered soft and grand.
A seashell path began to glow,
And whispered, "Come on, friend, let's go."



The turtle took one tiny step,
Then listened while the soft waves kept
A lullaby of hush and sigh,
Beneath the silver, sleeping sky.



Each shell along the winding track
Fell bright with pearly, moonlit crack.
It twinkled like a row of stars,
So near, yet not too far to mar.



A sleepy crab with eyelids low
Said, "Shhh, the lighthouse likes to glow.
It blinks for boats both near and far,
A cozy, kindly guiding star."



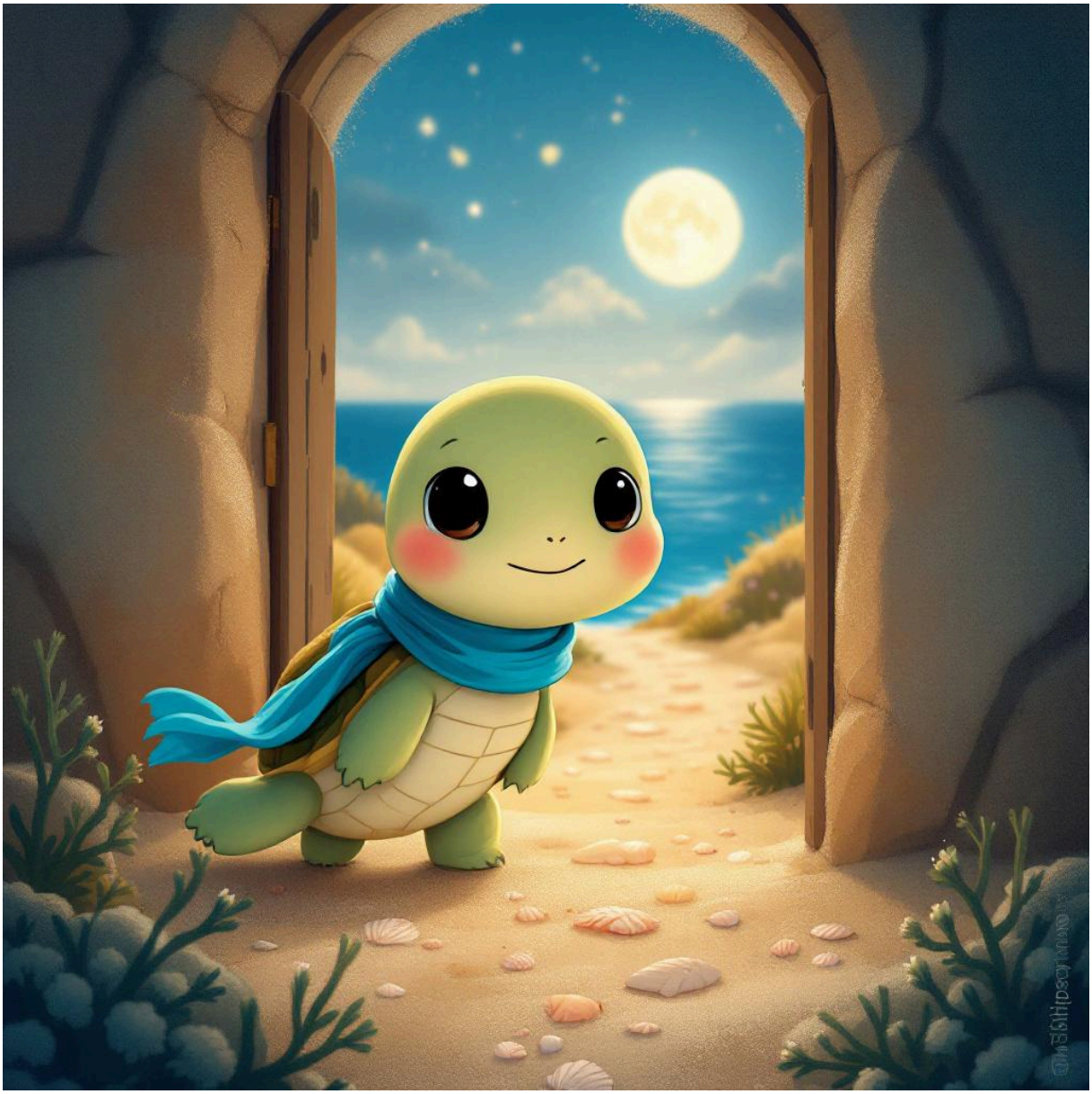
The turtle smiled and tucked in tight,
Then walked along the quiet night.
The lighthouse hummed a gentle tune,
As stars winked down to meet the moon.



At last the shell path met the door,
Where yellow light spilled on the shore.
The lighthouse yawned, "Come rest with me,
Beside the hush of sea and sea."



The turtle curled up sweet and small,
In the lighthouse's gentle hall.
The ocean rocked a sleepy beat,
And dreams came softly, warm and sweet.



The seashell path still gleamed below,
Like bedtime wishing, soft and slow.
The baby turtle closed its eyes,
And drifted off beneath the skies.