Baby Otter and the Moonlit Leaf Raft

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



A baby otter drifted on a moonlit stream,
On a raft of leaves that shimmered like a dream.
The water sang softly, so still and deep,
While silver stars leaned down to peep.



The leaf raft bobbed with a gentle sway,
As it spun through the dark in a twinkling way.
The otter felt cozy, brave, and light,
As lantern-moon glow warmed the night.



A maple leaf whispered, 'Hold on tight,'
'We'll sail through the sparkles of sleepy light.'
The otter gave a wiggle and a happy sigh,
Then watched the clouds go drifting by.



The little raft rocked with a hush, hush, hush,
Past cattail shadows and a silvered brush.
The otter smiled at the quiet stream,
And tucked its paws in a moonbeam dream.



Then drifted a breeze with a gentle turn,
And tiny leaf edges began to churn.
The otter laughed as the raft went round,
Like a dancing crown without a sound.



A firefly blinked with a golden glow,
To guide the raft where the soft winds blow.
The otter waved at the twinkling light,
And followed it deeper into night.



The moon said, 'Rest,' in a silvery tone,
'Your leaf boat glides, but you are not alone.'
So the baby otter yawned, warm and sweet,
And dreamed of leaf songs in its sleep.



All through the night, in a cradle of leaves,
The little raft whispered soft autumn eaves.
The otter slept safe as the stream sailed by,
Beneath the kind, bright, nursery sky.