The Fox and the Lantern's Creek Walk

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



A little fox with gentle feet
Went walking where the moonlight gleamed.
The lantern shone, so warm and sweet,
And tiny stars above them beamed.



Through dewy grass they softly passed,
Past clover, blue and silver bright.
The glowing lamp stayed shining fast,
A golden spot in sleepy night.



They heard a hush of crickets sing,
A whisper-sound so calm and low.
The lantern gave a sleepy ring,
As tender breezes ebbed below.



Then by the creek so still and deep,
The water glowed with silver lace.
The fox stood brave, though dreams were deep,
And watched soft ripples kiss the place.



A froggy blinked from lily bed,
A dragonfly zipped overhead.
The lantern hummed a warm good-night,
And shimmered on the water's spread.



The fox sat down on mossy stone,
And listened to the crick-crew song.
The lantern lit a cozy home,
Where hush and heart felt safe and strong.



The creek sang soft, the night grew still,
The lantern glowed like honey light.
The little fox felt calm and thrilled,
To walk so slow through sleepy night.



At last the fox found one last bend,
Where moon and water seemed to meet.
The lantern and the creek were friends,
And sleepy dreams began so sweet.