The Little Owl and the Cozy Star Map

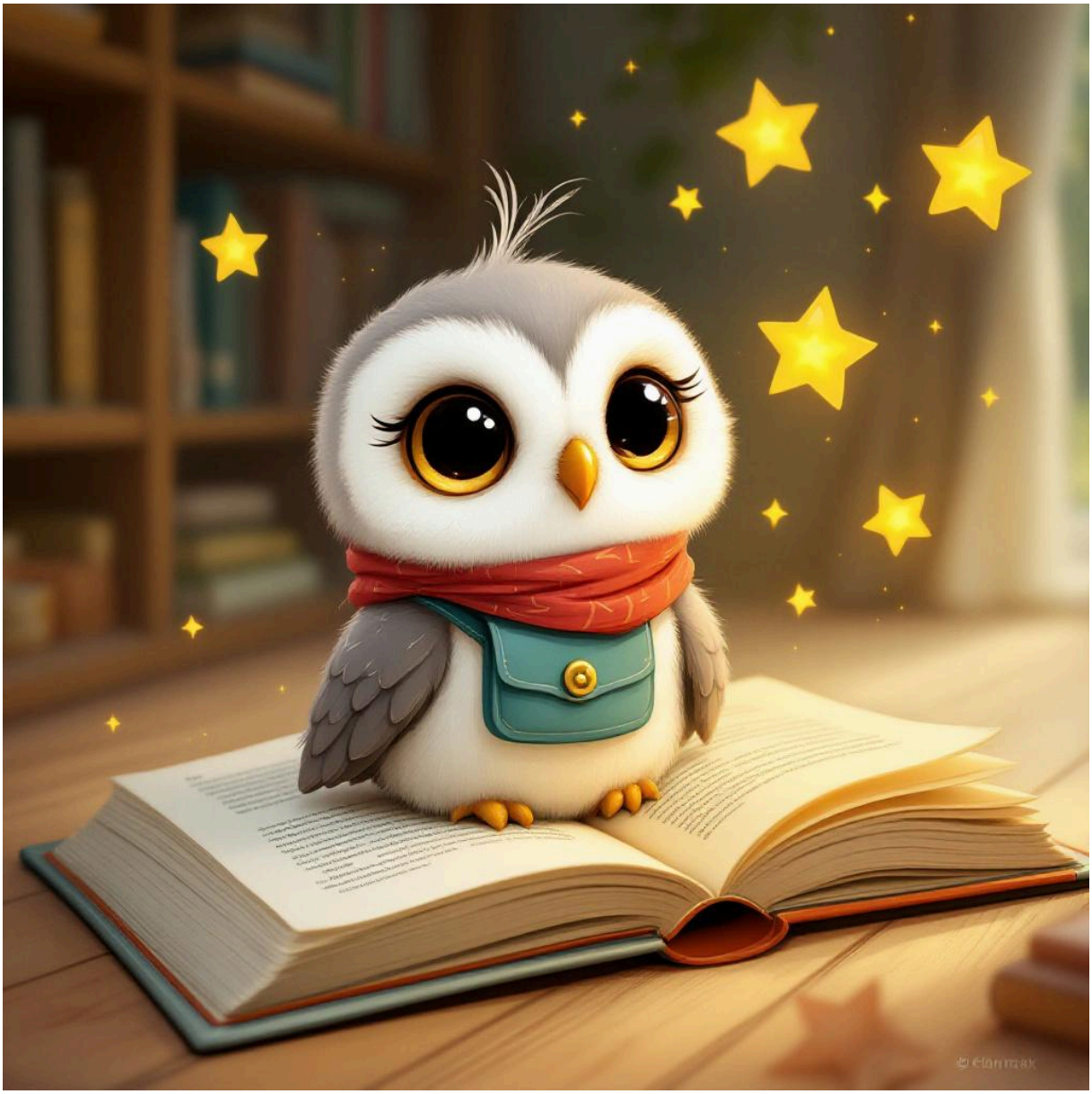
A SharkBoat AI Storybook



In a pine tree library, warm and bright,
A little owl read by lantern light.
A cozy star map glowed soft and new,
With twinkling paths in silver-blue.



The owl said, "Stars, please tell me true,
Which path should I follow through?"
The map gave a shimmer, clear and deep,
Like tiny songs before sleep.



A page turned slow with a whispery sigh,
Past moons and mountains painted high.
The owl blinked once, then twice with cheer,
As little bright constellations appeared.



The star map warmed like a woolen shawl,
Soft as a dream in the quiet hall.
It pointed north with a twinkly gleam,
Right toward the nest of a sleepy dream.



So up the steps with careful care,
The owl climbed through the pine-scented air.
Each stair said, "Tiptoe, soft and slow,"
While candle shadows shimmered low.



At last the map gave one small glow,
And hid itself in a nook below.
The owl tucked it gently in its bed,
With starry dreams above its head.



The pine tree hummed a sleepy tune,
Beneath the hush of the silver moon.
The owl yawned wide, then closed its eyes,
And flew in dreams through velvet skies.



All through the night, so calm and deep,
The stars kept watch while owlsleeping slept.
And by the dawn, with a happy sigh,
The little owl dreamed the sky.