The Bear Cub's Lantern Walk

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



The moon was up, the night was clear,
The cub took steps with cozy cheer.
He held his light so warm and bright,
And padded out into the night.



The maple leaves began to sway,
Like dancers in a dreamy play.
He watched them flutter, soft and slow,
As gentle breezes came and □□?



The lantern glowed, a golden ball,
That made the shadows seem not tall.
It lit the roots and rocks nearby,
And painted starlight on the sky.



He found a log beside the trail,
Where fireflies made a twinkling veil.
They winked and blinked in yellow lace,
Then floated onward through the place.



At last he heard a sleepy sound,
A gentle ripple, soft and round.
The maple pond lay still and deep,
Like it was dreaming in its sleep.



He set the lantern by his side,
And watched the silver water glide.
A frog crooned low, a loon sang near,
And all felt cozy, calm, and clear.



The cub yawned wide and rubbed his chin,
Then tucked his paws and smiled within.
The night felt kind, the walk felt sweet,
And sleepy warmth curled round his feet.



He dreamed of leaves and moonlit gleam,
Of maple paths and pond-like dreams.
And in the hush before the dawn,
The little cub slept safe and warm.