The Shy Moose Calf's Candlelit Pie Night

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



A shy moose calf stood small and sweet,
By candlelight and quiet heat.
He peeked at bowls with timid grace,
And warmed his hooves by the mixing place.



He tapped the spoon and stirred so slow,
As moonlight helped the batter glow.
The cinnamon swirled in a golden dream,
Like sleepy stars in a velvet cream.



He rolled the dough with careful care,
And dusted flour through the air.
A soft white cloud began to rise,
Like little snowflakes from the pies.



He tucked in berries, red and bright,
Then crimped the edges neat and tight.
The crust looked proud, so smooth and round,
As tiny pats and pats went sound.



The pies went in with a gentle sigh,
To bake beneath the watchful sky.
He sat nearby with patient pride,
While candle flames danced side by side.



At last, the pies came out so sweet,
With bubbly tops and spice-filled heat.
He smiled a smile both soft and wide,
And felt a brave new glow inside.



He shared one slice with a friend next door,
Then laughed a little, then asked for more.
The shy calf learned, in candlelight,
That baking friends make hearts feel bright.



When bedtime came, he curled up near,
With crumbs of pie and dreamland near.
The quiet night sang soft and low,
And shy sweet courage helped him glow.