
THE FOUR SEASONS
by childbook.ai

Adam, a boy with light brown hair, stepped into the forest with wide eyes. The ground sparkled as sunlight danced on the leaves.



Suddenly, soft snowflakes began to fall. Adam giggled, catching them on his nose. Snow covered the trees in white sparkles.



The snowy ground shimmered and melted into green grass. Adam heard birdsong and saw tiny buds on the branches. "Spring is here!" he cheered.



Colorful butterflies fluttered around Adam. He chased them, laughing, as new flowers opened. The air felt warm and sweet.



Warm sunshine filled the forest. Adam lay on soft moss, watching clouds drift. He whispered, "Everything is so bright now!"



Adam found bushes heavy with ripe berries. He gently picked a few and tasted their juicy sweetness. "Summer is delicious," he smiled.



Wind whirled golden leaves all around Adam. He spun with them, pretending to be a leaf himself. "Autumn feels like dancing!" he laughed.



Basket in hand, Adam gathered shiny red apples. He admired how the colors matched the trees' orange leaves. "Everything is changing," he noticed.



A cool breeze swept through the forest. Adam shivered, wrapping his arms around himself. "Is winter coming back?" he wondered aloud.



Snowflakes spun from the sky again, carpeting the forest. Adam made a tiny snowman under a snowy branch. "Hello again, winter!" he grinned.



Adam realized the forest would keep changing, just like magic. "Every season is special," he whispered, hugging himself with joy.



As the sun set, Adam skipped out of the forest. He waved, promising to visit next time the seasons changed.



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