

Bedtime stories about autumn.

3 stories to read aloud at bedtime, each with its own picture and a calm, sleepy ending. Written for ages 3 to 8.



Lena's Leaf Collection

about 2 min

Nutmeg's Cozy Nest

about 2 min

The Rainy Window Evening

about 2 min

Reading times assume a slow bedtime pace of about 110 words a minute. Every story is also free to read online at pimlo.app/bedtime-stories/autumn.



Lena's Leaf Collection

It was autumn, and the trees along the path home were changing color. Lena held her dad's hand with one hand, and with the other she held a paper bag. She was collecting leaves.

First she found a red one, as red as a fire engine, under the maple tree. "Red," she said, and popped it in the bag. Then she found a yellow one, bright as butter, by the bench in the park.

Near the gate she found an orange leaf with little spots, and by the wall she found a brown one, crinkly and curled up like a sleeping mouse. Last of all, she found one that was still green, just starting to turn gold at the edges.

At home, Lena laid her leaves in a row on her bedroom windowsill: red, yellow, orange, brown, and the green one with golden edges. They looked like a little rainbow of autumn.

Outside, the wind blew softly, and more leaves drifted down in the dark. "Goodnight, leaves," said Lena. She climbed into bed and pulled up her blanket, warm and cozy, and fell asleep while the trees outside let go of their leaves, one by one.

The end. Goodnight.



Nutmeg's Cozy Nest

Nutmeg the squirrel lived in a round nest high up in an oak tree. All summer it had been light and airy. But now it was autumn, the nights were getting colder, and the wind was starting to blow.

"Time to make my nest cozy," said Nutmeg. She scampered down the trunk and gathered a big bundle of soft green moss. Back up she went, and tucked it all around the inside of her nest.

Next she found some dry, crunchy leaves, gold and brown, and wove them into the walls to keep the wind out. Then she found a fluffy white feather on the grass, and she carried it up very carefully and laid it right in the middle.

As the sun went down, the wind began to blow harder. The branches swayed, and the leaves rustled. But inside her nest, Nutmeg was warm and snug. "Let it blow," she said happily.

She curled up on the soft moss, wrapped her bushy tail around herself like a blanket and rested her nose on the white feather. The oak tree rocked her gently back and forth, and Nutmeg fell fast asleep.

The end. Goodnight.



The Rainy Window Evening

It rained all afternoon. The garden was full of puddles, the leaves were wet and shiny, and the sky was gray. "A perfect evening for soup," said Mom, and Ezra helped her stir the pot.

After supper, Ezra and his big sister Ruby knelt on the sofa and looked out of the window. The rain made the streetlamps glow soft and blurry. Raindrops ran down the glass in little wiggly lines.

"Let's have a race," said Ruby. "You pick one drop, and I'll pick another." Ezra picked a fat one near the top. Ruby picked a little one. Down they slid, stopping and starting, joining other drops on the way. Ezra's won, just.

Then they breathed on the glass and drew faces in the misty patches: a smiley face, a cat, a house with a chimney. The faces faded slowly away, and the rain kept falling, pitter-patter, pitter-patter.

At bedtime, Ezra lay in bed and listened. The rain drummed softly on the roof and gurgled in the drainpipe. It sounded like a lullaby. Warm and dry under his blanket, Ezra closed his eyes and let the rain sing him to sleep.

The end. Goodnight.