

Bedtime stories about baking.

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



Pilar Matches the Lids

about 3 min

The Paper Bakery

about 3 min

The Wooden Spoon's Three Bowls

about 3 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/baking.



Pilar Matches the Lids

Pilar's bakery was on the corner of Mill Street, and all day it smelled of warm bread. On the shelves behind the counter stood her tins: round tins for cookies, square tins for brownies, a tall tin for breadsticks and a little heart-shaped one for the cinnamon hearts that children loved.

By closing time, every tin was empty. Pilar turned the sign on the door to CLOSED, pulled down the blind and carried all the tins to the big sink in the back. She washed them in warm, soapy water, one by one, and stood them upside down on the rack to dry. Then she washed all the lids and laid them out on the long wooden table.

Now came the part Pilar liked best: matching the lids. There were round lids and square lids, a tall lid and a heart-shaped lid, and some that looked almost the same. She picked up a round lid and tried it on a round tin. Too small. She tried the next round tin. Too big. She tried the third, and the lid went on with a soft, satisfying pop.

Square lid, square tin: pop. The tall lid on the tall breadstick tin: pop. Two round tins were so alike that she had to try both lids on both of them, twice, before she found which was which. The heart-shaped lid was easy, because there was only one heart. It went on last, with the gentlest pop of all.

Pilar put every tin back on its shelf, lids on, in a neat row, ready to be filled in the morning. She switched off the ovens and the lights, one by one, until only the little lamp above the door was glowing. Then she locked up and walked home through the quiet streets, and behind her, in the dark bakery, the tins sat closed and clean, waiting for tomorrow's bread.

The end. Goodnight.



The Paper Bakery

It was too rainy to go out, so Bo and Uncle Joe made a bakery. They used a shoebox for the shop and a strip of cardboard for the counter. Uncle Joe cut a little door that opened and closed, and Bo painted a sign above it: BO'S BAKERY, OPEN.

Then they made the cakes. Bo rolled tiny loaves out of brown paper. Uncle Joe folded white paper into little cupcake cases, and Bo colored the tops pink and yellow, with dots for sprinkles. They made a paper pie with a crisscross top, a long paper baguette and a birthday cake with a straw for a candle.

The customers lined up across the rug: a teddy, a toy giraffe, a plastic dinosaur and a knitted mouse. "Next, please," said Bo. Teddy bought a loaf. The giraffe bought a cupcake and had to bend right down to reach the counter. The dinosaur wanted the whole birthday cake, because it was his birthday, he said, and Uncle Joe sang a very small birthday song.

The knitted mouse was last. She was very small and couldn't decide. Bo showed her everything, slowly: the loaves, the cupcakes, the pie. In the end she chose a single crumb, a tiny ball of paper, because that was just right for a mouse. Bo wrapped it in a scrap of tissue and gave it to her for free.

Outside, the rain had stopped and the sky was getting dark. "Closing time," said Uncle Joe. Bo turned the sign over. On the back he had written CLOSED, GONE TO BED. They put the paper cakes in the shoebox and lined the customers up on the windowsill, each with their shopping. Then Bo went to bed too, and the paper bakery stayed closed until morning, with one very small mouse holding one very small crumb.

The end. Goodnight.



The Wooden Spoon's Three Bowls

In the kitchen drawer, between the whisk and the rolling pin, lived an old wooden spoon. It had a long handle, a smooth round bowl and a small burn mark on one side from the time it had been left too near the stove. It had stirred a great many things in its life. But today had been a three-bowl day.

The first bowl, in the morning, was big and white, for bread. The spoon had stirred flour and water and yeast together until they became a heavy, stretchy dough that smelled like a field. Then it had rested on the side, watching the dough rise slowly under a tea towel, like someone breathing under a blanket.

The second bowl, at lunchtime, was the blue one with a chip on the rim, for cookies. Dad held the spoon, and little Mae held it too, with both hands on top of his. They stirred in the butter and sugar and a handful of chocolate chips. Mae licked a bit of dough off the spoon when nobody was looking. The spoon didn't tell.

The third bowl, in the evening, was the smallest one, for warm milk with a pinch of cinnamon, just enough for one mug. The spoon stirred it slowly, round and round, while the milk steamed. Mae drank it at the table in her pajamas, with a cookie from the blue bowl and a slice of bread from the white bowl, so that all three bowls were part of the same supper.

Then the spoon was washed in warm water and dried with a soft towel, and Dad put it back in the drawer, between the whisk and the rolling pin. The drawer slid closed. It was dark and still inside. The spoon remembered the big white bowl, the blue bowl with the chip and the smallest bowl of all. And while Mae fell asleep upstairs, the old wooden spoon rested in its drawer, smelling faintly of bread and cinnamon.

The end. Goodnight.