

Bedtime stories about boats.

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



Molly the Ferry's Last Crossing

about 2 min

Dragonfly Finds Its Mooring

about 2 min

The Bath-Time Sailboat

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/boats.



Molly the Ferry's Last Crossing

Molly was a ferry with a red funnel and a white deck. All day long she went back and forth across the bay, carrying cars and bicycles and people and dogs from one side to the other.

Now the sun was setting, and it was time for the last crossing of the day. On her deck were a man with a bicycle, a family with a picnic basket, two sleepy dogs and a girl holding a balloon.

Molly pulled away from the pier, slow and steady. The water was flat and calm, gold where the sun touched it. Seagulls glided alongside, and the girl waved at them. The little town on the other side came closer and closer, its windows lighting up one by one.

Molly docked gently against the pier, bump, and the ramp came down. Everyone went home: the bicycle, the picnic family, the sleepy dogs and the girl with her balloon. "Thank you, Molly," called the girl.

The captain tied Molly's ropes to the pier, switched off her engine and turned on her small night lights. Molly rocked gently on the water, listening to the waves lap against her sides. Her work was done, and the bay was quiet. And the ferry rested until morning.

The end. Goodnight.



Dragonfly Finds Its Mooring

Dragonfly was a long, narrow canal boat, painted green with roses and castles on her sides. A family lived on board: a mom, a dad and a boy called Ned, with his cat, Marmalade.

All afternoon, Dragonfly had chugged slowly along the canal, no faster than a person walking. Now the sun was going down, and Dad said, "Let's find our mooring." That meant a good place to stop for the night.

They went through the lock, where the water rose up and lifted the whole boat like a hand, and Ned helped push the big wooden gate. They passed under a little stone bridge, where their voices echoed. They passed two white swans, gliding along beside them for a while.

Then they came to Ned's favorite place: a quiet bank under a willow tree, beside a field of sheep. Dad steered Dragonfly in close, and Ned jumped onto the bank with the rope and tied it to a post, just as Dad had shown him.

Inside the boat, the stove was warm, and Mom made cocoa. Ned climbed into his little bunk by the round window, and Marmalade curled up at his feet. The boat rocked very slightly, just enough to feel. Outside, the willow swished and an owl called. And Ned fell asleep on the canal.

The end. Goodnight.



The Bath-Time Sailboat

In June's bath, there was a little wooden sailboat with a red sail. Every night at bath time, it went on a voyage across the Bubble Sea.

Tonight, June pushed it gently from the tap end. Off it sailed, past the rubber duck, who was floating like an island, and around the sponge, which was a big yellow rock. June blew on the sail, and the boat sailed faster.

Then came the splashes. June wiggled her toes, and little waves rocked the boat this way and that. "Hold on, sailboat!" she said. But the little boat bobbed up every time, because it was a very good boat.

Soon the water grew calm again. June stopped wiggling. The bubbles were going down, and the water was getting cooler. "Time to come home," said Dad. June sailed the boat slowly across the bath to the soap dish, which was its harbor.

She tucked it in, next to the soap. "Goodnight, sailboat," she said. Then Dad wrapped June in a big fluffy towel, and she was cozy and warm. Later, in bed, June thought of the little sailboat, safe in its harbor, and she sailed off to sleep.

The end. Goodnight.