

Bedtime stories about bugs.

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



Button the Beetle and the Rain

about 2 min

The Last Crumb

about 2 min

The Moth Who Followed the Flowers

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/bugs.



Button the Beetle and the Rain

Button was a small round beetle with a shiny green back that glittered like a jewel. She was crawling home across the garden when, plip, a raindrop landed right next to her. It was as big as she was.

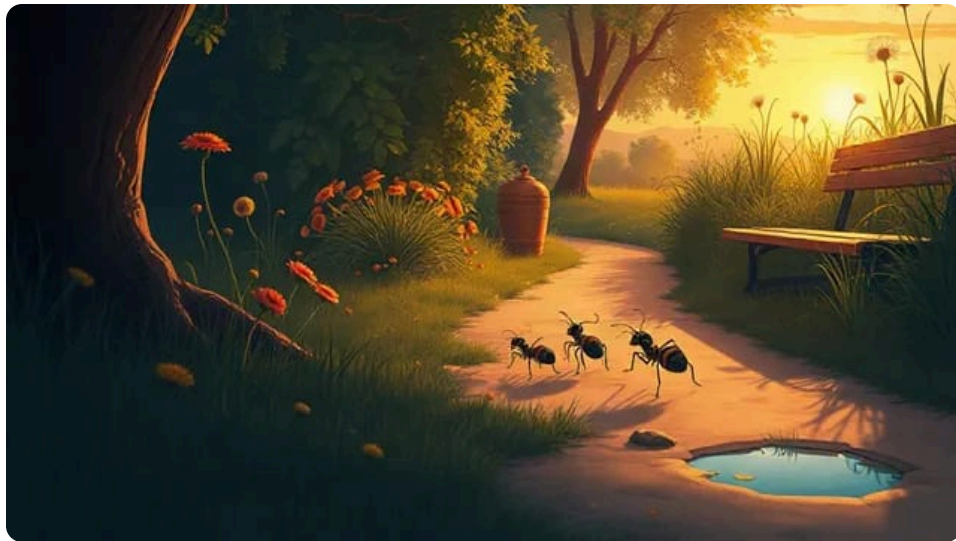
Plip, plop, plip! More raindrops came. Button hurried under a daisy. But the daisy's petals had holes between them, and the rain dripped through. "Too leaky," said Button.

She scurried under a stone. But the ground there was getting muddy, and her feet started to sink. "Too squelchy," said Button, and she climbed out again.

Then she saw a big, wide nasturtium leaf, round like an umbrella, held up on a long stem. Button climbed up the stem and tucked herself underneath. The rain drummed on the top of the leaf, but not a single drop got through. Underneath, it was dry and green and cozy.

Button folded her legs and listened to the rain on her leaf roof, patter, patter, patter, the most soothing sound in the world. Her shiny back stopped glittering as the light faded. And the little beetle fell asleep, warm and dry, under her green umbrella.

The end. Goodnight.



The Last Crumb

The ants had been busy all day, carrying seeds and crumbs back to their nest under the garden step. Now the sun was going down, and almost all the ants were home. But there was one thing left: a crumb of bread, by the picnic bench.

It was a very big crumb, for an ant. A little ant called Minnie tried to lift it by herself. She pushed and pulled, but it didn't move. "It's too heavy for one ant," she said.

So she called to her sisters. One ant came, then two, then five. They each took hold of a little bit of the crumb. "Ready?" said Minnie. "Lift!" And together, they lifted it, easily, as if it were a feather.

They carried it in a line across the garden: over a twig, around a puddle, under a dandelion leaf. When one ant got tired, another took her place. Nobody had to carry it alone.

At the nest, they set the crumb down in the store room. The last ant went inside, and the door to the nest closed for the night. Deep underground, in the warm, dark tunnels, all the ants curled up together. It had been a good day's work, and they fell asleep, every single one.

The end. Goodnight.



The Moth Who Followed the Flowers

Most creatures in the garden were going to sleep. But Velvet the moth was just waking up. She was soft and gray and fluffy, with feathery feelers and wings like velvet. Night was her time.

She stretched her wings and sniffed the air with her feelers. Mmm. Honeysuckle. She fluttered over to the fence, where the honeysuckle flowers were just opening, sweet and creamy, and had a long, slow drink.

Then she sniffed again. Jasmine. She followed the smell to the white jasmine by the back door, where the flowers glowed like tiny stars. She drank there too, and said hello to a beetle passing by.

Then she found the night-scented stock, purple and spicy, in a pot by the bench, and the evening primrose, pale yellow, opening slowly in the moonlight. Velvet visited each one, flying from smell to smell, the way you might follow a path you know by heart.

When the sky began to turn gray at the edges, Velvet was full and tired. She flew to the underside of a big leaf on the apple tree, folded her velvet wings over her back and held on tight. As the birds began to sing and the sun came up, the little moth went to sleep.

The end. Goodnight.

