

Bedtime stories about bunnies.

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



Hop Says Goodnight to the Meadow

about 2 min

The Bunny Who Looked for Sleepy

about 2 min

Nibble and the Night Garden

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/bunnies.



Hop Says Goodnight to the Meadow

Hop was the littlest bunny in the meadow, with soft brown fur and one ear that always flopped over. When the sky turned pink and then purple, Hop knew it was time to go home. But first, Hop had friends to say goodnight to.

"Goodnight, Snail," said Hop, to the snail on the stone wall. Snail tucked into his shell. "Goodnight, Hop," he said, slowly, the way snails say everything.

"Goodnight, Mouse," said Hop, to the mouse in the long grass. Mouse was already in her nest, wrapped in a leaf. "Goodnight, Hop," she squeaked, and closed her eyes.

"Goodnight, Tortoise," said Hop, to the old tortoise under the apple tree. Tortoise blinked his kind old eyes. "Goodnight, little one. Hop home safely."

So Hop hopped home, past the clover and the daisies, all folded up for the night. Down in the burrow, Mama Rabbit was waiting with a warm hug. Hop snuggled into the soft hay beside her, said one last goodnight to the meadow, and fell fast asleep.

The end. Goodnight.



The Bunny Who Looked for Sleepy

Willa the bunny was wide awake. Her brothers and sisters were asleep, but Willa wasn't sleepy at all. "I must have lost my sleepy," she said. "I'll go and find it."

She asked Owl, who was sitting in the old oak. "Where do you find your sleepy?" Owl thought for a moment. "In the morning," he said, "when the sun comes up." But Willa couldn't wait until morning.

She asked Hedgehog, who was rolling into a ball. "I find mine in a pile of warm leaves," said Hedgehog. Willa tried the leaves, but they tickled her nose.

She asked Deer, who was lying in the long grass. "I find mine by breathing slowly," said Deer, "in and out, like the wind." Willa breathed in, slowly, and out, slowly. In and out. Her ears began to droop.

She hopped home and climbed into her bed of soft hay, still breathing slowly, in and out, like the wind. And there, curled up warm beside her brothers and sisters, Willa found her sleepy. It had been waiting for her at home all along.

The end. Goodnight.



Nibble and the Night Garden

Nibble the bunny loved the garden in the daytime, with its bees and its butterflies and its bright, open flowers. But tonight she wanted to see what the garden did at night.

She hopped out of her burrow and sat very still under the lavender. The moon was up, round and silver, and the garden was quiet.

First the daisies folded their white petals, like tiny hands closing. Then the tulips closed their cups. Even the big sunflower bowed its heavy head, as if it were nodding off to sleep.

A moth floated past, soft as a whisper. A cricket played one slow song. The leaves of the lettuce shone silver with drops of dew, and Nibble did not even feel like nibbling them.

"The garden is going to sleep," Nibble whispered. She gave a great big yawn. Then she hopped back to her burrow, curled up in her warm, round nest and closed her eyes, just like the daisies.

The end. Goodnight.