

Bedtime stories about buses.

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



Bertie and the Forgotten Mitten

about 3 min

The Village Bus Home

about 3 min

The School Bus's Evening Wash

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/buses.



Bertie and the Forgotten Mitten

Bertie was a green city bus, and his driver was Ms. Abara. All day they went round and round the same route: past the park, past the library, past the school and back to the station. Bertie knew every stop by heart.

In the afternoon, when the last passengers had got off, Ms. Abara walked down the bus to check the seats. Under the seat by the window, she found something small and red. A mitten, with a white snowflake on it. "Somebody will miss this," she said.

Ms. Abara thought hard. She remembered a little girl in a red hat who got on at the school stop with her dad, and sat by the window, and waved at the ducks in the park. The girl had been wearing one red mitten when she got off. Just one.

On the last trip of the evening, Bertie pulled up at the Maple Lane stop, and there was the girl's dad, waiting for a bus to the shops. Ms. Abara leaned out of the door. "Excuse me," she said. "I think this belongs to your daughter." The dad's face lit up. "She's been looking for that all afternoon!" he said. "Thank you."

Then Bertie drove the last loop of the day, past the dark park, past the closed library, and home to the bus station, where all the buses rested in a long row. Ms. Abara switched off his engine and patted his dashboard. "Good day's work, Bertie," she said. And somewhere on Maple Lane, a little girl went to sleep with both her red mittens on the radiator, side by side.

The end. Goodnight.



The Village Bus Home

In the village, there was only one bus, a small white one with a blue stripe, and everybody knew it. On Sundays it carried people to the open garden at the big house on the hill, where you could walk among the flowers and have tea.

At the end of the afternoon, everyone climbed back on. Mrs. Penny carried a pot of lavender. Old Mr. Green had a bag of runner beans. The twins had a jam jar with a ladybug in it, which they promised to let go. Mr. Dunn's dog, Pickle, was so tired from sniffing flowers that he fell asleep on the floor straight away.

The bus rolled gently down the hill, past the church and the duck pond, with the sun going down behind the trees. People chatted quietly about the roses and the cake. Somebody started humming, and soon half the bus was humming too.

One by one, the driver dropped everyone at their doors. Mrs. Penny and her lavender at the corner. Mr. Green and his beans by the bakery. The twins at their gate, where they let the ladybug fly off into the evening. Mr. Dunn carried Pickle off the bus, still asleep.

When the bus was empty, the driver drove it to its little garage behind the village hall. She swept out a few petals and a crumb of cake, closed the doors and switched off the lights. The little bus rested in the dark, smelling faintly of lavender, until it was time to take everybody somewhere again.

The end. Goodnight.



The School Bus's Evening Wash

The yellow school bus had dropped off the very last child of the day. Now its seats were empty, except for a forgotten drawing of a rainbow and a few raisins under the back row. It was time to go to the depot.

At the depot, the first thing was the wash. The bus drove slowly into the washing bay. Whoosh! Warm water sprayed over its roof. Big soft brushes swished along its sides, swish, swish, swish, and soapy bubbles slid down its windows. It felt wonderful.

While it was being washed, the bus remembered its day. The morning, when the children were sleepy and quiet. The afternoon, when they were noisy and happy and sang the song about the wheels on the bus all the way home, three times, while the driver pretended to groan.

Then came the rinse, cool and clean, and then the big dryers blew warm air all over it. The bus came out of the washing bay shining, bright yellow, like a buttercup in the evening light. The driver picked up the rainbow drawing and pinned it up by the steering wheel, so it could go back to its owner tomorrow.

Then the bus drove to its parking space, in a long row with all the other yellow buses. The driver switched off its lights. The depot gate closed. And the school bus rested, clean and shiny, still humming the wheels-on-the-bus song very quietly to itself, ready for the morning.

The end. Goodnight.