

Bedtime stories about cars.

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



The Little Car Remembers

about 3 min

The Cardboard Garage

about 3 min

The Night Taxi and the Cello

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/cars.



The Little Car Remembers

The little blue car was parked in the driveway. Its engine was off now, and as it cooled, it made small ticking sounds: tick, tick, tick. That was how the little car liked to remember its day.

Tick. The first stop was the school, in the morning. The car had waited in the line by the gate while Isabel climbed out with her backpack. She had waved at the car as she went in, the way she always did. The car had flashed its lights back, just once, because Isabel's mom pressed the button.

Tick. The second stop was the bakery, at lunchtime. The car had waited outside while Isabel's mom bought a warm loaf and two cinnamon buns. When she got back in, the whole car smelled of cinnamon, and it still did a little now.

Tick. The third stop was Grandpa's house, after school. The car had parked under Grandpa's apple tree, and an apple had fallen on its roof with a bonk. Isabel had laughed so hard. Then they had all driven home together, with the radio playing softly and the sun going down.

Tick, tick. The engine was nearly cool now. Upstairs, Isabel's light went off. The little blue car sat in the driveway under the stars, with a faint smell of cinnamon and a tiny dent from an apple, and it rested. Tomorrow there would be more stops. But tonight, it had nowhere to be at all.

The end. Goodnight.



The Cardboard Garage

Ravi had a lot of toy cars, but his favorite was a small green one with a dent in the bumper. He called it Zip. Every night, the other cars went into the toy box, but Zip was special. "Zip needs a proper place to sleep," said Ravi.

So after dinner, Ravi and his mom found a shoebox. Mom cut a door in one end, and folded it so it could open and close. Ravi colored the outside red, like a real garage, and drew windows on the sides. He drew a number on the door: 1, because it was Zip's garage and nobody else's.

Inside, Ravi put a folded sock on the floor, because it would be cozy for Zip. Mom found a tiny bit of tinfoil and stuck it on the ceiling. "A light," she said, "so Zip can find his way in." It wasn't a real light, but it shone when you looked at it.

At bedtime, Ravi drove Zip across the carpet, vroom, very slowly, because it was nearly night. He drove him up to the garage door. He opened the door. He drove Zip inside, onto the sock, and closed the door gently. Click.

Then Ravi put the cardboard garage on the shelf beside his bed, where he could see it. "Goodnight, Zip," he said. Mom tucked him in. In the garage, Zip rested on his sock under his tinfoil light, and in the bed, Ravi rested under his blanket. Both of them, parked for the night.

The end. Goodnight.



The Night Taxi and the Cello

Mr. Ruiz drove a yellow taxi in the city at night. He liked the night shift. The streets were quieter, the lights were pretty, and his passengers were usually on their way home.

At ten o'clock, he stopped outside a little hall where a concert had just finished. A woman came out carrying a very big case, almost as tall as she was. "It's a cello," she said. "Can it fit in your taxi?" Mr. Ruiz smiled. "We'll make it fit."

He folded down the back seat and laid the cello case in carefully, like a sleeping passenger, with a blanket underneath so it wouldn't bump. Then he drove slowly and smoothly, around every corner, over every bump, so the cello wouldn't be jostled.

"How was the concert?" he asked. "Small," said the woman, "but lovely. There were only twenty people. One little boy fell asleep in the front row, and I think that's the best compliment there is." Mr. Ruiz laughed. They drove past the river, where the lights shimmered on the water, and up the quiet hill to her street.

At her front door, the woman took out her cello and sat on the step. "For the careful driving," she said, and she played a few slow, deep notes that floated up into the night like a lullaby. Mr. Ruiz listened with his eyes closed. Then he said goodnight, drove his taxi home to the garage, switched off the engine and sat for a moment in the quiet, still humming the tune.

The end. Goodnight.