

Bedtime stories about Christmas.

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



Tinsel, the Littlest Reindeer

about 2 min

Goodnight, Christmas Tree

about 2 min

The Quietest Christmas Eve

about 2 min

Rowan the Robin's Christmas Eve

about 5 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/christmas.



Tinsel, the Littlest Reindeer

Tinsel was the littlest reindeer at the North Pole. On Christmas Eve, the big reindeer stood in a line, ready to pull the sleigh, and Tinsel stood at the very end, standing as tall as he could.

"You're too small for the sleigh this year," said the kind old stable keeper. "But I have an important job for you. Will you keep the stable lantern glowing, so everyone can find their way home?"

So Tinsel stood by the lantern while the sleigh rose into the snowy sky. He watched until it was only a tiny twinkle among the stars. Then he looked after the lantern, keeping it bright and warm.

The night was long and quiet. Snow fell softly on the stable roof. Tinsel's eyes grew heavy, but he kept watching, and the lantern kept glowing.

Just before morning, he heard sleigh bells. The big reindeer landed one by one and followed the lantern's light straight into the stable. "Thank you, Tinsel," they said. Tinsel curled up in the warm straw beside them, and he was asleep before the last bell stopped jingling.

The end. Goodnight.



Goodnight, Christmas Tree

It was the week before Christmas, and the tree stood in the corner of the living room, twinkling with little lights. When it was time for bed, Elsie wanted to say goodnight to it.

"Goodnight, little glass bird," she whispered to the bird on the lowest branch.

"Goodnight, wooden train. Goodnight, paper snowflake I made at school."

"Goodnight, silver bell," said Elsie, and she touched it so it rang very softly: ting.

"Goodnight, pinecone. Goodnight, star at the very top." Her dad lifted her up so she could see the star up close.

Then Dad switched off the tree lights, and the room went soft and dark. But through the window, the stars outside were twinkling just like the tree had.

"The sky has Christmas lights too," said Elsie sleepily. Dad carried her up to bed and tucked her in, and Elsie fell asleep thinking of the glass bird, the silver bell and the star, all waiting quietly downstairs for morning.

The end. Goodnight.



The Quietest Christmas Eve

On Christmas Eve, Sam was much too excited to sleep. He lay in bed with his eyes wide open, wondering about the morning. Grandpa came and sat on the end of his bed.

"Let's listen," said Grandpa. "Christmas Eve is the quietest night of the year. See what you can hear." So Sam lay very still and listened.

He heard the clock ticking slowly downstairs. He heard the cat padding along the landing. He heard snow falling so softly against the window that he could hardly hear it at all.

"I can hear you breathing, Grandpa," whispered Sam. "Slow and sleepy." Grandpa smiled. "Can you breathe like that too?" Sam tried: in, slow, and out, slow. His blanket felt warm and heavy.

"What else can you hear?" asked Grandpa. But Sam didn't answer. He was fast asleep, and outside the snow kept falling quietly over the sleeping town, all the way to Christmas morning.

The end. Goodnight.



Rowan the Robin's Christmas Eve

Rowan was a little robin with a bright red chest who lived in a holly bush at the edge of the village. It was Christmas Eve, the snow was falling, and Rowan decided to fly around the village one last time before bed, to see that everyone was ready for Christmas.

First he flew to the bakery. Through the steamy window he saw the baker taking the very last tray of gingerbread stars out of the oven. She set them on the counter to cool, wiped her floury hands on her apron and yawned a great big yawn. "Goodnight, baker," sang Rowan, and the baker smiled at the little bird on her windowsill before she switched off the lights.

Next Rowan flew to the tall house with the blue door. Inside, a family was hanging the very last decoration on their tree: a little felt robin with a red chest, just like Rowan. The smallest child pointed at the window. "Look! A real one!" Rowan puffed up his feathers proudly, sang a short song and flew on.

He flew over the frozen pond, where the ducks were tucked up together on the bank with their heads under their wings. He flew past the clock tower, where the big clock said it was almost bedtime for everyone. He flew along the lane, where the snow had covered every footprint and made the whole village soft and white.

At the very end of the lane was a small cottage with one lit window. Inside, an old man sat alone in his armchair by the fire. There was no tree in his room, only a small sprig of holly on the mantelpiece. He looked a little lonely, Rowan thought.

So Rowan landed on the windowsill and sang his very best song, the one he saved for special days. The old man looked up. He came slowly to the window, and his face crinkled into a smile. "Well, hello," he said softly. "Happy Christmas, little robin." He opened the window just a crack and set a few crumbs from his supper on the sill.

Rowan ate the crumbs and sang one more song. The old man listened with his eyes closed, smiling. "My grandchildren are coming tomorrow," he told Rowan. "I'll tell them a robin came to sing for me on Christmas Eve." Then he yawned, closed the window and went to bed, still smiling.

Rowan flew home through the falling snow. The bakery was dark. The tall house with the blue door was dark. The ducks were asleep, and even the clock tower seemed to be resting. The whole village was quiet and ready for Christmas.

Rowan tucked himself deep inside his holly bush, where the snow couldn't reach. He fluffed up his feathers until he was round and warm like a little ball.

"Goodnight, village," he whispered. "Happy Christmas." And as the snow fell softly all around, Rowan the robin closed his eyes and fell asleep.

The end. Goodnight.