

Bedtime stories about dinosaurs.

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



Dot the Long-Neck Counts the Stars

about 2 min

Clover Tiptoes Home

about 2 min

The Egg That Waited for Morning

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/dinosaurs.



Dot the Long-Neck Counts the Stars

Long ago, beside a wide and shining lake, lived a long-necked dinosaur named Dot. Dot was so tall that she could see over the tops of the tallest ferns.

Every evening, when the sun dipped low and the lake turned the color of honey, the little dinosaurs gathered at Dot's feet. "Dot," they asked, "how many stars will there be tonight?"

"Let's find out," said Dot. She stretched her long neck up, up, up toward the darkening sky. "One," she said softly, as the first star appeared. "Two. Three." The little dinosaurs counted with her, their voices growing quieter with every number.

A warm breeze rustled the ferns. Somewhere a frog sang one slow note. By the time Dot reached twenty, the smallest dinosaur had curled up beside her foot, and his eyes were closed.

"There are more stars than we could ever count," Dot whispered. "And they'll all be here again tomorrow." She lowered her long neck gently over the little ones, like a roof, and the lake shone quietly under the stars.

The end. Goodnight.



Clover Tiptoes Home

Clover was a young triceratops with three small horns and four very big feet. Wherever she went, the ground went thump, thump, thump.

One evening Clover stayed out late by the river, watching the dragonflies. When she turned for home, the sun had already gone down, and all the other dinosaurs were asleep in the soft ferns.

"Oh no," she whispered. "My feet are so loud. I'll wake everyone up." So Clover lifted one foot very slowly and set it down very softly. Then the next. Then the next. Tip, tip, tip.

She tiptoed past a family of duck-billed dinosaurs, snoring gently. She tiptoed past a long-neck whose tail stretched right across the path, and stepped over it ever so carefully. Nobody stirred.

At last she reached her nest, where her mother lay waiting. "I heard you coming," her mother said softly, "but only just." Clover smiled, curled up against her mother's warm side and fell asleep without making a single sound.

The end. Goodnight.



The Egg That Waited for Morning

In a nest of soft leaves, at the edge of a quiet forest, lay one smooth, speckled egg. Beside it sat a big, gentle dinosaur named Mabel, who had been keeping it warm for many days.

That evening, as the sky turned pink, the egg gave a little wobble. Then another. Mabel leaned close. "Are you ready to come out?" she asked softly. The egg wobbled once more, and then lay still.

"Perhaps not tonight," said Mabel. "Hatching is a big job, and the best big jobs start after a good night's sleep." She settled down around the nest and began to hum, low and slow.

The stars came out over the forest. Crickets chirped in the ferns. A warm breeze rocked the leaves of the nest, and inside the egg, someone very small listened to Mabel's humming and grew calm and sleepy.

"Rest now," whispered Mabel. "I'll be right here when the sun comes up." She tucked her tail around the nest like a wall, and both of them, the big dinosaur and the little one inside the egg, slept until morning.

The end. Goodnight.