

Bedtime stories about dogs.

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



Waffle's First Night Home

about 2 min

Rufus Checks the Garden

about 2 min

Scout and the Toy Box

about 2 min

Toffee and the Rainy Night

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/dogs.



Waffle's First Night Home

Waffle was a little brown puppy with floppy ears, and today he had come to live with Maya and her family. He had sniffed every room, chased a ball down the hall and eaten his dinner from a brand-new bowl.

But when bedtime came, the house was dark and quiet and new, and Waffle gave a small, worried whimper. Everything smelled different. He didn't know where anything was yet.

Maya knelt beside his basket. "It's all right, Waffle," she whispered. She tucked her old soft blanket around him, the one that smelled of her. Then she put her toy rabbit next to him, so he wouldn't be alone.

Maya's dad set a little clock beside the basket. Tick, tock, tick, tock. It sounded slow and steady, like a heartbeat. Waffle stopped whimpering and listened.

"Goodnight, Waffle," said Maya. "This is your home now. We'll be here in the morning." Waffle sniffed the blanket. It smelled of Maya, and it smelled like home. He snuggled up against the toy rabbit, and as the clock went tick, tock, his eyes slowly closed and he fell fast asleep.

The end. Goodnight.



Rufus Checks the Garden

Every night before bed, Rufus the old sheepdog did his rounds. He had done them for years, and he never missed a night. First, he padded out to the garden gate. Closed. Good.

Next he checked the vegetable patch. The carrots were sleeping under the soil, and the cabbages sat round and still in the moonlight. A snail was sliding slowly along a leaf. Rufus let it be.

Then he checked the shed. The door was shut and the bicycles were inside. On the wall, the neighbor's cat sat watching. "Evening," said Rufus, with a slow wag of his tail. The cat blinked her golden eyes back.

Last of all, Rufus looked up at the house. One window still glowed. That was Leo's room. Rufus went back inside, climbed the stairs one paw at a time and peeked in. Leo was in bed with his book.

"Is everything safe, Rufus?" asked Leo sleepily. Rufus thumped his tail on the floor. Gate, garden, shed, cat: all safe. Leo's mom switched off the light, and Rufus lay down on the rug by Leo's bed, rested his gray chin on his paws and let out a long, happy sigh. Everyone was home, and soon both of them were asleep.

The end. Goodnight.



Scout and the Toy Box

Scout the puppy did not want to go to bed. "One more game!" he barked, wagging his whole body. "Just one more!" Zara laughed. "All right," she said. "Let's play the goodnight game."

She picked up his squeaky duck. "Goodnight, duck," she said, and put it in the toy box. Scout tilted his head. Then he picked up his rope and dropped it in the box too. "Goodnight, rope," said Zara.

Scout found his tennis ball under the sofa and carried it over, very carefully. Plop, into the box. He found his chewy bone by the door. Plop. He found an old sock he wasn't supposed to have, and Zara giggled. Plop.

Soon the floor was tidy and the toy box was full. "Everyone's in bed," said Zara. "Now there's only one more who needs to go to bed." Scout looked around. Who could it be?

"You!" said Zara, and she patted his soft round bed. Scout climbed in, turned around twice and flopped down with a sigh. It had been a very good game. "Goodnight, Scout," whispered Zara. And the puppy, tired from all that tidying, was asleep before she had even switched off the light.

The end. Goodnight.



Toffee and the Rainy Night

Toffee was a golden dog with a curly tail, and she loved her family more than anything. Every evening, she lay on the window seat and watched the road, waiting for them to come home. Tonight, the family had gone to visit Aunt Rita, and it was getting late.

Mrs. Okafor from next door had come over to keep Toffee company. She filled Toffee's water bowl, gave her supper and sat in the big armchair with her knitting. "They'll be home soon," she said. "The rain is just slowing everybody down."

Toffee climbed onto the window seat and looked out. The rain was falling softly. It made little rivers down the glass, and it made the streetlamps look blurry and golden. Every now and then a car went by, splashing through the puddles. Toffee lifted her ears each time, but none of them was her family's car.

A cat ran across the road and hid under a hedge to stay dry. A man with a big black umbrella walked by with his dog, who wore a little yellow raincoat. Toffee wagged her tail at the dog in the raincoat, and the dog wagged back. Then they were gone around the corner.

Mrs. Okafor's needles clicked softly. Click, click, click. The clock on the wall ticked. Tick, tock, tick, tock. The rain pattered on the window. Pitter, patter, pitter, patter. Toffee rested her chin on the cushion. Her eyes grew heavy, but she kept them open just a little, watching the road.

Then, far away at the end of the street, she saw two round lights coming slowly through the rain. They came closer and closer. The car turned into the driveway, and the engine stopped. Toffee jumped down and ran to the door, her curly tail wagging so fast it was almost a blur.

The door opened, and in came Dad, shaking rain from his coat, and Mom carrying the bags, and little Ben, half asleep in his pajamas, wrapped in a blanket. "Toffee!" whispered Ben. Toffee licked his hand very gently, because she could tell he was sleepy.

"Thank you for looking after her," Mom said to Mrs. Okafor. "She was very good," said Mrs. Okafor, packing up her knitting. "She watched for you the whole time." She patted Toffee's head and went home through the rain, under her flowery umbrella.

Dad carried Ben up to bed, and Toffee followed, one step behind. She lay down on the rug beside Ben's bed, the way she always did. Outside, the rain kept falling, soft and steady, but inside everyone was warm and dry and home.

Ben reached down and stroked Toffee's ear. "Goodnight, Toffee," he murmured. Toffee sighed a long, happy sigh. There was nothing left to watch for now. Her whole family was here. She closed her eyes, and listening to the gentle rain, she fell fast asleep.

The end. Goodnight.