

Bedtime stories about dragons.

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



Ember and the Lantern of Stars

about 2 min

Moss, the Smallest Dragon

about 2 min

Nimbus, the Cloud Dragon

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/dragons.



Ember and the Lantern of Stars

High on a hill covered in heather lived a dragon called Ember. Ember was as big as a barn, as green as moss, and as gentle as a cup of warm milk.

Each night Ember's job was to light the great lantern at the top of the hill, so that every creature in the valley could find its way home. Ember breathed a tiny, careful puff of flame, and the lantern glowed like a captured star.

One evening a little hedgehog arrived, out of breath. "I've lost the path," she said. "Then you're just in time," said Ember, curling her long tail into a soft, safe circle. "Rest here until the lantern is bright."

Together they watched the lights of the valley wink on: the miller's window, the badger's den, the fox's hollow. The hedgehog's breathing slowed. Ember hummed a low, rumbling lullaby that sounded like distant thunder far, far away.

When the lantern was shining its very brightest, the hedgehog was fast asleep in the curl of Ember's tail. Ember tucked her wings, rested her chin on the warm heather, and kept the valley safe until morning.

The end. Goodnight.



Moss, the Smallest Dragon

In a valley of soft green hills lived the smallest dragon anyone had ever seen. His name was Moss, and he was no bigger than a teapot. His flame was so tiny it could only warm one pebble at a time.

Every evening Moss gathered smooth, round stones from the stream and carried them, one by one, into his little cave. Then he breathed on each one, puff, puff, puff, until they glowed a warm, soft orange.

One chilly night the wind began to whistle. A rabbit knocked at the cave. Then a family of mice. Then a shivering wren. "It's so cold," they said. "Come in," said Moss. "I have just the thing."

He arranged his warm stones in a circle, and everyone snuggled close. The rabbit's ears drooped. The mice curled into one round, furry ball. The wren tucked her head beneath her wing. Outside the wind blew, but inside it was cozy and still.

Moss breathed one last tiny puff on the middle stone and curled up beside his friends. "Small flames are the best kind," he thought sleepily, "for keeping friends warm." And the little cave glowed softly all night long.

The end. Goodnight.



Nimbus, the Cloud Dragon

On the warmest summer nights, when windows are left open and the air is still and sticky, a cloud dragon comes drifting over the town. Her name is Nimbus, and she is made of soft white mist.

Nimbus floats so slowly that the moon has to wait for her to pass. Her wings are wide and wispy, and her long tail curls behind her like a ribbon of fog.

As she drifts over each street, Nimbus takes a deep breath and lets out a long, cool sigh. Hoooo. The breeze slips through the open windows, ruffles the curtains and cools every warm pillow.

Children who were tossing and turning feel the cool air on their cheeks and grow still. A dog stops panting on the doorstep. Even the warm pavement seems to sigh with relief.

When every house has had its cool, gentle breath, Nimbus settles over the hills like a soft white blanket. She tucks her wispy head under one wing, and there she sleeps until the morning sun comes to wake her.

The end. Goodnight.