

# Bedtime stories about fairies.

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



---

## Bryony Mends the Bluebell

about 3 min

---

## Marjoram, the Night-Garden Keeper

about 2 min

---

## Three Fairies and the Greenhouse

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/fairies](https://pimlo.app/bedtime-stories/fairies).



## Bryony Mends the Bluebell

Bryony was a fairy no bigger than a thumb, with wings like the skin of a soap bubble. She lived in the wood where the bluebells grew, and every evening she listened to them ring. Bluebells ring very softly. Only fairies can hear them.

But one evening, after a windy day, one bluebell didn't ring at all. Bryony flew down and found it bent right over, its stem creased, its little bells hanging toward the ground. "Oh, poor thing," she said.

Bryony found a thin, straight twig and a long strand of spider silk. Very gently, she lifted the bluebell's stem and laid the twig beside it, like a splint. Then she wound the silk around them both, around and around, not too tight.

It took her until the sky turned pink. Her wings were tired, and her hands were sticky with silk. But at last the bluebell stood up straight again, its bells hanging in a neat row. A breath of evening wind went by. And the bluebell rang: ting, ting, ting, the smallest, sweetest sound.

Bryony smiled. She curled up inside the very top bell, which was just the right size for a fairy, and pulled a petal over herself like a blanket. All around her, the bluebells rang their evening song, and Bryony fell asleep to the music.

*The end. Goodnight.*



## Marjoram, the Night-Garden Keeper

When the people in the house went to bed, old Marjoram came out to look after their garden. Marjoram was a fairy with silver hair and a tiny wheelbarrow made from half a walnut shell. Every night, she collected the petals that had fallen during the day.

Tonight there were rose petals by the path, pink and soft. Marjoram scooped them into her wheelbarrow. "These will make a fine bed for the ladybugs," she said, and she tucked them under the lavender, where the ladybugs were sleeping.

By the fence there were white daisy petals. "These are just right for the snail," said Marjoram. She laid them in a row on the path, and the snail slid over them, slowly, like walking on a soft white carpet.

By the pond there was one big yellow petal from the sunflower. Marjoram pushed it onto the water, and it floated like a little boat. A tired water beetle climbed aboard and settled down for the night, rocking gently on the pond.

When the wheelbarrow was empty, Marjoram looked around. Every petal had a place. She parked her wheelbarrow under the mint, climbed into a sleepy snapdragon flower and closed its petals around her. "Goodnight, garden," she whispered, and the garden, and Marjoram, slept.

*The end. Goodnight.*





## Three Fairies and the Greenhouse

Three fairies lived at the bottom of the garden. Fennel lived in a mushroom, Clary lived in a teacup that someone had left in the grass, and little Puck lived in a snail shell. They were neighbors, but they didn't often visit.

One evening, a big rainstorm came. Rain drummed on Fennel's mushroom until it drooped. Rain filled Clary's teacup right to the brim. And Puck's snail shell rolled over in a puddle. All three fairies came out, dripping, looking for somewhere dry.

In the vegetable patch stood a tiny greenhouse, made from an old glass jar turned on its side, where the gardener was growing seedlings. All three fairies flew inside at the same moment, and bumped into each other. "Oh," said Fennel. "Oh," said Clary. "Hello," said Puck.

The greenhouse was small, but it was dry and warm, and it smelled of earth and tomato leaves. Fennel shook the rain off her wings. Clary found three seed packets to sit on. Puck shared the blackberry he had saved for supper, and they each had a third.

Outside, the rain pattered on the glass, and it sounded like music. The three fairies lay down in a row on a soft bed of moss between the seedlings, wing to wing, warm and dry. "We should do this more often," said Puck sleepily. "Even without the rain," said Clary. And they all fell asleep together, listening to the storm.

*The end. Goodnight.*