

Bedtime stories about farm animals.

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



Hattie Says Goodnight to the Farm

about 2 min

Mother Hen Counts Her Chicks

about 2 min

The Littlest Lamb's First Night

about 2 min

Percy the Pig Looks for a Bed

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/farm-animals.



Hattie Says Goodnight to the Farm

When the sun began to set over the hills, Hattie put on her boots and took her dad's hand. "Time to say goodnight to the farm," she said. This was her favorite job of the day.

First they went to the henhouse. The hens were already on their perch, fluffed up in a sleepy row. "Goodnight, hens," whispered Hattie, and Dad closed the little door to keep them snug.

Next they went to the barn. The cows were lying in the straw, chewing slowly. "Goodnight, cows," said Hattie. One cow blinked her long eyelashes, as if to say goodnight back.

In the pen, the pig was snoring already, with her piglets curled up beside her like a row of pink potatoes. Hattie giggled very quietly. "Goodnight, pigs."

Last of all was the old horse, Chestnut, waiting at his stable door. Hattie stroked his soft nose. "Goodnight, Chestnut." Then she and Dad walked back to the farmhouse under the first stars. Hattie said goodnight to the farm one last time from her bedroom window, and then she was asleep too.

The end. Goodnight.



Mother Hen Counts Her Chicks

Every night at bedtime, Mother Hen counted her chicks. "One, two, three, four, five," she would cluck, and then she would spread her warm wings over them all.

Tonight she counted, "One, two, three, four..." and stopped. Where was number five? Where was Little Peep, the smallest, fluffiest chick of all?

Mother Hen looked behind the water bowl. No Little Peep. She looked under the wheelbarrow. No Little Peep. She looked by the gate, where the grass was long. No Little Peep there either.

Then she heard a tiny sound coming from the farmer's big rubber boot by the door. Peep. Peep. Mother Hen peeked inside. There was Little Peep, curled up at the bottom of the boot, fast asleep. "It was warm in here," peeped Little Peep sleepily.

Mother Hen smiled and carried Little Peep gently back to the others. "One, two, three, four, five," she counted. Then she spread her warm wings over all five chicks, and the whole family fell asleep together in the cozy henhouse.

The end. Goodnight.



The Littlest Lamb's First Night

Dandelion was the littlest lamb on the farm, and tonight was her first night sleeping out in the field with the whole flock. She had never seen the field in the dark before.

When the sun went down, the field turned from green to gray to deep blue. Dandelion pressed close to her mother. "It's very big out here," she whispered.

"It is," said her mother. "But look around you." Dandelion looked. There was old Woolly, lying down on one side. There were the twins, already snoring on the other side. All around her, in the darkness, were soft, round, sleeping shapes. The whole flock was there.

Above the field, the stars came out one by one. An owl hooted from the hedge, gently, as if to say that he was keeping watch. The grass smelled sweet, and the night air was cool and calm.

Dandelion lay down in the soft grass, tucked up against her mother's warm, woolly side. She could hear the whole flock breathing slowly around her, in and out. The dark didn't feel so big anymore. It felt full of friends. And the littlest lamb closed her eyes and slept.

The end. Goodnight.



Percy the Pig Looks for a Bed

Percy was a round pink pig with a curly tail, and tonight he had decided that his bed was boring. "Same old straw, same old corner," he grumbled. "Tonight, I am going to find a new place to sleep. The best place on the whole farm."

So off he trotted at sunset. The first place he came to was the henhouse. The hens were sitting in a cozy row on their perch. "Can I sleep here?" asked Percy. "Of course," clucked the hens. "Hop up!" Percy tried to hop up onto the perch. He wobbled to the left. He wobbled to the right. Then he slid off with a bump. "Pigs aren't made for perches," he sighed. "Goodnight, hens."

Next he came to the pond, where the ducks were floating with their heads tucked under their wings. "Can I sleep here?" asked Percy. "Of course," quacked the ducks. "The water is lovely." Percy dipped one trotter into the pond. "Brrr!" It was cold and wet, and anyway, he didn't have any wings to tuck his head under. "Goodnight, ducks," he said.

Then he came to the stable, where Chestnut the horse was dozing. Chestnut slept standing up. "Can I sleep here?" asked Percy. "Of course," said Chestnut slowly. Percy stood up very straight, the way Chestnut did, and closed his eyes. But his legs began to wobble, and his knees began to bend, and he sat down in the hay with a bump. "Pigs aren't made for sleeping standing up," he said. "Goodnight, Chestnut."

Next he came to the goat shed. Nanny Goat was lying on top of a big pile of hay bales, right up near the roof. "Can I sleep here?" asked Percy. "Of course," said Nanny Goat. "Climb up!" Percy looked up at the tall pile. He put one trotter on the first bale. Then he looked down. "Oh dear," said Percy. "Pigs aren't made for climbing. Goodnight, Nanny Goat."

By now the stars were out, and Percy was very tired. His tail had gone a little bit less curly. He walked slowly back across the farmyard, wondering where on earth a pig was supposed to sleep.

And there, in the corner of the pigsty, was his very own bed. The straw was deep and golden. It was exactly the shape of a round pink pig, because a round pink pig had slept in it every single night.

Percy stepped in. He turned around once. He turned around twice. Then he flopped down into the straw with a happy grunt. It wasn't too high, or too wet, or too wobbly. "This," said Percy, "is the best place to sleep on the whole farm."

The old farm cat strolled by on the wall and looked down at him. She didn't ask whether she could sleep there. She just jumped down, curled up against Percy's warm round side and began to purr.

Percy's eyes grew heavy. From across the farm came the sleepy sounds of the night: a soft cluck from the henhouse, a tiny splash from the pond, a slow breath from the stable and a little snore from the goat shed. "Goodnight, farm," whispered Percy. And the round pink pig fell fast asleep, in the best bed in the world.

The end. Goodnight.