

Bedtime stories about forest animals.

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



Bramble the Fox Says Goodnight to the Wood

about 2 min

Hazel's Bed of Leaves

about 2 min

Oona the Owl Says Good 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/forest-animals.



Bramble the Fox Says Goodnight to the Wood

At the edge of Hazelwood, where the trees grew close and kind, a young fox named Bramble lived in a den beneath an old oak. Every night before bed, Bramble walked the forest path to say goodnight to his friends.

"Goodnight, Badger," he called at the mossy bank. "Goodnight, Bramble," rumbled Badger, pulling a blanket of leaves over his nose. "Goodnight, Rabbits," he whispered at the burrow, where a row of soft ears was already drooping.

On the highest branch sat Old Owl, who stayed awake at night so everyone else could sleep. "Is everyone tucked in?" asked Bramble. Owl turned her round eyes over the whole of Hazelwood. "Everyone," she said. "Except one small fox."

Bramble smiled and padded home along the path. The moon peeked through the branches, and the stream sang its quiet, bubbling song. Fireflies blinked on and off, like the forest closing its eyes.

He curled up in his den beneath the oak, tucked his bushy tail over his paws, and listened to Owl's soft hoo, hoo drifting through the trees. Hazelwood was safe, and Bramble was home.

The end. Goodnight.



Hazel's Bed of Leaves

When the autumn evenings grew cool, a little hedgehog named Hazel knew it was time to make her winter bed. She trundled through the wood with her nose to the ground, looking for the very best leaves.

She found red leaves from the maple, yellow leaves from the birch and crunchy brown leaves from the old oak. One by one, she carried them back to her hollow beneath the hawthorn hedge.

"That's a lot of leaves for one small hedgehog," said a squirrel, peering down. "Would you like some help?" Soon the squirrel was dropping leaves from above, and a mouse was dragging soft moss for a pillow.

By the time the stars came out, Hazel's bed was round and deep and soft. She thanked her friends, who scampered off to their own beds. Then she stepped inside and turned around three times.

Hazel curled into a tight, prickly ball, warm in her nest of red and yellow and brown. Outside, the leaves rustled softly as the wind settled down for the night. Inside, a little hedgehog was already dreaming.

The end. Goodnight.



Oona the Owl Says Good Morning

Every night in Hazelwood, while the other animals slept, a tawny owl named Oona kept watch from the tallest pine. She saw the deer settle in the clearing and the rabbits disappear into their burrows.

All night long, Oona listened. She heard the stream chattering over its stones, the leaves whispering to each other and a badger snoring somewhere under the roots. Everything was peaceful.

Slowly the sky began to change. Black turned to gray, and gray turned to a pale, soft pink. A robin opened one eye. A rabbit's nose twitched at the edge of a burrow.

"Good morning," Oona called softly as the forest began to wake. "Good morning, Deer. Good morning, Rabbits. Good morning, Robin." One by one, the animals stretched and blinked and stepped out into the new day.

Then Oona fluffed her feathers, tucked her head down into her soft chest and closed her big round eyes. For an owl, the morning is bedtime. And while the forest played in the sunshine, Oona slept, safe and sound in her tall pine.

The end. Goodnight.