

Bedtime stories about friendship.

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



The New Duckling at the Pond

about 2 min

The Last Blackberry

about 2 min

Sorry, Said the Little Bear

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/friendship.



The New Duckling at the Pond

Daisy the duckling had just moved to a new pond. It was a lovely pond, with lily pads and tall reeds, but Daisy didn't know anyone there. In the evening, she floated by herself near the edge, feeling a little bit lonely.

On a lily pad nearby sat a small green frog. He looked at Daisy. Daisy looked at him. Then they both looked away, because they were both a little bit shy.

At last the frog took a big breath. "Hello," he said. "I'm Fred. Are you new?" "Yes," said Daisy. "I'm Daisy." Fred smiled a wide frog smile. "Do you want to see the best thing about this pond?"

He hopped to the reeds, and Daisy paddled after him. They waited quietly as the sky grew dark. Then, one by one, little lights began to glow above the water: fireflies, dozens of them, blinking softly over the pond.

"Oh," whispered Daisy. "It's beautiful." They watched together until the fireflies drifted away. "Will you come again tomorrow?" asked Fred. "Yes," said Daisy. She paddled home to her nest and tucked her head under her wing, and for the first time at the new pond, she fell asleep smiling.

The end. Goodnight.



The Last Blackberry

At the end of the summer, there was only one blackberry left on the bramble bush. It was big and dark and shiny, and two friends spotted it at exactly the same moment: Otto the hedgehog and Bea the mouse.

"The last blackberry!" said Otto. "The last blackberry!" said Bea. They both reached for it, and their paws bumped together. They stopped and looked at each other.

Otto thought about how much Bea loved blackberries. Bea thought about how far Otto had walked that day. "You have it," said Otto. "No, you have it," said Bea.

Then Bea had an idea. She took the blackberry and carefully broke it into two halves, one for Otto and one for her. They sat side by side on a log and ate their halves very slowly, to make them last. "It tastes even better shared," said Otto, with purple juice on his nose.

The sun went down and the evening grew cool. Otto curled up in the leaves under the bramble bush, and Bea snuggled up next to him, out of the wind. "Goodnight, Otto," said Bea. "Goodnight, Bea," said Otto. And the two friends fell asleep together, full of blackberry and happy.

The end. Goodnight.



Sorry, Said the Little Bear

Bruno and Tilda were two bear cubs who were the very best of friends. One evening, they were building a tower of sticks by the river. It was the tallest tower they had ever made.

Then Bruno put one more stick on the top, and the whole tower wobbled and fell. "You knocked it down!" said Tilda. "You put that stick on wrong!" said Bruno. They both folded their arms and turned their backs on each other.

They sat like that for a long time. The river went quietly by. A heron flew home. The sky turned pink, then purple. Bruno felt a heavy, uncomfortable feeling in his tummy. It wasn't nice to be cross with your best friend.

At last he turned around. "Sorry, Tilda," he said. "I didn't mean to knock it over." Tilda turned around too. "Sorry, Bruno," she said. "I shouldn't have shouted." The heavy feeling in Bruno's tummy floated away.

Together, they built the tower again, stick by stick, more carefully this time, until it stood tall in the last light. Then they walked home side by side. They curled up in the den, back to back, warm and friends again, and fell asleep listening to the river.

The end. Goodnight.