

Bedtime stories about Halloween.

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



Marigold Chooses a Costume

about 2 min

The Pumpkin in the Window

about 2 min

After the Halloween Party

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/halloween.



Marigold Chooses a Costume

The dressing-up box was open, and costumes were spilling out all over Marigold's bedroom floor. Halloween was tomorrow, and Marigold still hadn't chosen what to be.

First she tried the dragon. It had a long green tail and a hood with spikes. "Roar," said Marigold, but the hood kept slipping over her eyes. "Too wobbly," she decided.

Next she tried the ghost: a white sheet with two round holes. She floated around the room, going "Wooooo." But the sheet was so long that she tripped on it. "Too floaty," she giggled.

Then she tried the pirate hat, but it was much too big and came right down to her nose. "Too big," said Marigold. At the very bottom of the box she found something soft and brown, with little felt feathers and two round yellow eyes on the hood. An owl.

Marigold put it on. It was warm and cozy and fitted perfectly. "Hoo," she said softly. "Hoo, hoo." Her mom smiled. "A sleepy owl," she said. "Just right for the night." Marigold was so comfortable that she climbed into bed still wearing it, and the little owl was asleep before anyone could say Happy Halloween.

The end. Goodnight.



The Pumpkin in the Window

On Halloween afternoon, Leon and his grandma carved a pumpkin together. They gave it two round eyes, a little triangle nose and a big, friendly smile. Then they set it on the windowsill and put a small light inside.

When the sky grew dark, the pumpkin began to glow. Its smile shone warm and orange through the window, out onto the quiet street.

Children came by in their costumes: a small dinosaur, a bumblebee and a cat with drawn-on whiskers. They saw the pumpkin and waved. The pumpkin couldn't wave back, but it smiled its biggest smile, and that was just as good.

Later, the street grew quieter. The last bumblebee went home holding her dad's hand. The doors along the street closed one by one, and the porch lights clicked off.

Leon stood at the window in his pajamas. "Goodnight, pumpkin," he said. Grandma switched off the little light inside, and the pumpkin rested on the windowsill under the moon, still smiling, while Leon went up to bed and fell asleep.

The end. Goodnight.



After the Halloween Party

The Halloween party on Omar's street had been small and lovely. There had been apple bobbing, a costume parade and paper bats hanging from every fence. But now it was getting late, and it was time to tidy up.

Omar, still in his robot costume, helped Mrs. Lee take down the paper bats. "One, two, three bats," he counted, stacking them carefully in a box. "They'll come out again next year," said Mrs. Lee.

His dad unhooked the string of orange lanterns from the gate. The lanterns went dark, one by one, and the street looked like an ordinary street again, quiet and calm under the stars.

Mr. Abbott shared the last of the apples, one for everyone. Omar ate his slowly, sitting on the step. "What was your favorite part?" asked his dad. Omar thought about it. "When everyone sang the pumpkin song together," he said.

Then they walked home together, Omar's robot costume clanking softly. He took off his robot head, put on his pajamas and climbed into bed. "Goodnight, Halloween," he whispered, humming the pumpkin song, and he fell fast asleep.

The end. Goodnight.