

Bedtime stories about horses.

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



Maple Learns the Stable Routine

about 2 min

The Long Way Home Across the Fields

about 2 min

The Foal Finds a Resting Place

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/horses.



Maple Learns the Stable Routine

Maple was a young pony, golden brown, with a white star on her forehead. Today she had come to live at Willowbrook Stables, and she didn't know what happened at night. So she watched Duke, the big old horse in the next stall.

"First," said Duke, "the stable girl brushes us." Sure enough, Jess came with a soft brush and brushed Maple from her ears to her tail, in long, slow strokes. It felt lovely. Maple's eyes half closed.

"Then," said Duke, "supper." Jess filled their nets with sweet-smelling hay and gave them each a carrot. Maple munched slowly, the way Duke did, listening to the other horses munching all along the stable.

"Then," said Duke, "she checks our water, puts on our blankets and says goodnight." Jess filled the buckets, buckled a warm blue blanket over Maple's back and stroked her nose. "Goodnight, Maple," she said. Then she switched off the big lights, leaving one small lamp glowing by the door.

"And then?" asked Maple. "And then," said Duke, with a long, slow yawn, "we sleep." Maple shifted her weight onto three legs and let one back hoof rest, the way Duke did. Her head drooped a little. The stable was warm and dim and smelled of hay. And on her very first night, Maple fell asleep standing up.

The end. Goodnight.



The Long Way Home Across the Fields

Bramblewick and Sorrel were two old horses who lived on a farm at the edge of the hills. Every evening, when the sun began to set, they walked home across the fields together. They had done it so many times that they never needed anyone to lead them.

First they walked past the big oak tree, where they always stopped to scratch their necks against the bark. Scritch, scratch. "Ahh," said Sorrel. "That's the spot."

Then they walked down to the stream, where the water was shallow and clear. They dipped their noses in and drank, slurp, slurp, and watched the little fish dart away. The water was cool and tasted of stones.

Then they walked up the long slope of the hill, slowly, side by side, their tails swishing. From the top they could see the farmhouse, with smoke curling from the chimney and one window glowing yellow. The sky behind it was orange and pink.

At last they reached the gate. The farmer was waiting with an apple for each of them. They walked into their stable and lay down in the deep straw, side by side, as they had every night for years. "Same path tomorrow?" said Sorrel. "Same path," said Bramblewick. And the two old friends closed their eyes.

The end. Goodnight.



The Foal Finds a Resting Place

Thistle was a foal, only a few weeks old, with long, wobbly legs and a short, fluffy tail. All day she had galloped around the meadow, and now, as the sun went down, she was tired. "Where shall I rest?" she wondered.

She tried lying down under the hawthorn bush. But the branches were prickly and caught in her mane. She tried lying down by the water trough. But the ground was muddy, and her legs got splashed.

She tried lying down at the top of the hill, where the grass was long. But it was windy up there, and her ears got cold. Thistle stood up again, and looked around the meadow, feeling a little bit lost.

Then she saw her mother, standing quietly in the middle of the meadow, under the first stars. Her mother looked up and whinnied softly, a low, gentle sound that meant come here.

Thistle trotted over on her wobbly legs and folded herself down in the soft grass, right beside her mother's warm legs. It wasn't prickly or muddy or windy. It was just right. Her mother lowered her head and nuzzled her ear. And the little foal stretched out her long legs and fell asleep in the best resting place in the whole meadow.

The end. Goodnight.

