

Bedtime stories about jungle animals.

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



Tilo the Tapir Finds Some Shade

about 2 min

The Toucan's Goodnight Song

about 2 min

Sola the Sloth and the Night Flower

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/jungle-animals.



Tilo the Tapir Finds Some Shade

Tilo was a young tapir, with a long, wiggly nose and a round body striped like a watermelon. It had been a hot day in the rainforest, and even now, in the evening, the air was warm and heavy. "I need somewhere cool to rest," said Tilo.

First he tried under a giant fern. It was shady, but the leaves kept tickling his nose. Achoo! "Too tickly," said Tilo.

Next he tried a hollow log. It was dark inside, but it was also very small, and his bottom stuck out of one end. "Too squashy," said Tilo.

Then he heard a soft, trickling sound. He followed his nose through the leaves to a slow, shallow river, where the water was cool and clear and the trees leaned over it like a roof. Tilo waded in up to his tummy. "Ahh," he sighed. "Just right."

He lay down in the shallow water, with just his head and his wiggly nose resting on the soft bank. Little fish swam around his feet. Above, the leaves swayed, and the first stars peeked through. And Tilo the tapir fell asleep in the coolest, shadiest, most perfect place in the whole rainforest.

The end. Goodnight.



The Toucan's Goodnight Song

High up in the rainforest, where the treetops spread out like a green blanket, lived a toucan named Tico. Tico had a bright orange beak and a very special job. Every evening, at sunset, he carried the goodnight song.

He started at the tallest tree, where the monkeys were settling down. He sang the song, soft and low: a gentle, rising whistle, and three quiet notes. The monkeys yawned and curled up together on their branch.

Then he flew to the next tree, where the parrots were fluffing up their feathers. He sang the song again. The parrots tucked their heads under their wings, one by one, red and blue and green.

He flew on, over the river, to the tree where the tree frogs lived. They were just waking up for the night, but they listened to the song and began to sing it back, in tiny croaking voices: the rising whistle, and three quiet notes. Now the song was everywhere.

At last, Tico flew home to his own hollow in the old fig tree. The whole rainforest was humming the goodnight song now, the frogs and the breeze and the rustling leaves. Tico tucked his big orange beak over his back, the way toucans do, and fell asleep listening to the song he had carried.

The end. Goodnight.



Sola the Sloth and the Night Flower

Sola the sloth did everything slowly. She ate slowly. She climbed slowly. She even blinked slowly. And that was why she noticed things that faster animals missed.

One evening, hanging from her favorite branch, Sola noticed a fat white bud on a vine growing up her tree. It was closed up tight. "I think that's a night flower," said Sola. "It only opens in the dark." So she decided to watch it.

The sun went down. A monkey swung past. "What are you doing, Sola?" "Watching a flower," said Sola. The monkey laughed. "That will take forever!" and he swung away. But Sola didn't mind. Forever was Sola's favorite speed.

The sky turned purple, then dark. And very, very slowly, the bud began to open. First one white petal curled back. Then another. Then another. A sweet smell drifted through the warm air, and a moth came fluttering to visit.

By the time the moon rose, the flower was wide open, white and glowing, like a small star in the dark leaves. Sola looked at it for a long time. "Worth the wait," she whispered. Then she curled up slowly on her branch, closed her eyes slowly and fell asleep, very slowly indeed.

The end. Goodnight.