

Bedtime stories about lost toys.

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



Where Did Big Ted Go?

about 3 min

The Rabbit in the Reading Basket

about 3 min

Elephant Stays at Gran's

about 3 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/lost-toys.



Where Did Big Ted Go?

It was bedtime, and Isa's bed was ready, and her pajamas were on, and her teeth were brushed. But one thing was missing. Big Ted. Isa looked under the pillow, and under the bed, and he wasn't there. Her chin began to wobble.

"Let's be detectives," said Dad, kneeling down. "Big Ted doesn't just disappear. He's somewhere he's been today. Where did he go this morning?" Isa thought hard.

"Breakfast," she said. "He had breakfast with me."

So they went to the kitchen and looked under the table, where Isa had sat. They found a cornflake and a crayon, but no Big Ted. "Where did he go next?" asked Dad. "The garden," said Isa. "He went on the swing." So they put on their slippers and went out with the flashlight. The swing was empty, swaying a little in the breeze.

"And after that?" said Dad. Isa thought and thought. "Bath time," she whispered. "He watched me in the bath." They went upstairs to the bathroom, and there, sitting on the laundry basket, just where Isa had put him so he wouldn't get splashed, was Big Ted. Quite dry, and quite patient.

Isa hugged him so hard that his ears squashed. "You were being careful, Big Ted," she said. Dad carried them both to bed, and tucked Big Ted in under Isa's arm. "Good detective work," said Dad. "Breakfast, swing, bath and bed." Isa yawned and held Big Ted tight, and they were both asleep before Dad reached the door.

The end. Goodnight.



The Rabbit in the Reading Basket

Pia's toy rabbit was called Mr. Hops, and he was soft and gray, with one ear that had been sewn back on. He went everywhere with Pia. But this evening, when Pia went to get him for bed, he wasn't on her pillow.

Pia looked in her toy box. She looked in the dollhouse. She looked behind the curtain, which was where Mr. Hops sometimes went to think. He wasn't anywhere. "Mom," called Pia, "Mr. Hops is lost."

Mom came and sat on the bed. "Lost things usually turn up when we're not looking so hard," she said. "Let's do your story first, and look again afterward. If he's still lost, we'll look together, and you can borrow my soft scarf to hold tonight." Pia nodded, though she wasn't sure.

"Go and choose a book," said Mom. So Pia went to the big wicker basket in the corner where all her books lived. She dug down to find her favorite, the one about the bear who went to the seaside. And under the books, at the very bottom of the basket, her hand touched something soft. Something with one sewn-on ear.

"Mr. Hops!" said Pia. "He was reading!" Mom laughed. "He must have wanted to choose the story," she said. So they let Mr. Hops choose, which turned out to be the bear at the seaside after all. Pia listened with Mr. Hops under her chin, and by the time the bear got home from the seaside, Pia and Mr. Hops were both fast asleep.

The end. Goodnight.



Elephant Stays at Gran's

Ellis had spent the whole afternoon at Gran's house, baking scones and playing with Gran's old marbles. It wasn't until bedtime, back at home, that he noticed. "Where's Elephant?" Elephant was small and blue, with a curly trunk, and Ellis had slept with him every night since he was a baby.

Dad called Gran on the phone. Gran went and looked, and came back. "He's here!" she said. "He's sitting on my armchair, right where Ellis left him, looking very comfortable." Ellis was relieved, but his face crumpled anyway. "But I need him tonight," he said.

"I know," said Dad gently. "It's hard when a special friend isn't here. Gran's house is too far to drive to now, so Elephant will have a sleepover there, and we'll fetch him first thing tomorrow. Gran will look after him." On the phone, Gran said, "I'll tuck him in myself, and I'll tell him you said goodnight."

Then Dad went to the cupboard and came back with a small knitted sheep. "This is Fleecy," he said. "He was mine when I was little. He's very good at keeping people company when their best friend is away." Ellis looked at Fleecy. Fleecy had a kind face and a squashy middle. Ellis held him, a little doubtfully at first.

Gran sent a photo to Dad's phone: Elephant, tucked under a tea towel on Gran's armchair, with a tiny scone beside him. Ellis laughed. "Goodnight, Elephant," he said to the photo. Then he lay down with Fleecy under his arm. It wasn't the same

as Elephant. But it was soft and kind, and it was just for one night. And tomorrow morning, first thing, they would go and bring Elephant home.

The end. Goodnight.