

Bedtime stories about magic.

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



Fern and the Quietest Spell

about 2 min

The Tailor Who Mended the Night

about 2 min

Grandmother Clementine's Lullaby Hat

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/magic.



Fern and the Quietest Spell

In a crooked little tower at the top of a hill lived a young wizard named Fern and her teacher, an old wizard with a beard so long he used it as a scarf.

Fern could already make teacups dance and turn raindrops into tiny glass marbles. "Tonight," said her teacher, "you'll learn the most important spell of all: the Spell of Settling."

"Is it very loud?" asked Fern. "It's the quietest spell there is," he said. "You don't wave your wand. You simply notice everything that is calm, and say goodnight to it."

So Fern looked around the tower. "Goodnight, candle," she whispered, and the candle flame grew still and small. "Goodnight, books. Goodnight, cat on the windowsill. Goodnight, moon." With each goodnight, the tower grew softer and quieter.

By the time she reached the stars, Fern's eyes were heavy. "It's working," she yawned. Her teacher smiled, pulled a soft blanket over her shoulders, and the little crooked tower settled into the most peaceful sleep of all.

The end. Goodnight.



The Tailor Who Mended the Night

At the top of a winding staircase in a very old town lived a tailor named Mr. Thimble. By day he mended coats and sewed on buttons. But at night, he mended something much bigger.

Every evening Mr. Thimble climbed onto his roof with a silver needle and a spool of moonlight thread. He looked carefully across the night sky for any little tears in the dark.

Tonight he found one, just beside the moon, where a tiny bit of daylight was peeping through. "We can't have that," he said kindly. "Everyone needs a proper dark to sleep in."

In and out went his needle, in and out, slow and neat. Wherever a stitch went through, a tiny star appeared. When he had finished, the tear was gone, and in its place was a brand-new little cluster of stars.

Mr. Thimble smiled at his work, packed his needle away and climbed back down to his cozy room. He put on his nightcap, blew out his candle and fell asleep beneath the smooth, dark, starry sky.

The end. Goodnight.



Grandmother Clementine's Lullaby Hat

Grandmother Clementine was a witch who lived in a cottage full of jars and herbs and sleeping cats. Her favorite thing in the whole world was a tall, soft, purple hat that could sing.

It didn't sing loudly. It only hummed, very softly, the gentlest lullabies anyone had ever heard. And whoever wore it fell into the most peaceful sleep.

One night there was a knock at the door. It was a little goblin from the woods. "I can't sleep," he said. "My head is too full of thoughts. They keep buzzing around like bees."

"I know just the thing," said Grandmother Clementine. She placed the purple hat on the goblin's head. It was far too big and came right down over his ears. Then it began to hum, a slow, low song like a stream in summer.

One by one, the buzzing thoughts settled down, like bees going home to their hive. The goblin's eyes closed. Grandmother Clementine tucked him up by the fire with the sleeping cats, and the hat hummed softly all night long.

The end. Goodnight.