

Bedtime stories about mermaids.

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



Marina's Seashell Nightlight

about 2 min

Coral and the Sleepy Seahorse

about 2 min

Pearl and the Lullaby Tide

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/mermaids.



Marina's Seashell Nightlight

Marina was a little mermaid with a green tail and hair the color of sand. She lived in a cozy cave under the sea, but at night her cave was very dark, and Marina wished for a little light.

So one evening, as the sea turned deep blue, Marina swam out to look for one. Near the coral she found a tiny pink shell that glowed softly when she held it. She tucked it into her bag.

Near the seagrass she found a white shell that glowed like the moon. Near the old shipwreck she found a blue one, glowing like a star. She swam home slowly, her bag shining gently in the water.

In her cave, Marina set the shells in a little circle on a flat stone: pink, white and blue. They glowed together, soft and warm, filling the cave with a quiet light.

Marina curled up in her bed of soft sea moss and watched the shells shimmer on the walls. Her very own nightlight. A little fish peeked in and stayed to look, and before long, Marina and the little fish were both asleep.

The end. Goodnight.



Coral and the Sleepy Seahorse

Coral the mermaid was swimming home when she saw a tiny seahorse drifting in the water, yawning and yawning. "I'm so sleepy," said the seahorse, "but I can't remember where my bed is."

"Don't worry," said Coral. "I'll help you find it. What does your bed look like?" The seahorse thought. "It's tall and green, and it sways in the water."

So they swam together. They passed a sea anemone, waving its soft arms. "That's not tall," said the seahorse. They passed a big round sponge. "That's not green." They passed a rock covered in tiny shells. "That doesn't sway."

Then they came to a quiet patch of tall green seaweed, swaying gently in the water. "That's it!" said the seahorse. "That's my bed!" It curled its little tail around a strand of seaweed and held on tight.

"Goodnight, little seahorse," said Coral. The seahorse was already asleep, rocking gently back and forth. Coral swam home, smiling, and curled up in her own bed, rocked by the very same gentle sea.

The end. Goodnight.



Pearl and the Lullaby Tide

Every evening, the sea around the reef was a little bit busy. Waves splashed, bubbles popped and fish darted here and there. But Pearl the mermaid knew a lullaby that could calm the whole sea.

She swam to a smooth rock in the middle of the reef and began to sing, soft and slow. As she sang, the big waves grew smaller. The splashing turned into gentle lapping.

The fish slowed down and floated in sleepy circles. The crabs tucked themselves into their shells. An old sea turtle drifted past with his eyes half closed, rocking on the slow, slow tide.

Pearl sang the last line of her lullaby as quietly as she could. The water was so still now that the moon could see its own face in it. Even the bubbles stopped popping.

Then Pearl swam to her cave, lay down on her soft bed of seagrass, and let the gentle tide rock her, back and forth, back and forth, until she was fast asleep with the rest of the reef.

The end. Goodnight.