

Bedtime stories about a new baby.

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



Ada's Lullaby

about 2 min

Is There Still a Story for Me?

about 2 min

Russet's New Sister

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/new-baby.



Ada's Lullaby

Ada's baby brother, Sami, was three weeks old. He was very small and very soft, and at bedtime he was very, very loud. Tonight he cried and cried, and Mom rocked him and rocked him, but he would not settle.

Ada watched from the doorway in her pajamas. Then she remembered something. When she was little, Mom used to sing her a song at bedtime. Ada still knew every word.

She tiptoed over and sang it very softly, the way Mom used to: "Hush now, little moon, the stars are on their way. Close your eyes, my little one, and dream until the day."

Sami stopped crying. He blinked his big dark eyes and looked at Ada. She sang it again, even more softly. His eyes closed, opened, and closed again, and then he was asleep.

"Ada," whispered Mom. "That was your song, and now you've given it to him." She put Sami in his crib and tucked Ada into her own bed. Then Mom sang the lullaby one more time, just for Ada. And Ada fell asleep, a big sister, with her song still humming in her head.

The end. Goodnight.



Is There Still a Story for Me?

Since the new baby came home, everything in Kofi's house had changed. There were tiny socks everywhere. There were bottles in the kitchen. And everybody kept saying, "Shh, the baby's sleeping."

At bedtime, Kofi heard the baby crying again, and he heard Mom's footsteps going to the baby's room. Kofi pulled his blanket up to his chin. "Is there still a story for me?" he whispered to his teddy.

Then his door creaked open, and in came Dad, holding Kofi's favorite book, the one about the crocodile who wanted to fly. "Budge up," said Dad. "It's story time." Kofi budged up. Dad squeezed in beside him, just like always.

Dad read the whole book, and did all the voices, and didn't skip a single page. When he finished, Kofi said, "Dad? Will the baby get stories too?" "When she's bigger," said Dad. "Maybe you can read her one. You know all the voices."

Kofi liked that idea. Down the hall, the baby had stopped crying. Mom came in to kiss him goodnight too. "There will always be a story for you," she said. Kofi closed his eyes, warm and sure, and fell asleep with his teddy tucked under his arm.

The end. Goodnight.



Russet's New Sister

Russet the fox cub had a new baby sister. She was very tiny, her fur was very fluffy, and her eyes were only just open. Her name was Poppy, and she mostly slept.

"I'll show you everything," Russet told her. He showed her the soft corner of the den where the moss was deepest. "This is the best place to sleep," he said. Poppy yawned a tiny yawn.

He showed her the entrance to the den, where the night air came in, cool and smelling of pine. "Up there are the stars," he said, pointing his nose at the sky. "There are too many to count. I've tried." Poppy blinked at the stars.

He showed her how to curl up with your tail over your nose, to keep it warm. Poppy didn't know how to do it yet, so Russet curled his own fluffy tail around her instead. "There," he said. "Like that."

Mother Fox came back to the den and found them both in the mossy corner: the big brother and the tiny sister, curled up together under one fluffy tail.

"Goodnight, Poppy," whispered Russet. "Tomorrow I'll show you the stream." And the two little foxes fell asleep side by side.

The end. Goodnight.