

Bedtime stories about the ocean.

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



Wren the Whale and the Silver Path

about 2 min

The Little Lighthouse

about 2 min

Ollie the Otter's Floating Bed

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/ocean.



Wren the Whale and the Silver Path

Far out where the sea is deep and blue lived a young whale named Wren. Wren loved to swim beside her mother, listening to the long, low songs that whales sing to each other across the water.

One evening the moon rose round and bright, and it laid a silver path across the waves. "Where does it go?" asked Wren. "Let's follow it a little way," said her mother.

They swam slowly along the shining path. A shoal of tiny fish sparkled beneath them like scattered glitter. A sea turtle paddled past and nodded a sleepy hello. Even the waves seemed to move more gently in the moonlight.

Wren's tail grew heavy, and her flippers slowed. Her mother began to sing, a soft song that rolled through the water like a warm blanket. Wren rose to the surface, breathed out a little cloud of mist, and floated.

The silver path stretched on toward the edge of the world, but Wren didn't need to reach the end of it tonight. Rocked by the waves and her mother's song, she drifted off to sleep under the bright, quiet moon.

The end. Goodnight.



The Little Lighthouse

On a rocky point at the edge of the sea stood a little white lighthouse with a red roof. Every evening, as the sun sank into the water, the lighthouse woke up and began its work.

Round and round went its light, sweeping slowly across the waves. Its job was to show every boat the way home before the night grew deep.

First came the fishing boat, pattering past the rocks. Then the yellow ferry, its windows glowing. Then two small sailing boats, their sails folded like sleepy wings. "Welcome home," hummed the lighthouse to each one.

Last of all came a tiny rowing boat with an old man and his dog. The lighthouse turned its beam a little slower and a little softer, so they could see the way into the harbor. The old man waved. The dog wagged its tail.

When every boat was safe and tied up, the harbor grew quiet. Waves lapped against the harbor wall. The lighthouse kept turning, slow and steady, a gentle light watching over the sleeping town until morning.

The end. Goodnight.



Ollie the Otter's Floating Bed

In a calm bay where the kelp grows tall, a little sea otter named Ollie floated on his back, watching the sky turn orange, then purple, then deep blue.

"Time to sleep," said his mother. But Ollie was worried. "What if I float away in the night?" His mother smiled. "Sea otters have a trick," she said. "Watch."

She took a long ribbon of kelp and wrapped it gently around her middle, so that it held her in place. Ollie tried too. Round and round went the kelp, snug and soft.

"And here's the best part," said his mother, and she reached out her paw. Ollie took it. Floating side by side and holding paws, they bobbed gently on the water, up and down, up and down.

The waves whispered against the rocks. The moon rose over the bay and laid its silver light across the water. Ollie's eyes grew heavy, and with his paw held tight in his mother's, he drifted safely off to sleep.

The end. Goodnight.