

Bedtime stories about spring.

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



Iris and the First Flower

about 2 min

Sidney the Snail's Evening Walk

about 2 min

The Tiny Window Garden

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/spring.



Iris and the First Flower

All winter long, the garden had been gray and brown and bare. But one morning in early spring, Iris spotted something by the fence: a tiny purple flower, poking up through the cold ground.

"The first flower!" she called. Her mom came to look. "A crocus," she said. "It's the first one of spring." Iris knelt down. The little flower was open wide, soaking up the sunshine.

Every day after that, Iris visited the crocus. She told it about her day. She checked that nobody had stepped on it. And on the third day, she found two more crocuses beside it, one yellow and one white.

That evening, as the sun went down, Iris went out to say goodnight. The crocuses had closed their petals tight, like little hands folded together. "They close up at night to keep warm," said Mom. "Then they open again in the morning sun."

"Goodnight, crocuses," whispered Iris. She went inside, washed her face and climbed into bed. She closed her eyes, just like the flowers, and fell asleep, waiting for the morning sun to open them again.

The end. Goodnight.



Sidney the Snail's Evening Walk

All afternoon a spring shower had pattered on the garden. When the rain finally stopped, Sidney the snail poked his head out of his shell. Everything was wet and fresh and sparkling. It was perfect snail weather.

Slowly, slowly, Sidney slid out from under his leaf. He slid past a puddle where the sky was reflected, pink and gold. He stopped to look at himself in it: a small snail with a swirly brown shell.

He slid up a stone, where a fat earthworm was stretching after the rain. "Lovely evening," said the worm. "Lovely," agreed Sidney. He slid past the tulips, still shining with raindrops, and the daisies, folding up for the night.

By the time he reached the end of the garden path, the sky was getting dark, and a blackbird was singing its evening song from the top of the fence. Sidney had gone a very long way, for a snail.

So he turned around, slowly, slowly, and followed his own shiny trail all the way back to his favorite leaf. He tucked himself underneath, pulled his head into his shell and settled down for the night, listening to the last drips falling from the leaves.

The end. Goodnight.



The Tiny Window Garden

One spring Saturday, Dad came home with a long wooden window box, a bag of soil and a paper envelope of seeds. "We're going to make a garden," he said. "A tiny one, right outside the kitchen window."

Everyone helped fill the box with soil. Then each person chose one kind of seed. Maisie chose sunflowers, because they grow tall. Her brother Kit chose peas, because he likes eating them. Dad chose herbs that smell nice, and Grandma chose marigolds, because they're cheerful.

They pushed the seeds gently into the soil, and Maisie made little labels on lollipop sticks so they'd remember which was which. Kit watered everything with the small green watering can. Then they put the box on the windowsill.

"When will they grow?" asked Kit. "Slowly," said Grandma. "Seeds grow best in the dark and quiet, with a little water and a lot of patience. A bit like children at night."

At bedtime, Maisie and Kit came downstairs in their pajamas to say goodnight to the garden. "Goodnight, sunflowers. Goodnight, peas," they whispered. Then they went up to bed, and while they slept, the seeds lay quietly in the dark soil, getting ready to grow.

The end. Goodnight.