

Bedtime stories about starting school.

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



Lucas Visits Preschool

about 2 min

Amira's Three Places

about 3 min

The School Bag's First Day

about 3 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/starting-school.



Lucas Visits Preschool

Lucas was going to start preschool next week. Today, he and his dad were going for a visit, just to look around. Lucas held Dad's hand very tightly as they walked through the door.

Inside, it was bright and busy. There was a sandpit, a dress-up corner and a reading rug shaped like a big green leaf. A teacher called Miss Ana knelt down and said hello. "We've got a peg for your coat already," she said, and showed him. It had a picture of a frog on it.

Lucas liked the frog. But he still held Dad's hand. "Will you stay with me?" he asked. Dad thought about it. "Not every day," he said. "But I'll always come back. Let's make up a special goodbye, so you know."

So they made one up, right there on the leaf rug. Three squeezes of the hand, which meant I. Will. Come back. Then a high five, and a wave from the door. They practiced it twice. Lucas giggled at the high five.

That night, in bed, Lucas held his own hand and gave it three squeezes. He thought about the frog peg and the leaf rug. He still felt a little bit wobbly about next week, and that was all right. "I will come back," he whispered, and he fell asleep.

The end. Goodnight.



Amira's Three Places

Amira's new classroom was very big. There were so many tables, so many children and so many things on the walls that, on the first day, it made her feel small. At bedtime, her mom asked, "What was the best part?" Amira didn't know.

On the second day, Amira found her first place: a hook by the door with her name written above it in curly letters. She hung her coat there. "That's my hook," she thought. It was a small thing, but it was hers.

On the third day, she found her second place: a window seat in the reading corner, with a cushion that had a fox on it. From there you could see a tree with a bird's nest in it. Amira read a book there at quiet time, and looked at the nest.

On the fourth day, she found her third place: the table by the sink, where a girl called Priyanka sat. Priyanka lent Amira a purple pencil, and Amira drew her a cat. They didn't say much, but it was nice.

On Friday night, Mom asked again. "What was the best part?" This time, Amira counted on her fingers. "My hook. The fox cushion. And the table by the sink." The big classroom felt a little smaller now, in a good way. Amira closed her eyes, thinking of her three places, and fell asleep.

The end. Goodnight.



The School Bag's First Day

I am a school bag. I am blue, with a pocket shaped like a moon, and until this morning I had never been anywhere. Today was my first day of school. It was Finn's first day too.

In the morning, Finn put me on very carefully. Inside me were a lunchbox, a water bottle and a little stone from the garden that his sister gave him for luck. Finn was quiet on the walk. I could feel him holding my straps very tightly.

At school, Finn hung me on a peg next to a green bag and a bag with dinosaurs on it. All morning I waited. I heard singing. I heard someone crying a little, and then someone laughing. I heard Finn's voice, saying his name to the class.

At lunchtime, Finn opened me and took out his lunchbox, and the little stone too. He held the stone for a while. Then he put it back, and went out to play. In the afternoon, he put a painting inside me, still a bit wet, of a big yellow sun.

On the way home, Finn swung me as he walked, and told his dad all about it: the singing, the dinosaur-bag boy, the painting. Now I am hanging on the back of his bedroom door, and Finn is asleep. The stone is still in my pocket, and the sun painting is drying on the radiator. Tomorrow, we'll go again.

The end. Goodnight.