

Bedtime stories about summer.

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



The Last Picnic of Summer

about 2 min

A Quiet Evening at the Beach

about 2 min

Priya Draws the Day

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/summer.



The Last Picnic of Summer

The red checked picnic blanket had been on a lot of adventures that summer: to the park, to the lake, to the hill where you could see the whole town. Tonight was its last picnic of the summer.

The family spread it out on the grass under the big chestnut tree. They ate strawberries and sandwiches and slices of cold watermelon. Nina, the littlest, got juice all down her chin and laughed.

After supper, nobody wanted to go home yet. They lay on their backs on the blanket and watched the sky change from blue to pink to purple. A bird sang its last song of the day.

Then, one by one, little lights began to blink in the long grass. "Fireflies," whispered Dad. They counted them together: one, two, five, ten, too many to count. Nina held out her hand, and a firefly landed on her finger, glowing softly, before floating away.

At last, they shook out the blanket, folded it up and carried it home. Nina fell asleep in the car with a strawberry smile on her face. And the red checked blanket went back on its shelf, full of summer, until next year.

The end. Goodnight.



A Quiet Evening at the Beach

During the day, the beach was busy. There were sandcastles and beach balls and people splashing in the waves. But in the evening, when everyone had gone home, Arlo and his mom liked to go for a quiet walk.

The sand was cool now, and soft under Arlo's bare feet. The sun was low and orange over the water, and the sea had turned the color of honey. Their footprints followed them along the edge of the waves.

Arlo found a smooth white shell and a piece of green sea glass, worn soft by the waves. He found the remains of a sandcastle, its towers slumped over. "It's sleeping," he said, and Mom laughed.

The waves came in slowly and went out slowly. Shhhh, they went, and then again, shhhh. Arlo stood still and let one wash over his toes. It was cool and fizzy, and then it slid away.

When the sun had gone, they walked back to the car with sandy feet. At home, Arlo put his shell and his sea glass by his bed. He closed his eyes, and he could still hear the waves going shhhh, shhhh, until he was fast asleep.

The end. Goodnight.



Priya Draws the Day

In summer, bedtime was tricky. Priya was in her pajamas, her teeth were brushed, but outside it was still light, and the birds were still singing. "How can I sleep when it's still daytime?" she asked.

Her grandpa sat on the edge of her bed with her sketchbook and a pencil. "Let's draw your day," he said. "All the best bits. Then the day will be finished, and you can rest."

So Priya drew. She drew the strawberry ice cream that had dripped down her arm. She drew the sprinkler in the garden, with her little brother jumping through it. She drew a ladybug that had walked across her hand, with seven tiny spots.

She drew the swing in the park, and the dog with the waggy tail, and the big puffy cloud that looked like a sheep. With each drawing, her pencil moved a little more slowly, and her eyes grew a little more heavy.

At last, Grandpa closed the sketchbook. "What a lovely day," he said. He drew the curtains, and the room turned soft and dim. Outside, the birds were going quiet too. Priya snuggled down with her whole day safe in her sketchbook, and fell asleep.

The end. Goodnight.