

Bedtime stories about superheroes.

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



Captain Cozy and the Lost Slippers

about 3 min

Nova and Her Listening Powers

about 3 min

The Cape That Became a Blanket

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/superheroes.



Captain Cozy and the Lost Slippers

Every house has a superhero, and in Rory's house it was Captain Cozy. Captain Cozy wore fluffy socks, a bathrobe cape and a mask made of a sleeping mask with eyeholes. Captain Cozy was Rory, of course. And Captain Cozy's superpower was finding lost things.

Tonight there was an emergency. "I can't find my slippers!" called Grandpa from the living room. "Nor can I!" called Mom from the kitchen. Even the baby had lost one tiny bootie. Captain Cozy pulled on the cape. "This is a job for me!"

Grandpa's slippers were under the sofa, where the dog had been sleeping on them. Mom's slippers were by the back door, next to her gardening boots. The baby's bootie was inside the toy box, under a rubber duck. Captain Cozy delivered each one with a swoosh of the cape.

"Thank you, Captain Cozy," said Grandpa, wiggling his warm toes. "Thank you, Captain Cozy," said Mom. The baby just gurgled happily. Then Dad asked, "Has anyone seen Rory? It's bedtime."

Captain Cozy took off the mask and the cape, and turned back into Rory, in fluffy socks. "Here I am," said Rory. Dad tucked him in. "Even superheroes need to sleep," he said, and he hung the cape on the bedpost, ready for tomorrow. Rory closed his eyes, and the house was full of warm feet, and very quiet.

The end. Goodnight.



Nova and Her Listening Powers

Nova had a superpower: super-listening. With her special headband on, she could hear things that nobody else could. A ladybug landing on a leaf. A pancake thinking about flipping. And at bedtime, she could hear her whole street.

Tonight, Nova sat at her window and listened. Somewhere, a dog was barking: woof, woof. Nova listened harder. The dog was barking because his ball had rolled under a hedge. Nova whispered to her neighbor through the open window, and he found the ball. The dog went quiet.

Next she heard a squeaky gate, creak, creak, swinging in the breeze at number twelve. Nova called down to Mr. Bello, who was putting out his bins, and he latched the gate. Click. Quiet.

Then she heard a baby crying, two houses down. Nova listened carefully. The baby wasn't hungry or hurt; she just wanted a song. Nova couldn't do anything about that, but she didn't need to: a moment later, she heard the baby's mom start singing, and the crying stopped.

Now the whole street was quiet. Nova listened one last time. She could hear the wind in the trees, the stars twinkling, which made a tiny tinkling sound, and her own heart beating, slow and steady. She took off her headband, put it on the bedside table and fell asleep, the quietest hero on the street.

The end. Goodnight.



The Cape That Became a Blanket

Starla had a red cape with a yellow star on the back, and she wore it every day. With her cape on, she was a superhero. Not the kind who fights villains: the kind who helps.

That morning, she helped Mrs. Kim carry her shopping up the steps. At lunchtime, she rescued a ladybug from the paddling pool and set it on a leaf to dry. In the afternoon, she found her little brother's lost toy car under the hedge and flew it back to him, making engine noises.

By the evening, Starla was tired, and so was her family. "Picnic supper in the garden?" said Dad. Starla took off her cape and spread it on the grass. It made a perfect picnic blanket, just big enough for four people and some sandwiches.

They ate their supper while the sun went down. When it got chilly, Starla's little brother shivered. So Starla picked up her cape, shook off the crumbs and wrapped it around his shoulders, like a blanket. He snuggled into it and yawned.

"That's your best rescue of the day," said Mom. Starla carried her sleepy brother inside, still wrapped in the cape, and tucked him into bed with it. Then she went to her own bed, without her cape, and found she didn't need it to feel like a hero. She fell asleep smiling.

The end. Goodnight.

