

Bedtime stories about teamwork.

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



The Reading Corner on Linden Street

about 3 min

The Marsh Song

about 3 min

The Map of Moonbeam Village

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/teamwork.



The Reading Corner on Linden Street

At the end of Linden Street, there was an empty corner under a big tree, with nothing in it but leaves. "Wouldn't it be lovely," said Greta from number three, "if there were somewhere to sit and read here?" And that was how it started.

Mr. Haddad was good at woodwork, so he built a bench, smooth and wide, with a back to lean on. The twins from number eight painted it yellow, a bit streaky, which everyone agreed made it better. Old Mrs. Kowalski, who didn't build or paint, knitted a pile of soft cushions.

Otis, who was six, didn't have any tools or paint or wool. But he had books he'd finished reading. So he brought five of his favorites and put them in a box. Then other people started bringing books too, and someone found an old bookcase, and soon there was a little library under the tree.

Greta brought a lamp that ran on sunshine, and they hung it on a branch above the bench, so you could read in the evening. When it was all finished, everyone stood back and looked. The bench was Mr. Haddad's. The paint was the twins'. The cushions were Mrs. Kowalski's. The books were Otis's and everybody's. And the corner was all of theirs.

That evening, as the sun went down, the little lamp switched on by itself. Otis sat on the yellow bench with his dad and read one of the new books, about a dragon who ran a bakery. Other neighbors drifted by and said goodnight. Then Otis went

home to bed, and the lamp glowed on in the corner of Linden Street, keeping the books company.

The end. Goodnight.



The Marsh Song

In the marsh, when the sun went down, the animals liked to make an evening song. But one evening, they had a problem. "I'm the only one with a good voice," said the frog. "Everyone else should just be quiet and listen to me."

So the frog sang on his own. Croak. Croak. Croak. It was a fine croak. But it was only a croak, over and over, and after a while, the frog himself got rather bored. "Something's missing," he admitted.

"Can I try?" asked a cricket from a reed. "My sound is very small." She rubbed her wings: chirr, chirr. Then the old heron, who didn't sing at all usually, lifted his long neck and called once, deep and slow: kraaak. A duck said quack, quietly, from her nest. The wind in the reeds went hushhh.

"Let's try all together," said the frog. So they did. The frog croaked a slow beat. The cricket chirred on top of it, high and fast. The heron called once, every so often, like a big drum. The duck quacked softly in the gaps. And the wind in the reeds went hushhh all the way through, holding it all together.

It was the best song the marsh had ever heard, because it had everyone's sound in it, and nobody's sound was the same. The frog was very proud, of everyone. When the moon rose, the song grew softer and softer, until it was only the wind going hushhh. And then the animals of the marsh, one by one, went to sleep.

The end. Goodnight.



The Map of Moonbeam Village

One rainy afternoon, Remy, Talia and Dev sat at the kitchen table with paper and pencils. "Let's make a village," said Remy. "An imaginary one. Everyone draws something." They called it Moonbeam Village, because Talia said it sounded sleepy.

Remy loved drawing buildings, so he drew the bakery, the post office and a tall house with a round window, all squashed together in a busy street. Talia loved drawing water, so she drew a winding river, with a waterfall, a pond and a little wooden bridge. Dev loved drawing nature, so he drew a big hill with a forest, a windmill and a field of sheep.

When they finished, they put their three drawings side by side. They didn't quite fit. Remy's street ended in the middle of nowhere. Talia's river ran off the edge of the paper. Dev's hill was floating. "It doesn't work," said Remy.

"It just needs joining," said Talia. So she drew the river so it ran past the end of Remy's street. Remy drew a road from his bakery up to Dev's windmill. Dev drew a path from his forest down to Talia's bridge. Then they taped the three pages together, and it was one big map: a whole village, with a street and a river and a hill.

Nobody's part was the same, and that was why it worked. They pinned the map on the wall and each drew themselves in it: Remy outside the bakery, Talia on the bridge, Dev on top of the hill. That night, Remy fell asleep imagining walking

through Moonbeam Village, from his street, across Talia's bridge, up Dev's hill, all the way to the windmill under the moon.

The end. Goodnight.