

Bedtime stories about trains.

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



The Night Train to Dreamy Hollow

about 2 min

Tuffin's Goodnight Run

about 2 min

Ava and the Sleeper Train

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/trains.



The Night Train to Dreamy Hollow

Every night, when the station clock struck seven, a little red train named Cobble rolled out from the platform. Cobble's job was to carry everyone home to Dreamy Hollow before bedtime.

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack went Cobble's wheels as she puffed past fields and farmhouses. Inside, the passengers settled into soft seats: a family of rabbits, a grandfather mole and a very sleepy duckling.

Cobble slowed as she crossed the old stone bridge, so that everyone could see the river shining below. "Nearly there," she called, and her whistle gave a soft, low hoo-oo instead of a loud toot.

One by one, the passengers' eyes began to close. The rabbits leaned against each other. The mole's spectacles slipped down his nose. The duckling tucked her beak under her wing. Clickety-clack, clickety-clack.

When Cobble pulled into Dreamy Hollow, the station lamps glowed warm and yellow. Everyone stepped out quietly and went home to bed. Cobble rolled into her shed, let out one last puff of steam, and rested until morning.

The end. Goodnight.



Tuffin's Goodnight Run

At the end of every day, a little green engine named Tuffin made his goodnight run. He didn't carry passengers or parcels. He carried goodnights.

"Goodnight, signal box," he puffed as he chugged past the signal hut, and the signalman waved his lamp. "Goodnight, cows," he called across the meadow, where the cows were lying down in the grass.

He chuffed past the farmhouse, where a light went out upstairs. He rolled past the duck pond, where the ducks had tucked their heads under their wings.

"Goodnight, goodnight," he whistled softly to them all.

Tuffin's wheels turned slower and slower. Chuff, chuff, chuff. The stars came out over the hills, and the rails shone silver in the moonlight, guiding him home.

At last he reached his engine shed, with its wide wooden doors and its smell of warm oil. Tuffin rolled inside, let out a long, soft sigh of steam and said one last goodnight, to himself. Then the little green engine went to sleep.

The end. Goodnight.



Ava and the Sleeper Train

Ava had never slept on a train before. But tonight she and her dad were taking the sleeper train all the way to Grandma's house by the sea.

Their cabin was tiny, with two bunk beds, a little window and a lamp shaped like a shell. Ava took the top bunk. She pressed her nose to the window as the city lights slid past and slowly disappeared.

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack went the wheels. Outside, the world turned dark and quiet: a field, a river, a station with nobody on the platform, a village fast asleep.

"How will we know when we're there?" asked Ava. "We won't," said Dad, "because we'll be asleep. The train knows the way. It will carry us there all night long."

Ava snuggled under her blanket. The bunk rocked gently, and the wheels kept up their steady song. Clickety-clack, clickety-clack. Somewhere far ahead, Grandma's house was waiting. And Ava, rocked by the train, fell fast asleep.

The end. Goodnight.