

Bedtime stories about trucks.

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



Little Digger Says Goodnight

about 2 min

Tess the Tow Truck

about 2 min

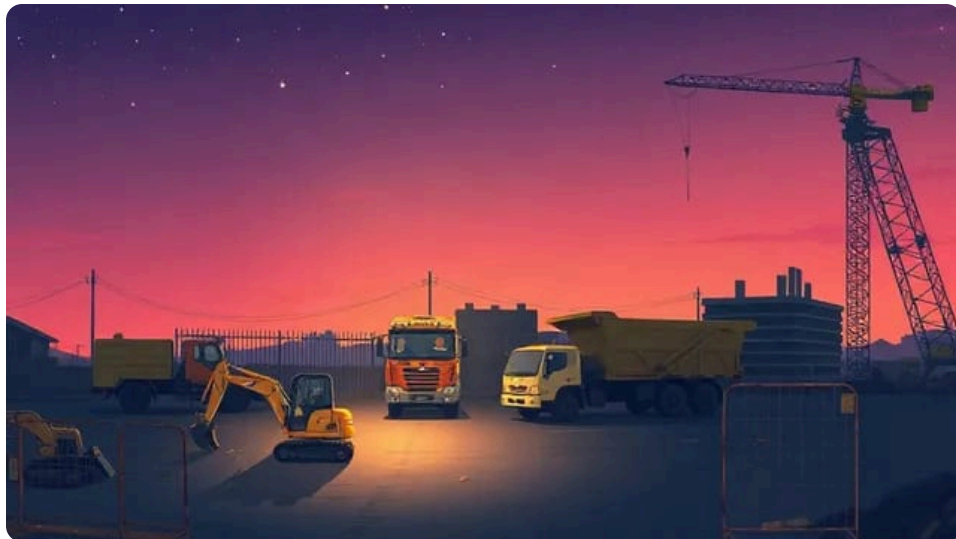
The Sleepy Cement Mixer

about 2 min

Rumble's Last Delivery

about 5 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/trucks.



Little Digger Says Goodnight

At the building site, the sun was going down and the day's work was done. Little Digger had scooped up dirt all day long to make room for the new library, and his yellow arm felt tired.

"Time to rest," called the site manager, and one by one, the machines rolled slowly to their parking spots. First came Dump Truck, her big bed empty now. She tipped it down with a soft clunk and parked at the end of the row.

Next came Roller, who had spent the day making the new path smooth and flat. He rolled very slowly, as he always did, and stopped beside Dump Truck with a sleepy rumble.

Tall Crane couldn't move, but she lowered her long arm until its hook hung quietly, and her little light blinked once to say goodnight. Little Digger rolled into the last space and folded his arm, bucket down, the way diggers do when they sleep.

The workers locked the gate and went home. The machines stood in a quiet row under the first stars. "Goodnight, Dump Truck. Goodnight, Roller. Goodnight, Crane," said Little Digger. Then he dimmed his lights, and the whole building site was still and sleepy until morning.

The end. Goodnight.



Tess the Tow Truck

Tess was a small red tow truck with a strong hook at the back. Her job was helping cars that couldn't get home by themselves. One evening, as the sky turned orange, her radio crackled. A little blue car had a flat tire on Hill Road.

Tess drove carefully to Hill Road. There was the little blue car, parked at the side, looking very sad. "Don't worry," said Tess. "I'll take you home." She lowered her hook, lifted the little car's front wheels, and off they went.

They drove slowly down the hill, past the farm where the cows were lying down, past the school with its empty playground, past the bakery with its lights going out.

At the garage, the mechanic smiled. "A new tire in the morning, and you'll be good as new." Tess set the little blue car down gently in a cozy space between two other cars. "Thank you, Tess," it said.

Then Tess drove home to her own garage. She backed in slowly, until her bumper touched the wall. The radio was quiet. Everyone was home. Tess switched off her flashing light, let her engine purr down to silence and settled in for a long, peaceful night's sleep.

The end. Goodnight.



The Sleepy Cement Mixer

Murray the cement mixer had a big round drum on his back that went round and round all day. Round and round, to keep the cement soft and ready for building.

Today he had helped build a garden wall, a new sidewalk and a step outside the bakery. Round and round went his drum, all day long. Now the evening was here, and Murray was ready for a rest.

He drove slowly back to the yard. And as he drove, his drum turned slower. Round... and round... and round. It felt a little like being rocked to sleep.

At the yard, the driver washed Murray's drum clean with a hose. The cool water splashed and trickled down, and the drum turned even slower. Round. And round. And... round.

Then the drum stopped. The driver patted Murray's side. "Good work today," she said, and she switched off the lights. Murray stood quietly in the yard, his drum still and his engine quiet. Above him, the moon came out and moved slowly across the sky all night long, while Murray slept.

The end. Goodnight.



Rumble's Last Delivery

Rumble was a big green delivery truck. All day long he carried parcels from the warehouse to the town: boxes of books, bags of flour, a new lamp, a pair of boots. By evening his trailer was almost empty. There was just one parcel left, a soft square box with a label that said: For Nora. Handle with care.

"Where does Nora live?" asked Rumble. His driver, Sol, checked the map. "Up past the river, at the very top of Elm Lane," said Sol. "It's a long way, but she's been waiting for this. Let's go."

So Rumble rolled out of town as the sun went down. He drove past the shops pulling down their shutters. He drove past the park, where the swings were still and the ducks were tucking their heads under their wings. His big wheels hummed on the road, steady and low.

Out in the countryside, the road got narrower. Rumble drove slowly and carefully, because that is what big trucks must do on small roads. He passed a field of sheep settling down in the grass. He passed a farmhouse with one lit window. He passed a tractor going home too, and they flashed their lights to say hello.

Then they came to the river. The old stone bridge was narrow, and Rumble was wide. "Gently now," said Sol. Rumble crept across, inch by inch, with just a little room on each side. Below them the river slid by, dark and quiet, with the moon floating in it.

On the other side was Elm Lane. It wound up a gentle hill, between hedges full of sleeping birds. At the very top was a small yellow house, and on the step stood a girl in pajamas and a robe, with her mom beside her.

Sol climbed down and carried the soft square box to the door. "A delivery for Nora," he said. The girl's eyes went wide. She opened the box right there on the doorstep. Inside was a teddy bear, a brown one with a blue ribbon, sent by her grandma who lived far away.

Nora hugged the bear tight. "Thank you," she said to Sol. Then she waved at Rumble. "Thank you, big truck!" Rumble flashed his lights twice, very softly, so as not to wake the birds.

Now Rumble's trailer was empty, and it was time to go home. He drove back down Elm Lane, across the narrow bridge, past the sleeping sheep and the dark farmhouse, all the way back to the depot. Sol parked him in his usual space between the other trucks.

"Every parcel delivered," said Sol, and he switched off the engine. Rumble's lights went dim. And far away, in a small yellow house at the top of a hill, a girl and a brown teddy bear with a blue ribbon were already fast asleep.

The end. Goodnight.