

Bedtime stories about unicorns.

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



Luna and the Painted Sky

about 2 min

Pearl and the Resting Sparkle

about 2 min

Willow and the Moonbow Bridge

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/unicorns.



Luna and the Painted Sky

In a meadow where the grass glowed faintly silver, there lived a unicorn named Luna. Luna had a very special job: every evening, she painted the sky ready for night.

When the sun said goodbye, Luna dipped the tip of her horn into the last pink light and swept it across the clouds. Then she dipped it into the blue of the lake and painted the sky a deep, velvety indigo.

"May I help?" asked a small field mouse, who had watched Luna every evening for a whole summer. Luna lowered her head. "Hold on to my mane," she said, "and we'll add the stars together."

The mouse held on tight, and Luna touched her horn to the sky, here and there and there again. Each touch left a tiny, twinkling star. The meadow below grew quiet, and the crickets sang their slow evening song.

When the sky was full of stars, Luna lay down in the soft silver grass. The mouse curled up in her warm mane, gave one big yawn, and fell asleep beneath the sky they had painted together.

The end. Goodnight.



Pearl and the Resting Sparkle

Every day, a unicorn named Pearl sparkled. Her mane shimmered, her hooves glittered and her horn shone like the inside of a seashell.

But one evening, as the sun went down, Pearl noticed that her sparkle was fading. Her mane grew soft and plain. Her horn glowed only faintly. "Oh no," she said. "Where has my sparkle gone?"

An old tortoise was resting by the pond. "It hasn't gone anywhere," he said slowly. "Look up." Pearl lifted her head. One by one, the stars were coming out across the sky.

"The stars are there all day long," said the tortoise, "but we only see them when the sun goes down to rest. Your sparkle is the same. It's still there, resting quietly, ready for tomorrow."

Pearl felt her worry float away. She lay down in the soft grass beside the pond, and her mane settled around her like a quiet cloud. Above her, the stars took their turn to sparkle, and Pearl closed her eyes and rested.

The end. Goodnight.



Willow and the Moonbow Bridge

Once, after an evening rain, the full moon shone so brightly that it made a rainbow in the night sky. It was pale and silvery, and it arched all the way from the Misty Hills to the Sleepy Valley. It was called a moonbow.

A young unicorn named Willow had wandered far across the hills that day, and now she was tired and a long way from home. Her home was in the Sleepy Valley, right at the other end of the moonbow.

She stepped onto the moonbow carefully. It felt soft, like walking on a cloud. Each step left a faint, glowing hoofprint that slowly faded behind her.

Halfway across, Willow stopped to look down. Below, she could see lakes like mirrors, sleeping villages and owls gliding over the fields. Everything looked small and peaceful and still.

At the far end of the moonbow, her family was waiting in the long grass. They nuzzled her nose and made room for her in the middle. Willow lay down, warm and safe, and the moonbow faded gently away as she fell asleep.

The end. Goodnight.