

Bedtime stories about winter.

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



The First Snowflake

about 2 min

Big Bear's Winter Goodnight

about 2 min

The Snowman Who Wasn't Cold

about 2 min

Theo and Nana's Snowy Night Walk

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/winter.



The First Snowflake

High up in a gray cloud, a tiny snowflake was getting ready to fall. It was the very first snowflake of winter, and it wondered where it would land.

It let go of the cloud and drifted down, slowly, slowly, turning and twirling in the cold air. It floated past a tall pine tree, past a sleeping crow, and past the chimney of a little house where smoke curled up into the sky.

At the window of the little house, a girl named Ivy was looking out in her pajamas. "Look," she whispered. "The first snowflake!" The snowflake landed on the glass, right in front of her nose.

Then another snowflake came, and another, and another, until the air was full of them, falling softly over the garden, the road and the rooftops. Soon everything was covered in a quiet white blanket.

Ivy's mom tucked her into bed. "In the morning," she said, "the whole world will be white." Ivy closed her eyes, thinking of the first little snowflake on her window, and outside the snow kept falling, soft and slow, all through the night.

The end. Goodnight.



Big Bear's Winter Goodnight

The leaves had all fallen, the air was crisp and cold, and Big Bear felt sleepier than he had all year. "It's time for my long winter sleep," he yawned. "But first, I must say goodnight to my friends."

He found Squirrel burying her very last acorn. "Goodnight, Squirrel. See you in spring." "Goodnight, Big Bear," said Squirrel. "I'll keep an acorn for you."

He found the geese by the lake, ready to fly somewhere warm. "Goodnight, geese. Have a good journey." The geese honked goodbye and flew off in a long, neat line across the sky.

He found Hare in her new white winter coat. "Goodnight, Hare." "Goodnight, Big Bear," said Hare. "I'll tell you all about the snow when you wake up."

Then Big Bear lumbered home to his den, where he had made a deep bed of leaves and moss. He turned around three times and lay down. Outside, the first snow began to fall, covering the den like a soft white blanket, and Big Bear fell into a long, cozy sleep, dreaming of spring.

The end. Goodnight.



The Snowman Who Wasn't Cold

Felix built a snowman in the yard. It had a carrot nose, pebble eyes and two stick arms. When the sky grew dark, Felix's mom called him in for bed.

But at the door, Felix stopped. "Won't the snowman be cold out there all night?" he asked. "Should we bring him a blanket?"

Mom smiled. "Snowmen love the cold," she said. "Cold is what keeps them happy. A warm blanket would make him melt." Felix thought about that. "Then I'll give him something else," he said.

He ran out and wrapped his old striped scarf around the snowman's neck. "That's not to keep you warm," he told the snowman. "It's so you know someone is thinking of you." The snowman seemed to smile.

Then Felix went inside, put on his warm pajamas and climbed into his warm bed. Outside, the snowman stood in the cold, starry night, as happy as can be in his striped scarf. Felix fell asleep warm, and the snowman stayed perfectly, wonderfully cold, until morning.

The end. Goodnight.



Theo and Nana's Snowy Night Walk

It had snowed all afternoon, and after supper the snow finally stopped. "Put on your boots," said Nana. "Let's go for a snowy night walk before bed." Theo pulled on his coat, his hat, his mittens and his big red boots, and they stepped outside together.

Everything was white and quiet. The snow sparkled under the streetlamp, and when Theo walked, it went crunch, crunch, crunch under his boots. He turned around and looked at the path behind them. There were two lines of footprints: big ones for Nana and little ones for him.

At the garden gate they found some other footprints, small and close together. "A rabbit," said Nana. "She came by to look for something to eat." They followed the rabbit's footprints a little way, until they disappeared under the hedge. "She's gone home to bed," said Nana.

They walked down the lane to the field. The field was one big white blanket, smooth and perfect, with not a single footprint on it. The trees along the edge wore snow on every branch, like white sleeves. Somewhere in one of them, an owl called softly: hoo, hoo.

"Is the owl going to bed too?" asked Theo. "No," said Nana. "The owl is just waking up. She'll keep watch over the field while everyone else is asleep." Theo liked that. He waved at the trees, just in case the owl was watching.

They came to the pond. It was frozen hard and covered in snow, and the reeds around it stood stiff and still. "The fish are asleep under the ice," said Nana. "They go slow and quiet all winter, and wait for spring." Theo whispered, "Goodnight, fish," so he wouldn't wake them.

Then Nana pointed up. The clouds had drifted away, and the sky was full of stars, more than Theo had ever seen. Their breath made little white clouds in the cold air. They stood still for a long time, just looking. It was so quiet that Theo could hear the snow settling on the branches.

"My nose is cold," said Theo at last. "Then it's time to go home," said Nana. They followed their own footprints back up the lane, big and little, all the way to the front door.

Inside, the house was warm and smelled of cocoa. Theo pulled off his boots and his hat and his mittens, and drank his cocoa in his pajamas by the fire. His cheeks glowed pink. Then Nana tucked him into bed, under his thickest quilt.

"Goodnight, rabbit," whispered Theo. "Goodnight, owl. Goodnight, fish." Outside the window, the stars shone over the quiet white field, and a few new snowflakes began to fall, gently filling in the footprints. And Theo fell asleep, warm and cozy, dreaming of snow.

The end. Goodnight.