FREE GIFT

Sleepy Moon Bedtime Stories

5 gentle stories to read aloud to your grandchild



LyttleMinds · PLAY. LEARN. GROW.

BEFORE WE BEGIN

A little wind-down, together

These five stories are short, soft and slow on purpose, perfect for reading aloud to a grandchild. Each takes about three to four minutes to read aloud, and each ends with a quiet goodnight.

> **How to read them:** dim the lights, speak a little slower than usual and let your voice get softer as the story goes on. Pause at the end of each page and let your child say goodnight too.

In this book

1. Pip and the Sleepy Moon

2. The Little Lantern Firefly

3. Bear's Big Yawn

4. The Cloud Who Could Not Float

5. Mimi and the Starry Blanket

A tiny bedtime ritual

After the story, take three slow breaths together: in like smelling a flower, out like blowing out a candle. Then whisper one good thing about today.

STORY 1

Pip and the Sleepy Moon

Pip the little rabbit could not fall asleep. The moon was shining right through his window, big and round and bright.

"Moon," whispered Pip, "you are too bright for sleeping."

The moon smiled softly. "I am not too bright, Pip. I am just keeping watch while the world rests. Would you like to see where I shine tonight?"

Pip nodded. A silver beam of light stretched across the room like a gentle bridge. Pip hopped onto it, light as a feather.

First, they floated over the meadow, where the flowers had folded their petals shut. "Goodnight, daisies," whispered Pip. The daisies sighed happily in their sleep.

Next, they drifted over the pond, where the frogs sat quietly on their lily pads. "Goodnight, frogs." One frog gave a tiny, sleepy ribbit.

Then they glided over the tall, tall trees, where the owls were just waking up for their night-time walk. "Goodnight, owls," said Pip. "Hoo-hoo, goodnight," they whispered.

Pip felt his eyes growing heavy. His ears drooped. His paws felt as soft as clouds.

"Thank you, moon," he yawned. "I am not afraid of the bright anymore."

"Sleep well, little one," said the moon. "I will be here when you wake."

The silver bridge carried Pip back to his bed. He snuggled under his blanket, took one slow breath in, and one slow breath out, and fell fast asleep.

Goodnight, Pip. Goodnight, moon. Goodnight, you.

STORY 2

The Little Lantern Firefly

Deep in the garden, where the grass grew tall and the crickets sang their evening song, lived a firefly named Flicker.

Every night, all the fireflies lit their tiny lanterns to guide the sleepy bugs home. But Flicker's light was very small. "Nobody will see it," he sighed.

That night, a little ladybird got lost in the dark. "I can't find my leaf," she whispered, trembling.

Flicker took a deep breath. He glowed as brightly as he could. It was only a small light, soft and warm, but it was enough to show the path.

"Follow me," said Flicker.

They tiptoed past the sleeping snail, under the mushroom umbrella, and over the pebble hill. Along the way, they found a worried beetle, who joined them. Then a moth who had forgotten her way, who joined them too.

One by one, Flicker's small light led everyone home. The ladybird tucked into her leaf. The beetle crept under his bark. The moth curled up on a petal.

"Thank you, Flicker," they whispered. "Your light was exactly what we needed."

Flicker felt warm all the way to his tiny toes. A small light is still a light, and it matters very much.

He flew back to his own cosy spot, folded his wings, and let his lantern fade to a gentle glow. Soon, the whole garden was quiet and dreaming.

Goodnight, Flicker. Goodnight, little light inside you.

STORY 3

Bear's Big Yawn

Bear loved autumn. He loved the crunchy leaves and the golden light. But today, something strange was happening.

"Aaaaah," said Bear. His mouth opened wide. It was a yawn, the biggest yawn in the whole forest.

"Oh my," said Bear. "I think my body is telling me something."

He wandered through the woods to ask his friends. "Squirrel, why am I so yawny?"

"It is because you worked hard today," said Squirrel, burying a last acorn. "Your body wants to rest." Squirrel yawned too. It was a catching sort of yawn.

Soon Deer yawned. Then Fox yawned. Then even the little hedgehog yawned, so wide that her spikes wiggled.

"Let's find a cosy spot," said Bear.

They found a warm hollow beneath an old oak tree, lined with soft moss and fallen leaves. Bear lay down first. Deer curled up beside him. Fox tucked his tail around his nose. Hedgehog rolled into a ball.

"Let's breathe together," whispered Bear. "In through the nose, like smelling a flower. Out through the mouth, like blowing a feather."

In... and out. In... and out.

The forest grew quiet. The stars blinked on, one by one. The wind hummed a lullaby through the branches.

And the biggest yawn in the forest turned into the biggest, softest, sleepiest snore.

Goodnight, Bear. Goodnight, forest. Goodnight, you.

STORY 4

The Cloud Who Could Not Float

Once upon a time, there was a little cloud named Nimbus. All the other clouds floated high across the sky, but Nimbus drifted low, close to the treetops.

"I'm too small and too heavy," said Nimbus. "I can't float like the others."

One evening, a little girl named Ada looked out of her window. "Look, a cloud so close I could almost touch it," she said. "It looks like a big pillow."

Nimbus drifted closer. "I'm sorry I'm so low," he said.

"Don't be sorry," said Ada. "I love that you're here. You're the only cloud I can see properly!"

Ada told Nimbus all about her day. She told him about the puzzle she finished, the drawing she made, and the little worry that was still tucked in her heart.

Nimbus listened. And as he listened, something wonderful happened. He grew lighter. Every worry Ada whispered floated away into the night sky like a tiny bubble.

He rose up gently, higher and higher, until he could see all the stars.

"Thank you," said Nimbus. "Sharing makes me light."

"It makes me light too," said Ada, smiling.

She climbed into bed and pulled up her blanket. Outside, Nimbus floated by her window, glowing silver in the moonlight, keeping a quiet watch until morning.

Goodnight, Ada. Goodnight, Nimbus. Goodnight, you.

STORY 5

Mimi and the Starry Blanket

Mimi the mouse had a very special blanket. It was soft and blue, and it was covered in tiny stitched stars.

Every night, Mimi counted the stars before sleep. But tonight, she counted and counted and could not stop at the same number twice.

"One, two, three... oh dear. One, two, three, four..."

She sighed and looked out her window. Real stars twinkled in the sky, like a bigger blanket spread over the whole world.

"Maybe," thought Mimi, "the sky blanket is keeping everyone warm tonight."

She imagined it tucked around the mountains, over the sleepy sea, and across the quiet meadow. Every hill, every house, every little creature had a star watching over them.

She pictured her mum and dad, sleeping softly in the next burrow. She pictured her best friend, Button the beetle, dreaming of picnics. She pictured herself, tiny and safe, in the middle of it all.

Mimi stopped counting. She pulled her starry blanket up to her chin and whispered, "Thank you, stars, for looking after us."

The stars twinkled back, slowly, slowly, as if to say, "Always."

Her whiskers stopped twitching. Her tail relaxed. Her breathing became slow and steady.

And under two blankets, one stitched and one sparkling, Mimi drifted off into the softest, sweetest dream.

Goodnight, Mimi. Goodnight, stars. Goodnight, you.

SWEET DREAMS

Goodnight from all of us

Thank you for choosing LyttleMinds. We hope these stories make bedtime a little calmer and a lot cosier.

Share a bedtime moment

Send a photo or a note to info@lyttleminds.com. We love to hear which story your little one asked for twice.

Your other free gift

Don't forget *The Grandparents' Play Guide*, with 30 easy games and a 7-day challenge.