Children's Picture Books audiobook scripts

30 practice scripts from VO Journey Academy. Free to record, free to use in your reel. Download the PDF to mark up in the booth, or print it straight from here.

The Little Lantern Says Hush

Bedtime, rhyming · Any · Neutral American · 30 seconds

The sun has gone down and the hilltops are blue,
and the little red lantern has one job to do.

"Hush," says the lantern. "The day's had its turn."
And lower and lower it lets its light burn.

It glows for the moth and it glows for the mouse,
and it glows for one window, high up in the house.

Is somebody sleeping? The lantern can't tell.
But it shines there till morning, and all will be well.

Tumble Bear Cannot Find His Sock

Repetition and refrain · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Tumble Bear had one sock on and one sock gone.

He looked under the bed. No sock. Only a button, a crumb, and a very surprised spider.

"Bother and bumble," said Tumble Bear. "Where is my sock?"

He looked in the bathtub. No sock. Only a boat, a duck, and a puddle he was not supposed to mention.

"Bother and bumble," said Tumble Bear, a little louder. "Where IS my sock?"

He looked in the kitchen. In the teapot. In the tin where the cookies live. No sock. Only cookies. He ate two, to help him think.

"Bother and bumble!" said Tumble Bear, very loudly indeed. "WHERE is my SOCK?"

And he stamped his foot.

His foot felt funny. Thick. Lumpy. Warm.

Tumble Bear looked down. One bare foot. And on the other foot, one sock tucked snugly on top of another.

"Oh," said Tumble Bear, very quietly. "There you are."

Five Muddy Piglets

Counting, rhyming · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 1 minute

One muddy piglet sat down in the rain.
SPLAT went the puddle! He did it again.

Two muddy piglets came running to see.
SPLAT went the puddle! "Hey, wait up for me!"

Three muddy piglets with mud on each nose.
SPLAT went the puddle, all over their toes.

Four muddy piglets with mud to the chin.
SPLAT went the puddle. One more to get in.

Five muddy piglets? The last one is small.
She stands at the edge. She's not jumping at all.

"It's cold," says the piglet. "It's deep and it's wide."
"It's wonderful!" call the four piglets inside.

So one little trotter goes in, nice and slow.
Then SPLAT goes the puddle! And what do you know?

Five muddy piglets, as glad as can be.
And where is the puddle? It's on them, you see.

The Biggest Yawn in the Barn

Bedtime, sound effects · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 45 seconds

It started with the mouse. A teeny, tiny, squeaky yawn. Eee-yaw.

The hen saw the mouse, and the hen yawned too. Bawk-aaaw.

The hen's yawn floated over to the goat. Meh-eh-aaaaah.

The goat's yawn drifted up to the horse, who tried very hard to keep his mouth shut, and could not. Hhhhhaaaaaw.

By now the whole barn was yawning. The cat. The cow. The swallows in the roof.

Only the old owl stayed awake. "Who," she said, "started this?"

Nobody answered. They were all asleep.

So the owl looked at the moon. And the moon looked at the owl. And very slowly, behind one wing, the owl yawned too.

Nell's First Day Shoes

First day of school · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Nell had new shoes for the first day of school. They were red, with silver buckles, and they did not want to go.

"Come along, shoes," said Nell. But the shoes walked slowly. Slow, slow, slow, all the way down the street.

At the gate, the shoes stopped.

There were so many other shoes. Blue shoes. Boots. Sandals with sparkles. Not one pair they knew.

"I know," whispered Nell. "My tummy says so too."

Then a pair of green shoes came over. Green, with frogs on the toes. The girl inside them had a wobbly smile.

"My shoes are scared," said the girl.

"Mine too," said Nell.

The red shoes looked at the green shoes. The green shoes looked at the red shoes.

"Maybe," said Nell, "they could be scared together."

So they were. For about one minute.

And then the red shoes and the green shoes ran, ran, ran, all the way to the sandbox.

Grumble Went the Little Gray Cloud

Big feelings · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Wilf woke up with a grumbly cloud over his head. It was small and gray, and it followed him to breakfast.

"Good morning, Wilf," said Papa.

"Hmph," said Wilf. And the cloud got bigger.

His toast was cut in squares. He wanted triangles. Rumble, went the cloud.

His sister sang a song. It was too loud. RUMBLE, went the cloud.

His tower of blocks fell over, all by itself. And the cloud went CRACK, and it rained and rained, right there on the rug.

Wilf cried. He cried until the rain was all rained out.

Papa did not say stop. Papa did not say cheer up. Papa sat down on the rug, in the wet, and waited.

After a while, Wilf leaned on him.

"Is it still there?" asked Wilf.

Papa looked up. "A little bit. It's gone thin, though. I can see through it."

"It might come back."

"It might," said Papa. "Clouds do. And I'll sit with you then, too."

A Is for Anteater in an Apron

Alphabet romp · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 45 seconds

A is for Anteater, in an apron, baking.

B is for Bear, who has brought a balloon.

C is for Camel. He's carrying the cake. Careful, Camel!

D is for Duck, who is dancing. Nobody asked her to. She's dancing anyway.

E is for Elephant, enormously excited.

F is for Fox with a fiddle. G is for Goat with a gift.

H is for... hush. Hide! Here she comes!

I is for Iguana, who says, "I can't believe it! For me?"

J is for jumping, and jelly, and joy.

And K is for Kangaroo, who is very, very late, and says, "Did I miss the party?"

No, Kangaroo. You're just in time.

L is for "Let's begin."

Snow Came Quietly

Seasonal, winter · Mature (55+) · Neutral British · 30 seconds

Snow came quietly in the night. It did not knock. It did not ring the bell.

It covered the garden. It covered the gate. It put a small white hat on every fence post.

In the morning, a rabbit hopped out and stopped.

Everything she knew was gone. And everything was new.

She put out one paw. Crunch.

Then she smiled, the way rabbits do, and made the first footprints in the whole wide world.

The Moon Is Brushing Her Teeth

Bedtime, silly · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

Look out the window. The moon is getting ready for bed.

First she washes her face in a cloud. Splish.

Then she brushes her teeth with a comet. Up and down. Up and down.

She puts on her pajamas, the ones with the stars on.

She is not sleepy. Not one bit. She says so three times.

But the night pulls up her dark blue blanket, and the moon closes one eye. Then the other.

Shh. Now it's your turn.

Hop, Said the Frog

Animal friends, cumulative · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 45 seconds

"Hop," said the frog. So the frog hopped. Boing.

Along came a mole. "Hop," said the frog.

"I can't hop," said the mole. "But I can shuffle." So the frog hopped, and the mole shuffled. Boing. Shff-shff.

Along came a duck. "Hop," said the frog.

"I can't hop," said the duck. "But I can waddle." So the frog hopped, and the mole shuffled, and the duck waddled. Boing. Shff-shff. Flap-flap.

Along came a great big cow.

"Hop?" said the frog, in a very small voice.

The cow thought about it. The cow bent her knees.

And the cow HOPPED.

THUD.

Then everybody fell down, and nobody minded at all.

My Puddle Was Here Yesterday

Seasonal, spring · Adult (30–45) · Neutral American · 45 seconds

On Monday it rained, and there was a puddle by the door. Tam jumped in it. Splash!

On Tuesday the puddle was a little bit smaller. Tam jumped in it anyway. Splash.

On Wednesday the sun came out. The puddle was only as big as a plate. Splish.

On Thursday it was as big as a button. Tam put one toe in. Plip.

On Friday, Tam ran to the door. No puddle. Just a dry gray step.

"Where did the puddle go?"

Mama pointed up. One small white cloud was sailing over the rooftops.

"It went up there," she said. "It's on its way back. You'll want your boots."

Mabel and the Too-Big Feeling

Big feelings, gentle · Adult (40-55) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Mabel had a feeling, and it was too big for her.

It started in her tummy when her best friend moved away. By lunchtime it was up to her chest. By bedtime it filled the whole room, and there was hardly space for Mabel.

"Go away," said Mabel. The feeling stayed.

She hid under the covers. The feeling came under too.

She tried to squash it. She tried to shout at it. It only got heavier.

So at last, because she was tired, Mabel stopped pushing. She just looked at it.

"You're sad," she said.

The feeling nodded.

"I'm sad too."

And a funny thing happened. The feeling did not go away. But it got smaller. Small enough to sit in her lap. Small enough to carry.

Mabel carried it down the hall to Grandma's chair.

"I've got a sad," she said. "Do you want to hold it with me?"

"I'd be honored," said Grandma, and made room.

The Sneeze That Blew the Hats Off

Silly nonsense, rhyming · Adult (40-55) · Neutral British · 45 seconds

Sir Reginald Snoot had a tickle, a twitch,
a terrible, wobbly, unstoppable itch.

He wiggled his nose. He held on to his chair.
"Ah... AH..." said Sir Snoot, and he gulped at the air.

The butler came running. The cook dropped a spoon.
The cat packed a bag and set off for the moon.

"AH..." said Sir Snoot, going red, going blue.
"Ah... AH... AH..." And then, at last: "CHOO!"

It blew off the hats and it blew off the wigs.
It rattled the hens and it startled the pigs.

It blew down the hallway and out through the door,
and the whole town went quiet. And then...

"I've got more."

The Slow Train to Sleep

Lullaby, rhyming · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 45 seconds

The slow train to sleep leaves at quarter to eight.
It never is early. It never is late.

It rolls past the bathtub. It rolls past the stair.
It stops at your pillow, and you climb in there.

Clackety, clackety, over the hill,
past fields where the horses are standing so still.

Clackety, clackety, slower it goes,
past windows and blankets and ten sleepy toes.

The whistle blows soft, and the lamps all burn low.
Clackety... clackety... clack... and so... slow.

The last stop is morning, and that's far away.
So close both your eyes. We'll be riding till day.

Pip the Snail Is Almost There

Repetition and refrain · Adult (30-45) · Neutral British · 1 minute

Pip the snail was going to the top of the garden wall. It was a long way. He started on Monday.

"Where are you going?" asked the beetle.

"To the top of the wall," said Pip. "I'm almost there."

He was not almost there. He was one brick up.

On Tuesday it rained. Pip slid back half a brick.

"Where are you going?" asked the worm.

"To the top of the wall," said Pip. "I'm almost there."

On Wednesday a bird flew past, quick as a blink. "I've been to the top," said the bird. "It took me one second."

Pip thought about that. Then he said, a bit more quietly, "I'm almost there."

Thursday. Friday. Brick by brick by brick.

And on Saturday evening, just as the sun turned the whole sky orange, one small snail put his chin on the top of the garden wall.

Nobody was there to see.

Pip looked at the sky for a long, long time.

"I'm here," he said.

One Red Leaf

Seasonal, autumn · Adult (40-55) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

One red leaf held on to the tree.

All the others had gone. They had spun and twirled and flown away, and the branch was bare.

"Let go," said the wind. "It's time."

"Not yet," said the leaf.

The wind blew hard. The leaf held tight.

Then the wind blew soft, soft as a song. "I'll carry you," it said.

And the leaf let go. Down, and round, and down. All the way to a little girl's open hand.

The Elephant Who Said It Softly

Animal friends · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Tembo was the biggest elephant in the herd, and he had the smallest voice.

When the other elephants trumpeted, the birds flew out of the trees. BRAAAH!

When Tembo trumpeted, it came out like this. Pff.

"Louder!" said his cousins.

Tembo tried. He took a huge breath. He stamped his feet. Pff.

So Tembo stopped trying. He walked at the back, and he whispered, and mostly nobody heard.

Then one night the littlest calf could not sleep. The aunties sang to her. Too loud. The cousins hummed to her. Too rumbly. She cried and cried.

Tembo came over on his big quiet feet. He bent down low. And he whispered, right into her floppy ear.

"The stars are out. The grass is warm. I'm here."

The calf stopped crying. She listened. She sighed.

And the whole herd stood very still in the dark, because nobody, not one of them, wanted to miss what Tembo said next.

Who Is Under the Blanket?

Repetition, guessing game · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

Who is under the blanket?

It has two feet. Is it a duck? No. Ducks don't wear socks.

It has a lump for a head. Is it a turtle? No. Turtles don't giggle.

It is wiggling. It is giggling. Is it a great big wiggly bear?

"NO!" says the blanket. "It's ME!"

Oh! So it is. I looked everywhere for you.

Now. Who wants to hide again?

Captain Bathtub

Silly nonsense, rhyming · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

Captain Bathtub sets the sail.
Captain Bathtub spots a whale!

It's a sponge. But never mind.
Whales are very hard to find.

Bubbles rising! Storm ahead!
"Man the soap dish!" Captain said.

Pirates hiding in the foam!
Captain chases them back home.

Rubber ducks are standing by.
Not a single one is dry.

Then a voice from far away:
"Time to pull the plug. Okay?"

Down the drain the ocean goes.
Captain Bathtub dries his toes.

Three Sleepy Lambs Count the Stars

Counting, bedtime rhyme · Adult (30-45) · Irish (light) · 45 seconds

Three sleepy lambs on a hill in the dark
lay counting the stars, every glimmering spark.

"One," said the first lamb. "And two. And then three."
She yawned on the four, and she slept by the tree.

"Five," said the second. "And six. Seven. Eight."
He nodded at nine. It was getting quite late.

The third little lamb was the smallest by far.
She counted, and counted, each last tiny star.

"Ten," said the third lamb. "And ten. And then ten."
She liked that one best, so she said it again.

And up in the sky, where the dark is so deep,
the stars counted lambs. One... two... three. All asleep.

A Moon as Round as a Pancake

Silly nonsense, rhyming · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

The moon fell down in our backyard.
It landed soft. It wasn't hard.

It lay there, round and warm and flat.
I said, "A pancake! Look at that!"

I fetched the syrup. Fetched a plate.
I cut a slice. The slice was great.

Then Papa said, "Now, where's the moon?"
I licked my fork. I hid my spoon.

So if the night looks dark to you,
I'm sorry. I had seconds, too.

Grandpa's Garden Hat

Family, summer · Adult (30–45) · Southern US (light) · 45 seconds

Grandpa has a garden hat. It is older than my mom.

It has a hole where a mouse once tasted it. It has a stain from the summer of the giant tomatoes. It smells like dirt and sunshine and Grandpa.

When Grandpa wears it, the beans grow tall.

Today the hat is hanging on the hook, and Grandpa is resting in his chair. His knees are tired, he says.

So I put on the hat. It comes down over my eyes.

I water the beans. I talk to the tomatoes, the way he does.

From the porch, Grandpa calls, "Looks good on you."

I push the brim up, just enough to see him smile.

Soft Feet Past the Dragon

Sound effects, refrain · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 1 minute

There is a dragon asleep in the hall, and we have to get to the cookie jar.

Shhh. Soft feet. Soft feet. Soft feet.

Past his tail. It's long and green and it twitches. Don't step on it.

Shhh. Soft feet. Soft feet. Soft feet.

Past his tummy. It goes up and down. It rumbles like a truck. Grrrummm.

Shhh. Soft feet... soft feet... soft feet.

Past his great big nose. Puff. Puff. Warm smoke curls out. Hold your breath!

We made it. The cookie jar! Lift the lid, slow, slow...

CLINK.

Uh-oh.

One yellow eye opens. Then two.

The dragon lifts his enormous head. He looks at us. He looks at the jar. And in a voice like thunder rolling down a mountain, he says...

"Are there any with raisins?"

There are. So we sit on the hall floor, the three of us, and share.

And then it's soft feet, soft feet, soft feet... back to bed.

The Lonely Left Mitten

Seasonal, winter · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

Left Mitten was lost. She lay in the snow by the bus stop and waited.

A boot went by. A wheel went by. A dog sniffed her and went by, too.

"Nobody looks for just one mitten," she thought.

Then a small cold hand reached down.

"THERE you are!" said a voice. And out of a pocket came Right Mitten, a bit squashed, and very glad.

They held on tight, all the way home.

Sometimes I Am a Thunderstorm

Big feelings · Any · Neutral American · 30 seconds

Sometimes I am a thunderstorm. I stomp. I shout. I rain all over everything.

Sometimes I am a fog. I'm quiet and gray, and I don't know why.

Sometimes I am a windy day, and I can't sit still at all.

And sometimes I am sunshine, warm right down to my toes.

Mama says she loves the whole sky. Every kind of weather.

Even the thunder?

Even the thunder.

One Nose Out of the Prickles

Animal friends, shyness · Adult (25-40) · Neutral British · 45 seconds

Hedgehog wanted to say hello. But every time she tried, she rolled up in a ball.

Rabbit hopped by. "Good morning!" Roll. Prickles.

Squirrel ran past. "Lovely day!" Roll. Prickles.

"I'll never have a friend," said Hedgehog, from inside the ball.

Then something small bumped against her. Bump.

It was a tortoise. And the tortoise had popped inside his shell.

Hedgehog waited. The tortoise waited. It was very quiet.

Slowly, one eye peeped out of the shell. Slowly, one nose peeped out of the prickles.

"Hello," whispered the tortoise.

"Hello," whispered Hedgehog.

And that was enough for one day.

A Goose Went Walking in My Boots

Silly nonsense, rhyming · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

A goose went walking in my boots.
She stomped right through the turnip roots.

She splashed the puddles, one, two, three.
She never once said "pardon me."

She marched them up and down the lane
and filled them to the top with rain.

I asked politely for my pair.
She honked at me. She did not care.

So now I'm in my socks instead,
and Goose is wearing boots to bed.

The Last Light in the House

Bedtime, lullaby ending · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 45 seconds

The kitchen light goes off. Click. The pots and the pans can rest.

The hall light goes off. Click. The coats on their hooks hang still.

The bathroom light goes off. Click. One last drip from the tap, and then no more.

Now there is one light left in the whole house. It's small. It's yellow. It's yours.

It has watched you all day. It saw you build the tower. It saw you fall and get back up.

It is tired, too.

So say goodnight to your hands. Say goodnight to your feet. Say goodnight to today, which was a good one.

And click.

There. The dark is just the house, closing its eyes.

Bedtime for the Busy Bees

Bedtime, rhyming · Adult (40-55) · Neutral American · 1 minute

The busy bees have buzzed all day
from clover field to stack of hay.

They've visited a thousand flowers.
They've zigged and zagged for hours and hours.

The daisies close. The crickets start.
The stars come out to play their part.

And now the sun is sinking low,
and Mama Bee says, "Home we go."

"Not yet!" says one. "Not yet!" says two.
"We've got a lot more buzz to do!"

So Mama hums a honey tune,
as soft and golden as the moon.

She hums of dew. She hums of shade.
She hums of all the sweets they made.

Bzzz... bzzz... the little wings go slow.
Bzzz... bzz... and lower. Lower. Low.

First one tucks in. Then two. Then ten.
A hundred bees are home again.

The hive is warm. The hive is deep.
And all the buzz has gone to sleep.

Except for one small "bzz" up high.
That's Mama's sleepy lullaby.

The Day the Wind Borrowed My Hat

Cumulative, seasonal · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 1 minute

On Monday, the wind borrowed my hat. Whoosh. It did not ask.

I chased it past the bakery. "Have you seen my hat?"

"It went that way," said the baker. "And it took my paper bag."

So we chased it, the baker and I, past the park. "Have you seen my hat?"

"It went that way," said the gardener. "And it took all my leaves."

So we chased it, the baker and the gardener and I, up the hill. "Have you seen my hat?"

"It went that way," said the kite flyer. "And it took my kite!"

At the top of the hill we stopped. We puffed. We looked up.

There was the bag. There were the leaves. There was the kite. And there, on the tip-top of the tallest tree, was my hat. On a bird. Who was sitting on three small eggs.

The baker looked at me. The gardener looked at me.

"You know," I said, "I think it looks better on her."

And the wind said, whoosh. Which means thank you.

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