

Leyla and Masalik in the Land of Lost Toys

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**Leyla and Masalik in
the land of lost toys**

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One day, Leyla loses her beloved teddy bear, Mika, and is heartbroken that she wasn't able to take better care of him. But suddenly, Masalik the little dragon appears from the land of children's imagination and tells Leyla that Mika has ended up in the Land of Lost Toys. Ahead of them lies an exciting journey in which Leyla will learn to cherish her favorite toys.

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Глава

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Chapter 1: Where Do Toys Disappear To?

Little Leyla's room smelled of peppermint tea and her mother's perfume. Sunset was dozing on the windowsill, painting the curtains in soft peach hues, but Leyla was in no mood for beauty. Sitting on the carpet with her knees hugged to her chest, she watched two heavy, salty tears tremble on her eyelashes.

Mika was gone.

Mika wasn't a new, expensive doll from a toy store, nor could he talk like a robot. He was an old, clumsy milk-chocolate-colored teddy bear. One of his ears had been torn off long ago when Leyla tried to teach him how to fly off the sofa, and her mother had carefully sewn it back on with green thread, creating a funny emerald seam. Mika knew all of Leyla's secrets, protected her from night shadows, and smelled of homemade cookies. And now, he was nowhere to be found. Not under the pillow, not behind the wardrobe, not in the box with building blocks.

"Toys don't just leave like that," Leyla whispered softly, sniffing her nose. "They only leave if they stop being loved. But I do love him!"

Dusk was falling. The first timid stars lit up outside the window. Mom kissed Leyla, tucked her under a soft blanket, and quietly closed the door. Cozy semi-darkness settled into the room. Leyla stared at the ceiling, thinking about her bear: was he warm right now? Was he lonely?

Suddenly, a strange, barely audible rustling came from under the bed: "Pffft-tibi-doh!", followed by a quiet sneeze.

Leyla froze. She cautiously leaned over the edge of the bed and peered down.

There, in the very far corner where usually only slippers hid, a small golden cloud was glowing. It shimmered and sparkled like the wrapper of the most delicious candy in the world. The cloud stirred, and out poked... a tiny nose. And then—a pair of shiny bead-like eyes, transparent wings like a dragonfly's, and a plump little tail.

It was a tiny dragon, no bigger than a ripe tangerine. Most amazingly, it radiated an incredible, warm fragrance—it smelled of cinnamon, sweet ginger, and hot tea.

"Achoo!" the little dragon said again and rubbed his nose with a paw. "Such a lot of dust you have under your bed! You could at least sweep through with a fairy patrol for once! I saw your mother tell you to clean your room, but you cheated and brushed all the dust right here. Oh well, we'll get back to that. Today I came on a different mission."

Leyla was so surprised she even forgot she was supposed to be scared.

"Who are you?" she whispered.

"...— I am Masalik!" the little fellow proudly straightened up, putting his tiny paws on his hips. "Keeper of Cozy Secrets and Guide of Secret Paths. I am your friend from the world of childhood wonders. Today I traveled to the Land of Lost Toys. Right now, they are having evening tea there, and a chocolate bear with a green ear has been repeating all day over a piece of pie: 'How is my Leyla? How is my girl?'"

Leyla's breath caught.

"Mika is there? In that country? Is he doing badly?"

"Why would he be doing badly?" Masalik snorted, taking off into the air and hovering right in front of the girl's nose. "All the lost ones are doing just fine there. But he misses your hugs very much. You humans call this an 'invisible thread.' Your thread pulls Mika back so strongly that all the crystal bells in our kingdom rang out! Well, Guardian, are you ready to hit the road and go check on your friend?"

"I'm ready!" Leyla said resolutely, lowering her legs from the bed.

Masalik did a cheerful somersault in the air, flapped his wings, and the golden cloud under the bed began to grow rapidly. The cotton rug under Leyla's feet suddenly became soft and cool, like summer grass, and the room's walls melted away, turning into a boundless lilac sky strewn with singing stars.

The golden cloud wrapped around Leyla like a warm, weightless plaid and gently lifted her off the ground. She squeezed her eyes shut in delight, and when she opened them, she realized that she and Masalik were flying!

They rose higher and higher, leaving the roof of her home behind. Around them stretched the boundless ocean of the night sky. The stars here didn't just burn—they chimed softly, producing a melody resembling a lullaby.

"Hold tight to the thought of Mika!" Masalik shouted, funnily shuffling his little paws in the air. He himself was now glowing so brightly that he showed the way like a small pocket flashlight. "Our path lies through the Clouds of Forgotten Things!"

Leyla looked around. They were flying past amazing fluffy clouds. On one of them, like on a display window, lay hundreds of multi-colored hair ties, grandpa's lost glasses, a scattering of shiny buttons, and even a whole mountain of lonely socks that spun happily in a dance, trying to find their match.

"Whoa!" Leyla laughed, dodging a bright blue marker cap that flew past. "So this is where everything we lose hides!"

"This is just the hallway!" the little dragon replied, making a steep loop in the air. "And now—set course for the Rainbow Stream!"

The wind tickled her cheeks pleasantly and smelled of coconut cookies. Ahead, right between two constellations, a glowing path streamed out, resembling a frozen northern rainbow. As soon as Leyla stepped onto it with her thoughts, the cloud beneath her turned into a real, soft slide.

She and Masalik rushed downward with cheerful squeaks, sliding along pink, azure, and gold stripes of light. The speed was breathtaking, but Leyla wasn't scared a bit. Flying right beside her was her faithful guide, who smelled so cozy of cinnamon, and ahead awaited a reunion with her beloved Mika.

At the very end of the rainbow descent, through a tender mist, the outlines of an amazing country began to emerge. Leyla made out houses shaped like doll castles, towers made of building blocks, and huge meadows where wooden rocking horses grazed.

"Fasten your seatbelts, we're landing!" Masalik cheerfully announced, and they gently touched down on a soft glade strewn with fluffy dandelions.

The golden cloud settled softly onto grass as fluffy as cotton candy, and there Leyla was in the land of lost toys. She was incredibly happy, for she was about to reunite with her little plush friend, and her amazing journey was only just beginning.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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