12+

Karpova and Slavinska

Pyanka, Makar and Bublik the cat

FUN AND HEROIC ADVENTURES



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Pijamka, Makar and Bublik The Cat: Fun and Heroic Adventures

https://litres.ru/74986393
ISBN 9785007172004

Аннотация

Gentle bedtime fairy tales help children discover the magic hidden in the most ordinary things. An old lantern, a table lamp, and even stone lions become the heroes of stories that teach children to appreciate the beauty and value of the world around them. Each tale gently conveys an important message: everyone has a purpose, and even the simplest things that surround us every day can hold wonderful stories and bring a sense of warmth.

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ISBN 978-5-0071-7200-4
Created with Ridero smart publishing system

PIJAMKA, MAKAR AND BUBLIK THE CAT

Fun and Heroic Adventures

Part 1. The Discovery

"Now what am I supposed to do with you?" the warehouse worker at a huge city supermarket asked, adjusting her glasses in confusion. "There's a doll, but there's no box. And no papers, either. Ah, here's a label. Let's see who you are."

"Traveling Doll," read the words on the crumpled piece of paper hanging from the collar of the cute but long-neglected pajamas worn by the Traveler herself.

"Hmmm," the warehouse worker said thoughtfully. "And where is your suitcase with all your stuff, huh? As far as I remember, it used to come with you."

The warehouse worker gently stroked the doll's messy hair and carefully placed her on a shelf.

"Sit here for now. I'll go and find out what we should do with you. Don't worry, I'll be back soon. Everything will be fine," she said, then closed the door.

The Traveler remained sitting on the shelf, a little upset by her unexpected awakening. It seemed she had slept through something important in her life, and certainly through the loss

of her suitcase with all her things. But that was not a problem. The kind warehouse worker had promised to find a solution, so she would.

The unfortunate Traveler swung her legs over the edge of the shelf simply because she had nothing else to do. She looked around but could not find anything interesting nearby. There were only enormous shelves and boxes, boxes, and more boxes.

"Are you sitting there?" suddenly came a voice from somewhere above.

"I am," the doll replied, raising her head to see who was talking to her.

"And what is so interesting about sitting on a dusty shelf and swinging your legs? I don't understand," the voice said, now very close.

The doll jumped, but she was not frightened, because she now saw a large black cat sitting on the same shelf. The cat looked a little strange because he was a toy, but he moved as quietly as a real cat.

"I want to sit, so I'm sitting," the doll said, puffing out her cheeks.

“Then sit and want all you like. Such a little miss!” the cat said proudly and disappeared among the dusty boxes as silently as he had appeared.

“He could have stayed and sat with me, that rude cat,” the Traveler thought and sighed. The boring view around her had not changed, and all that remained of her only conversation partner were paw prints on the dusty shelf.

“What a day,” the doll thought, rolling her eyes.

But she did not have to be bored for long. The door slammed, and footsteps announced that she was no longer alone in the warehouse.

A minute later, the Traveler was still sitting on the shelf, swinging her legs, while two people were looking at her: the warehouse worker she already knew and a completely unfamiliar woman with a sharp look in her eyes.

“There she is,” the warehouse worker said, nodding toward her unexpected red-haired discovery in the dirty pajamas.

“Perfect!” the woman exclaimed.

The doll did not know what the word “perfect” meant, but she liked the way it sounded. It was said in such a cheerful voice.

“This is exactly what we need!” the woman exclaimed again. “This doll has been out of production for a long time, and we probably won’t be able to find her a new suitcase and box. But she is absolutely perfect for decorating the toy department display. We received a new dollhouse today, and we need a charming little resident just like her. It must be fate!” the woman exclaimed again, clearly delighted with her discovery.

“Well, then, take her,” the warehouse worker said with relief, with a little happiness in her voice now that they had found a solution so quickly. She carefully lifted the doll from the shelf. “You’ll like it there. And I’ll come to visit you sometimes, if you don’t mind.”

As a goodbye, the warehouse worker gently ruffled the doll’s dusty red hair and handed her to the still-unknown woman, who had apparently not been in much of a hurry to introduce herself.

“Well then, let’s go to your new home, little one,” she said kindly as she accepted the precious discovery. “What’s your name?”

The woman read the label on the doll and frowned

thoughtfully.

"Hmm, Travel-e-e-er," she said slowly. "What kind of traveler are you now, without a suitcase? We need to give you a new name."

She turned the doll around in her hands: red-haired, messy, with a cheerful little face and dressed in pajamas…

"Of course! You're Pijamka! From now on, I'll call you Pijamka!" the woman said happily, pleased with her quick decision. She kissed the doll on the nose and left the warehouse with her.

Part 2. A New Home

"Hmm, Pijamka! What kind of name is that?! Pijamka!" the newly named Pijamka complained to herself, puffing out her cheeks.

"What other pretty names are there? Isolde, Lola, or Kira? Couldn't she have chosen a little more carefully? Or asked me, for example? Instead, just Pijamka, and now I have to carry that name for the rest of my life. At least she didn't call me Redhead. I suppose I should be thankful for that."

But she did not complain for long, because she hardly had any time for such a useless activity. Besides, she could not protest. Toys never showed people that they were alive and could talk.

The unfamiliar woman walked through several empty corridors. Then they entered a bright glass box. A second later, the doors closed and it began to move.

At first Pijamka was frightened. But then she looked at the unfamiliar woman, who was completely calm, and stopped worrying too.

A minute later, she had forgotten everything because a huge

magical world opened up before her. It was so bright and beautiful that she could never have imagined such a place.

It was wonderful that people sometimes talked to toys as if they were real companions, even though they had no idea that the toys could hear and understand everything, and could even talk when nobody was watching.

"Well, do you like our mall? Look how huge and beautiful it is," the unfamiliar woman asked the doll, as if expecting an answer, although of course she did not.

Pijamka did not answer. She simply looked around in amazement at everything she saw.

There were many beautiful displays, signs, and staircases all around. Benches and large boxes filled with all kinds of living plants stood in the corridors and halls. In the middle of the enormous entrance hall was a whole flower bed filled with bright, real flowers.

Pijamka looked up. If she had been a real little girl, she probably would have felt dizzy. High above her, several more floors could be seen. About as many as the fingers on one hand.

"Well, here we are," the unfamiliar woman said, interrupting

Pijamka's thoughts. "This is where you'll live, my dear."

Pijamka was overwhelmed with delight. In front of her was a wonderful glass display, with an entire toy world arranged on its shelves.

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