

Oliver and the Magic Goggles





One morning, the doorbell rang. It was the postman, carrying a big blue box tied with a silver ribbon.

“Oliver!” called Mum. “It’s for you. From Grandma Nadya!”

Oliver came running in a flash — his heels fairly sparkled! He and Mum sat down on the rug, and Mum opened the card:

“Dear Oliver! Inside this box is no ordinary present — it’s a magic one. Put on the goggles and choose what you want to be. Touch a bubble — and the adventure will begin! A big kiss from your Grandma Nadya.”

Inside the box, on a soft little cushion, lay a pair of goggles. They glowed with a gentle golden light, like a tiny sun.



Oliver carefully put on the goggles — and gasped!

Glowing bubbles began to swirl all around him. In one — a dinosaur bone. In another — a racing car. In a third — a submarine! And there were more: a shiny police badge, a doctor's stethoscope, a teacher's chalk and an explorer's magnifying glass.

“They're... professions!” Oliver realised.

“Choose any one you like,” the goggles seemed to whisper, in Grandma Nadya's voice. “Just touch a bubble!”

Oliver's heart thumped with joy. Where to begin? His finger reached out all by itself — straight for the bubble with the dinosaur bone...



Ding! Whoosh! Oliver landed in the middle of a sunny valley. He was wearing a sunhat and a vest with lots of pockets, and in his hand was a real palaeontologist's brush!

A palaeontologist is a scientist who hunts for the bones of ancient dinosaurs.

A scientist in a wide-brimmed hat was working nearby. "Here, under the sand," she said, "sleeps a secret that is one hundred million years old. Dig gently, my friend."

Oliver knelt down and began to brush away the sand, one tiny grain at a time. It was not quick work. But suddenly his brush bumped against something hard...

"There's something here!" whispered Oliver.



Oliver worked patiently, like a true scientist. First a huge tooth appeared. Then ribs, a long tail... and a whole skeleton!

“It’s a Tyrannosaurus!” shouted Oliver. “A real one!”

Everyone came running to see. The scientist shook Oliver’s hand:

“The find of the century! Now this dinosaur will live in a museum, where thousands of children will see it.”

Oliver gazed at the skeleton and thought: to find a wonder, you need patience. But oh, is it worth it!

And then the valley popped softly, like a soap bubble. A new bubble was already spinning in front of Oliver — with a racing car inside. He touched it...



Ding! Oliver was sitting at the wheel of red racing car number 11, in a racing suit and helmet — and ahead of him stretched a real racetrack!

Three... two... one... GO! The car leapt forward! Engines roared, the wind whistled, and the grandstands buzzed like a giant beehive.

Five cars sped ahead of him. And in the lead — blue car number 7. They said its driver had never, ever been overtaken!

At the bend, Oliver took a chance and went to overtake the yellow car. Too fast! The wheels squealed, the car spun — and Oliver dropped all the way to the back. Whoa!

“Easy, champ,” came the mechanic’s voice in his headphones. “Don’t rush. Wait for your moment.”

Oliver gripped the wheel tighter. New lap — new try.



The last lap! Oliver caught up with the blue car — nose to nose now.

He tried to pass on the right — number 7 blocked the way. On the left — blocked again! His heart pounded like a drum. The final bend — the very one where Oliver had spun. Wait for your moment. And the moment came: the blue car swung in too wide, and at the edge flashed a narrow gap! “NOW!” Oliver darted through. Wheel to wheel! The finishing straight! And...

The chequered flag! Red car number 11 — first, by a single nose!

On the podium, the driver of number 7 shook his hand: “Well done, kid! How did you do it?” “I waited for my moment,” smiled Oliver. “And I never gave up!”

Then the racetrack popped, like a soap bubble. A new bubble was already bobbing beside him. Oliver touched it...



Ding! And now, all around him — the greenest of green jungles. Oliver had become a nature explorer! In his hands were a notebook and a pencil, for writing down everything amazing he found.

And there was so much amazing to find! Blue butterflies as big as your hand fluttered past. A green frog sat on a leaf. And up on a branch, a rainbow-coloured parrot chattered away:
“Hello-o-o! Hello-o-o!”

“How do you do!” Oliver answered politely, and wrote in his notebook: “Parrots know how to say hello.”

Can YOU say hello like a parrot? Hello-o-o!



Suddenly, the branches rustled. Oliver froze and looked up.

In the tree sat a mother orangutan, hugging her little orange baby. The baby peeked out from under his mother's arm and looked at Oliver with great curiosity.

"Don't be afraid," said Oliver softly. "I'm a friend."

The baby orangutan stretched out his little hand and picked a leaf — as if he were giving Oliver a present!

"Noting it down," whispered Oliver importantly. "Orangutans love to hug. Just like me and my mum. And they know how to give presents!"

"I'm going to study animals and protect their home — nature," Oliver decided. It was the best discovery of the day.

The jungle popped softly, like a bubble. A new bubble was already glowing nearby — with a stethoscope inside. Oliver touched it...



Ding! The bubble carried Oliver into a bright, sunny animal clinic.

He was wearing a doctor's white coat, and around his neck hung a stethoscope — a special tube for listening to a heartbeat.

The door opened, and in came a boy with a puppy in his arms. “Doctor,” said the boy, “my Rusty is sad today. He doesn't want to play.”

They set the puppy on the little table, wrapped up in a blue towel. Rusty looked up with sad eyes and gave a tiny sigh.

“Don't be scared, little one,” said Doctor Oliver kindly. “We'll get to the bottom of this.”



Doctor Oliver placed the stethoscope against the puppy's fluffy chest.

Thump-thump. Thump-thump.

“That heart is beating beautifully!” he said. Then he checked the ears, felt the nose, and looked into the eyes. “I know what’s wrong! Rusty has simply been missing you. He needs one vitamin and... cuddles! Three times a day!”

The boy hugged his puppy tight — and Rusty’s tail started wagging at once. Then he licked Doctor Oliver right on the nose!

“See? It’s working already!” laughed Oliver.

“Thank you, doctor!” said the boy. “When I grow up, I’m going to be a vet too — a doctor who heals animals and loves them very, very much.”

The clinic popped, like a bubble. Nearby glittered a new one — with a police badge inside. Oliver touched it...



Ding! Now Oliver stood on a city street in a blue police uniform, a silver badge shining on his chest.

Suddenly, the radio on his shoulder crackled:
“Attention all units! Bank robbery on Central Square! The robber is wearing a stripy mask. He’s grabbed a chest of precious jewels and he’s getting away on a scooter!”

The bank manager ran out, straightening his round glasses:
“Stop him! There are rubies in there, and emeralds, and diamonds!”

“The police are on it!” Oliver jumped into the police car. Wee-oo, wee-oo! The blue lights flashed, the siren wailed. Can YOU wail like a siren? Wee-oo-wee-oo!

Up ahead flashed the stripy mask: the robber sped along on his scooter, while jewels tumbled out of the chest and rolled down the road, sparkling like little stars!



The scooter darted into a narrow alley — too narrow for the police car!

But Oliver knew the city like the back of his hand.
“That alley leads to the fountain! We’ll cut him off there!”

The car swept around the block — and out shot the robber, right by the fountain. There he stepped on his own emerald, skidded and — SPLASH! — toppled into the water. The chest? Safe in Oliver’s hands!

“You’re under arrest! Stealing is not allowed,” said Oliver sternly.

“I’m sorry...” sighed the soggy robber. “They sparkled so.”

Oliver returned every last jewel to the bank, and the manager gave him a medal: “You keep people safe — the whole city sleeps soundly.”



C-A-T
D-O-G
S-U-N

C-A-T
C-A-T
D-O-G

S-A-T

S-U-N

Ding! Oliver found himself in a classroom full of children sitting at their desks.

Oliver had become a teacher! He wore a proper jacket, and in his hand was a piece of chalk.

“Good morning, everyone! Today, we’re learning to read!” he announced, and wrote on the board in big letters:

C-A-T

D-O-G

S-U-N

“Let’s read together,” said Teacher Oliver. “C-A-T — cat! D-O-G — dog! S-U-N — sun!”

The children read out loud, all together — and every single one could do it!

Now YOU try, all by yourself: B-U-G. H-A-T. S-T-A-R.

$$2 + 3 = 5$$



After reading, it was time for maths.

“And now — adding up numbers!” announced Teacher Oliver, and wrote on the board: $2 + 3 = ?$

A girl called Sonya looked sad.

“I don’t understand... What does adding mean?”

Oliver thought hard — and then he had it! He laid apples out on the desk:

“Look: here are two apples. And here are three more. Adding means putting them all together. Let’s count: one, two, three, four... five!”

“Five!” beamed Sonya. “Two plus three is five! But that’s easy!”

And she solved the next sum all by herself — faster than anyone!



Ding! Glub-glub-glub... Oliver stood in a captain's cabin, at a wooden wheel surrounded by shiny instruments.

“Crew, ready stations!” commanded Captain Oliver. “Dive, dive, dive!”

Outside the round porthole, an underwater world unfolded: corals of every colour, a school of yellow-and-blue fish, a sea turtle gliding slowly by. And then a curious octopus pressed itself right up against the glass to get a good look at Oliver.

“Hello there!” Oliver waved. “Only two eyes — but look at all those legs! Count them yourself: one, two, three... eight!”



“Full speed ahead!” commanded the captain. “Set course for the sunken ship!”

The submarine glided quietly between the corals. And there, up ahead, loomed an old, old ship, crusted all over with shells and barnacles. And nearby, in the seaweed, something glinted...

“A chest! Real treasure!”

But when they lifted the chest aboard, there were no coins inside at all. Instead — ancient maps of faraway seas.

“This is even better than gold,” said Captain Oliver. “With maps, we can sail away on brand-new adventures!”

A true captain is always curious: the very best treasure is the one still waiting ahead.



Ding! Oliver was sitting on his whale rug again. All those journeys had fitted into one day!

He took off the goggles and thought. What should he be? A palaeontologist? A racer? A puppy doctor? A captain?

And suddenly he understood Grandma's secret: no need to hurry and choose — you can dream about everything at once!

“But one thing can't wait!” And Oliver ran for the phone.

“Grandma Nadya! Your goggles really are magic! I dug up a Tyrannosaurus, won a race, made friends with orangutans, made Rusty better, caught a jewel thief, taught children to read — and found treasure under the sea!”

“My goodness!” laughed Grandma. “And what will you be?”

“I don't know yet. But I know what I'll be always: your favourite grandson! It's the best present in the world!”



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