

# Michael and the Magical Museum of Jobs





SINGER

POLICE  
OFFICER



MINISTER OF  
TRANSPORT



FIREFIGHTER



ARTIST



PROGRAMMER



CHEF



One day, Michael and his friends from preschool went on a trip to the Museum of Professions. From the outside, the museum looked like a giant glass cube. Inside, it was like a whole city of the future. Glowing lines raced across the ceiling, doors slid open all by themselves, and the paintings on the walls came alive and winked.

At the entrance, every child was given a pair of special goggles.

“These are magic goggles,” said the guide. “They won’t just show you a profession — they’ll take you on a real adventure. Choose bravely!”

Michael put on the goggles. Words flashed before his eyes like little stars: singer, police officer, minister of transport, firefighter, artist, programmer, chef.

The first word bounced like a musical note and rang out.  
Singer!



КОСТЮМЫ  
ДЕТИ

Michael found himself backstage at a great concert hall. Backstage is the place behind the stage where nobody in the audience can see you. Costumes rustled, chairs creaked, and the musicians murmured softly to one another. Spotlights drifted slowly across the ceiling, like enormous curious eyes.

In the front row sat children from all different preschools. Some swung their legs, some yawned wide, and one boy had put his programme right on his head, like a hat. “A tricky audience tonight,” sighed the conductor, a man with a thin baton in his hand. “We’ll need a song to win them over.” “I know one!” said Michael, and he stepped bravely onto the stage. He took a deep breath, looked out at the hall — and began to sing about a happy little train.



“Clickety-clack, here we go! Choo-choo!” sang Michael .  
At first the hall was silent. Then one girl clapped, very quietly.  
Then three more. And then the whole hall shouted together:  
“CHOO-CHOO!”

The musicians picked up the rhythm. The drum beat like wheels on the rails. The violin sang like wind through a window. The trumpet tooted for joy, just like a real steam engine.

Michael showed the children how to roll their arms round and round, like wheels. And the whole hall turned into one long, noisy, happy train!

The conductor bowed to Michael .  
“A good singer doesn’t just sing. He shares his joy until it belongs to everyone.”  
The goggles flashed — and the stage melted into thin air.



Michael found himself in the town square. But this was no time for songs. A crowd had gathered at the doors of the bank, blue lights were flashing, and police officers were talking quickly into their radios.

“The bank’s been robbed!” shouted a police officer. “The thief grabbed a sack of gold coins and ran out through the side door!”

Michael looked around — and suddenly spotted a man in a dark jacket. He was clutching a heavy sack and dashing between the benches, the bicycles and the very surprised passers-by.

“There he goes!” shouted Michael , pointing.

The officers raced after him. Michael ran too, and his heart pounded fast-fast-fast — just like that drum.



The thief swerved into a narrow lane, dodged past a flower stall, and had almost vanished round the corner. But right there, a big rubbish truck had pulled up and blocked the way. “No way through on the left!” called one officer. “High fence on the right!” said another.

The thief spun this way and that, slipped on the wet cobblestones — and the sack flew out of his hands. Precious gems rolled all across the street, sparkling in the sun.

Calmly, the officers closed in from both sides. And Michael helped gather every last gem back into the sack.

“Thank you, partner!” smiled the officer. “Our job is to act fast and be brave — to put things right, and give people back what was taken from them.”

The goggles began to glow again.



A tall door opened before Michael , covered with a glowing map of roads. Bridges shone on it, and stations, railway lines and long winding highways. Minister of Transport!

Michael walked into a great hall full of screens. On one of them, a worrying red line was blinking.

“We have trouble on the railway,” said a woman. “A storm blew a tree onto the tracks. One train has stopped, a second is stuck behind it, and a third is already waiting at the station.”

On the screen, the trains stood frozen, like beads on a tangled string.

“If we don’t think of something, the whole city will be late,” she sighed. “We need a new route.”

Everyone stared at the map. The clock ticked on.



Michael studied the map very carefully — and suddenly noticed a thin grey line that curved right around the red spot. “Could the trains go this way?” he asked.

The grown-ups looked at one another.

“They could! But first we must warn the stations and clear the second track,” said the woman.

And the work began to hum. Someone phoned the train drivers, someone changed the timetable, someone sent a repair crew to move the fallen tree.

On the screen, the trains gently began to move: slowly at first, then faster and braver. The red line grew shorter and shorter — until it went out altogether.

“Transport isn’t just rails and roads,” the woman smiled. “It’s the art of connecting people, places and time.”

The goggles blinked. And suddenly the air smelled of smoke.



Michael found himself in a fire station. Helmets gleamed, heavy jackets hung in a row, and by the gates stood big red fire engines, ready to race to the rescue at any second.

Suddenly the alarm rang out, loud and clear.  
“Let’s roll!” commanded the chief.

The firefighters moved so quickly and so smoothly, it was as if every one of them knew his place by heart. Before Michael could blink, he was sitting in the cab. The siren wailed, and the streets streamed past the windows.

They pulled up at an old warehouse. Thick grey smoke curled above the roof, and orange flames darted in the windows.  
“The main thing is not to panic,” said the chief. “Everyone feels scared sometimes. But a professional does what needs to be done anyway.”



The firefighters unrolled their long hoses, raised their ladders, and called to each other in short, sharp words. A mighty jet of water hit the flames.

Michael stood beside the chief — and suddenly heard a tiny, tiny squeak.

“There’s someone in there!” he said.

From behind the crates peeked a little grey kitten, covered in soot, mewling pitifully.

“There’s our lost one!” cried a firefighter happily.

He lifted the kitten gently in his big gloved hands and passed it to Michael . The kitten trembled and clung tight to his sleeve with its little paws.

When at last the fire gave up, the chief took off his helmet and said:

“A firefighter goes wherever help is needed. Sometimes he saves a whole house. And sometimes — one small, frightened heart.”



The goggles flashed every colour at once, and Michael stood in a bright studio with big windows. Canvases leaned against the walls, and the table was a happy jumble of brushes, pencils and palettes. A palette is the little board where an artist mixes colours.

An artist in a paint-splattered apron was frowning at her picture.

“Everything’s painted just right,” she sighed, “and yet somehow the picture won’t come alive.”

Michael stepped closer. In the picture there were houses, trees, flags and people on a square. But everything stood frozen — as if the town were holding its breath, afraid to move.

“Let’s add some wind!” said Michael. “Let the flags flutter, let the dog chase the ball — and let the wind snatch that boy’s hat right off his head!”



The artist picked up her very thinnest brush. And the picture began to come alive! First the flags fluttered. Then the red ball went flying, the dog leapt after it, the boy grabbed his hat, and the passers-by seemed to laugh out loud.

“Now the picture has a story!”

Michael noticed a little empty spot in the corner.

“Could we paint a train here?” he asked. “A little one — but a very fast one.”

The artist added a train on the faraway bridge. It looked ready to chug right out of the picture and into the studio with a merry choo-choo!

“An artist notices what everyone else walks past,” she said.

“And tells the world: look closer — it’s full of wonders.”

The goggles blinked. A door made of glowing squares appeared.



Michael found himself in a room full of screens, wires and little robots on wheels. They beeped softly, blinked their lights, and bustled to and fro, delivering boxes.

“Hi! I’m a programmer,” said a young man in a funny stripy T-shirt. “I write the commands that make robots work. A command is an instruction a machine can understand.”

He pointed at one little delivery robot.

“This one is supposed to take a box of books to the library. But for some reason it just keeps circling round the cupboard. Will you help me find the mistake?”

On a big screen glowed a map of corridors, with arrows: right, left, straight on, right again.

Michael leaned in close and traced the arrows with his finger, as if following a tangled maze.



Michael looked and looked. The arrows all seemed right — yet the robot kept driving in stubborn circles and never arrived anywhere at all.

And then he saw it!

“There’s the mistake!” cried Michael . “It says turn right — that’s how the robot ends up at the cupboard. But the library is on the LEFT!”

“Exactly!” cried the programmer. “One wrong arrow — and everything goes the wrong way.”

He erased the old command and typed in a new one. The robot blinked its green light, spun around, and rolled off in triumph, straight to the bookshelves.

“A programmer is a little bit like a wizard,” he smiled. “Only instead of magic words, he has commands. The secret is to pay attention to every tiny detail.”

The goggles blinked — and the air filled with a warm, delicious smell.



Michael found himself in a big kitchen. Lids rattled, pans sizzled, and everything smelled so delicious that his tummy rumbled straight away.

“Welcome, chef’s helper!” smiled the chef in his tall white hat. “Today, we’re making pancakes.”

The chef gave Michael an apron and a ladle — that’s a big, deep spoon for scooping up batter.

“First we mix flour, milk and eggs,” he said. “And then — we do a little kitchen magic.”

He showed Michael how to pour the batter onto the hot pan. It spread into a thin, even circle and sizzled cheerfully.

“And now for the best part,” the chef winked.

He flicked the pan — and the pancake flipped over beautifully, right in mid-air.

“Your turn!”



Michael gripped the pan with both hands, squeezed his eyes shut — and flipped a little too bravely.

The pancake shot up towards the ceiling, turned over once, twice, three times — and glided gently down. FLOP! It landed right on top of the chef's tall white hat, like a fluffy little cap.

The chef froze. He patted his hat, peeled off the pancake — and burst out laughing.

“Well, THAT was unforgettable!” he said, wiping away tears of laughter. “You know, a chef is never afraid of making mistakes. The secret is to try again. And again!”

He cooked a whole tower of pancakes, and they ate them with jam. Michael had never tasted anything more delicious. The goggles sparkled, and Michael felt the floor drop away beneath him — as if he were rising high into the sky.



The goggles softly faded. The adventure was over, and Michael was standing in the real museum again. His friends were already running to meet him — Oliver and Kolya had taken off their magic goggles and were calling his name.

The friends piled onto a wide bench and all began talking at once. Everyone's adventure had been different!

“I was a doctor,” said Oliver proudly. “I listened to a heartbeat, and I put a plaster on a scraped knee.”

“And I drove a tram!” laughed Kolya. “Ding-ding, coming through! I stopped at every single stop.”

“And I sang, and caught a thief, and fixed a robot, and made pancakes, and painted a picture!” Michael rattled off.

“Wow! Just think how much there is in the world!” gasped his friends.

And they laughed and talked all the way home.



At home, Michael told Mum all about the museum, waving his arms. He showed how he had put out the fire, and how the pancake had landed FLOP on the chef's hat. Mum laughed and listened, and never once interrupted.

“What a day you've had!” she said. “Well then — what do you want to be?”

Michael thought hard. He remembered the singing hall, the chase after the thief, the trains on the map, the warm little kitten, the painting that came alive, the clever robot and the delicious pancakes.

“You know, Mum,” he said, hugging his toy train a little tighter, “there are so many jobs — and every single one is interesting. I haven't chosen yet. But I definitely want to try them all again!”

Mum hugged him tight. And new adventures were already waiting for Michael, just ahead.



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