Svitlana Dorosheva

Mom Hurries Home

Illustrations by
Olga Degtiarova

The Policeman with the Dragon

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Every morning, Mom hurries to work. Meanwhile, Alex stays at home with his Dad or goes to the preschool where he plays with his friends. Though he is looking forward to his Mom's return in the evening so she can read him a book or they can play with cars together. Sometimes, Mom is working late hours, and there is no time left to play when she comes home. But she always tells fascinating stories about the curious adventures that happen on her way back home.

Here is one of them.

Listen, Alex, what an adventure happened to me! I was just about to leave the office when I found out the door was locked! No way to get out! That was it! The door was broken. All my workmates and I tried fixing the door, kicking it out, even taking it into letting us out—all in vain! People were getting ready to sleep in the office.

Then I said:

"I need to get home! I don't want to sleep in the office! My son Alex is waiting for me at home. His Dad has brought him home from preschool, they cooked dinner, and now they are looking out the window, waiting for me. We always have dinner together!"

00:00

“Well, then jump out from the balcony,” my colleagues told me.

“But how do I jump?! It’s insane! I am not doing that!”

I wasn’t going to follow that silly advice, instead, I called the firefighters. They arrived and placed a long-long ladder to the balcony.

I quickly went down, the firefighters turned on the flashing lights beacon, and the fire engine sped away.

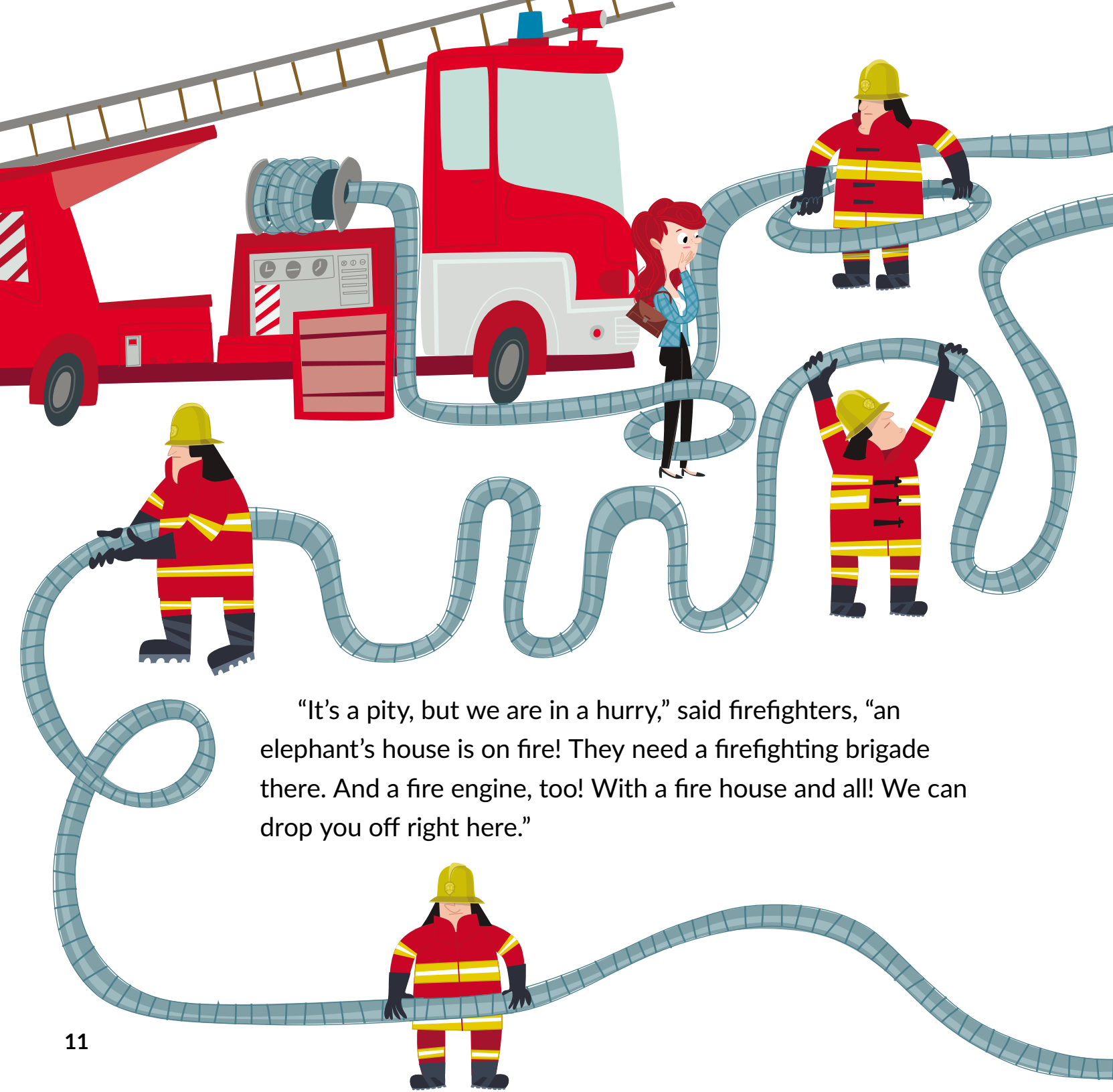
As I was sitting in the fire engine, happy that everything turned out like that, I noticed that we drove the wrong way! All my joy was gone at once!

I asked the firefighters:

“Where are we going?”

“To the zoo,” they answered.

“But… I don’t need to go to the zoo!!! I need to go home! It’s the other way around!”



"It's a pity, but we are in a hurry," said firefighters, "an elephant's house is on fire! They need a firefighting brigade there. And a fire engine, too! With a fire house and all! We can drop you off right here."

Well, what could I do?! I jumped out of the truck, looked around, and found myself in the middle of a construction site. There was a crane there.

And nearby, an excavator was digging the ground, the tractors were roaring—a new metro station was being built. The road was blocked: no taxis, no buses, no minibuses to take. The firefighters took off, as they were in a hurry after all. I was lost. And right then I heard a voice from above:

"Ma'am, what are you doing on the construction site?"

I raised my head and saw—it was a craneman! A man who sits in a cabin and operates a crane. He called out to me.

I answered:

"I really need to get home! My son Alex is waiting for me."

"Well, grab the hook then. I'll lift you up and take across the fence with a crane."

I did as he told me to, and grabbed the crane hook.

It lifted me in the air and carried across a huge build site, and lowered me onto the pavement, on the other side of the fence.

I thanked the craneman and rushed home.

I ran with all my might. I passed trams and buses stuck in a traffic jam. Suddenly, I heard a whistle right in my ear.

"Ma'am, where are you rushing?"

Just in front of me stood a policeman with a whistle.

"I'm in a hurry!"

"Not so fast! Why are you dashing down the street and making such a fuss?

You might have knocked someone down; they could flop and get very upset. No running allowed!"

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“Listen, Mr. Policeman, I really need to get home as soon as possible! I have a little son there, Alex, waiting for me. He cooked dinner with his Dad, washed his hands, but they wouldn’t start without me, you see? Let me go, please. I need to go to my son.”

“To your son?” Mr. Policeman asked in disbelief.

“Yes.”

“All right, I’ll help you. I will let you use my Dragon!”

“A Dragon?” I wondered.

“A Dragon.”

“You really have a Dragon? You, Mr. Policeman? How is it possible?!”

The Policeman blushed:

"You know, since childhood, I've been head over heels with police cars that have flashing lights. My parents would buy me only the police toy cars because I wouldn't play with anything else—neither fire engines, nor trucks.

I wanted only the police cars! When I grew up, I came to the police station and said: “I want to work here.” And they answered: “No problem, join in. But we have run out of the police cars. There are only dragons left! Therefore, instead of a police car, we will give you a Dragon.”

POLICE

"At first, I got upset a little, but you know, the Dragon is even more comfortable than a police car. Firstly, it's much quicker because you never get stuck in traffic jams. Secondly, when you arrive at the scene, everyone becomes obedient at once! Because they are afraid of the Dragon, obviously. Now, I will call for my Dragon, and he will take you home in a blink."

Then the Policeman blew his whistle! And a huge Dragon appeared.

In a helmet with a flashing light! The street got empty at once, all the people ran away shouting, hiding in arches and underpasses. Only the Policeman and I stayed.

And I was not scared at all. I was delighted!

POLICE

“If I had a Dragon, I would fly it every day! How often do you fly your Dragon?” I asked the Policeman.

“Only for particularly magical calls. The department of particularly magical affairs does not overuse its dragons.”

“Wow! The department of magical affairs!” I was puzzled. “And how many people work there?”

“Only me. And the Dragon. Nobody fits in the department anymore, you see? This Dragon is enormous...”

“Indeed! And…” I wanted to ask something else, but the Policeman raised an eyebrow (and mustache) on me:

“Time to fly! Let’s talk in the air. Jump in, we’ll take you to your son.”

I fearlessly climbed on the Dragon’s back. Mr. Policeman handed me a helmet and told me to fasten seat belts. The Dragon fluttered its wings and carried us high above the clouds.

“And what does the department of particularly magical affairs do?” I went on, “I’m curious!”

POLICE
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POLICE

You can't even imagine how many magical things are going on in the city! Once the dwarves dug the whole park up, they were looking for the treasure. And a magician once accidentally put a spell on an ice cream van, and all who ate it turned into the elephants. And once it was raining frogs! Just thinking of it gives me shivers! The whole city was stuck!

Packed like sardines, a true frog concert. If not for the Dragon and me dispelling the frog clouds, no frog machines could have helped."

"What an incredible job you have! To rescue the city from magical disasters! Like a superhero!"

"Not necessarily from 'disasters'. Someone from the magical world can get lost and stumbles on to us by chance. They need our help! And how would you take a Moon

Princess back to the Moon? Only the Dragon will do, you see? And all must be done in a flash. No car, even with flashing lights, can be as fast as the Dragon! While you're on your way, frightened magical creatures can make a mess! Our world seems strange and peculiar to them."

“There was a witch, a very old one, barely could walk… She fell asleep on her flying broom and flew all the way to our world. She was very much puzzled, that our houses don’t have chicken legs. She wondered, how would they move then? Before I got on the scene, she had managed to attach the legs to the whole street worth of houses, and they took off in all directions… You should have seen people’s faces, looking through the windows! They have almost jumped out in horror. The children, though, were happy! Long after, they wrote letters to our department asking to make the houses run around the city permanently…”

“How wonderful! I would keep on listening to your stories, but I’m afraid we are going to miss my house!” I said anxiously, looking through the clouds.

“Really! I lost track of time, Mother of Alex. Let’s go down!”

The Policeman ordered. The Dragon slowed down and landed swiftly.

“Thank you! Both of you!” I said, “If it wasn’t for you, I couldn’t possibly get home so fast!”

“We are here for you! At your disposal!” The Policeman gave me his business card and waved goodbye.

That's how I got home to you, Alex and Dad. I was running at a mile a minute! What is for dinner? I'm hungry like a Dragon!

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Can you pick a better route?

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Mom Hurries Home Series

Svitlana Dorosheva

The Policeman With the Dragon

The first book from Mom Hurries Home Series

"Just listen, Alex, what an amazing adventure happened to me today. On my way home, I had a chance to use the fire escape, swing on the building crane, and even fly around the city on the Dragon in a helmet with a flashing light! By the way, did you know that flying on a huge Dragon is much more convenient than driving in a police car?" The incredible story that Mom tells her son Alex begins an amazing Mom Hurries Home series of urban adventures.

For 3-Year-Olds or Older Kids

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