

Alisa Miroshnichenko



THYME'S
JOURNEY
INTO THE MAGICAL CITIES
OF THE BODY

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Magical Cities of the Body

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=72505555

ISBN 9785006801462

Аннотация

A guide to the magical world of the body – to make friends with it, understand how it works and feel proud of how unique it is. For children aged 7 and up and their parents. With illustrations.

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ISBN 978-5-0068-0146-2

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

This is a story for those who want to understand themselves – with love, not recriminations.

A boy named Timian goes on a journey through magical cities inside his own body. He meets heroes – a stomach-professor, a sleep hormone, a little girl called Fibre and a drop of water – who help him learn how the body works, why emotions, food, sleep and self-care are necessary.

No diets, scaremongering or boring explanations – just warmth, play and knowledge that stays in the heart.

For children from 7 years old and parents who care about being there for them.

Foreword from the author

When my children were young, I – like many mums – often told them: “that’s not healthy”, “you can’t have that”, “eat your vegetables – it’s good for you”.

But at some point I noticed that there was no real understanding behind the words. There are rules, but no desire to follow them.

And then I realised: for a child to want to take care of himself, it is necessary not to forbid, but to show how everything inside him lives, works and tries. To tell not “how to do it”, but why it is important. Through a story, a game, images that will be remembered.

That’s how this book came about.

It’s not about diets or correctness. It is about the body as a wonderful world with magical cities where everything is connected: food, emotions, sleep, movement and even thoughts.

I wrote it to make it interesting for children to learn about themselves. And to make it easier for parents to talk about these important topics.

With warmth,
Alisa Miroshnichenko

BodyKnowledge is a journey inside ourselves —
into a world where organs speak
and food becomes destiny.

Introduction

This story is not about diets. Nor is it about scary diagnoses. It's a story about a boy. About the body. About the secret and magical world of a healthy person.

Meet **Thyme** – a curious boy named after the tiny green herb with a big aroma. Small but full of magic, just like his name, Thyme's adventures take him deep inside the most extraordinary place of all: the human body.

This isn't a book about diets or scary diagnoses. It's a warm, funny, and magical journey where organs talk, habits become adventures, and every bite of food can change your destiny.

How one jam bun set off a chain of events that could not be stopped. It's a story about how the body has a language.

There, inside, live their own cities. Each with its own rhythm, its own logic, its own rules. But there's only one way to get there – if you're willing to listen.

Every organ here is alive. Every habit is like a choice in a game. Every “goodie” could be a clue... or a trap.

And yes, no one will shame you here. They'll just tell you how it all works. With love. With humour. With hope.

Our hero: Thyme

Name: Thyme

Age: 9 years old



He's not a wizard, he's not a superhero, he's not top of the class. He's just an ordinary boy. With a freckled round face, soft red hair, kind eyes, a perpetually slightly furrowed forehead, and a shirt that his mum can't seem to get the last button fastened.

He likes animals, drawing maps of invented worlds and bread and butter. Especially when it's warm. He doesn't like gym class. He also doesn't like it when someone laughs loudly at him in the locker room.

He's never really thought about himself. Until he heard the doctor at his school physical:

– You're obese. Body mass index is higher than normal.

And that was it. Those words stabbed me in the ribs. Like a splinter.

Thyme has since learnt that the body has a language too. And it speaks. But not with words. It speaks with heaviness. Sleepiness. The silences of pain.

Family.

Mum is warm and caring, recently started studying to be a nutritionist. Now there are podcasts about the microbiome on her phone and a jar of weird green powder in the kitchen cupboard that smells like a pond (she calls it "spirulina").

– Tim, let's not have any scones today. but okay, I'll have one. One last one.

She wonders more and more what her family eats and why. But she's not alone in the kitchen. Her mum's in there. I mean

Grandma.

Grandma is the queen of pies, casseroles, compotes and care through food. She loves her grandson and says:

– “You’ve been sickly since birth! Always with a sore throat. How can you lose weight – you are skin and bones!

She truly believes that love is when there’s food on the table. And a little more for dessert. And a little compote on top.

Dad is ironic, good-natured, a bit of a sceptic. He’s warm to his son, but he doesn’t believe in nutritional science yet:

– Why are you reading all this, it’s rubbish! In my childhood, no one knew BMI – and nothing, everyone is alive.

He doesn’t argue. But he doesn’t interfere. He just winks at Thyme at the table when his grandmother puts an extra cutlet on his plate.

The path that was never there before

Everything was business as usual – until one brief moment.

The medical examination. The smell of the sanitiser. The scale, the creak of the chair, the results sheet.

– BMI’s above normal. Recommend consultation with a nutritionist, – it sounded mundane, without reproach.

Just a record. Just letters on paper.

But in the corridor, someone suddenly muttered with a chuckle:

– “Are you overweight?”

Those words hurt. Deeper than he expected.

Thyme didn't go home. He just walked. Through streets, cars, voices.

Until he came to the wasteland where he used to walk with his grandmother.

And there. he spotted her.

A path that hadn't been there before.

A thin, winding path, as if drawn with a soft pencil across the green.

It called softly ahead.

As if it answered a question he had not yet had time to ask.

He stepped onto it.



The path smelled of mint, baked apples, and... something familiar. The air grew thicker, time grew quieter.

Something clicked beneath his feet.

Light flashed. The world felt soft and strange, as if someone had turned it inside out. And in the next second, Thyme-without

falling and without fear-was inside himself.

The next chapter: “Welcome to BodyKnowledge”, where Thyme will meet Professor Burchun, learn what a stomach is, and hear the voice of Insulin for the first time.

Part I.

Body and Food

Chapter 1: Stomach City and Professor Burchun

Every meal you eat begins its grand adventure here. The City of Stomach is warm, busy, and full of curious noises. Professor Burchun knows every twist and turn inside and makes sure each bite is broken down just right before it travels on.

The light around them grew thicker. It was as if it was breathing.

The air smelled of mint, or baked apples, or... sauerkraut.

Thyme blinked, and realised he was in the middle of a city.

But not an ordinary one. Everything here was... moving. The walls were pulsing, the fountains were gurgling, and in the main square stood a huge bronze vat, steam rising from it.

– Welcome to the City of Stomachs! – came from the right.

Thyme flinched.

In front of him stood a short man with a round face and a kind but stern look.

He wore a neat navy blue jacket without a single stain, a shiny spoon in his hands, and thick-lensed glasses on his nose.

Instead of a cap, a neat chef's kerchief.

He looked as if everything in this world had to be on schedule – lunch, and digestion, and even questions.



– I’m Professor Burchun,” he introduced himself. – In charge of ingestion, digestion, and initial error correction.

– Mistakes? – Thyme interjected.

– What do you think? – The professor jabbed his finger at the vat. – This, for example, is a lunch of three sausages, a litre of soda and half a cake. We still can’t figure it out. One ingredient ate the other.

The vat gurgled. And out popped a bubble that smelled of ketchup and exhaustion.

– “We don’t judge here,” the professor continued. – But we must have everything in order.

He brought a small torch up to his eyes and shone it at Thyme’s... stomach?

– Acid levels are unstable, enzymes are dormant, mucosa is irritated. Classic case of overload.

– From the food?” Thyme whispered.

– The wrong food,” Burchun nodded. – And most importantly, because you’re not listening to me. I’m your stomach. Sometimes I rumble, sometimes I burn, sometimes I whine. I try to talk.

Thyme blushed.



– But I was just, um. ate a bun. Then some crisps. And a soda. And then ice cream.

– And then you went to bed? – Burchun asked.
Thyme nodded silently.

– “So I spent the whole night brewing, bubbling, taking it apart as best I could. But, you know, I’m not a wizard. I work in a team. And I need order. And help.

At that moment, there was a soft clinking sound. From somewhere out of the archway came a skinny, shiny man in a white dressing gown.

– “Allow me to introduce,” said the Professor, ‘this is Insulin.



Insulin bowed slightly and spoke a little quieter, as if telling a secret:

– “I am like a key. Or like a courier. When you eat something sweet – ice cream, a scone, or even just pasta – sugar comes into your bloodstream. He’s like a guest at a party who needs to be escorted to the right house.

– Into the cage,” Professor Burchun said.

– Yes,” Insulin nodded. – I come, knock, open the door, and the sugar goes inside the cage. There it works: it gives energy, strength and vigour.

– But... – Thyme asked, – why do you get hard?

Insulin sighed:

– Imagine being yanked every five minutes. In the morning, cereal with sugar. Then juice. Then a biscuit. Then more sweets. I don’t have time to rest. The cages get tired of me and don’t open their doors anymore. I knock and they pretend there’s no one there...

– Where does the sugar go? Thyme was afraid.

– It stays in the blood. And that’s no place for it. The body starts to panic. You get lethargic, hungry all the time, and I get tired.

Insulin sat down on the bench and continued:

– But you know who I find easiest to work with?

He winked.

– With fibre! It’s like a security guard. If the sugar comes with her, everything goes smoothly. I come in, open the door leisurely, the cage is ready. Everybody’s happy. That’s what happens when you eat, for example, an apple and not apple juice. Or porridge instead of a bun.

– What is fibre? – Thyme asked.

– It’s fibre from fruits, vegetables and cereals,” explained Professor Burchun. – They are like a sponge: they slow down

sugar, allow food to digest longer and help the intestines to keep in shape.

– So fibre is my friend? – Thyme smiled.

– Exactly,” Insulin nodded. – It helps me. And it helps you.

Insulin looked round, and suddenly a girl with a green cap and a rucksack on her back appeared on the path. She was riding a bicycle, and behind her, like balloons, stretched an apple, a carrot, oatmeal and broccoli.

– There she was! – rejoiced Insulin. – Fibre! My best partner.



The girl jumped off her bike and winked cheerfully:

– Hi! I don't let the sugar run around like crazy. I slow it down so it runs slower and calmer.

– You're like a magic filter? – Thyme wondered.

– Almost there! – laughed Twiggy. – I trap sugar like a soft

sieve. I live in vegetables, fruits, nuts, grains, seeds, beans, lentils and even popcorn! Just without butter and sugar, of course.

Insulin added:

- When Fibre is around, I don't get tired. The cells in my body open quietly, sugar comes in like a guest instead of a fire. It also:
- helps the intestines run like clockwork,
- protects against bad bacteria.
- and even improves your mood!
- And if I eat something sweet with Fibre, will it help? –

Thyme asked.

- Yes! For example, an apple is better than juice. And a banana with nuts is better than a banana by itself. Even pasta can be eaten smartly – choose wholemeal and add veggies!

Breadcrumbs got back on her bike and rode off, laughing, leaving the scent of baked pumpkin behind her.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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