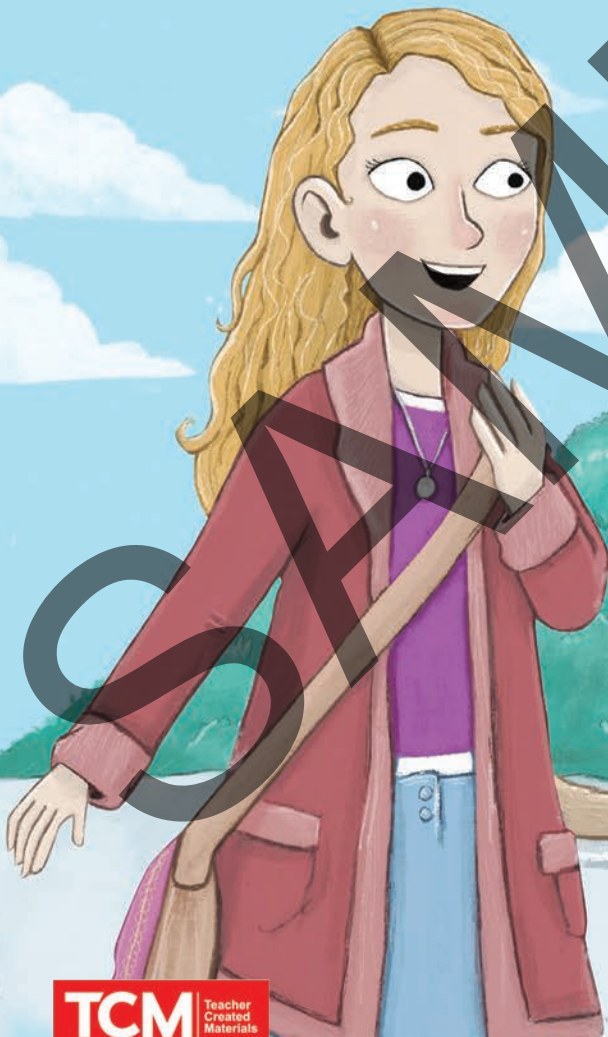


# Nadia

## in Moscow



By Heather E. Schwartz  
Illustrated by Rachel Sanson

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## Chapter One



# A Visit to the Art Park

Not even a trip to the art park could cheer up Nadia today. Father and Mother had gone to Moscow.

“I want to see the city,” she said when Father announced their trip over dinner last night. “May I come with you?”

He looked like he may have agreed, but then her little sister, Tashi, chimed in.

“Take me, too!”

“Us, too!” Zena and Oleg said together.



They always wanted to do what Nadia did.

Father shook his head. “The trip is for work. We would not be able to look after you.”

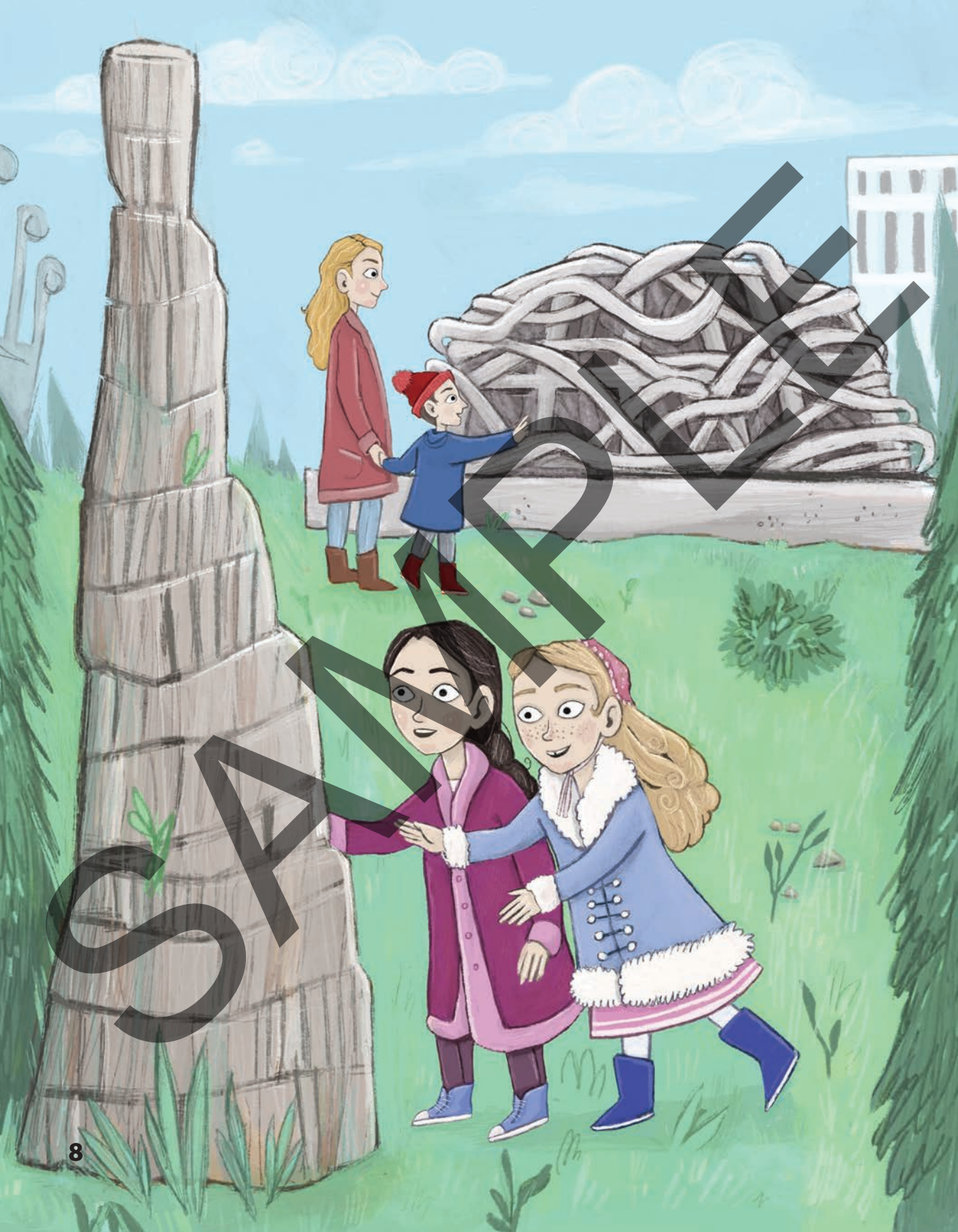
“We need you to stay home to keep your brother and sisters safe,” Mother told Nadia.



Nadia did not like their answers. But they left right after breakfast this morning. Now, she was with her siblings at the art park.

The art park always made Nadia forget her troubles. She loved to be surrounded by art in nature. But today, it was making her feel much older than her siblings.





“That one looks like a brain!” Oleg laughed and pointed at a sculpture.

“It does not! It looks like a cloud!” Zena argued.

Nadia felt weighed down by her younger siblings. *I wish I could look around by myself*, she thought.

Soon, Tashi said, “I’m tired.”

Zena said, “I’m hungry.”

Oleg said, “I want a snack.”

“It’s time to go home for lunch,” Nadia said. And they made their way back to the house.

## Chapter Two

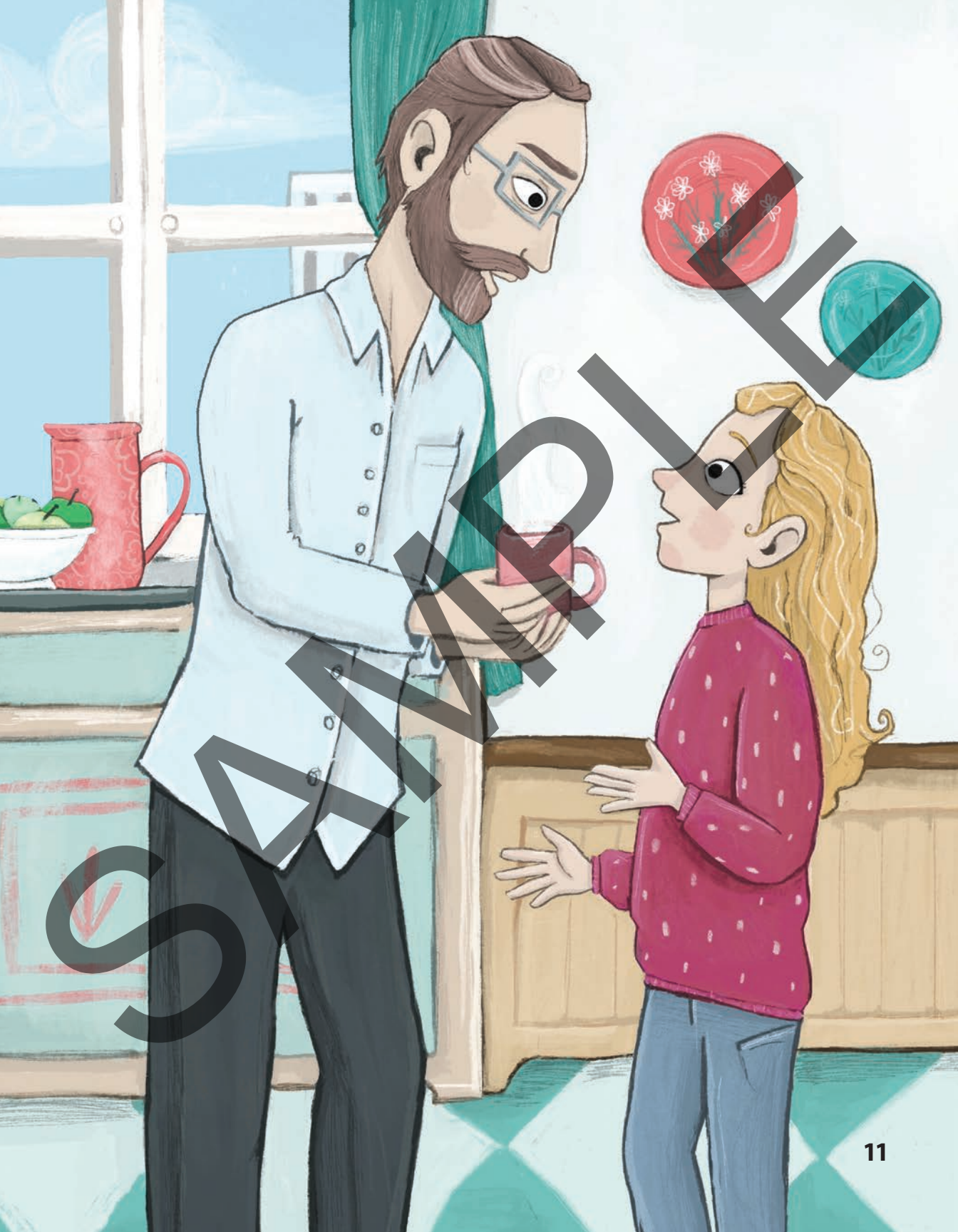


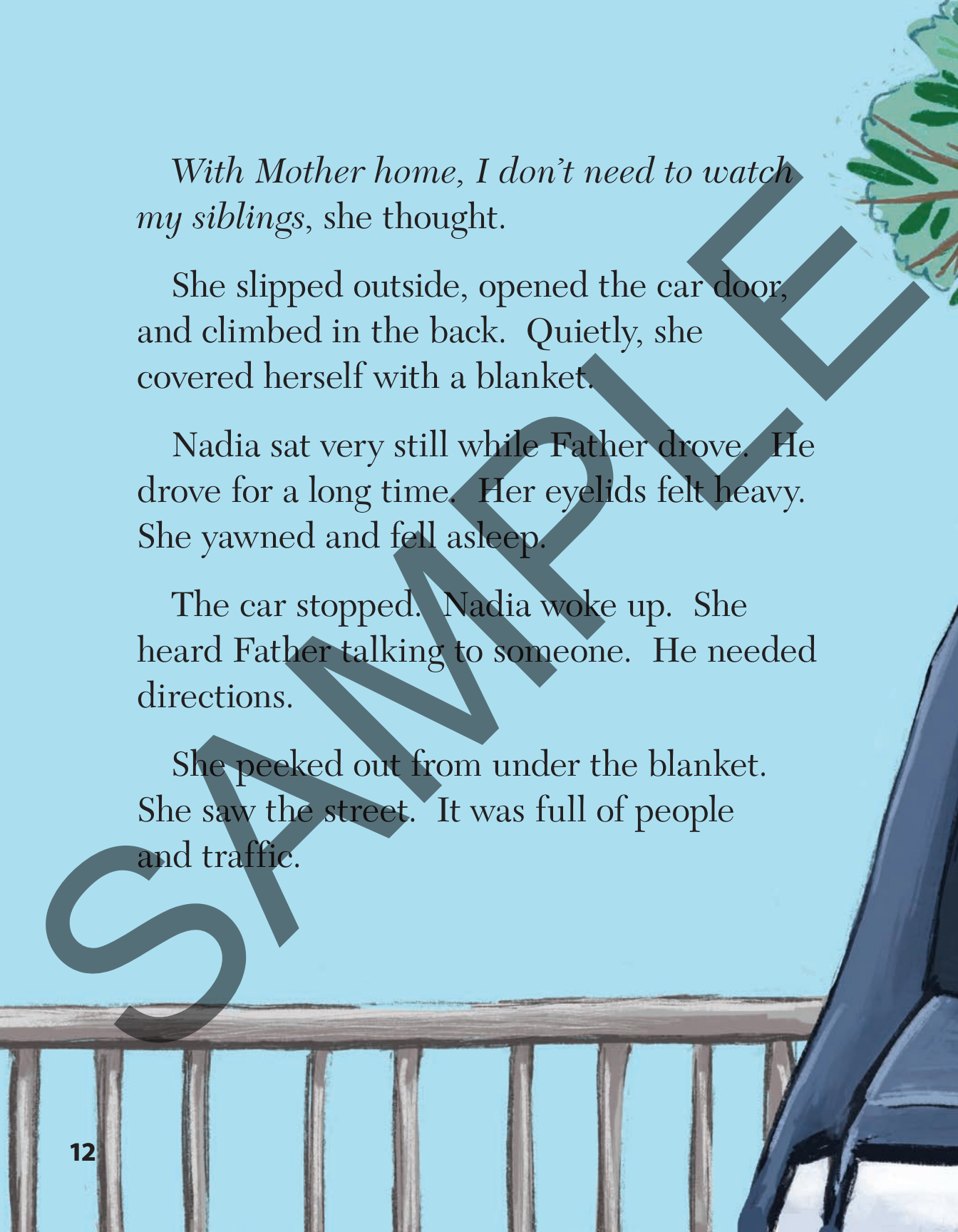
# Nadia the Stowaway

When they got home, Father was standing in the kitchen.

“After we left this morning, Mother became ill. I brought her home to rest in bed,” he said. “Now, I need to go to Moscow on my own. But first, Mother needs this cup of tea before it gets cold.”

He went upstairs to give Mother the tea. Nadia had an idea.





*With Mother home, I don't need to watch my siblings, she thought.*

She slipped outside, opened the car door, and climbed in the back. Quietly, she covered herself with a blanket.

Nadia sat very still while Father drove. He drove for a long time. Her eyelids felt heavy. She yawned and fell asleep.

The car stopped. Nadia woke up. She heard Father talking to someone. He needed directions.

She peeked out from under the blanket. She saw the street. It was full of people and traffic.





Nadia hid until Father stopped the car again. She heard him get out and pull his bag from the trunk. She heard him walk away.

Nadia waited. Then, she got out, too. She saw a beautiful building. It had colorful domes on top.



## Chapter Three



# Sightseeing

Nadia ran to the building and stood outside. “What is this?” she asked the woman next to her.

The woman said, “This is Saint Basil’s Cathedral. It is a church. It is famous in Moscow.”

“It is famous all over the world!” a man said.





The building was colorful inside, too. Nadia walked all around. It was fun to explore. She felt like she was in a maze.

“This is fun!” Nadia said. But no one answered. The people around her were with their own families.



On her way out of the church, she saw a small shop. There was a nesting doll in the window. Each doll made her think of a member of her family. The largest was Father. Then, there was Mother. Next were Tashi, Zena, and Oleg. But there was no doll for Nadia.

She was alone.



“I wish Tashi came with me to Moscow,”  
Nadia said quietly. “Zena and Oleg, too.  
They would have loved the sights.”

*It is easier to be by myself, she thought.  
But it is more fun to have them with me.*



## Chapter Four



# A Beautiful Sight

All around Nadia were new things to see and do. But she felt empty. All she wanted was to visit Moscow with her family.

Nadia walked back to the car. “That’s enough for one day,” she said. “It’s time to go home.”

Nadia climbed in the back but did not hide under the blanket. Soon, Father came back to the car and saw her sitting there.

“Nadia, what on Earth are you doing here?” he exclaimed.



“I wanted to see the city, so I snuck in the car when you gave Mother her tea. But seeing the sights wasn’t fun all alone. I missed my family,” Nadia answered.

“That was a very dangerous choice! You must not sneak around like this,” he said.



“I know, Father. It won’t happen again. I just wanted to see Moscow so badly, and the others ruined my chance,” said Nadia.

“A place is only as fun as the people you share it with. Come, let’s go home. Mother must be worried,” Father said.

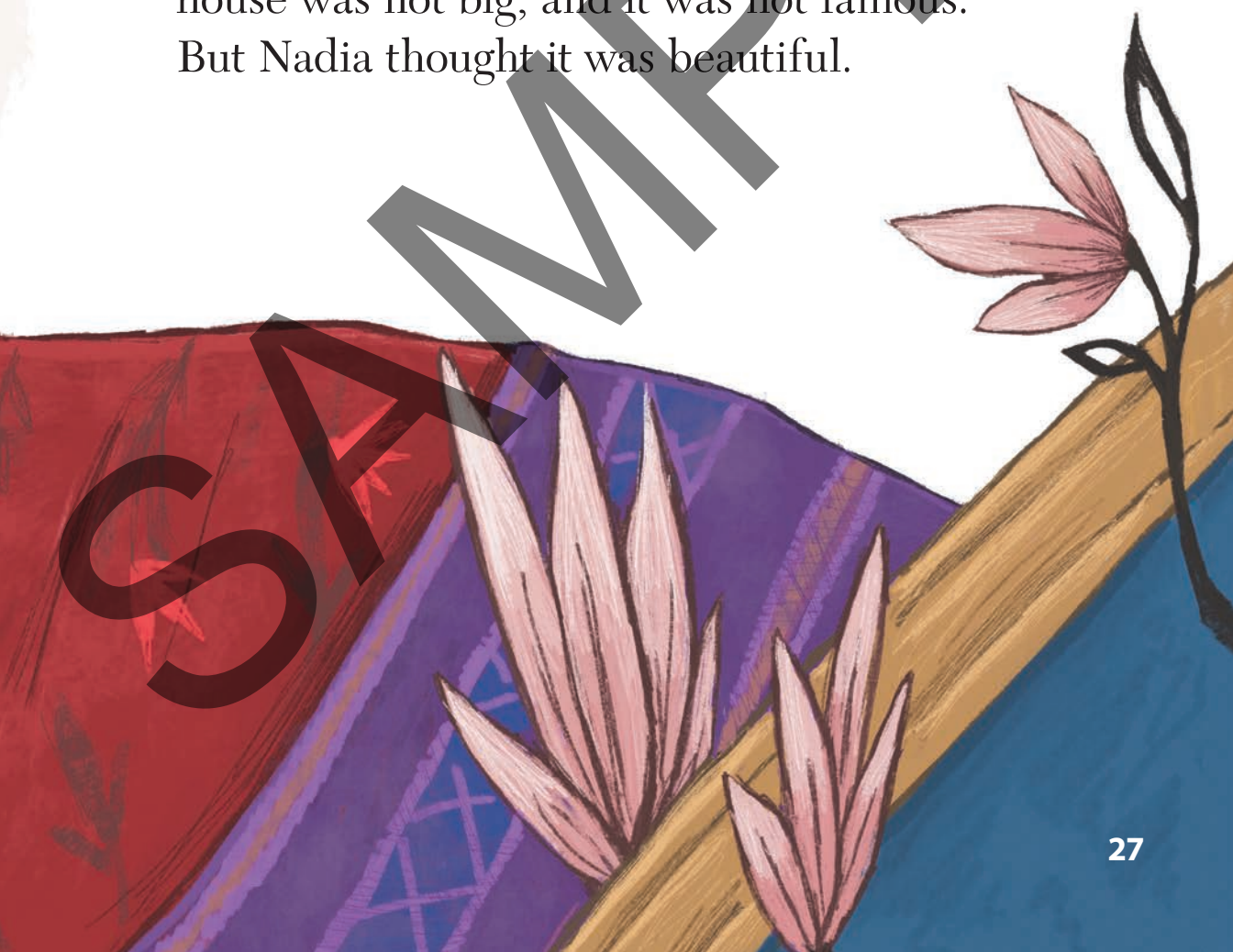




Her father started the car. They began to drive home. Soon, Nadia was asleep.

Nadia dreamed of colorful artwork. She dreamed of nesting dolls. She dreamed of home.

When she woke up, she was home. Her house was not big, and it was not famous. But Nadia thought it was beautiful.



# About Us

## The Author

Heather E. Schwartz is the author of many children's books. She owns a nesting doll from Russia. It was a gift from a friend who traveled there during high school.

## The Illustrator

Rachel Sanson lives in Yorkshire, England. She likes to create larger-than-life characters for children's picture books. She enjoys sketching, drinking tea, and listening to music.

## Book Club Questions

1. Why is Nadia upset at the beginning of the story?
2. How does Nadia change during the story?
3. How would you behave differently if you were in Nadia's place?
4. What are other possible reactions her father could have when he finds Nadia in the car?

# Nadia in Moscow

Is Moscow as fun as it sounds?  
Nadia wants to see for herself.

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