by AME DYCKMAN

illustrated by DAN YACCARINO







A boy was collecting pinecones in his wagon when he met a robot.



"Hi!" said the boy. "Want to play?"
The robot blinked. "Affirmative!"



They played. They had fun.





But as they rolled down the hill, a rock bumped the robot's power switch and the robot turned off. "What's wrong?" the boy asked. The robot did not answer. "Are you sick?" the boy asked. The robot still did not answer.

"I must help him," the boy said.



He took the robot home.



The boy fed him applesauce.



He read the robot a story.



And he tucked him in.

"Good night, Bot," the boy whispered,
and climbed into bed.



Later, the boy's parents peeked in on him. They did not see
Bot behind the door. The
door bumped Bot on his power switch.
BEEP! Bot turned on.



"What-is-wrong?" Bot asked.

The boy did not answer.

"Did-you-malfunction?" Bot asked

The boy still did not answer. "I-must-help-him," Bot said



He took the boy home.



Bot gave him oil.



He read the boy an instruction manual.



He was bringing him a spare battery when the Inventor walked in.



"Stop!" the Inventor shouted. "That is a boy!"



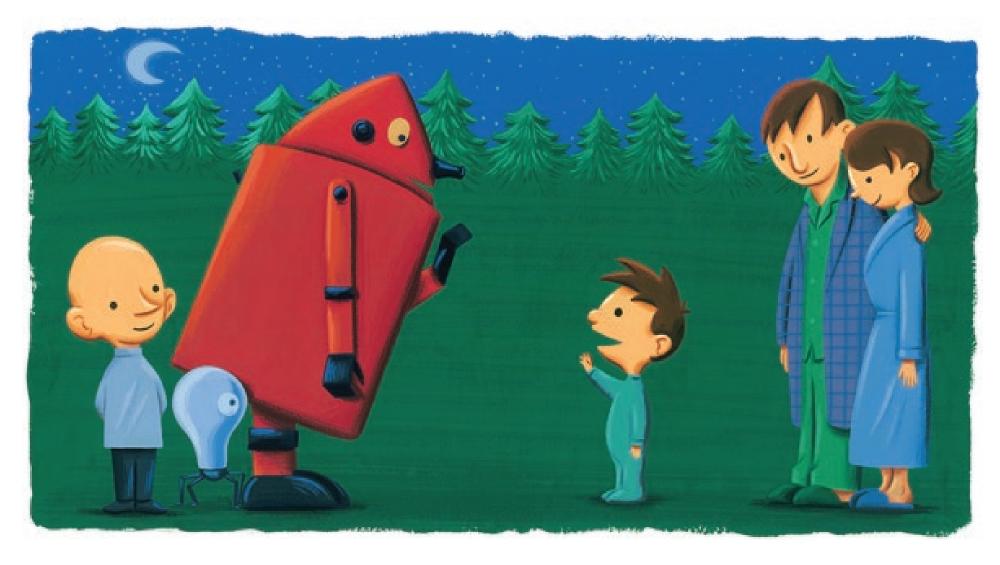
The boy woke with a start. Then he saw Bot.
The boy smiled. "Bot! You are cured!"

Bot lit up. "Boy! You-are-fixed!"

The Inventor called Boy's parents.



Then he drove Boy home.



"Good night, Bot," Boy said

[&]quot;Good-night-Boy." Bot said. "Want-to-play-tomorrow?"



And the friends did.

