



Abandoned

I remember when he bought me. It doesn't seem like ten minutes ago when my creator, Bernard Crib, handed me over and said goodbye. At the time, I was over the moon. I'd been sat in the back of his workshop for nearly a fortnight by that point. I'd watched other robots be built and purchased in that time, and I was lonely. Little did I know, that would be the high point of my life so far.

The first few days were good. Andy played with me every day and even showed me off to his friends. That's where it started to go wrong, really. Sandy, the annoying friend with the spiteful voice, had laughed when he'd seen me for the first time. He'd told Andy that I was out of date and rubbish compared to his own robot pal. I could see how deflated Andy was; he'd been so excited for everyone to see me and then he'd had it taken away.

Obviously, I tried my best to perform for him, but there's only so much a robot can do. My thrusters aren't as fast as Sandy's RoboBlaster S+. It doesn't matter how hard I try, I can't pull loop-the-loops in the air. I can shoot as high at the clouds and parachute to safety, and that used to be enough, but robots nowadays are so advanced. Poor Mr Crib is too old to keep up. He tries his hardest, but he's just an outdated model. Like me, I guess.

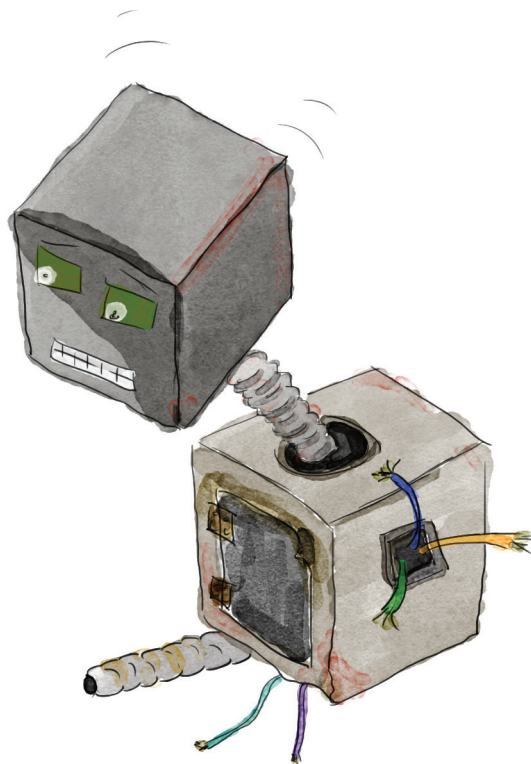
After the incident with Sandy, it was all downhill. First, Andy passed me on to his sister, but even she didn't want me. To be fair to her, she's too young for a robot and just wants to play with mud. Good for her. Then, he sold me to one of his other friends. I don't think he realised how insulting it is for a robot to be sold on so soon. We have pride, just like humans!

This new kid is worrying. He shoved me in a dark room at the back of his basement along with hundreds of other robots. The scary thing is, none of them has all of their parts. Every now and then, he'll come downstairs with a screwdriver, and one of them will be left missing a piece. Upcycling, he calls it. Making new things out of old parts. Old parts! He dared to call us *old parts*! How would he like it if somebody came and took some of his parts to make a better human?

Once again, I'm left feeling lonely. Some of the other 'bots can talk, but I wish they couldn't. All they talk about is the pain of their missing parts or how long they've been here. I can't bear the thought of being in this bot-forsaken room for any longer. Tonight, I think I'm going to make a run for it. That's the only choice I have. I'm set on it.

Oh great, he's here again. Hopefully, he'll pass me over, I need all of my parts for tonight.

Why is he heading towards me? Go away! Leave me alone...



VOCABULARY FOCUS

1. What word tells you that Bernard Crib made the robot?
2. Which word tells you that other robots had been bought?
3. Which word describes Sandy's voice?
4. When the robot says "it all went downhill", what did he mean?
5. Why has the author shortened the word **robots** to '**bots**'?

VIPERS QUESTIONS

E

Explain how the robot's feelings have changed or stayed the same by the end.

I

How did the robot feel when he was bought? How do you know?

E

Explain how you know the robot wanted to please Andy.

R

Where was the robot left after he was sold?

R

What do the other robots talk about?

P

What do you think will happen next? Write the next paragraph in the story.

Answers:

1. Creator
2. Purchased
3. Spiteful
4. Started to go wrong / got worse
5. To make it more informal and more realistic for speech or internal dialogue

E: He's experienced happiness but is still feeling lonely, the same as he was in the store

I: Happy because he said he was over the moon

E: He tried his best to perform for him

R: A room at the back of the basement

R: Their pain and how long they've been there