

Monday

There once was a robot with a broken heart. The others did their best to fix him, but it wasn't any good. So he was sent to sit on the scrap heap with all the other old machines. He tried talking to them. He said, "My heart was broken, you know." But they didn't answer. So he lay down and looked up at the sky. He lay there through the long, dark nights and the empty days. He lay there rusting in the autumn rain. He lay there when the first snows of winter fell.



1. What was wrong with the robot?
2. How do you think the robot felt when he was sent to the scrapheap?
3. What was the weather like in autumn?
4. When did it snow?

And there, one day, was a Bluebird, fighting against the freezing wind. She landed on his shoulder. "What are you doing here, little bird?" he said. "I'm flying south," she said weakly. "South where the sun shines. But I'm so cold and tired I can go no farther."

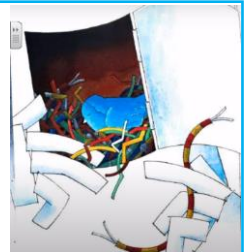


"I'm sure you don't want to stay here," said the Robot. "I'm rubbish." But the Bluebird just shivered and said nothing.

"There's space where my heart used to be," the Robot said gently. "You can sleep there if you like."

5. Where did the Bluebird land?
6. How do you know the bird is tired?
6. Why was the bird flying South?
7. Why did the Bluebird shiver?

So the Bluebird settled down to sleep on a nest the Robot made. And as the Robot looked out into the night, he was astonished to feel as if he had a warm, living, beating heart. And when the Bluebird fluttered, he felt as if his own heart were fluttering. The next morning, the door to his heart opened and the Bluebird sang, sweet and bright in the icy air. "My old heart only ever said *ticktock*," said the Robot, "but now my heart is *singing*."



9. When did the door to the Robot's heart open?
10. Who is the Robot's new heart?