

There once was a boy who had no friends.

So he built his own.

Cardboard, wires, transistors and hydraulics. And in the chest, a quilted heart from his mother’s sewing kit. His very own, custom-built best-friend. RobotBoy.

They were the best of friends. They did all the things that best friends would do. They played games, climbed trees, sang and danced until the hour got too late and it was time for bed.

RobotBoy could not sleep. So, he would wait patiently at the side of the Boy’s bed. Wait until the next morning when their days of play and fun would begin.

And they were the best of friends.

Then one day the Boy met a Girl. She loved to do the same things that RobotBoy loved to do. Run and play. Sing and dance.

The Boy and RobotBoy played less and less.

Since RobotBoy didn’t need sleep he stood and waited patiently for the Boy to return and for the next morning when they would play again.

But that next morning never came.

Then one day the Boy gave a present to the Girl. The quilted heart from his mother’s sewing kit that RobotBoy kept in his chest.

The Boy and Girl went off to play.

RobotBoy waited, but no longer with patience. He waited like cardboard boxes, wire, transistors, and hydraulics. Waited with no

feeling of patience or impatience. No longer waiting for the next day they would play. That day would never come. Waited like cardboard, wires, transistors, and hydraulics, which is all RobotBoy was.

And the little Boy grew up.