

## The Wild Robot Story Nuggets

1. Our story begins on the ocean, with wind and rain and thunder and lightning and waves. A hurricane roared and raged through the night. And in the middle of the chaos, a cargo ship was sinking.
2. The robot's computer brain booted up. Her program began coming online. And then, still packed in her crate, she automatically started to speak. "Hello, I am ROZZUM unit 7134, but you may call me Roz. While my robotic systems are activating, I will tell you about myself."
3. The bears slammed into Roz, knocking her against the trunk of a towering tree. Then one bear dove at her legs, and the other clawed at her chest. If only the robot had swung her fists or kicked her feet, she could have scared them off. But the robot's programming would not allow her to be violent. Clearly, Roz was not designed to fight bears.
4. The robot gently cradled the fragile thing in her hand. Without a family, the unhatched gosling inside would surely die. Roz knew that some animals had to die for others to live. That was how the wilderness worked. But would she allow her accident to cause the death of yet another gosling?
5. Roz held him. The robot's body may have been hard and mechanical, but it was also strong and safe. The gosling felt loved. His eyes slowly winked closed. And he spent the whole night quietly sleeping in his mother's arms.
6. No gosling ever had a more attentive mother. Roz was always there, ready to answer her son's questions, or to play with him, or to rock him to sleep, or to whisk him away from danger. With a computer brain packed full of parenting advice, and the lessons she was learning on her own, the robot was actually becoming an excellent mother.
7. "What do you mean, you're not alive?" squawked Brightbill.  
"It is true," said Roz. "I am not an animal. I do not eat or breathe. I am not alive."  
"You move and talk and think, Mama. You're definitely alive."
8. And the procession became even grander as deer and raccoons and birds and all kinds of other animals joined in. Everyone wanted to see the mother robot riding the mother bear. The group wound its way past ancient trees, and over rolling meadows, and through babbling streams, collecting more and more curious animals as they went. It was the grandest parade of wildlife anyone had ever seen, and leading the way was our robot, Roz.

9. At first, the geese flew in a disorganized jumble. But each goose slowly drifted into position until the flock formed a wobbly V. At the lead was Longneck, and behind his left wing was Brightbill. They circled in the sky until the V pointed south, and then the geese began their long migration. Roz climbed to the top of the tree and watched as the flock slowly faded into the horizon.

10. "Some of the city robots were just like you, Ma. But others crawled on six legs, or rolled on wheels, or slid up and down the sides of buildings. Some robots were really small, and some were really big. They moved things and cleaned things and built things and did every kind of job you can think of!"

11. It was true. Brightbill had seen hundreds of different robots that winter. And none of them were anything like Roz. None of them had learned how to speak with animals, or had saved an island from the cold, or had adopted a gosling. As he sat there, watching the robot's animal gestures and listening to her animal sobs, Brightbill realized just how special his mother really was.

12. The airship approached from the south, like some giant migratory bird. The ship was a sleek white triangle with a single dark window facing forward. Three identical robots stared out the window. The robots resembled Roz, but they were bigger and bulkier and shinier.

13. "Will I ever see you again?" said Brightbill, wiping his eyes.

"You are my son, and this is my home," said Roz, "I will do everything in my power to return."

Brightbill hugged his mother's worn face.

"I love you, Mama."

"I love you, son"