The Robot's Muddy Boots



Some mess means good work has happened.

A short story to enjoy together

The Robot's Muddy Boots

Rolo the garden robot liked tidy things. He liked straight rows of pots and clean paths. Most of all, he liked his shiny red boots.

One morning, Ana asked him to help in the flowerbed. They needed to carry small plants to the holes her dad had prepared.

Rolo stepped onto the soil.

Squish.

He lifted one boot. Brown mud clung to the bottom.

"My shine has gone," he said.

Ana looked at the plants waiting in their little pots. "Your boots are doing their garden job. We can clean them afterwards."

Rolo took another step. Squish, squash.

He carried a pot carefully with both hands. Ana settled the plant into its hole. They pressed the soil gently around it.

Back and forth they went. One plant, then another. Rolo's boots grew browner. The empty spaces in the flowerbed grew smaller.

At last, a row of young plants stood in the soft earth.

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Ana watered them. Rolo watched the drops sparkle on the leaves.

"Our garden looks different," he said.

"So do your boots," Ana replied.

They sat beside a shallow tray. Rolo held out one foot while Ana brushed the loose mud away. Then they changed sides. The tray caught the falling soil.

Slowly, red appeared beneath the brown.

One little patch of mud remained near the heel. Rolo studied it, then looked at the new plants.

"That patch is from the yellow flower," he said.

Ana smiled. "We can finish cleaning it now."

Rolo nodded. His boots would be ready for tomorrow's work.

THE END

LET'S TALK

Why did Rolo's boots get muddy? What kind of useful work can make a mess?

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