



My Robot

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Storybook, fiction

Age: 8+

Robin has a robot that he built himself. The robot has a head, body, arms and legs and it now stands on Robin's desk beside the pencil holder. The robot can talk although it messes up the order of words in a sentence which makes him sound like a Yoda. When Robin is scared to go into his dark room at night, the robot comforts him. When Robin stumbles while playing the piano, the robot encourages him. He gives advice on how Robin will be allowed to go along to his father's basketball practice and how to cheer up his ill brother. It's great to have such a friend.



Darkness and light

It's winter and in winter it gets dark very early. There is always a table lamp on in my room. I don't like to step into a dark room. I can't exactly explain why. The light stays on even when I go to bed. The circle of light reaches the robot.

„Does the light bother you?“ I ask.

„Shaking my head I am,“ he answers.

I can move the robot a bit further away.

Outside from the circle of light. It wouldn't be a problem.

„Standing here I am peacefully,“ says the robot.

He is small and fragile yet very determined. He never complains.

„I wish I'd be more like you,“ I sigh.

„Lying down you have to sleep. Fall over otherwise you will,“ answers my robot.

I pull the quilt all the way up to my eyes and stretch my toes. It's cozy and warm under it.

I don't feel like getting up and turning off the light even if I should. I turn my back to the robot. I close my eyes and don't dare to open them again. I don't even dare to move. That's stupid of me, I know.

„Good night,“ I mumble quickly.

I shudder all over. It's a good shudder, it means that soon I will be asleep and heading towards a new day.

When I wake up in the morning, my room is dim. The light has been switched off during the night. My mum has turned it off while I was asleep. She can't stand useless light. Mom doesn't like useless things in general. Yet they are everywhere.

„The coins on the sideboard scattered,“
knows the robot.

True, the coins should be inside the purse.
Or at least in my coat pocket.

„Wet and clean dishes,“ I remark.

There's nothing else to do with those than
to dry them up for starters.

„On a paper white just one line black,“
points out the robot.

That is a drawing that has been messed
up. That will end up in a paper basket.

„The lamp that is on through the night,“ I
offer.

The robot doesn't answer.

„I don't really need it. I'm asleep at night,“
I add quickly, without being entirely sure of
myself.

„Your light it is,“ says the robot.

„My light,“ I repeat.

I turn the light switch.

My light does have a meaning. For me.
Even when my eyes are closed. Even when I'm
asleep.