Bolt and the *Very Small* Seed

A STORY ABOUT WAITING



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TECHNITEA PICTURE BOOKS

For everyone who is waiting
for something to grow.

Bolt and the Very Small Seed
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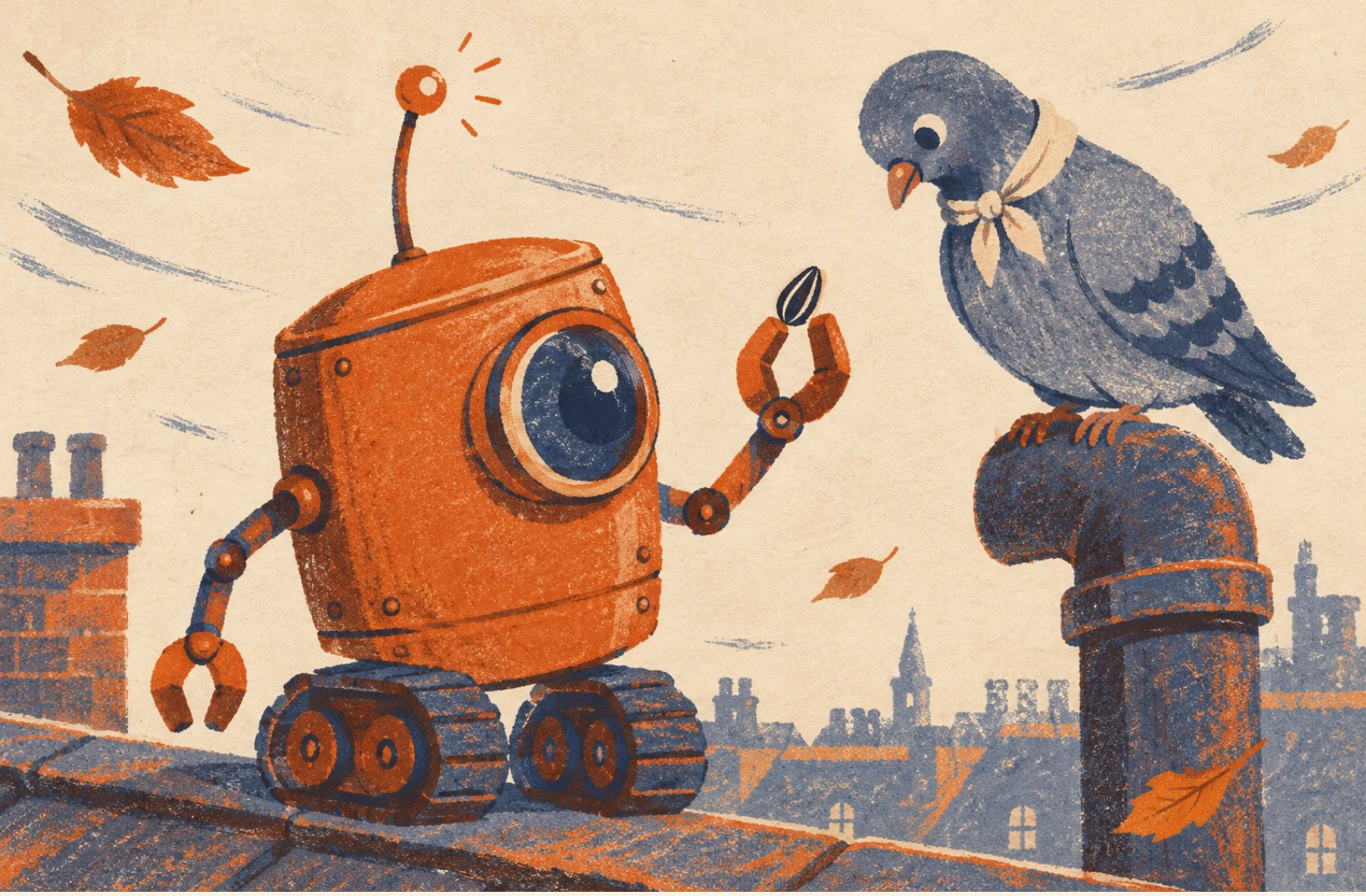
High above the busy city, on the flat roof of a very tall building, lived a small robot called Bolt.

Bolt had jobs. Sweep the leaves. Wipe the solar panels. Check the pipes for drips.

Bolt liked jobs that were *quick*.

Sweep, sweep. Done. *Wipe, wipe.* Done. *Tap, tap.* Done.

At the end of every day, Bolt's antenna light blinked twice, which is how robots say, *All finished.*



One windy morning, something tiny bounced off Bolt's eye. *Tik.*

Bolt held it up in one pincer. It was small and striped, no bigger than a grain of rice.

"Unknown object," said Bolt. "Size: very small. Use: none. Put in bin."

"Don't you dare," said Mrs. Coo, the pigeon who lived by the chimney pipe. "That's a seed, dear. Put it in soil, give it water, and it will grow."

"Grow into what?" asked Bolt.

Mrs. Coo fluffed her feathers. "You'll have to wait and see."



Bolt did not like waiting. But Bolt did like a job.

In the shed, Bolt found an old teacup with a chip on its rim. Bolt filled it with soil, pressed the seed in gently, and gave it a sprinkle of water.

Then Bolt watched the cup.

Ten seconds passed.

"Growth: zero," said Bolt. "Job: not working."

"Seeds don't count in seconds," said Mrs. Coo. "They count in days."



So Bolt counted days.

Every morning, Bolt swept and wiped and tapped. Then Bolt rolled over to check the teacup. Nothing.

Every evening, Bolt gave the soil a little water. Not too much. Just enough to keep it damp.

And every night, under the stars, Bolt sat beside the teacup and waited, antenna glowing softly in the dark.

One day. Two days. Five days. Eight.



On the ninth morning, Bolt stopped.

Something was poking out of the soil. A tiny pale loop, which unfolded, as Bolt watched, into two small round leaves.

Bolt's antenna blinked once, twice, three times, four, faster than it had ever blinked before.

"Mrs. Coo! Mrs. Coo! Growth: *not zero!*"

"Well, look at that," said Mrs. Coo softly. "Hello, little one."