



Mike's Hotel Robot



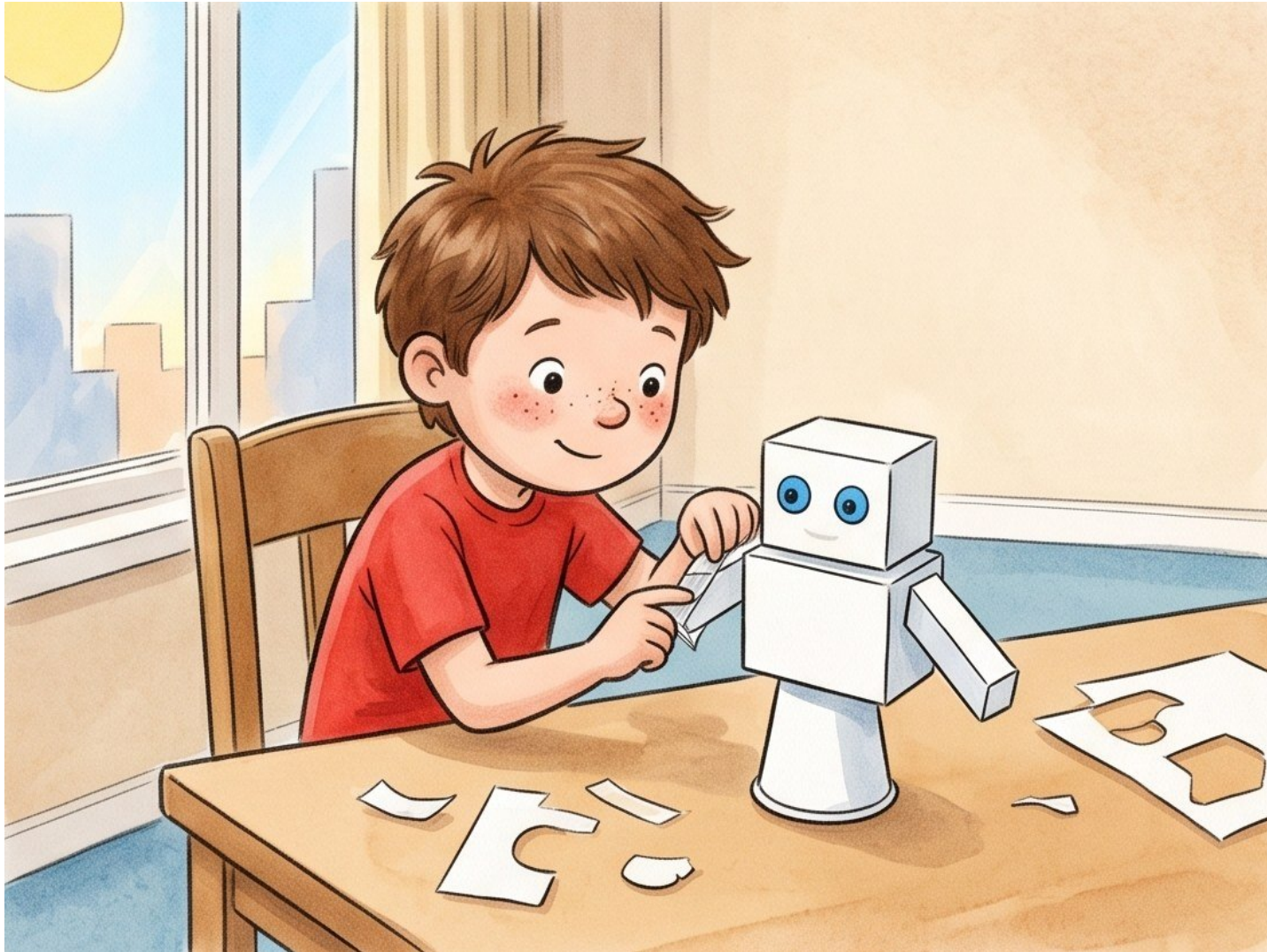
Mike sat by the big window in the hotel room. He and his dad were on a fun weekend trip. That morning, they ate a big breakfast of beans and warm bacon. Now, his dad was resting, and the room was quite silent. Mike looked at the table.



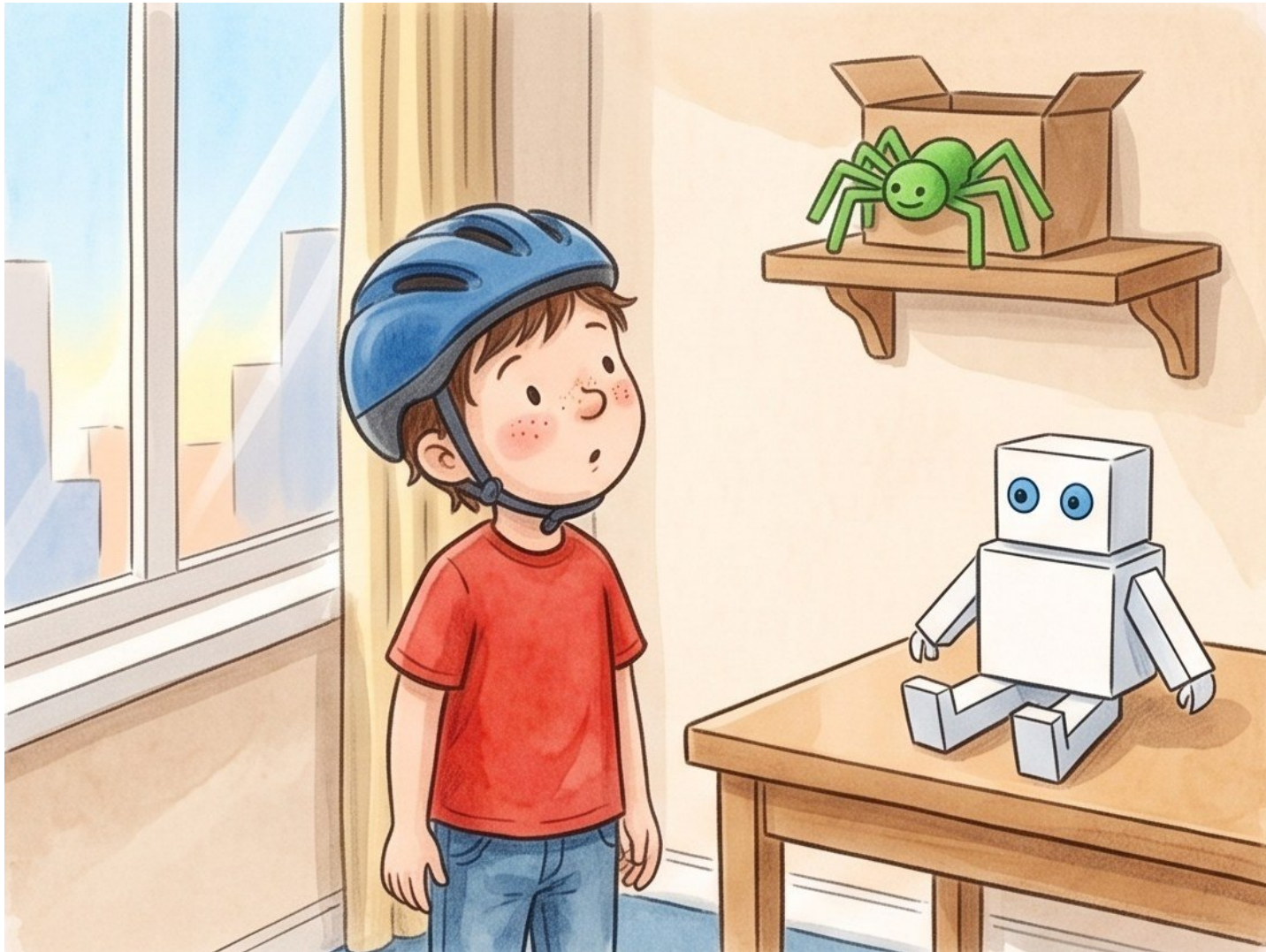
He had a box of crayons, some tape, and a big stack of clean white paper. He was ready to begin his work. Mike wanted to make a toy robot. He wanted it to be a space pilot that could fly to the stars.



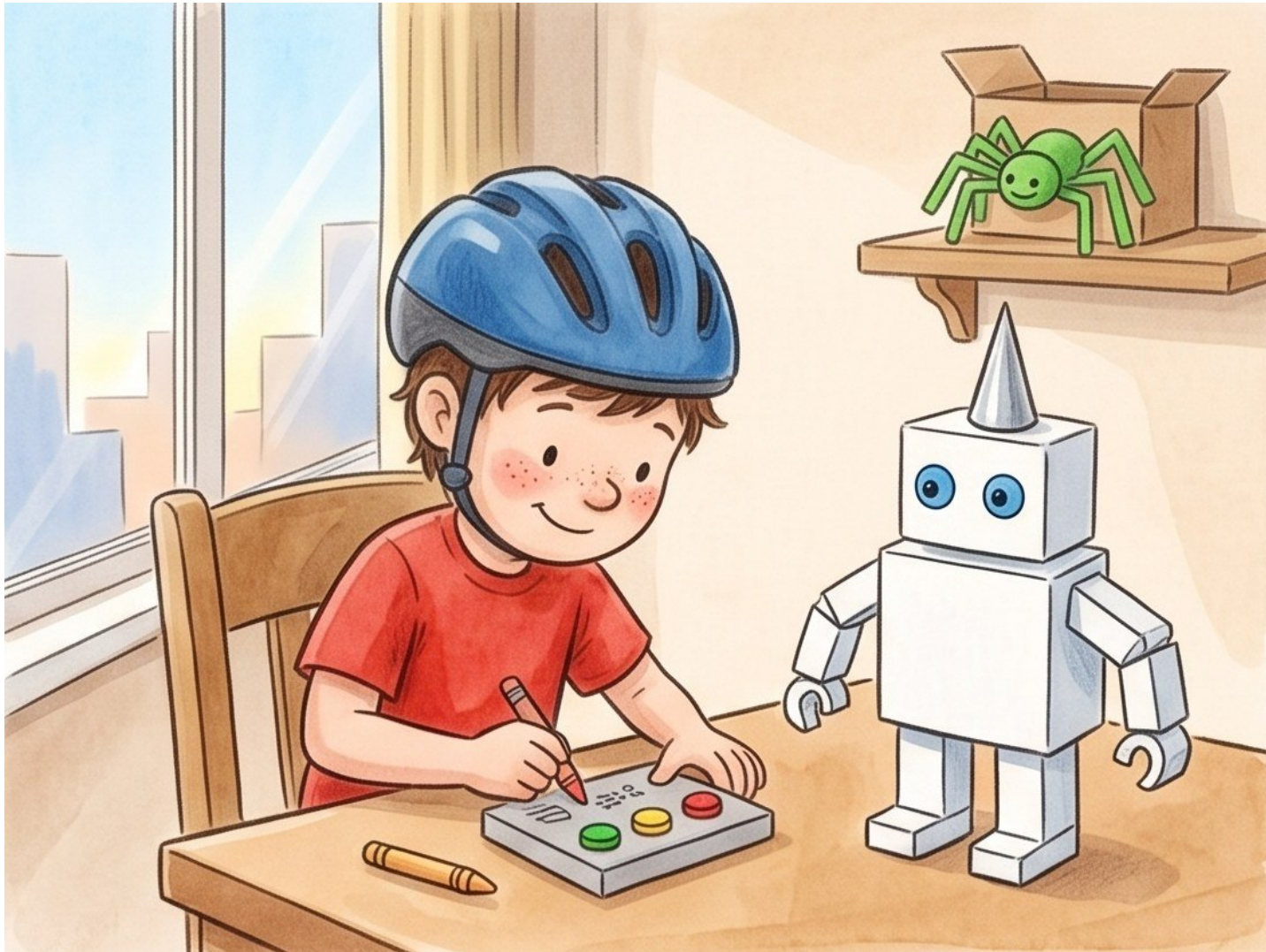
First, he needed a plan. He took a red crayon and drew basic shapes on his paper. He drew a big box for the body and block shapes for the arms and legs. "This will be the best robot ever," Mike whispered to himself. He carefully colored the eyes.



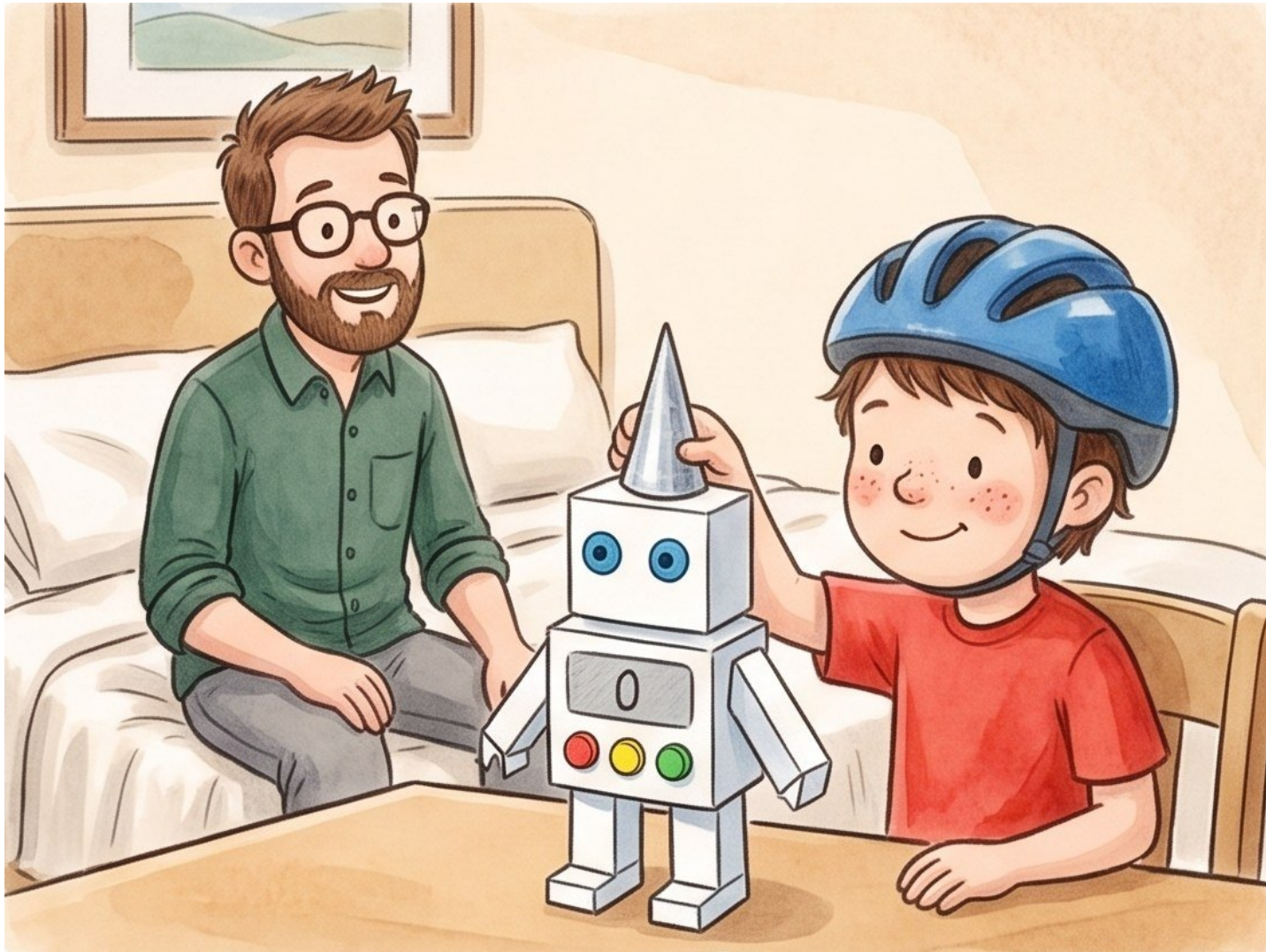
In the center of each eye, he drew a tiny black pupil. It made the robot look almost human. Next, Mike cut out the shapes. He used tape to stick the paper pieces onto a small paper cup he found in the room. He worked slowly, making sure the tape was flat.



He did not want any bumps. For a moment, Mike stopped to look out the window. On the shelf, there was a toy spider in a small box. The green spider had eight legs made of bent paper. Mike watched the little toy spider.



It was neat to see how he could bend the paper legs of his own robot. "Good job, little bug," Mike said softly. Then, Mike went back to his desk. He wanted to put one more thing. He drew a game pad with three buttons on the chest of the robot.



Above the buttons, he wrote the number zero. This was the start button. He stuck the pad onto the cup. It was time for the final touch. He gave the robot a shiny silver horn. Just then, his dad woke up. His dad sat up, smiling.



In the hall downstairs, soft music was playing. Dad looked at the desk. "Wow, Mike!" he said. "That is an amazing toy." Mike picked up his robot. It was even better than he had hoped. He made a low buzzing sound as he flew the robot around the room.