

6th Grade Personal Narrative: Robots

Task Prompt: Write a story about getting your own personal robot. In your story, you have just received your new robot. You are excited to turn it on and see how it works. You press the button to turn on the robot. Write a story about what happens next using information and details from the sources to improve your story.

Light in the Darkness

“Love you honey. Goodnight,” mom says and kisses me on the head. She grabs her white lab coat from the coat hook. She turns back around and blows me and kiss. Then mom bolts out the door with her blond hair blowing behind her. And I’m left in utter darkness.

I lurch forward in bed breathing heavily. I feel sweat trickling down my neck and my hair matted down my to my head. I glance at the clock: 12:31 P.M. My worries and fears of darkness begin to bubble up in my throat. I start breathing hard again feeling my asthma attack near. I grab my inhaler from my nightstand and suck in the medicine. I calm myself down and snuggle into bed. I close my eyes and whisper over and over, “Mom please come home soon. Mom please come home soon. Mom please come home soon.”

Black darkness sweeps around my bed swallowing me whole. I bite my nails nervously still trying to get to sleep and out of this dark nightmare of reality. The wind rattles my window and I wish desperately that I wasn’t alone in this house. I had many wishes really: I wish my fear of the dark would go away, I’m 13 for goodness sake, I wish mom wouldn’t have the Scientist Lab’s nightshifts, I wish I would quit dreaming that same stupid dream of mom leaving me forever in the dark of the night.

Rain begins to pour outside and my heart races faster. It’s now 1:18 in the morning and still I haven’t been able to get to sleep. I climb out of bed and shiver as my feet touch the cold floor

of my bedroom. I run over to my door and I open it as well as turning on the lights. I shove my pink clippers and quietly pad down the hall.

I turn on all the lights in the house just so I'll breathe easier. I walk into the pantry to snatch a peanut butter cookie and a chip bag. I slide into the chair at the table and slowly chomp down on my midnight snack. I glance at the clock again: 1:34. I sigh aggravated at how slow Father Time is going. I rummage around in the drawers for a flashlight. I contemplate on whether I should sneak into my mom's lab downstairs or leave it be.

Thoughts swarm my mind: I've never really been in her lab before, GO GRACE! This is your one chance to see what your mom has been working on, you're such a bad daughter Grace, go on Grace, it will be fun! I take a deep breath and make my way downstairs. I flick on the lights and the dim lighting of my mom's lab encaves me. I grab the flashlight from my pocket and click it on. I walk over to a wooden work table in the middle of the lab. A metal body was lying there. The yellow eyes were dim and dead. I look over to the shelves for an ON switch but all I see are shelves and shelves of test tubes filled with green liquid.

Bottles line her desk with long words of chemicals I don't recognize. Well yes, the test tubes and bottles and magnifying glasses do look cool... but the metal thingy lying on the table really caught my attention. I walk back over to the table cautiously, afraid I will break the metal thing. I see a paper lying next to the metal. A lot of words was on the page but at the top it said Grace 500. My heart warms as I realize she named this metal thing after me! I stroke the metal and I realize from this angle that this pile of metal looks like a robot...

I smile and realize that all these years of me arguing with my mom of quitting her job and spending more time with me that she was really doing something useful. All this time she was making a robot! A ROBOT! I smile again contently not wanting to bother her studies anymore. I turn around and turn off the flashlight. As I turn off the lights in the lab my breathing quickens again. I feel in my pocket for my inhaler. I'm surrounded by dark again.

I'm ready to bolt for the stairs when a bright yellow light shudders on from the middle of the room. The light flickers on and off for a second before it gets stable and strong and bright. I turn back on the lights of the lab to see a robot sitting up on the table. "He-lo," the robot says. I wave kind of scared. I back away slowly toward the stairs. "My na-me is Gr-ace 5-00," Grace 500 says. It jumps down from the table and crawls toward me. "I am yo-ur pro-tect-or in the ni-ight," Grace 500 says slowly.

Tears well up in my eyes as I realize my mom's intentions. She made a robot for me as a companion at night while she is gone! I hug Grace 500 when all of a sudden the light turns off and the robot goes limp in my arms. I lay gently back on the table just as I hear the front door open. I run up the stairs excitedly and jump into my mom's arms. "I love your job mom!" I say, "And don't't you ever QUIT it!"