

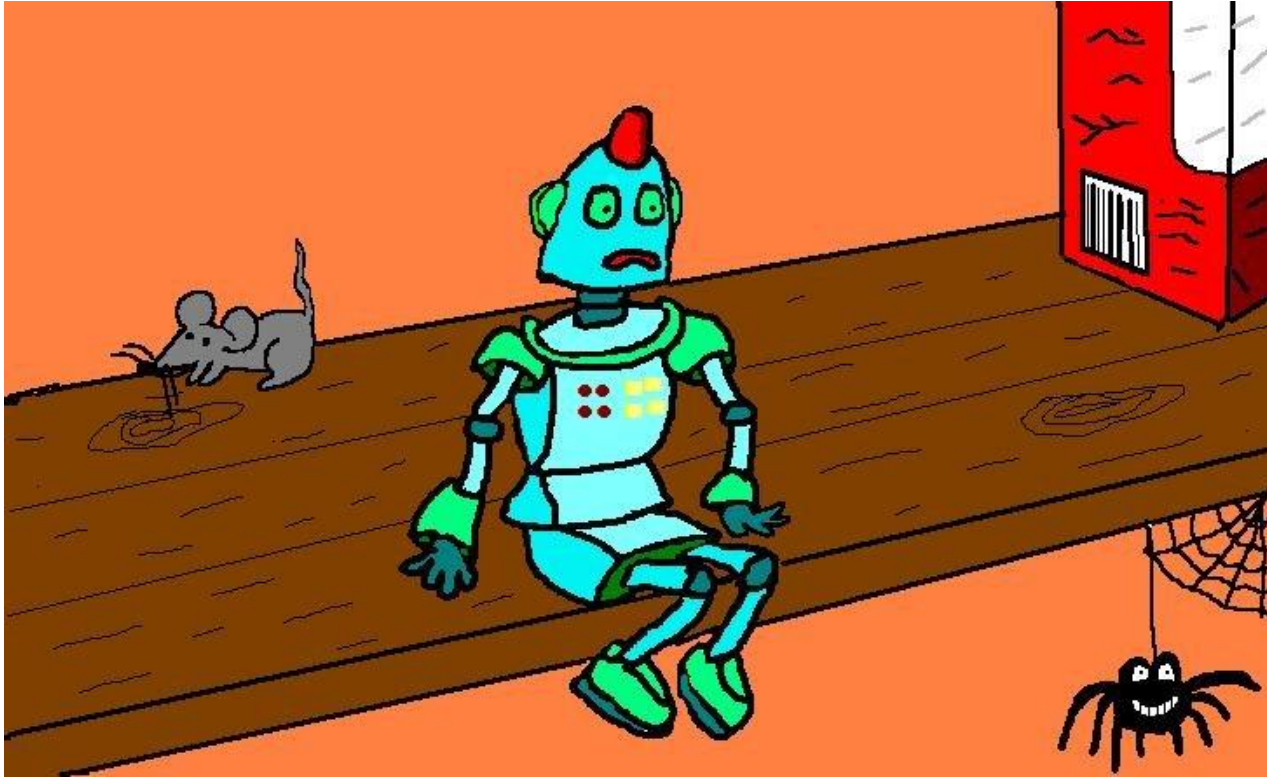
A FAMILY FOR CHIP
WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED
BY
NEIL GOWING

Chip was a little robot, a shiny blue robot with big green eyes and a red flashing light on top of his head. He lived in his box, high up on a shelf in a giant toy store somewhere near the big city.

Chip was a very sad little robot. All of his friends had been sold and were now having fun playing with their little boys and girls in their new homes. Chip was all alone, he was the last little robot on the shelf.

Chip didn't know how to cry but he was sure that if he did, he would cry until he had no tears left. Chip knew that no body would buy him. His box was all dirty, which made him look shabby, so all the children just kept putting him back on the shelf and picking a toy with a nice clean box.

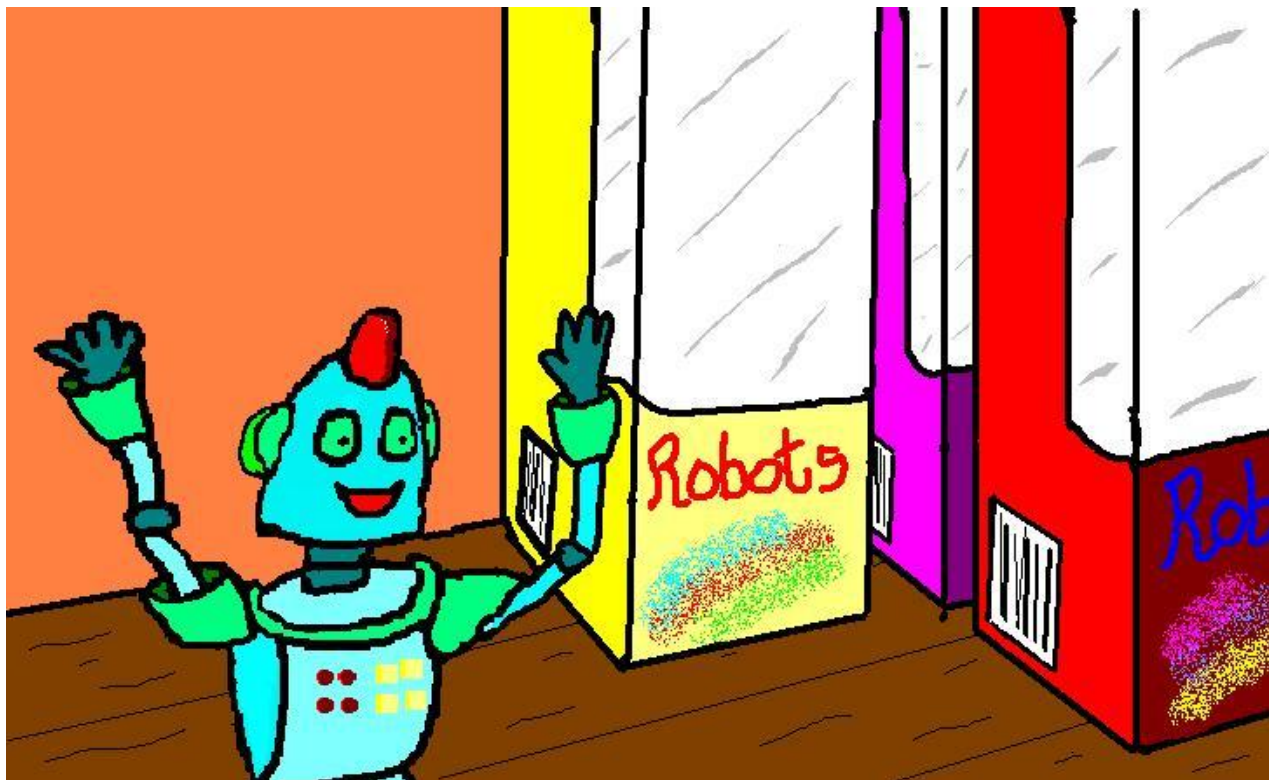
If only he could tell them, he was a perfect little robot. He could walk and talk and all his flashing lights worked. When his buttons were pressed he even made special noises. Poor Chip, the last little robot, he just wanted a family all of his own. He just wanted to play and have fun just like all the other little robots.



One day Chip was sat in his box dreaming of the day when he could play. He imagined himself with his big green eyes shining and his red light flashing as he walked up and down making his special noises every time his buttons were pressed.

He could hear the children laughing as they followed him up and down, up and down. Suddenly Chip heard a loud noise. “BANG” a big red box dropped onto Chip’s shelf. Chip stood up straight, he stretched and tried to see what was in the box.

Then one by one out of the box came a long line of little robots. Red ones blue ones, yellow ones and all in shiny new boxes. Before long they were all lined up like soldiers on parade completely filling Chip’s shelf. “HOORAY” shouted Chip “I’m not alone anymore”.

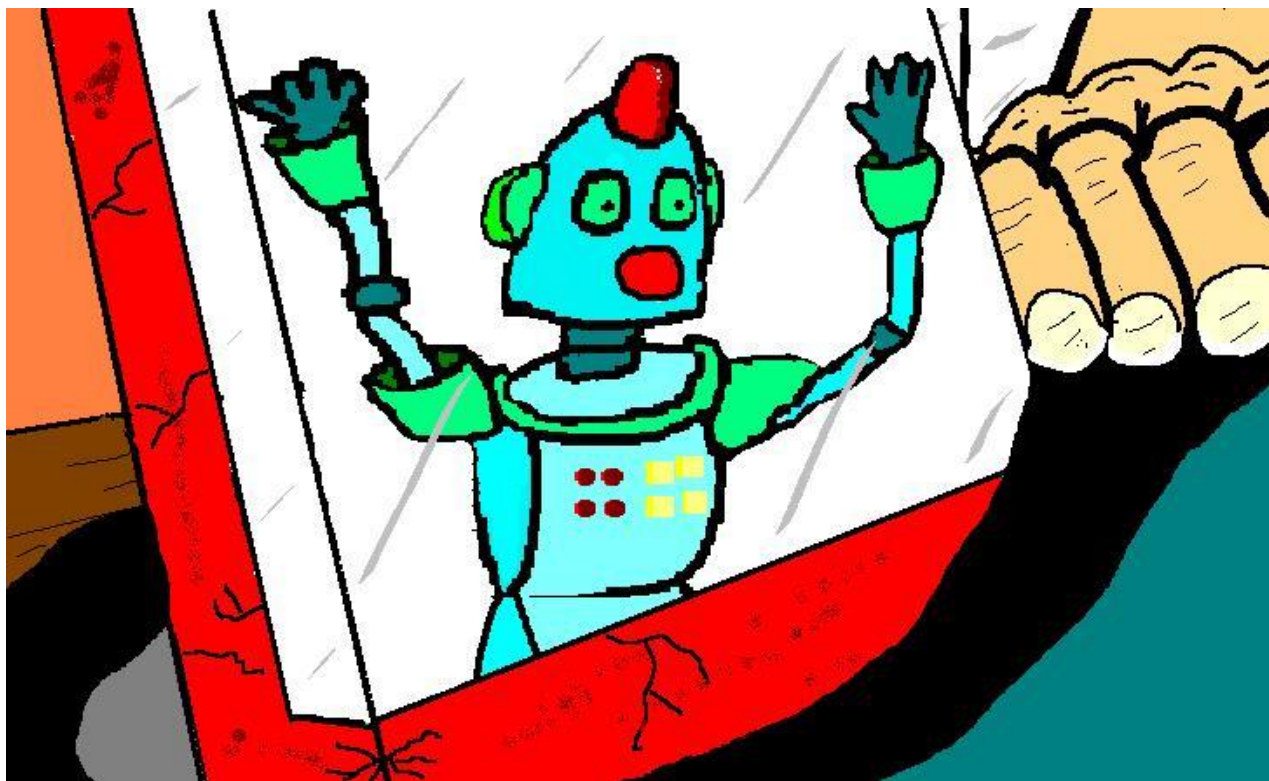


Just then Chip felt himself being lifted into the air. Before he knew it he had been dropped into a large black bag. Inside the bag it was dark. Chip was afraid. "What was happening" he thought, "where am I going".

Chip couldn't see anything .He pressed his shiny metal ear against his box. Chip could hear someone sobbing. "Help," said a quiet voice "get me out of here" it continued.

Chip shouted, "WHO'S THERE?" "Me" came the timid reply. "Who's me?" asked Chip. "Carla, the teddy bear. Who are you". "I'm Chip, the little robot, from the top shelf" he replied.

"Oh I've never been up there," she said. As they talked Chip remembered his flashing red light .He quickly switched it on and as the light flashed on and off he could see Carla next to him inside the bag.



Carla was a dark brown teddy bear with a big pink bow made from silk tied around her neck. She was very cute but much bigger than Chip. Carla smiled when she saw him. She was not afraid now that she could see.

Chip noticed that Carla only had one ear. “What happened to your ear?” asked Chip. Carla raised her paw to her head. “Oh, two boys” she began “they both wanted to buy me and began tugging me backwards and forwards. Then one of them snatched me away and tore off my ear.

After that no body wanted to buy me and I’ve been sat on the toy shop floor ever since”. Chip told Carla all about his dirty box and how the new little robots had arrived and filled up his shelf.



“What do you think is going to happen to us now?” asked Carla. Just as Chip was about to reply the bag opened.

Chip felt himself being lifted into the air .He quickly turned off his flashing red light and stood up straight. Chip was very scared, he didn't know where he was or what was going to happen to him. Before he knew it he had been put down gently onto a dusty old shelf. It wasn't his shelf and it wasn't in the toyshop.

“Where am I” Chip thought to himself, “and where's Carla”. Back inside the big black bag Carla had begun to cry. She didn't like being alone in the dark. She didn't think she was going to see Chip ever again. Just then the bag opened again and Carla could see.

She stopped crying and looked upwards to see where she was. Suddenly, as she peeped out, she was grabbed by her ear and lifted out of the bag. She closed her eyes tightly, too afraid to look.



Carla still had her eyes shut when she heard a voice. “Carla, are you alright”. It was Chip. She opened her eyes and threw her arms around him. “Careful” said Chip, “you’ll squash my box if you squeeze me too hard”.

Carla let go and took a deep breath. “where are we?” she asked. “I don’t know,” said Chip “I’ll have a look around”.

Chip climbed from his box and jumped down onto the shelf. He looked carefully over the edge. “What can you see?” asked Carla. “It looks like a shop,” said Chip “but it isn’t a toy shop. There are lots of clothes and books, they all look very old!”.

Carla noticed a sign in the window. She wasn’t very good at reading but she thought it said ‘second hand shop’. “What does that mean” she asked Chip, pointing to the sign. “I don’t know,” said Chip “maybe they sell hands!”.



Just then the door opened and a small bell jingled making Chip jump. He just had time to climb back into his box before a little old lady with silver hair came towards them.

The old lady had a kind face with lots of wrinkles and she wore a big green coat with fur around the collar. “Oh look” she said, turning to the man who had just appeared from another door at the back of the shop. “These are just what I need”.

She picked up Chip and Carla and carried them to the counter where the man was now stood. “They will be just perfect for my grandchildren Mitchell and Ella” said the old lady. Chip heard the word ‘perfect’ and a big smile beamed across his face.

“Did you hear that” he whispered to Carla “she said we were perfect.” Carla smiled back, a little unsure what was going on.



Before long Chip and Carla found themselves in their new home. Chip was out of his dirty old box, dashing up and down with his lights flashing and making his special noises every time Mitchell pressed his buttons.

Carla had a pretty pink scarf tied around her head so nobody could see she only had one ear.

Everywhere that Ella went she took Carla with her. The two toys were very happy.

They forgot all about being sad and alone in the toyshop. They had a new family and were never afraid or lonely again.

