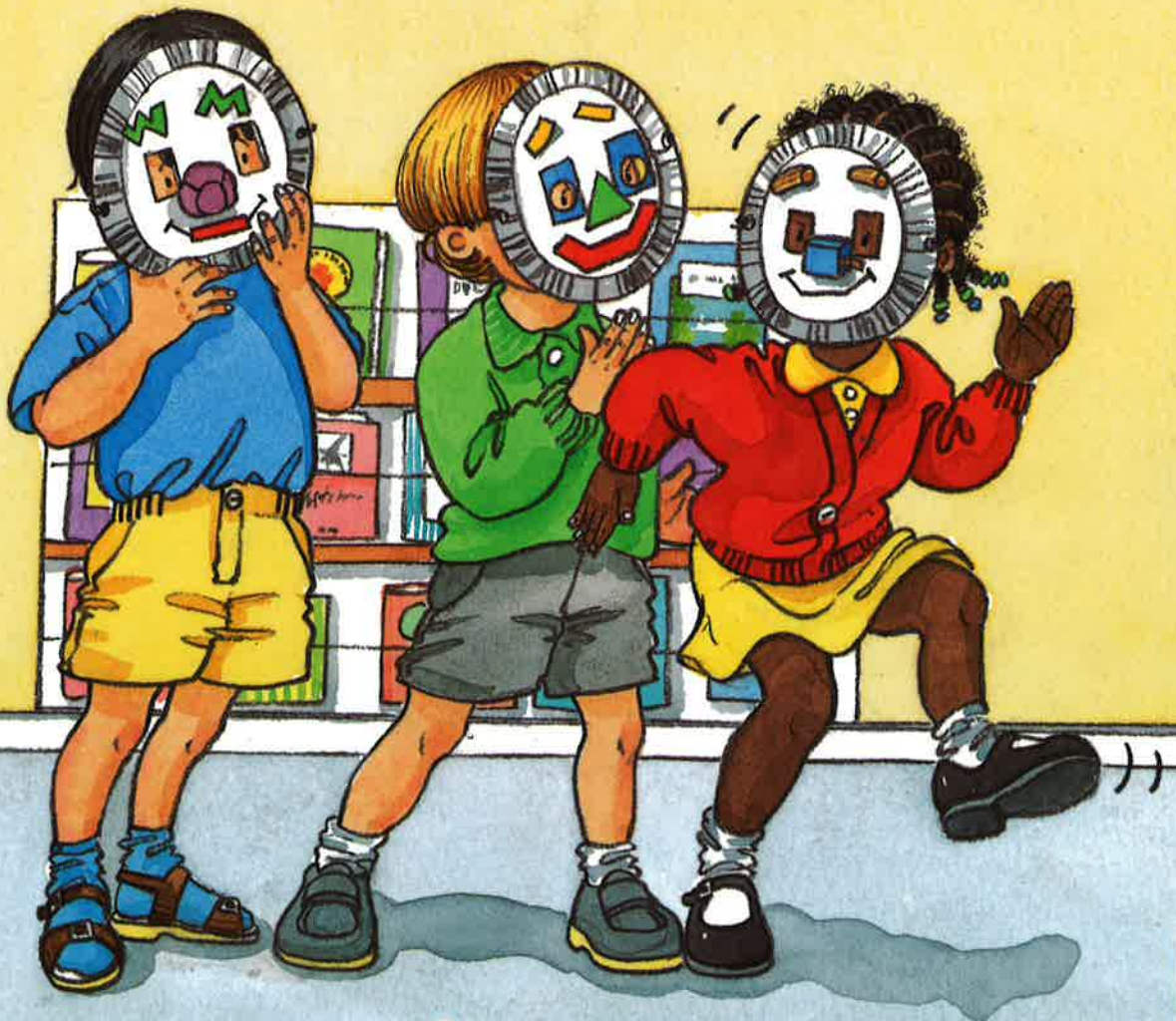




Na ròbotan



Lynne Burgess • Shelagh McNicholas



'S e deagh charaidean a th' ann an
Seasaidh, Sam agus Seòras.

'S i a' Bhean-phòsta Ros an tidsear a th' aca.
Aon mhadainn rinn iad uile aodainn ròbotan.
Pheant iad na h-aodainn le dathan brèagha.
Nuair a bha na h-aodainn tioram, thuirt an
tidsear gum faodadh iad an cur orra agus
ròbotan a chluich.

Bìp, bìp, bìp!



“S e ròbot a th’ annam,”
arsa Seasaidh.



“S e ròbot a th’ annamsa,”
arsa Sam.

“S e ròbot a th’ annamsa
cuideachd,” arsa Seòras. 3



“An ith sibh mar ròbot?”
thuirt Seasaidh.



“Ithidh,” arsa Sam
“Ithidh,” arsa Seòras.



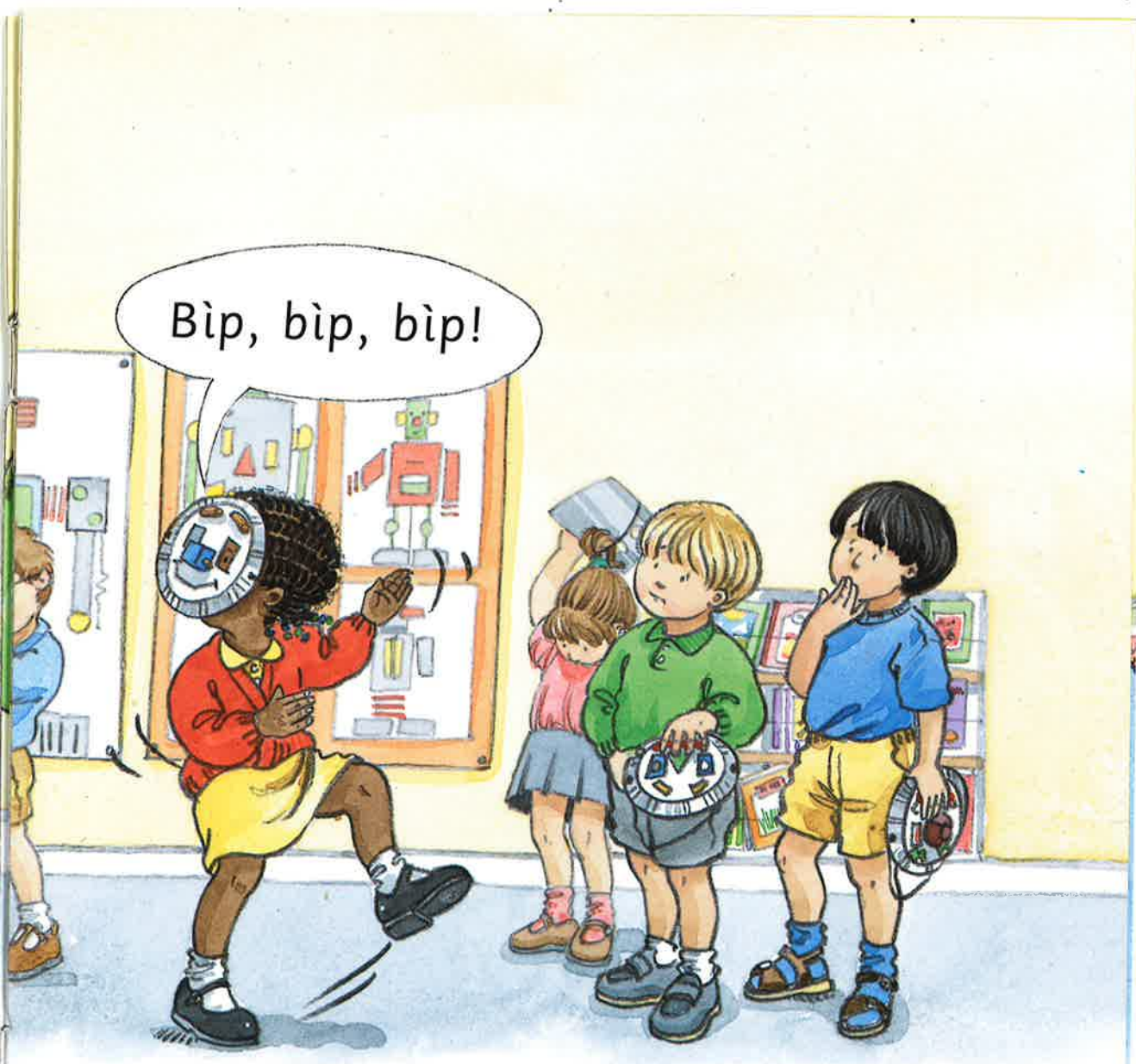
“An caidil sibh mar ròbot?”
thuirt Seasaidh.



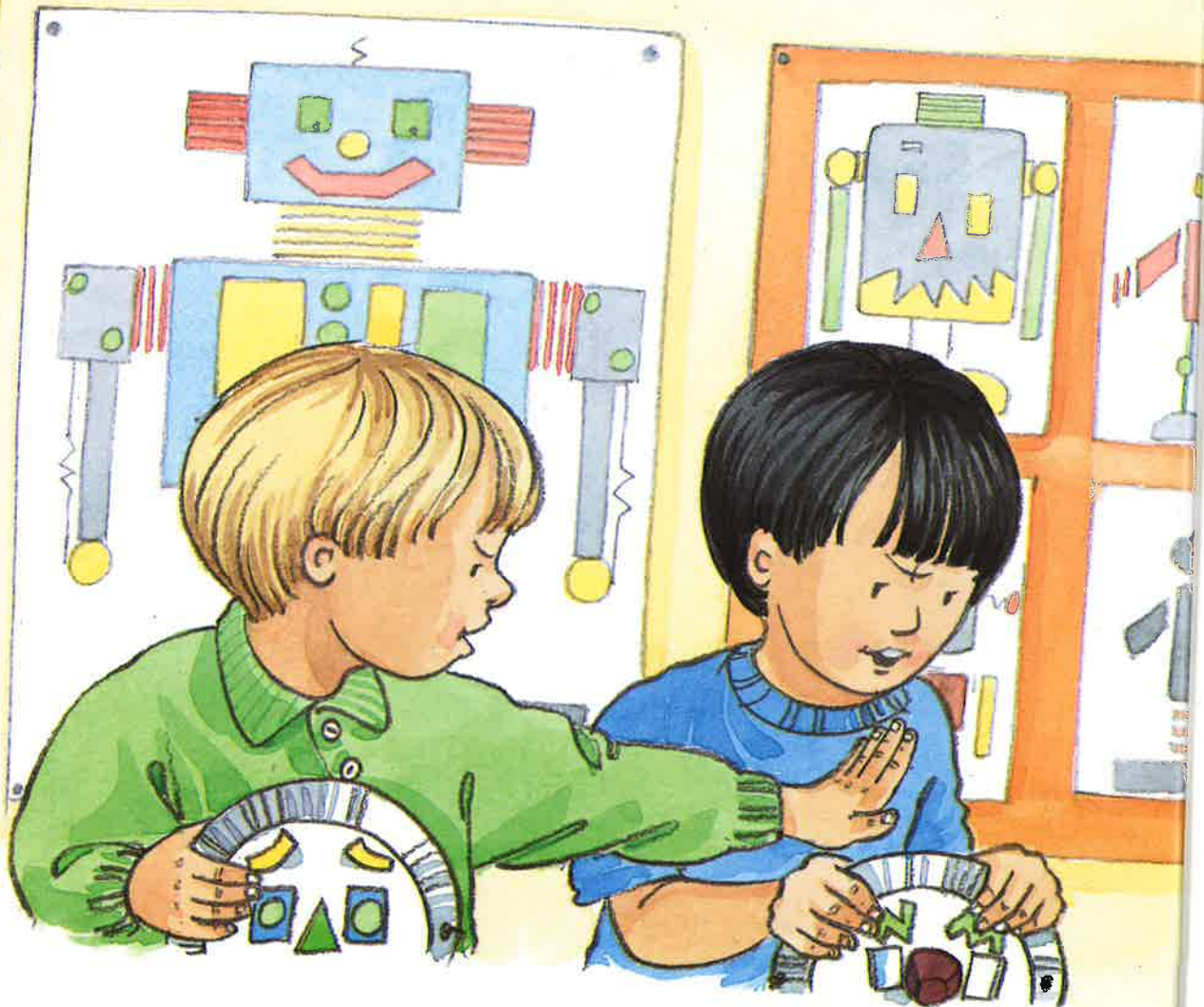
“Caidlidh,” arsa Sam.
“Caidlidh,” arsa Seòras.



“Stadaibh uile a-nis,”
thuirt an tidsear.



“Chan eil mise ag iarraidh stad,”
arsa Seasaidh.



“Stad!” arsa Sam.

“Stad!” arsa Seòras.



“Stadaidh mise ròbot sam bith,”
thuirt an tidsear.



“A-nis chan e ròbot a th’ annam.
Is mise Seasaidh,”
thuirt Seasaidh.