



THE
WILD
ROBOT
PROTECTS

THE #1 BESTSELLING SERIES BY
PETER BROWN

The background of the cover is a dark, monochromatic illustration of an underwater scene. It features various types of fish swimming in different directions, some with visible fins and gills. There are also several stalks of seaweed or coral-like plants with feathery or leafy tops. The overall style is minimalist and artistic, using white and light gray tones against a dark background. A bright, diagonal beam of light enters from the top left, illuminating the scene and creating a sense of depth and focus on the central text.

THE WILD ROBOT PROTECTS

WORDS AND PICTURES BY
PETER BROWN



Little, Brown and Company
New York • Boston

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Little, Brown and Company

Hachette Book Group

1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10104

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First Edition: September 2023

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Brown, Peter, 1979– author, illustrator.

Title: The wild robot protects / words and pictures by Peter Brown.

Description: First edition. | New York : Little, Brown and Company, 2023. | Audience: Ages 8–12. | Summary: "Roz must take an under-the-ocean journey to save her island from a mysterious poison tide." —Provided by publisher.

Identifiers: LCCN 2022061575 | ISBN 9780316669412 (hardcover) | ISBN 9780316669399 (ebook)

Subjects: CYAC: Robots—Fiction. | Animals—Fiction. | Islands—Fiction. | Sea stories. | Science fiction. | LCGFT: Sea fiction. | Science fiction. | Novels.

Classification: LCC PZ7.B81668 Wl 2023 | DDC [Fic]—dc23

LC record available at <https://lcn.loc.gov/2022061575>

ISBNs: 978-0-316-66941-2 (hardcover), 978-0-316-66939-9 (ebook), 978-0-316-57106-7 (Barnes & Noble)

E3-20230817-JV-NF-ORI

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To the oceans of the future

CHAPTER 1

THE SKY

Our story begins in the sky, with a bright sun and puffy clouds and a large flock of geese. After spending the cold months at their southern wintering grounds, the geese were migrating back to their northern home. They flew in a perfect V formation, and leading the way was a graceful young goose. The leader kept his eyes forward, constantly searching for bad weather or airships, but the sky was clear of any trouble.

Towns and roads and meadows and rivers passed beneath the geese as they flew. Far ahead, where the land met the sky, the dark blue line of the ocean gradually came into view. The ocean grew closer and closer, and then the flock was soaring above a sandy beach and out over the water.



An island appeared in the distance. Another island appeared, and another. The geese spent a few days hopping from island to island, munching on dune grass and resting their wings. Then they took off for the last leg of their journey.

Cargo ships were powering through the waves below. This part of the ocean was a shipping lane. It was crawling with huge vessels, each making its own migration to the next seaport. The geese flew high over the ships, and soon all they could see was water spreading to the horizon in every direction.

Hours passed before the geese spotted the familiar rocky shapes of their home island. They quickened their pace. Now they could see the mountain, and the forests, and the white slash of the waterfall. Now they were flying over the coastline. Now they were circling above the beaver pond.

The flock glided

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to the pond and

splashed onto the surface. They floated there, quietly cleaning their feathers, until, below the water, their webbed feet started paddling, and they swam to shore and waddled onto a pebble beach.

While the others made themselves at home, the leader wandered into the forest by himself. He followed a path through the undergrowth, passing old trees and mossy stones and thick brambles, and he stopped in a small clearing.

The goose honked loudly and listened for a response. Silence. And then the forest began to move. A cluster of ferns shook and the ground bulged up and chunks of dirt tumbled aside, and there, standing in front of the goose, was a robot.

Reader, you and I would have been terrified in that moment. It's not every day you see a robot burst up from the ground. But the goose wasn't terrified—he was happy. You see, that robot was his mother. He fluttered onto her shoulder. Then the two of them spoke to each other in the language of the animals.

“I've missed you, Ma!” said Brightbill, the goose.

“Welcome home, son!” said Roz, the wild robot.



CHAPTER 2

THE REUNION

Roz and Brightbill, mother and son, were eager to catch up, and they immediately started talking about all that had happened over the winter. But their conversation was interrupted by the sound of little claws scampering through the treetops. A tiny voice was muttering, "Brightbill's back Brightbill's back Brightbill's back!" Then a squirrel came bounding out to the tip of a branch.

"Hello, Chitchat!" said Brightbill to the squirrel. "How have you been?"

But Chitchat had come a long way, and she was out of breath. Wind rushed from her mouth, and she held up her paw as if to say, "Hang on a minute." When she was ready, the squirrel unleashed the following flurry of words:

"Brightbill I'm so glad you're home I always worry about you when you're gone which is silly because I know you're clever and tough and I'm also clever and tough so I hope you don't worry about me oh right you asked how I've been well I have some very exciting news which is that I am now a mother can you believe it I have three young kits and I can't wait for you to meet them...."

Chitchat jabbered on and on. And on. And the squirrel's jabbering voice caught the attention of nearby creatures. Fink, the fox, crept out from the bushes. Mr. and Mrs. Beaver climbed up from the pond. Swooper, the owl, flew down to a log. More and more animals emerged from the forest, smiling and laughing, eager to reunite with their old friend Brightbill.

And then a screechy voice called out from afar. The voice was repeating something, over and over, but nobody could make out the

words. Roz and the animals hurried to the edge of the forest just as a seagull named Gale appeared in the sky. She was frantically squawking and flapping toward them. Gulls were rarely seen so far inland. Something had to be wrong. And as Gale flew nearer, her words became clear.

“Help! Help! Help!”

CHAPTER 3

THE SEAL

The gull swooped past the crowd of creatures and cried, "Help! Roz! Follow me!" Then she swung back around the way she had come. Roz started running, and Brightbill started flying, and together they followed Gale north across the island and down to the rocky shore. Seabirds and otters and crabs had gathered on the rocks, and lying in the middle of the gathering was a seal. His nose was bleeding. His eyes were swollen shut. Roz knelt and inspected his injuries.



From the seal's mouth came a weak voice. "The poison tide is coming!"

"I do not understand," said the robot.

"I was hunting in the north with my friends and family when we noticed a shimmering patch of water," said the seal. "We were curious, so we swam closer. And then we felt the poison. The shimmering water burned our mouths and our noses and our eyes! I couldn't see, and I called out for the others, but nobody called back. The poison tide kept washing over me, and the pain was too much, so I turned and swam for my life, back into clear ocean water, and I

just kept swimming, for days, until I arrived here.”

“What is the poison tide?” said the robot. “Where did it come from?”

But the seal couldn’t answer because he suddenly erupted into a fit of coughing. The animals exchanged nervous glances as the seal coughed and coughed. Everyone wanted to help him, but there was nothing they could do.

When he finally stopped coughing, the seal hardly had enough strength to speak. “Please,” he whispered. “I want to feel the ocean.”

Very carefully, Roz lifted him up, carried him across the rocks, and released him into the shallows. The touch of salt water against his body brought a faint smile to the seal’s face. It was too hard for him to speak, so without saying a word he slowly swam away and disappeared beneath the waves.