Megan sat at the kitchen table and looked at the time. It was six o’clock. Then Megan looked at the work she had to do for class. First, she had to finish writing a report. Her topic was a major Texas river. Then for math, Megan had to change a list of numbers from feet to meters. And she even had to study a new song for music.
Megan felt lazy. This was too much for a third grader! “I wish I had a robot to help me be a better pupil!” Megan said to herself.

Then Megan began to think about what that robot might do. It might read things in a rapid way and tell her what they meant. It might write her river report. It would write clever things on her paper. Mr. Lemon would think that Megan was a super writer.

And the robot might do math for Megan. It might add or subtract. It would tell her things like how many feet there are in a meter!

Her robot would play music and help her study her new song. Robot music had to be better than human music.

Megan’s robot might do more than help her study. It might dust her room and make her bed. It might be a silent lawn mower or a sitter for Megan’s baby sister. And it might teach her to beat rival soccer players.

Megan felt good about her robot idea. A robot would be like magic and make hard things in her life go away.

Then Megan looked at the clock. It was almost seven! Seven! Megan had wasted a whole hour daydreaming about a robot! “A robot did not help me,” she said to herself. “It hurt me!”