

chaitanya k Project proposal (version 4)

The Project

The project is about non-conventional illustrated books for Indian children. The main focus will be on the use of paper craft in terms of, pop-ups and/or origami. It will also be an experiment with unconventional typography and other, techniques that have not been properly explored, in young children's literature in India. I will also be exploring the relationship between the stories with the form of the book; whether the story always dictates the form, how well can the form shape the story.

Primary focus in this project will be to create a popup book. I will be looking at the techniques/ mechanisms, of a pop-up/mechanical book.

Secondary focus will be on the form of presentation, narrative and alternative storytelling methods.

I will also try to give it an Indian feel. Our country has a rich oral and dance/performance tradition that is quite often based on narrating and enacting stories, I feel that an Indian book for children has to have an additional experiential value to it for it to be truly Indian. As of now I will be designing for readers that are 8 and older.

Exploration

Through the course of this project I will be exploring the craft of using 3Dimensional elements like popups and cutouts, as well as the interactive pull/ turn features that can add an animated element to the narrative.



The above pic is a Venetian blind mechanism that I tried out recently.

Grounds for/need for the project

Books for children that are published in India are lacking in the visual richness that one finds in their foreign counterparts. Also most of them seem to be based on the Panchtantra and Jataka tales. There is a need for more contemporary content that doesn't always end with a 'moral for the day'. One example of Indian children's books with fresher content is the 'Chota Birbal' series though this is for younger children only.

As of now I have not seen much done with 3d books in India. I have found examples of greeting cards, and brochures, but not many books.

I want to make a book that meets the basic quality requirements of being fairly robust and simple to assemble in the standard assembly line process (that's how pop up books are published, in India and the world over...the printing is done, pop ups are die cut and manually assembled into the book). It should last longer than current popup books; the popups should be designed to last, and not crumple easily. I also want to make a book that might establish genre of its own.

We have a rich visual resource in both the traditional as well as the 'street' culture that can be used for inspiration for a style that would make this book 'Indian':

Traditional:

-The shadow puppets that are made from paper/ leather

-Relief-sculpture narrative panels in temples, stupas etc.



Some 3d books that I did in foundation, - "the elephant's trunk" and "the ugly tree".

This type of 3d book is called a 'peepshow' book, each 90 ° spread is like a 3d stage/movie set.

Street:

-The graphics on trucks and auto rickshaws (typography, wood/metal panels over the windscreens, as well as the interiors of trucks)

- Movie posters (the 3d treatment of text)

I have been working with paper-craft since I was a kid. Back then I used to build aircraft models from standard kits. Eventually I started working on my own design for spacecraft, etc. and since there were no kits available for me to construct them I started making them out of paper. My other interest had been origami.

Since then I've been working with paper as a sculptural medium and a 3dimensional book seems to be the logical progression for my skills at this point of time. Eventually sometime in the future I will work on kits and toys.

My position as artist/designer

Storytelling is great form for communication and as a communication designer I find that my strengths lie in this field. I also have an interest in paper craft, and see the 3d book as an excellent medium to bring my skills together.

I like to think of myself as a craftsman and I believe this brings with it the responsibility to make sure my craft is in a constant state of evolution.

I believe that craft needs to evolve constantly; failing which it becomes nothing more than a novelty for tourists to pick up.

Research questions

Most traditional stories either have religious/ mystical, mythological or historical themes, or have 'moral values' attached to them; do Indian traditional stories have any other unique value in them? If so, how are they different from those in other cultures?

How can this be integrated into contemporary stories?

- Through a 3d book I will be able to add a certain tangible Indian quality to the story. This form is ideal for simulating qualities that exist in traditional puppetry, miniature paintings and relief sculpture that appear to be the popular forms of storytelling in our culture.

How can the use of the third dimension add value to the narrative in terms of its complexity and interactivity?

How do Indian children choose what to read? Are they given a choice?

How do Indian parents choose what their children should read? Does this have anything to do with what they read when they were young and what they read now?

Methods and approach that I will be using

Market/field survey:

-Study existing examples in this genre of books in the market.

-Studying the book buying trends of children, parents.

-Comparison of Indian with western/eastern paper craft and 3d books

-Evaluation of the kind of content/narrative in the above

Study of other Indian mediums ; (puppetry, street graphics etc.); from which I can draw inspiration and develop a style.

Explorations with paper/card, cutting and folding techniques

Existing folds and pop ups that are standard practice



This is a classic 180° pop up from my logbook.

Production techniques and considerations that I would need to take into account at the design level.

Write/adapt a story

Develop it to a script in the presentation/narrative style that I decide to use

Create a visual storyboard keeping in mind the 3d element.

Generate a prototype

What I expect to gain or learn

Take my existing 'rough' skills in paper craft and refine them to a point where it can be classified as expertise.

Through this project I hope to develop an understanding of the 3d book, both in terms of its design, construction and narrative.

Develop skills in story telling and paper craft that I can further adapt for other mediums; such as animation, sculpture; toy design that I will be exploring at a later date.

Materials and resources I will be using

Books:

- The Elements of Pop-Up – David A. Carter and James Diaz
- Black and White – David Macaulay
- Griffin & Sabine Chronicle Books, 1991 - Nick Bantock

Online resources:

- www.robertSabuda.com
- www.libraries.rutgers.edu/rul/lib/scua/montanar/p-ex.htm
- <http://www.zuko.to/kobo/> - Keisuke Saka (paper engineer)
- <http://www.markhiner.co.uk/>
- <http://www.makersgallery.com/joanirvine/howto.html>
- <http://www.popupbooks.net/> - links
- <http://www.library.unt.edu/rarebooks/exhibits/popup/main.htm> - brief history of popup and movable books

Junior Library, senior library

Lab facilities:

Internet

Light table

Glass slab

Computer

Scanner

Expertise:

Story/narrative: AV,

In paper craft: Ranjan De, Devika Krishnan

Stationary: paper, kg card, ivory card, acrylic paints, watercolor paints, oil pastels, colour pencils, Rotring pens

story idea #1

"The adventures of #4"



shadow puppets .



relief sculpture, story panels from the Sanchi Stupa .



It's a great day for a launch, the sun is shining and there isn't a cloud in sight.

The rocket is sitting on the launch pad, hooked up to a fuel truck.

Other support vehicles are scurrying around on the tarmac.

In the control room everyone is looking at their screens as final system checks are performed.

Finally the rocket is ready for launch, all vehicles and personnel clear the launch pad.

The Launch goes smoothly, as seen on one of the screens in the control room.

The spacecraft shoots through the atmosphere.

As it is about to enter space, a small metallic box falls off of it.

The spacecraft continues on its mission into space.

The small metallic box pops open a parachute...

...Lands in a forest, rolls on the ground and falls into some animal's burrow.

The spacecraft continues onwards to Europa.
(Europa is the sixth of Jupiter's known satellites and the fourth largest; it is the second of the Galilean moons. Europa is slightly smaller than the Earth's Moon. Europa has a thin outer layer of ice. The images of Europa's surface strongly resemble images of sea ice on Earth. It is possible that beneath Europa's surface ice there is a layer of liquid water, perhaps as much as 50 km deep, kept liquid by tidally generated heat. If so, it would be the only place in the solar system besides Earth where liquid water exists in significant quantities. From this one might conclude that there is a good chance for life on this satellite.)

Five years later it reaches Europa. It deploys three metallic boxes and then maintains orbit.

The three boxes pop open their parachutes and then gently touch down one the icy surface.

The orbiting spacecraft sends a signal back to earth. The people in the control room send out an activation signal.

The shiny boxes open and out crawl little centipede like robots.

In the forest on earth, the dust covered box opens and out crawls the 4th robot.

On Europa, the robots split up; Robot#1 goes north, #2 west and #3 goes south.

In the forest, #4 heads east.

In the control room THERE IS CONCERN it seems that there is something wrong with the fourth robot, its signal is very weak, the data it is sending back is garbled and the images are distorted.

(#4's interactions with the inhabitants of the forest and the interpretations the people in the control room make of it, is the rest of the story.)

The above story can be presented in a multi linear way (similar to David macauly's Black and White); with two or more parallel stories involving the different robots.

In David macauly's "black and white" each spread is divided into four panels each showing a different part of the same story (four stories within one)

Story idea #2

Currently untitled

A metallic box lands on the surface. The terrain is covered in ice, smooth in places, with occasional jagged crystalline projections. The box opens and out crawls a rover/robot named #4. He starts crawling about occasionally picking up a rock or speck of dirt and scrutinizing it. After a while, he stops, unfolds a solar panel and recharges his batteries.

Suddenly #4 sees something shining in the distance! He quickly folds up his solar panel and races towards the shiny object. When he reaches it, the shiny object suddenly comes alive and starts waving some thin wiry limbs. For a moment our robot stays at a distant while he runs an analysis of what he is looking at.

Realizing that this must be a native life form on this planet, he proceeds towards it. After all, this was exactly what he was sent here to look for.

#4 stretches out one of its claws, the creature does the same with one of its appendages. #4 moves two steps to the right, the creature follows him. It mirrors his every movement.

#4 scans the creature with his laser molecular transfunctioner. The creature scans him with a green colored laser beam of some kind. #4's laser molecular transfunctioner completes its analysis and declares that the creature is a machine made up of silicon, plastics and some kind of titanium alloy, just like himself!

#4 and the creature start beeping at each other and eventually learn each other's language. #4 now knows that the creature is also a machine like himself, sent here in search of life. His name is X (for now).

What follows is a series of short stories, about their adventures on Europa.

An alternative plot would be that these two robots have been sent to earth from, some other planets, and land in an unpopulated/sparsely populated remote area (Thar Desert, Lakshadweep, or even bottom of the Indian Ocean)

Story option#3

[after my last review with my review comitee(arvind lodaya, geetha narayanan, ravindra, av and geoff) it was decided that it would take too long for me to develop my own story/script, subsequently i was advised to use an existing story; ie. not written by myself. this suits me fine, as my main concern is with the paper craft/popup, and the presentation of the story.]

THE KING OF THE CROCODILES

ONCE upon a time a farmer went out to look at his fields by the side of the river, and found to his dismay that. all his young green wheat had been trodden down, and nearly destroyed, by a number of crocodiles, which were lying lazily amid the crops like great logs' of wood. He flew into a great rage, bidding them go back to the water, but they only laughed at him.

Every day the same thing occurred,-every day the farmer found the crocodile- lying in his young wheat, until one morning he completely lost his temper, and, when they refused to. budge, began throwing stones at them. . At this they rushed on him fiercely, and he, quaking with fear fell on his knees, begging them not to hurt him.

We will hurt neither you nor your young wheat,' said the biggest crocodile, ' if you will give us your daughter in marriage ; but if not, we will eat you for throwing stones at us.'

The farmer, thinking of nothing but saving his own life, promised what the crocodiles required of him; but when, on his return home, he told his wife what he had done, she was very much vexed, for their daughter was as beautiful as the moon, and her betrothal into a very rich family had already taken place. So his wife persuaded the farmer to disregard the promise made to the crocodiles, and proceed with his daughter's marriage as if nothing had happened; but, when the wedding-day drew



near the bridegroom died, and there was an end to that business. The farmer's daughter, however, was so beautiful that she was very soon asked in marriage again, but this time her suitor fell sick o~ lingering illness; in short, so many misfortunes occurred to all concerned, that at last even the farmer's wife acknowledged the croco-diles must have something to do with the bad luck. By her advice the farmer went down to the river bank to try to induce the crocodiles to release him from his promise, but they would hear of no excuse, threat-ening fearful punishments if the agreement were not fulfilled at once.

So the farmer returned home to his wife very sorrowful; she, however, was determined to resist to the uttermost, and refused to give up her daughter.

The very next day the poor girl fell down and broke her leg. Then the mother said, 'These demons of crocodiles will certainly kill us all I-better to marry our daughter to a strange house than see her- die.'

Accordingly the farmer went down to the river and informed the crocodiles that they may send the bridal procession to fetch the bride as soon as they chose.

The next day a number of female crocodiles came to the bride's house with trays full of beautiful clothes and other gifts for her. They behaved with the utmost politeness and carried out all the proper ceremonies with the greatest precision. Nevertheless the beautiful bride wept, saying, 'oh mother! Are you marrying me into the river? I shall be drowned!'

In due course the bridal procession arrived and all the village was wonderstruck at the magnificence of all the arrangements. Never was there such a retinue of crocodiles, some playing instruments of music, others carrying trays of sweetmeats, garments, and jewels and all dressed in the finest costumes. In the middle, a perfect blaze of gold and jewels, sat the King of the Crocodiles.

The site of so much magnificence somewhat comforted the beautiful bride, nevertheless she wept bitterly as they put her in the gorgeous palanquin and bore her away to the riverbank. Arrived at the edge of the stream they dragged the poor terrified girl out and pushed her towards the water, despite her struggles , for thinking that she was going to drown, she screamed with terror; but lo and behold the no sooner had her feet touched the water than it divided before her and rising on either side, showed her a path leading to the bottom of the river, down which the bridal party disappeared, leaving the father who had accompanied her so far, upon the bank, very much astonished at the marvelous sight.

Some months passed by without further news of the crocodiles. The farmer's wife wept because she had lost her daughter, declaring that the girl was really drowned, and her husband's, fine story about the stream dividing was a mere invention.

Now when the King of the Crocodiles was on the point of leaving with his bride, he had given a piece of brick to her father, with these words: 'If ever you want to see your daughter, go down to the river, throw this brick~ far as you can into the stream, and you will see .what you will see!'

Remembering this, the farmer said to his. wife, 'Since you are so distressed, I will go myself and see if my daughter be alive or dead.'

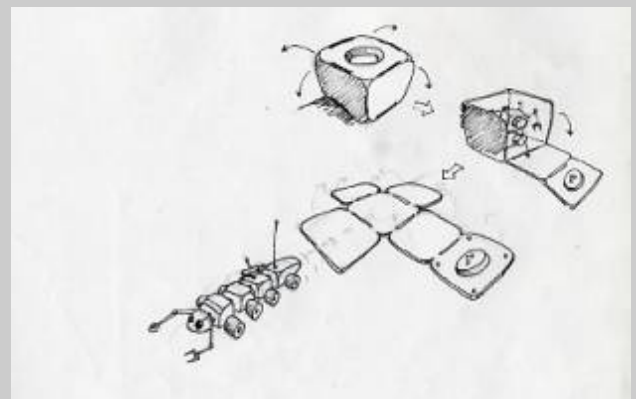
Then he went to the river bank, taking the brick, and threw it ever so far into the stream. Immediately the" waters rolled back from before his feet, leaving a dry path to the bottom of the river. I t looked so inviting, spread with clean sand, and bordered by flowers, that the farmer hastened along it without the least hesitation, until he came to a magnificent palace, with a golden roof, and shining, glittering diamond walls. Lofty trees and gay gardens surrounded it, and a sentry paced up and down before the gate-way.

' Whose palace is this?' asked the farmer of the sentry, who replied that it belonged to the King of the crocodiles.

'My daughter has at least a splendid house to live in ! ' thought the farmer; 'I only wish her husband were half as handsome!'

Then, turning to the sentry, he asked if his daughter were within.

' Your daughter!' returned the sentry, 'what should she do here? '



David macauly's Black and White

'She married the King of the Crocodiles, and I want to see her.'

At this the sentry burst out laughing. 'A likely *story*, indeed!' he cried; 'what! *My* master married to *your* daughter! . Ha! ha! ha!'

Now the farmer's daughter was sitting beside an open window in the palace, waiting for her husband to return from hunting. She was as happy as the day was long, for you must know that in his own river kingdom the King of the Crocodiles was the hand-somest young Prince anybody *ever* set eyes upon; it was only when he went on shore that he assumed the form of a crocodile. So what with her magnificent palace and splendid young Prince, the farmer's daughter had been too happy even to think of her old home; but now, hearing a strange voice speaking to the sentry, her memory awakened, and she recognized her father's tones. Looking out, she saw him there, standing in his poor clothes, in the glittering *court*; she longed to run and fling her arms round his neck, but dared not disobey her husband, who had forbidden her to go out of, or to let anyone into the palace without his permission. So all she could do was to lean out of the window, and call to him, saying, Oh, dearest father! I am here! Only wait till my husband, the King of the Crocodiles, returns, and I will ask him to let you in. I dare not without his leave.'

The father, though overjoyed to find his daughter alive, did not wonder she was afraid of her terrible husband, so he waited patiently.

In a short time a troop of horsemen entered the court. Every man was dressed from head to foot in armor made of glittering silver plates, but in the center of all rode a Prince clad in gold-bright burnished gold, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, -the handsomest, most gallant young Prince that ever was seen.

Then the poor farmer fell at the gold-clad horse-man's feet, and cried, 'O King! Help me! For I am a poor man whose daughter was carried off by the dreadful King of the Crocodiles!'

Then the gold-clad horseman smiled, saying, 'I am the King of the Crocodiles! Your daughter is a good, obedient wife, and will be very glad to see you.'

After this there were great rejoicings and merry-makings, but when a few days had passed away in feasting, the farmer became restless, and begged to be allowed to take his daughter home with him for a short visit, in order to convince his wife the girl was well and happy. But the Crocodile King refused, saying, 'Not so! but if you like I will give you a house and land here; then you can dwell with us.'

The farmer said he must first ask his wife, and returned home, taking several bricks with him, to throw into the river and make the stream divide.

His wife would not at first agree to live in the Crocodile Kingdom, but she consented to go there on a visit, and afterwards became so fond of the beautiful river country that she was constantly going to see her daughter the Queen; till at length the old couple never returned to shore, but lived altogether in Crocodile Kingdom with their son-in-law, the King of the Crocodiles.

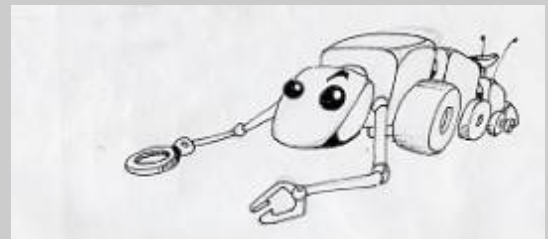
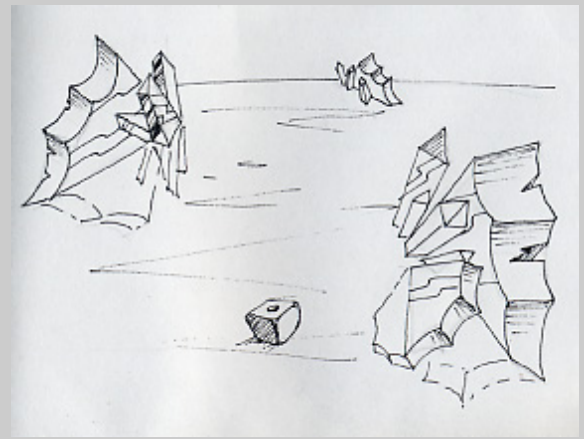
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Story option#4

THE KING OF THE Crocobots

[based on feedback from my fourth review, i've adapted the story]

Alternative story-narrating methods:



This story has five main characters, in order to make the narrative less conventional and more playful, each spread could be seen through the point of view of one of the characters: this would be illustrated either through

(1) Modifying the text itself so that it's in a first person narrative format (each character would become the sutradhaar who narrates that segment of the story)

(2) The actual illustrations/pop-ups are through the character's POV (Point of View) with perspective, foreshortening etc. like in POV shooter games.

ONCE upon a time a Techdroid, went out to survey his solar-panel array by the side of the river, and found to his dismay that. A whole bunch of them had been knocked down, and nearly destroyed, by a number of Crocobots, which were lying lazily amid the array like great hunks of scrap. He flew into a great rage, bidding them go back to the water, but they only laughed at him.

Every day the same thing occurred, -every day the Techdroid found the Crocobots lying in his solar-panel array, until one morning he completely lost his temper, and, when they refused to budge, began throwing stones at them. . At this they rushed on him fiercely, and he, quaking with fear fell on his knees, begging them not to hurt him.

'We will hurt neither you nor your solar-panels,' said the biggest crocobot, 'if you will give us your service-droid to do some maintenance work on our king but if not, we will recycle you for throwing stones at us.'

The Techdroid, thinking of nothing but saving his own life, promised what the crocobots required of him; but when, on his return home, he told his Computer what he had done, she was very much vexed, for their service-droid had recently had a costly systems upgrade and had already been assigned to sector-III of the factory which was badly in need of maintenance. So his computer persuaded the Techdroid to disregard the promise made to the crocobots, and proceed with his maintenance-droid's schedule and continue as if nothing had happened; but, a few days later sector-III was completely demolished by a meteorite. The service-droid, however, was soon reassigned to sector-V, but this time that sector had to be quarantined because its systems had been infected by a highly infectious virus; in short, so many misfortunes occurred to all the sectors that she was sent to, that at last even the computer acknowledged the croco-bots must have something to do with the bad luck. By her advice the Techdroid went down to the river bank to try to induce the crocobots to release him from his promise, but they would hear of no excuse, threat-ening fearful punishments if the agreement were not fulfilled at once.

So the Techdroid returned to the factory very sorrowful; the computer, however, was determined to resist to the uttermost, and refused to give up her service-droid.

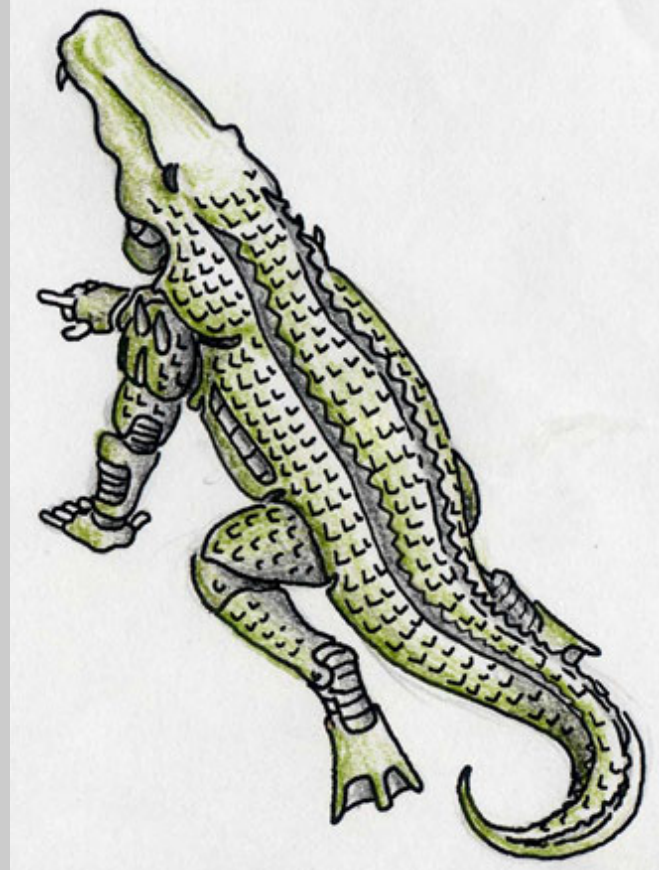
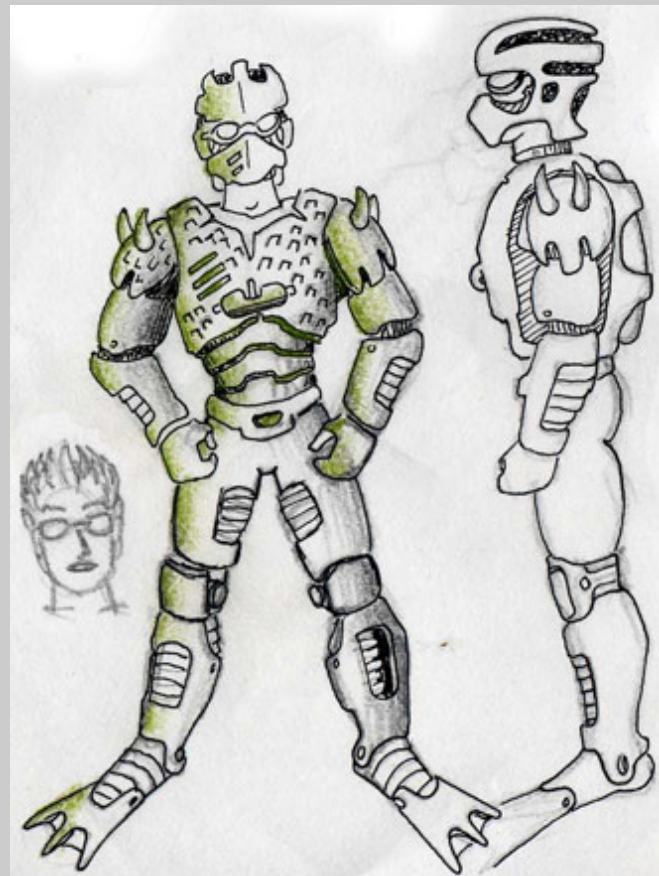
The very next day the poor service-droid fell down and smashed her rear sensor array. Then the computer said, 'these infernal crocobots will certainly kill us all it's better to assign our service-droid to these crocobots than see her scrapped.'

Accordingly the Techdroid went down to the river and informed the crocobots that they may send their tech team to collect the service-droid.

The next day a couple of crocobots came to the factory with boxes of tools and machine parts to retrofit on her. They behaved with the utmost politeness and carried out all the proper procedures with the greatest precision. Nevertheless the hapless service-droid wept, saying, 'oh computer! Are you consigning me to the river? I shall be drowned!'

In due course the royal crocobot procession arrived and the entire factory was wonderstruck at the magnificence of all the arrangements. Never was there such a retinue of crocobots, some playing instruments of music, others carrying trays of fuel cells, ram chips, and other peripherals and all dressed in the finest costumes. In the middle, a perfect meld of titanium and space age carbonfibres, sat the King of the Crocobots.

The site of so much magnificence somewhat comforted the service-droid, nevertheless she wept bitterly as they put her in the sleek hover-pod and bore her away to the riverbank. Arrived at the edge of the stream they dragged the poor terrified droid out and pushed her towards the water, despite her struggles, for thinking that she was going to drown, she screamed with terror; but lo and behold the no sooner had her feet touched the water than it divided before her and rising on either side,



showed her a path leading to the bottom of the river, down which the royal procession disappeared, leaving the Techdroid who had accompanied her so far, upon the bank, very much astonished at the marvelous sight.

Some months passed by without further news of the crocobots. The computer wept because she had lost her service-droid, declaring that the droid was rusting at the bottom of the river, and her Techdroid's, fine story about the stream dividing was a mere invention.

Now when the King of the Crocobots was on the point of leaving with his service-droid, he had given a piece of brick to Techdroid, with these words: 'If ever you want to see your service-droid, go down to the river, throw this brick as far as you can into the stream, and you will see what you will see!'

Remembering this, the Techdroid said to the computer, 'Since you are so distressed, I will go myself and see if my service-droid be alive or junked.'

Then he went to the river bank, taking the brick, and threw it ever so far into the stream. Immediately the waters rolled back from before his feet, leaving a dry path to the bottom of the river. It looked so inviting, spread with clean sand, and bordered by shimmering crystalline deposits, that the Techdroid hastened along it without the least hesitation, until he came to a magnificent palace, with a fiberglass roof, and shining, glittering plasteel walls. Lofty hydro-fans and gardens of solar-panels surrounded it, and a security-droid paced up and down before the gate-way.

'Whose palace is this?' asked the Techdroid of the sentry-droid, who replied that it belonged to the King of the crocobots.

'My service-droid has at least a splendid house to live in! Thought the Techdroid: 'I only wish her master were more than just a bot!'

Then, turning to the sentry-droid, he asked if his service-droid were within.

'Your service-droid!' returned the sentry-droid, 'what should she do here? '

'She was assigned to the King of the Crocobots, and I want to see her.'

At this the sentry burst out laughing. 'A likely *story*, indeed!' he cried; 'what! *My* master maintained by *your* service-droid! Ha! Ha! Ha!'

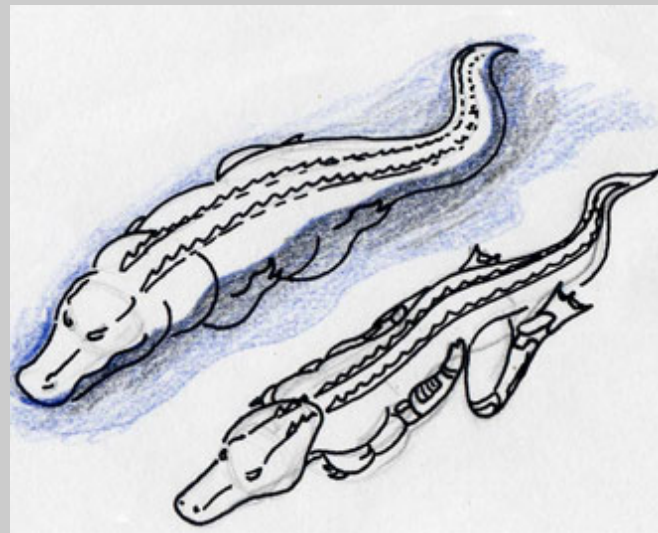
Now the service-droid was sitting beside an open window in the palace, waiting for her master to return from hunting. She was as happy as the day was long, for you must know that in his own river kingdom the King of the Crocobots was the hand-somest Droid anybody *ever* set eyes upon; it was only when he went on shore that he assumed the form of a crocobot. So what with her magnificent palace and splendid droid king, the service-droid had been too happy even to think of her old factory; but now, hearing a strange voice speaking to the sentry, her memory rebooted, and she recognized her Techdroid's tones. Looking out, she saw him there, standing in his shabby copper plating, in the glittering *court*; she longed to run and fling her arms round his neck, but dared not disobey her master, who had forbidden her to go out of, or to let anyone into the palace without his permission. So all she could do was to lean out of the window, and call to him, saying, oh, dearest Techdroid! I am here! Only wait till my master, the King of the Crocobots, returns, and I will ask him for authorization to let you in.'

The Techdroid, though overjoyed to find his service-droid alive, did not wonder she was afraid of her terrible master, so he waited patiently.

In a short time a squad of hover-bike riding droid-troopers entered the court. Every droid was dressed from head to foot in armor made of glittering plasteel plates, but in the center of all rode an awesome droid clad in titanium.

Then the poor Techdroid fell at the titanium-clad trooper's feet, and cried, 'O general! Help me! For I am a poor Techdroid, whose service-droid, was carried off by the dreadful King of the Crocobots!'

Then the titanium-clad trooper smiled, saying, 'I am the King of the Crocobots! Your service-droid is a good, efficient droid, and will be very glad to see you.'



After this there were great rejoicings and merry-makings, but when a few hours had passed away in recharging and servicing, the Techdroid became restless, and begged to be allowed to take his service-droid home with him for a short visit, in order .to convince his computer that the service-droid was well and happy. But the Crocobot King refused, saying, 'Not so! But if you like I will give you a position here in our power plant; then you can dwell with us.'

The farmer said he must first ask his computer, and returned to the factory, taking several bricks with him, to throw into the river and make the stream divide.

His computer would not at first agree to transfer to the Crocobot Kingdom, but she consented to go there on a visit, and afterwards became so fond of the beautiful river country that she was constantly going to see her service-droid; till at length the old duo never returned to the factory, but lived altogether in Crocobot Kingdom with their new master, the King of the Crocobots.

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Story option#5

THE KING OF THE Crocobots

1

Techdroid:

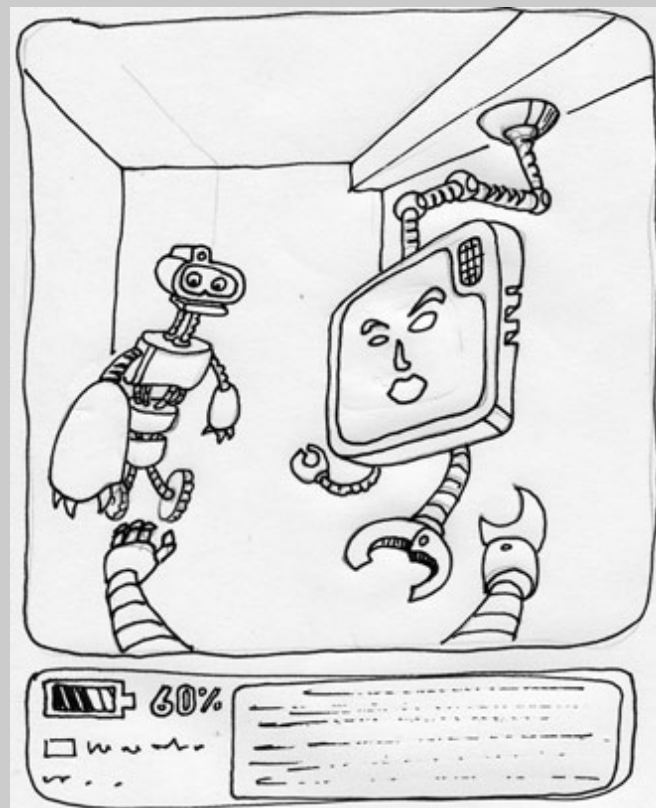
Hi I'm D-56. I was a Techdroid at that factory over there. Part of my job was to inspect the solar-panel array that powers the factory. One day when I went out to survey the array, I found to my dismay that a whole bunch of them had been knocked down, and nearly destroyed, by a number of Crocobots, which were lying lazily amid the array like they were on holiday or something!

Crocobot:

I'm Crunk. My friends and me were having a peaceful nap on that riverbank after a busy night of scavenging up and down the river for junk parts. Suddenly this crazy factory droid started shouting and screaming at us! We thought the little fellow was really funny and burst out laughing. This made him really mad and he started pelting us with rocks!

2

Techdroid:



I threw one tiny pebble at them and they jumped up and started chasing me! I tried to get away but they were too fast, and caught hold of me in no time. I was terrified and pleaded with them to let me go. They said they wouldn't recycle me if I gave them our service-droid to do some maintenance work on their king but if not, they would recycle me for throwing stones at them!

Crocobot:

He promised to give our king his Service-Droid if we let him go so we let him go with a warning that if he doesn't keep his promise, we would dismantle him and recycle his parts.

3

Computer:

I am called Slinky I am the central computer at this factory. D-56 told me that he had been forced to agree to give our factory's one and only Service-Droid to some crocobot king! Who were these crocobots? I looked them up in my data banks...

Data banks: (this bit appears inside a cutout of a computer monitor/screen)

- Amphibious bots, one of the larger type of Bots
- Design is based on early reptilian life-forms known as Crocodiles
- Known to be aggressive, short tempered brutes
- Completely incapable of manufacturing their own spare parts (just like all bots), usually retrofit or modify whatever parts they can scavenge from junkyards or deactivated bots/droids

Computer:

They appeared to be standard bots. Why did they need our service droid!

She wouldn't be able to repair them

Without the right spares or tools.

Then it occurred to me that they probably wanted to tear her to bits and take what parts they could use!

How horrible! I would not allow it!

I refused to send her off to these horrible crocobots.

4

Techdroid:

Slinky convinced us to forget about the crocobots and continue with our factory work but, a few days later sector-III was completely destroyed in a fire!

Service Droid:

My name is Z3R0 my friends call me ZERO. After yesterday's disaster, Slinky reassigned me to sector-5, but this time that sector had to be quarantined because a highly infectious virus had infected its systems.

Slinky says that the crocobots must be behind all this because I hadn't been given to them!

5

Techdroid:

Slinky made me go meet the crocobots and ask them if we could give them 30 brand new battery-packs instead of our precious Zero but they refused, and warned me that unless we kept our side of the agreement,

they would cause even worse problems!

6

Computer:

The next day I told D56 to hand over Zero to the crocobots before anything else happened to the factory or us. He took slinky to the crocobots and they dragged the poor thing into the water and swam away.

7

Computer:

It had been 3 months since we lost our service droid and we were missing her a lot. Suddenly one day a lone crocobot arrived at our front door. D56 and I went to meet it and found that there was something familiar about this bot.

8

Techdroid:

Suddenly the crocobot's head opened up and then we saw that it was actually Z3R0! Our service-droid!

9

Zero:

I explained to them that the crocobots were actually friendly droids! They just looked different because they worked under the water and required all the extra fittings – tail and armor to help them move about at those depths.

10

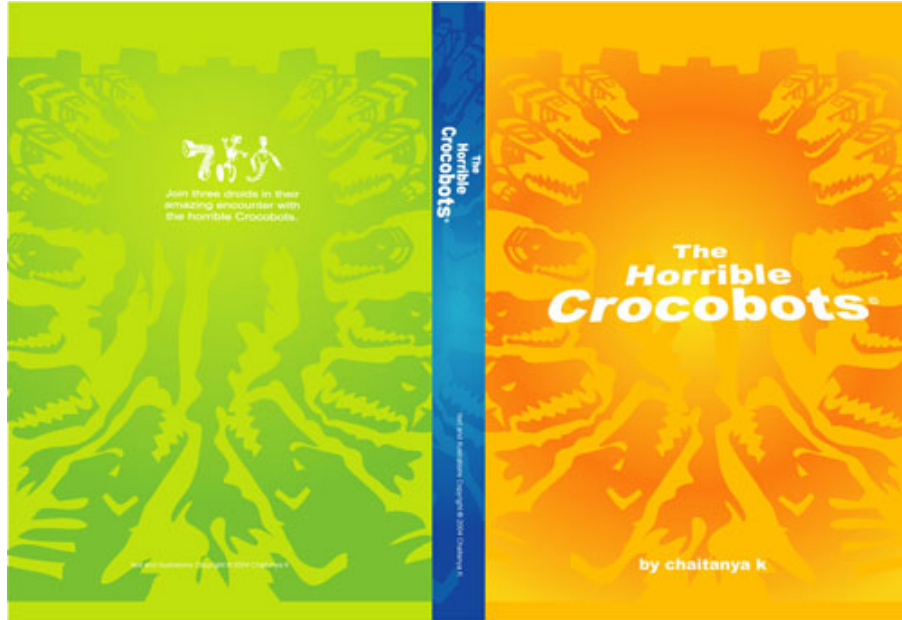
so the land droids and crocobot-droids no longer had anymore conflicts and they all learnt to co-exist happily ever after.

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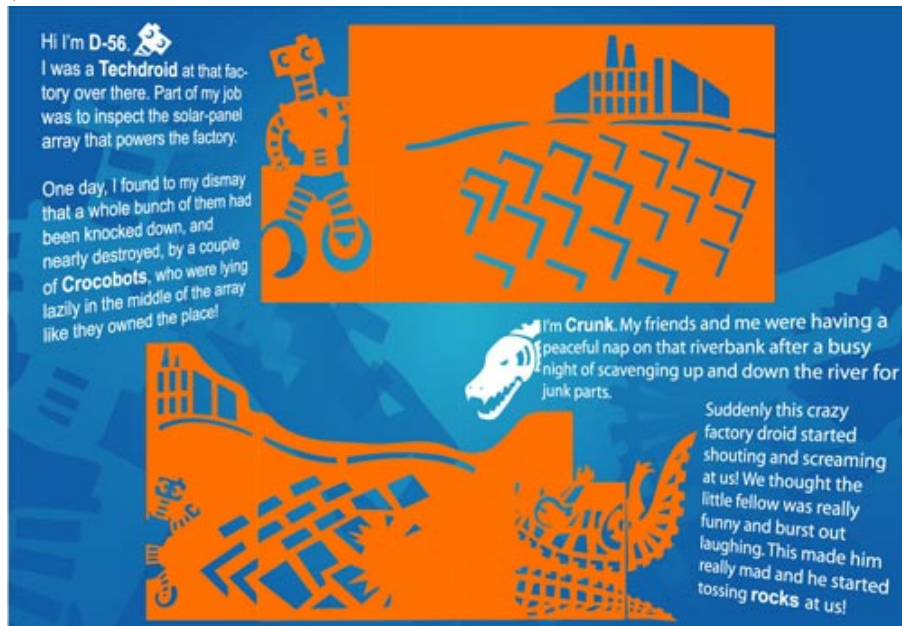
chaitanya k

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cover



1



2

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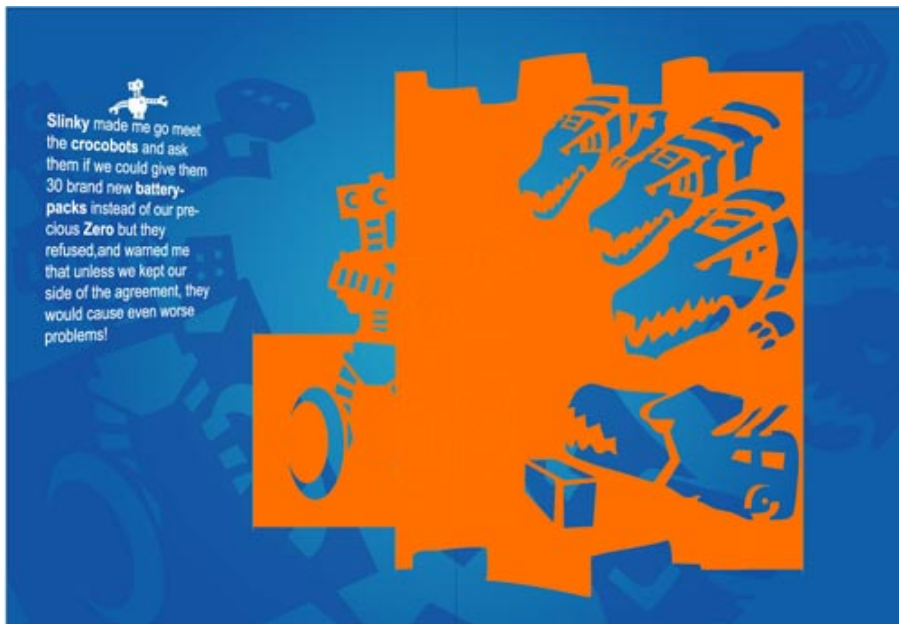
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6



The next day that service droid of theirs fell down and smashed her right tool array!

We had nothing to do with it, but their computer thought that it was our doing!

She sent that fellow D56 to tell us that they did not want any more problems and were finally ready to hand over their service-droid.

Hal Ha! We didn't have anything to do with it!



We did set fire to a section of their factory, and one of us did sneak in and plant a computer virus, but we didn't do anything to the service droid!

Looks like it was just our good luck that it happened!

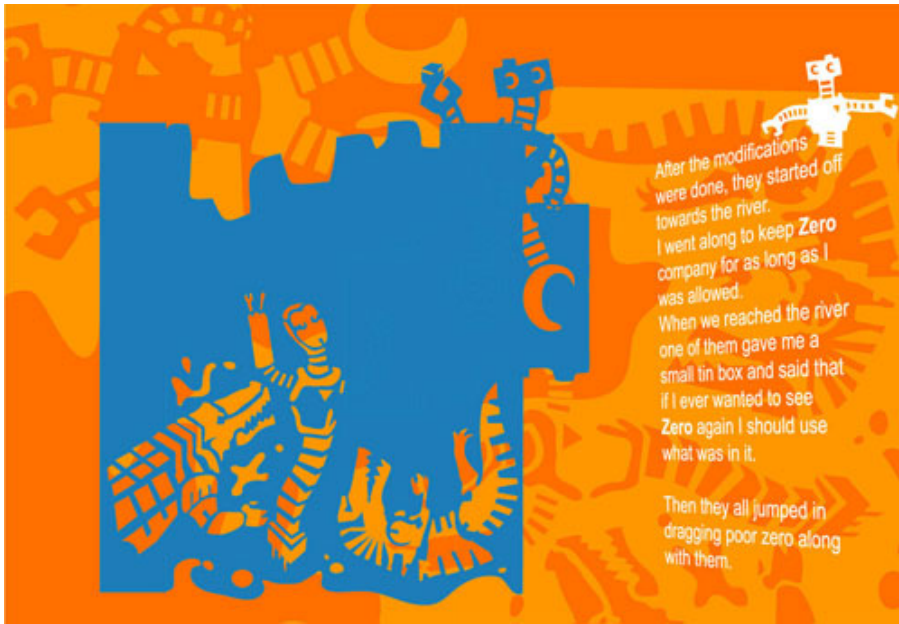
7



Slinky and D56 had just helped my fix myself when a couple of crocobots came to the factory with boxes of tools and machine parts to retrofit onto me.

They behaved with the utmost politeness and carried out all their modification procedures with surprising precision.

8



After the modifications were done, they started off towards the river. I went along to keep Zero company for as long as I was allowed.

When we reached the river one of them gave me a small tin box and said that if I ever wanted to see Zero again I should use what was in it.

Then they all jumped in dragging poor zero along with them.

9



It had been 3 months since we lost our **service droid** and I was missing her a lot.

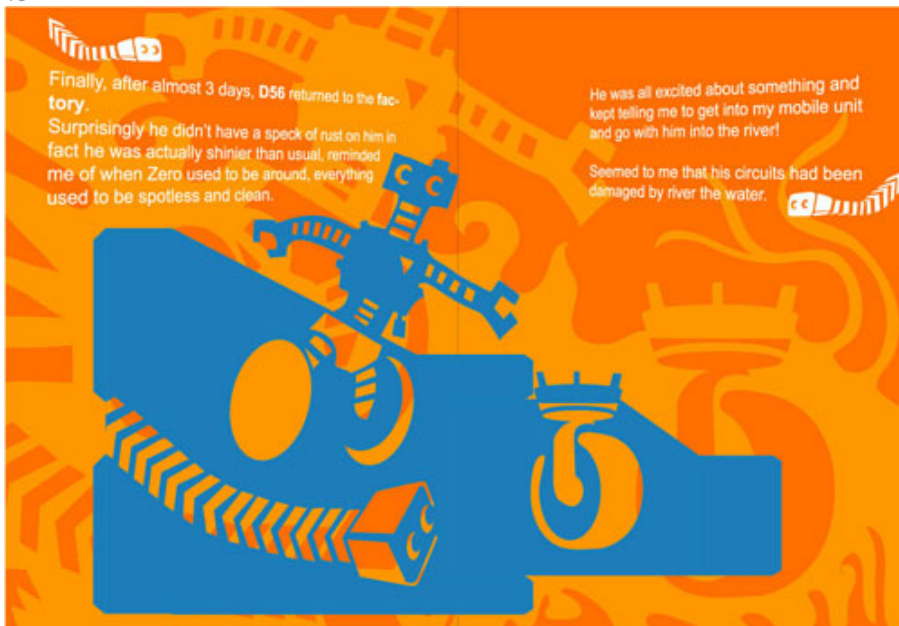
D56 showed me the box the crocobots had given him, inside was some kind of chip that seemed to be designed for plugging into one of his slots.

After we plugged it in he jumped up and said that he knew where to find Zero and was off at top speed towards the river!

With the factory's external camera's I saw him jump into the water!

I thought that this would be the end of him, that chip must have had some horrible virus from those horrible crocobots! It must have driven him mad!

10



Finally, after almost 3 days, **D56** returned to the factory. Surprisingly he didn't have a speck of rust on him in fact he was actually shinier than usual, reminded me of when Zero used to be around, everything used to be spotless and clean.

He was all excited about something and kept telling me to get into my mobile unit and go with him into the river!

Seemed to me that his circuits had been damaged by river the water.

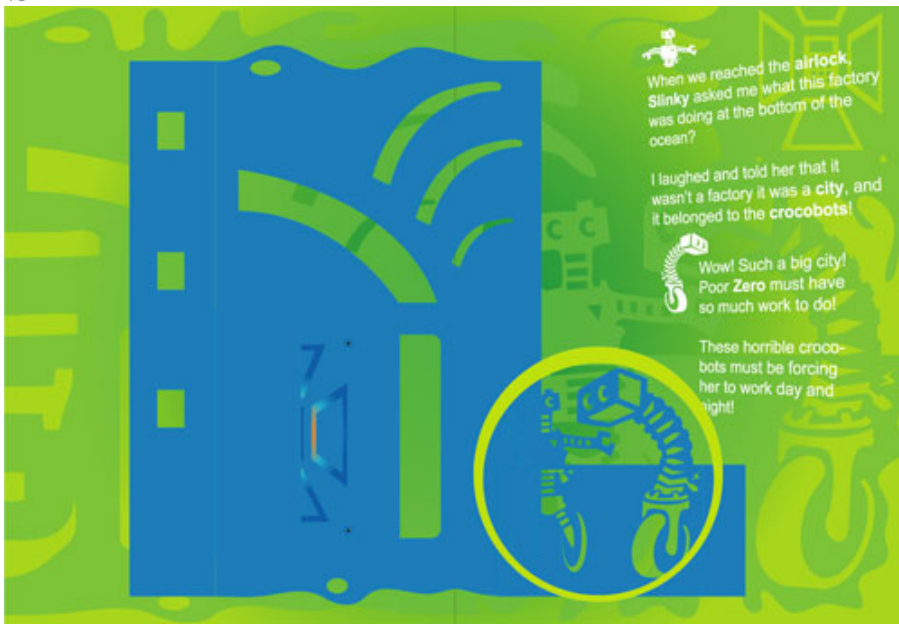
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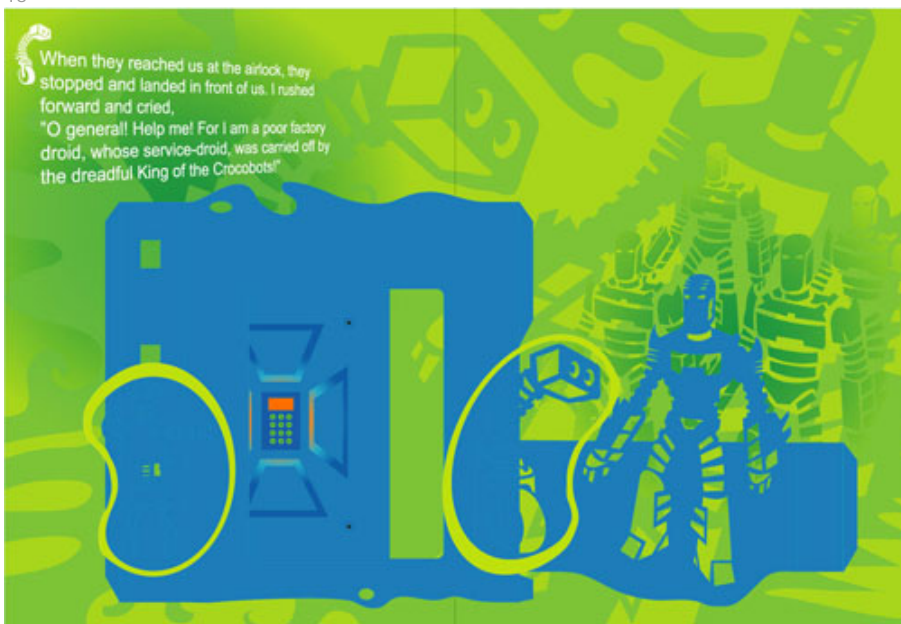
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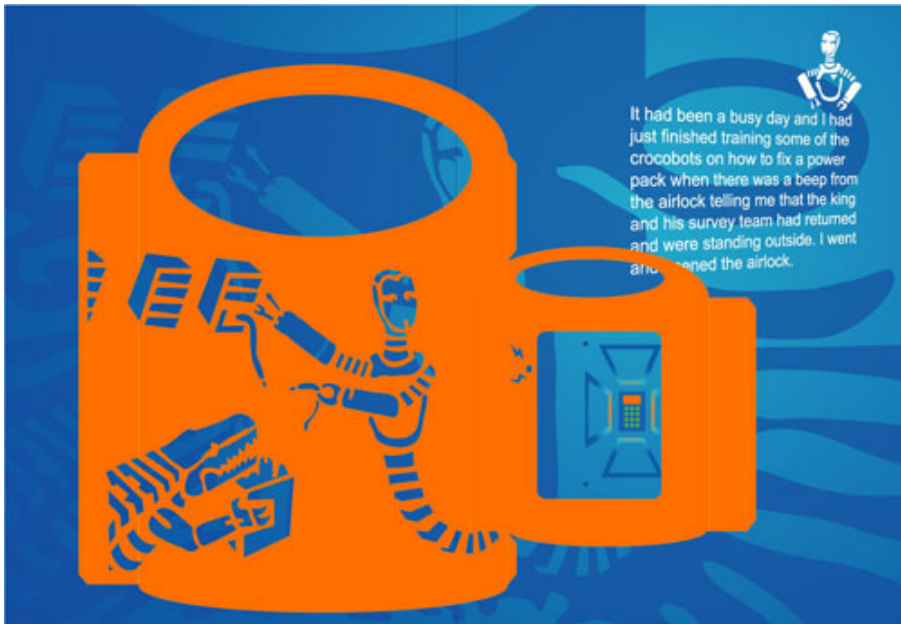
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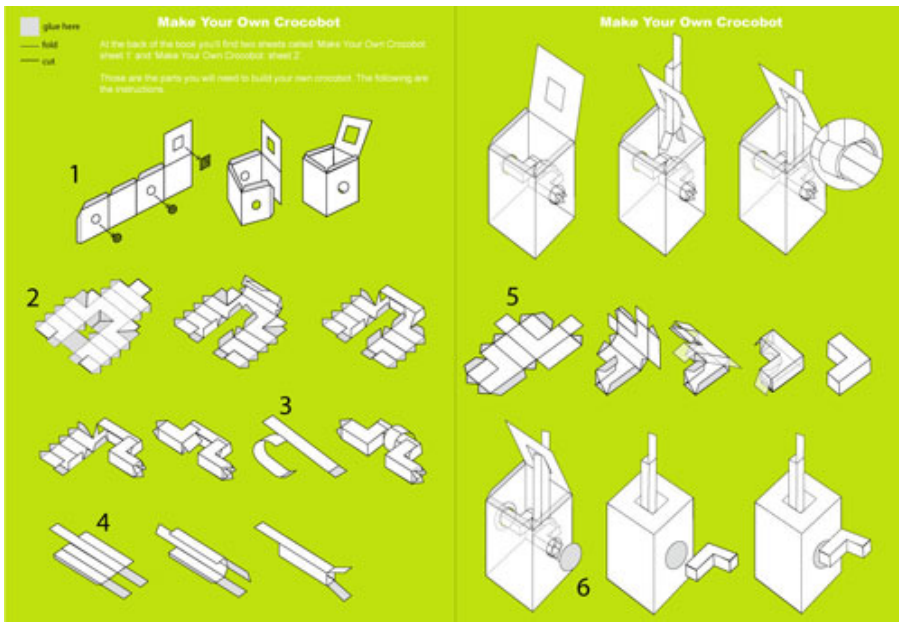
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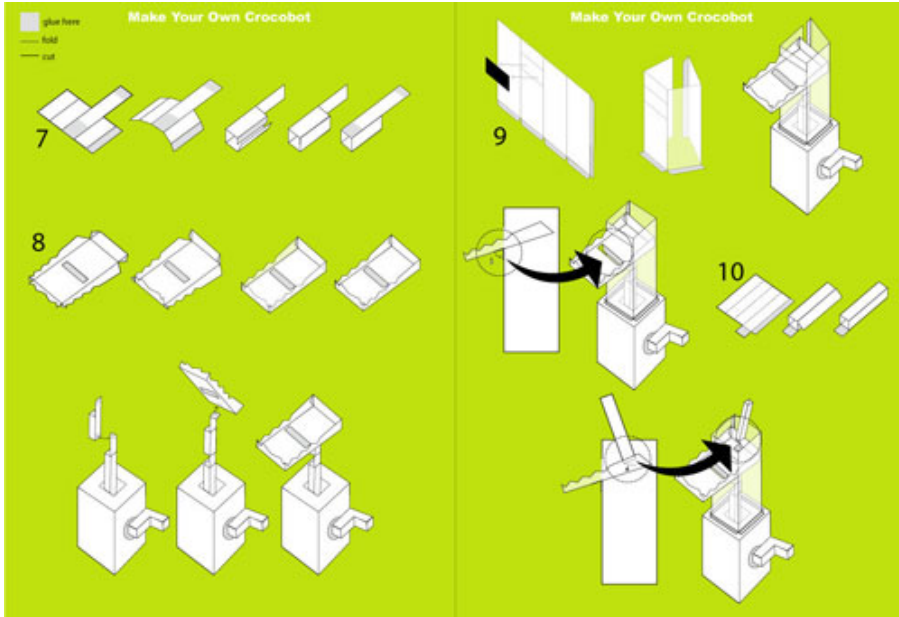
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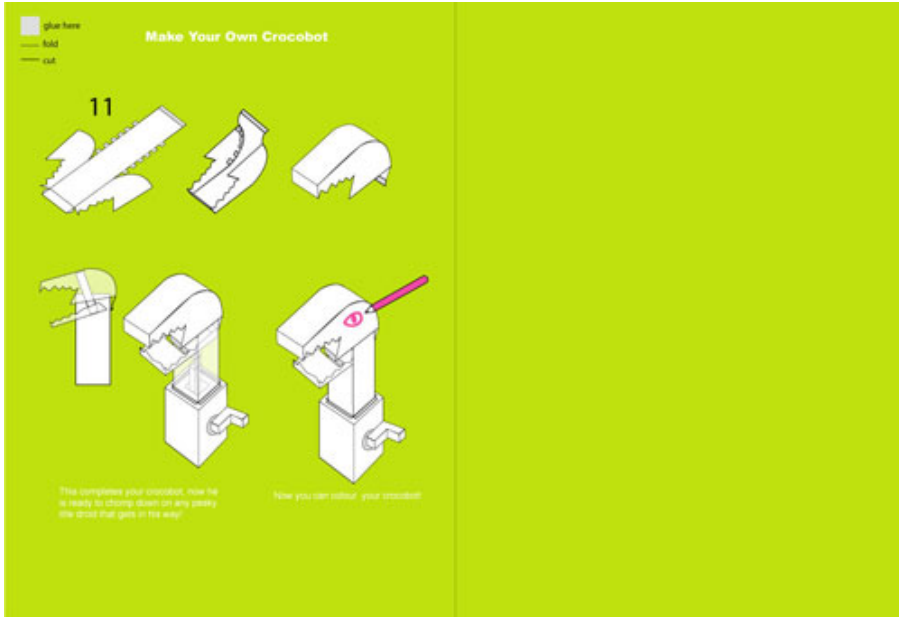
20



21



22



23

spread 23 is a sheet with the crocobot pieces n components printed on it(as seen on the site). for a free hi resolution pdf(that you can print and assemble), email me at me@chaitanyak.com.

