I'm just a translator, please don't sue me.
I am looking for a heart.
But I am a robot.
Because I have no heart.

Source: http://ncode.syosetu.com/n9160bg/
One day, a certain country, a certain town, a single robot dropped by.
In the robot’s chest, a single hole gaped wide open.
And in the village, a single kind young girl lived alone.
They met quite abruptly, the girl and the robot.

The girl asked the robot this.
“What are you doing?”
The robot pointed at the hole in his chest.
“I am searching for a heart. I am a robot, because I don’t have a heart.”
So the girl gave a sweet smile.
“In that case, how about we search together?”
In a pretty blooming tree-lined street, a single small songbird sung.

“If I could sing as beautifully as you, I’m sure it would feel wonderful.”

The robot tried asking the bird.

“Little bird, could you give me a heart? I am a robot, because I don’t have a heart.”

But without lending an ear, the little bird sung as it flew away.

The young girl said this to the robot.

“A little bird’s heart is too small for you. It would never fit your chest.”

And the girl taught the robot a song she knew.

The two of them sang as they continued searching for a heart.
Under a tall tree laden with fruit. An elephant held a fruit in its trunk.

“If I could reach as high as you, I’m sure it would be delightful.”

The robot tried asking the elephant.

“Elephant, won’t you give me a heart? I am a robot, because I don’t have a heart.”

But without lending an ear, the elephant ate its fruit, and went on its way.

The young girl said this to the robot.

“An elephant’s heart is too big for you. It would never fit your chest.”

And the girl climbed onto the robot’s shoulders, and picked some fruit from the tree.

Carrying lots of fruit in their hands, the two of them continued searching for a heart.
A white and rough spot near the shore. A school of fish swam close to the surface.

“If I could only swim like you, I’m sure it would feel most refreshing.”

The robot tried asking a fish.

“Joyful fish, can you give me a heart? I am a robot, because I don’t have a heart.”

But without lending an ear, the fish jumped out of the water, and dived down to its depths.

The young girl said this to the robot.

“A fish’s heart belongs in the water. It would surely rust your chest.”

And the girl picked up some shells, and made a whistle for the robot.

The two of them whistled as they continued searching for a heart.
They climbed a mountain, and rose above the clouds. A dragon raised a ferocious roar.

“If I was as strong as you, I’m sure I would be full of pride.”

The robot tried asking the dragon.

“Mighty dragon, could you give me a heart? I am a robot, because I don’t have a heart.”

But without lending an ear, the dragon turned to the two of them, and breathed its fiery breath.

The girl said this to the robot.

“A dragon’s heart is too hot for you. It will melt your chest away.”

And the girl brushed off the robot’s newly sooted body.

“Thank you. Your body of iron protected me from the dragon’s flames.”

Once the robot’s body was sparkling once more, he followed the girl, as they continued searching for a heart.
The depths of a hole in the ground. A demon called out to the two of them.

"I know what it is you want."

The demon held out a heart.

"I will give a heart to you. Now, now take it. No need to hold back."

But the girl shook her head. She took the robot's hand, and ran away.

The girl said this to the robot.

"A demon's heart is too black for you. It will surely stain your chest."

The robot responded to the girl.

"I do not mind something like that. I only want a heart."

"Will anything work? As long as it's a heart?"

"I do not know. I am a robot, because I don't have a heart."

The girl hung her head, as she and the robot continued searching for a heart.
A strong wind blew at the ends of the earths. There was no one there.

“At the very end, I couldn’t find a heart.”

The girl said this to the robot.

“If you want a heart so bad, I will give my heart to you.”
“You will really give your heart to me?”
“Yes, I will. Make sure you treasure it, you hear. I happen to love my own heart.”

The girl presented her heart.
And the girl’s heart fit perfectly in the hole of the robot’s chest.

When the robot received a heart, a warm feeling flowed through him.
Warm, and kind, and strong, and beautiful.
Proud and noble.

The girl’s heart felt just right.
For there to be a heart so perfect so close to him.

“Thank you. What a wonderful heart it is.”

The robot thanked her, but the girl gave no response.
The girl who had lost her heart was nothing more than an empty shell.
The robot sang the song she taught him. But the girl didn’t sing along.
He tried giving the fruit they’d gathered, but the girl wouldn’t open her mouth.
He blew on the whistle she had given him, but only a sad tone would come out.

“Say something, I beg of you. Please laugh as you always do.”

No matter how the robot pleaded, the girl who’d lost her heart didn’t show him a smile again.
Eventually, it began to snow. The snow became a blizzard, and came down on the two.
The robot had protected the girl from a dragon’s flame.
But he couldn’t protect her from a blizzard’s cold.
A pain ran through the robot’s heart, and he tried to claw at his own chest. But the perfectly fit heart of the girl’s was stuck too tight to remove.

“It hurts. It hurts. If it was going to be this way, I wouldn’t have minded if I never found a heart.”

There, the Demon came once more.

“How about I remove that for you? In exchange for that child’s, I’ll give you this.”

The demon presented his black heart. But the robot turned it aside.

“I don’t need it. I won’t give you this child’s heart. Your heart is pitch black.” “What a fool. Then go search for one yourself. Without a clue, go aimlessly search for a heart once more.”

The demon glared at the robot, and disappeared in a puff of smoke.
The robot went on a journey again.  
He went on a journey to find a heart.  
This time not for himself, but for the girl who’d given her heart to a heartless robot.
ROBOT HEART 【2】

If you get to fly again,
Could you take me with you?
To someplace far, far away.

Source: http://ncode.syosetu.com/n3963bs/
There was a certain peaceful world.  
It was a world that had been destroyed in a war of old.  
The people regretted their past, so they made a world without conflict.  

Money and status and aspirations.  
They threw away everything that led to war.  
Food, shelter, work and family.  
They handed out all the necessities.  

So now granted everything from the start.  
They no longer felt doubtful, or anxious, or irritated, or discontent,  
or envious, or anything anymore.  
And in that peaceful world lived a single young professor.  
From the moment he was born, it had been decided he would become a professor in the future.
One day, a broken robot was brought to the professor. That had once brought ruin to the world. A dangerous robot weapon. The professor was ordered to examine the robot weapon. Even if it was a dangerous weapon, the robot’s shape was identical to a human’s, and it looked like a young girl in his eyes. On its back were large, mechanical wings, and they caused the professor to remember the shapes of angels he’d seen somewhere in his life.

The switch turned on, the robot turned her mechanical eyes to the professor.

“Can you understand my words?”

The robot nodded at the professor’s words.

“We have taken all the dangerous devices off of you, and thrown them away. This is a peaceful world, and you are no longer needed. But for the next seven days, I am going to observe you. If you still have some meaning in this peaceful world, I will repair you and set you free.”
The first day went by without anything happening. To the robot that simply stood on the street, the people sent some brief glances, before finishing the same everyday as they did every day.
On the second day, a strong wind blew.
A single woman came over.
She took off the thick stole she wore over her shoulders, and spoke.

"Please take it. On a day like this, you're not wearing anything around you."

After wrapping the stole around the robot, the woman ducked her head, and went back.

"I had forgotten. That the wind was something so cold."
On the third day, the hot sun burned down on the ground.
A single young man came over.
He took off the leather boots he wore on his feet, and spoke.

“Please take these. On a day like this, you’re not wearing anything on your feet.”

After putting the boots on the robot, the young man went back with quick feet.

“I never knew. That the ground could be so hard.”
On the fourth day, a heavy rain fell from the sky. A single man came over. He handed over the large umbrella in his hand, and spoke. “Please take it. On a day like this, you have no shelter from the rain.” After making the robot hold the umbrella, the man went back, being hit by the rain. “I never noticed. That the rain could hurt so much.”

The robot tried asking the professor. What was it that she needed? “You shouldn’t need anything. You don’t have a sense of cold or heat, or even pain. The actions they took were futile, and meaningless actions. But having lost something, they have gained something else. Perhaps they were the ones who were given something.”
On the fifth day, a fog masked the area.
A single young girl came over.

“Hey, could you listen? Just one feather is enough. Is it possible to give one to me?”

The robot plucked one of her feathers, and presented it to the girl.

“I thought it when I first saw you. You’re very pretty.”

Holding the feather close to her body, the girl went back under the cover of fog.

The robot tried asking the professor. Why she was shaped as she was.

“It’s true that you are beautiful, and that you were made in a lovable form. To a level not suitable for a dangerous robot weapon. If I decide your disposal in this examination, I’m sure you’ll be destroyed. Yet even I feel that is a bit of a pity. And as I thought, that is an exceedingly dangerous thing.”
On the sixth day, a single young boy came over. The boy walked with the help of a crutch.

“If you use your wings, can you fly freely through the sky?”

The robot answered. That her wings were broken, so she couldn’t fly through the sky.

“My legs are broken too. My job is an acrobat. My job is to make everyone happy. But I can no longer fly through the air.”

The boy dropped his head, and muttered as he went back, leaning on his crutch.

The robot tried asking the professor. What would happen to the boy.

“He will be assigned a different job, it’s already been prepared. There shouldn’t be anything to worry about. More importantly, shouldn’t you think about yourself more? Tomorrow is the seventh day, the final day. Just what are you thinking about right now?”
On the final day, the young boy came again. He made a slight smile, and showed it to her.

“My next job has been decided. Looking after animals will be my job. It’s a very wonderful job, you know.”

The robot spoke. Even so, you do not look very happy, she asked.

“I’m just not quite used to it yet. That’s all…”

The boy drooped his head again.

“Hey, if you could fly through the sky again, take me with you. To some other place, far, far away.”

The boy wrapped his pinky around the robot’s, and smiled. It was a promise.

The robot tried asking the professor. If she was unnecessary. That if she was going to be destroyed, never to fly again.

“You’re a simple robot without anything. All you did was stand there. Yet to you, the people thought for, and felt something. I don’t think that is something useless.”
On a certain day’s twilight, in the ruby sky of the sinking sun, the people watched a single large bird. That bird they had never seen before caused them to remember the shapes of angels they’d seen somewhere in their lives.

“That bird took one young boy with it.”

Someone voiced those words. In the hearts of a people, a small, small doubt was born.

Where would that boy be off to? Why had that boy chosen such a thing? What would the boy find at the ends of the earth?

Those small, small cracks broke the peaceful world. Once it had started to break, there wasn’t a thing to stop it. It had crumbled before anyone had realized it. It was all too soon, too short. Like a frail hill of sand.
And just like that, the robot had destroyed the world once more,
But for some reason, the professor didn't regret it at all.
Can I give you a heart?
I've made a great heart
for you to enjoy.

Source: http://ncode.syosetu.com/n7310ce/
At the ends of the earth, and the ends even still, there stood a small hut. That hut was made of odds and ends, but in it, lived an old man, and a robot.

The old man was an amazing professor. As to how amazing that would be, there wasn’t a single thing in the world he couldn’t make. Be that as it may, the professor was an amazing professor, but he was clueless about the house, and cooking, and cleaning, and laundry. Even finding the socks he wanted to wear was hopeless.

The professor had always been like that, long before he had become an old man. So he had built himself up a robot, and left all the housework to it.
The robot was extremely efficient, and from long before the professor had become an old man, he had carried out his role, and stayed by his side. The house was handled perfectly, and cooking, and cleaning, and laundry, it even knew what socks the professor would want to wear on a given day.

So whatever the time, wherever he went, The robot was by the professor’s side, without fail.

One day, the professor suddenly said this to the robot.

“You’ve done good work. You’ve worked for a long time. Without saying a single grumble or complaint. As thanks, there’s something I’d like to give you. I’d like to give you a heart. I’ll be the one making it. A wonderful heart you’ll be delighted with.”
The professor went right into making it. Its color was fresh, and its shape was soft. A splendid heart anyone would be happy with. But the robot that received the heart said this without the slightest thanks.

"Please change your clothes, professor. You've been wearing that shirt for two days already."

The professor tilted his head, as he put his arms through the clean, crisply-ironed shirt the robot had prepared for him.
The professor made another heart. Its color was vivid, and its shape was dignified. A strong heart anyone would be jealous of. But the robot that received the heart said this without the slightest boast.

“Please eat your meal, professor. Today, you haven’t eaten breakfast or lunch.”

The professor let out a sigh, before stuffing his cheeks with the cake with syrup drizzled on top.
Today, once more, the professor made a heart. Its color was pure, and its shape was tender. A beautiful heart that would move anyone. But the robot that received the heart said this without the slightest smile.

“Please take a bath, professor. Your face and body and hair are all pitch black from the machine oil.”

The professor dropped his shoulders, as he let his body sink into the bubbly tub.
And yet again, the professor made a heart. Its color was bright, and its shape was playful. A fun heart that would captivate anyone.

But the robot that received the heart said this without the slightest delight.

"Please get in your bed already, professor. You've not gotten a wink of sleep since yesterday."

The professor mulled over it in his head, as he pulled over the blankets, warmed by the sun, and smelling of outdoor air.

The professor slept as he thought. Just where had he gone wrong? He barely had any time left he could use. Because it was certain he would take a journey to heaven. He was a little nervous, and lonely, and it was a bit of a sorrowful thing, But it couldn’t be helped.
And that day too, the professor made a heart. He put all his effort into making a heart. Forgetting to change clothes, to eat, and to bathe, he was sparing with his sleep to make a heart. Its color was brilliant, and its shape was smooth. A splendid heart anyone would want. The robot was sure to like it this time.

But the robot that received the heart took it in both hands, and smashed it appart. The professor was surprised and confused. “Why did you do something like that? It was a wonderful heart, perfect for you.”
With its cold, hard, mechanical hands, the robot took the professor's grease-covered hands, and said this.

“You are going to go on a journey soon. Leaving me behind, you'll be going alone.
In a world where you’ve disappeared, I ask, just what purpose does a heart have?
No matter what heart you are to give me, I’m sure it will soon break, and fall to pieces.
If you say it is for my sake, then when you go on your journey, please take me with you.
Just as you always have, and always will.
Please don’t make me a heart, and leave me behind.”
A certain quiet night covered by twinkling stars.
The time had come for the professor to set off.
He had been a little nervous, and lonely, and it had been a bit of a sorrowful thing,
But the professor no longer had any anxiety or loneliness, or sadness to be found.

By the professor’s side, the robot,
Just as they always had been,
They were always together.
ROBOT HEART 【0】

A small story of professors,
Of girls, of boys,
And of robots.

Source: http://ncode.syosetu.com/n0074cf/
One day, a certain world broke.
It was a peaceful world, but,
a single young boy, and a robot without a single weapon
had broken it.

In that broken world, was a single professor.
The professor who had been a professor before the world had broken, chose
to become a professor himself.
Even after the world had broken, in the end, he couldn’t see himself as anything else.

In the world before it had broken, everything had simply been given out.
So he knew nothing about houses, or cooking, or cleaning, or laundry.
He was even hopeless at finding the socks he wanted to wear,
and it was only now that the professor had noticed it.
But in exchange for being nothing but a professor, the professor became an amazing professor.
As to how amazing that would be,
there wasn’t a single thing in the world he couldn’t make.
The dates passed by, and it was on a certain evening.  
The professor was no longer a young professor.  
He looked up at the sky, and thought.  
Just what had become of the two who broke the world?  
They had flown from this land to the ends of the earth.  
Just what could they have discovered there?  

The professor decided to go on a journey.  
Taking a single robot along.  
The robot the professor made’s form couldn’t be called an angel, but  
it took perfect care of the house, and the cooking, and cleaning and laundry.  
It even knew what socks the professor wanted to wear.  
So even as he travelled, the robot was always with the professor.
The world was very vast.
Vast, and big, and beautiful, and lonely.

In the pretty, blooming, tree-lined roads, there were songbirds singing,
And under the fruited trees, you could find elephants picking their fruit.
At the white, rough spots near the shore, the schools of fish swam,
And on the mountains above the clouds, the dragons raised their roars.
In a hole beneath the ground, he saw a demon making a pitch-black something.

But no matter where the two of them went, to matter how far,
They couldn’t find them.

Even at the ends of the earth, where a strong wind blew. Those two weren’t anywhere to be found.
There, the demon came.

“I know what you’re looking for. The whereabouts of the two who destroyed the world.”

So there, the professor asked the demon.

“Are the two of them still together?”
“Yes, that’s right. And I’ll tell you where.
I’ll tell you where the two of them are.”

But the professor denied the demon’s words, and quietly smiled.

“No, that’s enough. I’m not sure what you wanted in exchange for telling us, but the two of them are still together. As long as I know that, it’s more than enough.”

The demon clicked its tongue once, and disappeared with an annoyed look on its face.
The professor went on a journey once more. A journey with his robot. To the ends of the earth, and ends even still. Eventually he came to a land covered in junk. The professor used it to make a hut, and decided to settle down there. To someone like the professor, breathing life into junk, and making it move was a simple task. Of course, the professor’s robot was with him, even there. They lived with some inconvenience, more or less, but the professor felt fulfilled to the bottom of his heart.

One day, a guest came to see the professor. A robot carrying a girl in its hard iron arms. The professor asked the robot this.

“What are you doing?”

The robot pointed at the hold in its chest.

“I am searching for a heart. I am a robot, I have a heart. Because this girl gave me hers.”

The professor let the robot in, and immediately took his tools in hand.

“Then I will give you a heart. I’ll be the one making it. One that fits perfectly in your chest. So you’ll be able to return that girl’s heart to her.”

The robot repeated the words, “thank you” a number of times, letting tears of machine oil flow from its eyes.
The days went by, and went by some more. The professor had grown considerably old.
At a nice and sunny window, relaxing in his chair and reading a book, was the professor’s small happiness.
There wasn’t a single thing in the world the professor couldn’t make, but the professor had never once made a story.
The robot cleanly arranged the professor’s bookshelf, and hit a duster over it.
The professor raised his face from his book, turned to the robot, and said this.
“You sure do good work. Without a grumble or complaint.”
Hearing that, the robot replied as if it was only natural.
“I was created by you. Taking care of you is my duty. There is no way I would have a grumble or complaint.”
The professor smiled bitterly at that robot.
“If you ever get a wish of your own, please tell me without holding back. I’ll surely grant it for you.”
The robot nodded at the professor’s words.
“Then please close your book, professor. It’s already time for the story to end.”
♥ The heart was found ♥
Let's go somewhere far away
☆ Together Forever ☆
ありがとうございます!!
Thank you!