How the Robin got his Red Breast

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Tracey Emin

Start here:
Long ago, when wolves roamed the land, there lived a father and his son.

They were the keepers of the forest.

As winter settled in, the land was covered in a blanket of ice and snow.
They kept a fire burning day and night.

During the day the small boy tended the fire and overnight his father kept the fire burning.

The fire brought warmth and light to the land.
One day the father had to go away, overnight.

He told his son that he would have to tend the fire while he was away and made him promise not to fall asleep.

The boy agreed.
A hungry wolf watched from the trees and that night he saw the boy becoming sleepy.

His eyes began to close.

The boy sang to the fire to help him stay awake.
The wolf prowled silently among the trees, watching and waiting for the boy to fall asleep.

The flames of the fire slowly died down and the glowing embers began to fade.

The wolf crept slowly from the forest towards the sleeping boy.
From the undergrowth in the forest, a small brown bird was watching.

As the wolf approached the boy the bird flew past him, as quick as a flash.
She began to fan the glowing embers of the fire with her tiny wings until the fire burst into life again.

The flames were hot, and they burned the feathers on the little bird’s breast until they were bright red.

The wolf slunk back into the forest.
The little bird felt the pain from the heat of the flames, but she didn’t mind.

She was brave and strong.

Although she was very little, her impact on the world - and the people around her - was very big, indeed.

We can remember this whenever we see the robin’s red breast.
We hope you enjoyed this sensory story about how the Robin got its red breast.

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