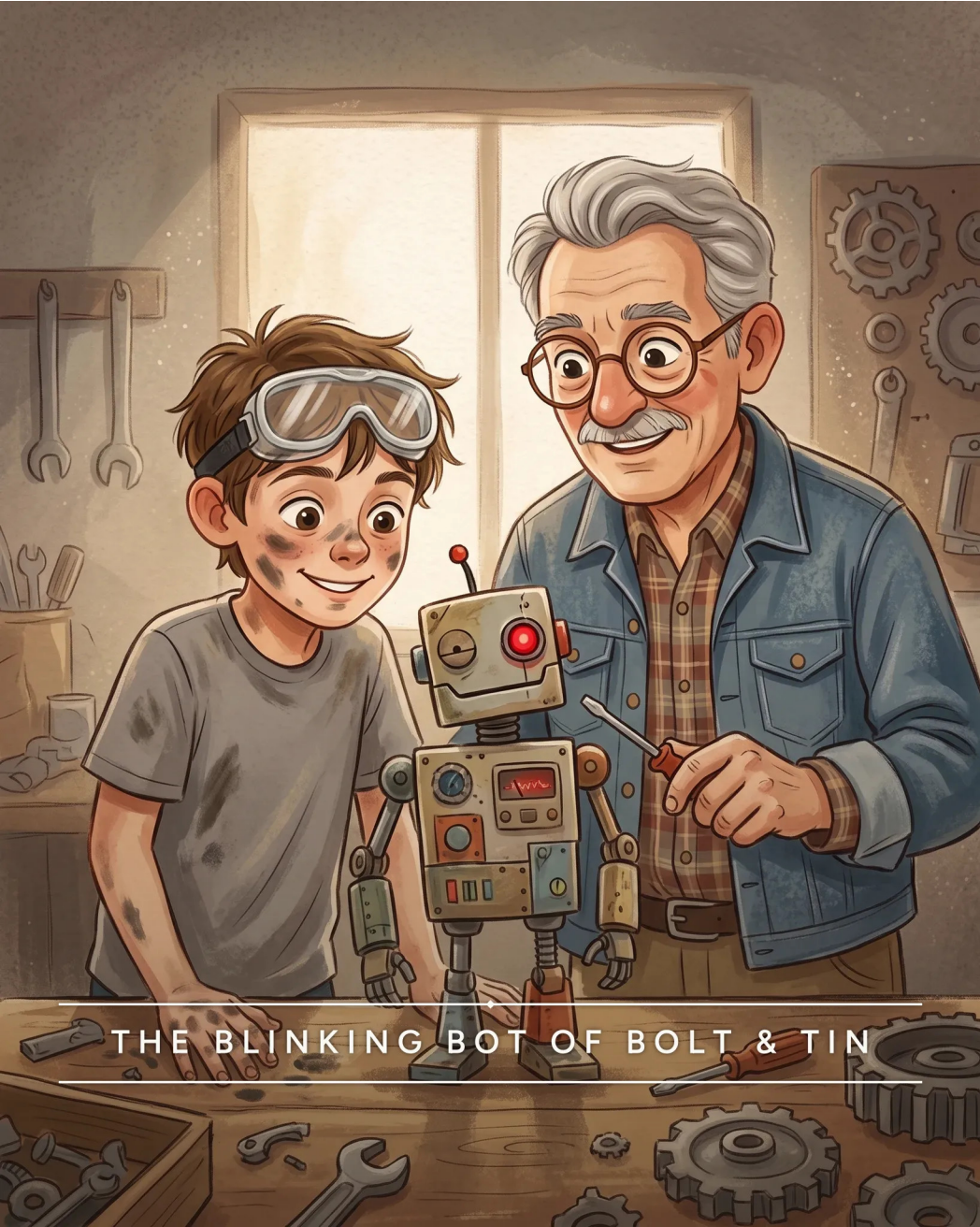

THE BLINKING BOT OF BOLT & TIN

Saturday morning sun shined through the garage window. Sam and Grandpa stood at the workbench.

'Let's build something special today,' said Grandpa.

Sam grinned. 'A robot!'

Grandpa twisted screws into the tin cans. 'This will be the robot's body,' he said.

Sam handed him bolts. 'Can I name it?' he asked.

Grandpa chuckled. 'Of course!'

Sam said, 'It should be called Tin-Tin!'

Grandpa laughed. 'No, no—Sir Clanks-a-Lot!' they argued, but their laughter filled the garage.

Grandpa showed Sam how to twist wires together. 'This will be its blinking eye,' he whispered.

Sam held the tiny bulb steady. 'Is it ready?'

They attached the bulb to a bottle cap. 'Now for the magic part,' Grandpa said.
They connected the last wire. Nothing happened.

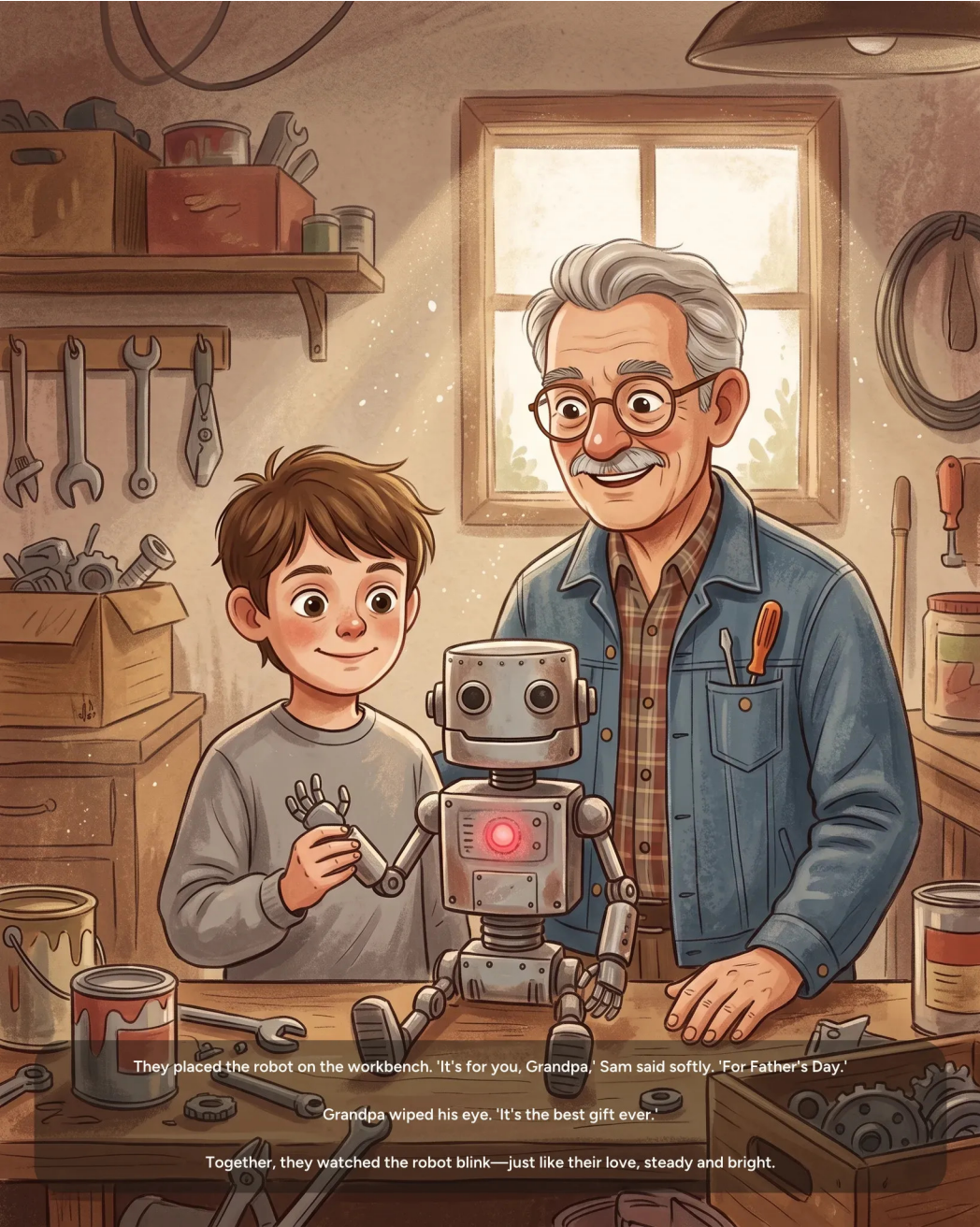
Sam pressed a button on the robot's side. It wiggled and wobbled.

'Come on,' Sam whispered.

Grandpa put a hand on his shoulder. 'Patience, buddy.'

Then—blink! A tiny red light flashed in the robot's eye. It blinked again and again!

'It works!' Sam cheered. Grandpa hugged him tight. 'You built it, Sam!'


They placed the robot on the workbench. 'It's for you, Grandpa,' Sam said softly. 'For Father's Day.'
Grandpa wiped his eye. 'It's the best gift ever.'
Together, they watched the robot blink—just like their love, steady and bright.