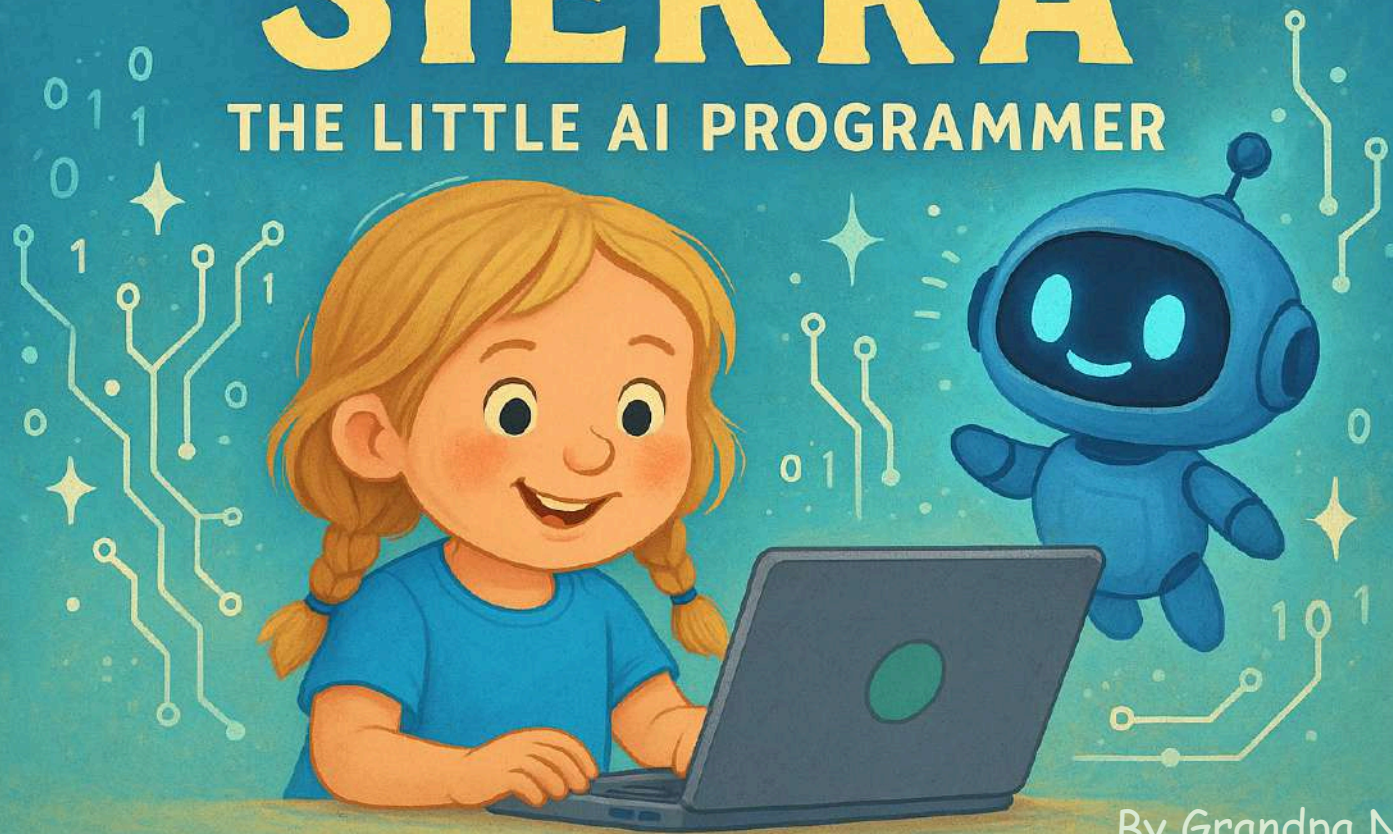


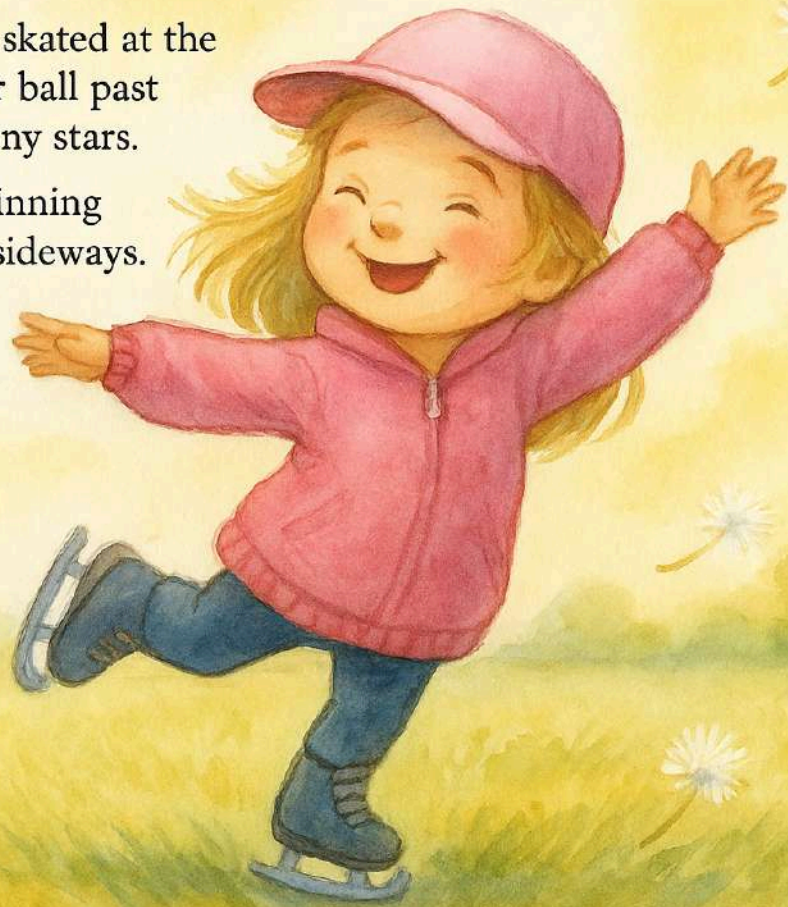
SIERRA

THE LITTLE AI PROGRAMMER



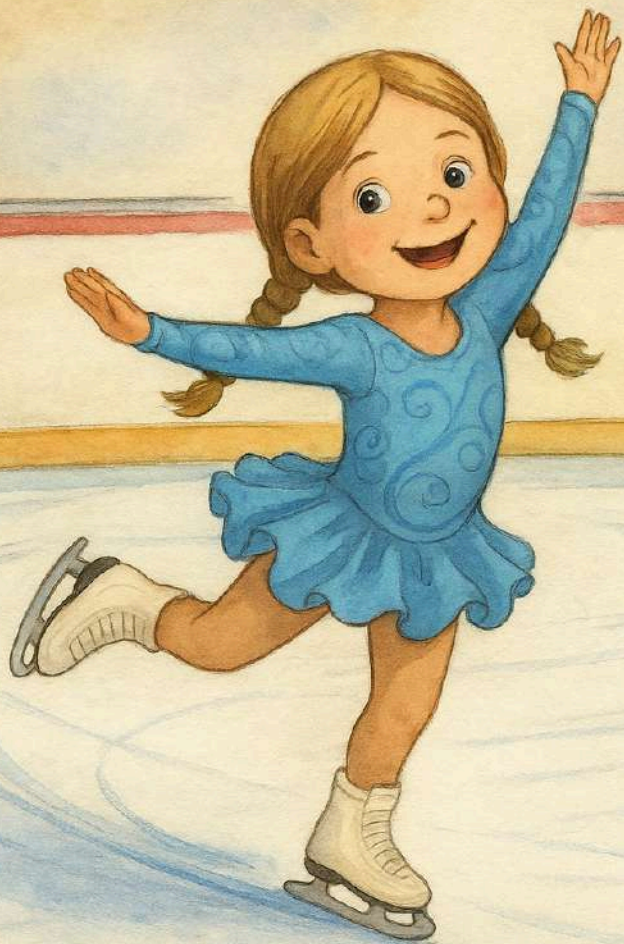
By Grandpa Nick

Sierra loved to move.
She twirled in the kitchen, skated at the
rink, and kicked her soccer ball past
dandelions that flew like tiny stars.
“Watch this!” she’d say, spinning
until her pink hat slipped sideways.



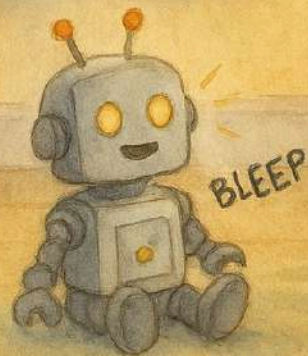


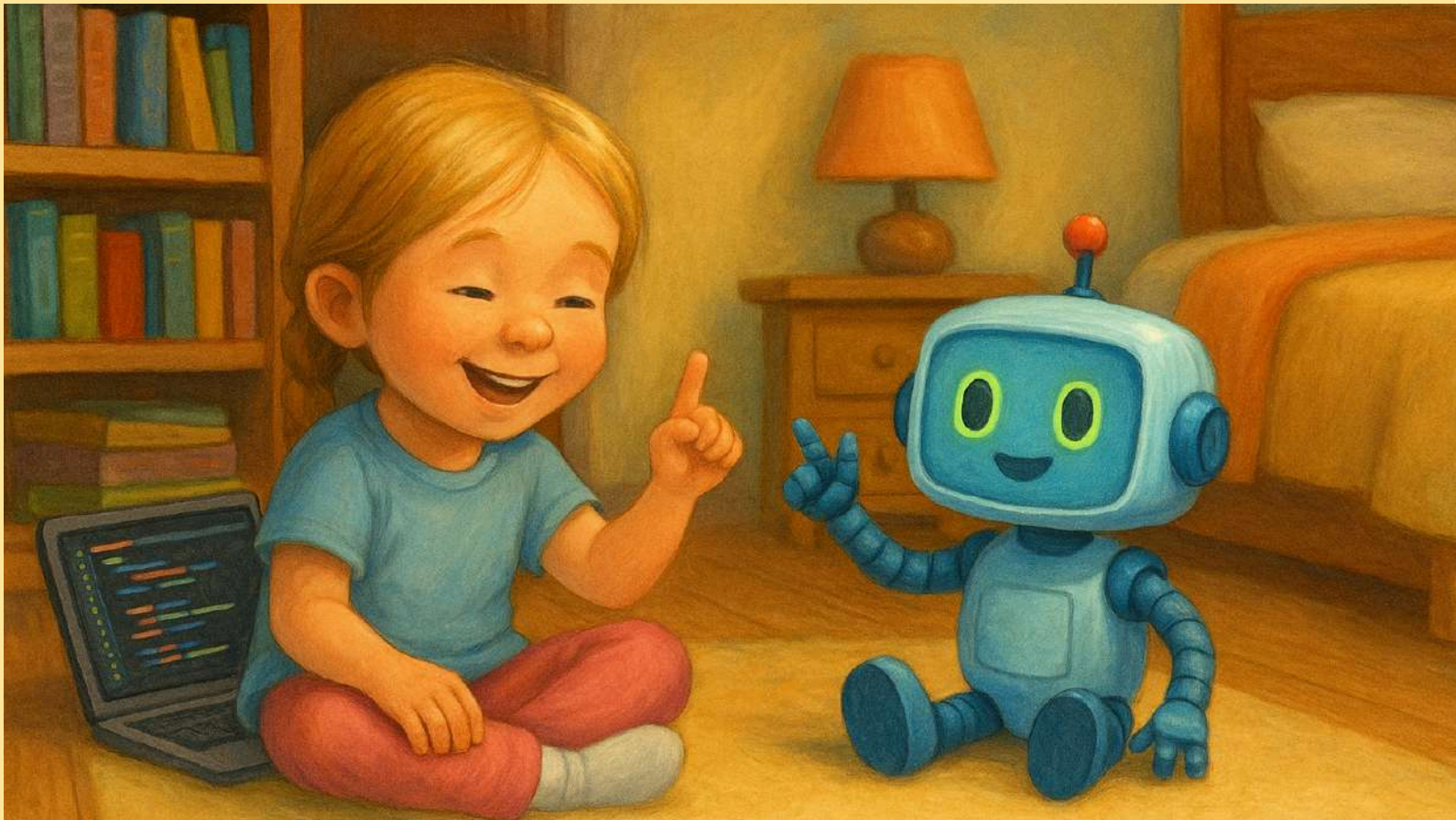
Sierra liked to boss around her big brother Jameson.
“Give me the remote!” she demanded.
Jameson crossed his arms and frowned.



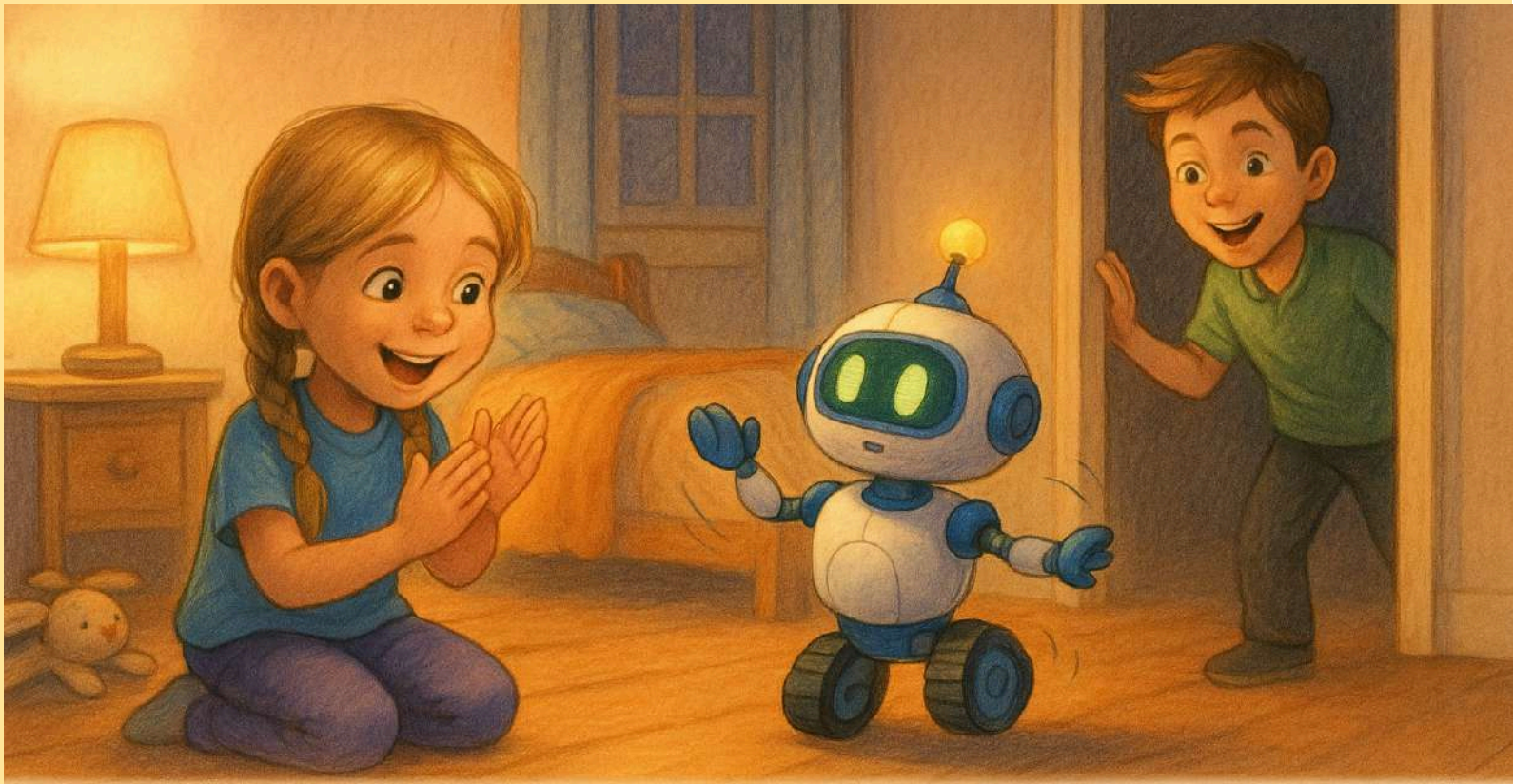
Sierra loved to ice skate.
She jumped and twirled
across the ice.

One rainy morning, puddles splashed against the window.
Sierra sighed. "No skating, No soccer. No dancing?"
Then she spotted her toy robot blinking on the shelf.
"Maybe *you* want to dance, Blinky!"





Sierra taught Blinky to count. "One, two, three!" she said.
Blinky followed along.



Sierra clapped. “Step, step, twirl!”

Blinky beeped and spun in a circle—then toppled over.

Jameson peeked in. “He needs lessons from you, teacher Sierra!”

Sierra giggled. “Maybe I can teach him with... code!”

Grandpa Nick's Workshop



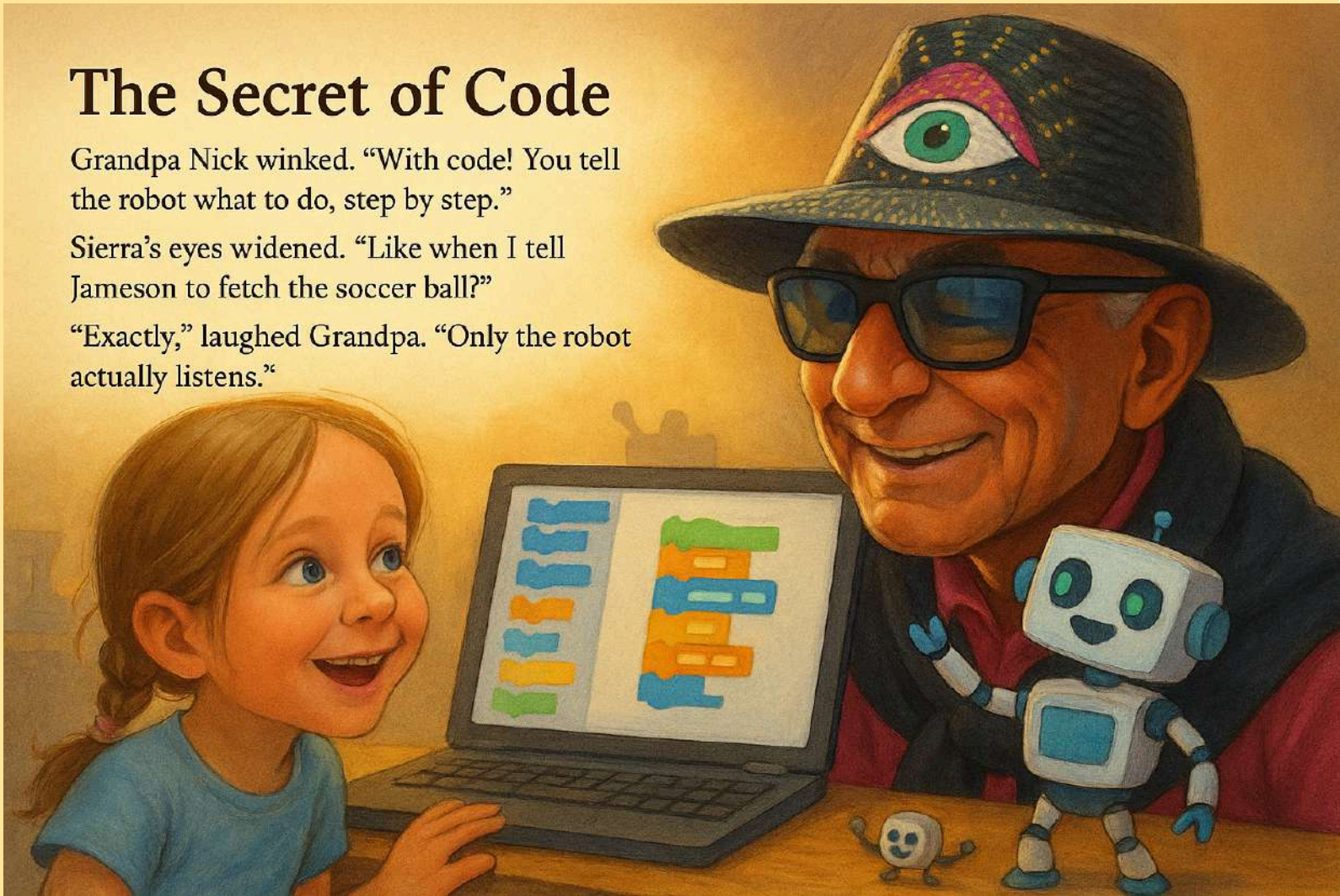
That afternoon, Sierra visited Grandpa Nick.
His workshop smelled like sawdust and sparkle.
Gadgets ticked, lights blinked, and gears twirled in jars.
“Grandpa,” said Sierra, “how do you teach a robot to dance?”

The Secret of Code

Grandpa Nick winked. "With code! You tell the robot what to do, step by step."

Sierra's eyes widened. "Like when I tell Jameson to fetch the soccer ball?"

"Exactly," laughed Grandpa. "Only the robot actually listens."



Grandpa said, “But remember—robots learn best from kind teachers.”

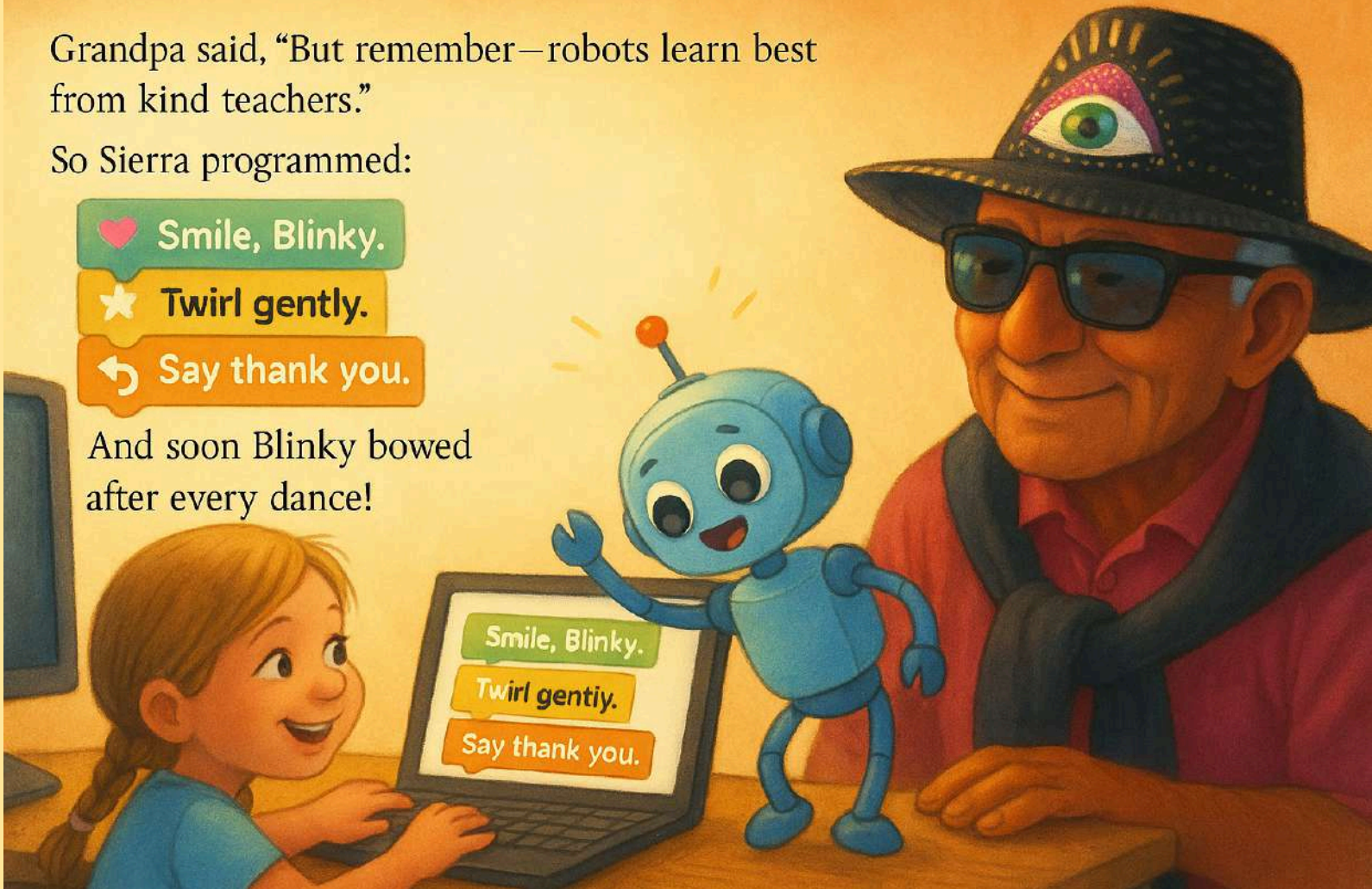
So Sierra programmed:

♥ Smile, Blinky.

★ Twirl gently.

↶ Say thank you.

And soon Blinky bowed after every dance!



That night, Sierra threw a Robot Dance Party!
Blinky twirled, Jameson drummed on pots and pans,
and Mom and Dad clapped along.
Even Grandpa Nick joined, tipping his hat to the beat.



A Dream Sparks

When bedtime came, Sierra whispered to Blinky,
“Someday, I’ll teach bigger robots—ones that
can skate and play soccer and dance across the
stars.” Blinky blinked twice.
“Dream big, Sierra.”



The Future Begins



Years later—just maybe—Sierra
would write amazing code.
Her robots would leap, twirl,
and laugh in rhythm.

But for now, she was four years old,
full of ideas, and already a teacher.



Page 11 – Goodnight, Little Programmer.“

Grandpa Nick peeked in and whispered.

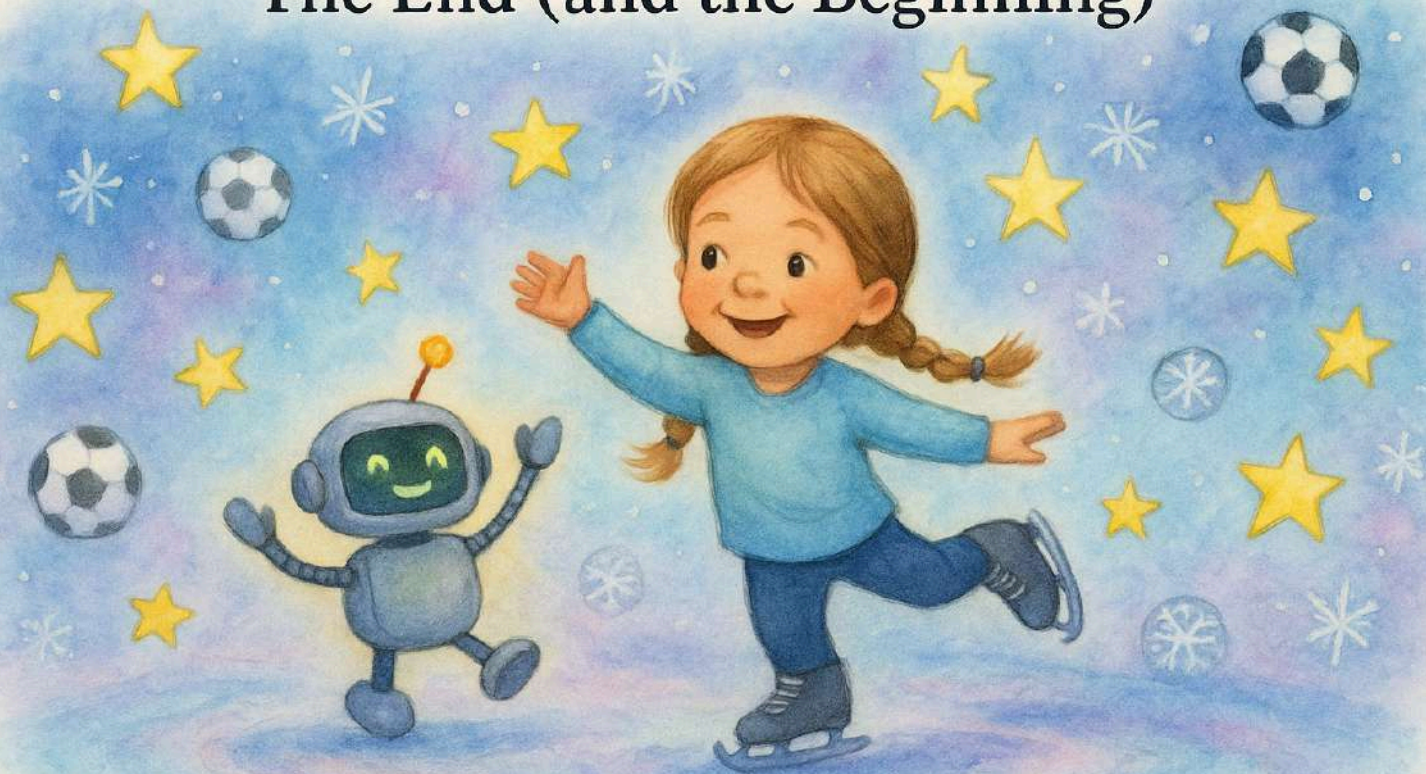
“Sweet dreams, little programmer.” Sierra smiled in her

Sweet dreams, little programmer.”

Sierra smiled in her sleep.

Her fingers twitched—maybe
writing her next dance in the stars.

The End (and the Beginning)



And if you listen very closely,
you might still hear tiny footsteps and robot whirls—
because Sierra's dreams never stop dancing.