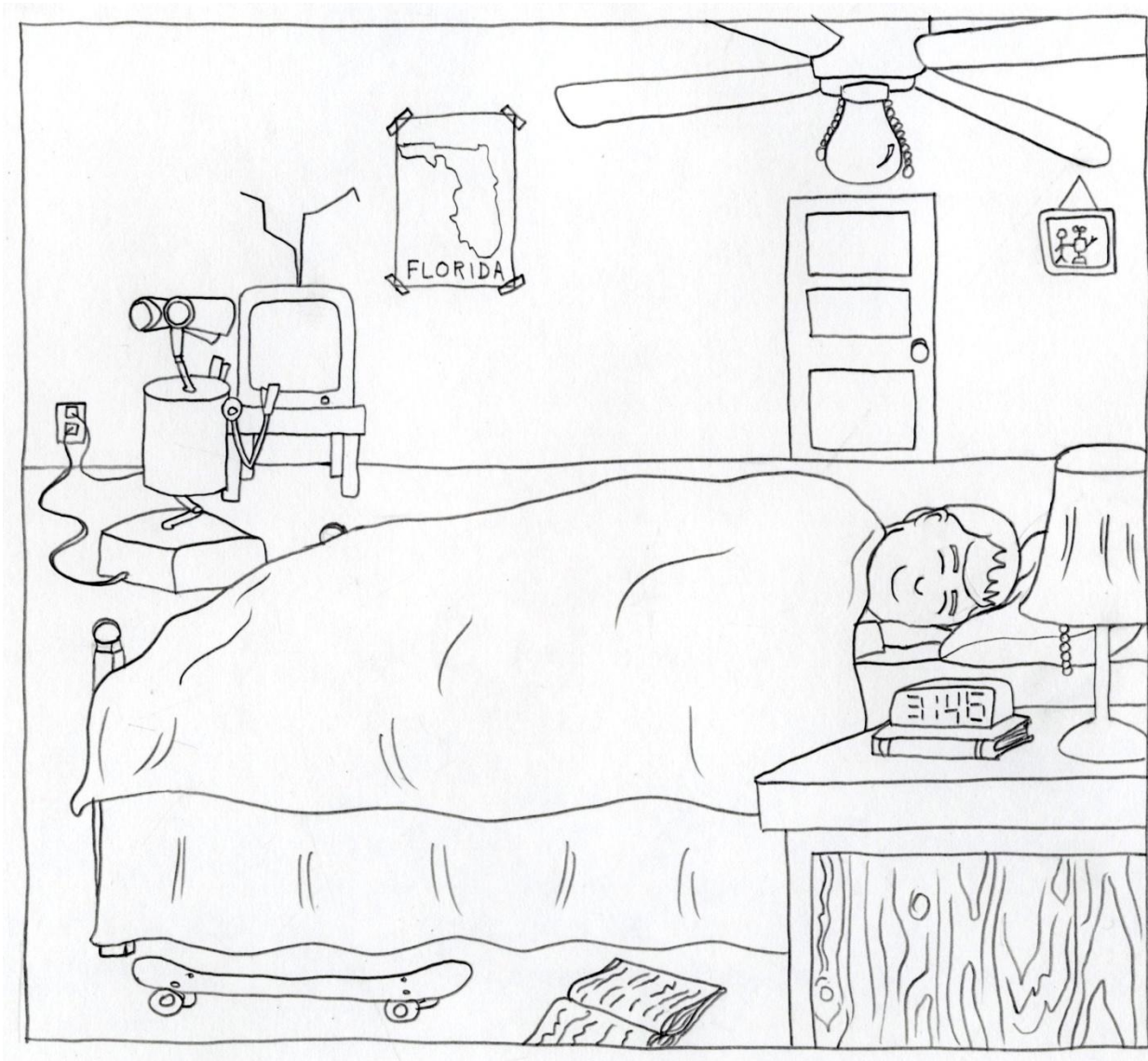


# TAGI the Robot Who Loved Youtube!

*"Low Batt...ery!" said Tagi.*

*The buzzing sound of her mechanical voice invaded my dreams. I jerked up, knocked my school books out of the way and checked the clock: 3:46AM. Ugh. I rubbed my eyes and saw Tagi my robot, happily watching youtube videos on her iPhone. Her blue, soda-can-shaped body blocked half the TV and her green ear lights flickered on and off.*



Then I woke up and remembered. Tagi was still *gone*, lost in the neighborhood yesterday.

The day she went missing started like every other one.

It all started easy enough. Tagi rolled out the door, and dropped down the step with a thump.

I wanted to roll too, so I put on my favorite jeans, grabbed my iPhone, my skateboard and helmet and followed her out. We rolled down the oak tree-lined sidewalks, in and out of driveways, all the way to the park.

About half way there, Tagi must have thought I was thirsty, because she cranked her arm up and flung a Capri Sun drink at me, from her on-board cooler just above her feet.

I sipped it dry as I focused on the entrance in the distance.

I pushed faster, to build up speed for the first wood ramp. Flying up the smooth side, I lifted my board off the ground for an easy ollie kick flip.



“Got that on video” Tagi said.

Tagi rolled over the ramp next, flying three feet into the air and tilting too far forward. I recorded that one. She barely made it, saving it on the fly. She wobbled away from the ramp with a little smile and I wondered how it would affect her speed.

“Better practice that ollie more Tagi,” I said, while quickly putting that video on youtube for fun.

She agreed, stroking the curly brown hair out of my eyes and giving me a quick tap on the head. “Delete, delete, delete” she said.

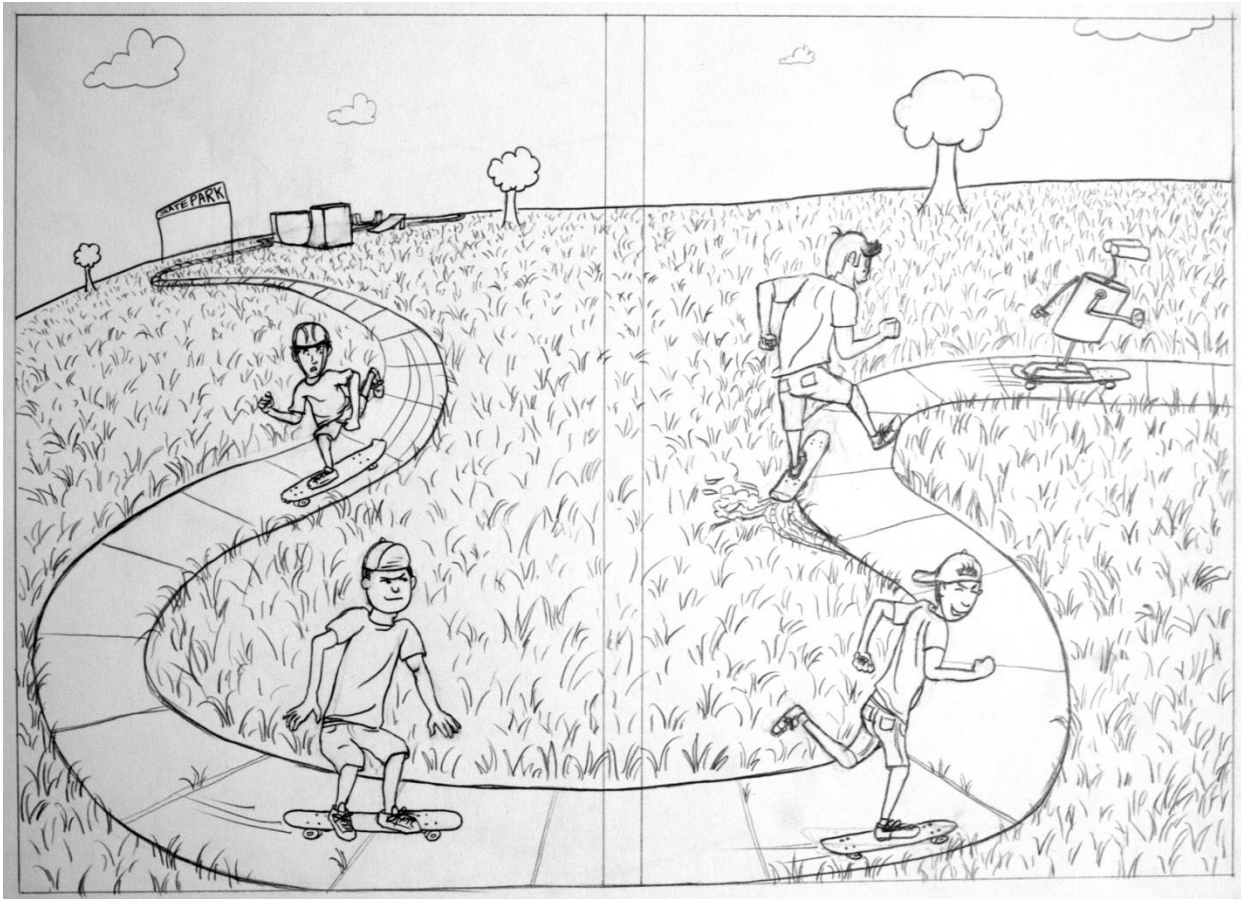
By then, an older kid and his friends had skated up. They used every ramp, hooting and hollering after every trick.

“Robot, you can’t ollie!” yelled one of them.

Tagi zinged a Capri Sun right at the kid.

“I’ll sell you for junk parts...” the kid yelled. All the older kids grabbed their boards and took off after her. Tagi rolled hi-speed out of the park so fast, she left black marks. She teetered toward the Lake Shore County

Club, rocking and rolling over the cracks in the sidewalk.



I could see the kids turn the corner into the club parking lot as I raced after them. Into the parking lot I flew, gliding so fast I could barely keep my feet on the board.

I zoomed into the big double doors and saw Mrs. Wynwood, my fourth grade teacher, wearing a bright yellow dress with green stripes.

“Have you seen a robot?” I asked.

“A *what?*” she said.

“A walking, talking, ear blinking, life-size *Robot....uh.....* She loves Smart Phones, smart TV’s, uh and youtube.....”

“Oh, well, I do have a new Smart TV at home, and I just got an iPhone 10 but I haven’t seen a *robot* my dear.”

I skated home to tell Mom and Dad, flying over the pavement like a surfer skims over a wave.

I raced into my bedroom and grabbed every marker I could find. I pulled paper out of my

backpack and began to scribble.

I texted Tagi. I hope her phone battery is ok! She can charge it herself with her robot battery if she still has enough power, I thought.

Then I checked her youtube channel to see if she posted anything.

Nothing...



What will happen to Tagi? Will the older skateboarders catch him?

Contact us at [bots@floridarobotics.com](mailto:bots@floridarobotics.com) or @tagi2012 on Twitter for the release party and for Tagi Robot appearance dates and special events around the world!

