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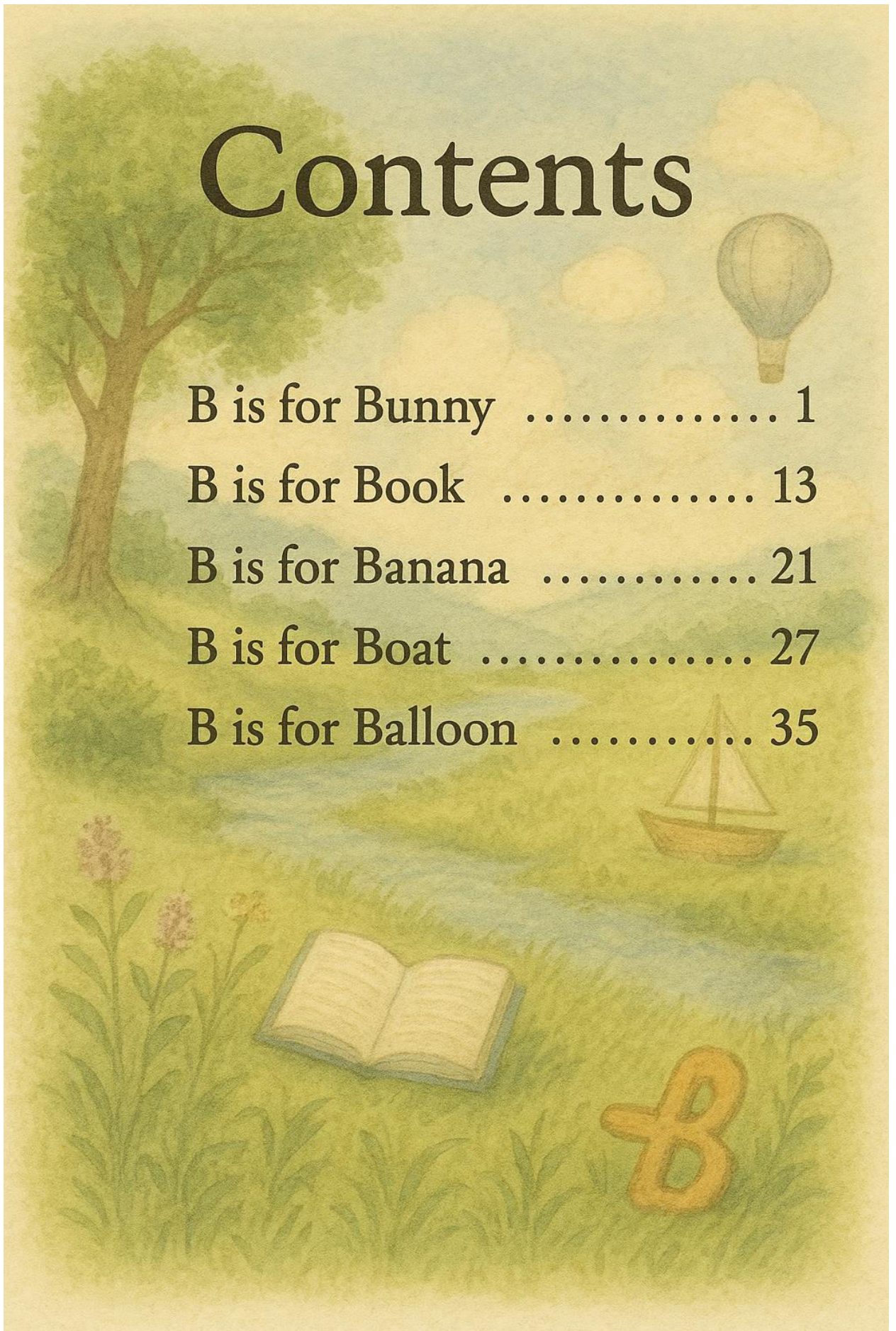
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Prologue

(in the manner of Monsieur Perrault)

Once upon a tender morning — when the dew still kissed the grass and the clouds lingered like silk upon the sky — there lived a little Bunny, small in size but wide in wonder.

His world is simple, yet full of marvels: the rustling of leaves, the laughter of leaves—the laurchtery of breeze still danced just beyond his reeach, as if summoned by the wind of adventurer itself, is ir summoned by the wind of adventurer itself. And that letter... was B.

But hush now... for our tale begins not with thunder or trumpet, but with a gentle knocking on a window pane — and the sleepy blink of a Bunny who did not know







Bunny opened the window.
“Who are you?” he asked.
“I’m the letter B,” said the letter, smiling.



- Where did you come from?
- I parachuted down from the sky. My parachute got caught in your tree!



“Well then, come into the house!”
— said the Bunny.
The letter B stepped through the
window. The Bunny headed off to
brush his teeth and wash up.