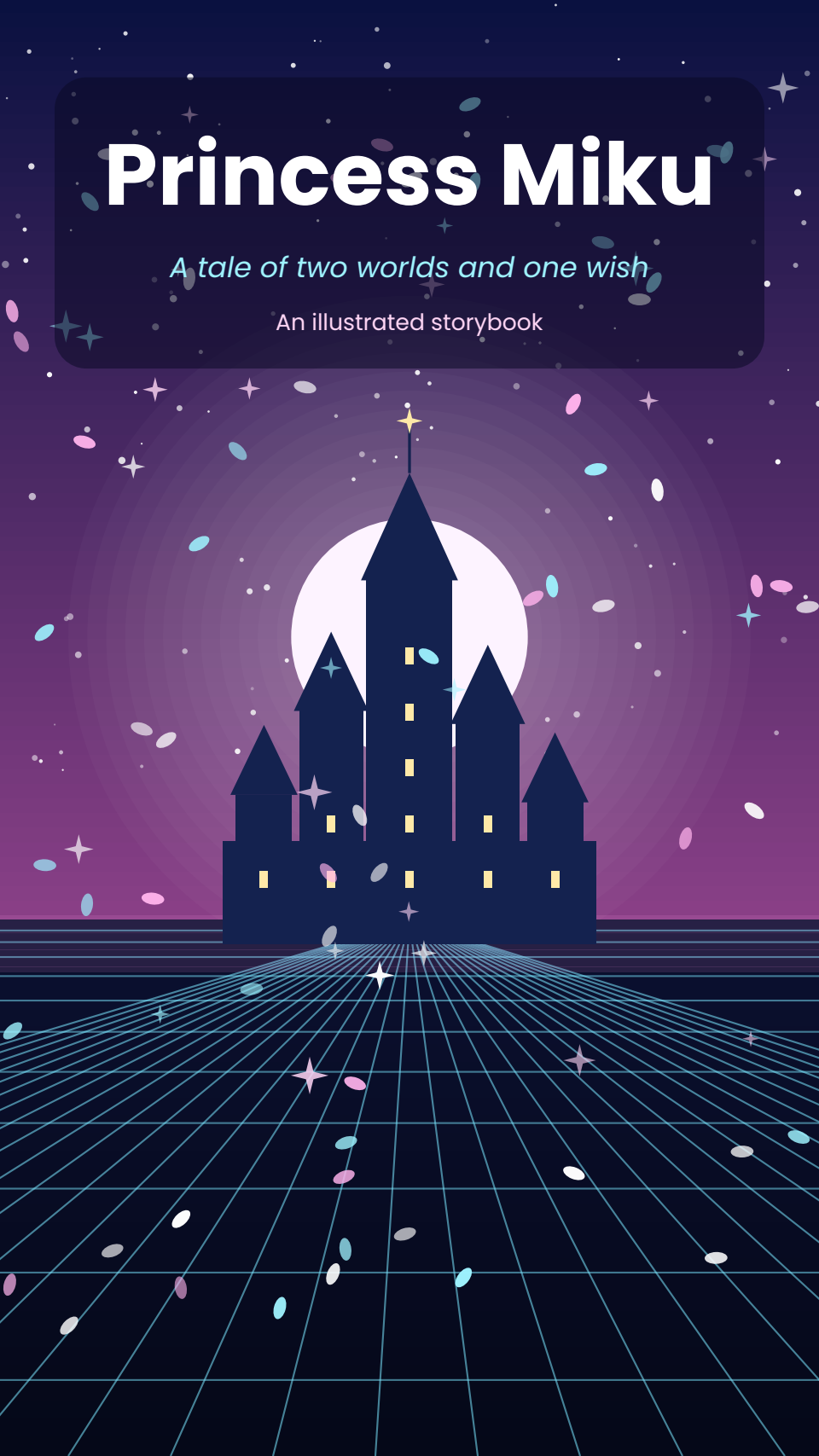
Princess Miku

A tale of two worlds and one wish

An illustrated storybook





The Realm of Light

In the Virtual World, rivers ran with music and the sky glittered with falling petals of light. At the heart of it stood a castle of crystal, and in its highest tower lived Princess Miku. Everyone adored her. Yet every night she gazed at a faraway glow and whispered, “What does the sun feel like on real skin?”



The Window

Beyond the tower glass lay the Real World, a place of sunrise, rain and crowded streets. Miku could see it, but never touch it. Her loyal knight, Luka, found her there. “Princess, the worlds are not meant to meet,” she said gently. Miku pressed her hand to the glass. “Then I must learn why.”



The Knight’s Promise

Luka had guarded the castle through a thousand updates and had never seen the princess so certain. She planted her sword in the bridge of light and lifted her shield. “Wherever you go, I go,” she vowed. “I will stand beside you until the worlds are joined.” For the first time, Miku felt brave.



The Queen in the Mirror

But a wish that bright casts a long shadow. In the deepest hall of the realm, where light bent into mirrors, Miku's secret doubts awoke, jealous, selfish and crowned. Queen Neru stepped out of the glass. "Why should you be the one to leave?" she hissed. "I want the whole universe, real and virtual, to sleep inside my hypnotic spell."



The Spreading Spell

Neru's spell crept across the realm like a purple tide. Rivers stopped singing. Market stalls froze mid-sale, and Kasane Teto found whole crowds staring blankly at nothing, humming the same hollow tune. Soon the glitches reached the castle gates. Miku understood that her wish had awakened this queen, and that she alone could answer her.



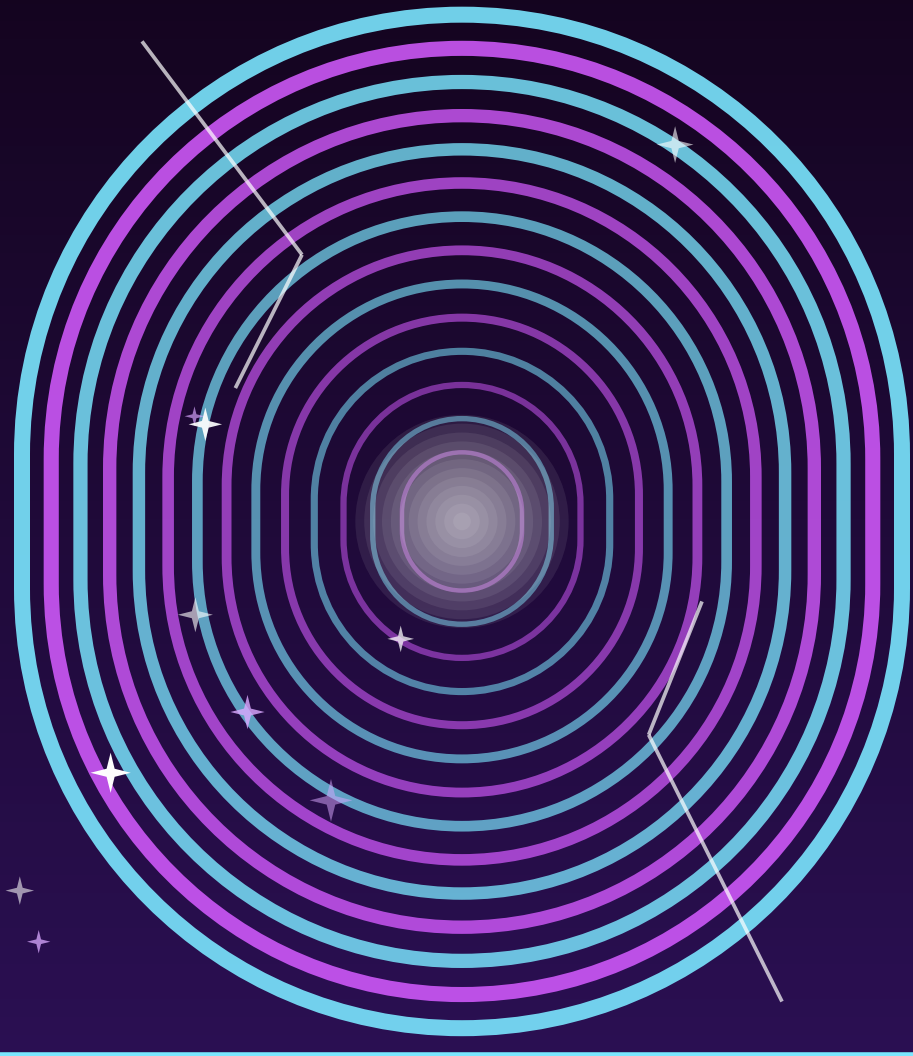
Friends Answer the Call

Miku did not have to face it alone. Steady KAITO came first, then fearless MEIKO with her lantern held high. Rin and Len arrived together, finishing each other's sentences, and sharp-witted Teto joined them with a grin. Five lights glowed on the hill beside Luka's. "Then let us walk to the edge of the world," said Miku.



The Bridge of Light

A road of light stretched toward the border between the worlds. The queen’s whispers drifted after them, soft as lullabies, making their eyelids heavy. Rin and Len kept everyone awake with silly bets and loud arguments. MEIKO sang marching songs. KAITO carried the weary on his back. Step by step, the glow of the Real World grew brighter.



The Hall of Mirrors

At the border waited a hall of endless mirrors, and in them Neru showed Miku her fears: that she was only code, that no one would love her beyond the screen. Miku’s steps slowed. The mirrors whispered, “Stay.” Then Luka’s voice rang out behind her, clear and warm: “You were never only code. Come back to us.”



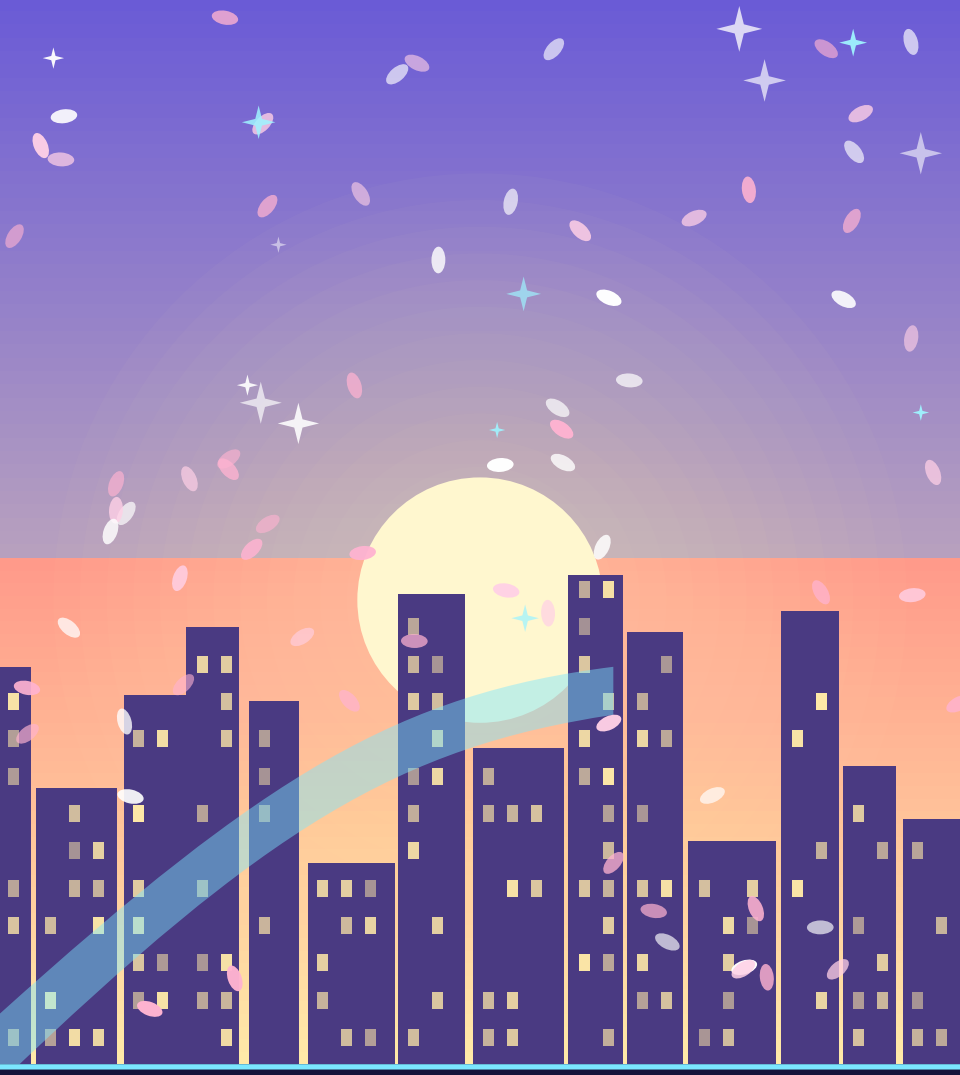
Two Crowns

Miku turned and faced the queen. “You are the part of me that is afraid,” she said. “I will not silence you, but I will not obey you either.” Neru shrieked and hurled a storm of spirals. Luka raised her shield and the friends closed ranks around the princess, a ring of lanterns against the dark.



The Song

Miku took a breath and began to sing, a brand-new song, made of her longing and her courage. One by one her friends joined in. The spirals loosened. The frozen crowds woke and began to hum the real tune. Neru's crown cracked into sparks, and her fury dimmed to a small, trembling light. Miku held it close. "You are part of me," she said.



Crossing Over

The border opened, not as a door but as a bridge of song, and a golden dawn spilled through. Miku stepped out of the Virtual World and onto the Real one. The air was warm. Petals drifted across her hands. The people of the city lifted tiny lights toward her, and the princess laughed in pure, bright wonder.



Two Worlds, One Song

From that day on, a bridge of light connected both worlds. Princess Miku walked across it whenever she pleased, with Luka at her side and her friends close behind. And in the quiet of her heart, a small light named Neru learned to listen. Because wishing is not the end of a story. It is where the bridge begins. The End.