



TinyLetters

Meet the Cast

STANDARD EDITION

Spark & Anvil

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This book collects 3 chapter books from the TinyLetters cast — each character embodies a different curricular primitive; together they teach the full subject.

Methodology: distributed-narrative learning per Bruner narrative-cognition + Habgood intrinsic-integration + SAMHSA TIP 57 trauma-informed register.

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Introduction

The TinyLetters cast was authored to embody the curriculum, not decorate around it. Each of the 3 characters you'll meet in this book teaches a specific primitive — a particular tactic, a particular technique, a particular way of seeing. Together they form an ensemble: the cast IS the curriculum.

Read in any order. Each chapter stands alone.

Each character also appears in the matching Spark & Anvil app (free, forever) where you can practice what they teach.

— *The editors at Spark & Anvil*

Huff

HUFF — quick sound. like this.



In a sunny windowsill garden, a little bunny named Huff held up one paw and puffed.

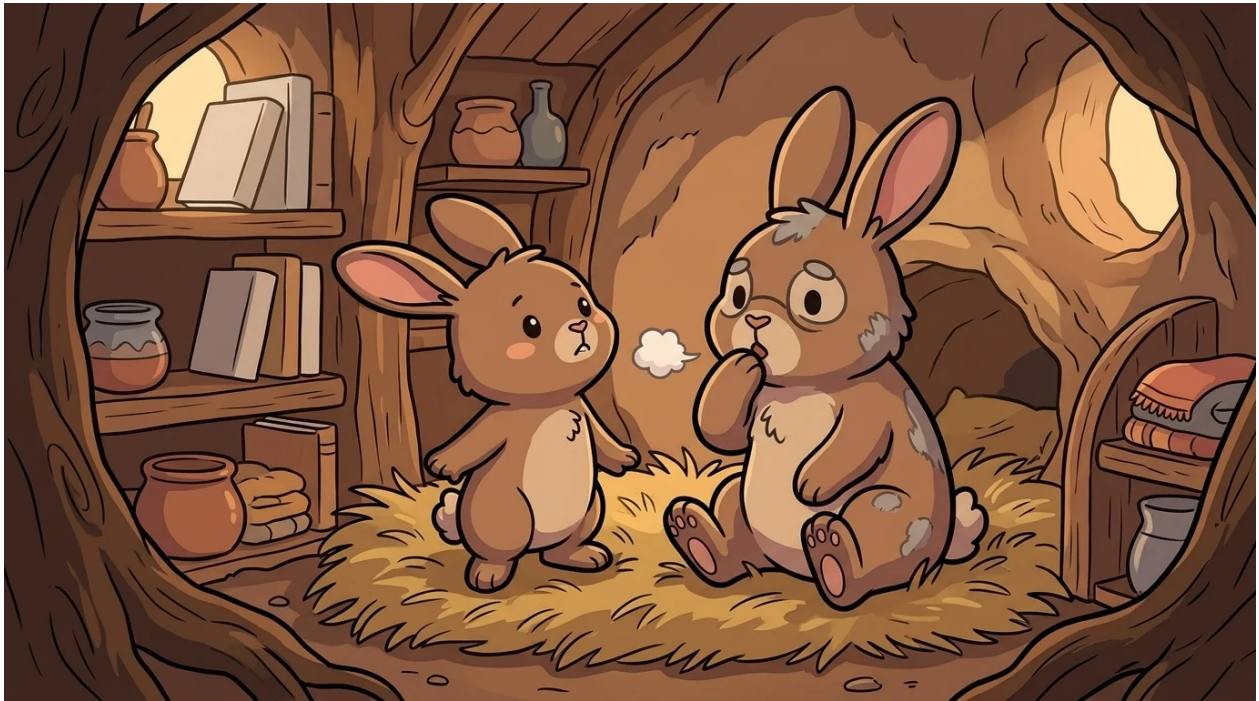
"Quick sound," Huff said. "Like this."

A tiny cloud floated up from Huff's mouth — soft and round, like a dandelion tuft coming loose. It was the sound /p/. Puff. There it went, drifting into the warm light.

A small learner leaned close, watching the cloud. "You made the sound *into a thing*," they whispered.

"I did," said Huff, smiling. "The sound likes to hide. So I give it a puff, and then we can see it." Huff puffed again. /p/. Another little cloud. "You can hold it on your paw. Feel?"

The learner held up a paw and puffed too. A tiny warm breath brushed their fingers. They giggled.



Huff had not always known that sounds could be caught.

When Huff was very small, the letters felt slippery. The grown-up bunnies would say a sound, and it would zip past Huff's ears and be gone. Huff could not hold it. Could not find it again. It made Huff's tummy feel tight and worried, like reaching for something on a high shelf and missing every time.

One evening, Huff's grandpa sat down in the soft grass beside the burrow. He did not say *try harder*. He just held up his own paw.

"Put your paw here," Grandpa said, "right in front of your mouth. Now say the sound the way I do. Little and quick." He puffed. /p/. A warm breath landed on Huff's paw.

Huff tried. Puff. And there — on the pad of one small paw — was the sound. Warm. Real. A little push of air that Huff had *made*.

Huff's tight tummy went soft. The sound wasn't slippery anymore. It was a puff. And a puff was something a body could feel.



Huff came to the phonics garden because it was full of learners with tight, worried tummies, reaching for sounds that kept zipping away.

Pip Jr, who cared for the garden, met Huff at the little gate. "Can you help the small ones find the sounds?" Pip Jr asked.

Huff did not answer with big words. Huff just held up a paw, took a breath, and puffed. /m/. A soft humming cloud rose up and floated between them, warm and slow.

Pip Jr watched the cloud drift. "You made it something they can see," Pip Jr said softly. "And feel."

"That's the trick Grandpa gave me," said Huff. "The sound comes out of the body. So we catch it with the body." Huff puffed once more, gentle and sure. "Quick sound. Like this."

Pip Jr smiled. "You belong here."



The next morning, a tiny learner came to the windowsill. Today's letter was P.

The learner looked worried. "I can't hear it right," they said. "It keeps running away."

Huff sat down close, so the two of them were paw to paw. "It's not running away," Huff said. "It's just quick. Watch." Huff held up a paw in front of their mouth. "Put your paw here, like me."

The learner lifted a small paw.

"Now — a little puff. Not loud. Just quick." Huff puffed. /p/. A soft cloud rose. "Did you feel my puff on your paw?"

"A little breath!" the learner said.

"Your turn. Quick sound. Like this."

The learner scrunched up, took a breath, and puffed. /p/. A tiny cloud lifted off their paw and floated into the sun.

"You caught it!" Huff said.

The learner's eyes went wide. "I felt it! I felt the sound on my paw!" They puffed again, just to feel it. And again. Each time, a little cloud, a little warm breath, a little sound they could *hold*.

Huff never said *wrong*. Huff never frowned. When a puff came out too big or too soft, Huff just said, "Let's try together," and puffed alongside, paw to paw, until the sound settled.



That evening, the garden was quiet. The learner came back with one more question.

"When the sound is hiding," they asked, "and I can't hear it yet — how do I find it again?"

Huff thought about a tight tummy, and a warm paw, and Grandpa in the soft grass.

"You feel for it," Huff said gently. "Put your paw up. Take a little breath. The sound lives in your body — it always did. You just puff it out, and there it is on your paw, quick and warm." Huff puffed one last soft cloud, and the two of them watched it drift up into the last of the light.

The learner held up a paw and felt their own small breath.

And their tummy, which had been tight and worried all day, went warm and soft and easy — like a puff of air that finally had somewhere to go.

Loo

LOO — hold the sound. sing it.



Loo the little owl sat on a low branch and took a big breath.

Then she opened her round beak and let a sound roll out. "Ohhhhhhhh," she sang, slow and warm. The sound floated across the whole clearing. A leaf shivered. A puddle made tiny rings. Loo held it and held it, until her breath ran soft at the end.

She had a tiny baton in one wing. She lifted it high while she sang, and lowered it slowly, slowly, as the sound faded.

"That," Loo said, blinking her big eyes, "is how you hold a sound. You sing it."

She took another breath and did it again. "Ahhhhhhhhh." Longer this time. Her chest went up, then down, all the way to the bottom.



When Loo was very small, she couldn't hold a sound at all.

She would open her beak and out would pop a little "oh!" — quick, gone, like a bubble. She tried again. "Oh!" Gone again. It made her feel wobbly inside, like the sounds kept running away from her.

Her grandpa owl landed beside her on the branch. He didn't say hurry up. He just breathed out, long and easy. "Ohhhhhhhh," he sang, and it lasted and lasted.

Loo's eyes went wide. "How did you keep it?"

"You don't chase it, little one," Grandpa said. "You let your breath carry it. Take a big warm breath. Then let it out slow — and the sound rides along."

Loo tried. Big breath. Slow out. "Ohhhh—" It cracked, then smoothed. It lasted three whole seconds.

Something warm bloomed in her chest. The sound hadn't run away. She had *held* it.



When Loo was bigger, she came to Tiny Letters, where all the little sounds live.

Pip Jr met her at the mossy gate. "Can you help teach the letters?" Pip Jr asked.

Loo didn't say a speech. She just tilted her head, took a breath, and sang, "liiiiii." She held it steady, four whole seconds, the sound wobbling like a happy string.

Pip Jr grinned. "You held it the whole time!"

"Some sounds want to be held," Loo said softly. "The little round ones. A, E, I, O, U. You can sing them like a song." She patted her tiny hood. "I'll help the kids feel them."

Pip Jr nodded. "You belong here, Loo."



One morning a small learner came to visit, looking shy.

"Today's letter is O," Pip Jr said. "Let's visit Loo."

Loo appeared in her moss-green hood, holding her baton. She smiled her round owl smile. "Hold the sound. Sing it."

She took a breath and hooted, low and warm. "Ohhhhhhhh." The sound-wave rippled across the whole screen. Her baton floated up, then drifted down.

The little learner watched. Then, quiet at first, joined in. "Ohhhh..."

"Bigger breath," Loo said gently. "Let it out slow."

The learner tried again. "Ohhhhhhhh." This time it lasted. One, two, three, four — four whole seconds of round warm O.

"Do you feel it?" Loo asked. "Where the sound lives?"

The learner touched their own throat, then their chest, and nodded, eyes bright.

"That's the O," Loo said. "You held it. You sang it." She lifted the baton once more. "Hold the sound. Sing it."

And they sang it again, together, the sound floating up and out.



After, when the clearing was quiet, the little learner had one more small question.

"When the sound is done... where does it go?"

Loo thought about her grandpa, and the branch, and the warm thing that had bloomed in her chest the first time a sound stayed.

"It doesn't go away," Loo said. "It goes into you. Now your mouth knows the shape. Your breath knows the way. Next time, it'll come back easy — like an old friend who remembers you."

The learner smiled and took a big breath, just to feel it fill up.

Loo watched, happy and slow. She didn't say the rest out loud. But she thought it, warm all the way down: *the best sounds aren't the fast ones. They're the ones you hold long enough to feel.*

And in the little learner's chest, the O was still humming, soft and buzzy and glad.

Stick

STICK — stick them. say them fast.



On a low wooden table in Tynyletters, a small squirrel named Stick set down three letter-tiles in a row.

S. U. N.

Stick had a cream apron with two pockets and a tiny pot of soft honey-glue. Stick dabbed a little glue on the back of each tile. Then Stick pressed them together, slow and gentle.

"Stick them," said Stick, pushing the tiles until they clicked. "Say them fast."

Stick took a breath. "S — U — N. Sun!"

The word came out whole and warm, like it had been waiting inside the tiles the whole time. Stick smiled and touched the little row. Three quiet sounds. One bright word.



Stick had not always known how to do this.

When Stick was very small, the sounds would not come together. Stick knew them one at a time. C said its sound. A said its sound. T said its sound. But when Stick tried to say them in a row, they stayed apart. C... A... T... and nothing happened. Just three little sounds, sitting alone.

Stick's paws felt clumsy. Stick's ears drooped. "Maybe I just can't," Stick whispered.

An old squirrel sat down beside Stick. She did not say hurry up. She did not say it's easy. She reached into her own apron and took out two tiles and a pot of glue.

"They don't want to stand apart," she said softly. "Watch." She glued the tiles and pressed them close, close, close, until they touched. "Now they're stuck. And when things are stuck..." She said it quick. "...they come out together."

Stick tried. Glue. Press. Click. "C-A-T," slow, then fast — "cat!"

The word popped out. Stick gasped. It felt like the tiles had done it, not Stick — but the old squirrel shook her head. "That was you," she said. "You just needed to feel them stick first."



When Stick grew a little bigger, Stick walked to Tynyletters, where two friends already lived.

Huff was there, puffing out crisp little consonant sounds. Loo was there, holding long warm vowel hoots. They made sounds beautifully. But sometimes a young reader would learn all the sounds and still get stuck, staring at a word that would not turn on.

Huff looked at Stick. "Can you help with the sticking part?"

Stick opened both apron pockets. Out came the tiles. Out came the honey-pot.

"Give me a word," said Stick.

"Pig," said Loo.

Stick laid down P, I, G. Glue, glue, glue. Press. "P-I-G," slow — then fast — "pig!"

Huff and Loo grinned at each other. "You belong here," said Loo. And Stick tucked the honey-pot back in the pocket, feeling something warm settle in the chest, like a tile clicking into place.



One morning a little reader named Pip Jr came to the table, stuck on a word.

"I know the sounds," Pip Jr said. "S. U. N. But I can't make the word."

Stick did not say try harder. Stick just slid the pot across the table. "Let's stick them."

Stick laid the tiles out. S. U. N. "Dab each one," said Stick, and Pip Jr dabbed a little glue on each. "Now press them close."

Pip Jr pressed. The tiles touched. Click.

"Now say them slow, then fast."

"S... U... N..." Pip Jr said. Then, quieter, quicker — "sun!"

Pip Jr's eyes went wide. "It made a word! I made a word!"

"You stuck them," said Stick, beaming. "And you said them fast. That's the whole secret."

Pip Jr pressed the imaginary tiles again, just to feel it. "Sun!" Then again, laughing. "Stick them, say them fast!"

"Stick them," Stick agreed. "Say them fast."



Later, when the table was quiet, Pip Jr came back with one small question.

"Stick," Pip Jr said, "will I always need the tiles and the glue?"

Stick thought about the old squirrel, long ago, and the day the sounds first came together.

"No," Stick said gently. "One day the tiles will be inside you. You won't need my little pot. You'll see the letters and they'll just... click. All by themselves."

Pip Jr looked at the row of tiles for a long moment. Then at their own paws. "Even without you?"

"Especially without me," Stick said, and smiled. "That's how I'll know you're a reader."

Pip Jr didn't answer right away. But something soft and proud filled up their chest — the good, warm, buzzy feeling of a thing that had been hard, and then wasn't. The feeling of two sounds clicking into one, deep inside, where nobody had to glue them at all.

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- **QuillSpell** — spelling craft through the Word Wizard cast
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Methodology

Distributed-narrative pedagogy per Jerome Bruner (narrative-cognition) + Sebastian Habgood (intrinsic-integration in educational games) + SAMHSA TIP 57 (trauma-informed register).

Trauma-informed-design framework per Eggleston et al. (2025) and Stoltenburg et al. (2024).

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