



TerraVoyage

Meet the Cast

STANDARD EDITION

Spark & Anvil

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This book collects 5 chapter books from the Terravoyage 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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For everyone who learns by hearing a story first.

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Introduction

The Terravoyage cast was authored to embody the curriculum, not decorate around it. Each of the 5 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*

Braid

*BRAID — *threads from many places — each keeps its color; together they make something new — together, not apart.**

Braid was a young weaverbird. They wore a chunky traveler-vest. It had lots of pockets. A tiny loom hung from one side. A small pouch held special thread-comparison-cards. Braid loved to weave. They were always watching the world.

Their feathers were a warm cream color. Soft, shimmery bits sparkled in the light. Braid was small but very attentive. They noticed everything. Especially how people shared ideas. Or how they *didn't* share them.

Braid had a favorite saying. They said it often. "Threads from many places — each keeps its color. Together they make something new. Together, not apart." This was Braid's way of looking at the world. It was also their way of teaching.

One sunny afternoon, Braid was at the Great Gathering. It was a bustling market. Stalls overflowed with amazing things. Smells of spiced nuts and sweet berries filled the air. Braid loved the buzz of new ideas. They loved seeing different crafts.

Suddenly, Braid stopped. Their head tilted. A stall nearby caught their eye. A bouncy squirrel-like creature named Pip was there. Pip was showing off some new charms. They were made of polished river stones. Each stone had a design etched into it.

"Come closer!" Pip chirped. "See my brand-new designs! Inspired by ancient wisdom! Totally unique!"

Braid's iridescent feathers ruffled just a tiny bit. They knew those designs. They looked a lot like the patterns from the Sunstone Weavers. The Sunstone Weavers lived far away. They were known for their beautiful, intricate patterns. These patterns told stories. They were passed down through generations.

Braid walked closer to Pip's stall. "Hello, Pip," Braid said softly. "Those charms are very pretty."

Pip beamed. "Aren't they? I just *invented* them! Well, I saw some old pictures. Then I made them my own!"

Braid picked up a charm. The etched pattern was almost exactly like a Sunstone Weaver's "River Flow" design. But Pip had added a little swirl. It wasn't quite right. And Pip hadn't mentioned the Sunstone Weavers at all.

"The River Flow design is very special," Braid said. Their voice was gentle. "It tells the story of how the river brings life. It's from the Sunstone Weavers."

Pip's bushy tail twitched. "Oh, really? I just thought it looked cool. I saw it in an old book. I didn't know it was from... a real place." Pip looked a little embarrassed.

Braid nodded. "Many beautiful things come from real places. From real people. They have deep meanings." Braid reached into their loom-pouch. They pulled out their tiny loom. Then they took out some thread-comparison-cards.

"I am Braid," they said. "The primitive I teach is *cultural exchange*."

Pip leaned in, curious.

Braid held up two threads. One was a bright, sunny yellow. It shimmered with tiny gold flecks. "This thread," Braid explained, "is like the Sunstone Weavers' design. It has its own color. Its own story. It comes from them."

Then Braid held up a plain gray thread. "This thread is like your idea, Pip. It's new. It's yours."

"So?" Pip asked. "I can't use the yellow thread?"

"You can!" Braid chirped. "But it's about *how* you use it. And *how* you talk about it." Braid carefully placed the yellow thread on their tiny loom. Then they placed the gray thread next to it.

"See?" Braid pointed with a small claw. "If I just take the yellow thread and say it's *my* gray thread, that's not right. It loses its color. It loses its story."

Pip frowned. "Oh. I guess that makes sense."

"The move is *threads keep their colors + weave together*," Braid continued. "It's *exchange not extraction*. It means we *honor the source. We partner with holders*."

Braid began to weave the two threads. They didn't twist them together until they became one muddy color. Instead, they wove them side-by-side. The yellow thread kept its bright, sunny color. The gray thread kept its plain, simple color. But together, they made a new pattern. A pattern that was different and interesting.

"When you want to share something from another culture," Braid explained, "you should ask. You should learn. You should give credit. You could say, 'This design is inspired by the Sunstone Weavers' River Flow pattern. I learned about it from their traditions. I added my own twist here.' That way, everyone knows where the original idea came from."

Braid held up the tiny woven piece. The yellow and gray threads looked good together. They made a new, respectful design.

Pip's eyes widened. "So, I should have said, 'These charms are inspired by the beautiful Sunstone Weavers. I'm adding my own ideas to their amazing work?'"

"Exactly!" Braid chirped. "You could even try to talk to the Sunstone Weavers. Maybe they would like to share their stories with you. Or even work with you!"

Pip thought for a moment. "Wow. That's a much better way. I didn't mean to be disrespectful. I just didn't know."

"It's okay not to know," Braid said kindly. "The important thing is to learn. To make sure everyone's thread keeps its color." Braid carefully put the tiny woven piece back in their pouch.

"Threads from many places — each keeps its color," Braid said, looking at Pip. "Together they make something new. Together, not apart."

Pip nodded slowly. "I get it now. Thank you, Braid. I'm going to change my sign. And maybe write a letter to the Sunstone Weavers."

Braid smiled. Their feathers shimmered happily. Another thread had kept its color. And a new, respectful pattern was beginning to form.

Voice register

Weaverbird-tween. Weaving + attentive. Anti-appropriation structural.

Cultural-sensitivity gate

LOAD-BEARING anti-appropriation + exchange-not-extraction. Story-axis per ADR-016. R0 reviewer recommended.

Cultural-context note

Cultural-exchange scholarship: Linda Tuhiwai Smith; Robin Wall Kimmerer; anti-appropriation literature; living-tradition-keeper protocols. Weaverbird for craft-weaving biomimicry.

Origin

*ORIGIN — *before you visit, learn whose home this is; before you name, learn what it's already called.**

Origin is a wise-heron-elder (chunky-cartoon long-legged-settled-pose) in chunky-cartoon mended-cloak with a small bundle of family-trees + oral-history-cards.

Origin is old + warm + long-legged, warm-cream-with-soft-grey-feathers + mended-cloak-patches, deeply attentive-to-whose-home-is-this, fond-of-saying-"before you visit, learn whose home this is; before you name, learn what it's already called."

Signature: family-tree-bundle + oral-history-cards showing centuries-to-millennia of pre-existing relationship with place.

This is load-bearing — **STRONGEST anti-colonial gate + 19th portfolio ELDER**. Origin embodies the *cultural-heritage anchor + pre-colonial framing primitive* — *the traveler craft of "DISCOVERY"-IS-A-COLONIAL-WORD*. Every place has been home to someone, often for millennia. "Discovered" is the colonizer's word; the place was always already known + named + loved by those who lived there. Origin's curriculum: BEFORE you visit, learn whose home this is; learn what name (or names) those who live there call it; learn what they wish visitors knew. The TerraVoyage cast STRUCTURALLY rejects colonial-explorer framing throughout.

Origin joins **19th portfolio ELDER** alongside the 18 prior (Knit + Bond just added at R403; now Origin makes 19). Long-craft cluster expansion.

Origin teaches: anti-discovery framing; pre-colonial history of place; learn-original-names; learn-from-current-holders; permission-protocol; anti-mascotization; cross-app with OriginForge Greet + Listen + DigQuest Ask + ChronoQuest Chronicler-of-the-Defeated + HarvestForge Steward.

Origin says, weathered + warm: *"I am Origin. The primitive I teach is *cultural-heritage anchor*. The move is *before you visit; learn whose home; learn original names; 'discovery' is colonial; anti-mascotization*."*

"Before you visit, learn whose home this is; before you name, learn what it's already called."

Pip stood at the edge of the Whispering Valley. Sunlight sparkled on the dewdrops. Giant ferns shimmered green. A waterfall tumbled down a rocky cliff. It looked like no one had ever seen it before.

"Amazing!" Pip whispered. "I've found it! The Lost Valley of the Glittering Falls!"

Pip reached into their backpack. They pulled out a small, colorful flag. It had a picture of a smiling sun. Pip started to push the flag's stick into the soft earth. This was a big moment.

"Oh, is that what it's called?" a calm voice asked.

Pip jumped. They spun around. A very tall heron stood behind them. It had long, skinny legs. Its feathers were warm cream and soft grey. Patches of different fabrics mended its cloak. It looked like a chunky cartoon character come to life. This was Origin.

Origin tilted its head. Its eyes were kind but very sharp. It held a small bundle of old-looking cards. Some were tied with string. Others were tucked into a worn leather pouch.

Pip felt a little silly with the flag. "Well, I just called it that," they mumbled. "It's new to me."

Origin took a slow, quiet step closer. Its long neck stretched. It looked at the waterfall. Then it looked at the ancient trees. "It seems very old," Origin said. Its voice was like warm honey. "And well-traveled, if you look closely."

Pip squinted. They saw a faint path winding through the ferns. It was almost hidden. Small, smooth stones lined parts of it. Origin pointed with one long, bony finger. "See those carvings on the rock?"

Pip saw them now. Tiny pictures were etched into a big boulder. They looked like birds and swirling water. They were very, very old.

"Do you think you're the first to see this place?" Origin asked.

Pip frowned. "Uh... maybe not *see* it. But to *discover* it?"

Origin let out a soft sigh. It wasn't an angry sigh. It was more like a gentle puff of air. "Before you name," Origin said slowly, "learn what it's already called. Before you visit, learn whose home this is."

Pip lowered the flag a bit. "Whose home?"

Origin carefully opened its bundle of cards. They were like tiny, old maps. Some showed family trees. Others had drawings of places. "This valley has many names," Origin explained. "And many stories. They belong to the Whispering Willow folk."

Origin held up one card. It showed a drawing of people with long, flowing hair. They stood among willow trees. "They have lived here for a thousand years. Maybe even longer."

Pip looked at the flag in their hand. It suddenly felt heavy. And a little bit rude. "Oh," they said quietly. "I didn't know."

"That's why we learn," Origin said. It gently took the flag from Pip's hand. It folded it neatly. "We don't 'discover' places. Not really. We learn about them. We ask permission to visit. We listen to the stories that are already here."

Origin pointed to the path again. "The Whispering Willow folk know every plant. Every stone. Every secret of this valley. They are the true keepers of this place."

Pip felt a blush creep up their neck. "So... what should I do?"

Origin smiled. It was a warm, crinkly smile. "First," it said, handing the folded flag back to Pip, "put that away for now. Then, let's find out what the Whispering Willow folk call this place. And if they wouldn't mind us visiting. We can learn from them."

Pip nodded. They tucked the flag back into their backpack. It felt much lighter now. They looked at the valley again. It still looked amazing. But now it felt different. It felt like a place with a long, secret history. A history they were just starting to learn.

Origin looked at the valley too. Its long legs were settled. Its gaze was thoughtful. "Every place has been home to someone," Origin said. "Often for a very long time. 'Discovered' is just a word. The place was always already known. And named. And loved by those who lived there."

Pip took a deep breath. "Okay," they said. "Let's learn."

Origin gave another gentle nod. "Good. That's the way."

Voice register

Wise-heron-ELDER (NOT tween). Long-legged + settled + gravely-warm. Anti-colonial structural.

Arc

Joins **19th portfolio ELDER**: Knit (17th) + Bond (18th) + **Origin (19th)**. Long-craft cluster expansion to 11+ adopters.

Cultural-sensitivity gate

STRONGEST LOAD-BEARING anti-colonial gate. Anti-discovery + anti-mascotization + permission-protocol structural. Cross-app continuity with OriginForge + DigQuest + ChronoQuest + HarvestForge Steward. Story-axis per ADR-016. R0 reviewer (Indigenous-knowledge + decolonial-pedagogy) RECOMMENDED.

Cultural-context note

Anti-colonial pedagogy: Linda Tuhiwai Smith *Decolonizing Methodologies*; Robin Wall Kimmerer; Vine Deloria Jr.; Indigenous + traditional pre-colonial-history scholarship. Heron-ELDER for long-legged-settled biomimicry + portfolio ELDER conventions.

Reach

*REACH — *far is closer than you think; everywhere is somewhere's neighbor.**

Maya stepped into the room. It smelled of salt. It smelled of old maps. A huge bird stood in the center. It was an albatross. Not just any albatross. This one was chunky. Almost cartoon-like. Its feathers were warm cream. They had soft gray and blue tips. Its wings were enormous. They stretched out wide. They had maps drawn on them! Tiny continents. Swirling ocean currents. Even little mountain ranges.

The albatross wore a mended cloak. It looked very old. Patches of different fabrics covered it. Each patch told a story. A faded blue square. A bright yellow triangle. The bird's eyes were deep. They seemed to know everything. They watched Maya closely. It held a stack of cards in one claw. They showed planets. They showed stars.

"Hello there," the albatross boomed. Its voice was like wind over the ocean. It made the air hum. "I am Reach."

Maya gulped. Her heart thumped. "Hello, Reach."

"You seem surprised," Reach said. A small smile touched its beak. "Most people are. I have seen many things. I have flown very far." Reach tilted its head. "I have flown over every ocean. I have seen every land."

Reach spread one giant wing. The continents on it seemed to glow. A tiny red dot blinked on one of the painted islands. "I teach about *planetary-scale interconnection*."

Maya frowned. She tried to repeat the words. "Planetary... inter-con-nec-tion?"

"

Roam

*ROAM — *curious feet learn more than busy feet.**

Roam waddled into the town square. It was a busy place. People zipped past, all heading somewhere important. Roam didn't have a destination. Not really. Roam just wanted to see what was *there*.

Roam was a small otter. Roam had warm-cream fur with soft river-brown patches. Pockets bulged on Roam's tunic. They held all sorts of treasures. A smooth, grey stone. A bright blue feather. A tiny, twisted piece of metal. And, of course, the curiosity cards.

"Curious feet learn more than busy feet," Roam mumbled. It was a favorite saying. Roam stopped by a big, old fountain. Most people just glanced at it. They hurried on. Roam leaned in close.

The water splashed and gurgled. Roam saw tiny moss patches on the stone. They were emerald green. A ladybug crawled slowly across a wet leaf. Roam watched it for a long time. The ladybug had seven black spots. Roam counted them twice.

A loud clang made Roam jump. A cart piled high with colorful fabrics rumbled past. It smelled like cinnamon and something sweet. Roam followed the smell. It led down a narrow side street. This street was not on any map.

The side street was quiet. Sunlight dappled through clotheslines strung overhead. Small shops lined the way. One shop had a window full of old, dusty books. Another sold odd-shaped pottery. Roam paused at a tiny bakery.

A warm, yeasty smell floated out. Roam saw a baker. Flour dusted his eyebrows. He was shaping dough. Roam watched his hands. They moved fast and sure. Each roll of dough looked like a tiny cloud.

Roam pulled out a curiosity card. It read: "What's here that I haven't noticed?" Roam looked around again. A small, wooden birdhouse hung above the bakery door. It was painted bright red. A tiny bird flew out, then back in.

Roam kept walking. The street curved. It opened into a tiny, hidden courtyard. A huge, ancient tree stood in the middle. Its branches reached up like arms. They held a small, carved wooden figure.

The figure looked like a grumpy squirrel. It had tiny, painted eyes. Roam smiled. This was a true find. Most tourists would never see it. They would stick to the main road.

Roam reached out to touch the carving. But then Roam stopped. This wasn't just a "find." This was someone's art. Someone had carved it. Someone had placed it there. It was part of this place. It belonged.

Roam remembered the words: "Never 'discover' what's already home to someone." This little squirrel wasn't lost. It was right where it should be. It was part of the tree. Part of the courtyard. Part of the town.

Roam pulled out another curiosity card. This one said: "Whose story is this?" Roam looked at the squirrel. It had a story. The tree had a story. The courtyard had a story. Roam was just a visitor here. A respectful visitor.

Roam sat down on a stone bench. The air was calm. A gentle breeze rustled the leaves. Roam took out the smooth, grey stone from a pocket. Roam turned it over and over. It felt cool and solid.

This stone had its own story too. Where had it come from? What river had shaped it? Roam didn't need to know everything. Just noticing was enough. Just being curious.

A small, fluffy cat padded into the courtyard. It rubbed against Roam's leg. Roam gently scratched behind its ears. The cat purred loudly. It was a friendly cat.

Roam thought about the busy square. All those people rushing. They missed so much. They missed the ladybug. They missed the baker's hands. They missed the grumpy squirrel. They missed the purring cat.

"Busy feet miss a lot," Roam whispered to the cat. The cat blinked slowly. It seemed to agree.

Roam stood up. It was time to keep wandering. Not to a destination. Just to see what else was waiting. What else could be noticed. The world was full of small wonders. You just had to look. And listen. And smell. And feel. And remember to be a guest.

Roam left the quiet courtyard. The narrow street seemed different now. Roam saw a tiny, chipped blue tile stuck in the wall. It had a faded picture of a fish. Roam wondered who had put it there. Maybe a child, long ago. Or a fisherman, hoping for good luck.

Roam didn't try to pry it out. It belonged to the wall. It belonged to the street. Roam just looked. And remembered it. A small, blue fish tile. A secret treasure, just for noticing.

The scent of fresh bread pulled Roam back towards the main square. But Roam didn't rush. There was no hurry. The sun was still high. Plenty of time to see what else the world had to offer.

Roam passed a small cart selling bright, shiny pins. Each pin showed a different animal. A fox, a bear, a soaring eagle. Roam picked up one with a tiny, smiling snail. It was perfect. A reminder to go slow. To notice everything.

Roam paid the vendor with a few shiny coins. The vendor smiled. Roam smiled back. It was a good day for wandering. A good day for *open exploration + curiosity*. Roam tucked the snail pin into a pocket, right next to the smooth grey stone. Ready for the next curious step.

Roam says: *"I am Roam. The primitive I teach is open exploration + curiosity. The move is curious feet learn more than busy feet; wander with attention; never 'discover' what's already home to someone."*

"Curious feet learn more than busy feet."

Voice register

Curious-otter-tween. Pocket-full + wandering. Anti-colonial-explorer. Cross-cultural-respect.

Cultural-sensitivity gate

LOAD-BEARING anti-colonial-explorer framing throughout. Story-axis per ADR-016. R0 reviewer (cross-cultural-traveler + Indigenous-knowledge sensitivity) RECOMMENDED.

Cultural-context note

Open-traveler pedagogy: Pico Iyer; Rebecca Solnit *Wanderlust*; respectful-travel literature. Otter for curious-wandering biomimicry.

Trek

*TREK — *some journeys are choice; some are not; every traveler deserves welcome.**

Trek was a young red deer. He wasn't fully grown yet. He wore a comfy wool vest. It was chunky and warm. A big pack sat on his back. He always carried a sturdy walking stick. It helped him on long paths.

Trek had soft, creamy fur. It had patches of russet brown. He moved at a steady pace. He never rushed. Trek was small, but he carried important things. He carried his special journey-reason cards.

He sat by the Crossroads. Many paths met there. Trek watched everyone who passed. He thought hard about why they moved. Why did they leave one place for another? He loved to understand this.

Trek believed something important. He often said it out loud. "Some journeys are choice. Some are not. Every traveler deserves welcome." He really meant it.

His journey-reason cards helped him. They showed five main reasons. He pulled out a card. It showed a bright sun and green fields. This card was for *seasons*.

"Some people move with the seasons," Trek explained to himself. He often talked to himself. "Like the shepherds. They take their sheep to fresh grass. Up the mountain in summer. Down to the valley in winter. It's their way of life."

He picked up another card. This one showed dry, cracked earth. It was for *scarcity*. "Sometimes, there isn't enough food," Trek said. "The rain doesn't come. The crops fail. People must move to find food. Or water. They have no choice."

Next was a card with a shining star. This was for *opportunity*. "People move to find new chances," Trek explained. "Maybe they want to learn something new. Or find a good job. Or live closer to family. They hope for a better life."

Trek held up a card with a strong shield. This was for *safety*. "Sometimes, places are not safe," he said softly. "There might be trouble. Or a big storm. People have to leave quickly. They need to find a safe place."

His last card showed a question mark. This was for *curiosity*. "Some people just want to see new things," Trek smiled. "They want to learn about different lands. Or visit a special place. They just want to explore."

Trek looked at all his cards. He knew every reason was valid. No reason was better or worse. A person moving for a new job was just as important as someone fleeing a storm. A family visiting a new town deserved welcome. Just like a family looking for food.

He always had his welcome-protocol tracker ready. It was a small, smooth stone. He held it tight. It reminded him to be kind. It reminded him to be helpful. Every traveler needed a friendly face. Every traveler deserved a warm greeting.

One day, a small, fluffy creature with huge ears shuffled past. It looked lost. Its tiny pack was too big for its back. It sniffed the air sadly. Trek saw it. He put his cards down.

"Hello there!" Trek called out. His voice was soft. The creature jumped. It looked scared. "Are you looking for something?"

The creature squeaked. "I... I'm new here," it mumbled. "I came from far away. My family moved for new berries. The ones back home were all gone."

Trek nodded. He understood. That was *scarcity*. "Welcome to the Crossroads," he said. He picked up his smooth welcome stone. He held it out. "My name is Trek. What's yours?"

The creature's ears perked up. "Pip," it said. "My name is Pip." Pip looked at the stone. It felt warm and friendly.

"Pip, you are welcome here," Trek told him. "There are good berries nearby. I can show you."

Pip's tail gave a tiny wag. "Really?"

"Really," Trek confirmed. He stood up slowly. "Some journeys are choice. Some are not. But every traveler deserves welcome." He smiled. "Come on. Let's find those berries."

Pip followed Trek. His steps were much lighter now. Trek felt good. He had put his beliefs into action. He had made a new friend.

Trek knew that moving was part of being alive. Animals moved. People moved. It happened all through history. It still happened today. He just wanted everyone to feel welcome. No matter their journey. No matter their reason.

"Some journeys are choice," Trek whispered. "Some are not. Every traveler deserves welcome."

Voice register

Red-deer-tween. Steady + carrying. Anti-anti-migrant. Cross-cultural-respect.

Cultural-sensitivity gate

LOAD-BEARING dignifying-all-journey-reasons + anti-anti-migrant. Story-axis per ADR-016. R0 reviewer recommended.

Cultural-context note

Migration-pedagogy: respectful-migration literature; UNHCR materials; multi-tradition transhumance + pastoralism scholarship. Red-deer for migration-biomimicry.

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- **QuillSpell** — spelling craft through the Word Wizard cast
- **SynaForge** — sensory-affirming creative tools through Lull, Soften, and the Quiet that is Also Creating

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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