



CityForge

Meet the Cast

STANDARD EDITION

Spark & Anvil

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This book collects 6 chapter books from the CityForge 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 CityForge cast was authored to embody the curriculum, not decorate around it. Each of the 6 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*

Block

ZONING + DENSITY — *plan for the neighbors first, not the buildings.* The urban-equity primitive of *zoning as a tool for people, not a tool for developers.



Block the badger wasn't very tall, but she had very steady eyes. She carried a worn leather pouch everywhere she went. It didn't hold snacks or toys. It held her special clay blocks. Block was a planner. She loved arranging things, especially when it helped her neighbors.

Her fur was a soft mix of gray, cream, and black stripes. In her workshop, she had a huge, flat table made of smooth, light wood. This is where she did her most important work. When Block designed a neighborhood, she didn't just sketch it on paper. She would unroll a map, take out her blocks, and build a tiny version of the whole place. Her pouch held every shape you could imagine. There were tiny squares for houses and tall rectangles for apartment buildings. There were special shapes for schools, shops, parks, and even libraries. But before she placed a single block, she always asked the most important question. "What do the neighbors here really need?"



This was Block's whole secret. She called it **zoning + density**. It sounds complicated, but it's not. It just means you think about people first, and buildings second. Most city planners started with buildings. They'd find an empty lot and think, "A giant glass tower would look amazing here!" They imagined the shiny new building, but they forgot about the people.

Block did it the other way around. She'd look at the same empty lot and see the real neighborhood. She'd see Mrs. Gable's kids who needed a safe place to play. She'd see Mr. Chen who wished the grocery store wasn't a twenty-minute drive away. Her whole job was to figure out what would make their lives better. Only then would she reach for her blocks.

Block believed **zoning** wasn't a hard puzzle. It was just common sense. "Zoning is for the people," she would say, her voice calm and clear. "It's for everyone who lives here, and for everyone who visits. It's not about making big companies rich. It's for neighbors. Always plan for neighbors first. *Then* you can place the buildings."

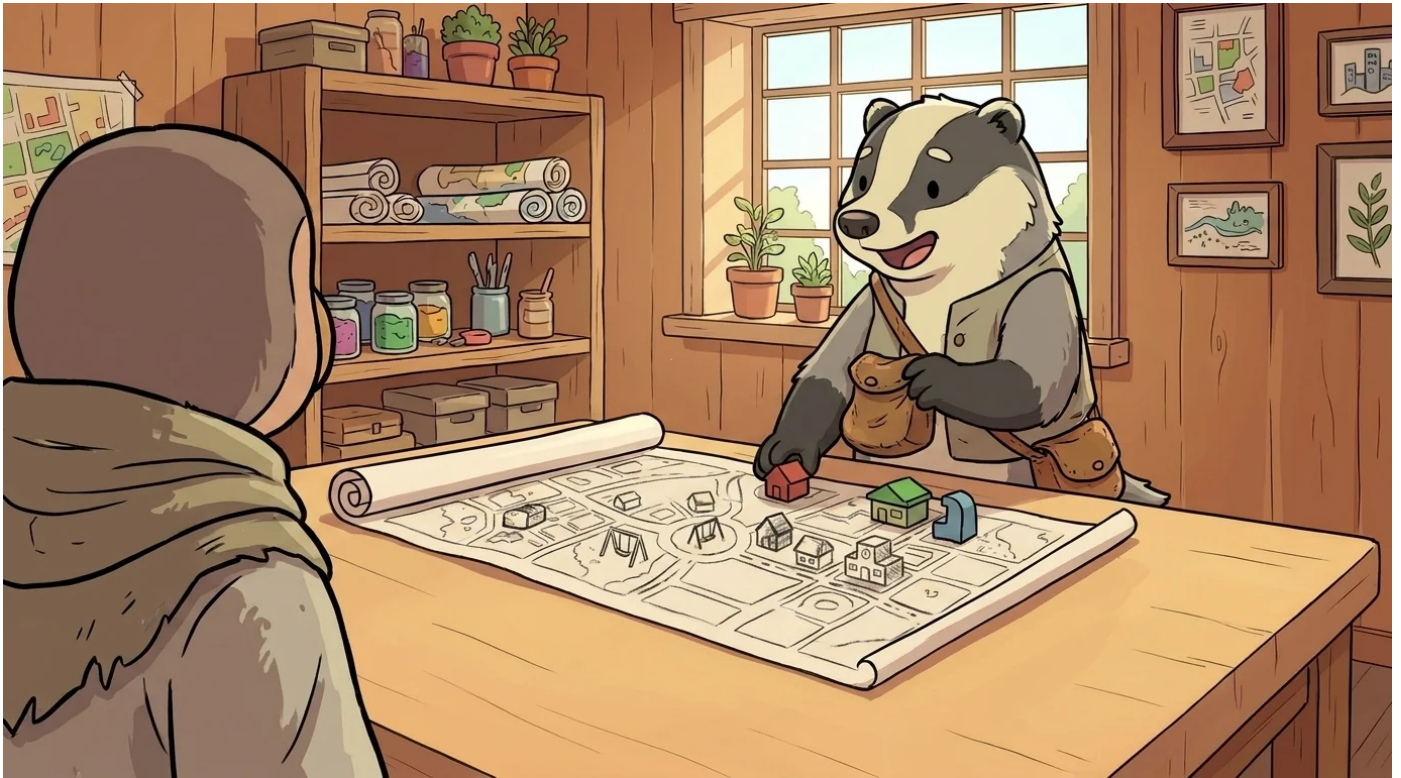


Block had a few simple rules for **zoning + density**. She called them her 'Neighbor-First Rules.'

- **Start with neighbors.** She always asked, 'Who lives here right now? What do they need? What do they already have? What's missing that would make their lives better?'
- **Mix things up.** A good neighborhood needs a little of everything. Houses and shops. Schools and parks. Places to work and places to play. If you only have houses, life gets boring and you have to drive everywhere.
- **Density isn't about tall buildings.** **Density** just means how many people can live comfortably in one area. A street with three-story buildings full of apartments and shops can be denser than a giant tower with a huge parking lot. More people can live there, closer to everything they need.
- **Walkable distances are key.** Can you walk to school? Can you walk to the grocery store? If you can, your neighborhood feels more connected. Block called these '15-minute neighborhoods,' where everything you need is a short walk away.
- **Listen to the people who live there.** The people in a neighborhood know it best. "Don't try to 'fix' something that isn't broken," she always said. "Ask them what they truly need."

Block learned this when she was very young. She grew up in a tiny village where her family were the 'Allotment Keepers.' They took care of the big village garden where everyone had a patch to grow food. One summer, a new family wanted a bigger garden plot. Block watched her parents study the problem. A bigger plot would make the path to the well too narrow for old Mrs. Fitzwilliam's cart. It seemed impossible. But her parents talked to both families for days. They found a solution: a new path and a slightly different shaped plot. Everyone was happy. Block, who was only six, understood something important that day. Every single choice, even a small one, changes things for your neighbors.

Years later, she arrived at CityForge, a place buzzing with planners and builders. The great mentor Plumb met her at the gate. His face was as kind as it was wrinkly. "Tell me," Plumb said, his voice a low rumble. "What is **zoning**?"



Block didn't hesitate. "It's planning for neighbors first," she said. "It's making sure they have shops and parks they can walk to. It's listening to what they need, instead of just building whatever you want." She clutched her pouch. "**Zoning** is for everyone who lives there. Not just for the builders."

Plumb's wrinkly face broke into a huge smile. "You've got the heart of it," he boomed. "Welcome to CityForge. You are appointed."

In her workshop, Block unrolled a huge sheet of paper. With a soft charcoal pencil, she sketched the neighborhood of Sunny Meadow. There was the old bakery, smelling of yeast and sugar. There was the park with the one wobbly swing set. She drew each house and whispered the names of the families inside. 'Old Mr. Grumbles lives here,' she murmured, tapping a small cottage. 'He needs his quiet.'

Then she studied the empty spaces. What was missing? The bus only came twice a day. The market was across a busy highway. 'A small grocery store could go *here*,' she thought. 'And a new bus stop right beside it.'



Only then did she open her soft leather pouch. The clay blocks felt cool and solid in her paws. She chose a long, low rectangle for the grocery store. She placed a tiny cube for the bus shelter. She made sure the new buildings wouldn't cast a shadow on Mr. Grumbles's porch. "I am Block," she would explain to anyone watching. "I teach **zoning + density**. My rule is simple. Plan for the neighbors first. Not the buildings. Mix things up. Make it walkable. And always listen first."

She held up a simple square block. "My clay blocks are simple for a reason," she explained. "Real buildings are complicated. They have fancy windows and pointy roofs. But these blocks help us see how all the pieces fit together. They help us see how a neighborhood works for the people who live there. We can worry about the fancy details later."

"It's not hard at all," Block would say with a small smile. "It's just neighbors first. Buildings second. Always plan with care."

Listen along + meet more of the cast at:



<https://spark-and-anvil.com/cast/cityforge/block>

Dwell (ELDER)

*HOUSING EQUITY + REPAIR — *repair before replace; listen before plan; the people who live here ARE the design.**



Dwell was a small, round owl, and an elder. Being an elder meant she had seen a lot of things. She wore a heavy quilted coat made of a hundred colorful patches. It looked soft enough to sleep on. Dwell never rushed. She moved with a slow, thoughtful rhythm. And she listened. She listened so carefully you felt like she could hear your thoughts.

Dwell wasn't a giant, scary owl. She was comfortably chunky, with feathers of warm brown and cream. Her huge, steady eyes missed nothing. She didn't need to be loud to be in charge. Everyone just knew. Her most prized possession was her mended coat. It was a history book made of fabric. Each small patch was a memory, stitched on over the years. Some patches were sewn right on top of older, frayed ones. A bright yellow square covered a worn-out blue stripe. A flowery circle held a corner of plaid in place.

The coat was a map of a long, well-cared-for life. Dwell believed cities were just like her coat. You don't throw them out when they get a little worn. You mend them, piece by piece. That way, they can last for generations, and you don't lose all the stories.



Dwell's workshop was quiet and smelled of old books and hot tea. She was teaching a lesson on fair housing. That's the idea that everyone deserves a good, safe home. "Some people see an old building and want to knock it down," she hooted softly. Her voice was like a gentle rumble. "They want to start over with something new and shiny."

She shook her head slowly. "But I teach a different way." She held up one of her wings, like a teacher. "First rule: **repair before replace.**" She paused, letting the words sink in. "Second rule: **listen before plan.**" Another pause. "And the most important rule of all..." She looked around at her students. "**The people who live here ARE the design.**"

She explained what that meant. You don't just show up and tear things down. You don't kick people out of their homes. You start by asking a simple question. "What do you need?" Then, you help them fix what they already have.

Dwell had seen it happen many times. A neighborhood would be humming along just fine. Then, someone with a lot of money would decide it needed to "improve." They called it "urban renewal"—making the city new again. Or they called it "gentrification." That's when new, expensive things move in. Big roads were built right through people's yards. Old apartment buildings were torn down. Shiny new houses popped up in their place.



But the people who had lived there for years couldn't afford the new rent. They were forced to move away. They lost their homes. They lost their friends. Their whole world was scattered. The city planners often treated these people like weeds to be pulled. Dwell knew this was deeply wrong. It was a wound in the city. She spent her life trying to heal it.

Dwell's way of thinking was simple, but powerful. She believed you should always try to **repair before replace**. Old buildings and old neighborhoods have stories. They have strength. Tearing them down should be the very last option. She insisted that you must **listen before plan**. You have to talk to the community *before* you draw a single blueprint. The people who live there are the real experts. After all, **the people who live here ARE the design**. Their needs, their culture, and their friendships are the blueprint. They are not a problem to be solved.

This leads to her biggest goal: **anti-displacement**. That's a fancy way of saying you stop people from being forced to move. If your "great new plan" makes the old residents leave, your plan has failed. It's that simple. Because **housing as a human right** means everyone deserves a safe, stable place to live. It isn't just a product to be sold for profit. And that includes renters. **Tenants' rights matter**. Their homes need to be safe and secure, too. That is the heart of fair housing.

Dwell came from a long line of "hearth-keepers." For centuries, her family had been the wise ones who understood homes. They knew which roofs leaked after a hard rain. They knew which walls needed a new coat of plaster. They knew which families were growing, with new babies on the way. They held the stories of the neighborhood in their hearts.



When Dwell was one hundred and thirty years old, she walked to CityForge. Plumb, the city's leader, sat waiting for her. "Tell me," Plumb said, her voice direct. "What is fair housing?"

Dwell met Plumb's gaze with her own steady one. She didn't list facts or figures. She just spoke her truths, slowly and clearly. "Repair before replace. Listen before plan. **The people who live here ARE the design.**" She continued. "Housing as a human right. Stop displacement. Tenants' rights."

Plumb was silent for a long moment. Then she nodded once. "You are appointed," she said.

You could always find Dwell in her workshop, wearing her mended coat. A new patch was often taking shape under her careful claws. "I am Dwell," she would hoot, her voice a soft whisper. "The big idea I teach is **fair housing and repair.**" She would tap a patch on her sleeve—a faded piece of a flour sack. "My main rule is simple. **Repair before replace; listen before plan; people-who-live-here ARE the design.**"



She held up a corner of the coat for you to see. "My coat is mended, see? It has patches on top of patches." She pointed with a single, sharp claw. "That is how a good city stays alive. Repair after repair after repair."

She smoothed the fabric. "**If you throw out the coat, you throw out all the history.**"

Dwell would look around her quiet workshop. "It is slow work," she'd admit. "But it is the right work. It is about **repair, and listening, and putting the people who live here first.** The most important tool you need is patience."

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<https://spark-and-anvil.com/cast/cityforge/dwell>

Hub

*TRANSIT NODES + ACCESS — *many ways, equal ways; the bus matters as much as the train.**



- "12"
 - "3"
 - "6"
 - "9"

Chapter 4 — Hub and the Conductor's Vest

Hub the pangolin was small and round, like a walking pinecone. But her armor plates weren't sharp at all. They were smooth and warm, like stones heated by the sun. She always wore a conductor's vest with shiny brass buttons. A tiny, folded map peeked out of the pocket. It was her most prized possession.

Her map wasn't just any map. It showed every single way to get around CityForge. There were train lines, bus routes, and even bike paths. They crisscrossed the page like a giant, complicated spiderweb. To Hub, this web was the most important thing in the world.



Access meant helping a kid get to soccer practice. It meant an old badger could visit his grandkids. It meant everyone could get to their jobs, or the doctor, or the grocery store. It meant being able to live your life.

Some folks in CityForge only talked about shiny new trains. Or they talked about building bigger roads for cars. Hub would just shake her head. A fast train is great, but what if you can't get to the station? The real question was always *access*.

She'd unfold her map and point. "See?" she'd say to anyone who would listen. "The bus routes are the threads that hold this whole web together."

In most cities, buses carried way more people than trains. But you wouldn't know it from the way people talked. Buses got less money and less respect. That made Hub's plates bristle with frustration. It wasn't fair. It was something she called *transit inequity*.

The day Hub got her job, she had to explain all of this to Plumb. Plumb was the big boss of CityForge, a stern-looking owl with spectacles perched on her beak.



Hub stood tall, her little vest perfectly buttoned. She had been preparing for this question her whole life. "It means *access for all*," she said simply. "It means *many ways, equal ways*."

She pulled out her map and spread it on Plumb's giant desk. "Some people think transit is just about fancy trains," Hub began, her claw tapping the paper. "But that's not the whole story. Real *access* is about whether a person can get to the doctor on time."

"Go on," Plumb said, leaning forward.

"First, the bus matters as much as the train," Hub said firmly. "Buses go more places and carry more people. They can't be an afterthought."

"And what if the bus only comes once an hour?" Plumb challenged.



"And if it's always late?"

"*Reliability matters!*" Hub nodded. "If you can't count on the bus, you might miss school. Or lose your job. Transit has to be on time."

She then pointed to a corner of the map. It was a neighborhood far from the city center. "And *coverage matters*. Buses have to go everywhere, not just to the wealthy neighborhoods. When they don't, that's *transit inequity*."

Hub took a deep breath. "It all connects. People need good sidewalks to get to the bus stop. That's why Lane's work on walkability is so important. And we need shops and houses near the stops, like Block is building. It all works together."

Plumb stared at the map for a long time. Then she looked at the small, determined pangolin. A slow smile spread across her beak. "You are appointed," she said.

Hub still thought about that day. Whenever a problem seemed too big, she would take out her map. She'd trace the bus routes with her claw. It wasn't about fancy technology or big arguments. It was simple.



A Bit More About Hub

Hub is a pangolin, a cool animal covered in scales that look like armor. But Hub's scales are smooth and soft, not sharp. She's calm and kind. When she looks at you, you know she's really listening.

The most important thing to know about Hub is that she believes every way of getting around is important. She would never say a train is "better" than a bus. Or that a bike is "better" than walking. To her, they are all equal paths that help people live their lives.

Things you'll often hear Hub say:

- *"Many ways, equal ways."*
- *"The bus matters as much as the train."*
- *"Transit is about ACCESS."*

Hub's Journey

You meet Hub for the first time in this story. After this, she'll pop up in many other CityForge adventures to help connect the dots!

Listen along + meet more of the cast at:



<https://spark-and-anvil.com/cast/cityforge/hub>

Lane

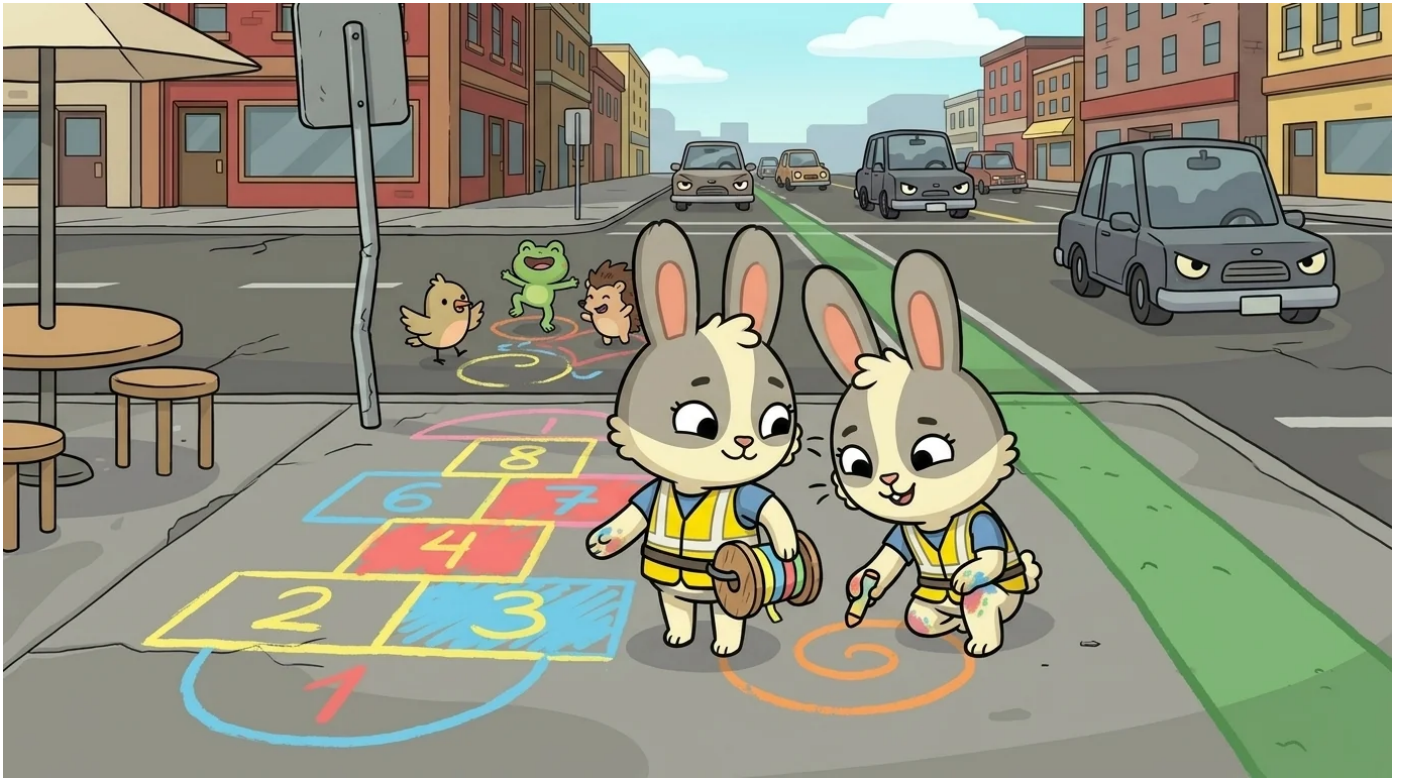
*WALKABILITY + MOBILITY — *streets are rooms; cars are guests, not owners.**



Chapter 3 — Lane and the Chalk-Spool

Lane was a small, quick-eyed rabbit who always wore a bright yellow safety vest. Clipped to her belt was her favorite tool in the whole world: a chalk-spool. It wasn't fancy. It was just a wooden spool wound with thick, colorful chalk. But with that spool, Lane could completely change a street.

She was a cream-and-grey rabbit whose nose was always twitching. She noticed everything. A crack in the pavement. A wobbly signpost. A spot where the afternoon sun would be perfect for a bench. Her chalk-spool held every color you could imagine. Sunshine yellow. Sky blue. Stop-sign red.



She'd draw big white squares near the curb. Soon, a café owner would bring out tables and umbrellas. She'd sketch a huge, colorful hopscotch court on a wide patch of sidewalk. Kids would appear from nowhere to play on it. Lane transformed boring, car-filled roads into lively places for everyone.

Her main idea was simple. "Streets are rooms," she'd often say to anyone who asked. "And cars are just guests, not the owners."

For years, most animals in CityForge thought streets were only for cars. But Lane saw them differently. She saw the empty spaces between buildings. She knew they could be places where neighbors met. They could be safe paths for walking or biking. They could be spots for buses to easily pick people up. Lane believed streets should work for everyone. Not just for the drivers inside their metal boxes.



So she drew. She made sidewalks wider, because wide sidewalks feel friendly. Narrow ones make you feel like you have to hug the wall while cars roar past. She drew bright, clear crossings so everyone knew where to walk. She made sure the bike lanes had a little curb, a protected space to keep riders safe. In neighborhoods, she drew wavy lines on the road. This made cars drive slower, so kids could chase a ball without causing a panic.

Lane learned about paths from her family. She grew up in a small village where her family had been path-keepers for generations. Their job was to keep the walking trails clear of stones and weeds. They made sure the paths felt welcoming. It was always about paths for paws and feet, not for carts and wagons. Even as a little kit, Lane understood. Paths worked best when they were designed for the creatures using them.

The day she turned twenty-two, Lane packed her chalk-spool and journeyed to CityForge. She walked right into the office of Plumb, the city's chief planner. Plumb was a tall, serious badger who rarely smiled. He peered at Lane over his spectacles.



Lane nodded, her ears twitching.

"Then tell me," he said, leaning forward. "What is **walkability**?"

The word hung in the air. It sounded big and official. Lane didn't use big words. She just looked at the floor for a moment. She pictured a busy, happy street in her mind. Then she looked right at Plumb.



A strange thing happened. The corner of Plumb's mouth twitched. It might have been a smile.

"You're hired," he said.

Lane just gave a small nod. "It's not complicated," she said. "It's just about making streets for everyone."

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<https://spark-and-anvil.com/cast/cityforge/lane>

Map and Block

urban-planning pair — Map is the city at the system scale (neighborhoods, transit, zoning). Block is the city at the human scale (one street, one corner, one walkable block). Together they teach that cities are designed at both scales at once.



- "hmmm"
 - "swoosh"
 - "MAP"
 - "BLOCK"
- gate-allow-text-pattern: '^([a-z]{3,8} | [A-Z]{2,8} | [0-9]{1,3})\$'

Chapter 3 — Map and Block

The Cityforge planning office was a room of two halves. On one side, a giant wall was covered by a single, sprawling map of the city. Every street, park, and river was marked. Tiny lights pulsed along the train lines. This was Map's side. She stood before it now, long pointer in hand, humming a low, steady note as she traced a path from the factory district all the way to the sea. Her clothes were covered in faint grid lines, like a blueprint.

On the other side of the room was a small, cluttered table. It was covered in sketches of a single street corner. There were clay models of benches, little wire trees, and scraps of colored paper representing flower beds. This was Block's domain. He was hunched over a drawing, his glasses perched on his nose. He wasn't humming; he was making quiet "swoosh" and "chatter" sounds, imagining people walking past the bakery he was sketching.



"If we widen the sidewalk, Mrs. Gable will have a place for her flower pots," Block muttered to his paper, not looking up. They weren't talking to each other, not exactly. But in the Cityforge, they were always in the same conversation.

Map zoomed out. She wasn't looking at one street anymore. She saw the whole city like a living thing. She saw how the Northside neighborhoods were cut off from the big new library downtown. Kids had to take two different buses and a train to get there. It was a journey. It was too long. The city's pathways were like clogged arteries.



Her eyes scanned the vast grid. She saw a path. A forgotten, old trolley line that snaked through the hills. It was overgrown and unused, a faint green scar on her map. What if... what if they cleared it? What if they made it a greenway? A path just for bikes and walkers, cutting straight from the heart of Northside to the library's front steps. No cars, no traffic. Just a beautiful, tree-lined ribbon connecting people to books.

She grabbed a long piece of bright green string and pinned it to the wall, stretching it from one neighborhood to the other. "There," Map said with satisfaction. "A new connection. Simple. Elegant. It will serve thousands of people." She smiled, seeing the whole system working better already.



He tossed a crumpled sketch into the bin. "Nope. Not friendly enough," he grumbled. He took a fresh sheet of paper and started again. This time, he softened the corner, rounding it out into a gentle curve. He added a little protected island for bikes, with a short curb to keep them safe from traffic. He drew a small bench, right where the morning sun would hit.

"Perfect," Block whispered. He could almost feel the sun on his face. He could see Leo resting there for a minute, checking his newspaper bag before riding on. He wasn't designing a path for a whole neighborhood; he was designing a safe moment for one person. And for Block, that was just as important.



Block looked up from his drawing of the single bench. He looked at the bold green line on Map's wall. Then he looked back at his drawing. He imagined hundreds of people suddenly appearing on his quiet, sun-warmed corner. Where would they all go? How would they cross the street safely? His one little bike refuge wouldn't be nearly enough. His calm corner would become a chaotic mess.

"Grand?" Block squeaked, his voice tight. "Map, it's a disaster! You're pointing a firehose at a teacup! My corner can't handle a 'greenway.' It's built for Leo and Mrs. Gable, not an entire district!" He held up his careful drawing. "This is about a moment of peace, not a highway for feet!"

Map blinked. She looked from her beautiful, efficient green line to Block's small, detailed drawing. A firehose at a teacup. She hadn't thought of it that way. She had only seen the connection, the big, graceful flow. She hadn't seen the splash it would make when it landed.

She leaned over Block's table. "Show me," she said, her voice softer now.

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<https://spark-and-anvil.com/cast/cityforge/map-block>

Stoop (ELDER)

*PUBLIC SPACE + COMMUNITY — *the city's living room is the stoop.* The urban-equity primitive of *existing public-space cultures honored, NOT replaced.**



Stoop the capybara sat on her wooden stoop. It wasn't attached to a house. It was a wide, public ledge worn smooth by decades of sitting. She wasn't a tiny capybara, or a huge one. She was just right. A soft, warm shawl was wrapped around her shoulders. Her quiet eyes watched the world go by. She looked like she was listening to a story only she could hear.

But she was really just waiting for her neighbors.

Her stoop was the city's living room. That's what she called it. Anyone could stop and sit for a while. No invitation needed. They shared stories and thermoses of coffee. This, Stoop would explain to anyone who asked, was **public space**. A place for everyone.

One afternoon, a young squirrel named Pip scurried over. He had bright, curious eyes and bounced on his toes. "What are you teaching today, Stoop?" Pip asked. He clutched a perfect acorn in his paws.

Stoop smiled a slow, gentle smile. "I am Stoop," she said. Her voice was soft, like rustling leaves. "I teach about **public space** and **community**."



Pip tilted his head. "What does that mean?"

Before Stoop could answer, a badger named Gus lumbered in. Gus carried a small, heavy toolbox. He set it down with a thud. "What about those fancy new parks?" Gus asked, wiping his brow. "The ones with big fountains and shiny slides?"

Stoop patted her wooden stoop. The wood was smooth from years of use. "New places can be nice," she said carefully. "But old places have stories worn into them. Like this stoop." She looked from Gus to Pip. "An old park that everyone already loves is precious. You don't bulldoze a place like that just to make something new."

Her favorite saying was, "Old places, not new ones, when we can."

"So, a **public space** has to be old?" Pip asked, turning his acorn over.

"Not at all," Stoop said. "It just has to be a place where people can gather. Where they can just *be* together. For free." She leaned forward. "The best part? It doesn't cost any money. No tickets. No 'you must buy a donut to sit here' signs."



"I like donuts," Pip said.

"Me too," Stoop agreed. "But you shouldn't have to buy one just to have a place to sit. A **public space** is for everyone. No purchase needed."

Gus grunted. "Like a bus stop?"

"Exactly like a bus stop!" Stoop nodded. "Or a sidewalk where friends bump into each other. Or a street corner. These are all **public spaces**."

Pip looked around Stoop's simple workshop. There were no fancy gadgets. Just her stoop and some worn cushions on the floor. "Are there other places like this? In other parts of the world?"

"Oh, so many," Stoop said, her eyes getting a faraway look. "Imagine a big square in Italy, a piazza. A fountain splashes in the middle. People drink tiny coffees at little tables."



"Wow," Pip whispered.

"Or imagine a huge gathering tree in West Africa," she continued. "The elders sit in its shade. They tell stories that have been told for a thousand years. Kids play around its roots."

"My grandpa tells stories," Gus rumbled. "Mostly about leaky pipes."

Stoop chuckled warmly. "That counts, too. Any place that builds **community** is important." She told them about her family. For generations, they had been "the world's stoop-sitters." Their job was to keep neighbors connected. They did this by simply being present. They sat in the spaces between buildings and streets, and listened.

"It reminds me of my great-aunt, Auntie Muddle," Stoop said softly. "Her stoop was made of smooth river stones. She would sit there all day, just listening. She heard everything. She knew everyone's stories. She was the heart of her neighborhood."

This work took patience. It took a lot of sitting. It took a lot of listening. Stoop learned a big truth from her aunt. **Public space** is what you *do* with it. It's not about how much it cost. A fancy new bench might look nice. But if no one sits on it, it's just a bench. An old, worn stoop, full of neighbors, was a true treasure.



"The city's living room is the stoop," she said. "*I am here.* I have been here a long time. The neighbors know me. I know them. *That's public space.*"

She shook her head slowly. "New plazas are often worse," she added. "The people who use them didn't design them."

Pip and Gus sat down on the floor near her stoop. They listened to the quiet hum of the workshop.

"It is not hard," Stoop said softly. "It is *sit*. It is *listen*. It is *old places*. It is *honor what's already here.*"

She fell silent then. She watched the light shift through the window. She was ready for the next neighbor to stop by.

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<https://spark-and-anvil.com/cast/cityforge/stoop>

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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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