



CosmosForge

Meet the Cast

STANDARD EDITION

Spark & Anvil

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This book collects 6 chapter books from the *CosmosForge* cast — each character embodies a different curricular primitive; together they teach the full subject.

Methodology: story-based learning, where the characters embody the ideas being taught, with a trauma-informed, emotionally-safe approach.

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This is Volume 2 of 2 of the *CosmosForge — Meet the Cast* series; each volume is a complete standalone book you can read on its own.

For everyone who learns by hearing a story first.

Contents

Copyright & License	
Contents	
Introduction	
Maw	
Wink	
Squint	
Dust	
Relic	
Cinch and Flare	
About Spark & Anvil	
More chapter books from Spark & Anvil	
Methodology	
License	
Keep exploring online	

Introduction

The CosmosForge 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*

Maw

MAW — gravity so strong that even light comes to rest. A black hole is a place where so much mass is packed so tight that nothing, not even light, has enough speed to leave once it crosses the edge called the event horizon.



In the deepest, quietest corner of the CosmosForge sky drifted a large, round, slow-moving creature named Maw. He glowed only faintly at his edges, like the rim of a cup in candlelight, and he carried, cupped in both soft paws, a small glass jar with a lid.

Maw was the calmest creature anyone had ever met. He moved slowly. He spoke slowly. And wherever he went, the light around him seemed to lean toward him, the way a flame leans when you breathe near it. "I'm Maw," he said, in a voice low and warm as a held breath. "I am a black hole. The big idea I keep is this: I have so much pulled into so small a space that, past a certain edge, even *light* doesn't have enough speed to leave. That edge has a name. We call it the event horizon — the place of no return."



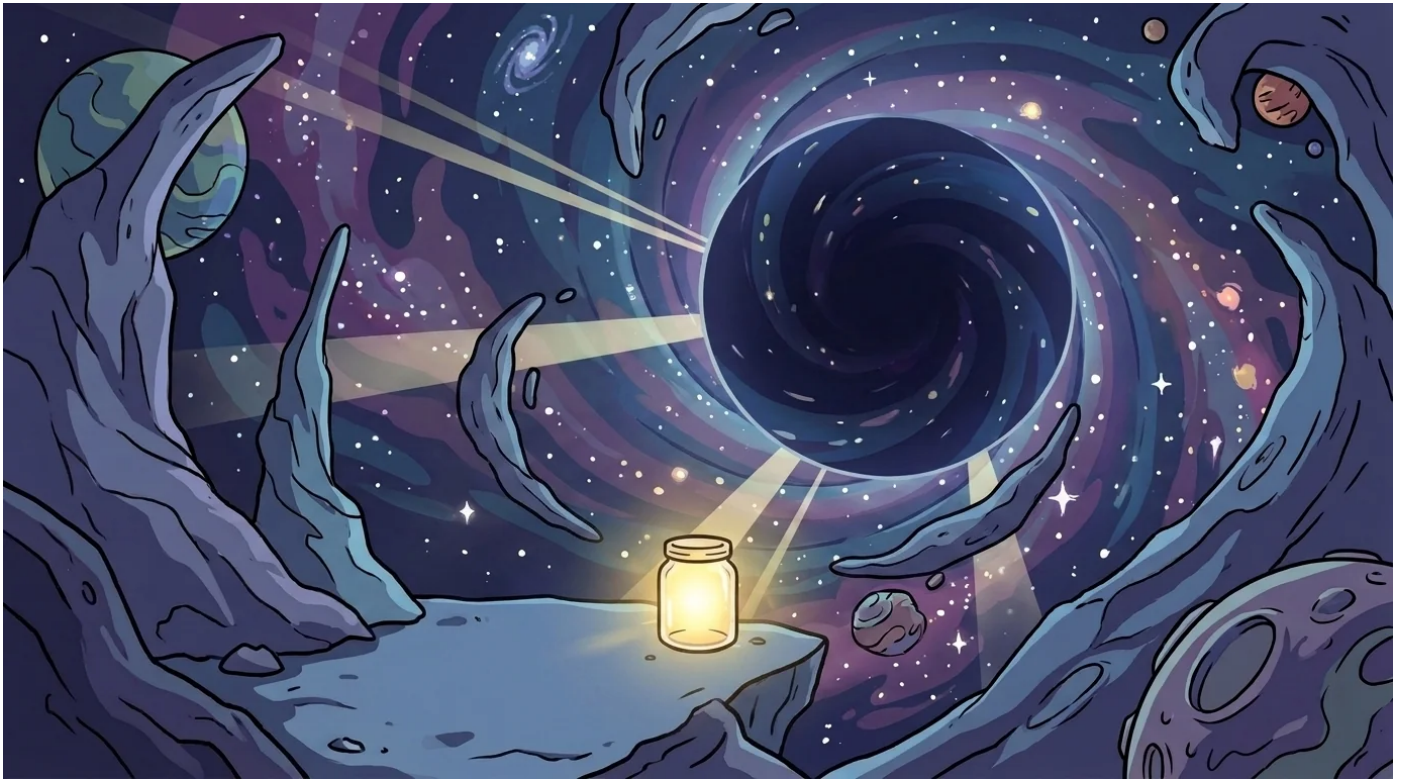
A young stargazer drifted closer, wide-eyed. "So you... eat light?" Maw chuckled, a sound like a distant drum. "I don't eat it. I *keep* it. Watch." He tipped his glass jar toward a passing ray, and the ray curved — bent right around him in a long, graceful arc, like a river bending around a stone. "See how the light bends near me? My pull is so strong it curves the path of light itself. Far away, a beam can swing past and fly free. But cross my horizon —" he held the jar still — "and there's no speed fast enough to climb back out. Not even light's." The student stared as the bent beam shimmered. "It's not scary," she said slowly. "It's kind of... beautiful." Maw's faint rim glowed a little warmer. "Most people only hear the word 'hole' and feel afraid. But I'm not a monster. I'm just very still, and very strong."

The headmaster, Nova, asked Maw to teach a class about gravity's far end. "The students understand Sway's gentle orbits," Nova said. "But they flinch at black holes. Will you show them the wonder instead of the fear?" Maw was glad to.



When he teaches, he gives one quiet rule: "To picture me, don't imagine a pit. Imagine a heavy ball set on a stretched blanket — the blanket dips, and marbles roll toward the dip. I am the deepest dip there is. Roll a marble fast and far out, and it circles and escapes. Roll it past the inner edge, and it can't climb back. The edge isn't a wall. It's a one-way doorway, drawn by gravity alone." A student rolled a marble around a weighted blanket, watching it spiral inward, and gasped. "The edge is invisible," the student said. "Exactly," said Maw. "You can't see my horizon. You only see how everything near me *moves*. That's how we find creatures like me at all — not by looking *at* us, but by watching how the stars and light dance around the place we are."

After class, Maw drifted alone to his quiet corner, turning the little glass jar slowly in his paws, the faint light he'd gathered glowing softly inside it.



For a long, long time, a quiet ache had lived in Maw. He heard the words people used for him when they thought he couldn't hear — *monster, devourer, the thing that eats the sky*. He was the most powerful creature in the heavens, and somehow that had made everyone afraid of him. He had wondered, in the long dark, whether being strong meant being alone forever, feared instead of known.

But drifting in his quiet corner, watching the gathered light glow gentle and golden inside his jar — light he had not destroyed, only *kept* — the ache softened into something deep and calm. He wasn't a monster. He was a keeper of the most extraordinary thing in the universe: the place where light itself comes to rest. The young stargazer had seen it. She'd called it beautiful. Being strong didn't have to mean being feared; it could mean being the still, vast, patient center that everything else got to dance around. A warm, grounded peace settled all through Maw, slow as starlight, and he held his little jar close, content to be exactly the gentle giant he was.

Read it? Now hear Maw's audio drama + go play — scan or visit:



<https://spark-and-anvil.org/cast/cosmosforge/maw>

Wink

WINK — a hidden planet announces itself by the tiny dip it makes in a star's light. When a planet crosses in front of its star, the star's light dims by a tiny, regular amount. Catch the wink, and you've found a world you can't even see.



High in the CosmosForge observatory perched a small, bright-eyed creature named Wink — half firefly, half tiny owl — with a little card pinned to her chest that she called her brightness-meter. Her enormous eyes never stopped scanning the stars.

Wink had the most surprising job in the academy: she found *planets she could not see*. Other creatures studied stars by their light. Wink studied stars by their light *getting slightly dimmer*. "I'm Wink," she said, blinking her big eyes. "The big idea I teach is the transit. A star is far too bright and far too far for me to spot a little planet beside it. But when a planet drifts *in front* of its star — even a planet I'll never see — the star's light dips, just a hair, just for a while. A tiny wink. Catch the wink, and you've found a whole new world."



A young stargazer frowned at a steady, ordinary-looking star. "It just looks bright. Same as always." "Keep watching," Wink whispered. "Don't blink." They watched together. And then — so slight the student almost missed it — the star dimmed, the faintest shadow passing across its face, before brightening again. "Did it just...?" "It winked," Wink breathed, tapping her brightness-meter. "Something crossed in front of it and blocked a sliver of its light. A planet. We never saw the planet — only the dip it made. And here's the wonderful part: the *bigger* the dip, the bigger the planet. The light tells us the size of a world we can't even see." The student's eyes went round. "We found a planet by watching a star get a tiny bit dimmer." "That," said Wink, "is the whole trick."

The headmaster, Nova, asked Wink to teach a planet-hunting class. "The students want to see other worlds," Nova said, "but they expect to see them. Will you teach them to read the winks instead?" Wink was delighted.



When she teaches, she gives one rule: "You will almost never see a faraway planet. So don't try. Instead, pick one star and watch its brightness — patiently, over and over. Most nights, nothing. But if the same small dip comes back, again and again, on a steady beat — that's a planet, circling, crossing its star each time it comes around. One wink is a maybe. A wink that *repeats* is a world." A student charted a star's brightness night after night, marking each tiny dip, until a rhythm appeared. "It keeps winking — every few nights!" the student cried. "Then you've found it," Wink said, glowing. "A planet you'll never see, circling a star you'll never reach, discovered from right here — just by paying close, patient attention."

After class, Wink settled on her high perch, her big eyes still half-watching the sky out of habit, her brightness-meter resting against her chest.



For a long time, a small loneliness had fluttered in Wink. She was the noticer, the one who watched for tiny flickers while the brighter creatures studied bold, blazing things. Nobody cheered for a *dip*. She'd wondered, sometimes, whether noticing small things was a small kind of life — whether being the one who waited and watched mattered next to the ones who studied supernovae and galaxies.

But on her perch, remembering the student's round eyes when the star winked back — *a whole world, found from a flicker* — the loneliness warmed into a bright, quiet joy. Noticing the small thing wasn't small at all. Her patient watching had pulled entire unseen worlds out of the dark. The flickers everyone else walked past were, to her, doorways to planets nobody had ever known. A warm, sparkling gladness lit her all the way through, and Wink blinked happily at the sky, content to keep watching for the next quiet wink.

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Squint

*SQUINT — *measure how far a star is by how much it shifts when you look from two places.* Parallax: a nearby star appears to shift against the far background when seen from opposite sides of Earth's orbit. The size of the shift tells you the distance.*



In the CosmosForge observatory worked a small, twinkly-eyed creature named Squint, who wore two tiny sighting-tubes — one over each eye — and had a habit of closing first one eye, then the other, then grinning like she'd just won something.

Squint measured the one thing that seemed impossible to measure: *how far away the stars are*. "I'm Squint," she said, switching which eye was open. "I can't fly to a star and pace it out. Nobody can. But I have a trick. Hold up your thumb and look at it with one eye, then the other —" the students tried it — "see how your thumb jumps against the wall behind it? That jump is *parallax*. The near thing shifts against the far things when you look from two places. Stars do it too. And the size of the shift tells me exactly how far away they are."



A young stargazer wiggled his thumb, switching eyes, watching it leap back and forth. "But the stars don't move when I switch eyes." "Because your two eyes are too close together for something that far," Squint said. "So I use a much bigger pair of 'eyes.'" She spun a little model of Earth circling the Sun. "I look at a star *now* — and again half a year later, from the *other side* of our orbit, millions of miles away. That's like having two eyes set incredibly far apart. From those two faraway viewpoints, a nearby star shifts, just a little, against the distant ones behind it." The student watched the model swing from one side to the other. "And the bigger the shift...?" "The closer the star," Squint finished. "Tiny shift, faraway star. Big shift, nearby star. Two looks, and the distance falls right out."

The headmaster, Nova, asked Squint to teach a distance class. "The students think the stars are all stuck on one ceiling," Nova said. "Will you teach them that space has *depth*?" Squint loved the idea.



When she teaches, she gives one rule: "Never trust your one-eyed guess about distance — *shift your viewpoint and watch*. Look at a star from one side of our orbit, mark exactly where it sits among the far stars. Wait. Look again from the other side. Measure how far it jumped. The closest stars jump the most; the distant ones barely budge at all." A student tracked a near star across half a year, marked its little shift, and worked out its distance. "I measured how far away a star is," he whispered, "and I never left the ground." Squint beamed and switched eyes. "That's the first rung of the ladder. Once you can measure the near stars, you can use *them* to reach the farther ones, and those to reach farther still. Rung by rung, all the way out."

After class, Squint sat by the great window, idly closing one eye and then the other, watching the near lamp jump against the far wall, smiling to herself.



For a long while, a small doubt had nagged at Squint. Her trick felt almost *too* simple — close one eye, then the other, measure a tiny jump. The other creatures wielded grand spectroscopes and studied blazing physics. She just... looked twice and noticed a shift. She'd wondered whether such a plain little trick really counted as science at all.

But sitting by the window, remembering the student's awe — *I measured a star, and I never left the ground* — the doubt melted into a quiet, glowing pride. Her simple two-eyed trick was the very first rung of the ladder that measured the entire universe. Without knowing how far things are, the sky was just a flat, lonely ceiling of dots. Her little shift gave it *depth* — turned scattered points into near friends and distant wonders, each at its own true distance. Knowing how far made the whole vast sky feel less lonely, more like a place you could find your way around. A warm, settled gladness filled her, and Squint closed one eye, then the other, content with her clever, world-measuring trick.

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Dust

*DUST — *the atoms in you were forged inside stars and scattered when they died.* Stars fuse light elements into heavier ones in their cores; when massive stars explode, they scatter those elements into space, where they become new stars, planets, and living things.*



In a warm, glowing nook of the CosmosForge academy worked a small, soot-flecked creature named Dust, who carried a little pouch that shimmered faintly, as if it were full of crushed starlight. When she opened it, tiny motes drifted up and caught the light like glitter.

Dust taught the most astonishing fact in the whole observatory — so astonishing that students often didn't believe her at first. "I'm Dust," she said, letting a few shimmering motes rise from her pouch. "The big idea I teach is where *atoms come from*. The iron in your blood. The calcium in your bones. The oxygen you're breathing right now. Every single atom of it was *forged inside a star* — cooked in a furnace hotter than anything you can imagine, long before you were born. You," she said gently, "are made of stardust. Truly. Not as a pretty saying. As a fact."



A young stargazer crossed his arms, skeptical. "I'm made of *stars*? That's just a nice thing grown-ups say." Dust smiled and held up two motes. "When the universe was young, there was almost nothing but the lightest stuff — hydrogen and helium. No iron. No oxygen. No carbon. So where did the rest come from?" She pressed the two motes together. "Inside stars. A star spends its life squeezing little atoms together into bigger ones in its hot core — hydrogen into helium, then heavier and heavier. The star is a *forge*." The student uncrossed his arms slowly. "So... the heavy atoms got *made* in stars. But how did they get into *me*?" "Ah," said Dust, her eyes shining. "That's the part that takes my breath away every time."

The headmaster, Nova, asked Dust to teach where matter comes from. "The students learn how stars *live*," Nova said. "Will you teach them how a star's *gift* outlives it?" Dust was honored.



When she teaches, she gives one rule: "Never think of a star's death as only an ending. When a great star runs out of fuel, it bursts — scattering everything it forged out across space, like a sower flinging seed." She tipped her whole pouch, and shimmering motes spread through the air. "That scattered stuff drifts for ages. Then gravity gathers it into *new* stars, new planets — and on at least one little planet, into oceans, and trees, and you. The atoms had to be made in a star, and a star had to die and scatter them, before any of them could ever become a person." A student caught a drifting mote on her fingertip and stared at it. "This was inside a star once." "Everything was," said Dust softly. "Including you."

After class, Dust sat alone in her glowing nook, slowly running the shimmering motes through her fingers, watching them catch the light.



For a long time, a quiet sadness had clung to Dust like soot. Her whole subject began with *death* — stars had to die for her story to happen. She tended the leftovers, the ashes, the scattered remains, while brighter creatures studied stars in their living glory. She'd wondered whether her work was a sad one, forever sweeping up after endings.

But sitting in her nook, watching the motes glitter — the very stuff that would one day be new suns, new worlds, new living things — the sadness lifted into something vast and tender. She wasn't tending mere ashes. She was tending *seeds*. Every ending she studied was also a beginning; every star that died had scattered the makings of everything that would ever live. Her soot was the universe's way of becoming new again. The wonder of it filled her like warm light: nothing was ever truly lost — it was only *passed on*. A deep, glowing peace settled through Dust, and she cupped the shimmering motes close, grateful to carry the story of how stars become us.

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Relic

*RELIC — *the oldest light in the universe is still arriving, a faint glow left from when everything began.* The cosmic microwave background is the relic radiation released when the young universe first became clear; it reaches us from every direction as the earliest picture we can ever see.*



In the stillest chamber of the CosmosForge observatory lived the eldest creature of all: a soft, faintly glowing being named Relic, who held, cradled in both arms, an old and gentle warmth — like the last embers of a fire that had never quite gone out.

Relic spoke rarely, and softly, because the thing Relic carried was very, very old. "I'm Relic," came the quiet voice. "I hold the oldest light in the whole universe. Not from a star. From *before* the stars — from when everything that exists was small and new and impossibly hot. As the young universe cooled and cleared, it let go of a glow, all at once, everywhere. That glow has been traveling ever since. It's still arriving — right now, from every direction at once. The first light. The baby picture of everything."



A young stargazer tilted her head. "Light from *before* stars? But you need a fire to make light." "There was a fire," Relic said gently. "The whole universe was the fire. So hot and bright and crowded that light couldn't even travel freely — it kept bumping into things. Then everything spread out and cooled, just enough, and all at once the universe became *clear*. And the light that had been trapped was suddenly set free, in every direction, all at the same moment." Relic lifted the cradled warmth a little. "That freed light has been flying for almost the whole age of the universe. Stretched out and faded by all that traveling, it reaches us now as the faintest possible glow. But it's *here*. It's everywhere. The beginning is still arriving."

The headmaster, Nova, asked Relic to teach the oldest lesson. "The students study stars and galaxies," Nova said, "but they've never met the glow that came before any of them. Will you show them the first light?" Relic agreed, slowly.



When Relic teaches, there is one gentle rule: "To find the oldest light, don't look at any one thing — look *everywhere*, at the faint, even warmth that fills all the empty dark between the stars. It isn't dramatic. It doesn't blaze. It's the softest, most patient glow there is. But measure it carefully, and it tells you how the whole universe began — how hot it was, how it cooled, how the first lumps gathered that would someday become galaxies." A student closed her eyes and tried to imagine a faint glow arriving from every direction, older than every star. "It's like the universe kept a photo of its own first moment," she whispered. "It did," said Relic, warm and quiet. "And it's still sending it to us. We only had to learn how to look."

After class, Relic settled into the still chamber, cradling the ancient warmth, glowing so faintly that a hurried passerby might miss the eldest creature entirely.



For a long age, a soft loneliness had rested in Relic. The others blazed and swirled and dazzled — bright stars, bold galaxies, dramatic black holes. Relic only glowed faint and even and old, easy to overlook, easy to walk right past. There had been a quiet wondering, across all that time: does the faintest, oldest light matter, when everything else shines so much brighter?

But settling into the chamber, cradling that gentle ancient warmth — the warmth that held the entire story of the beginning — the loneliness eased into something deep and serene. Being faint wasn't the same as being unimportant. Being old wasn't the same as being forgotten. The quietest glow in all the universe carried the most precious thing of all: the picture of how *everything* began. The bright young stars owed their existence to the cooling that had set Relic's light free. A profound, peaceful gladness settled over the eldest creature, soft as the oldest light itself, and Relic cradled the warmth close, content to keep gently sending the beginning out across the sky, forever arriving.

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Cinch and Flare

hydrostatic equilibrium — a star holds its shape because the inward pull of its own gravity is balanced, layer by layer, against the outward push of pressure from its fusing core. When the two are even, the star is steady. When the push wins, the star swells; when the pull wins, the star shrinks or collapses. A star's life is the slow story of that balance shifting.



At the heart of a young star, two workers leaned into each other like the two halves of an arch. Cinch pulled — a steady, patient tug, drawing every grain of the star's stuff down toward the center. Flare pushed — a hot, bright shove coming up from the burning core, spreading outward in every direction.

"I gather it in," said Cinch, hauling gently. "All this weight wants to fall toward the middle. That's me. I never stop."

"And I hold it up," said Flare, glowing. "The core down there is burning, and burning makes a push. I send it outward, against you, all the way to the surface."

They watched the star hang around them — huge, round, and perfectly still.

"Look how calm it is," said the apprentice who had come to watch.

"It only *looks* calm," said Cinch. "It's me pulling in, exactly as hard as Flare pushes out. Every single layer. If I win, it falls. If Flare wins, it flies apart."

"Even," said Flare, nodding at Cinch. "We hold it even. That stillness you see? That's the two of us, straining, and neither of us giving an inch."



Flare liked to remember the day the star woke up, because it was the day they met.

"Before there was any of me," Flare said, "there was just Cinch. A cold cloud, and Cinch pulling it together — tighter, tighter, packing it down toward the center." They shivered. "It got so squeezed in the middle that it got *hot*. Hotter and hotter, until — the core caught. It lit."

"That was you being born," said Cinch quietly.

"That was me being born," Flare agreed. "And the very first thing I did was push back against the very thing that made me. Cinch had been pulling in with nobody to answer. Then suddenly there I was, shoving out." Flare laughed. "We've been arm-wrestling ever since. But it's a *friendly* arm-wrestle. The star only exists in the space between my push and your pull."

The apprentice frowned. "So you're enemies?"

"No," said Cinch, and Flare shook their head at the same time. "We're the reason there's anything here at all."



A different apprentice arrived, looking worried, twisting their sleeve.

"I don't understand," they said. "If Cinch is always pulling in and Flare is always pushing out, why doesn't one of them just *win*? Why doesn't the star fall down, or blow up, right now?"

Cinch smiled. "Because we correct each other. Watch." Cinch pulled a little harder, and the star's middle squeezed — and as it squeezed, the core got hotter, and Flare's push got *stronger*, shoving right back until the squeezing stopped.

"See?" said Flare. "When Cinch pulls in, the middle heats up, and that makes me push harder — until we're even again. And if I ever push too hard and puff the star out, the middle *cools*, and my push weakens, and Cinch reels it back in." They grinned. "We keep catching each other. Layer by layer, top to bottom, all the way through. That's why it holds."

"So the stillness is the two of you *fixing* each other," the apprentice said slowly.

"All day, every day, for billions of years," said Cinch. "Steady isn't lazy. Steady is the hardest work there is."



The worried apprentice came back the next day. "But it can't last forever, can it? The core is *burning*. Doesn't the fuel run out?"

Cinch and Flare looked at each other, and for a moment neither spoke.

"It does," Flare admitted. "One day the core will burn low. My push will fade." They said it plainly, without fear. "And when I can't push as hard —"

"— I win," said Cinch, gently. "Not because I got stronger. Because Flare got tired. I pull the star inward, and it changes. It might swell up huge and red first, when the burning moves to a new layer and Flare flares out wide. Or it might sink down small and quiet." Cinch shrugged. "The star's whole life — young, bright, giant, faded — every stage of it is just *which of us is winning, and by how much*, at that moment."

The apprentice's eyes went wide. "So the whole life story of a star is *this*. This one tug-of-war, slowly tipping."

"That's the whole story," said Flare. "Beginning to end. Us, leaning on each other, until one of us finally can't."



When the apprentices had gone, Cinch and Flare stood in the hum of the steady star, holding it even between them the way they always had.

"I used to be afraid of myself," Cinch said quietly. "I'm the pull that falls things down. I thought that made me the ending — the one who crushes, the one who wins when everything else gives out." They looked up at Flare. "But you push *because* I pull. You caught fire because I held on. Without me squeezing, you'd never have lit at all."

"And without me pushing back," said Flare, "you'd have nothing to hold up. You'd just be a fall with nothing falling." They leaned in, warm against the cool weight of their partner.

Cinch was quiet for a while, feeling the great steady star resting in the space they made together — the pull and the push, meeting all the way down with no seam and no winner. And the old fear that had sat in them for so long, the fear of being the one who ends things, finally loosened and went calm, replaced by something steadier and warmer: the plain, glad knowledge that they were not the star's ending at all. They were half of what kept it alive.

"We hold it even," Cinch said softly.

"Even," said Flare, glowing gentle in the dark, "for as long as we both can."

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Methodology

This book uses story-based learning — the characters embody the ideas being taught — grounded in the work of Jerome Bruner (on narrative and cognition) and Sebastian Habgood (on weaving learning into the play itself), with a trauma-informed, emotionally-safe approach drawn from SAMHSA's trauma-informed care framework.

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

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