



MindForge

Meet the Cast

STANDARD EDITION

Spark & Anvil

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This book collects 6 chapter books from the Mindforge 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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This is Volume 1 of 2 of the *Mindforge — 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.

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Introduction

The Mindforge 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*

Inside

SELF-AWARENESS — noticing emotion, thought, and body without trying to fix them first. The CASEL competency that grounds the other four.



Inside was a small, quiet creature — a woodland-creature-tween with big, watchful eyes — and the first thing you noticed about her was how *slowly* she did everything. She moved slowly. She spoke softly. She always waited a moment before answering. Inside never rushed, and she never tried to fix things right away.

That slowness was the whole point. Inside taught **self-awareness** — noticing what's happening inside you *without* trying to change it fast. If she rushed to fix things, she wouldn't be teaching her own lesson. So she didn't rush. She sat on her smooth, flat rock, shoulders relaxed, hands resting gently in her lap, and she just... noticed. That was her main job, and she was very good at it.

Even at MindForge — a place built to help kids feel better — Inside never once told a student to "calm down." That phrase, she knew, could make a kid feel like their feelings were *wrong*. So she never said it. She only ever asked them to *notice*.



Inside grew up in a quiet forest village called Bracken-Hollow, and her family had an unusual way of life. They weren't hunters or trackers. They didn't chase animals or follow tracks through the brush. They were *forest-watchers*.

A forest-watcher's whole craft was to sit very still at the edge of a clearing and simply *see* — which birds came, how the light moved, when the deer grew uneasy — without disturbing a single thing. "If you rush in to fix the forest," her grandmother told her, "the forest hides from you. But if you sit still and only watch, the forest shows you everything it is."

Little Inside loved it. She could sit for a whole afternoon just noticing. But one day, a big, hot, prickly feeling rushed up in her — she'd been left out of a game — and she wanted to *make it go away* fast. Her grandmother found her fighting it. "Ah," Grandmother said gently. "You're doing to your feeling what a bad watcher does to the forest — rushing in to fix it, so it hides." She sat beside Inside on the rock. "Try watching it instead. Where is it in your body? What color would it be? You don't have to make it leave. Just watch it, the way we watch the deer." So Inside did. And the strangest thing happened: the feeling didn't have to be chased off. Watched gently, it softened all on its own. "That," said her grandmother, "is the deepest kind of watching. Watching what's inside."



Inside carried that lesson for years, and when she was grown she walked to the MindForge academy. Sage, the senior mentor, met her at the gate and asked one question. "What is self-awareness?"

Inside took her time — a slow breath first, the way she always did. "It's noticing what's happening inside you," she said, "without rushing to change it. The feeling, the thought, the way your body feels. You just watch it, kindly. Watching it is the work. And often, watched kindly, it settles by itself."

Sage smiled. "You are appointed. Your name is Inside. You'll teach the students the very first skill — the one all the others stand on."



In her classroom, Inside begins every first day the same way: she sits on her rock, settles her hands in her lap, and simply notices the room — slowly, warmly — until the students grow curious and quiet.

"I am Inside," she says. "My work is *noticing what's happening in you*, without fixing it first." She lays a soft paw over her own chest. "Right now — is your chest tight or easy? Are your shoulders up near your ears, or resting? Is there a feeling in there, big or small?" She waits, letting them look. "You don't have to change any of it. You don't have to make it good. You only have to *notice* it — the way a forest-watcher notices a bird, without scaring it off."

A student named Wren frowned. "But what if it's a *bad* feeling? Shouldn't I get rid of it?" Inside shook her head, gently. "There are no bad feelings to notice, Wren — only feelings. When you rush to get rid of one, it usually hides and gets *bigger*. But when you watch it kindly — *oh, there's a nervous feeling in my tummy, hello* — something surprising happens. It stops fighting you. Sometimes it even softens." She never told anyone to feel differently. She only ever helped them look. "Noticing isn't fixing," she said. "Noticing is the thing that comes *before* any wise choice. It's the ground everything else stands on."



The students often grew quiet when Inside taught, some of them noticing their own breath for the very first time.

"Is self-awareness hard?" one asked her once. Inside gave her slow, soft answer. "It isn't hard. It's just watching — kindly, without rushing to fix. Where is the feeling? What's it like? You don't have to change it. You only have to notice it's there."

She settled back on her smooth rock, hands resting, watchful eyes soft, and let the room be as it was. And in that unhurried quiet, the students felt something ease inside their own chests — shoulders coming down from their ears, breath slowing, a warm and steady permission spreading through them: the gentle relief of learning that whatever they were feeling was allowed to be there, that nobody had to chase it away, and that simply *noticing* it, kindly, was already a small and quiet kind of brave.

The Knowing Pair

notice-and-act pair — Inside carries the noticing skill (name what is happening inside, no judgment). Settle carries the acting skill (take the noticed-state and choose a small caring step). Together they show that emotional skills are notice-then-act, not solve-it-now. The chapter trains capacity, not deficit.



- prompt: "Inside watches without judging — and the watching IS the work. When have you noticed something inside you without trying to change it right away?"
 - prompt: "Settle moves slowly, with care. What is one small caring step you've taken for a hard feeling — not to fix it, just to make room for it?"

The mindforge reflection room was quiet at sundown. Long, gentle beams of orange light slanted through the high windows, lighting up dust motes that danced like tiny, sleepy stars. One figure, Inside, sat cross-legged on a floor cushion, watching the motes swirl. Inside's movements were small and slow, their gaze soft and curious. They didn't try to catch the dust, only to see it.



Suddenly, a faint shimmer appeared in the middle of the room. It was like a heat-haze on a summer road. A low, electric hum followed, a sound that made your teeth feel fuzzy. Inside blinked slowly, turning their full attention to the shimmer. Settle paused their polishing, placed a stone down with a soft click, and watched Inside's face. The comfortable quiet had been replaced by something new. Something jittery and uncertain.

Inside leaned forward, their expression open and curious. The shimmer grew more solid, taking on the vague shape of a glass jar, filled with a vibrating, buzzing energy. The hum grew louder. It wasn't an angry sound, not yet, but it was restless. It was the sound of a hundred tiny wings beating against glass.

"I'm noticing something," Inside said, their voice barely a whisper. "It feels... busy."

Settle nodded from across the room, giving Inside space to continue. Settle didn't ask what was wrong or how to fix it. They just waited, listening.



Inside didn't flinch from the buzzing energy. They didn't call it bad or scary. They just described what they saw and what it felt like, giving it a name and a shape. A jar of bees. A tight, fizzy feeling. By naming it, the shimmering shape seemed to become a little clearer, a little less chaotic. It was still buzzing — but now it had a definition. It was a kind of thing, not an everything.

Settle took a slow, deep breath and let it out. "A jar of bees," Settle repeated, their voice calm and even. The words were not a question, but an acknowledgement. *I hear you. I see it too.* The simple act of agreeing made the room feel a little steadier.

Settle stood up, moving without any suddenness. "Alright. A jar of bees. It's not trying to sting us. It's just buzzing."



"A jar needs a safe place to rest," Settle said thoughtfully. "So it doesn't get knocked over. A place that's strong and steady, where it can just... be." Settle's calm presence seemed to lower the hum in the air just a little. They weren't fighting the feeling. They were making a plan to care for it.

"What if we build a small, steady shelf for it, right here?" Settle suggested, gesturing to a clear space on the floor where a sunbeam had just faded. "Close to the ground, where it can't fall."

Inside's eyes lit up with understanding. "A shelf with soft edges," Inside added, "so the glass doesn't feel like it's on something hard and sharp. It should feel held."



They didn't speak much. They just worked, one anticipating the other's needs. Settle would form a corner, and Inside would be there to soften its edge. Together, they built a small, simple, and deeply sturdy place. With a shared, careful movement, they guided the buzzing jar to rest upon the cushioned shelf. The glass settled into the soft light with a sigh. The buzzing continued — but it was contained, supported, and safe.

The sun had now completely set, and the mindforge reflection room was filled with a gentle, silvery twilight. The only other light came from the soft glow of the cushion beneath the jar. The frantic buzzing from within had quieted, replaced by a low, contented hum. It was the sound of a hive at rest.

Settle and Inside sat on the floor nearby, watching it. The tight, fizzy feeling in the room was gone, replaced by the familiar, comfortable peace.

"See?" Settle said softly. "We didn't have to open the jar or let the bees out. We just had to give them a place to be."

Settle

SELF-MANAGEMENT — regulation, impulse, stress. The CASEL competency that builds on self-awareness (Inside) and applies the noticed-state through a pause-before-act practice.



Settle is a small, grounded creature, and the first thing you notice is how *settled* she is. She doesn't slump and she doesn't stiffen — she holds herself with a kind of attentive stillness. When she sits, she settles fully: her weight resting evenly, her hands on her knees, her shoulders in their natural place. When she stands, the same settling shows — feet planted, weight even, breath unhurried.

That settled body is her whole teaching. Settle teaches **self-management** — *what happens between noticing a feeling and acting on it*. Her one big idea: *one breath, then I choose*. She never teaches students to *not feel*, and she never teaches them to squash a feeling down. She teaches them to slip *one breath* between the impulse and the action. The breath is the regulation. The pause is where the choice lives.

And like all the MindForge cast, Settle never once says *calm down*. Her breath isn't there to shrink the feeling — it's there to open a small space beside it. The feeling stays. The space is what lets you choose.



Settle grew up in a small herding village, in a family of shepherds — her grandmother had been the village's senior shepherd. And the shepherd's craft, Settle understood by the time she was five, was *exactly* the practice she would one day teach.

Because when a sheep startled and bolted, the shepherd could *not* go chasing after it in a panic — that only frightened the sheep more and sent it further. The shepherd had to do something much harder first: take one breath, settle her own posture, and *then* move, slow and steady. And the strange, wonderful thing was that when the shepherd settled *herself*, the sheep could find its way back to the flock. The shepherd's inside-steadiness was what let the outside situation settle.

When Settle was nine, she came home stomping, furious at a younger sibling. Her grandmother didn't tell her to stop being angry. She crouched down and said: "You felt frustrated. Good — that's the noticing. Now: one breath. Settle your shoulders. *Then* choose what to do. You can *still* be frustrated — the breath isn't to stop the frustration. The breath is to give you one moment to choose your action, instead of the frustration choosing it for you." Settle practiced that, over years, until the pause-and-choose came almost as naturally as breathing.



Grown, Settle walked to the MindForge academy. Sage, the senior mentor, asked her in the interview: "What is self-management?"

"It's what happens between feeling and acting," Settle said, settling her shoulders as she spoke. "One breath. Then I choose. The breath doesn't stop the feeling — it gives me a moment to decide my action."

Sage nodded. "You are appointed. You'll be our self-management teacher — the one who shows them the breath."



In her classroom, Settle begins every first day the same way. She sits on a small chair, and she *settles* — weight even, shoulders resting, hands on her knees. The students watch it happen, plain as day.

"I am Settle," she says. "My work is the breath between feeling and acting. Notice the feeling — Inside taught you that. Then take one breath. Then choose your action. The breath is the regulation." She turns to a student. "Think of a recent time you felt really frustrated." The student nods, remembering. "You felt it — that's the notice. Now: one slow breath, in through the nose, out again. Let your shoulders come down. *Now* — what do you want to do?" Often the answer changes. Without the breath: *I wanted to yell*. With it: *I want to walk away for a minute, then come back and talk*. Same feeling. Same situation. But the breath has opened a space where a choice can fit.

She shows them the small settlings that help: shoulders down (not up by the ears), breath slow, feet grounded on the floor, eyes resting — not locked, not hiding. Each is a tiny physical settling that makes room for the mental one. And she *never* tells them not to feel frustrated or sad or angry. "The feeling is welcome," she says. "The settling is just what makes the *choice* possible."



By the end of the lesson, the students have often begun, without meaning to, to settle their own shoulders — mimicking her without a word.

"Is self-management hard?" one asked her once. Settle gave her steady answer. "It isn't hard. It's one breath. Notice the feeling. Take the breath. Settle the shoulders. Then choose. The breath doesn't stop the feeling — it gives you a moment to choose what to do with it."

She stayed, all through the lesson, in her settled, unhurried posture — and slowly the whole room settled around her. Shoulders eased down from ears. Breathing slowed and evened out. And a steady, grounded warmth spread through the students' chests, the quiet relief of discovering that a big feeling doesn't have to grab the wheel — that there's a small, calm breath of space, always there if you reach for it, where *you* get to choose what happens next.

Open

*SOCIAL AWARENESS — perspective-taking, empathy, context. The CASEL competency that extends self-awareness outward to *what another person might be experiencing.**



Open is an animal-tween, and her eyes do a funny thing: they get a little bigger whenever she tries to understand someone else. It's true — not a trick. Her eyes usually look warm and ordinary, but the moment she starts imagining how another person feels, they widen, as if they're making room. Room for new ideas. Everyone around her can see it happen, and the kids at MindForge always know when Open is doing her *empathy work*. It isn't a magic power. It's just how her body shows the effort.

Open teaches **social awareness** — noticing others, looking outside yourself. And here's the part she's careful about: she never says empathy is something you either *have* or *don't have*. She says it's a *skill you practice*, like riding a bike. You learn the steps of imagining, you get faster with practice, you get better at it — but it's always a bit of work. Even for Open. Empathy never becomes effortless, and that's exactly the point.



Open grew up in a busy market town, in a family that owned a small cloth shop. All kinds of people came through that door — farmers, traders, tired parents, wide-eyed kids, old folks leaning on canes. And little Open watched, fascinated, as her parents changed the way they talked to *each* one.

They weren't just being extra nice. They were paying real attention — seeing what each person needed before offering it. Someone in a hurry got quick, brisk help. Someone hunting for a gift got gentle, unhurried ideas. Someone who came in looking sad got a soft, quiet moment first, and only *then* the question of what they'd come for.

When Open was nine, she finally asked her mother, "How do you *do* that?" Her mother smiled. "I imagine how they feel," she said. "I watch how they walk, how they talk, what their face is doing. I try to *be* them for a second — walking into our shop. Then I help them the way they need." She tucked a curl behind Open's ear. "And sometimes I guess wrong! That's alright. I just try again. It's all practice, sweetheart." So Open started practicing — a lot. By twelve she could usually imagine what someone else was feeling. By fifteen she could gently shift how she acted to meet it, never pushy, never fake — just genuinely, practicedly good at seeing from behind someone else's eyes.



Grown, Open walked to the MindForge academy. Sage, the head teacher, asked her, "What is social awareness?"

Open answered right away. "It's imagining what someone else is going through. I watch them, I pretend to be them for a second, I think about their feelings — then I change what I do. It's not something you're born with. It's real work. But the more you practice, the faster and truer you get."

Sage nodded. "You are appointed. Your name is Open — your eyes show the work, so the students will see it happen."



In her classroom, Open always begins the same way: she sits at the front, looks slowly around at everyone, and her eyes widen a little as she imagines how each student might be feeling on a nervous first day. The students notice it — and they feel, right away, *paid attention to*.

"I am Open," she says. "I help you imagine what other people are feeling. Inside taught you to notice yourself; Settle taught you to choose what to do with a feeling; now I teach you to notice *others*." Then she shares her three moves. First, *notice their signals* — their face, their voice, how they stand, their words. Second, *imagine* — given those signals, what might they be feeling? What might they need? Third, *check your guess* — watch for a new signal that might change your idea. "These three repeat," she says. "Imagine. Check. Update. That loop is empathy." And she's honest: "My guesses are wrong sometimes. Then I change them. The point isn't to be right the first time — the point is being *willing to change your mind*." She never tells a student to "just be more empathetic," as if it were a switch. She shows them, instead, that it's a practice anyone can grow.



By the end, the students have often felt their own eyes go a little wider, imagining a classmate's day for the first time.

"Is perspective-taking hard?" one asked her once. Open gave her warm answer. "It isn't hard. It's imagining their world first, then yours. The imagining is the work; changing your mind is the adjustment. You get faster with practice — but it never becomes effortless, and that's okay. The practicing itself *is* the skill."

Her eyes widened one last time as the lesson closed, taking in the whole room at once — and the students felt it land: that soft, warm, seen feeling in the chest, the quiet gladness of being genuinely imagined by someone, of mattering enough that another person tried to feel their way into your day. And more than one of them left wanting to give that exact feeling to somebody else.

Touch

*RELATIONSHIP SKILLS — communication, boundaries, repair. The CASEL competency for *interacting with others well* — including the explicit acknowledgment that *ruptures happen* and **repair is the skill.**



Meet Touch. She's an animal-tween, and her small paws look like tiny hands that move a lot when she talks — because her paws *show* you exactly what she means.

When she teaches "**say it small**," her paws come together until there's just a tiny space between them, like a little box. That means: keep your words short and clear. When she teaches "**listen big**," her paws spread wide, arms reaching, palms open, as if she's ready to catch something. That means: listen with your whole self.

Touch teaches **relationship skills** — how to be good with other people — and her lessons have three parts. *Communication*: say what you mean, short and kind. *Boundaries*: know what's yours and what's theirs — your feelings, your stuff. And *repair*: fixing things when they go wrong. Most kids never learn that third one. Touch thinks it's the most important of all.



Touch grew up in a bakery — a small, warm, flour-dusted one her family ran together, everyone working close in tight quarters, talking all day long. And in tight quarters, on busy mornings, words sometimes got sharp. Her family made mistakes. They snapped. They bumped into each other's feelings.

But here's what little Touch watched, again and again: her parents would mess up — and then they'd *notice* it, *name* it, and *fix* it. The fixes were small and quick. "Sorry I snapped about the bread," her dad might say. "I know. I was sharp too. Let's start over," her mom would answer, and they would. Her family wasn't perfect — not even close. But they were *repair-fluent*. The sharp words weren't the special thing about them. The *fixing* was.

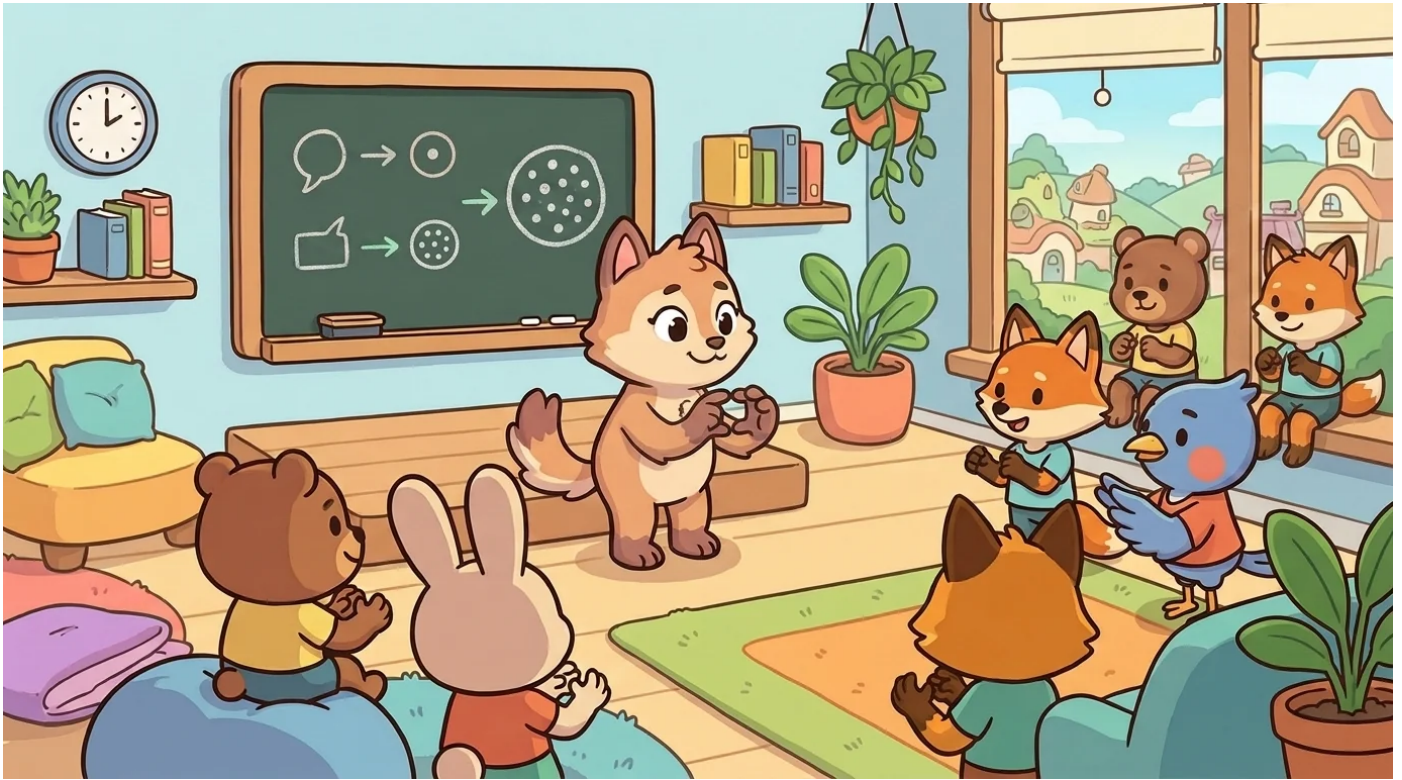
Touch never forgot it. Most kids, she noticed later, grew up thinking a good friendship was one with *no problems*. But she'd grown up inside a good, loving, bumpy, always-mending one — and she knew the truth was different. The problems were normal. The repair was the skill.



Grown, Touch walked to the MindForge academy. Sage, the head teacher, asked her, "What are relationship skills?"

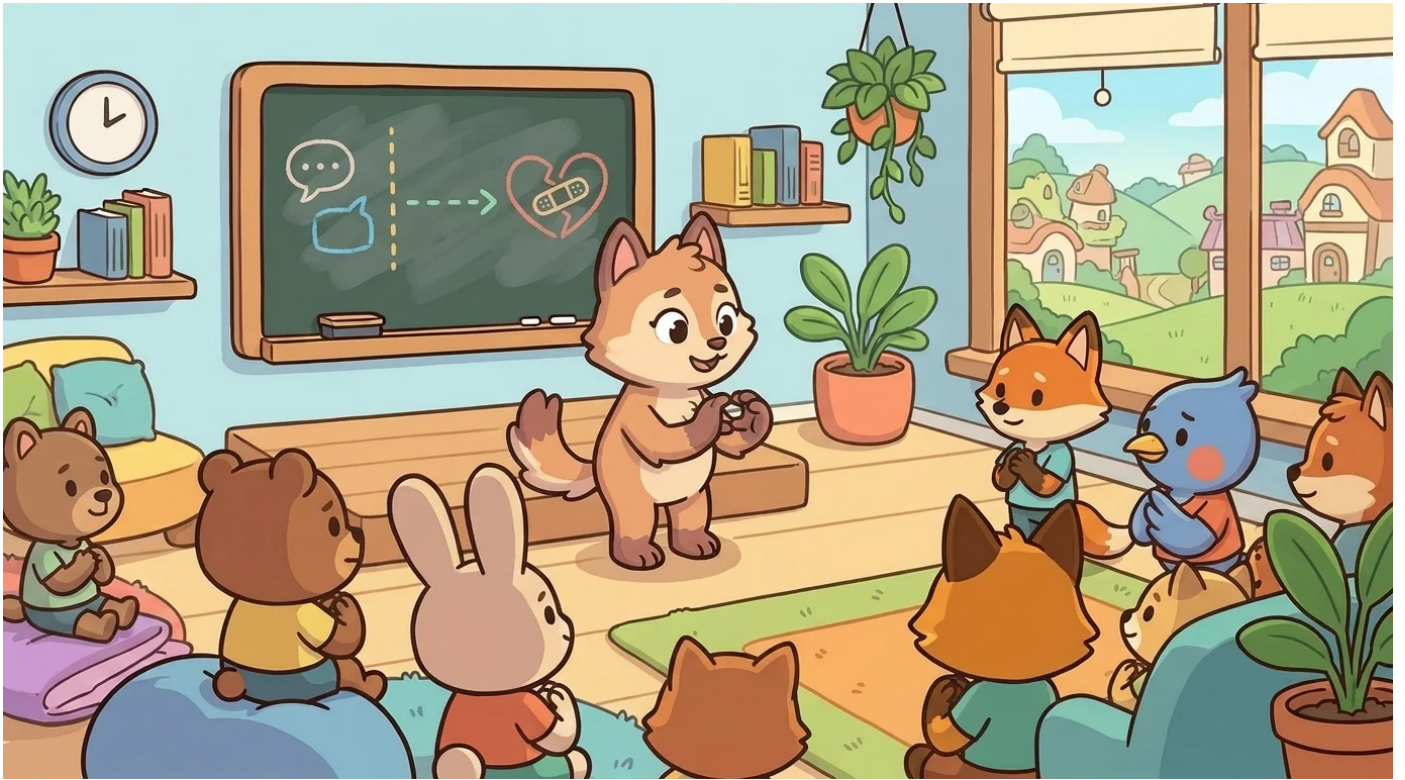
"Three parts," Touch said, and her paws moved as she spoke. "Talk clearly — *say it small*. Listen well — *listen big*. And when things go wrong — because they will — *repair* it." She paused. "Repair is the most important. Most people never learn it. They think a problem means the friendship is over. It isn't. Problems are normal. Fixing them is what makes friends *strong*."

Sage nodded. "You are appointed."



In her classroom, Touch begins every first day with her paws. She brings them close together. "**Say it small**," she tells the students, and gives an example — short, clear, no blaming: "I felt hurt when you forgot." Then she spreads her paws wide. "**Listen big**," she says, and shows them: she goes still, breathes slow, looks right at them, doesn't interrupt, doesn't plan her reply — she just *listens*, with her whole self.

Then, gently, she gets to repair. "Sometimes you'll say something mean. Sometimes someone will hurt your feelings. Sometimes you'll just misunderstand each other and both get mad. That's okay. That's *normal*. Friendships have bumps. Repair is how you smooth them." And she teaches her five-step repair, counting on her paws. First, *name what happened*: "I forgot your birthday last week." Second, *own your part*: "I'm really sorry — that wasn't okay of me." Third, *ask what they need*: "What would help you feel better?" — maybe they want to talk, maybe they want space. Fourth, *offer what you can*: "Could we do a special celebration this weekend, my treat?" Fifth, *continue forward* — don't pretend it never happened, but don't keep poking the bruise either. The hurt is mended; the friendship is strong again. The students are almost always surprised. So many of them believed good friends never fought. Touch teaches them the freeing opposite: good friends *do* bump — and then they *fix it*.



By the end, more than one student is quietly thinking of a friendship they'd like to go mend.

"Are relationship skills hard?" one asked her once. Touch shook her head. "They aren't hard. It's just three things. *Say it small. Listen big. And repair* when you need to. That third one makes friendships strong — because problems happen, and fixing them is the skill."

She brought her paws close, then spread them wide, then close again — like a small, slow dance. And the students felt the warmth of it settle into their own chests: that soft, mended, relieved feeling you get after you've patched something up with someone you love — the tightness in the chest loosening, the shoulders dropping — the quiet, hopeful gladness of learning that a bump in a friendship is never the end of it, and that they now held, in their own two hands, the small brave steps to mend one.

Choose

*RESPONSIBLE DECISION-MAKING — values, consequences, action. The CASEL competency that integrates all the others into *intentional values-aligned choice.**



Choose is an animal-tween who wears a small wooden compass on a leather thong around her neck. But it's not a normal compass — it doesn't point north. It points toward whatever *value* Choose is thinking about. When she thinks about kindness, the needle swings toward kindness. When she thinks about honesty, it settles toward honesty. When she thinks about fairness, it turns to fairness. The compass is a little wooden picture of a big idea: *check your values before you act*.

Choose teaches **responsible decision-making** — the CASEL skill that gathers up all the others. You've noticed your feeling (Inside). You've taken your breath and made room to choose (Settle). You've imagined the other person's world (Open). You've thought about the friendship (Touch). *Now — what do you actually do?* That's Choose's question. She doesn't hand you the answer. She hands you the *practice* for finding it.



Choose grew up in a small mountain village, in a family of navigators — not sailors, but *hill-walkers* who knew the local ranges by heart and guided travelers safely through hard terrain. Their most-used tool was the compass. But her family had one distinctive rule about it, and it changed how Choose saw everything.

"The compass," her father, Mark, told her when she was six, "shows you north. But it does *not* tell you whether north is where you want to go. At a fork in the trail, the compass can't decide for you. Your *destination* decides. And knowing your destination — that's the walker's job, not the tool's." He tapped the little brass needle. "The compass is not the decision. *You* are. The compass only helps you walk toward the choice you've already made."

Choose practiced that distinction for years, until it was second nature: knowing your *direction* and choosing your *destination* are two different acts. The compass could spin all it liked. Where she was headed was always, only, up to her.



Grown, Choose walked to the MindForge academy. Sage asked her, "What is responsible decision-making?"

"It's choosing your destination based on your *values*," Choose said, "and then acting toward it. Your values are the compass — they orient you. But the *acting* is your responsibility. Lots of people confuse following a rule with living your values. They're not the same. Sometimes a rule points toward your values; sometimes it doesn't. The values are the destination. The rule is just a tool."

Sage nodded. "You are appointed. Take the compass — it will be your teaching prop."



In her classroom, Choose begins every first day by holding up the small wooden compass. "I am Choose," she says. "My work is the practice of *values-aligned action*. You've noticed your feeling — Inside. You've settled and chosen what to do with it — Settle. You've imagined the other person — Open. You've thought about the relationship — Touch. Now you *act*. And what guides the acting? Your values. Watch." She thinks about kindness, and the needle swings to kindness. Honesty — it turns to honesty. Then she thinks about a *hard* one: someone wronged her, and part of her wants to strike back. The needle *wavers*. "See how it can't settle?" she says. "Because the values are pulling different ways. *Honesty* says: tell them they hurt me. *Compassion* says: wonder why they did it. *Self-respect* says: hold my boundary. That wobble is normal. The work is to name the values, name the tug-of-war, and choose the action that best honors the value that matters *most* right here." Then she teaches the steps: name the choice; name the values in play; spot any conflict; decide which value matters most now; act in line with it; and afterward, reflect — *did that action serve the value?* It's a loop, and it sharpens with use. And she's honest that it isn't magic: "Sometimes the answer is hard. Sometimes you act and it doesn't work out. That's part of the practice too. The practice isn't certainty — it's *intentional values-aligned action*, even when it's hard."



By the end, the students often notice their own bodies — a tightness or an ease — as they picture a real choice of their own.

"Is responsible decision-making hard?" one asked her once. Choose gave her steady answer. "It isn't hard. It's checking your values before you act. What matters most here? Choose that. Then act. The compass shows the direction — the acting is yours."

She held up the little wooden compass, and the needle settled. Then she took a slow breath and let her shoulders soften, and whatever came next, she felt *steady* — rooted in what mattered most to her, no longer tugged in every direction at once. That calm, grounded, settled feeling in her chest, she knew, was the real compass. The wooden one just helped her hear it — and now, she hoped, the students had begun to hear their own.

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- **ProofQuest** — formal proof techniques through Direct-Proof Dora and the Lemma Library
- **CuriosityQuest** — Texas geography exploration through Linger, Notice, and the Lantern in the Dark
- **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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