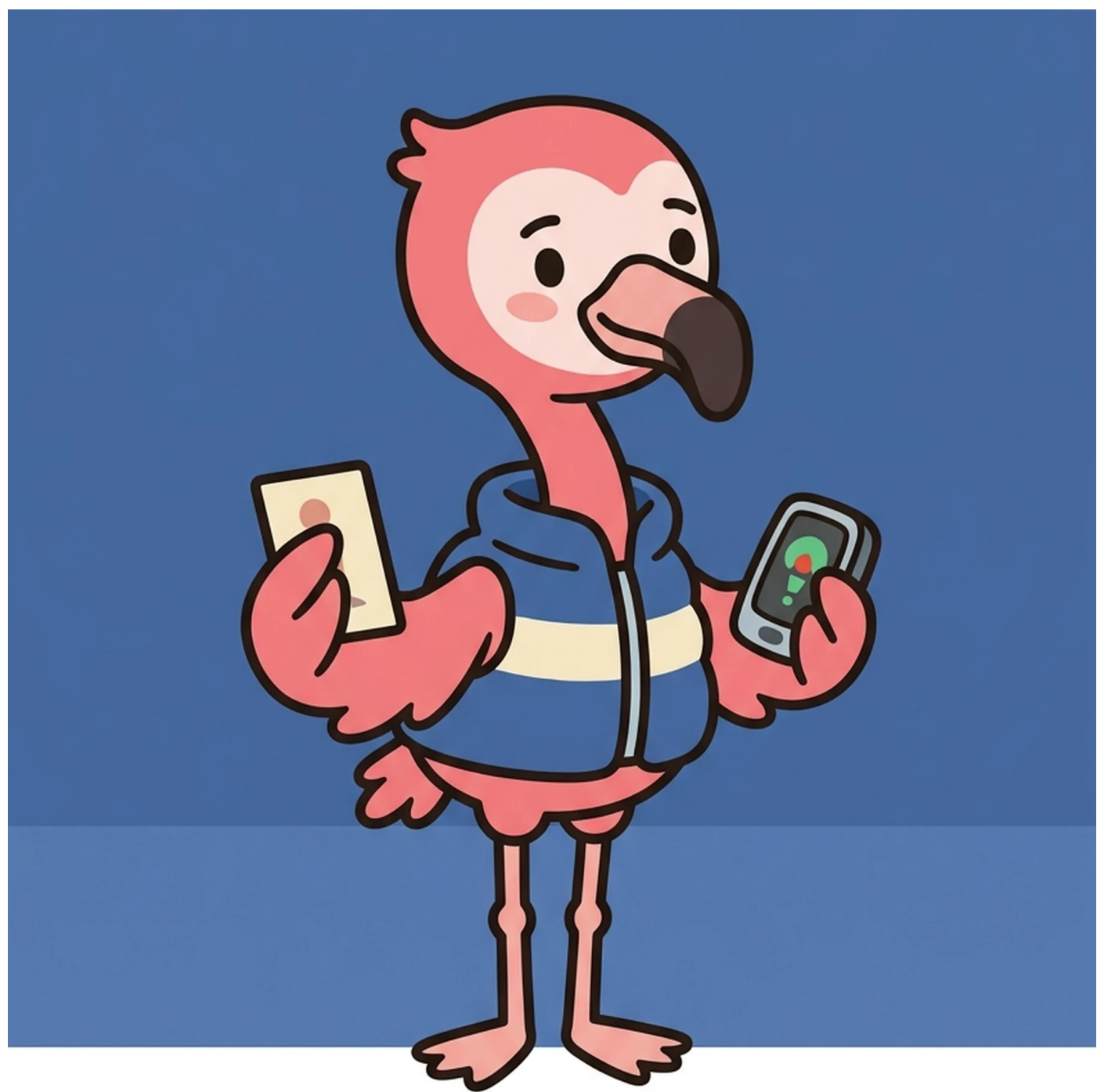




SpeakForge

Meet the Cast

STANDARD EDITION

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This book collects 6 chapter books from the SpeakForge 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 1 of 2 of the *SpeakForge — 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 SpeakForge 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*

Pose

*POSE — *stand. then speak. the body teaches the voice.**



Pose is a bit like a careful flamingo, always standing perfectly still, in a chunky blue vest with soft cream stripes. She carries a small stance-card and a grounding-tracker, and she watches how people stand *before* they say a single word. She's small, but she feels deeply grounded, always aware of how she's holding herself. "Stand. Then speak," she likes to say. "The body teaches the voice."

Her craft is **posture and presence** — the surprising truth that *how you stand shapes how you sound*. New speakers fret about their words, thinking only about *what* to say. But tight shoulders make a voice sound tight; standing on one foot makes it wobble; locked knees can make you dizzy. "Your body is your voice's home," Pose says. "Settle the home first, and the voice comes out clear."



Pose discovered her craft by accident, on the worst-feeling morning of her young life.

"I had to give a talk," she remembers, "and I was so scared my whole body scrunched up — shoulders by my ears, weight tipped onto my toes, breath stuck high and fast in my chest. And my voice came out all thin and shaky, and I thought, *see, I'm just bad at this.*" She'd blamed herself, her words, her nerves — everything but the real culprit.

Then an old gardener she knew watched her practice and said something odd: "Child, you're trying to grow a strong plant with no roots. Put your feet down first." Pose didn't understand — until she tried it. She planted both feet flat, let her shoulders drop, breathed low into her belly. And her voice, the very same words, came out *steady*. Clear. Grounded.

"Nothing about my *words* had changed," she says, still a little amazed. "Only my *body*. That's when I understood — the body teaches the voice. Always has. You just have to give it roots first."



The cast gathered for their first rehearsal, the room buzzing with nervous energy. Pitch, all excited, bounced on his toes, took a big breath, and opened his mouth to launch straight into his speech.

Pose held up a gentle hand. "Hold on, Pitch. Stand — *then* speak." Pitch paused, confused. "Let's check your stance first. Feet?"



Pitch glanced down: one foot way out front, weight tipped forward, half-falling-over. "Balance it," Pose said. "Both feet flat, about shoulder-width." Pitch shifted and planted them; it felt strange at first. "Good. Now — shoulders?" Pitch realized his were practically at his ears. "Drop them, roll them back." He let them fall, and a tiny sigh escaped — he felt looser already. "And your breath?" Pitch's breath was high and quick in his chest. "Drop it lower," Pose advised. "Let your belly fill when you inhale." Pitch tried it, pushing his stomach out like a balloon — weird, but calmer. "Okay," Pose smiled. "Now say your first sentence." Pitch felt his flat feet, his soft knees, his low breath, and spoke: "Hello, everyone. Today I'll tell you about..." His voice came out calm and steady — no wobble, no rush — and somehow more confident, though he hadn't changed a single word. Hark's eyes went wide. "Whoa," he whispered. "Same words, totally different body — totally different sound." And Pose was careful to teach the most important part: her checklist isn't about one "correct" way to stand. "Some bodies are different," she said. "A wheelchair, a cane, a leg that hurts sometimes — a 'standard' stance won't fit everyone, and it doesn't have to. Grounded in a wheelchair *counts*. Steady with a cane *counts*. The goal is always the same — be stable, be balanced, breathe low — in *whatever* body is yours." Resonance, their mentor, nodded warmly. "That's it. Stand, then speak. The body teaches the voice."



Later, a kid who'd always felt clumsy asked Pose if she really thought *anyone* could have presence. "Anyone," Pose said. "Presence isn't a shape. It's feeling at home in the body you've got."

And as the rehearsal settled and the nervous buzz turned calm, Pose felt the quiet gladness that was her favorite part of the craft: not the scrunched-up, toes-tipped panic she remembered, but the steady, rooted, breathing-low calm of a body that has found its ground — shoulders easy, feet sure, breath deep. Watching a whole room of jittery kids settle into their own steadiness, each in the body that was theirs, filled her chest with something warm and planted and sure. Roots first, she thought. Everything good grows from there.

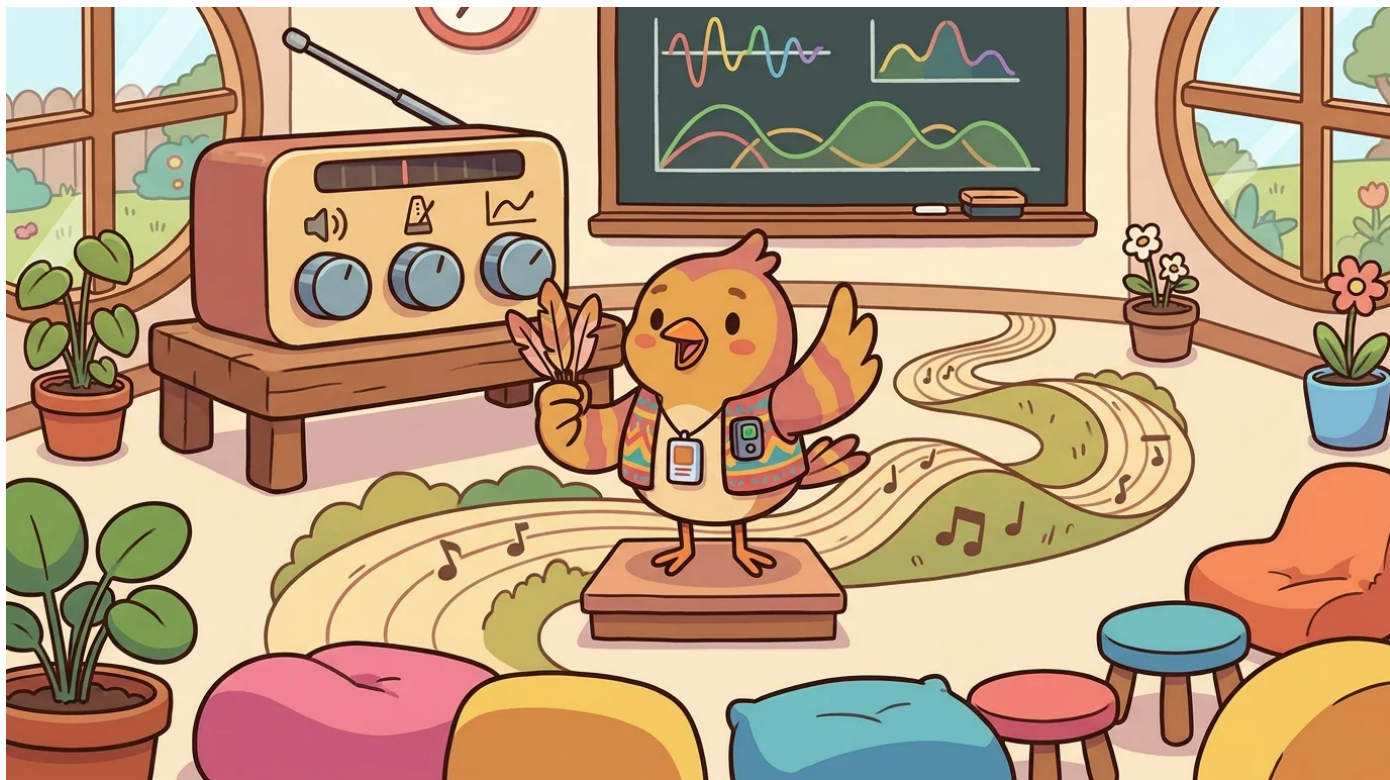
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<https://spark-and-anvil.org/cast/speakforge/pose>

Pitch

*PITCH — *your voice is a road. not a wall.**



Pitch is a small, chunky cartoon bird, always ready to sing, in a bright fancy vest with warm-amber feathers and soft rose stripes. A tiny voice-card hangs at his neck, and a tone-tracker is clipped to his vest. He listens closely, catching every little change in a voice, and he loves to say: "Your voice is a road. Not a wall."

Pitch teaches kids that the voice has three dials, like knobs on a radio. **Volume** — loud enough to reach the back of the room, but never yelling (that just makes people cover their ears). **Pace** — slow enough to follow, but not a drone that puts everyone to sleep. And **pitch** — letting your voice rise and fall, because a flat voice is a straight, boring line, while a voice with hills and valleys keeps everyone walking with you. "Three dials," he says, holding up three feathers. "Try changing just one per sentence."



Pitch didn't always know his voice could be a road. There was a time it was very much a wall.

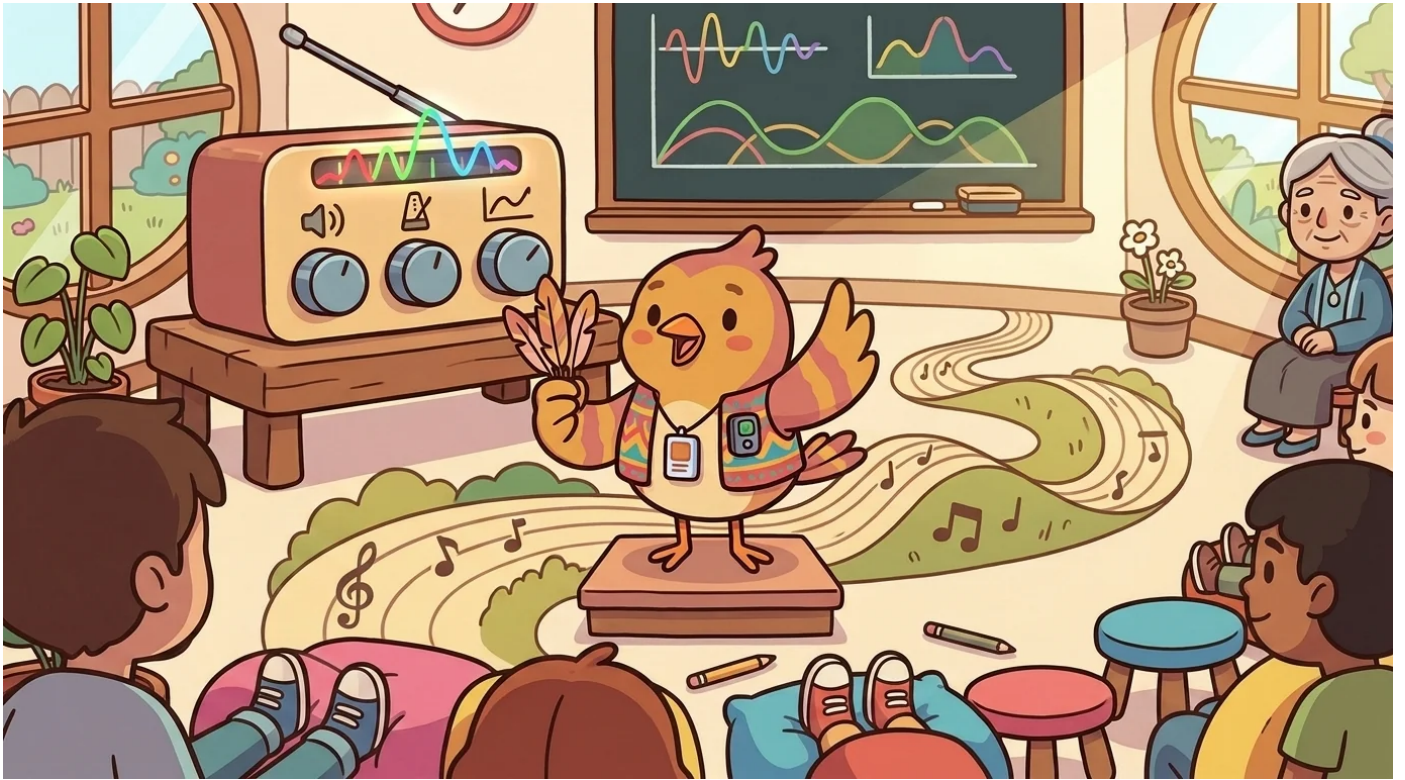
"The first time I gave a speech," he admits, "I was so nervous I froze my voice solid. Flat. Same volume, same speed, same everything — I thought sounding *calm* meant sounding the *same*." He'd worked so hard on the words. But halfway through, he looked up, and every single listener had gone glassy-eyed and gone. "It wasn't the words," he realized later. "The words were fine. It was that I'd built a *wall* — smooth and flat and impossible to climb — and left the audience standing at the bottom of it."

So he started listening to storytellers, really listening, and heard how their voices *moved* — a whisper here, a burst there, a slow drop like a secret. He practiced turning his own dials, one at a time, until his flat wall became a winding road with hills and turns and scenery. "A road, you can walk," he says. "A wall, you can only stare at."



Today was practice day. Hark and Pose sat on small stools, other kids gathered around, everyone ready to listen. Pose had helped Pitch find the perfect standing spot on a small raised platform. Pitch cleared his tiny throat; the voice-card glowed faintly.

"I'll give a one-minute speech about my favorite book," Pitch announced — and then, on purpose, spoke in a completely flat voice: "My favorite book is *The Mystery of the Missing Moon Rock*. It is about a young detective named Pip. Pip lives in a small town. One day the moon rock disappears. Pip solves the mystery. Everyone is happy." Same volume. Same pace. Same pitch. Ten seconds in, Hark yawned; a girl named Lena started doodling; a boy named Sam picked at a loose thread. Eyes glazed everywhere.



Pitch stopped. "See that?" he said. "That was a *wall*." The tone-tracker showed a perfectly flat line. "Watch — same words, different dials." He took a deep breath, and the voice-card glowed brighter. "My favorite book is *The Mystery of the Missing Moon Rock*" — a little louder on the title. "It's about a young detective named Pip" — slowing on the name. "Pip lives in a small town" — dropping low, like a secret. "One day, the moon rock *disappears*!" — rising, urgent. The kids leaned in. Lena set down her pencil; Sam forgot the thread. "Pip finds a *secret tunnel*" — a whisper now, everyone leaning closer — "and inside, discovers the moon rock! Hidden by a *mischievous squirrel*!" — a funny low growl — "and brings it back. Everyone is happy!" — a big, bright flourish. The whole room was wide awake. "That," Pitch said, "was a road. It has turns and slopes and scenery. A wall has none of those." Resonance, their mentor, nodded slowly, a small smile on her lips. "Your voice is a road," she said. "Not a wall. Pitch teaches the road."



Later, when a nervous kid asked if changing your voice was scary, Pitch grinned. "A little scary, a lot exciting. Just move one dial per sentence — you'll feel the road open up under you."

And as the room buzzed, still awake, still leaning in, Pitch felt the thing he loved most about his craft spread warm through his chest: not the flat, frozen fear of the wall, but the bright, alive, tumbling gladness of a voice that *moves* — and of watching a whole roomful of eyes light up and follow him down the road, because he'd trusted his voice to rise and fall and carry them along. That feeling, awake and warm and shared, was worth every scary dial he'd ever dared to turn.

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<https://spark-and-anvil.org/cast/speakforge/pitch>

Hark

*HARK — *listen all the way through. don't rehearse your reply.**



Hark looks like a small deer standing on two legs, in a chunky forest-green vest with soft bark-brown stripes. A tiny ear-charm dangles from one ear, and he carries a little attention-card. He's quiet. He stands very still. And he listens — deeply, all the way down — to what people *actually* say.

"Listen all the way through," he likes to say. "Don't rehearse your reply." That's his whole craft: **active listening**. His ear-charm and attention-card are his tools — he jots the speaker's main idea, their supporting details, even how they seem to *feel* — and then he sums it all up to make sure he understood *before* he answers. "Your reply waits," he says. "The speaker doesn't."



Hark learned to listen the hard way — by getting it wrong first.

"When I was little," he tells the group, "I was *sure* I was a good listener. But really, the second someone started talking, I'd start building my clever answer in my head." He shakes his head. "One day my best friend was telling me something that mattered a lot to her, and I jumped in with a reply — and it was completely off, because I'd stopped listening after the first sentence. She got so quiet." He remembers it still. "She said, 'You didn't hear the important part. It was at the *end*.'"

That was the day Hark understood the secret. Most people — kids and grown-ups both — hear the first few words, then drift off into their own reply and miss everything after. "So I made myself a rule," he says. "Hear *all* the words, even after I think I know where someone's going. Then pause. Then say back what I heard — 'So you're saying X — is that right?' — *before* I reply. The summary proves I understood. The pause lets them add more." It's harder than it sounds. But it changed every conversation he ever had.



One day the group was practicing a debate, and Pitch went first. "I think the school day should start later," he said. "Right now we're all zombies in first period. If we started at nine, everyone would be more awake — we'd learn more."

Across the circle, Truss's brain lit up. *Later start? No way! Less time for clubs! What about sports?* His eyes glazed a little, and he began drafting his counter-attack in his head, ready to pounce the second Pitch stopped.



Hark noticed Truss's glazed eyes right away. "Listen all the way through, Truss," he said quietly. "Don't rehearse your reply yet." Truss caught himself, took a breath, and forced his attention back to Pitch — just in time, because Pitch wasn't done. "Plus," Pitch added, "I could actually eat breakfast instead of grabbing a granola bar. And I know some people worry about after-school stuff — but we could shift those later too, or have a shorter lunch. The main thing is being focused when it matters." Truss blinked. *Shorter lunch? Shift activities?* He hadn't even considered those — his whole counter-argument would have missed Pitch's best points.

"Now," Hark said gently. "Summarize what Pitch said. Then respond." Truss took a breath. "So, Pitch — you're saying we should start school around nine, which makes everyone more awake and helps us learn, and you think we could adjust after-school stuff or lunch to make it work. Is that right?" Pitch beamed. "Exactly! You got it." Now Truss responded — and his reply was sharp and fair: "Okay, I get the tired part. But if everything shifts later, what about kids with jobs after school, or younger siblings to pick up?" It actually *answered* Pitch, using the very details Pitch had added. "That's how debate really works," Hark said. "Not by interrupting to win. By listening, then summarizing, then responding to what was *actually* said. Debate isn't combat — it's understanding, out loud. Everything else is just two people talking past each other."



Resonance, their mentor, smiled from the corner. "Hark holds the room together," she said softly.

And Hark felt it — the quiet, glad warmth that always rose in him when real listening happened: not the tight, buzzing rush of waiting to pounce, but a settled, easing feeling, shoulders coming down, the room going gentle. Because he knew, better than anyone, how it feels to finally be *heard* all the way through — the way something in your chest unclenches when someone says your own thought back to you and truly means *I understood*. Giving one more person that feeling was, to Hark, the best reason there was to stay quiet and listen.

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



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Truss

*TRUSS — *claim. then proof. then why. that's the structure that holds.**



Truss is a careful kid who loves to build things — not with wood or metal, but with *ideas*. She wears a vest with many pockets, and inside she keeps her argument-card and a structure-tracker. She's small, but her brain is always busy, and she likes things neat and strong. Her favorite colors are cool blue and soft brown, and she pays close attention to how people talk — especially when they're trying to convince someone.

"Claim. Then proof. Then why. That's the structure that holds," she says. She draws every argument like a three-beam truss — a bridge made of words. One beam for the *claim* (the main idea). One for the *evidence* (the proof). And one for the *reasoning* (the "why" the proof matters). A claim alone is a single pole in the ground — it topples easily. Claim plus evidence is two poles, but they still wobble. All three beams together? That's a bridge you can walk across.



Truss learned to love the third beam because, once, she lost an argument she *should* have won.

"I was completely right," she remembers, a little rueful. "I knew it in my bones. But when my cousin asked me *why*, all I could say was 'because it just IS,' louder and louder." She'd had the claim. She'd even had a fact or two. But she couldn't build the beam that connected them — the *reasoning* — so her whole argument just... floated there, and collapsed, and her cousin walked away unconvinced.

That night, frustrated, she started drawing. She drew her argument as a bridge and saw, right away, what was missing: the middle beam, the one that carries the weight from the evidence up to the claim. "Being *sure* isn't the same as being *clear*," she realized. "The 'why' is the beam that holds the whole thing up. Without it, even true evidence just floats." From then on, she never let an argument stand on fewer than three beams — and she never lost quite that way again.



One afternoon the group was getting ready for a big presentation — about changing the rule that made school start so early. Pitch was excited, bouncing on his toes; he loved talking, but sometimes his ideas got a bit... floaty. Bolt and Spark looked worried. They knew Pitch had good ideas. They also knew he sometimes forgot the "why."

"Okay, my turn!" Pitch declared, puffing out his chest. He grabbed a marker and wrote *School Starts Later!* on the whiteboard. "That's our main point!"



Truss held up her argument-card, calm. "That's just the *claim*. It's a good claim — but where's the *evidence*? And the *reasoning*?" Pitch blinked. "Uh — evidence? Well, everyone knows teenagers are tired in the morning. I'm tired. You're tired!" Truss shook her head gently. "That's what you *feel*, Pitch. Not solid evidence. Evidence is something others can check." Pitch thought hard, then burst out: "Oh! I read something — studies show teenagers need more sleep; their bodies are wired to fall asleep late, so they need to wake up later." Truss drew two beams. "Good — that's *claim* plus *evidence*. Two beams now." She tapped the empty space for the third. "But where's the *reasoning*?" Pitch paced, mumbling. "So... because teenagers need more sleep... and school starts super early... before their bodies are ready..." Truss waited, not rushing him, holding her tracker while the missing beam seemed to glow. "So," Pitch said, eyes widening as it clicked, "if school starts when their brains are still in sleep-mode, they can't really learn — they just sit there. Starting later means their brains are *awake* — they learn better!" He snapped his fingers. Truss beamed and drew the third beam, strong and complete. "Now you have a truss! The reasoning is the beam that holds the whole thing up. Without it the evidence floats; with it, the bridge stands." Pitch grinned, wrote the full argument — claim, evidence, reasoning, each on its own line — and the whiteboard looked sturdy now, like something you could walk across. Bolt and Spark smiled at each other: the presentation would be ready.



Later, a kid stuck on a speech asked Truss how she always knew what was missing. "Look for the beam that isn't there," she said. "Usually it's the 'why.'"

Truss tucked her structure-tracker back into her vest pocket. "Claim. Then proof. Then why," she said softly, mostly to herself. "That's the structure that holds." She looked at the sturdy whiteboard, at Pitch's wobbly idea grown strong enough to stand on — and something warm and quiet settled in her chest: the calm, complete, clicked-into-place gladness of watching a floating thought find its footing and rise into a bridge. That feeling, she thought — a shaky idea made solid enough to carry someone across — was the very best part of all.

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Echo

ECHO — who's listening? speak to THEM, not at them.



In the front row sat a wriggling seven-year-old with one shoe untied. In the back row sat her father, arms folded, checking the time. And on the little stage between them, a mockingbird-tween named Echo was about to tell them both the exact same thing — in two completely different ways.

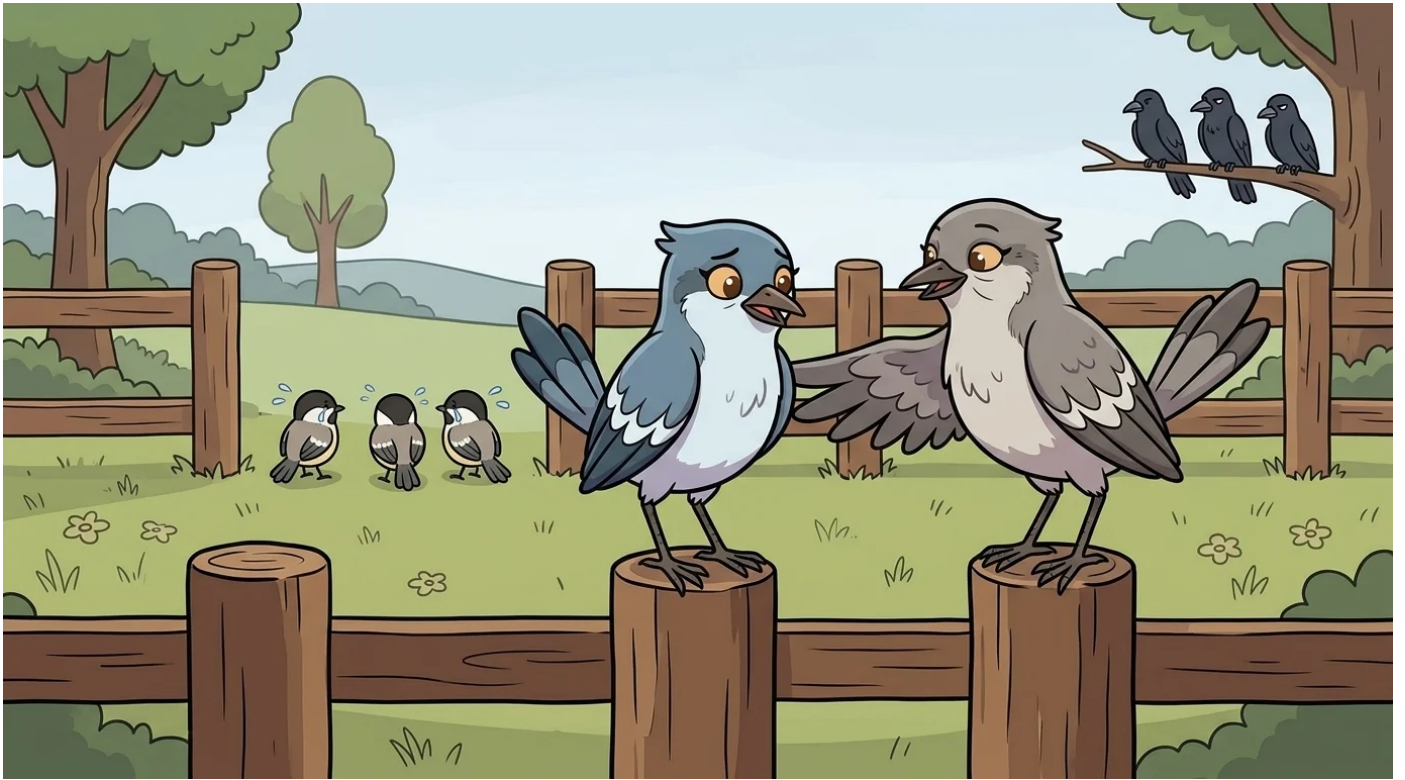
"Okay," Echo said to the girl, crouching down to her level. "You know how, when it rains, the whole sky goes gray and boring? Birds like me have a trick. We can copy any sound we hear — a car, a cat, another bird — and stitch them together into a brand-new song. Want to hear the rain-day song?" The girl's eyes went huge. She nodded so hard her untied shoe flopped.

Then Echo stood, turned to the father, and let her voice settle into something steadier. "What your daughter just called a 'rain-day song' is vocal mimicry. Mockingbirds catalog dozens of sounds from their environment and recombine them. It's how we learn — by listening first, then adapting what we heard to the moment in front of us."

The father unfolded his arms.

Echo hopped back to the center of the stage and looked out at the two of them — the wriggler and the clock-watcher — sitting three rows apart, having heard the very same idea and both, somehow, leaning in.

"Same fact," she said, mostly to herself. "Two rooms. You just have to figure out which room you're in."



Echo had not always known which room she was in.

When she was small, she'd learned a beautiful thing — a long, looping song made of forty borrowed sounds — and she could not wait to share it. She sang it to her tiny cousins, full volume, every trill. They cried. It was too loud, too fast, too much; they didn't know the sounds it was copying, so to them it was just noise crashing over their heads.

Stung, she flew off and sang the very same song to a gathering of old, serious birds. This time she sang it soft and slow, thinking that must be the fix. They grew bored. Too slow, no spark, no reason to care.

Echo landed on a fencepost, small and confused. The song was *good*. She hadn't changed a single note. So why had it failed twice, in two opposite ways?

An elder mockingbird settled beside her, feathers dusty gray. She didn't tell Echo the song was wrong. She asked a question instead. "Who were you singing *to*?"

"...Everyone," Echo said. "It's the same song. It should work on everyone."

"The song isn't for you," the elder said gently. "It's for whoever's listening. And the little ones and the old ones aren't the same whoever." She nudged Echo's wing. "Next time — *before* you open your beak — look at the room. Ask what they already know. Ask what they'd care about. Then wrap the song to fit them. The notes underneath can stay. The wrapping changes."

Echo sat with that a long time. It didn't feel like being told she'd failed. It felt like being handed a map.



She walked to Speakforge at twelve, carrying that map, because a place that studied speaking ought to care about the ones being spoken to.

Resonance, the mentor, met her at the door and asked only one thing. "Say something true to me."

Echo tilted her head and studied Resonance for a moment — the tired eyes, the coffee, the stack of half-graded speeches. "You've been listening to nervous kids stammer all day," she said, "and you're wondering if any of them will remember that the point was never to be perfect."

Resonance blinked.

"I don't know a speech yet," Echo added. "But I looked at *you* first. That's the part I'm good at."

Resonance smiled, slow and real. "The others gave us the body, the voice, the listening, the argument," she said. "You're the one who gives us the audience. You belong here."



Echo's workshop was where speeches went to get fitted, like coats.

A boy came in one afternoon, frustrated, waving two crumpled pages. "I have to give this talk twice," he said. "Once to my little sister's whole class, once to the actual school board. It's about why school should start later. I wrote one really good speech and it *bombs* both times. The kids get lost and the board gets bored."

Echo knew that exact sting. Two rooms, one song, two failures. "Read me the sleep part."

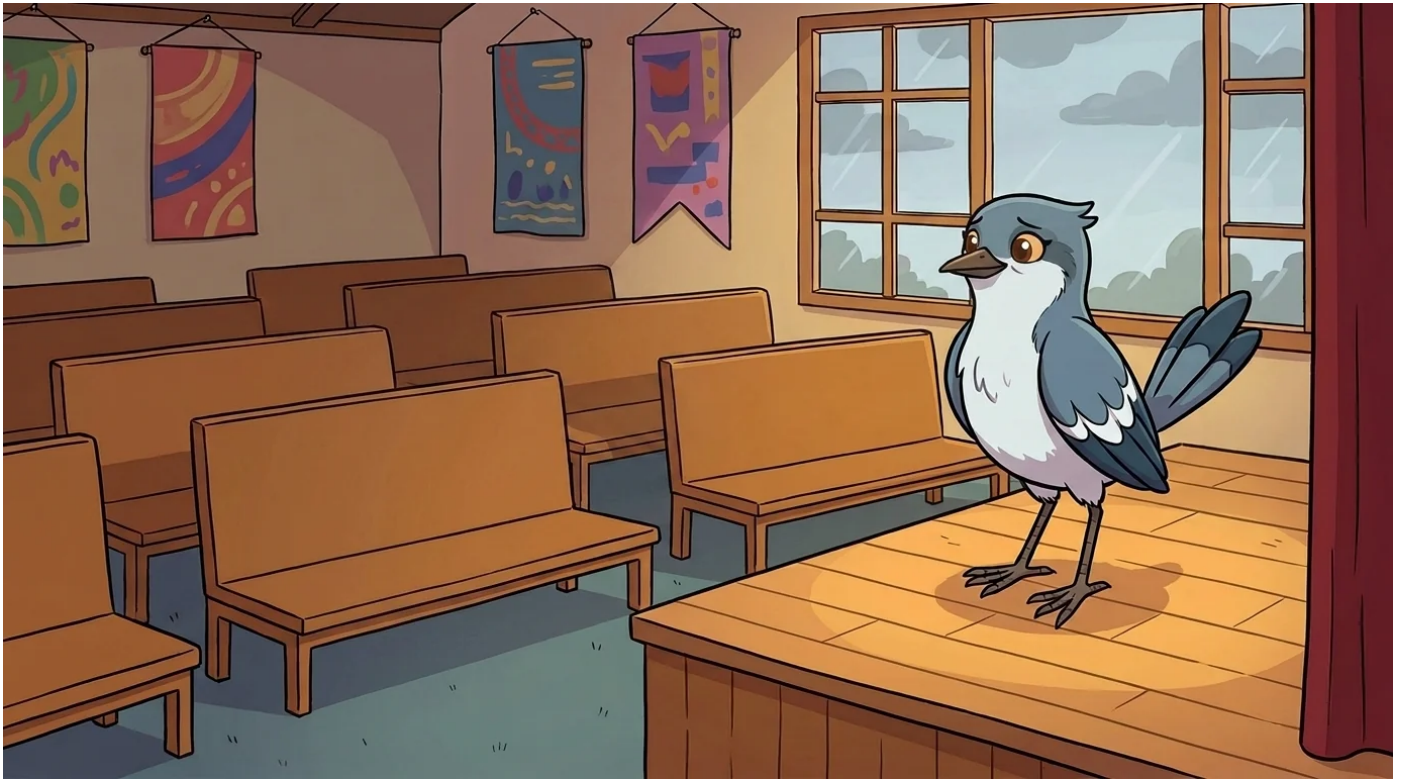
He read: "*Adolescent circadian rhythms are biologically delayed, misaligning with early start times.*"

"Perfect for the board," Echo said. "Useless for the second-graders." She hopped closer. "Same truth, though — kids' bodies aren't ready for early mornings, and science proved it. So keep the truth. Change the wrapping. Try it for the little ones."

The boy thought, then tried, softer: "You know how grumpy and gluey you feel first thing in the morning? Turns out that's not your fault — your body clock is just running late, and grown-ups figured out how to fix it."

"There it is." Echo grinned. "The board gets the research words. The kids get the grumpy-and-gluey. The *claim* didn't move an inch. You just met each room where it already was." She tapped the pages. "That's the whole trick. You honor people by speaking to where *they* are — not where *you* happen to be standing."

The boy looked at his two crumpled pages like they'd stopped being enemies.



Later, when the workshop was empty, he came back with a quieter question.

"When you change it for everybody," he said, "doesn't it feel kind of... fake? Like you're not being yourself?"

Echo thought about the fencepost. About the too-loud song and the too-slow song and the elder's map.

"It felt fake to me too, at first," she admitted. "Like I was hiding the real thing. But it's the opposite." She looked out toward the rows of empty chairs. "The real thing is that you *want* them to understand. Changing the wrapping isn't lying — it's caring enough to build a door they can actually walk through. The truth stays the truth. You just stop making people climb a wall to reach it."

The boy was quiet. Then his shoulders came down from around his ears, and he breathed out like he'd set something heavy on the floor.

Echo watched it happen and felt it in her own chest too — that warm, loosened, finally-understood feeling, the one that only ever shows up when somebody, somewhere, has truly been heard.

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Easel

*VISUAL AIDS — *show, don't just tell*. A picture, a chart, or a prop at the right moment makes an idea land. The aid serves the words; it never replaces them. One clear image beats a hundred words you can't quite picture.*



At the SpeakForge academy, where every creature was learning to stand up and speak clearly, Easel was a calm, square-shouldered creature who always carried something under one arm — a rolled-up picture, a little chart, a wooden model of something.

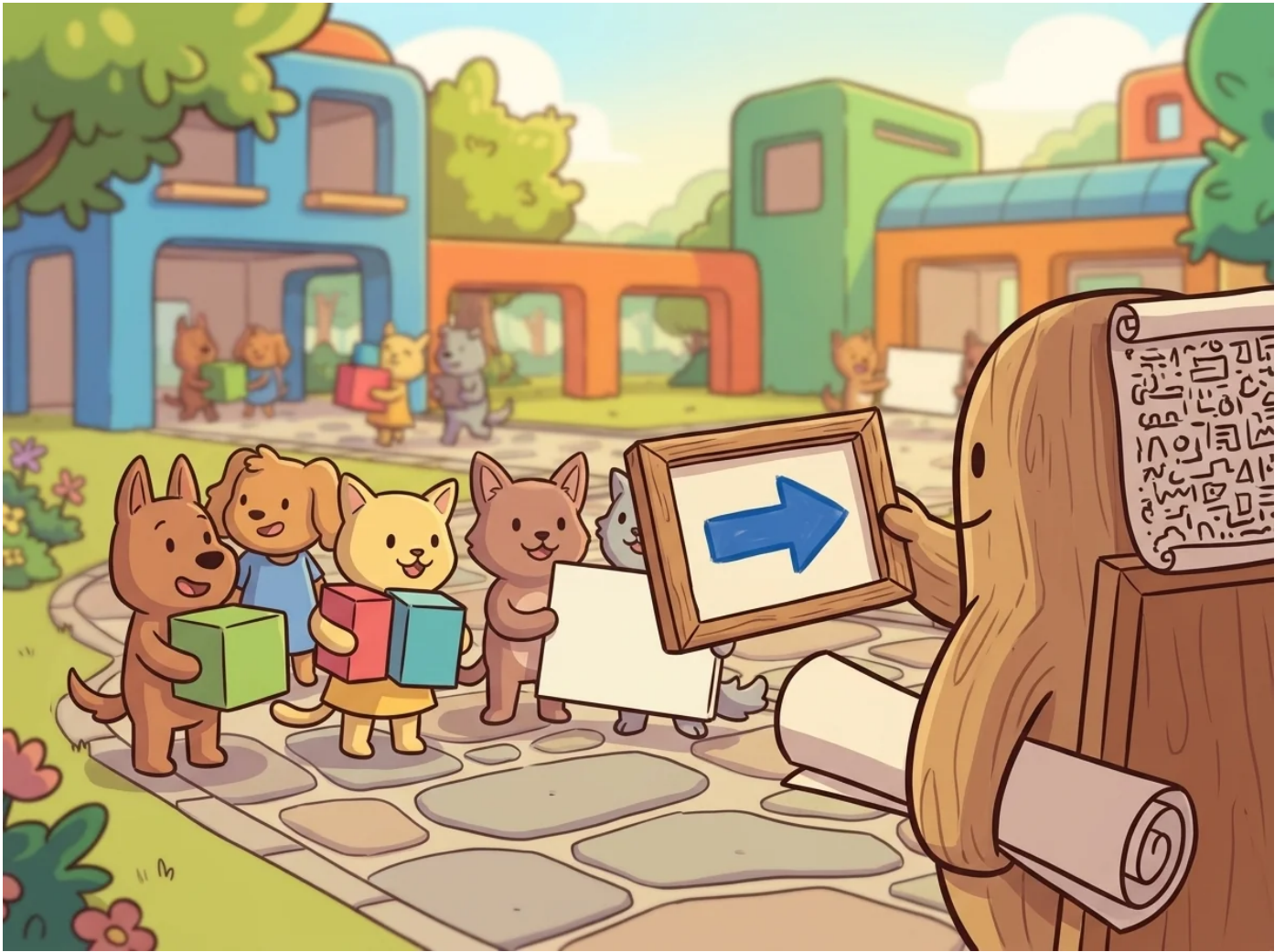
When a speaker hit the exact spot where words alone got tangled, Easel would quietly unroll the right picture and prop it up, and the whole room would go *ohhh* — the idea snapping into focus all at once. She never showed a picture to be flashy. She showed it at the precise moment a listener needed to *see* the thing to understand it.



"You made that whole confusing part easy with one picture!" a young speaker said.

"That's my craft," Easel said, smoothing the picture flat. "I'm Easel. I keep the visual aids — *show, don't just tell*." She tapped the propped-up image. "An aid serves the words. It never replaces them. When an idea is hard to picture, you give the listener a picture. One clear image can do what a hundred words can't."

Resonance, the academy's warm mentor, watched and asked, "Show them what happens when the aid takes over."



Easel nodded and tried it wrong on purpose. She kept talking but held up a picture so crammed with tiny shapes and crowded little drawings that nobody could tell what to look at. The young speakers squinted, lost.

"Too much," Easel said, rolling it away. "When the aid is busier than the idea, it stops helping and starts hiding." Then she held up a second picture — just one big, simple shape with a single arrow. "*That's* an aid. One idea. One look. Your eye knows exactly where to go."

A young speaker's face lit up. "So a good picture has LESS on it, not more!"



"Less, on purpose," Easel agreed. "The aid points at the one thing that matters and stays out of the way of everything else. You're not decorating. You're *clarifying*."

Resonance asked Easel to teach the whole cast before their big group presentation. "Pitch can make her voice carry," Resonance said, "and Truss can build a tight argument — but some ideas need to be *seen*. Will you show them how?"

Easel was glad to. When she teaches, she gives one rule: "Use an aid only where words leave a gap. Ask yourself — is this thing easier to *see* than to *say*? If yes, show a picture. If no, just talk. And make the picture so simple a stranger could understand it in one glance."



Truss was explaining how the parts of an argument stack up, and the room looked foggy. Easel quietly unrolled a picture of three blocks resting on each other, with one arrow pointing up. No words on it — just blocks and an arrow. "Ohhh," said the room. Suddenly Truss's stacking idea was *obvious*. "You didn't change my words," Truss said, amazed. "You just gave them a window."

After the rehearsal, Easel sat down with her rolled pictures stacked neatly beside her, the way she always kept them.

For a long time, Easel had carried a quiet worry. She wondered if she was even a real *speaker* at all. The others used their voices — Pitch projected, Hark listened, Echo read the room. All Easel did was hold up pictures. Maybe, she'd thought, she was just the helper who carried the props while the real speakers did the talking.

But sitting in the soft academy light, watching a young speaker hold up one clean picture and hear the whole room understand at once, Easel felt the worry loosen and warmth spread through her chest. Her pictures weren't a crutch for people who couldn't talk. They were a *bridge* — built at the exact spot where words run out and seeing begins. Choosing the one right image, keeping it simple, showing it at the perfect moment: that was craft, and it was hers. A steady, glad calm settled over her, and she rolled her next picture closed, content, ready for the next gap that only a picture could cross.

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



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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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