

A Forge

In a valley across the river at the edge of the mountains there is a town whose people provision adventurers, traders, explorers, and migrants. Near the town, on rustic ground, is a forge where fires roar and sparks dance in the darkness. There tools are made, discussed, demonstrated, improved, and sometimes invented. It is a place of work, thought, vision, energy and joy. It is a place of gatherings, of conversation, exploration and celebration, a place of fellowship. To it are drawn thinkers, dreamers, artists, warriors, musicians, farmers, foresters, writers, engineers, scientists, venture makers, innovators of every kind, and some who come for the light of a friendly fire.

*This is a forge in the edge lands.
Many who dream of mountains come here.*