



My grandma once told me a story (at least this is how I interpreted it). That story is at the heart of Levidier. There was a struggling village in a very poor country. Nobody had much and alone they were on the brink of dying of starvation. While nobody had a lot of many things each person had a lot of one thing due to their unique geographical position in the village except from one man. One man didn't have crops all he had was skill. He could forge metal into tools. One day without food and on the brink of oblivion he almost cursed himself. Why do I not have crops he thought to himself. A man cannot eat metal and survive it. While others had very little what they had could still extend their life even if the quality wasn't high. Not one to succumb to despair a voice in his mind kicked in and said stop complaining and put the pot on the fire "if the pot is not even on the stove with water what hope is there for food" with faith he walked to the back of the house and grabbed his largest pot. With all his might he dragged the pot to the front of his house where he could watch it boiling as he watched the happenings of the road. And he put the pot on a large fire and poured his pails of water from the river into it. At the very least he would be able to have clean water, not knowing or expecting anything more to come from it.

Seeing this a villager approached him and said sir I'm sorry to ask, but I do not have a pot at home to feed my family, you have a very large one, if I added my onions to it could I have some of the food to feed my family. The pot owner thought to himself and said yes! At the very least this water would have flavour. Affirmatively the pot owner nodded to the villager and said "I'm glad you came and I'm happy to share". The villager exclaimed with joy hurried home to fetch the onions and brought his family back with him; he brought plenty for the pot and poured it in. Seeing this another villager enquired what was happening. The men present explained. The other villager said "I have carrots! Can I add them and my family get some too? Yes, the pot owner said, if it's ok with this man who has already added his onions. The villager agreed. Later still more villagers noticed and when hearing about it asked if they could add theirs too, some brought potatoes and leaks among other things. When it was ready each family in the order they came stepped up to get their share. Though it wasn't plenty, it was the best meal anyone had tasted in a very long time, they all sat around the fire eating and sharing jokes and stories and being merry. Eventually They all cleaned up and went home. This happened repeatedly until the requests to join outgrew the amount the pot could contain. The pot owner recognised he needed a bigger pot and so he set about building one. Each house that volunteered their pot for the expansion would always be granted food. If they chose to give up their pot so more can eat then the village must pledge to always feed them. Some households brought forth their old pots and the pot owner set about building. Eventually with the expansion of the pot people even offered livestock for the village to eat. The meal got better and better the more they shared until the village pot became norm. And in that village, they built wealth by consolidating and trading with the outside world and became one of the richest villages in their land. This story I carried my whole life and it is a brick I laid into the structure of Levidier.

But I have questions for you based on this story?  
How should this village view and treat outsiders?

What would happen if just one person who was trusted to contribute poisoned the pot.

How much ingredients was enough before it was too much. After all, does too many hands not spoil the broth?.

If you read this and thought the man with the pot should have charged because he'd be the richest among them, then it's possible you didn't understand the point I'm trying to make...at all.

