

The afternoon's quiet was disturbed by a gentle knocking at the rosewood door
"come in" the communes Mother Superior answered, not pausing from the notes she was writing.

As the door opened she carefully moves the stack of paper aside and smiled at the youngling entering her study.

Young Mikail sidled in nervously. He was calm and patient but not at home to noise and excitement she remembered. Perhaps a prenticeship in clockmaking was his future?

"how may I help Mikail?" Mother gestured toward the spare chair

"its... it's happening again Mother" he looked down at his feet. "in the common room"
She tidied up her desk and got to her feet as the young boy quickly moved aside.

As she entered the common room she was met by a scene straight out of a painting.

A young havlin led on her stomach in the centre of the wooden floor, surrounded by books and colouring pencils as she worked on a bright piece in a sketchbook.

Unlike most however, lights danced and floated throughout the air – almost graceful and pretty, had Mother not known what would happen should they touch anything. After all that is why they had no carpet in the common area any more.

"Qura?" Mother said gently.

The havlin blinked and quickly got to her knees, the lights fading around her "Yes Mother?"

Mother smiled as warmly as she could "would you mind coming along to my study please?"

"Of course!" Qura began carefully returning the coloured pencils to their box and stacking the books neatly on the shelf nearby.

Mother waited for the girl to get to her feet before leading them both back to the study in silence.

As Qura settled into a chair, Mother returned to her seat and waited for Qura to settle

"As you know Qura, The Naming is coming up" Mother watched the youngling closely "and with you being ... special..." She struggled to find the right words

Qura's eyes began to fill with tears and Mother saw her hands curl into fists "I'm not allowed? I... but..." Qura's eyes screwed shut "I understand Mother. I'm too different for the ceremony"

"No!" Mother reached across the desk and took Qura's hands in her own "i will stand against any who would say that. You will have your place in the ceremony as every Havlin before you"
Seeing Qura's eyes snap open their eyes met "however, as the others begin their apprenticeships there must be a different path for you."

A month later Qura Lightspell stood, slightly out of breath, at the top of Old Monk, the largest hill overlooking West Halvford. As she watched the rune she'd burnt into the rocks cool she wiped her eyes and replaced her glasses to look at the village that had been her life so far.

She knew she would have to travel to learn greater control and she'd come back better!

Turning to look out in the other direction she pulled a sammich out of her pocket and took a large bite.

All told, it could be worse...