

*During the season, your Thule student Thaela proves to have been receptive to the lessons she learned at Anvil. Having previously spurned battle-magic, she is keen to show off the healing spell she learned there. In fact, she contrives to be present at every war-casting test, eager to magically heal her fellow students...*

*...and then to assert that they are in her debt now, and that they had best be prepared for her to call on that debt in the future...*

*Her antics go down as teenage posturing among the staff, but some students take her seriously, and she quickly makes enemies. So small items begin to disappear from the rooms of those who aggravate her; a boy's doll, a girl's gloves, a young warcaster's boots: nothing of value, but enough to annoy them. They turn up later secreted in hiding-places, as if the act of denying them to her foes was more important than owning them herself. When challenged, she is quick to remind the Imperial Orcs that if they place such Worth on trivialities, they should be ready to defend them like she defends her grandfather's wand.*

*That same night, there's a scuffle in the dorms as two younger students try to steal that same wand, only to find her sleeping with it grasped tightly under the blanket. One of the two children ends up needing healing after Thaela knocks her down and she hits her head, and Thaela is quickly taught that now she owes that girl respect and kindness, even though she was the cause, rather than the source, of the healing.*

*After this, she broods sullenly for a time, spurning the company of her peers... except that girl, Ketti, whom she chooses to practice with, to read with, and even, when nobody's looking, to play with. Thaela takes her obligations seriously, it seems.*

*When her extended sulk is over, and she's willing to provide more than monosyllabic answers to her tutors again, she seems to have come to a conclusion. She says she wants some way to prove her skill, so that others must respect her. She has learned a little Summer lore from paying attention to the Deepborn ritualist coven – perhaps if she were to perform some service for the Imperial Orcs at Anvil, on the eve of some crucial battle against the vile Druj or the crass Grendel or the hated Jotun, none would ever be able to roll their eyes at her again!*

*The one teacher whom she likes – the acid-tongued ritualist Deepborn Tark – has agreed to accompany her to Anvil. They plan to arrive the morning the Imperial Orcs go to battle.*