



The Gentle Rain of Starfall Academy

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You stand at the grand, old oak gates of the Starfall Academy, the rain a gentle curtain around you. Your cloak, heavy with the night's dampness, feels like a soft weight on your shoulders, a cozy shell against the cool air. You reach out a hand, your fingers cool against the smooth, worn wood of the gate, feeling the faint hum of ancient protective magic woven deep within its grain. The large gates swing inward with a hushed, almost imperceptible sigh, inviting you into the warmth that waits beyond. You step over the threshold, your boots making the softest sound on the polished cobblestones of the entrance path, a sound almost swallowed by the quiet patter of rain on the leaves above. The air within the academy grounds already feels different, softer, filled with the scent of damp earth and something else, something warm and scholarly, like old parchment and

With soft, unhurried steps, you begin to move deeper into the academy, your boots making no sound at all on the thick, plush rugs that line the long corridors. The hallways are bathed in a gentle, warm light, not from flickering torches, but from luminous orbs that float silently near the vaulted ceilings, casting a soft, steady glow on everything below. Each orb pulses with a faint, internal light, a living beacon that guides your way without ever being harsh or bright. You walk slowly, allowing your eyes to take in the quiet beauty of your surroundings, noticing the details that make this place so special. The walls are lined with tall, dark wooden bookcases, filled to the brim with ancient tomes and scrolls, their spines a kaleidoscope of muted colors and intricate gilded lettering. You can almost smell the faint, sweet scent of old paper and leather emanating





You gently push open the door to your sleeping chamber, and it swings inward with a soft, almost inaudible sigh, revealing a room bathed in a serene, ambient glow. The light here is even softer than the hallways, emanating from a small, glowing crystal set into the ceiling, casting a warm, comforting radiance throughout the space. The air within the room feels instantly welcoming, a little warmer, a little cozier, filled with a faint, clean scent of lavender and fresh linen. You step inside, your movements slow and deliberate, taking a moment to simply stand and absorb the peaceful atmosphere of your new sanctuary. The room is not grand, but perfectly proportioned, designed for comfort and quiet contemplation, a place where you can truly unwind. Your eyes drift to the large, comfortable bed in the center of the room, its crisp white sheets and soft, plump pillows inviting you to