--You enter the barracks

Zillia holds the door to the barracks for you. You thank her as you enter the building before her. To your surprise the barracks are very well lit. There’s a spiralling staircase off towards the right wall of the building, and in the center of the room lays a great rectangle oak table. A few soldiers were playing cards at the table before you two walked in. They both greeted Zillia, but didn’t once question your presence. Zillia explains that it’s the table most soldiers use to rest on their break from guard duty.

The second floor was filled with beds arranged along the wall of the building. There are wooden chests at the foot of the bed for soldiers to store their armor and weapons. Like the main floor, there’s a spiralling staircase off towards the right wall leading to the third floor. Zillia explains that the third floor is another sleeping area, and above that is the rooftop lookout tower. It’s mostly used for training purposes, but it also serves as extra security, if the castle ever needs it.

Zillia walks towards a bed near the ascending staircase.

“This is where you shall be sleeping. Inside your chest there are training armor as well as training weapon for you. Training starts an hour after sunrise. Do your best not to be late. I rather not have my own recruit make me look bad,”

“Um, what do you mean?”

“Most recruits are found by Captains, and most of them apply to become a soldier. Or at least apply for a chance to become one,” Zillia places a hand on top of your bedside chest. “It’s not every day that a General or someone of higher ranks suggests a new recruit. We tend to be too busy to keep an eye out for promising people,”

“So, lucky for me?”

“Very. Let’s hope my eyes weren’t lying about the potential you have. Try not let me down,”

“Understood,”

Zillia chuckles at your formality. “No need to be entirely formal with me,”

“But, aren’t you the General, should I be addressing you by rank?”

“Heh, you should, however, you’ll soon see that no one does,”

“Why is that?”

Zillia shrugs. “I honestly wish I knew. I worked hard to get to this rank. Don’t get me wrong, I still get the respect one of my rank would receive. It’s just that no one addresses me as General Zillia,”

“I wonder if it’s because she’s a women,” Narrator says inside your mind.

“I doubt it,” you reply.

You take a quick scan of Zilla. Her slender stature and delicate face structure makes it hard to believe she’s a General. Many Generals you seen have harden faces. Faces scarred by war. But Zillia’s face show none of that. You suspect that’s partially the reason why no one addresses her with her rank.

‘After a few moments of Zillia ranting about the teasing she gets from the others, Zilla takes you towards the basement where some of the practice areas are. The basement is mostly candle lit by wall torches and opens up to a wide space. The center of the basement is used for melee and weapon sparring. The east most side of the room is used for archery practice, as well as knife throwing practice. The west side of the room is where most of the extra armor and weapons are stored. Most of them are for beginners.

“I know, this is a lot to take in, but I have high hopes you’ll fit in here just fine,” Zillia says with a smile. “Please free feel to make yourself at home. And I’ll come by tomorrow to see how you’re doing. Get some more rest tonight. Your body most likely still needs more with all things considering,”

You nod and bid Zillia a good night as you head up towards your bed. You plop down the bed with a satisfying sigh.

“It’s been a long day for you,” said Narrator.

“Yeah. I’m exhausted and my body still aches from the tavern fight,”

Narrator chuckles. “Pfft. Honestly, that’s what you get for picking a fight when you had no idea who they were. Not to mention, you didn’t even have any fighting experience! Haha. What exactly were you thinking?”

“Good question. I don’t believe I was thinking when I made the decision to punch him. I just blanked out and next thing I knew, I had thrown a punch towards him,”

“Haha. Priceless. It’s mistakes like those that make my job much better. Anyways, it’s getting late so get some sleep,”

“Alright. Good night, Narrator. This is still fairly weird,”

“Good night, and you’ll get used to it,”

**--New Recruit Training**