Remus snapped his eyes open to focus on his bed canopy, soft lacquered pine boards arranged in perfect symmetry. He flipped his legs out from beneath the cloudy layers of his bedsheets and planted them on the cold hard stone of his bedchambers. Still only mildly conscious, Remus drifted over to a large pine wardrobe and placed his hand on the top lip some foot or two above his head without raising his eyes. His hand came away clutching an intricate brass timepiece that was swiftly set to its task of strangling his wrist. Along with the timepiece came a squat, three-inch stylus formed of some milky translucent crystal and capped by a gilded crown inset with sapphires. The stylus slid into a small leather pouch fastened against the bare skin of his left leg. As he pulled the wardrobe’s vast double doors open, the familiar sight of his robes greeted him. A row of midnight blue trimmed with black robes dominated the left half of the massive wardrobe, while a second set of doors hid the contents of the right half. Remus snatched the robe furthest to the left and slid it on over his head, comforted by the familiar weight and soft lining. Before turning away, Remus latched the double doors shut and made a short, stiff mark across the seam with a simple onyx stylus he had produced from one of the many pockets of his robe. Turning away from the wardrobe he greeted himself in the mirror to his left. He cocked his head as his hands flitted along the edges of his robe and hairline, corralling his appearance into a respectable shape. Piercing brown eyes stared back at him as he swept himself in one final assessment. Medium length hair parted to the right over a short, clean beard and a tidy robe. He grimaced ruefully as he noticed the tiny patch of gray coalescing along the ridge of his swept hair and briefly considered masking it with an illusion before dismissing the simple vanity. Sufficiently satisfied with his presentability, he broke his mirror image’s unrelenting stare and slid over to the heavy oak door to his outer chambers. The rest of his chambers greeted him as he crossed the threshold from his bedroom. An intricate crystal dining table dominated the center of the room, edged on each side by four high backed wooden chairs. Remus swiftly moved to pour himself a steaming mug of coffee from the shining metal coffee platter that sat on the central dining table. A small note was tucked beneath the fine silver.

“Have a wonderful first day!” – Maria

Remus smiled slightly before moving to the window to sip gingerly on his coffee. A small chess table rested below the windows, nestled between the bulky forms of two plush midnight reclining chairs. Remus settled into one of the voluminous armchairs and took in the vista from his window. Gazing past the pristine crystal he could see myriad peoples bustling about on cobble streets below. Massive stone buildings dominated the landscape with their jutting facades while smaller stone and wooden buildings stood smattered about in their shadows. The collection of buildings nestled quaintly into the mountainside. Behind the buildings, terraced snowbound peaks scraped against the clouds like the teeth of some forgotten leviathan. Remus tore his gaze from the majestic peaks and rose from his seated position. Noticing a book that he had left out the previous evening he swept it up and marched to the far end of his rooms. The wall furthest from his bedchambers was ensconced by a vast floor to ceiling bookcase with tomes lining every inch of available space. He slid the tome back into its vacant slot before turning to the heavy arched door across from the windows. The dark wood of the door sported bulky bands of iron arcing across its surface from the hinges. He pulled the cumbersome door inwards and stepped into a wide hallway as the door slid shut behind him with a muffled clang. Remus locked the door behind him and quickly scratched three disparate marks onto the exposed seam. As he stepped away from his chambers, he looked across the hallway to an identical wood and iron door with a gilded plaque above it that read “Dean.” To his right the hallway extended until it opened up into a winding staircase, to his left stood a massive set of double doors topped by an even larger plaque that announced to the hallway, “Headmaster.” Before trekking down the long hallway Remus took a moment to look back at his door and the plaque above it that read “Warden.” He smiled ever so slightly inwardly as he turned to move down the wide hallway. Remus moved languorously along the wide avenue taking in the stout wooden doors and their calling cards as he passed, “Master Chemist,” “Master of Physiks,” “Master of Arts.” The doors he passed slid ever closer together as he made his way towards the end of the hall. Just a few apartments from the entryway a short old lady dressed in a brown and black trimmed robe, pushing a cart laden with coffee mugs and kettles, meandered out from behind a door labeled “Master of Gardens.”

“Why hello there Maria, thank you for the coffee and your note this morning!”

Remus gave a short bow as he thanked her, causing the old lady to break into a wide smile.

“Oh of course m’lord, I hope the coffee was strong nuff.”

“Black tar, just the way I love it.”

He paused as he matched her intense grin.

“Have a wonderful day!”

He uttered the last sentiment as he took his first steps down the winding stairway and she turned to move on to another room. Six flights of stairs and thirty seconds to catch his breath later, Remus stepped out onto a wide cobbled avenue to be greeted by a brisk gust of air as it whipped autumn hewed leaves across the promenade.