The cold moonlight was falling down through the cloudy sky, brightening up the small path. The rain long ceased but the forest was still humid. Occasionally, droplets of water fell down from the crowns of trees. The surroundings were silent as the animals were still hiding after the storm. A shadowy figure was moving, breaking the serenity of the forest, zig-zagging around the small path trying to avoid flasks of mud.

"Of all days, I had to come on the only one with such horrible weather," thought Eloril.

He shook off the rain droplets from his cloak and shivered. Luckily, he could already see the distant lights far behind the trees. In a matter of minutes, he would be able to warm up his hooves near a crackling fire. Splash! Completely lost in his thoughts, he has not noticed a puddle and stepped right in it.

"God damn it! My cloak!"

Several birds fled in panic from the sudden exclamation that resonated through the peaceful silence of the night. The unicorn tried to wipe off the mud out of his cloak, but only managed to get the stain even bigger. Silently cursing the rain, the mud and the poor choice of the living place of the tower's owner he wiped off the dirt of his light gray fur and continued walking.

The streak of trees suddenly ended, revealing a clear hill in the middle of the forest. On top of the hill stood a tall, loose, crooked tower. Its silhouette was clearly visible despite the dark sky. The pointy roof of the tower pierced right into the sky, appearing to rip the clouds and allowing the moonlight to illuminate it. The windows were opened, letting the light from the inside escape on the grass underneath it.

Eloril approached and knocked on the massive oak door. After a while, he heard muffled creaking and puffing. The door opened and a purple unicorn popped her head out to find out who was knocking.

"W-Who's there?"

"Don't worry Clover. It's just me. Didn't your teacher told you I was coming?" said calmly Eloril.

"Eloril! I'm so happy you came to visit us! Master Starswirl told me that we would have a visitor. I was wondering if it was you! I already boiled a tisane. He is waiting for you in his cabinet!"

Eloril smiled. After he had left his teacher, he thought he would stay alone like he used to before. But surprisingly, Starswirl found a new pupil. And impressively quickly. One day, Clover just suddenly popped out of nowhere and almost pleaded for Starswirl to take her as an apprentice. He didn't quite understand how she managed to convince the old grumpy wizard, but she did, and since had shown incredible magical abilities and fast learning, rapidly gaining the nickname, "The Clever". The purple mare almost idolized her mentor, absorbing everything he said and executing all the chores he charged her with. Such dedication and compassion coming from such frail being never ceased to surprise Elorin.

"Now, now. We can do the greetings inside. I would never be able to speak to him if you don't let me enter."

"Oh! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! Please, do come in."

Clover rapidly stepped aside, letting him in. Elorin stepped inside and levitated his cloak to Clover. He could already feel the warm air slowly unfreezing his hooves.

"It was quite a challenge getting here. I almost drowned in the mud. Would you please help to clean the dirt off it?"

"Of course! I know just the thing!"

She quickly grabbed the cape and disappeared. Elorin adjusted his backpack and began climbing the stone steps.