



A Sleepy Night at Starfall Academy

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The ancient, ivy-covered gates of Starfall Academy whisper open, greeting you with a soft sigh. Tiny droplets of rain begin to dance on your cloak, a gentle patter on the cobblestone path. A warm, inviting glow spills from the academy windows, promising comfort within.



You step inside, leaving the cool night air behind, and find yourself in a grand yet cozy common room. A massive, plush rug cushions your steps, while a gentle hum of quiet magic fills the air. Soft light from glowing orbs suspended in the air bathes everything in a comforting amber hue.



From behind a stack of ancient, leather-bound books, a tiny house-sprite with sparkling eyes peeks out. It floats gracefully towards you, holding a steaming mug of warm, fragrant chamomile tea. The sprite offers a sleepy, welcoming smile, its small hands carefully presenting the drink.



As you take the mug, a delicate aroma of sweet herbs and old parchment drifts around you. The scent is familiar and deeply comforting, like a lullaby woven from forgotten stories. It wraps around you, a gentle embrace of the academy's quiet magic.



You drift towards a tall arched window, the warm mug cradled in your hands, and gaze out into the soft night. The rain is now a steady, rhythmic whisper against the glass, creating shimmering streaks of light. The world outside seems to slow down, mirroring the peace within.



With a quiet sip of your tea, you begin to wander down a softly lit hallway. The walls are adorned with tapestries depicting constellations and gentle stardust, glowing faintly. Each step is cushioned and silent, a slow, unhurried journey deeper into the academy's heart.



You arrive at a simple, wooden door, adorned with a tiny, carved moon and stars. This is your room, a personal haven awaiting your arrival. A gentle, warm light seems to pulse from within, beckoning you closer.



Pushing the door open, you step into a room that feels like a soft, welcoming hug. A comfortable bed piled high with fluffy blankets invites you to rest. The air is warm and still, carrying a faint whisper of lavender.



In the corner, a plump, velvety armchair sits beside a small, stone fireplace where tiny, magical embers glow. The fire crackles with a whisper-soft sound, casting dancing shadows on the gentle wallpaper. It looks like the perfect spot to unwind.



With a soft sigh, you gently place your small travel bag on the polished wooden floor. The warmth of the room wraps around you, a comforting blanket woven from peace and quiet. You feel a deep sense of belonging, a quiet joy in this peaceful space.