The Mirror in My Room

– Book Seven –

My Days at the School of Light

Dan's English Student
Original Story

Stage
1

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My Days at the School of Light

(About 3,000 words / Stage 1 level / gentle & warm fantasy)

Chapter 1: A Letter from Mira

One quiet morning, I woke up and saw a soft blue light coming from my mirror.
At first, I thought I was still dreaming.
But then a small envelope slid out of the mirror and landed on my pillow.

The paper was smooth and warm.

On the front, in beautiful silver letters, it said:

“Hana, please come to class.”
—Mira

“Class?” I whispered. “What class?”

I opened the envelope.

Inside was a simple letter:

We invite you to study with us at the School of Light
for a short time.
Please come today.
—Mira & Lina

My heart jumped in a happy way.

“A school… in the mirror world?”

I quickly got dressed, put a notebook in my bag, and stood in front of the mirror.

“Okay,” I said. “I’m ready.”

The mirror rippled like water.

And I stepped inside.

Chapter 2: The School of Light

I arrived on a small hill with soft green grass.

Far below was a group of beautiful buildings—white stone walls, tall windows, shining roofs. Trees with glowing leaves stood in lines like friendly guards.

A sign near the path said:

SCHOOL OF LIGHT
Welcome, all learners.

Lina came running up the path.

“Hana! You came! You came!”
She hugged me so hard I almost fell.

Mira walked slowly behind her, smiling.

“We’re happy to have you here,” Mira said. “Today is the start of your short study.”

“A study program,” Lina added proudly. “Like a tiny school life!”

I laughed.
“I’m excited.”

We walked down the hill to the school.
Students in colorful clothes walked around the gardens.

Some held glowing stones.
Some carried books that floated gently beside them.
Some practiced light spells that looked like small fireflies.

Everything felt warm, calm, and full of soft magic.

“This place…” I whispered, “it feels safe.”

Mira nodded. “Our school teaches light, color, and nature. We do not fight here. We learn how to care for our world.”

That sounded perfect to me.

Chapter 3: Mira’s Class

My first class was with Mira.

We entered a round room with mirrors on every wall.
Soft white light floated in the air like little clouds.

About ten students sat in a circle.
They all looked curious when I entered.

Mira introduced me.

“This is Hana. She is from the other world. Today she will join our study.”

The students whispered excitedly.

One girl with short green hair said, “Welcome! I love your clothes! Very different!”

A boy added, “Do you really have only one moon in your sky?”

I smiled. “Yes. Only one.”

Everyone gasped like this was amazing.

Mira clapped her hands gently.

“Today’s lesson is simple. We learn to see soft light.”

“Soft light?” I asked.

“Yes,” Mira said. “Light that lives inside everything.”

She held up a small mirror.
It glowed lightly.

“In this class,” she continued, “we do not create light. We find it.”

The students closed their eyes.

I closed mine too.

Mira’s voice was warm.

“Listen. Breathe. And feel.”

Slowly… slowly…
I felt something gentle around me.

Not bright.
Not loud.

Just warm.

I opened my eyes.

A tiny drop of light floated near my hand—shy like a baby bird.

“Oh…” I breathed out.

The students smiled.

Mira nodded proudly.

“You see? Light is always there. You only need a quiet heart to meet it.”

It was the softest magic I had ever felt.

Chapter 4: Lunchtime in the Garden

After class, Lina pulled me toward the garden.

“You must eat lunch with us! The school food is GREAT.”

We sat under a big tree with gold leaves.

Leo wasn’t here—this time it was just me and my mirror-world friends.

Lina opened a lunch box.

Inside were small colorful cakes and fruit that looked like glowing grapes.

I tried a blue cake.

It tasted like sweet water.

“What is this?” I asked.

“Cloud cake!” Lina said proudly. “Made from soft sky water.”

Mira ate quietly beside us, smiling as Lina talked and talked.

Around us, other students laughed, played, or read books floating above their laps.

I looked at the glowing trees, the soft breeze, the peaceful students.

“It’s so warm here,” I said. “Your school feels… kind.”

Mira nodded.
“That is our way. We learn kindness first. Light grows from it.”

Lina added, “It’s nicer than scary magic schools in stories, right?”

“Yes,” I laughed, “much nicer.”

Chapter 5: The Color Garden Class

After lunch, our next class was outside.

A tall teacher with hair like pink petals stood before a long walkway full of colorful flowers.

“Welcome to Color Garden Class,” she said. “I am Teacher Risa.”

The flowers were amazing—
some slowly opened,
some danced a little,
some hummed tiny songs.

“Today,” Teacher Risa continued, “we learn how colors feel.”

Lina whispered, “This is my favorite class!”

Teacher Risa pointed at a red flower.
“This flower shows brave color. Touch it if you feel brave today.”

I smiled at Lina.
She touched the flower, and it glowed.

Then Risa pointed at a soft blue flower.
“This flower shows calm color. Touch it if your heart is quiet.”

I touched it.

A warm calm spread through my fingers.

Mira touched a silver flower—
the “clear heart” flower.

Risa smiled.

“You all did very well.”

Then she looked at me.

“Hana, your color today is gentle blue. Very good for learning.”

I felt strangely proud.

Chapter 6: A Small Problem

In the afternoon, we had a nature walk class.

The teacher, a tall man with leaf-green eyes, asked us to follow a small glowing bird through the forest.

“It shows safe paths,” he said. “Stay close.”

But as we walked, a soft wind suddenly blew.

The glowing bird flew too fast and disappeared behind the trees.

“Oh no…” Lina whispered. “We lost it.”

Mira looked around calmly.

“It’s still near. Be quiet.”

We waited.

The forest was peaceful, but we didn’t know the way.

I felt a tiny bit nervous.

Lina grabbed my hand.
“Don’t worry! The forest here is friendly.”

Suddenly, a small light appeared above our heads.

Then another.
And another.

Little lights from Mira’s morning class floated around us like fireflies.

“The soft light remembers you,” Mira said to me. “It wants to help.”

Slowly, the lights moved in one direction.

“Should we follow?” I asked.

Mira nodded.
“Yes. The soft light only guides to safe places.”

We followed the tiny glowing trail.

Soon we found the glowing bird waiting on a branch, chirping loudly as if saying:

“You’re slow!”

The teacher sighed with relief when he saw us.

“Good,” he said. “You listened to the light.”

I smiled at the floating sparks around us.

Maybe I really was learning.

Chapter 7: A Calm Evening Lesson

At the end of the day, Mira had a last quiet class for me.

Only me.

We sat in a small room with mirrors and candles.

The candles were not bright—just soft and warm.

Mira placed a hand mirror between us.

“This is a reflection lesson,” she said. “It is for learning about yourself.”

I asked, “What do I do?”

“Look into the mirror,” she said. “And breathe.”

So I did.

For a moment, I saw just myself.

But then the mirror softened.

My face became surrounded by a gentle blue color—
the same color as the flower from the Color Garden.

“That is your heart today,” Mira said softly. “Kind and calm.”

I asked, “Does it change every day?”

“Yes,” she said, “and that is beautiful.”

I felt warm tears in my eyes.

“Hana,” Mira said, “you help our world in many ways. But the most important thing is your heart. Today, you learned to see it.”

I smiled.
“Thank you, Mira.”

She smiled back—
a small, warm smile.

Chapter 8: A Goodbye with Light

After our last class, Lina ran to me with a small blue notebook.

“This is for you!” she said. “A School of Light notebook! Write your study memories inside!”

Mira handed me a small glowing flower.

“For calm days,” she said. “It will shine when your heart is peaceful.”

I held both gifts close.
“Thank you… for everything.”

The mirror opened behind me, glowing softly.

Lina waved both hands wildly.
“Come again! Next time you can join the big nature class!”

Mira bowed her head gently.
“We will always welcome you, Hana.”

I stepped back toward the mirror.

The school, the gardens, the soft light—all of it felt warm behind me.

“Goodbye for now,” I said.

“See you soon,” Mira said.

And I stepped through.

Chapter 9: Homework from Another World

Back in my room, the evening sun came through my window.

The small glowing flower in my hand shone softly.

I opened the gift notebook.

On the first page, there were words written in Lina’s handwriting:

“Hana’s School Days
—A new light begins.”

I smiled.

My school day was over,
but my heart still felt full of warm blue light.

And I knew:

I would study in that world again.
Soon.

The End