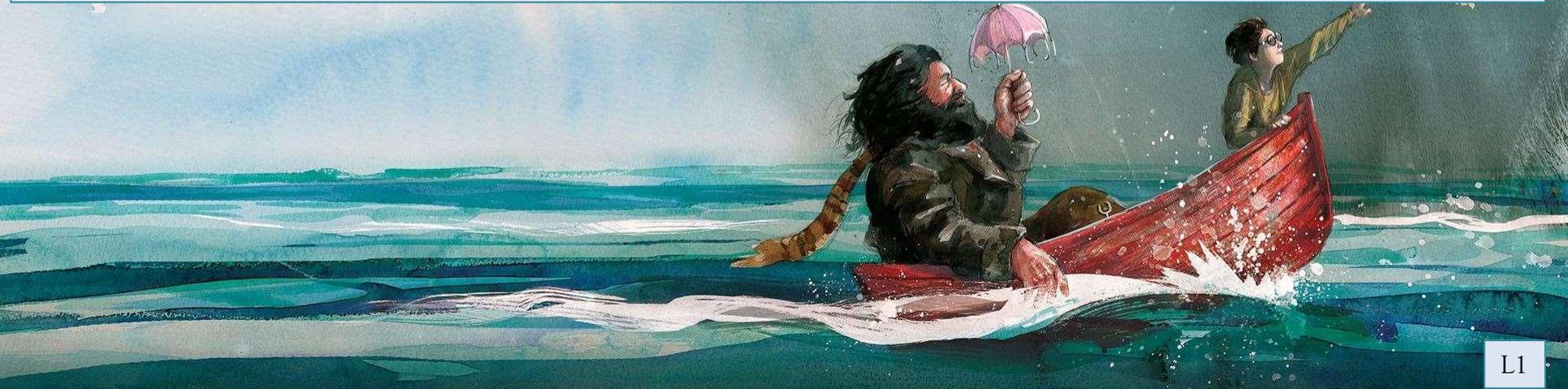
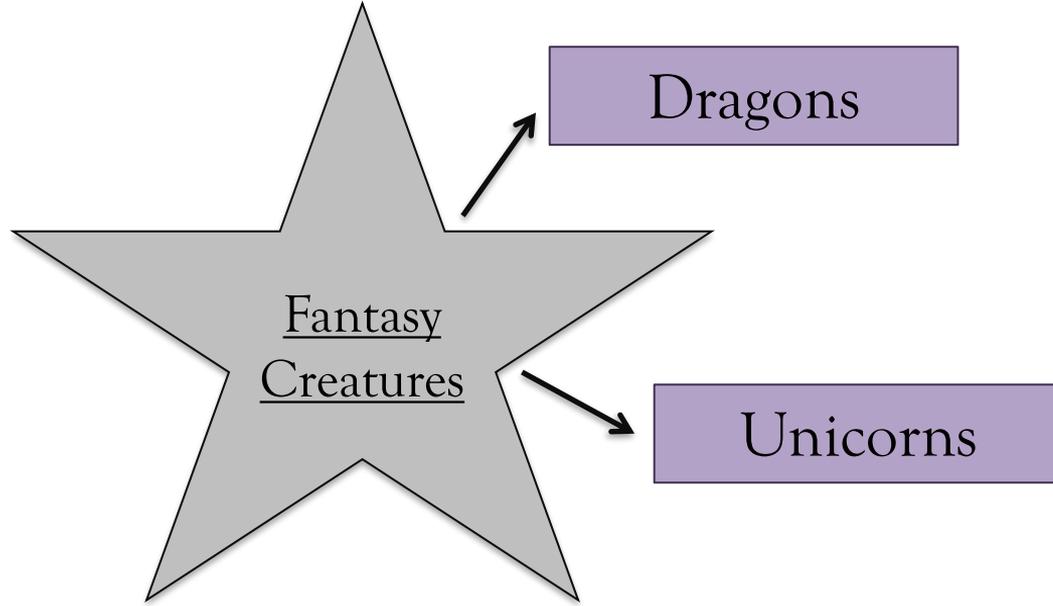


# The Fantasy Genre

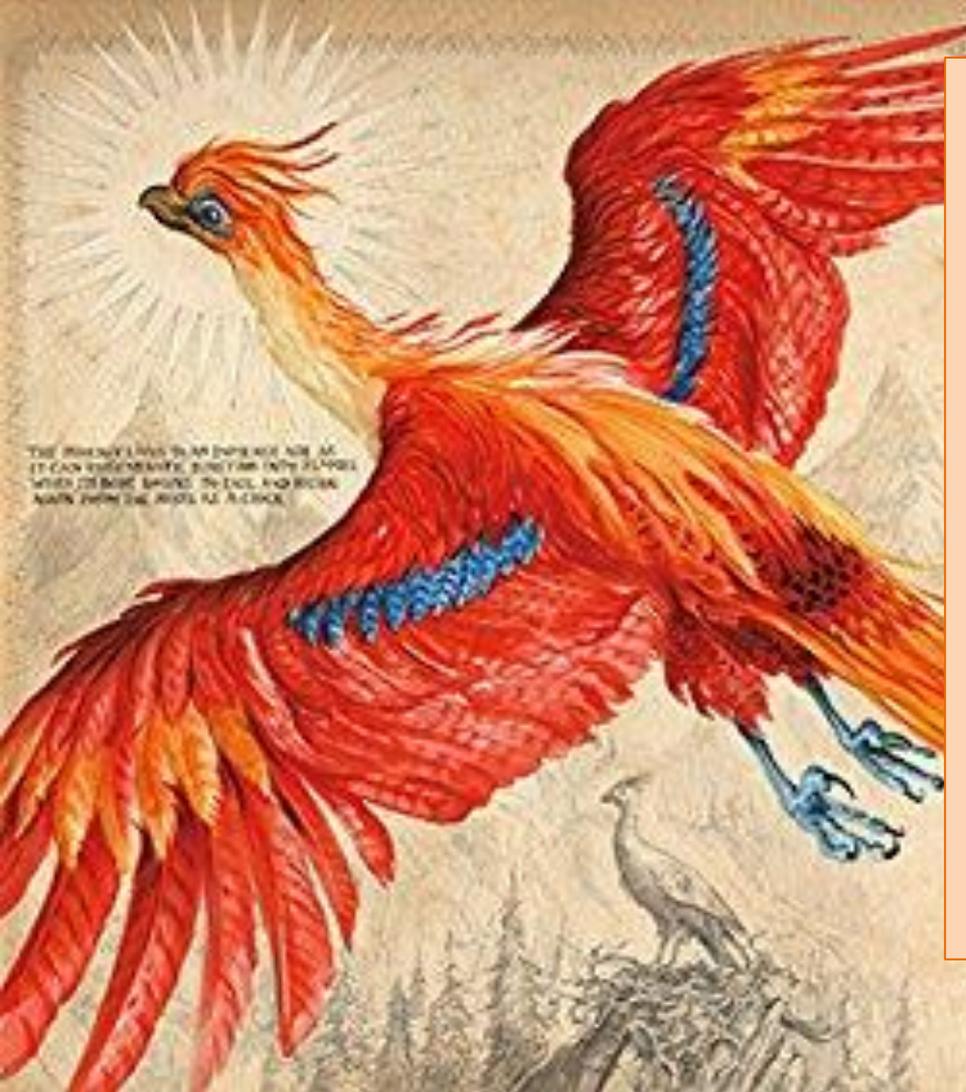
The first unit of work you will study in English at Durham Johnston is **Fantasy Writing**. You will have the opportunity to write stories and descriptions following the conventions of the fantasy genre.

To best prepare you for English at secondary school, you are going to create your own fantasy creature!





What fantasy creatures can you think of? What do they all have in common?



THE PHOENIX'S FEATHERS ARE AS BRIGHT AS THE SUN.  
IT CAN REGENERATE ITSELF FROM ITS OWN ASHES.  
WHEN IT DIES, IT BURNS TO ASHES AND RISES  
AGAIN FROM THE ASHES AS A NEW BIRD.

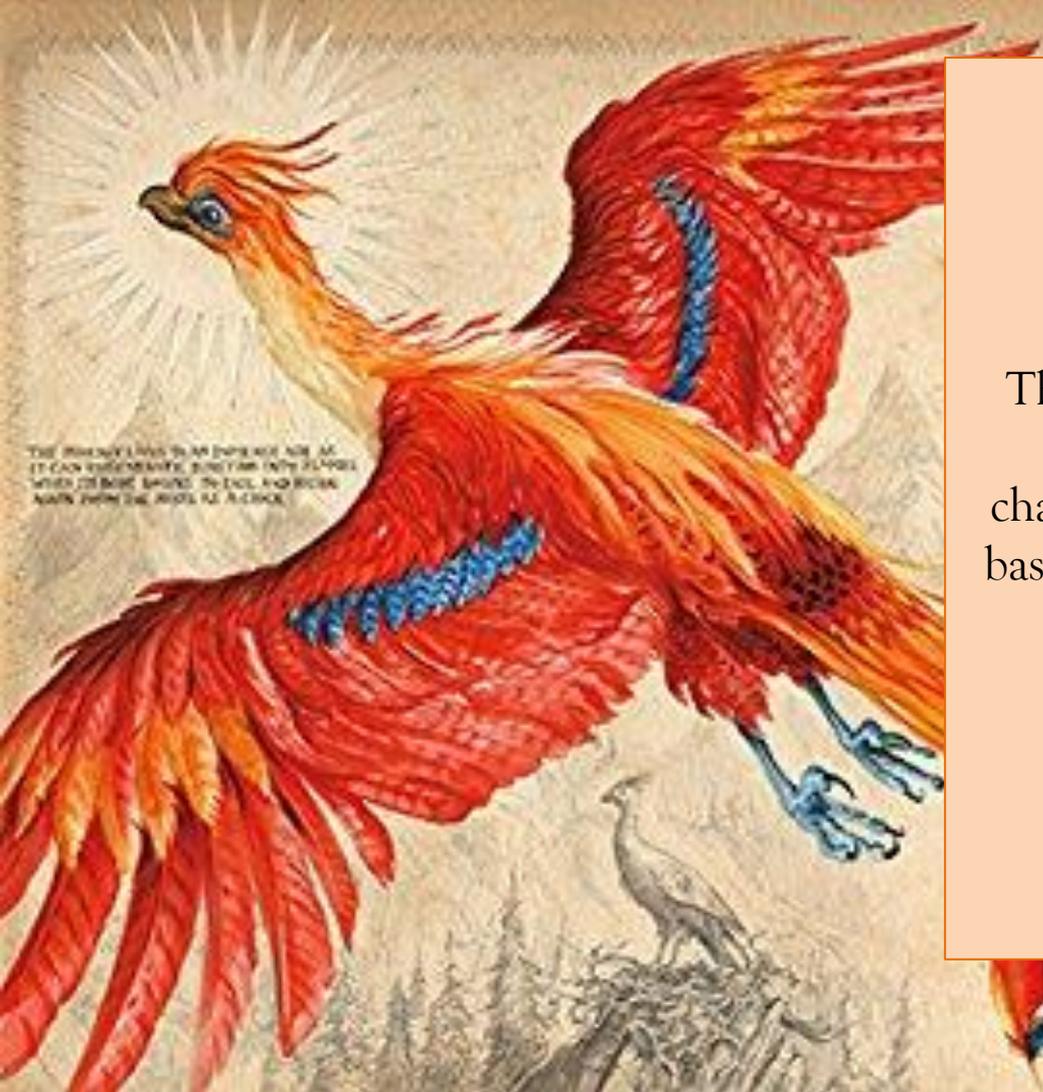
The fantasy genre is full of different made up creatures which often have magical properties. This is a Phoenix which you may recognise from the Harry Potter books.

The Phoenix bird is written about in Ancient Greek Mythology and has these characteristics:

- It dies in a show of flame and is born again
  - Its tears are sweet like incense
  - Its tears have healing properties
    - It is red and gold
- It sings a haunting melody that stops the sun itself in the sky

THE PHOENIX IS THE MOST MAGICAL OF ALL BIRDS.  
IT CAN REGENERATE ITSELF FROM ITS OWN ASHES.  
WHEN IT DIES, IT BURNS TO ASHES AND RISES  
AGAIN FROM THE ASHES AS A NEW BIRD.

**THE PHOENIX**



THE PHOENIX'S FEATHERS ARE AS BRIGHT AS THE SUN.  
IT CAN REBORN AFTER BURNING INTO FLAMES  
WHICH IS BEING BURNED TO DEATH AND BORN  
AGAIN FROM THE ASHES AS A CHICK.

There are two extracts from different fantasy stories. In each one, write down the characteristics of the fantasy creature. You can base this on the extract and on what you know already!

FROM THE BOOK 'THE PHOENIX' BY  
HE WARRIOR, TONY & SHERIDAN  
  
THE PHOENIX IS A MYTHICAL BIRD  
THAT REBORN AFTER BURNING  
TO THE ASHES.

# THE PHOENIX

# The Last Unicorn – Peter S Beagle

One day it happened that two men with long bows rode through her forest, hunting for deer. The unicorn followed them, moving so warily that not even the horses knew she was near. The sight of men filled her with an old, slow, strange mixture of tenderness and terror. She never let one see her if she could help it, but she liked to watch them ride by and hear them talking.

"I dislike the feel of this forest," the elder of the two hunters grumbled. "Creatures that live in a unicorn's wood learn a little magic of their own in time, mainly concerned with disappearing. We'll find no game here."

"Unicorns are long gone," the second man said. "If, indeed, they ever were. This is a forest like any other."

"Then why do the leaves never fall here, or the snow? I tell you, there is one unicorn left in the world -- good luck to the lonely old thing, I say -- and as long as it lives in this forest, there won't be a hunter who takes so much as a titmouse home at his saddle. Ride on, ride on, you'll see. I know their ways, unicorns."

"From books," answered the other. "Only from books and tales and songs. Not in the reign of three kings has there been even a whisper of a unicorn seen in this country or any other. You know no more about unicorns than I do, for I've read the same books and heard the same stories, and I've never seen one either. Let's turn around and hunt somewhere else," the second hunter said abruptly.

The unicorn stepped softly into a thicket as they turned their horses, and took up the trail only when they were well ahead of her once more. The men rode in silence until they were nearing the edge of the forest, when that second hunter asked quietly, "Why did they go away, do you think? If there ever were such things."

# Blood of Dragons – Robin Hobb

Tintaglia awoke feeling chilled and old. She had made a good kill and eaten heavily, but had not rested well. The festering wound under her left wing made it hard to find a comfortable position. If she stretched out, the hot swollen place pulled, and if she curled up, she felt the jabbing of the buried arrow. The pain spread out in her wing now when she opened it, as if some thistly plant were sending out runners inside her, prickling her with thorns as it spread.

The weather had become colder as she flew toward the Rain Wilds. There were no deserts, no warm sands in this region of the world. Heat seemed to well up from the earth's heart in the Chalcedean deserts, making it nearly as warm as the southern lands were at this time of year. But now she had left the dry lands and warm sands behind, and winter's stranglehold on spring had claimed its due. The cold stiffened the flesh around her wound, making each morning a torment.

Now have a go at creating your own fantasy creature!

1. List the characteristics of your creature
2. Make a list of different methods used to describe e.g. simile.
3. Write a description of your creature!

