

Fantasy Writing Unit

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Note to Teacher

Kandi J Wyatt has had 19 years of experience as a teacher, from private school, public school, and homeschooling her granddaughter. This unit was created for Spanish 2 students but has been adopted to use for teaching how to create a children's fantasy book.

Unit Needs

- Handouts found at the end of the unit
- Movie: *The Spiderwick Chronicles* (or other fantasy themed movie; available at your public library or Amazon rental)
- Books
 - *Stellaluna* by Janell Cannon (found at your public library)
 - *The Silver Pony* by Lynd Ward (found at your public library)
 - *The Paper Bag Princess* by Robert Munsch (found at your public library)
 - *Redwall* by Brian Jacques (or any of the series found at your public library)
 - *The Dragon Rider* by Cornelia Funke (found at your public library)
 - Any of Eric Carle's books (found at your public library)
 - *Round Trip* by Ann Jonas (found at your public library)
 - Anything by Jan Brett (found at your public library)
 - *On the Mayflower* by Kate Waters (or another non-fiction book that uses real photographs as illustrations; found at your public library)
 - *Joseph Had a Little Overcoat* by Simms Taback (found at your public library)
 - *Zathura* by Chris Van Allsburg (found at your public library)

The Unit

Days 1 & 2: Watch the movie *The Spiderwick Chronicles* or any other fantasy themed movie

Day 3:

- Read *The Paper Bag Princess*
- Hand out the Guidelines for Fantasy
- Go over the Fantasy Motifs, then write out the sections of *The Paper Bag Princess* that fit the motifs.
- Using the handout, think of the motifs that fit your story.

Day 4:

- Compare/Contrast *The Paper Bag Princess* with *Cinderella* what motifs do they have in common?
- Go over The Hero's Round from the handout
- Identify The Hero's Round in *The Paper Bag Princess*
- Rewrite *Cinderella* or another fairytale making your own twist like *The Paper Bag Princess* did

Day 5

- Using the photos from *The Silver Pony* by Lynd Ward, have students write the words for the pages. Have students think of what words they'd find if these were illustrations in a story.
- Read the student-created stories.
- "Read" *The Silver Pony* by Lynd Ward by pointing to the stars and showing the pictures. Say nothing. Allow the students to talk and interact with the images and the story.

Day 6

- Have students make a list of favorite books and their characters. Discuss what makes those characters special.
- Read from Brian Jacques (or look up on Audible a sample of one of his *Redwall* books.) Discuss the different characters and how they can tell who the characters are. Brian Jacques is known for using accents for his characters. The moles have so thick of an accent it's hard to read them. The hares have a different style.
- Read from Cornelia Funke's book *The Dragon Rider* or look up on Audible for a sample of the story read by Brendan Fraser. The different characters come to life by their actions and words. Twigleg the Homunculus is timid and shy. Sorrel the brownie loves mushrooms and her insults or 'swearing' is by using the scientific name of mushrooms.
- Discuss what makes the characters memorable.
- Read *Stellaluna* by Janell Cannon and discuss the difference in the characters from *Redwall* and *The Dragon Rider*. Compare and contrast.
- Explain to make a children's story, they'll have to simplify their characters, and yet all the stories have character development.

Day 7

- Bring in the books from the list above that haven't been used yet. Read each book to the students, showing the illustrations and helping them evaluate how the illustrations help the story.
- Use the Alliteration Handout to have them create a page for an ABC book and then illustrate their alliteration.

Day 8

- Read the prologue of *Dragon's Future* (available at the end but also available for free on all outlets including my website—<https://kandijwyatt.com>)
- Then read the children's book version (available in the handouts)
- Discuss how the story changed to make it fit into a children's book format vs a novel.
- Use the Hero's Round organizer to plot out their story. Have at least 3 challenges to overcome.
- Use Character Cards (either from the handouts or from: <https://www.readwritethink.org/classroom-resources/student-interactives/trading-card-creator>) to have students create their characters and do one for a magical item (whether that's a dragon, a magical pendant, or whatever)

Day 9

- Hand out the rubric (available in Handouts)
- Have students continue to brainstorm their Hero's Round and characters if need to, if they're ready, have them start writing.

Day 10 & 11

(This may take more than two days)

- Have students write their story.

Day 12

- Explain the self-editing happens when the author reads through and edits their work. Often times they left words out or they need to change grammar.
- Proofreading or copyediting happens when their work is handed off to someone else to catch grammar and spelling errors. Have students exchange stories (or hand to parent) to read through for grammar and spelling errors. Mark the errors without correcting them. Have students correct as needed.

Day 13 & 14

- Using their corrected story, now it's time to write it out in a format that will be illustrated. They can use any of the illustration methods that we saw with the children's books.
- Have students check the rubric to make sure they have all the elements needed.

Day 15

Read story and celebrate a completed story!

Hand Outs

Six Basic Motif

Your Basic Motif

Basic Motifs in *The Paper Bag Princess*

Prologue of *Dragon's Future*

Six Basic Fantasy Motifs

from Children's Literature Briefly by Tunnell and Jacobs

"If a story contains all six, it is either a classic fairy tale or an example of modern high fantasy.

However, if a story contains fantasy's one necessary ingredient, the motif of magic or the violation of our world's physical laws, it is still classified as fantasy literature."

1. Magic—Magic is often a part of the setting, explaining otherwise inexplicable events.
2. Other worlds—In much of fantasy, a special geography or universe is established, a place wherein magic may freely operate.
3. Good versus evil—This basic theme gives rise to the conflict in a story. . without conflict there is no story.
4. Heroism—The hero's quest will always follow an age-old pattern that is the backbone of today's fantasy stories.
5. Special Character Types—Fantasies may include characters who come from either our legendary past or an author's vivid imagination. These characters are rarely typical humans.
6. Fantastical objects—Characters in fantasy stories often employ magical props in accomplishing their heroic or evil deeds. These objects—such as magic cloaks, swords, staffs, cauldrons, mirrors—are imbued with power.

The Hero's Round

- The hero is called to adventure by some sort of herald.
- The hero crosses the threshold into the other world or into a place that is no longer safe and secure.
- The hero must survive various trials in the new environment.
- The hero is assisted by a protective figure. The hero matures,
- becoming "whole person." The hero returns home.

1. Magic: (What type of magic is going to be in your story?)
2. Other Worlds: (describe the world where your story will take place.)
3. Good versus Evil: (who is the good guy and who is the bad guy)
4. Special Character Types: (What characters are you going to include?)
5. Fantastical Objects: (Are you going to include any fantastical objects? If so, what?)
6. Heroism: (What parts of the Hero's round will you incorporate and how?)

Hero called to adventure

- a) Hero crosses the threshold to the other world
- b) Hero must survive various trials: (What trials? At least 3.)
- d) Hero is assisted by a protective figure:
- e) Hero matures, becoming a “whole person
- f) Hero returns home: (what happens when the hero returns home?)

What of the Basic Motifs Are in *The Paper Bag Princess* Fantasy Story?

1. Magic: (What type of magic is in the story?)
2. Other Worlds: (describe the world where the story took place)
3. Good versus Evil: (who is the good guy and who is the bad guy)
4. Special Character Types: (What characters are there?)
5. Fantastical Objects: (Are there any fantastical objects? If so, what?)
6. Heroism: (What parts of the Hero's round did the paper bag princess go through? Describe how it fits)

Hero called to adventure

Hero crosses the threshold to the other world

Hero must survive various trials: (What trials?)

Hero is assisted by a protective figure

Hero matures, becoming a “whole person:

Hero returns home:

Prologue Dragon's Future

IT WAS a special day, and Ruskya couldn't be late for the procession. He doubted that he would be chosen, but one never knew with dragons. The hatchlings were in their second winter. At their coming-of-age, all the younglings of Woolpren village who had seen ten winters would parade before them. It was up to the dragons to decide if any of the children were worthy enough to become riders. Ruskya smiled at the thought. Every child of Woolpren dreamed of becoming a dragon rider, but in reality, only a select few were picked. No one from his family had ever been chosen.

He turned to survey himself in the mirror of his lofted bedroom. What he saw in the dim light shining through the lone high window was not impressive. He was short for his ten winters, and skinny. Many people said he would blow away like a tumbleweed in the summer wind; yet he had managed somehow to survive for ten winters. His sister, Dusky, was the opposite: tall, dark, and slender—just like Ma. She wasn't skin and bones like him. How they could be twins still mystified him.

"Are you going to stand there and admire yourself all day, or are we going to go see the hatchlings?" Dusky demanded. "I know we don't have a chance of being picked, but we can at least say that we saw them," she added in a softer tone.

She too dreamed of becoming a dragon rider, but knew it was beyond them. Although the dragons were the ones who selected the riders, it often appeared they only picked the children of rulers or the wealthy. It was said that they chose them because of their elegant gowns. With this in mind, the twin's mother Meredyth had carefully gathered wool for the past ten summers. She had cleaned it, spun it, and then woven it into cloth and sewn the tunics for her offspring to wear for their one opportunity of becoming dragon riders. Dusky took one last look at herself and her brother in the mirror and then turned.

"Let's go make Ma proud of us," she stated and climbed down the ladder. Ruskya followed behind her.

Meredyth was waiting for them as they descended, her face etched with concern; yet, a hint of expectation glinted from her pale blue eyes. She wiped a stray wisp of gray hair from her face. "Ruskya, you've dillydallied too long. You'll be late if you don't run. Go!" She urged them out the door and down the lane of the canyon to the procession grounds.

Their steps made soft thudding noises as they ran, the ground hard-packed from many seasons of feet passing along that way. The ice of winter had not yet frozen it, but the nip in the air said it wouldn't be far off. The twins ran down the open canyon pathway, passing without seeing the familiar doors and windows that towered up the canyon face on either side of them. All the doors were shut and no lights shone from the windows, for everyone was at the procession grounds. Even those who had no children of age were there to see which younglings would be chosen. There were five dragons who were of age and

would be in the procession this winter. With that many dragons available, the children were hopeful, though, they all knew that the dragons did not have to pick a youngling each year. There were two dragons that had seen as many winters as Ruskya and Duskyia who had not yet selected any rider. They had been part of the procession for the last eight winters and while many believed they would never choose riders, others thought that they were waiting for just the right younglings.

The twins soon found themselves at the procession grounds. The crowd was not as thick as one would expect, for many people were looking down from their windows or rooftops, two to four stories above the canyon floor, to get a better view. Yet because the canyon bottled down before opening into a bowl at the procession grounds, there was still a press of people to move through. Duskyia took the lead and started to push her way closer to the front where they could see. As she pushed past one adult, he grabbed her by the shoulder and turned her around.

"Look here," he started to scold and then stopped. "Duskyia and Ruskya!" he exclaimed. "Why are you not up there yet? Come with me. There are two dragons that have not decided on a youngling and will not go away. It is as if they are waiting for some more younglings to materialize. The rider is trying to tell them that there are no more choices. He will be surprised to see you two."

The man started to clear the way to the front with shouts of "clear the way, prospective dragon riders coming through." Duskyia could tell that her brother wanted to hide and run. He hated this type of attention, but she basked in it. Neither of the two really thought for a moment that anything would happen when they reached the front, but Duskyia felt proud and important. At least for a little while, she could let the dream be real. With the man's help, they were soon up front. There he stopped and pushed the younglings forward. They had to walk the rest of the way on their own.

The twins both halted for a heartbeat while they realized the enormity of the moment. Before them was a line of younglings, all who had seen ten winters, and in front of them, where the ground sloped into a bowl out of the twin's view, were the hatchlings. Suddenly, Ruskya heard a male voice call to him.

"Ruskya, come. I have been waiting for you. Please, come forward."

Ruskya looked around and couldn't see who was talking, but the voice was a calm comfort that seemed to give him the courage to take Duskyia's hand and move forward to the line of younglings.

"Ruskya, thank you. You cannot imagine how long it has seemed as my sister and I have waited for you and your sister."

"You have a sister, too?"

"I do, and soon you will meet her, but first you must come join the other younglings."

As the voice spoke, Ruskya and Dusky arrived at the line. Ruskya looked around but still couldn't seem to see who was talking to him. Then he looked forward and caught sight of the dragons. His breath caught in his throat, and his heart seemed to skip a beat.

Standing before him were three dragons. One seemed enormous—a royal blue dragon with a solemn rider sitting atop him, surveying the scene. The other two were large but not as big, and blue, but of a lighter shade than the older and larger dragon. One was a pastel shade with streaks that looked like ice showing through. The other was the color of the sky with silver strokes spreading throughout its body. The two small dragons stepped forward. Just as Ruskya was about to step back, the voice called to him again.

"Ruskya, don't be afraid. I want to meet you. Please, come forward."

Ruskya paused, still looking around dazedly, and wondering where the voice was coming from, yet willing to go meet this person who could inspire courage in him. He took Dusky's hand and stepped forward.

* * *

The dragon rider surveyed the scene from the top of his perch on his dragon, the sunlight highlighting his sandy-blond hair. He had tried to talk sense into the two young dragons, but they had been insistent that there were more younglings to come. Then suddenly, two younglings appeared. They both wore the black wool of the procession, but each had a different shade of blue trim on their tunics. The boy wore a pastel color that matched the dragon Wyeth. The girl wore trim the color of the sky that was identical to the color of Wyeth's sister, Wryn. He marveled that a mother would have chosen those colors for her children.

As he considered these things, he noticed the boy take the girl's hand and step forward. The surprised look on the girl's face caused the rider to look closer. What was happening here? Often after being chosen, a youngling would gain courage that wasn't ordinarily there. Yet, this youngling had not been selected yet. Could that be what was going on now? Had Wyeth and Wryn known about these two younglings somehow? One never really knew with dragons, especially these two. He watched as the boy walked confidently up to Wyeth, paused, and then gave Wyeth's leg a hug. The girl had let go of her brother's hand and proceeded to give Wryn's leg a hug.

"Well, Wyden," the rider addressed his own dragon. "It looks like we've found our newest riders."

"I sense something different about them," Wyden responded.

Glendyn nodded as he urged his dragon forward and then called out to the people around, "Behold, the dragons have chosen. Blessed be those who were selected, and blessed be the village of their birth."

The crowd gave the traditional response, "Blessed be the dragons and those who have been chosen," and then slowly dispersed back to their abodes.

* * *

Ruskya was oblivious to the others around him. He was simply basking in the sound of the dragon's voice. He had just learned the creature's name when a hand was placed on his shoulder. Ruskya looked up into the dragon rider's face. Dark blue eyes gazed down at him from a severe fair-skinned face, examining him and weighing his worth. Ruskya at first felt shy and unworthy, and then he heard Wyeth give him encouragement. He was sure that the rider also heard the dragon's words, but the rider didn't respond. He continued to look at Ruskya, taking in his skinny form and short stature. Ruskya again sensed that he wasn't worthy to be a rider, when a warm breath of air touched the nape of his neck, and he smelled rosemary and pine needles. He had smelled it many winters ago when his da was still around and he would sit on his lap. A part of him wondered who his da was—Ruskya didn't even know his name, but the smell was enough to make him feel safe and secure. Ruskya straightened his back and took a step toward the dragon rider. He bowed to the man and then straightened, not waiting for the traditional response. He knew he was on equal footing with this rider, even though he was a youngling. The man's face broke into a large, friendly smile relieving the severity that had been there before. He bowed in return and turned to Dusky.

Dusky came forward and immediately bowed to the rider. She, too, did not wait for him to bow before standing back up. She stared at him, taking in his gaze and seeming to give it right back. Ruskya was amazed at the forwardness of his sister. She always had been the courageous one, but this almost seemed rude. The rider, however, didn't seem to mind. He allowed Dusky to weigh him. She sensed him reach out with some unnamed senses toward her. It was as if he was trying to see if she measured up. When both the young and old rider had finished weighing each other and seemed to find what they sought, the older one stepped back.

"May I introduce myself?" the rider queried. Upon receiving nods from both of the twins he continued. "My name is Glendyn. This is my dragon, Wyden."

The two looked up at the royal blue dragon. He seemed enormous to them, especially compared to Wyeth and Wryn. Ruskya heard Dusky greet the dragon. If he hadn't been looking directly at her, he would have sworn she had talked, but her lips did not move. He gazed at her in amazement, until he heard Wyeth call to him.

"Do not be surprised, or show your astonishment. You, too, can talk with me without using your voice. Try greeting Wyden. He is waiting for you. If you wait much longer, he may consider you just an ordinary youngling."

Ruskya looked back at Wyeth, and upon receiving a slight nod from the dragon, he returned his gaze to Wyden and bowed. While he bowed he thought, "Greetings, honored dragon. May your flight be blessed."

Wyden seemed pleased as he answered, "And you, respected rider. May your dragon bring you fortune."

Ruskya stood up straight and looked at Wyden's eyes. They seemed to sparkle. He also noticed they were the same color blue as Glendyn's. Ruskya then remembered that the rider was still standing waiting for his attention. He turned around, coloring slightly.

"Honored rider, may your dragon bring you fortune," Ruskya said with a slight bow. He saw the shock that quickly passed across Glendyn's face before he could conceal it, and heard the chuckle of approval from Wyeth. He stood up taller.

"Well, I see you have been trained well, young one. Whom do I have the privilege of meeting?"

Duskya stepped forward, "Honored rider, I am Duskya, and this is my brother, Ruskya."

After a slight pause during which he seemed to look more closely at them, Glendyn answered, "I am honored to meet such younglings. Will you please take me to your parents so that I can receive their consent?"

Duskya did not miss a beat before she answered, "Our father is no longer with us; it is just our mother, but come, I will take you to her."

Ruskya called to Wyeth, "Will that be okay with you, Wyeth? I don't want to leave you here alone."

"Go on, young one," Wyeth assured him. "I will be fine. Greet your mother for me; assure her I will take care of you."

Ruskya smiled and turned to Duskya who also had paused before moving on. He nodded to her, and they moved out with Glendyn following.

* * *

Glendyn noticed the icy blue sparkles that lingered on the boy. He still couldn't believe that Wyeth had sprayed the boy with a small amount of dragon courage. Glendyn knew this was what had given the boy the nerve to step forward, but he still wondered about these two. Their names were familiar, and they knew the proper greeting of a dragon rider. Beyond that, their mother had known what colors to add to their processional tunics.

As they tread down the well-worn trail, Glendyn thought back to his own trip home to get his mother's approval. He remembered the excitement and trepidation that accompanied it. He pondered the twins' confidence and wondered what else was going on with these two young dragon riders. He again considered their names, but cast it

aside as coincidence, although it would possibly explain how their mother knew what colors to use.

Before he knew it, they had stopped in front of a doorway. Glendyn looked around with shock and wonder. It had been a very long time since he had been here; Ardyn had been gone for seven winters. There was no reason for the family to still live here; yet doubt played through his mind, and he felt a nagging sense that fate was playing with him. He tried to ignore these feelings, and to convince himself that it had to be someone else's home.

The girl pushed open the door and entered the small dwelling. She and the boy rushed to their mother and started to tell their tale. Glendyn distracted himself with the simple surroundings and avoided looking at the mother, not wanting to believe that Ardyn's twins were the riders that Wyeth and Wryn had chosen. He saw a typical canyon home with dining and cooking areas close to each other and a large hearth with a fire blazing on it, a living area farther back, and a bedroom off to one side. A ladder at the back of the abode led up to a loft. Finally, he heard the voice he had not heard in seven winters give commands to the children.

"All right, go upstairs and gather your things into two piles on the bed. You don't need to worry about tunics or trousers, but underthings, and anything that you want to remind you of home. I will go through it all and put it into a rucksack for you. Now, go on."

She patted them both on the head and pushed them toward the ladder. Then she turned and pulled the iron that held the kettle out of the fire. With practiced ease, she reached up into the familiar nook and withdrew a mug and a small tin, from which she gathered some tea leaves and dropped them into the mug. Motioning for Glendyn to sit down at the table, she poured water into the mug and set it in front of him along with a crock of sugar, then sat down herself at the other side of the small table.

They both sat in silence for a few minutes, listening to the twins chattering upstairs. The smell of the tea transported Glendyn to a time he had thought lost forever. He marveled at fate. How did the dragons know that Ardyn's younglings would be there today? How did they know to wait? How did Ardyn's widow know which colors to add to the trim of the tunics? Glendyn shook his head. There was no way of knowing. He looked up into her pale blue eyes and saw the pain that had been hidden along with the hope.

"Meredyth," Glendyn spoke in a whisper, emotion choking his voice, "I will fully understand if you decline the honor—" he began, but Meredyth cut him short.

"No, Glendyn," she whispered, "I accept with joy the honor of dragon riders in my family. Even though my husband cannot join in the joy, it was his hope that both of the twins would be chosen as riders."

Glendyn nodded. He knew of Ardyn's wild dreams, but it seemed as if those dreams were coming true before his eyes. If only Ardyn could be here to see it. Glendyn blinked the moisture from his eyes and looked at Meredyth.

"I will take responsibility for them as if they were my own," he pledged. At Meredyth's look of surprise, he added, "I vow it. Upon Wyden, my dragon, I will do all in my power to train your children to be the best dragon riders they can be. They will bring honor to the memory of their father."

Meredyth reached for Glendyn's hand and squeezed it, unable to say anything through the tears streaming down her cheeks. She nodded at him, then released his hand and stood. Wiping her cheeks with her apron, she headed up the ladder to sort her younglings' belongings.

Glendyn sat and stared into the fire. "Wyden," he called to his dragon, "I don't know if it was a good thing or not, but I just swore to protect these two."

"It was a good thing," the dragon's gravelly voice came to him. "They are different than most younglings. They were already communicating between each other and their dragons."

"They were?" Glendyn said with surprise. "How did they do that?"

"I am not sure. The girl and Wryn had it figured out before the boy, but the boy caught on without any training. The girl spoke to me, and he heard and wondered. Wyeth explained that he could do so also. He greeted me in the traditional way. Who are they?"

"Their father has been gone a long time from among the riders. His name was Ardyn."

"Ardyn," Wyden seemed to mull the name through his mind. "That would explain a lot."

Glendyn didn't need to say anything else. He gazed into the fire until Meredyth returned with the twins. He stood, and she started to speak.

"Honored rider, I entrust you with the training and upbringing of my younglings," her soft familiar voice repeated the traditional greeting. "May they fly true and brave."

Glendyn admired her courage and replied, "Respected mother, I will endeavor to bring them up and to train them to be honored riders. May your home know peace and fulfillment from your sacrifice. I will keep my promise," he added, and received a warm smile of thanks from Meredyth, her pale gray eyes moist with unshed tears. He turned and added, "Come, younglings, you have a lot to learn. I hear you are already learning many things. I believe great things are in store for you both."

After the twins received a final hug from their mother, he led them from their home and into their new lives as dragon riders.

Write as many words starting with the same letter in the columns that you can in Spanish

Adverb	Verb	Noun	adjective

Now write a sentence with this format: Noun/name Adjective Verb Noun Adjective Adverb

ex: La pelota perezosa paseaba por el parque peligroso pacientemente.

This object

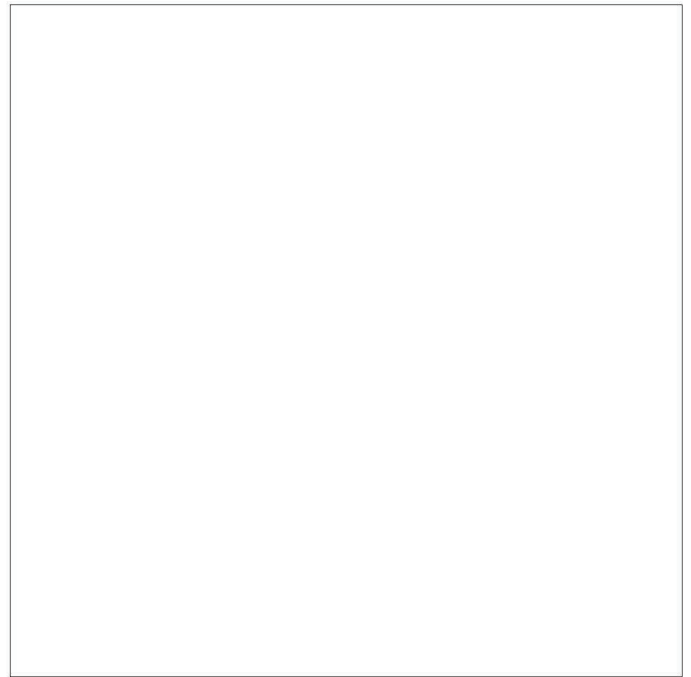
Is used for _____

It is used by _____

It does _____

What I like most about this object is

What I like least about this object is



Fantastical Object: _____

This object

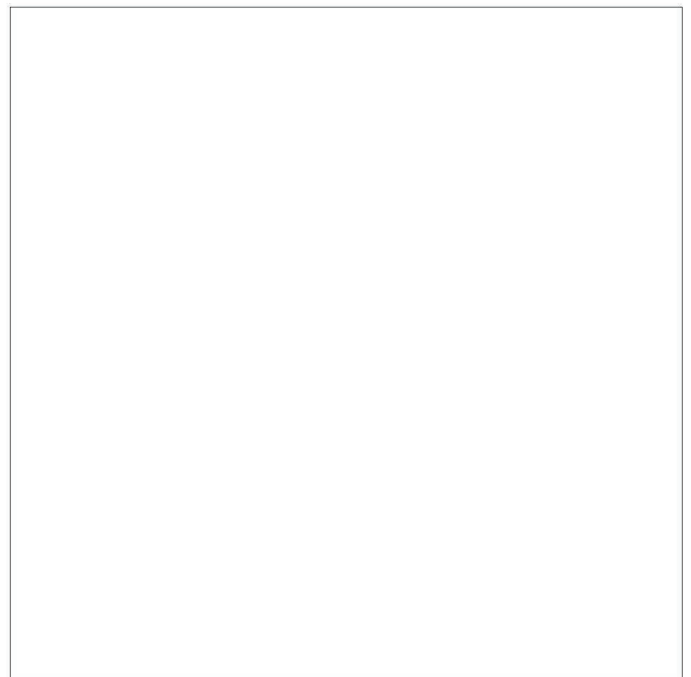
Is used for _____

It is used by _____

It does _____

What I like most about this object is

What I like least about this object is



Fantastical Object: _____

This character

Is (describe) _____

It is heled by _____

It does _____

What I like most about this character is

What I like least about this character is

Character Name: _____

This character

Is (describe) _____

It is helped by _____

It does _____

What I like most about this character is

What I like least about this character is

Character Name: _____

TRADING CARD CREATOR

by: Kandi

Ruskya of Woolpren

Fictional Person



1 Description

Source:

Dragon's Future by Kandi Wyatt

Appearance:

Short, wiry, blond hair, and icy blue eyes.

Personality:

He is usually timid, but can be forceful when his home or family are attacked. He's quiet and caring.

2 Insights

Thoughts:

"I will bring honor to my colony and to my family. My father will be proud of me. Dusky, a little help here!"

Feelings:

Fear, courage, and love

by: Kandi

3 Development

Problem:

The turquoise rider has come looking for Calamadan. Ruskya wants to avoid a war, and save the colony.

Goal:

He wants Carryl and Dusky to be happy. He wants Ardyn to be a dragon rider, too.

Outcome:

The colony finds a future. Ruskya learns about his family, and he gains new members into his immediate family.

4 Memorable Interactions

Quote:

I know if it was within my power to have my father back, I would want it.

Action:

He was willing to defeat the turquoise dragon without killing him.

Interactions:

He is easy-going and understanding. He and Kyn really work well together. He couldn't function fully without Dusky.

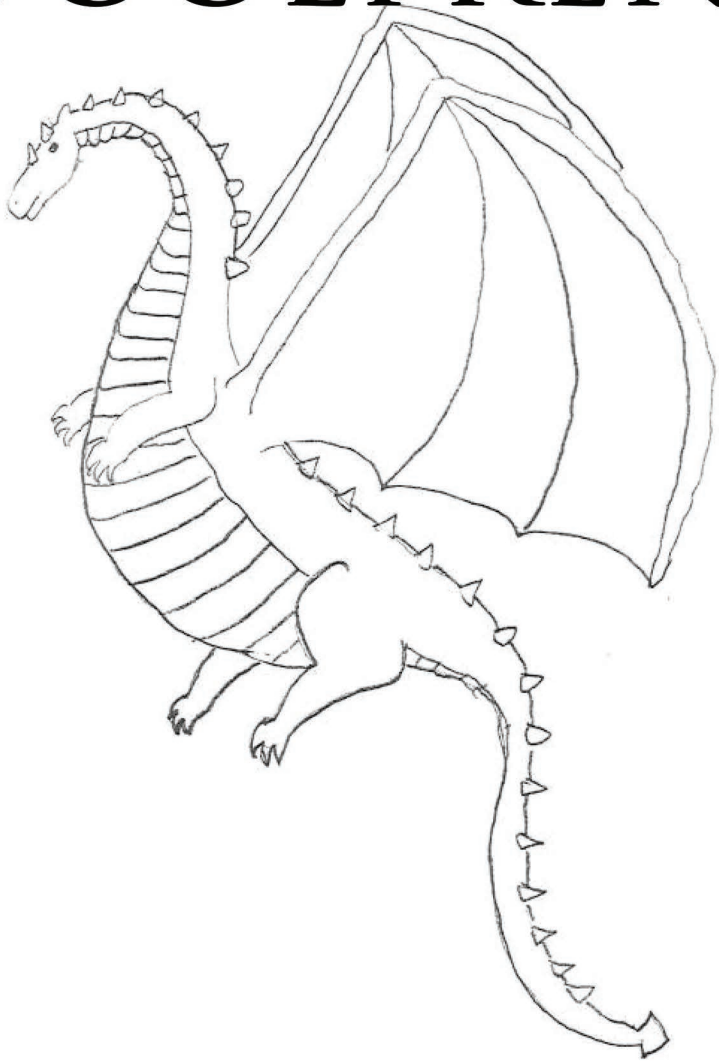
5 Personal Connection

Personal Connection:

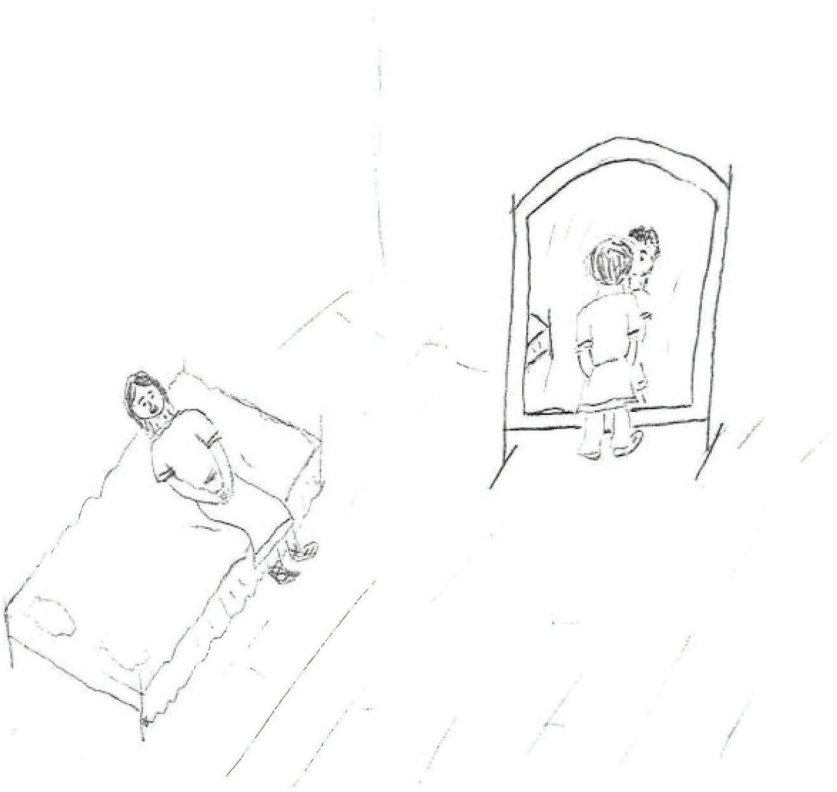
Ruskya is one of my favorite characters. He reminds me of who my dad has become. He's kind and understanding. Ruskya also reminds me of me. I'm shy in front of large groups, but can be open and understanding one on one.

Cut out your trading card along the dotted line,
fold in half, and tape the sides together.

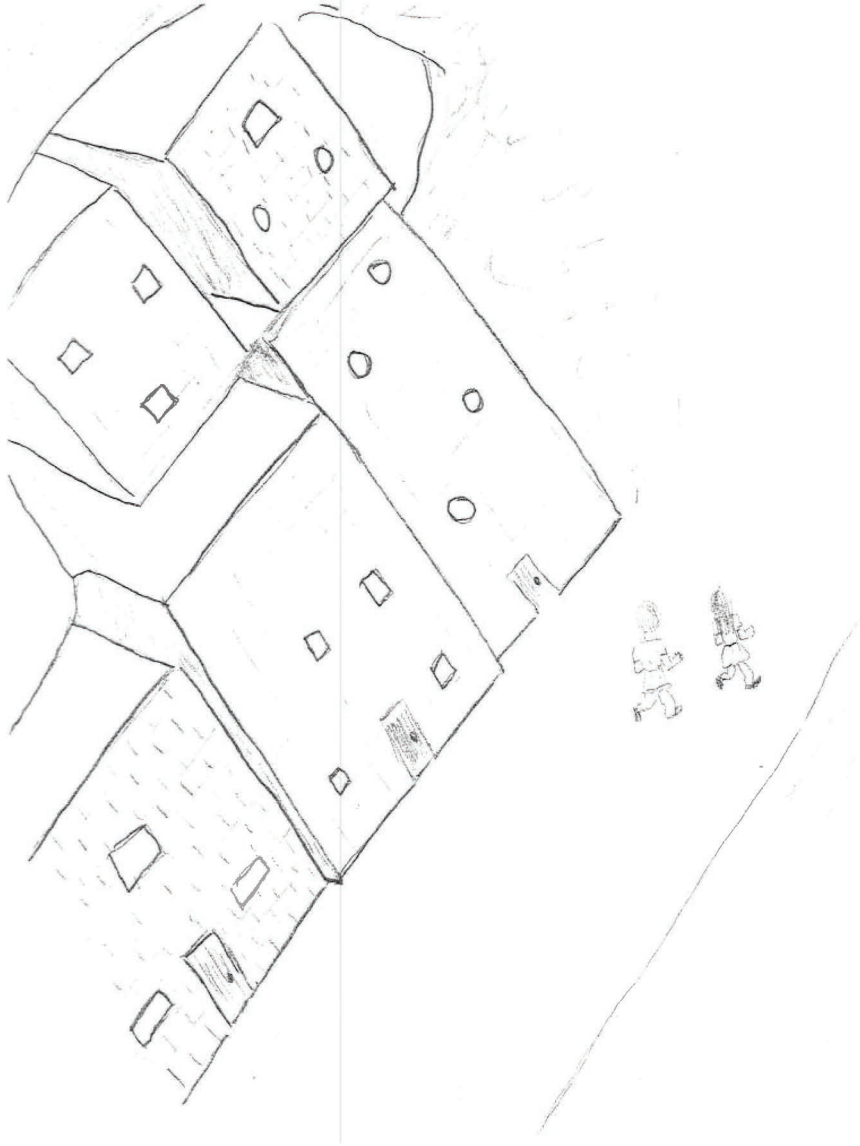
DRAGONS OF WOOLPREN



KANDI J WYATT



It was a special day. The hatchlings would choose their riders! The twins, Ruskyia and Duskyia, were ten years old--just right to be in the procession where the hatchlings would choose their riders.



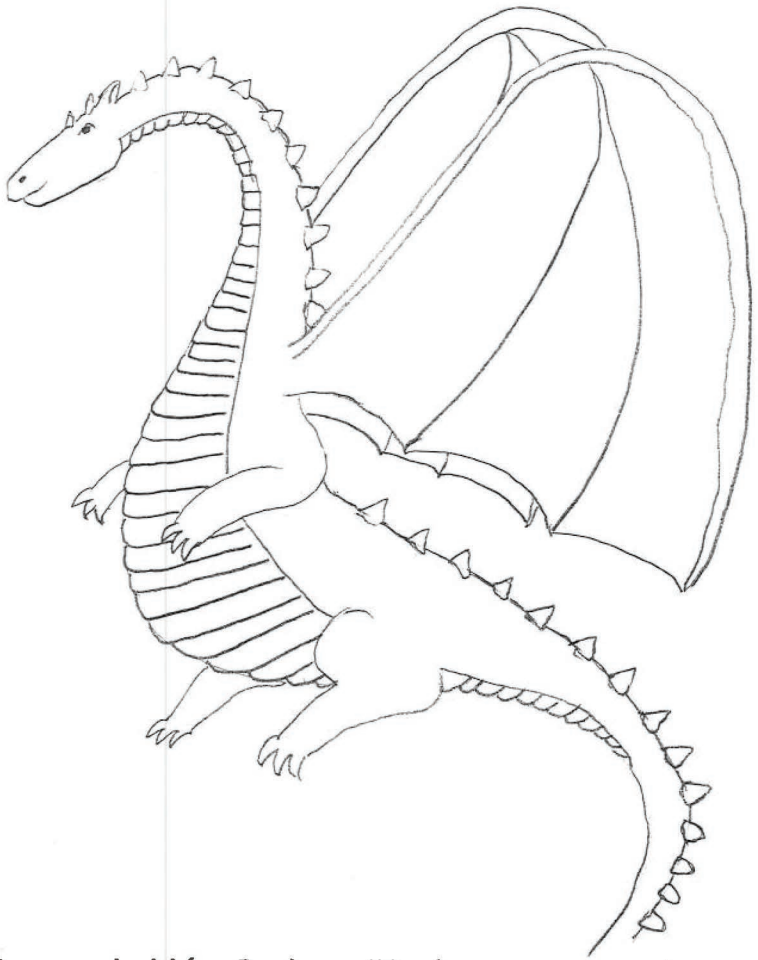
The twins were in a hurry. They needed to arrive on time. The hatchlings were waiting. There were five dragons who were going to choose a rider.



When they arrived at the procession grounds, there was a lot of people. Dusky began to push to get through.

A man exclaimed, "Hey! What are you doing?" Then he saw the twins. "Why aren't you with the other children? Make way," he shouted.

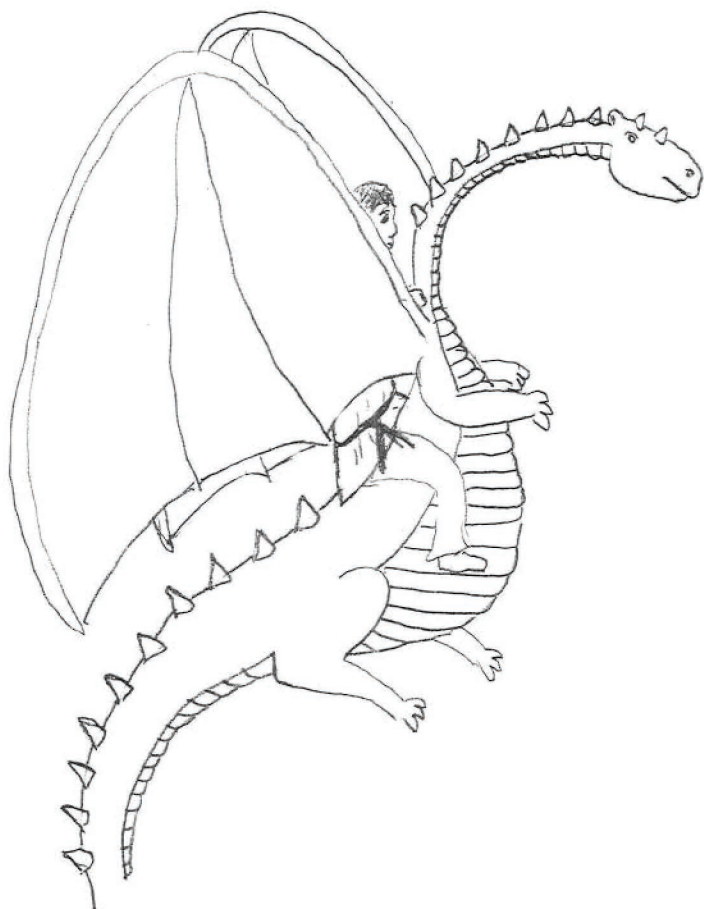
When they came to the front of the line, they stopped



A voice spoke to Rusky, “Rusky, come. I’ve been waiting for you. Please come forward.”

Without seeing anyone, Rusky took his sister’s hand and stepped forward. Finally he could see the hatchlings. The two stopped in fear.

But the voice spoke again, “Don’t be afraid Rusky. I want to know you. Please, come here.”

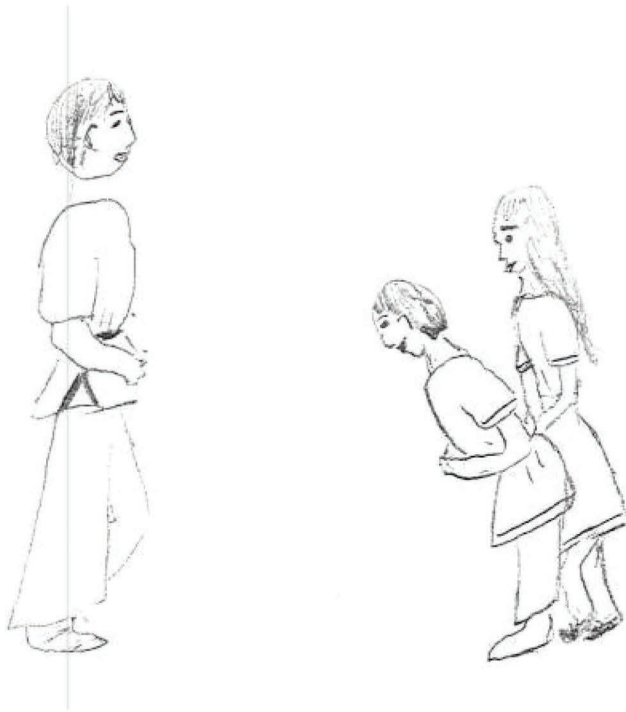


Glendyn wanted to leave the procession, but the hatchlings wouldn't let him. They said that there were more children.

Glendyn couldn't believe it when two children clothed in the same blue as the hatchlings stepped forward. The two children embraced the hatchlings.

Glendy called to the people who were waiting, "Behold, the dragons have chosen. Blessed be the chosen and their people."

Those standing replied, Blessed be the dragons and those who were chosen.



Glendyn walked up to the twins.
Ruskya bowed to the rider. Dusky
also bowed.

The rider said, "Let's go to your
house to gain permission from your
mother."

The twwins showed him to their
house.



When they arrived, they told their mother what had happened.

She told them, “Go upstairs and gather your things. When you’re done, I’ll come check them.

While they gathered their things, their mother made Glendyn tea. They spoke about the children.

”I’ll care for them as if they were my own children,” Glendyn told their mother. “I swear it by my dragon.”



The children entered with their things
,and Glendyn stood.

He said, “Respected mother, I will teach
them to be the best riders that they can
be.” To the twins he said, “Let’s go,
younglings. You have much to learn.
You’ve already learned much, but I
believe you have many great things to do.