

# FANTASY

I awoke to the bitter sun, piercing my eyes and setting aflame the ache in my head. Bleary eyed, I raised my hand to block out the sun's bitter rays, wiping away the fluid that clouded my vision. I had fallen from the horse, and lay amongst the brown leaves of the forest. As I sat up, I looked around, seeing Melia trees all around me. Sap ran in rivulets down the trunks, and in the distance I could see the horse, hungrily lapping at the sap.

“The sky-fallen nectar of the stars...” I muttered to myself.

I stood up, shedding my gear and walking towards one of the Melia trees. I reached out, dipping my finger into the sap and placing it in my mouth. The sap was thicker than honey, but twice as sweet, causing a slight tingling sensation on my tongue. I grabbed a handful of the nectar and began to lick it up hungrily, the sensation of the thick, sweet sap running down my throat overwhelming me with gluttonous joy.

In an almost trancelike state, I continued to feed myself for over an hour, thinking of nothing more than eating. In the sweet taste of the nectar, I lost all sense of urgency, as if by reaching this enchanted forest, I had earned my reward and completed my task.

My eyes lit up as more of the nectar poured from the tree bark, and I could feel the stickiness of the nectar running down my arms, gumming up my fingers with viscous fluid.

A slight rattling sound from behind me snapped me out of my ravenous feasting. I turned around, my hands heavy with sap. At once, I saw my satchel, my sword and other belongings zip up into the air, attached to a rope. I looked up in shock, to see a petite figure in a silk robe balancing upon a tree branch above, pulling the rope up with great speed.

“Hey!” I shouted, “Identify yourself!” I called out.

The figure sniggered, throwing my things on to her back and zipping along the tree branch with acute speed, before leaping to another branch and racing away. I drew my bow –which I’d fortunately elected to keep slung across my back– and pulled an arrow from the quiver, firing upon the creature. The arrow sailed through the air, embedding itself in a tree trunk as the creature sidestepped the shot and darted off through the forest.

I turned to the horse, whistling for him. He raced over quickly, and I mounted him.

“After her!” I said, pointing to the creature.

At once, the horse began to charge furiously after the creature whom hopped above us with lightning fast agility. I drew prepared another

arrow and fired it into the trees, watching as the creature dodged the missile with ease.

“Faster faster!” I barked, as if the horse understood my commands, “Catch her!”

The horse wove through the trees rapidly, ducking and diving through the trees as I lined up another shot. With the weight of all my belongings, I reasoned that the creature couldn't maintain such speed for long. I raised another arrow, taking my time to find a clear shot before loosing my bow. At once, the creature turned around to face my oncoming arrow.

With a whip of her hand, she caught the arrow in mid-flight, snapped it in her hand, giggled uproariously, before leaping away once more.

I squeezed my legs against the sides of the horse, pressing as much speed as I could from the horse. My heart sank, as I watched the creature leap through the trees, further and further out of sight, until eventually, she disappeared from my eye line entirely.

I slowed the horse, dismounting and standing in the forest once more. I looked around at the Melia trees and their rivulets of sap and cursed myself for my gluttony. Had I remained focussed, I'd still have my nets, sword and satchel, now they were in the hands of some strange bandit creature.

Q: Why did the character lose all sense of urgency?

A: He could think of nothing more than eating the nectar.

Q: 'The sky-fallen nectar of the stars' is an example of:

-Metaphor

-Simile

-Hyperbole

A: Metaphor

Q: What did the Melia trees look like?

A: They had rivulets of sap running down the trunks.