



**SNEAK
PEEK**

SAMPLE ONLY

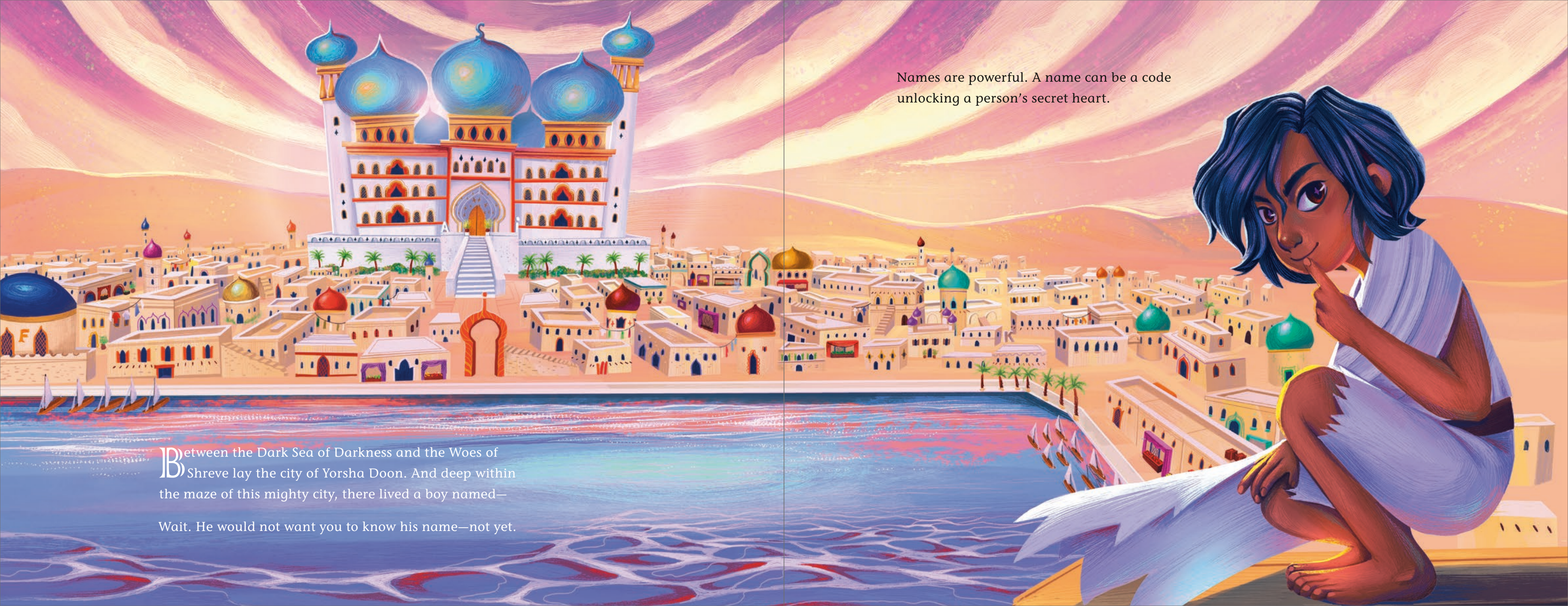
THE PRINCE OF YORSHA DOON

THE
WINGFEATHER
SAGA



• ✨ • written by **ANDREW PETERSON**

• ✨ • illustrated by **KRISTINA KISTER** • ✨ •



Names are powerful. A name can be a code
unlocking a person's secret heart.

Between the Dark Sea of Darkness and the Woes of
Shreve lay the city of Yorsha Doon. And deep within
the maze of this mighty city, there lived a boy named—

Wait. He would not want you to know his name—not yet.



Can you find the boy? Shhh—don't give away his hiding place.
Follow closely, and maybe you can discover his name too!

The boy had no friends.
He preferred it that way.
Alone was safe. Alone meant freedom.

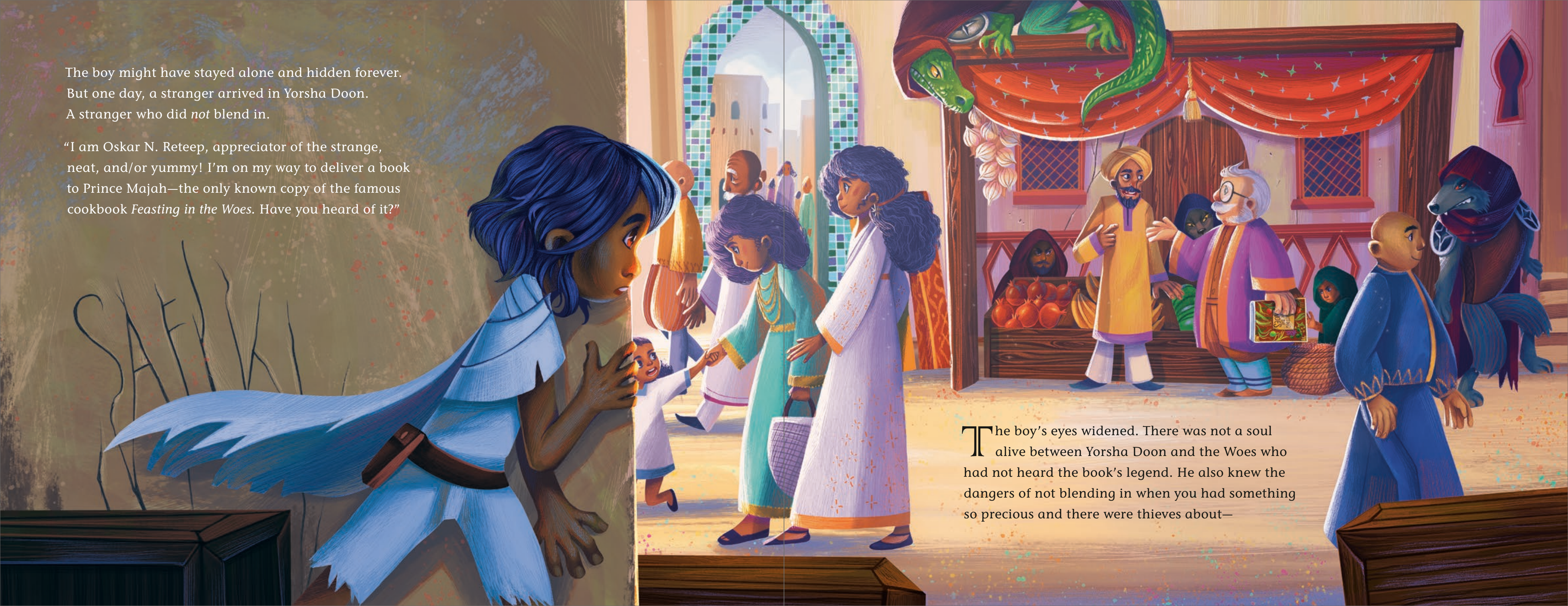
His home was here . . .
and there.

Nowhere . . .
and everywhere.

ALL of Yorsha Doon.

The boy might have stayed alone and hidden forever.
But one day, a stranger arrived in Yorsha Doon.
A stranger who did *not* blend in.

“I am Oskar N. Reteep, appreciator of the strange,
neat, and/or yummy! I’m on my way to deliver a book
to Prince Majah—the only known copy of the famous
cookbook *Feasting in the Woes*. Have you heard of it?”



The boy’s eyes widened. There was not a soul
alive between Yorsha Doon and the Woes who
had not heard the book’s legend. He also knew the
dangers of not blending in when you had something
so precious and there were thieves about—



Goodness
gravy!

Grab that
rare and
precious
BOOK!

Run!

Look! Is that
THE BOOK?

Hand over
that book!

It's THE BOOK!
Don't let them
get away!

—or worse: Fangs.



Finally they were safe. Oskar wheezed in relief.

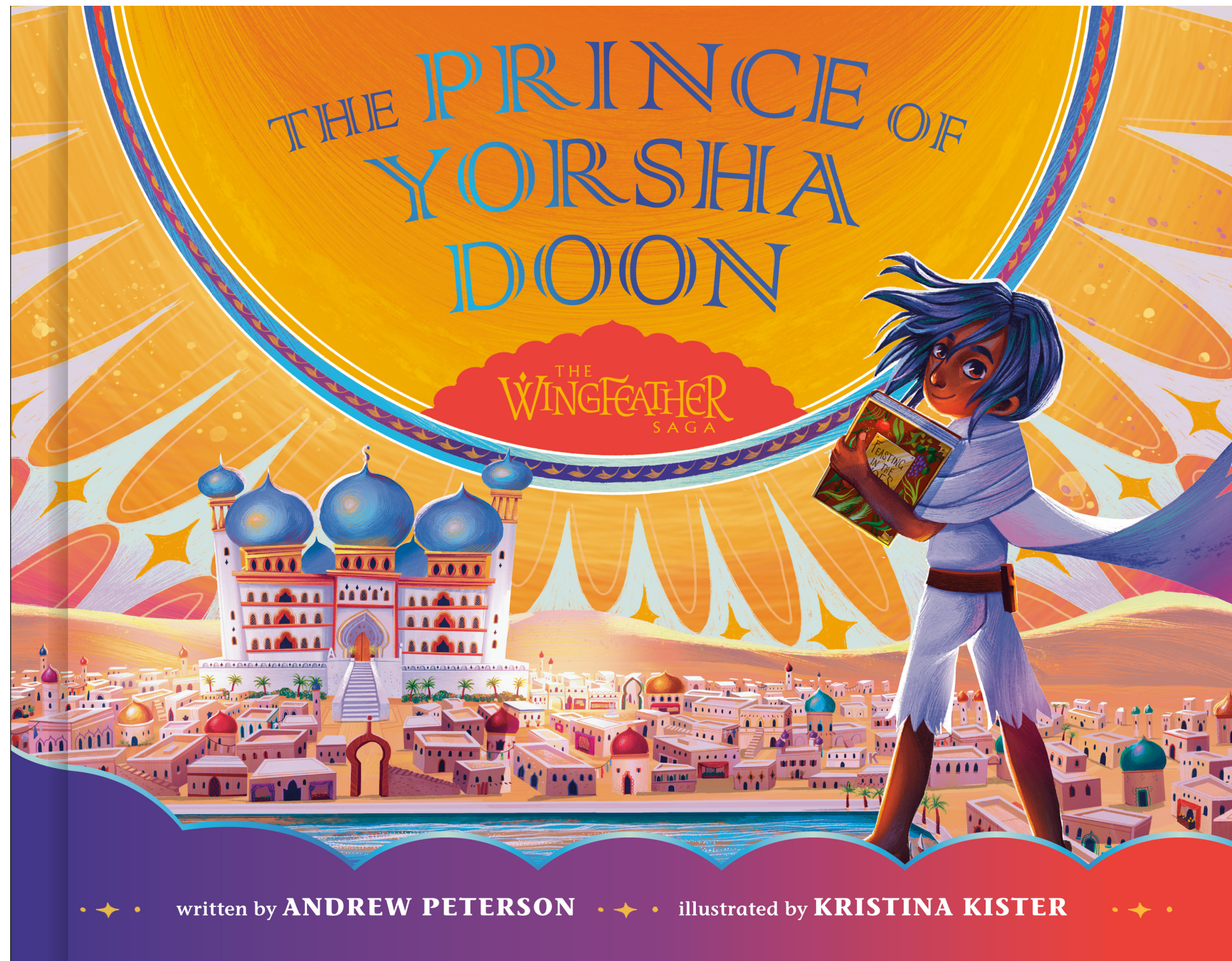
"You saved my life! What is your name, my friend?"

"I don't have friends," said the boy.

"Friends are as dangerous as that book!"



Oskar smiled gently. "A friend is one of the Maker's finest gifts."



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