

ANDREW PETERSON



PEMBRICK'S  
CREATUREPEDIA  
SKREEN EDITION

SNEAK  
PEEK

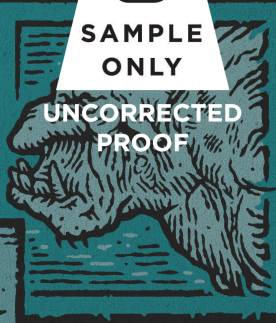


SAMPLE  
ONLY

UNCORRECTED  
PROOF



THE  
WINGFEATHER  
SAGA



THIS BOOK IS  
IN THE CARE OF

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PEMBRICK'S  
CREATUREPEDIA

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CREATUREPEDIA

SKREEAN EDITION

by Ollister B. Pembrick

Translated from the original  
by Andrew Peterson

Illustrated by O.B.P., with assistance from  
Aedan Peterson, master of sketchery



WATERBROOK

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PEMBRICK'S CREATUREPEDIA

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## Introduction

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Since the Second Epoch, the creatures of Aerwiar have grown more and more corrupt, more and more dangerous, and (I would argue) more and more beautiful. I believe all three are true, sometimes regarding the same wild beast! A case in point: the squeeblin. And not just any squeeblin, but the various species of squeeblins—from the fuzzy squeeblin of the lower Stony Mountains to the softish squeeblin of Plontst, to the verbose squeeblin of the Linnard Woodlands. Each type of this curious curiosity is wonderful to espy, whether it be yellow, speckled, or chartreuse (very rare!), glorying in the moon's rays! But let the espying soul beware! The serene squeeblish countenance belies its deadly flesh-hooks and its insolent heart. It is corrupt. It is dangerous. And yet, it is undeniably pulchritudinous of aspect! Such, alas, are many of the Maker's makings scattered across the lands of Aerwiar.

My uncle, a greengrocer of the Shining Isle (a man I shall refer to here as The Gobbled, or, more plainly, Uncle Bahb) met a grisly end one day on a vegetatony expedition

to the Woes of Shreve, where he happened upon a stand of fartichoke plants (delicious! aromatic!) and was beset most unfortunately by a nesting blazzrod. How long might The Gobbled have lived had he only known never to harvest fartichokes during the Fifthmoon a mere fortnight after a sandstorm! He would no doubt be a grocer still. As it is, he is merely grosser, if you will, as he decomposes in the bellies of the blazzrod hatchlings. The Gobbled's death demanded my dedication to the work that you now hold in your ungobbled hands.

How many lives might be saved by this humble submission to the bestiaries of the age, I cannot say. I can say, however, that no owner of this *Creaturepedia* can lay blame on anyone but himself if he should, in flippant disregard of the warnings herein, harvest fartichokes after a sandstorm at the wrong time of year. His last thoughts may be, *Alas! I should have hearkened to Ollister Babbert Pembrick!*

And so, reader, should you.

Hearken, that is.

To me.

I have traveled extensively these many years, at great personal cost—for certain of my own parts have been gobbled. Such is the price of exploration, of discovery, of cataloguing the creepers and crawlers and squatters and chewers and gnawers and hachers and lickers and gazers and sneakers and squeakers and lopers and leapers and lie-in-waiters and human-haters and spitters and flappers and lurkers and leakers and sneakers (Yes! “Sneakers” again, for they abound!) and grinders and finders and draggers and blinders and clenchers and binders and winders (of tail) and wrenchers (of innards) and munchers and gridders and flexers and scrapers, and did I mention sneakers?

Count yourself fortunate to have happened upon this volume. Count yourself fortunate that you did not happen upon the remains of Uncle Bahb that day in the Woes of Shreve. Count yourself membered and not dismembered, remembered and not regurgitated. With this *Creaturepedia* close at hand, you may walk the world of Aerwiar calm and/or composed, rather than embalmed and/or decomposing. Have a nice day.

—Ollister Babbert Pembrick, esq., the partly maimed,  
master of disguisery, president of the Occasional  
Greengrocers' Alliance of Pennybridge, Isle of Anniera



## Things the Reader Should Know as He or She Peruses This Tome

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**T**here are a few things the reader should know as he or she peruses this tome.

First, the entries in this book are arranged in alphabetical order, rather than in order of evil or appetite-for-human. Do not, therefore, assume that just because the bumpy digtoad appears early in the book that it is necessarily less wicked than the squeeblin, which comes later. (Although, in this case, the digtoad happens to be much less evil than a squeeblin.)

In an earlier edition of this volume, there was a distinct change in artistic style from time to time. As you will soon learn, this was due to the woeful fact that my right hand was gobbled during my expedition and I was forced to relearn sketchery with my left. My commitment to you, reader, is such that I could not allow my lack of dominant hand to dominate the excellence of the finished work, so I have spent the intervening years honing (tirelessly!) my skills that I might once more have dominion of hand.

Lastly, this book is by no means an exhaustive compi-

lation of the many wondrous creatures of Aerwiar. I focused primarily on the most dangerous beasts, though there are some benevolent ones described in these pages as well (thank the Maker!). My first expedition was to document only the animals of Skree. If enough copies of this book are sold (and enough lives ungnobbed!), then I will travel first to the Jungles of Plontst to document the trollish lands, and then I shall walk the width and breadth of Dang—from the Green Hollows to the Woes of Shreve to the Killridge Mountains—that I might fill further *Creaturepedias*, and that you might not be munched.

O.B.P.

## ARMADILLER (Skreean)

*CLASSIFICATION:* loper/lurker

I happened upon the Skreean armadiller whilst bellying my way through a pile of leafmud on the twentieth day of First-moon. I remember that it was coldish outside, but not too cold to keep me in my warmish sleepingsack, when I heard a shuffling, gruffling noise outside my tent. By the time I had skivvied and emerged from the shelter, the shuffling gruffler was gone, but I followed a faint disturbance of earth for a short distance, bellied gently (so gently!) through a depression of leafmud (heedless of its possible infestation of geefs) and beheld the male armadiller gruffling (and shuffling) through the woods.

*WEAKNESS:* The Skreean armadiller's main weakness is chocolate. If none of that is at hand (as it wasn't that night when I went leafmud bellying), its secondary weakness is belching sounds. I'm not certain, since I've never beheld a female with my own eyes, but I suspect a hearty belch reminds the armadiller of its mother, or perhaps sets it in mind to seek out a mate. It turned on me shortly after I spotted it. I belched (a necessary skill in the wildlands of Skree) and it struck a contemplative pose that was meant, I believe, to appeal to any onlooking female armadillers. I took the opportunity to flee.

*TASTE:* Like henmeat.

*DEMEANOR:* Casual. Fetching.



Skreean Armadiller

## BOMNUBBLE (Skreean)

**CLASSIFICATION:** grinder/grabber/clencher/lie-in-waiter/gnawer

Behold the furry paunch. Behold the sloping shoulders, the hidden eyes (mysterious!), the underbite (correctable!), the long and pointy teeth. Behold the bomnubble. On the shoulders of the Mountains of Stone (the Stony Mountains), I climbed, my only disguise a coat of gray paint with flecks of white and off-white. I braved the Stonies in search of *the very thing I found*. The bomnubble huffs and wheezes as it walks. It kills its prey and drags its prize to a den (which is typically below the snowline of the mountain), where the beast grinds and gnaws what it has clenched and grabbed. I saw it done, camouflaged as I was, from *within* the very den, where I stood against the wall. Only when the bomnubble was fast asleep on a pile of bones did I retrieve my sketchbook from my pouch (leather!) and scribble the thing's likeness.

**WEAKNESS:** None. Unless you count its appetite, which was my salvation that day in the den, for it woke from its restless slumber, sniffed the air, and set out for more munchables, which allowed me time to make my escape. Also, its eyesight is below average.

**TASTE:** Unknown.

**DEMEANOR:** Uncaring. Aloof. Gobblesome.



Skreean Bomnubble

## BOMNUBBLE (Symian)

*CLASSIFICATION:* flexer/muncher/scrapper

The Symian bomnubble had no business either flexing, munching, or scraping in North Glipwood Forest. Aghast, I ducked behind a fallen oak and peered at the misplaced bomnubble as it hurried past. Many have questioned my eyesight (and my sanity!) because a Symian bomnubble has never before (or since!) been spied on the continent of Skree. I hunch that the beast escaped from a Symian trading ship or (worse!) was loosed here. Maker knows what devious design caused the Symian pirates to capture the beast alive in the first place. There is always a chance, I suppose, that it stowed away (as I have, I confess!) in order to make the voyage without paying for it. Where the beast lopes now, I cannot say. But it was there, on Uncle Bahb's grave, do I swear it. Take heed.

*WEAKNESS:* Napping. Sunshine. Sailing, evidently.

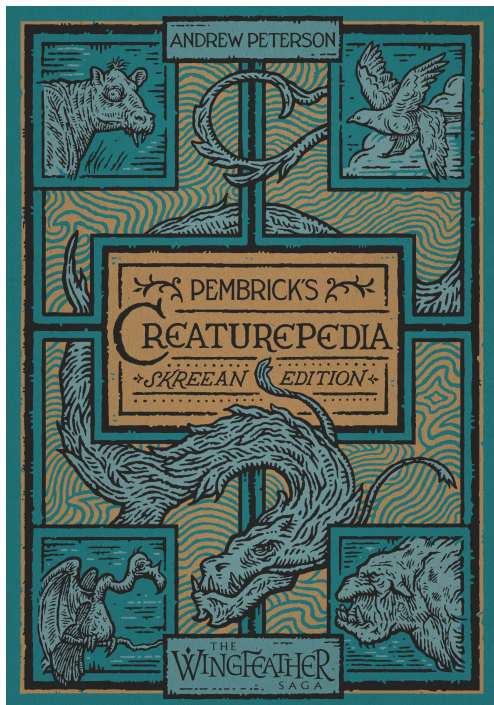
*TASTE:* Unknown, except among the Pirates of Symia. I asked them (warily!), but they wouldn't say.

*DEMEANOR:* Hurried. Distracted. Devious.



Symian Bomnubble





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