

# TALES *from* EDRA

*The*  
Wendigo  
*and the*  
Shimmering  
Mouth

SCRIBED BY  
LOQUACIOUS MCCARBRE

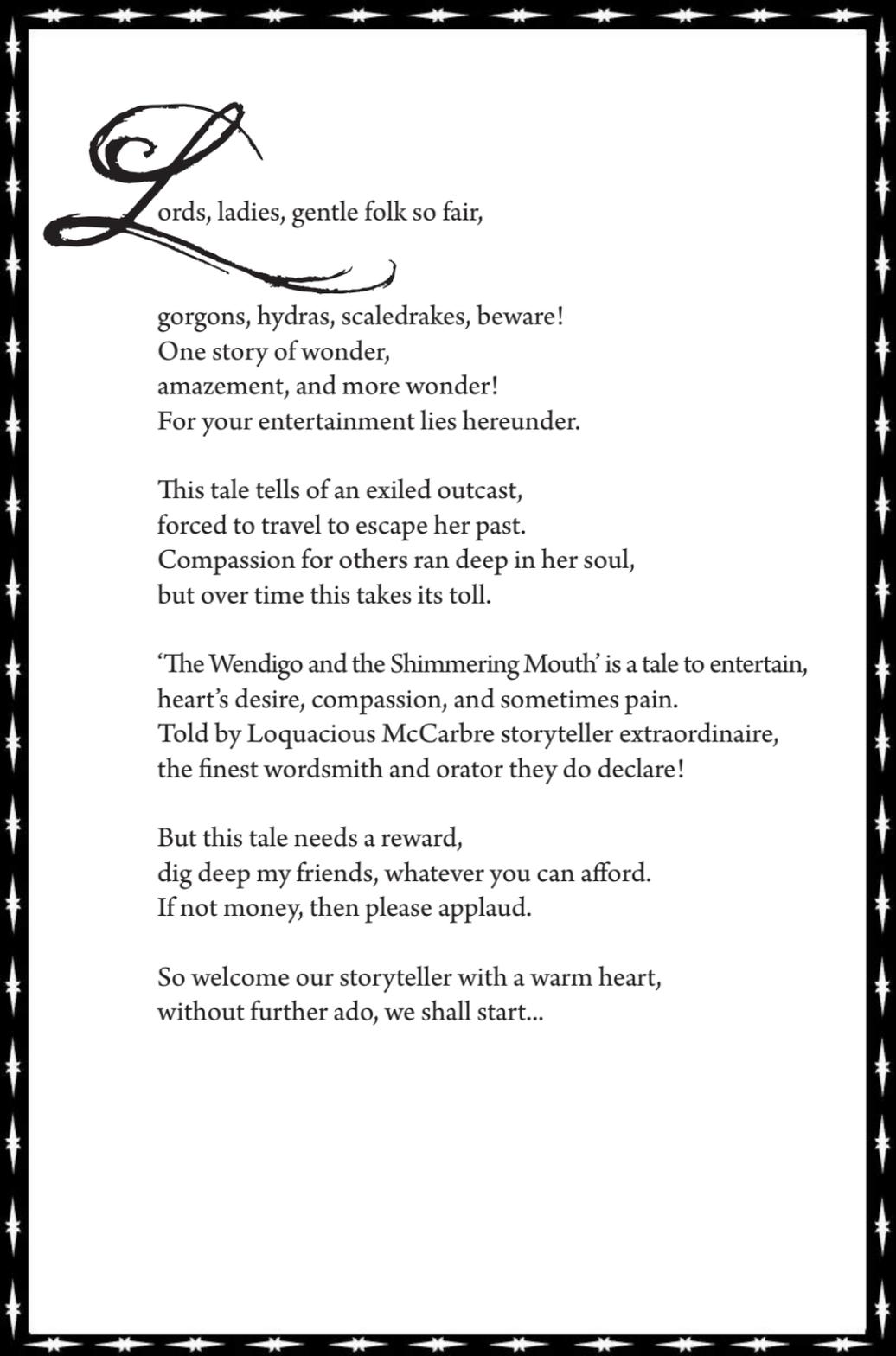
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**L**ords, ladies, gentle folk so fair,

gorgons, hydras, scaledrakes, beware!  
One story of wonder,  
amazement, and more wonder!  
For your entertainment lies hereunder.

This tale tells of an exiled outcast,  
forced to travel to escape her past.  
Compassion for others ran deep in her soul,  
but over time this takes its toll.

‘The Wendigo and the Shimmering Mouth’ is a tale to entertain,  
heart’s desire, compassion, and sometimes pain.  
Told by Loquacious McCarbre storyteller extraordinaire,  
the finest wordsmith and orator they do declare!

But this tale needs a reward,  
dig deep my friends, whatever you can afford.  
If not money, then please applaud.

So welcome our storyteller with a warm heart,  
without further ado, we shall start...

The  
Wendigo  
and the  
Shimmering  
Mouth



Have I a marvellously horrifying tale for you! No amount of ale and cider will dampen your mind enough to escape the terror of this tale. For I, Loquacious McCarbre, the greatest living – and some say dead – storyteller known in the Realm of Edra and beyond, have managed to procure an ancient manuscript detailing a daring explorer's journeys across this perilous and deadly land.

From the Lost Marshes to the mountains of Skytop, the Sea of Despair to Banshees' Forest, Estrild Blount, the not-so-famous explorer but infamous Myth-Mage, traversed from place to place, village to village, city to city, over dell, bog, field and hill; she walked and walked, exploring all facets of this wondrous realm, discovering all sorts of oddities and strangeness, particularities and weirdness.

What I have here is a journal from the great woman herself! How I came by this masterpiece of literature is something only my maker, bless you Urcy on high, and Stumps, my faithful apprentice, will ever know. But, I can vouch for its impeccable validity and authenticity!

Behold as I read Estrild's entries regarding this said horrifying tale. A word of warning I must give: I cannot be held responsible for the recipients of this tale's health. Those wishing to cease in this storytelling extravaganza may do so now.

For those left, behold!

### **Collos 27th Aprilis Kraken 5743.**

My dearest Thea and Drake,

A rather peculiar rumour has brought me to the outer reaches of the tribal country of Scragmos, near the Dark Woods. The tribes people are besides themselves with fear: they say a foul shadow creature is stalking them as they travel the main road to the nearest cities. Curiously, they cannot agree on what this beast looks like, for those who have survived only tell of a feeling, a sense of foreboding that something eerie is behind them or watching from the bush, but when they turn to look, their stare is met

with emptiness. Some have been so tormented that they've fired countless arrows blindly into the woods or charged wildly with sword aloft only to be met with silence and calm when their shots and cries cease. At night, if they set up camp, they feel its presence, hovering outside the circle of the campfire, only to retreat into the forest mist at dawn's first light.

If the travellers still have enough nerve, they will trudge onwards to their destination, hearing faint words like a breeze. Some say its torments are no more than gentle sighing whispers; undistinguished sounds seeping into their souls. Others say it's a friendly voice, there to comfort and guide them, and are astonished to find themselves striking up an unusual conversation.

The tribes people grew to live with this sense of dread as they travelled: indeed, they began to call upon the services of mercenaries from the Whispering Hills for protection. But of late, more and more claim the beast is stalking one particular tribal settlement: they sense its presence on an almost daily basis and are fearful to sleep in case the beast should strike. I was sent for (my reputation obviously precedes me), though I fear it is now because of my expulsion from the Guild rather than my growing fame as an explorer.

My sweet children, I know you may never read this due to our predicament, but I feel compelled to set my travels to paper. One day, somehow, my journal may find its way into your hands, and if it does, you will be old enough to learn the bitter truth that has plagued our family and robbed us of our life together. I do not expect you to forgive me, not at first, as I imagine the well of anger and resentment you carry for me must be deep.

My time as a Professor at the Storytellers' Guild was one of my happiest. I feel it with all my heart that the care and affection for you both from the Guild, will ensure that you are provided for and more importantly, loved. Not with the undying, all-consuming love of a mother for her children, but the guiding, protective love of a kindly uncle. I have dreams of you both: Thea casting spectacular Myth-Magic-Spells, and Drake weaving the finest stories that captivate your fellow apprentices and Professors alike. I hope with all my heart that you are both happy.

## Skavenn 12th Maius Kraken 5743.

My dearest Drake and Thea,

A settlement is a welcome sight for an explorer. The tribes people of Scrag still showed me kindness, even though they felt under a curse. They live a simple life, mainly fishing and hunting, and only travel to other settlements to trade or sell food and hunting weapons. They tend to keep themselves to themselves, so it was a pleasant surprise to find such warmth as they invited me into their homes. I was treated with affection and curiosity, my height and strength being the centre of fascination. It seems women in Scragmos, or in this case Scrag, don't grow over six foot! Neither do the men, from what I can gather. I didn't see anyone over five foot five, but these people are not halflings, helblings, or dwarves; they are a race of people called Scragmites: an ancient race with noble traditions, customs and rituals. Their people were said to inhabit the southern area of Scragmos where the land is more favourable to hunting than that of the north.

It was at one of their rituals, the 'Wihti-moowin', or 'Dance of the Demon', that I first discovered the extent of their fear. Under the blanket of night, with the stars sparkling and the moon full, they led me through a small wood to a clearing. A ring of tree stumps surrounded a large fire pit; on each stump I could make out a symbol carved into the wood. They lit a big camp-fire and at full strength, the heat could be felt from several feet away. As guest of honour, I was given the 'He'tarth', or 'Honoured Seat' usually reserved for the tribe's leader, Tair'n. The other tribes people took their places on the stumps. Before they did so, they walked clockwise around the stump three times, softly humming as they circled.

Once all were seated, a slow, low 'hum' began, and several other tribes people solemnly brought each of us little bowls of food. Tair'n said this was the food of thanks: the food of the ground to nourish us and to connect once more with nature. I gratefully ate my offering and found it to be like our deer stew but with more spice than the Guild would use. Once the food was eaten by all, the bowls were taken away, strong herbs were burnt and music filled the air.

The sound was of nature itself, for all the instruments were made from wood, leaves, vines, and animal skins, with a melodic and rhythmic noise

that reached into my body. Tribes people from all areas of the clearing darted from the woods, each covered in coarse animal hair, matted and muddied from head to foot. Each wore a mask made from animal bone and with the animal skin stitched on in a hap-hazard fashion: several flaps of skin dangled, given a distorted and bedraggled sense of dread. This (I was informed by Tair'n) was to mock the beast that stalks them, to diminish its power.

As I watched, contemplating the effectiveness of this ritual, a cry of bone-curdling proportions pierced the air. Crashing into the clearing stumbled a man, clutching a staff, shaking violently, blood gushing from his body, his eyes wide with fear and shock. He fell to the ground and lost consciousness. I ran to him, as did the tribes people. What we saw we were not prepared for; the image of this wretched soul will linger in the mind for a lifetime.

What I describe to you now will in no way convey the brutality and savagery of the attack upon this man. His clothes were torn as if by sharp nails, and deep cuts criss-crossed his broken bloodied body. Every limb had been damaged but nothing was worse than the damage to his left arm: just below the shoulder hung ripped flesh exposing his snapped humerus bone, the edge ragged and shattered. Blood ceaselessly oozed. Tair'n spoke quickly and calmly, and several tribes people disappeared into the woods, only to return a short while after with herbs and all manner of items.

Entering the clearing was one tribes person I hadn't seen: she stood taller than the rest and was dressed in many animal skins forming a patchwork effect. Around her waist and neck hung small animal skulls that jangled as she approached the dying man. Her pace was measured and she held out a stave with animal features and more skulls adorning the top. I could hear the soft whisper of a language I later discovered was native to the Scragmites. I felt a sense of calm spread through his body and mind. Behind the healer, two of her helpers carried a large lush leaf (like a lily-pad), a large bucket of water, rags, and a jar of what I learnt later was healing balm, of which the ingredients were kept secret.

Still whispering, the healer crouched beside the man and gently took a rag, dipped it into the water and began washing the blood away from the opening in his severed arm. She took the jar of thick, gooey liquid and applied it to the wound. The healer seemed unconcerned as she applied

more and more; then she took the huge leaf and carefully pushed it in and around the hanging flesh. She tied a clean rag tightly around the leaf, making sure it was secure. She rose and her soft whispering grew to a loud chant: the rhythmic nature of her repeated words had an automatic effect on the ritual dancers who sprang into life, moving their bodies as one. Slowly the man gained partial consciousness: he began speaking confused, random words. Round and around the man they danced, each passing second becoming more frantic. Whether it was the speed of the dancers, or the hypnotic quality of the chanting, I could not tell, but the dying man's confused murmuring faded to nothing as he slipped into unconsciousness.

The Scragmites worked as a team to carry him from the ritual clearing to their encampment, and laid him on a bed of straw for comfort. The healer stayed with him for several days and several nights until his eyes opened. At first he was in a dream-like state, lucid but not fully aware of his surroundings; the healer began her soft whispering and after an hour of so, he gained awareness. One of the tribes people brought food, a hot vegetable broth; he managed a few mouthfuls before passing out once more.

### **Onnos 21st Maius Kraken 5743.**

My dearest Thea and Drake,

Over the next few days he was awake more than not until, on the ninth day, he was capable of speech. Luckily he spoke the Common Tongue and began to tell of his ordeal. It took several attempts, as the shock and abhorrent nature of the attack overwhelmed him and he constantly broke down in tears. Both Tair'n and myself could understand, so we listened patiently until he had finished.

He began by saying who he was and why he was travelling: he said his name was Mugwort Alston and was a Hedge-Wizard who travelled across Edra on his business for the Bramble Pact of Wizards and Tree Druids. He sought new spells, new ingredients, and new teachings from all types of magic-users in order to better their understanding of the craft. He was concerned as night was drawing in so needed to make haste. Unfortunately his horse developed a lame foot and couldn't continue; he

saw the Scragmites' campfire from a distance and decided to get help, whereupon he had a sense of dread as he walked along the road.

He claimed sinister eyes were watching him as he traversed but when he swiftly turned his head to catch the unwanted attention, there was nothing there. The quicker he walked, the more his fear increased until suddenly, from the woods it attacked, knocking him to the ground. The terrible creature was on top of him, its large eyes glowing red, its physique gaunt as though it hadn't eaten in months. The way it was ripping into his body with its long, ragged nails, and tried to bite his flesh with its long, sharp, yellow fangs, was a frenzy he'd never seen before.

In a fit of panic, Mugwort thrust out his left arm, palm first, in a desperate attempt to fight back. The beast seized his arm and began to bite hard and fast into the soft flesh. The Hedge-Wizard could feel the fangs cut deeper and deeper. The pain was excruciating and he could feel his tendons slowly rip one by one. He summoned all of his magic power but could only muster a weakened cantrip. The flame bolt cast was enough to drive the ghoulish creature back but as it did so, his arm was wrenched free from his body. His blood squirted as he vomited, the sick sticking to his throat and mouth. He knew that if he didn't run now, he wouldn't run at all. With all his effort, he managed to stumble to its feet. The creature recovered but instead of attacking him once more, it was hunched over something in its leathery hands. Mugwort wondered what this could be. It only took a second before he realised the beast was feasting on his severed arm, its long scaly tongue licking the flesh between bites. Without further hesitation he lurched into the woods to seek refuge, our campfire light a welcome beacon in the darkness.

I cannot tell you of my anguish for the misery and suffering our recovering Hedge-Wizard Mugwort has endured. That such a creature is free, roaming the land, killing at will and attacking good people, lays a heavy burden on my heart. I am beside myself with worry. What if it should attack again? What of the Scragmites? Will they be able to fend off such an abominable beast?

There is only one course of action I must take: to capture the creature and seek to understand its insatiable fierceness.

## Aballā 22nd Maius Kraken 5743.

My dearest Drake and Thea,

At sunrise I left the relative safety of the tribe and set off on my quest to track and locate the beast. Tair'n insisted he should come with a small group of his warriors but I refused: my belief was that the creature would only stalk if it feels the odds are in its favour. Reluctantly Tair'n agreed. He kindly fulfilled my request of giving me a knapsack full of fresh meat, for my plan was simple: lure the beast into a trap by using the meat as bait. Several prayers were said on my behalf as I left. Some Scragmites looked at me as though it would be for the last time; I couldn't shake the feeling that they could well be right.

The rain broke free from the clouds in a violent downpour. I tried to comfort myself with the thought that maybe the creature would be slower in the wet somehow but I knew I was clutching at straws. I made my way back through the woods and onto the road, not sensing any eyes watching me. Once on the road I unpacked the meat and stacked it on one side. I unpacked my stave, the familiar feel of the birch wood comforting in my palm. I counted five paces away for the bait and began carving the ancient symbols in the ground, forming a circle. As loathed as I was to be this exposed, I needed to take my time and be precise; the wards I was carving in the ground would only hold for so long, and one mistake may prevent the creature from entering the circle at all. After what seemed a lifetime, I had completed the circle; I slipped away as quickly as I could, not wanting to wait a moment longer.

It wasn't long before I too sensed eyes watching from the woods, somehow sniffing the air. The stack of abandoned meat proved too much, and the creature cautiously revealed itself. Through my spyglass I was shocked at its height. It must have been well over fifteen troll hands, a rival for any fully grown troll; its decaying skin was tinted a sickly yellow and glinted through its matted coarse hair.

I held my breath for fear of attracting its attention. Just a few more feet, a few more, and it would either be trapped or my Myth-Magic would have failed. The creature stopped short of the warded circle, somehow sensing a trick. How could it possibly know? Its head flicked from side to side, looking for answers, sniffing the air for clues. After a short time, it seemed

satisfied and crossed the threshold. The wards sizzled into life, as a flicker of Myth-Magic crackled around the warded ring. Shocked, the beast tried to retreat and to my relief the wards flared with magic preventing its escape.

I swiftly left my hiding place, unpacked my blow-stick, and carefully took out one of the poison tipped-darts: I'd once sedated an ox who needed healing so I knew the potency of the potion, but this was of scant comfort as I brought the weapon to my lips and blew.

The dart was true and the potion strong enough. The beast fell to the ground, crashing into the stacked meat with a slap. I knew I had to move quickly and recruited the help of several Scragmites: we managed to get the heavy body onto a cart and took it back to the tribe. Once again I carved a prison of wards in the ground, around the creature still in the cart.

I explained to Tair'n what I intended to do: he seemed intrigued and gave me a small triangular talisman with a red gemstone and flames and hands depicted in detail. I thanked him for his lucky charm and put it around my neck, feeling it would be more than luck I needed.

While the beast still slept, I crossed over the wards in the secret way as not to trigger the magic. From my knapsack, I retrieved my pestle and mortar and began grinding a fusion of specially selected herbs. Once ground to small fragments, I set the leaves afire, inhaling the smoke as it rose. Instantly the desired effect hit my mind: I put down my equipment and placed my hands either side of the beast's large head, on its temples.

A white flash seared across my being: my eyes snapped shut, and I could feel a sense of losing myself to reality. My mind began to melt with the creature's emotions and thoughts. They were merging, becoming mine. I could feel a flood of memories, each vying for my attention. I asked a simple question: who are you?

The answer swam to me eagerly. I was told he was once a human, his name lost to him now. He was a warrior who was forced to make a terrible pact with a demon. His tribe was at war for many years with several enemies: for the promise of peace, the demon demanded the warrior's soul. He gladly accepted the terms if it meant his tribe would survive; but the demon had one twist in its forked tail. Upon taking his soul, the demon transformed the warrior into a foul and hideous creature, doomed

to eat the flesh of his fellow humans. The demon named him Wendigo and he devoured his enemies, eating all who opposed him. When peace ensued, there was no need for such a fearsome beast: the warrior was banished from his tribe, and forced to live as an outcast.

Such was his inner pain and anguish, I shed a tear. But as I did so, I thought I heard a faint voice: a human voice from within the creature. The voice was reaching out to me; I could sense its desperation. Like a bird on the breeze, the voice flew past me and it began to fade. As it did so, I caught a plea, "Free me, free me!" My eyes snapped open and I knew what to do.

Without a moment to lose, as the mind-melt was still connected, I asked for Tair'n's help once more. I explained the creature is cursed, or more correctly the man 'frozen' inside this creature is cursed and continues to live within the Wendigo, specifically where its heart should be. The evil inside was using the human as a life-force. Once the human was freed, the creature should die as it will have no heart left. I instructed that a wooden box with a lid, and wooden bars at one end, be constructed large enough to place the Wendigo inside. On the inside of the lid was to be a mirror. Luckily, the Scragmites had several smaller mirrors.

I asked for a white candle, a cup of water, a small bowl of salt, and incense. These were duly brought and I began the Consecration ritual: I lit both candle and incense, passed each piece of mirror over the salt, and spoke the sacred words. I did this again, but this time passed the mirror over the incense smoke, repeating the words. And again, over the flame of the candle, then again over the water, each time facing North, East, South and West. Finally I took off my triangular talisman, held it to the sky and chanted the final sacred words. With the mirrors consecrated, they were fixed to the inside of the lid with great skill and care.

With the box built and the Wendigo inside, I once again retrieved my pestle and mortar and began grinding a fusion of specially selected herbs, set the leaves afire, and inhaling the smoke as it rose. The mind-melt strengthened and I could sense the voice calling again, "Please help." Slowly I lowered the lid and fastened the locks. All we had to do was wait for the sedative to wear off.

By now the light was fading: most of the Scragmites had gone back to their homes, leaving myself and Tair'n still waiting. Our patience was

rewarded when we heard a low growl as the creature came to. I sensed its confusion. It didn't understand where it was, for only a slither of light from the wooden bars penetrated the box. It reached out with a hand, trying to grasp the reflected light from the fragments of mirror.

As the creature's eyes adjusted to the dim light, a sense of wonder flooded its being. It looked at the mirrors, and for the first time saw itself reflected back. Deep inside the eyes it, and therefore I, could see a shadow lurking in their depths: it never stayed still but continuously moved, agitated by something. Within the mind-melt, I softly whispered to the shadow, "Look at me, demon, look." The shadow responded: it stopped its movement and turned to face the creature's eyes. For the first time the shadow saw its reflection. All of its evil gazed back at itself. The shadow screamed a silent scream: its shape convulsed and spasmed as the full strength of its own evil surged through its darkness.

With such pain, the demon took flight, left the Wendigo's body and flew straight through the gaps between the wooden bars. It seemed sluggish as it hovered a foot away from the wooden box. Dropping from the shadow, a naked body fell to the ground. The shadow made haste and flew into the night sky.

We rushed to the warrior's aid, Tair'n whispering under his breath, but our attention was soon deflected as we heard scratching and scraping coming from the wooden box, followed by a loud thud.

By now several Scragmites had heard the commotion and ran to help. With fear in their hearts they jumped on the lid of the wooden box. Strong vines were brought and bound around the box several times. So much for the creature dying! Once the box was secured, our attention once again returned to the warrior, who was shaken and in shock. Tair'n instructed for him to be taken to a comfy straw bed to recover.

### **Onnos 22nd Quintilis Kraken 5743.**

My dearest Thea and Drake,

Over the last few months the warrior has grown in strength, both of body and mind. The recovery wasn't easy as images of what he had done kept returning, causing much distress. The tribe's healer constantly tended to him. I knew he was in safe hands. We had many conversations about his

experience, and today he told me how he was grateful beyond belief for the help I had given. I acknowledged his thanks and told him I hoped we would meet again under more pleasant circumstances. He asked about the Wendigo and I told him that it had lived, against my expectations. He seemed pleased but would not say why: I assume it was out of empathy, for the creature was also possessed by the demon; an experience he wished upon no living thing. He asked what was to be done with it; I said there was little chance it could become civilized and therefore it remained a threat. This seemed to pain him and he pleaded for its life: I assured him the creature would not be slain but instead contained. I did not tell him of my plan of where the containment would take place, however, as such knowledge is a dangerous thing.

### **Aballā 26th Quintilis Kraken 5743.**

My dearest Drake and Thea,

It is time for me to take my leave, and to take the Wendigo to its new home. My heart is filled with joy as Hedge-Wizard Mugwort's health continues to improve. He is now able to eat robust food and his wounds are healing without infection. I informed him of the captured Wendigo and of the rescued warrior. He was pleased and thanked me for my brave actions. I wished him good fortune and we said our good-byes.

In my honour the Scragmites held a farewell feast: the food was sumptuous and there was plenty of it. Cendred, for the warrior's memory hadn't faded, was fit enough to attend. The feast lasted three days and three nights: I thought I would need a week just to recover! But today I bid them all farewell, wished them good fortune, and set off in the wagon and horse the tribe had kindly provided. On the back, safe and secured is the Wendigo, unaware of what life has in store for it.

Our journey has been fairly uneventful so far: any inquiries into what is in the box resulted in many answers from me. Sometimes I said it was a troll, sometimes, a giant ape, while others, a deformed seal that has grown hair!

What I have to tell you, my sweetest children, must not, cannot, be spoken to anyone else. If you are unsure that you can keep this secret then I implore you to stop reading now and skip the next entry.

As you are reading this, I must assume you can keep this to yourselves. If you divulge this to anyone, both of your lives could be in danger. I am only telling you this in case I disappear. What you are about to read will explain where I have gone if I am declared a missing person: when I left the Scragmite tribe with the Wendigo creature, I knew exactly where I was headed. The exact location I cannot tell for fear of others discovering the secret, but I can tell you it is near one of the Dragon Standing Stones.

### **Ivinenn 9th Novem Kraken 5743.**

My dearest Drake and Thea,

Eventually, after many months of travel, we arrived at our destination: the base of a waterfall. Each side, the rocks were jagged and a small path, just wide enough for the wagon and horse, led behind the crash of water. I passed behind the waterfall and before me was a cave entrance: a gaping mouth, open wide, with jagged rocks for teeth. Across the entrance was a faint glimmer of light, sparkling faintly with different colours. I flicked the horse's reins and it began to walk slowly into the Shimmering Mouth.

The transformation of this realm, Edra, that we know, to the realm that is known as E'arth, is seamless. I do not know how I manage to cross into another world but I can. The divide seems thin, as though we breathe the same air, and the surroundings and people are similar but not quite the same. I have only crossed over a few times, when it's absolutely necessary, as I do not know the long term effects on my health or indeed if there are any repercussions on either realm.

The Wendigo also survived the crossing, so I made my way to Stragglewick, a slum town that had seen better days. I know the man only as the 'Ethologist'; he was surprised to see me and welcomed me with open arms. He asked what I had for him this time. I showed him the box; he spied the creature through the wooden bars. I told him of the Wendigo and how a demon had possessed a warrior, of how I freed the man and the creature from the evil that had corrupted them. The Ethologist's eyes lit up: he loves a grand backstory. He could drum up a lot of interest from the paying 'punters', as he calls them, with a cracking story.

He held out a purse full of gold 'sovereigns'; I waved them away and told him to spend the money feeding and caring for the creature. He

winked and said, 'Right you are!' I looked him in the eyes, searching for a sense of truth. I was unable to determine whether or not he would keep his word. I will have to trust him. I leaned closer to him, grabbed his jacket lapels and whispered, "I'll know, mark my words, I shall know." He nodded. I let go of his outer garment, took one last look at the Wendigo, whispered a prayer, and made my way back to the Shimmering Mouth.



Lords, ladies, gentle folk so fair,

gorgons, hydras, scaledrakes, I do declare.  
I bid you farewell, goodbye, cheerio,  
for that is the end of our storytelling show.

One story of wonder,  
amazement, and more wonder,  
for your entertainment, delight, now asunder.  
For though we part, we are never alone,  
we are all connected by the story seeds sown.

All that remains is one final bow,  
Time has caught us, it's all she'll allow.  
Time to tell *your* stories to amaze,

*may the magic flow through you, always.*

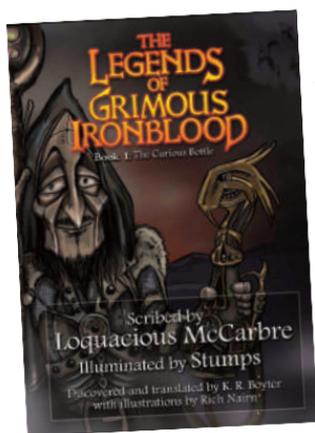




he Wendigo and the Shimmering Mouth’ is set in the medieval fantasy world of Edra as featured in ‘The Legends of Grimous Ironblood’. You can enjoy more in this epic illustrated verse storybook recounting the legendary myths, tales and stories of healer and Arch-Mage Grimous Ironblood.

In ‘The Legends of Grimous Ironblood: The Curious Bottle’, Grimous is kind and wise, if a little grumpy, and has found the cure to all ills. He travels the world of Edra bestowing his healing potions and magical amulets on peoples and creatures alike.

### **What readers have said about ‘The Legends of Grimous Ironblood’ on Amazon:**



“the imagery and imaginative content are wonderfully rich and the book is full of atmosphere, very cleverly written.”

“This fantasy verse-written book is a true joy from start to finish.”

“Can't put the book down. Thoroughly enjoying it.”

**To find out more about ‘The Legends of Grimous Ironblood’ visit [www.grimousironblood.com](http://www.grimousironblood.com) website.**

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# TALES *from* EDRA

## *The Wendigo and the Shimmering Mouth*

WRITTEN BY K. R. BOYTER  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICH NAIRN