



Legends of Windemere: Tribe of the Snow Tiger by Charles E. Yallowitz

Flames erupt from stone sconces that are high on the walls, their light filling the entire chamber. Round tables with sturdy chairs give the room the appearance of a tavern, complete with a bar taking up the right-hand wall. There are nearly one hundred bottles of alcohol on the lower shelf that runs along the base of a flawless mirror. A large chandelier hangs crooked from the ceiling with a 'No Swinging' sign dangling from its iron rim. Carts with empty dishware and cups have been gathered in a far corner, the small collection blocking a thin door to what the champions assume is a bathroom. A stage with various instruments sits opposite the entrance and the skeletal remains of a bard remains on a stool, his boney hand holding a feathered hat out for tips. The smell of fresh ale and hot food drifts from a metal door that routinely opens and closes because of a soothing breeze. Brief glimpses into the kitchen show hanging pots and pans, which glint in the flickering torchlight.

"I did not expect anything like this," Timoran admits as he leads his friends down the middle of the room. He runs a finger along a table and finds that there is not a single mote of dust. "The guardian must be very neat and organized. Strange that it has not approached us. I was under the impression that we would be greeted or face another challenge."

"I do sense something here," Dariana whispers while rubbing her temples. A strong presence surrounds her and she attempts to make contact before a psychic jolt hits her brain. "Purple boots rice puzzle box. Tickle! Elephant gnome underwear. Spank me!"

Dariana claps her hands around her mouth and tries shaking her head clear of the fog that is making her spout embarrassing gibberish. The others jump away when a tiny penguin clammers out of her ear and grows to its full height. With a gentlemanly bow, the animal puts on a tasseled cap and waddles to the bar where it crawls into the ice box. Applause erupts from around the room and the chairs stomp their wooden feet to create a deafening symphony. Nyx attempts to use a magic sight spell to find the source of the enchantments, but the casting causes her eyes to leap out of her head. Free of their sockets, the twin orbs fly around the

chandelier and land on Timoran's shoulders to nuzzle against his warm hair. More applause causes them to disappear in a puff of smoke and return to the half-elf's face.

"Are we being attacked or toyed with?" Luke asks, taking a cautious step toward the bar. A tap on his shoulder makes him whirl around and he continues spinning like a top. "I'm definitely going with the second option. I want to throw up, but I'm really afraid of what will happen if I do."

"Spiders breeches pomegranate," Dariana blurts out, groaning at her own voice. She points emphatically at Timoran, her finger lancing out and curving to go into Nyx's mouth. "Salty. Hag turtle door scratch sternum."

"What can I do against something like this?" the barbarian asks, reaching for his axe. The weapon floats off his back and coyly bats his hand away. "If this is the guardian then it could be corrupted. Although it does not appear violent like some of the others. Perhaps there is a way to draw it out and kill it before things get worse."

"So close to the answer!" screams a musical voice from every corner of the chamber. Luke stops spinning and Dariana can feel her mind relax, the suffocating influence leaving with a cackling laugh. "I was so happy to finally meet the champions. Sure, I'm missing the fun one and the smartest one. Though four out of six isn't a terrible turnout. Too bad I now learn that my master is the dummy. Not the little one, but the big, burly one. All you can think about is killing me?"

"You did attack us," Nyx mentions, creating a fireball in her palm. Her hand raises above her head and the spell becomes a chocolate pie that she mashes into her own face. "At least that tasted good. I get the feeling that this thing could have killed us by now. With very little effort too. So, what do we do?"

"Don't guests announce themselves?" the hidden guardian asks.

"Don't proper hosts greet their guests at the door?" Luke contends with a grin. His lips keep stretching until the top of his head falls to the floor and he scrambles to put it back on. "We don't want to hurt you if you're friendly. You have to understand that two of the other guardians we ran into tried to kill us because they were corrupted. We figured the same challenge was happening here when strange things started happening. How am I still talking while in this state?"

A delightful laugh ripples through the air and is joined by a chorus of giggles from the furniture. "Oh, I was corrupted. Then I found it incredibly dull and decided to get better. Now I'm simply bored and hoping to let a champion into the real challenges. All I've had for centuries are barbarians who want a piece of jade and have no interest in fun. Walk through the front door, fight whatever monster I decide to create, pick up the fallen rock, and leave without even a thank you. The least those fleshy, hairy landmasses on legs could do is say hello."

"Hello," Timoran says, waving toward the bar. A tight grip catches his hand and shakes it emphatically. "Nice to meet you."

"Manners at last! It's been far too long. Coming right out!"

Book Description

Timoran Wrath has a shameful secret that is about to see the light of day.

The noble barbarian has always been a constant source of strength and wisdom for his beloved friends. His loyalty has been unwavering, and they know that he would never hesitate to lay down his life for them. Even in their darkest hour, the champions know that Timoran will come through and fight to the bitter end. Now they must return the favor as he reunites with his tribe and willingly faces the executioner's blade.

Is it possible that the honorable Timoran was nothing more than an illusion?

Cold Coffee/BMGN 5 Star Review

For all loyal fans of the Legends of Windemere series, book ten titled Tribe of the Snow Tiger has just been released.

You will find yourself once again drawn into the imagination of the author who brings legends to life. I hope the following quotes will pull you back into the mystical world of Windemere.

The prologue finds: "Baron Arthuru Kernaghan rises from his throne and takes Trinity by the hand, she stares out at Shayd's stony landscape, an emerald lightning storm in the distance mesmerizing her for several seconds. Groups of her people toiling in the dirt can be seen in every direction and the nearest ones risk a glance at their beloved queen."

The story continues, "Delvin yawns and rubs at his eyes, his fingers lingering on the dark circles that have appeared after several days of exhausting travel. Glancing out the tavern window, he watches waves of heat rise off the river that cuts through the coastal city. "It looks like Queen Ionia called in a favor to get us a ship," Delvin says as he picks up his shield. Seeing a scrap of pie left, he spears it with his fork and eats it before the groggy drite can stop him."

Now home he can put worries to rest for a while: "Sitting cross-legged at the cliff's edge, Timoran enjoys the peaceful evening that has enveloped his homeland. The snow has melted to reveal crisp grass and rocky patches of earth, which lead to the lower mountains. Being on the southernmost cliff of the curved range, the mellow warrior can see the vast expanse of wilderness to every side, except behind him where the encampment sits among the stones. The grunt of a bear rumbles over the mountains, the large predator a faint shadow among a collection of boulders atop a distant rise. A herd of caribou are grazing to the west, the cautious beasts close enough for him to make out their antlers in the crimson moonlight. Huddled on a lower cliff is a snow leopard and her cubs, the family feasting on a recent kill that threatens to topple over the edge. The other goats have already galloped along the sheer cliffs to seek refuge within the craggy walls, only the occasional bang of butting heads revealing their presence. After watching the calming display of brutal nature for several hours, Timoran finds himself happy to be home and his worries remain shoved to the back of his mind."

What secrets are Timoran Wrath pushing to the back of his mind? How will this affect the champions?

Adventure consumes them: "Lightning strikes the earth and thunder rumbles, causing the travelers to sprint along the flooded path. Risking the use of her powers, Sari runs along the top of the water while Delvin

sloshes behind and waves for her to slow down. They take the crumbling stairs in twos as another bolt hits the top of the ruin, the electricity absorbed by metal veins that run along the stone structure. Desperate to get out of the storm, the trio burst into the building and are met by a wave of sweltering heat. They find themselves in a chamber where the gentle echoes of the rain hitting the roof bounce from corner to corner. A small dais is in the back with a large sconce built into the wall, a piece of moldy wood still set in the metal holder. Two wide stairwells are built into the floor, their shadowy entrances flanking the doorway. Bones and other signs of animals living in the ruin can be found in the unfurnished room, but the champions can only see a few snakes and a small tortoise. If there is a predator calling this building home, then it is either downstairs or out on a hunt. Either way, the travelers are too tired to go searching for a new refuge.”

I invite you to read Tribe of the Snow Tiger and see for yourself how they fit into Windemere?

If you are just beginning your journey into the Legends of Windemere and you love fantasy, author Charles E. Yallowitz’s imagination and great story telling will keep you engaged. I encourage you to purchase and read all ten books in this 5 Star Series. Review by Cold Coffee/Book Marketing Global Network

Kindle:

https://www.amazon.com/Tribe-Snow-Tiger-Legends-Windemere-ebook/dp/B01G0PV2GO/ref=as_li_ss_tl?ie=UTF8&qid=1464019506&sr=8-3&keywords=Charles+E.+Yallowitz&linkCode=ll1&tag=colcofpre-20&linkId=f34652468148a0a5285fd6ba7ef28cc4

About The Author

Charles E. Yallowitz was born, raised, and educated in New York. Then he spent a few years in Florida, realized his fear of alligators, and moved back to the Empire State. When he isn't working hard on his epic fantasy stories, Charles can be found cooking or going on whatever adventure his son has planned for the day. 'Legends of Windemere' is his first series, but it certainly won't be his last. Interview:

Start Reading The 'Legends of Windemere' Today!

Author Charles E. Yallowitz’s Published Books:

- Legends Of Windemere: Beginning Of A Hero (Book 1)
- Legends Of Windemere: Prodigy Of Rainbow Tower (Book 2)
- Allure Of The Gypsies (Legends Of Windemere Book 3)
- Legends Of Windemere: Family Of The Tri-Rune (Book 4)
- The Compass Key (Legends Of Windemere Book 5)
- Curse Of The Dark Wind (Legends Of Windemere Book 6)
- Sleeper Of The Wildwood Fugue (Legends Of Windemere Book 7)
- The Merchant of Nevra Coil (Legends of Windemere Book 8)
- The Mercenary Prince (Legends of Windemere Book 9)
- Tribe of the Snow Tiger (Legends of Windemere Book 10)
- Charms of the Feykin (Legends of Windemere Book 11)
- The Spirit Well (Legends of Windemere Book 12)
- Ritual of the Lost Lamb (Legends of Windemere Book 13)

- Path Of The Traitors (Legends of Windemere Book 14)
- Warlord of the Forgotten Age (Legends of Windemere Book 15)

Stand Alone Books

- Bestiary Of Blatherhorn Vale
- Catalysts
- The Hopeteller
- The Life & Times of Ichabod Brooks

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Date: June 15, 2019

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