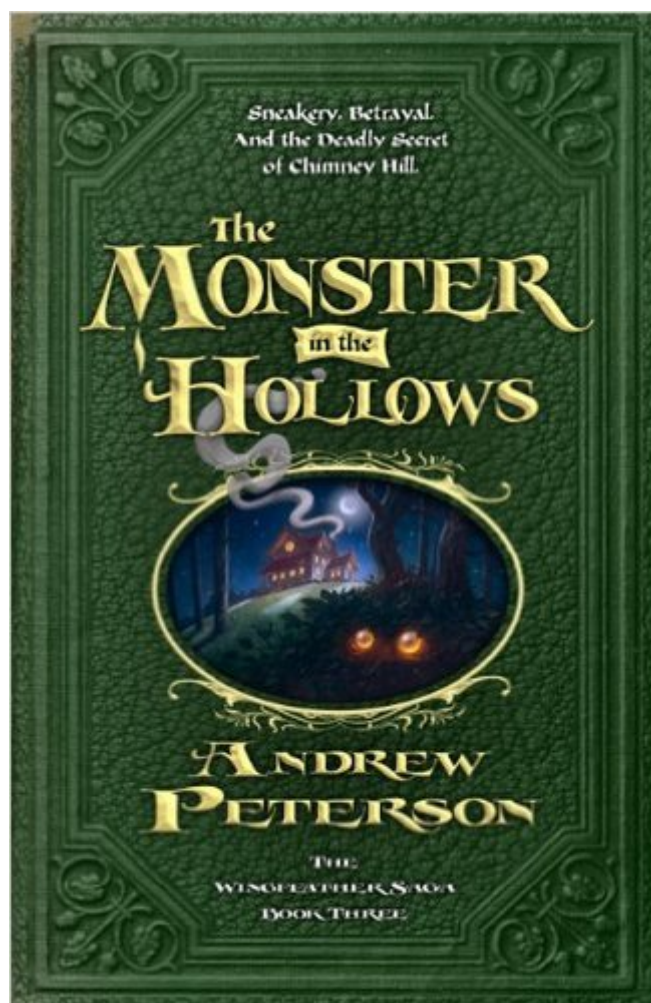


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The Monster In The Hollows (Wingfeather Saga)



Synopsis

The third book in the Christy Award-winning Wingfeather Saga by singer/songwriter/author Andrew Peterson.

Book Information

Series: Wingfeather Saga (Book 3)

Paperback: 348 pages

Publisher: Rabbit Room Press (May 10, 2011)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 0982621434

ISBN-13: 978-0982621431

Product Dimensions: 6 x 1.1 x 8.9 inches

Shipping Weight: 15.2 ounces (View shipping rates and policies)

Average Customer Review: 4.9 out of 5 stars Â Â See all reviews Â (163 customer reviews)

Best Sellers Rank: #20,997 in Books (See Top 100 in Books) #3 in Â Books > Teens > Literature & Fiction > Religious > Christian > Action & Adventure #10 in Â Books > Teens > Literature & Fiction > Religious > Christian > Fantasy #73 in Â Books > Children's Books > Literature & Fiction > Religious Fiction > Christian

Age Range: 12 - 17 years

Grade Level: 8 - 12

Customer Reviews

It was a lovely May morning under the arbor on our bricked back porch. We love family time. We love being out in the morning before the sun has climbed high and grown hot. And we love a good story. We had been waiting for this story for months. To our great delight it finally arrived, and there in the early cool of the day we read its final pages. Our hearts were thrilled with the song of the stones, the terrors of the deeps of throg, a family fighting through affliction, heroes and villains, friends and foes, laughter and tears. There's much to ponder in The Wingfeather Saga, much about the way the Maker moves, about the way it's always too early to quit, about the way the Maker takes a failure and makes a flourish, about how singing for love rather than power will make a bent song beautiful, and on and on . . . And this isn't just a book for the kids to think about, though think on it they should and will. The Monster in the Hollows isn't what you think, but it is Book Three in the Wingfeather Saga. Reading these stories as a family has been made more fun as we follow Andrew Peterson's progress on his blog and twitter updates, as we see the way other readers react in song

and form to the tales he tells, and as we pray that the Lord will continue to cause his gaze to pierce into the way things really are. Andrew Peterson is a lover of language, a poet with a heart full of melody. And hope. And joy. And faith. And love. More than once as I read this book aloud to my boys my voice choked with emotion. More than once I paused to read and re-read lines for their loveliness. And as we slowly savored the sorrow and joy, the triumph and tragedy in those final pages of the book, I found it more beautiful than I had hoped it could be. In the night, hope lives on. We read those final pages slowly, then read them again, and again. What would it have been like to have read *The Chronicles of Narnia* as old Clive Staples finished them? What would it have been like to read along with Tolkien as he produced *The War of the Ring*? We won't know, but if you jump in right now, you can read along with Andrew Peterson as he moves toward the completion of *The Wingfeather Saga*, and you can join us in asking the Maker to bless Andrew as he seeks to be used to seal the song in the soul, to write the word on the heart, and to fill the sight with the form of the beauty of a better world.

It's a shame wordsmiths can't get shoe deals like athletes. Peterson would be pulling down seven figures for his new Readbook or Fila Fiction Cross Trainers. We could see ads like the famous Larry Bird vs. Magic Johnson "Can you top this?" commercials. Peterson vs. Stephen King in a literary game of H-O-R-S-E. Peterson and JK Rowling endorsing new footwear (or word processors). I wish AP and others like him could pull down some of the same deals the NBA and NFL thugs get. Pro athletes merely entertain. Craftsmen and bards on the level of Peterson, Stephen Lawhead and Tosca Lee entertain AND make us better people. While reading Master Works such as the *Wingfeather Saga* our spirits soar. Our souls are fed. We become better people. We grow. Andrew Peterson's *Wingfeather Saga* is (to keep the sports metaphor going) akin to Braves rookie left fielder Jason Heyward hitting a dramatic home run in his first major league at bat. It's like Jars of Clay's debut album. A monumental work right out of the gate. It's a little bit scary. If he grows as a writer we will have to invent new superlatives to review his future books. Lawhead is my favorite writer, but his early works like *Dream Thief* were not polished. *Wingfeather*, on the other hand, is polished, shiny, and brilliant. No learning curve here. One thing that separates this Nashville Bard - Singer/Songwriter - Creator of Modern Allegory from the original Inklings (Tolkien, Lewis) is his relatability. (Is that a word?) The British professors were staid, stodgy, academics. Stinkin' brilliant academics and storytellers, but academics nonetheless. AP didn't grow up in a boarding school. He grew up in an American public school, just like most of us and Ralphie from "A Christmas Story". His sensibilities are All American. I do believe he has taken the baton from C. S. Lewis, but he is

running this race in a way that post-moderns can easily relate to. His easy humor, comfort level while incorporating monsters and fantasy elements, and fearlessness in writing frightening passages could only have been written by a member of the Boomer generation or later. We could only hope that the man who opened a Christmas song with the lines "It was not a silent night/There was blood on the ground" would not disappoint when writing a novel. He did not. As God is my witness, he did not disappoint. Except for the scores of passages that are laugh-out-loud funny; the many sections that will have you rethinking and readjusting your life philosophy; the entire chapters that are achingly beautiful; the wee hours in the morning when you will say, "I've got to put this up and go to bed" but won't be able to; the number of times you're not reading the book but will find yourself reliving scenes from it in your daydreams; the frequent times you will find yourself moved to tears; the many times you will find yourself telling friends and family about certain scenes or reading passages to them; the times you thank God for sending Andrew Peterson to us: except for those times and passages, this is an average book by an average author.

This book, just like the preceding two before it, was absolutely fantastic. Andrew Peterson has not failed to create yet another gripping tale - a true can't-put-it-down story of peril, intrigue, and shocking plot twists that he executes with masterful dexterity. Even as I type this, my Mom is chowing through the end of North or Be Eaten, and my Dad is beginning The Monster in the Hollows. Every last person in my family of six loves these books, and we've recommended/lent/given copies out to many friends, all of whom have become ardent fans as we have. My Dad, who NEVER reads fantasy, has stayed up until 1:00am (multiple times) to find out the ever-elusive "What happens next?!?" in these marvelous series. The Monster in the Hollows lived up to the exalted standards Andrew Peterson set in books 1 and 2. We wait with bated breath for the Books to Come. Thank you, Sir Peterson, for this series. I'm an oldest, like Janner, and his frustrations with his siblings have opened my eyes to the similarities between he and I... it's challenged me to be patient and brave and uncomplaining, as he strives to be. Just a few days ago, throughout a day of intense frustration towards the youngsters in my life, I gritted my teeth and whispered fiercely to myself to be like Janner, to fight like Janner for patience. It gave me courage. Ever since reading this book I have been heartened by the memory of the Wingfeathers' adventures, their moments of cheer, their laughs, and the hard times, and the courage required of them. Thank you so, so much for these books. Oh. And by the way. Peet the Sock Man is awesome. That's all. A thorough fan, -brennan gash

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