

# WINGLESS



*Juvenile*

**By Catherine Witzaney**

ISBN: 978-1-953743-33-6

## **Book Summary:**

While searching for a cure for his dying sister, a young Feather finds himself on a different mission.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains moderate violence; references to adoption, death of a parent, child abandonment, assault, racism, sexism, slavery, and alcohol abuse.

**2** /5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
3	When they'd taken Asher in so many seasons ago, they'd already had a child to call their own- a daughter adopted in infancy. She'd been a fledgling herself when Asher had shown up on their doorstep as a disabled orphan nestling.
24	"The medic says I might only have a month left. Maybe less." ..."Please don't tell Asher," she added. "I remember how hard it was on him when he lost his parents. I don't want to burden him with this too."
25	A month, maybe less. That was all the time Carinen had left? It had been hard to feel close to anyone since he'd lost his parents.
34	Was this newcomer the same Bat who had murdered his father? Probably not. Still, Bats were all the same. And he wanted nothing to do with them.
43	"I'm adopted." ..."How did a wingless White end up living among Feathers?" ..."What do you mean by 'White'?" ..."That's a Feather name. But by all appearances, you are a White Bat." ..."So, you're a halfwing, then. Yet, you're a perfect White Apparent. Fascinating. How'd your mother end up here?" Asher hadn't the slightest idea what a 'White Apparent' was, but he didn't care.
44	"No. She's an adoptive sister- half-Butterfly, not half-Bat. And she's dying."
45	"I'm sorry to hear that. What's she dying of?" "It's something to do with her Talent. Her Butterfly father went missing before she was born, so she's never had anyone to train her."
63	"Owls are as good at snatching mice from the ground as they are bats from the air. We'd be better off killing her now than dragging her all the way back to the cave." Shock stabbed through Asher at his callous words. How could a fully grown sprite suggest killing a defenseless girl, little more than a fledgling?
65	"The Guard didn't accept you," he pointed out. "Because I'm wingless," Asher retorted. "Not because I wasn't skilled enough."
68	"On your feet." The long-haired Bat gave the female prisoner a kick in the side with a booted foot. She attempted to rise, moving with the stiffness of being left tied up on the cold ground for hours. It gave Asher a view of her pale face, fine-boned and bruised. Her grimy blouse and snug trousers were torn in places, and her feet were bare. ..."We don't have all night, stupid mongrel." The Bat grabbed a handful of her streaked hair and dragged her the rest of the way to her feet. She staggered and would have fallen if the bonds around her ankles hadn't slipped off at that precise moment.
78	"It can be pretty rough there, depending on your bloodline. Like I said before, Bats don't like mixed bloods of any sort- not just halfwings, like you and me. There are five different Bat Clans, and they aren't allowed to intermarry. Anyone with parents from different Clans is considered a mixed blood. We're forced to live as outcasts from society in a part of the colony called the Slum. We refer to ourselves as the Clanless." ..."The Pures pride themselves on their superiority, and each Clan secretly thinks it's better than all the other Clans. I suppose if they did intermarry, eventually the Clans would breed themselves out of existence."

Page	Content
79	<p>"Anyway, back to your original question. Ryn's the leader of a group of Clanless who are fighting against the tyranny of Bat society. One of the ways we've been doing that is by raiding Bat caravans and stealing their supplies."            ... "Wait...so you're attacking your own people?"</p>
118	<p>"For Feathers, you're surprisingly controlling. I was under the impression Feather females had the same freedom as males."</p>
124	<p>"At one time I was a slave to a cruel Bat who was addicted to strong drink. One day, whilst intoxicated, he flew into a rage and began beating me in the middle of the street. He would have beaten me to death, however, Ryn intervened and helped me escape. He saved my life that day. Honor requires that I dedicate the life he saved to him until the time arrives when I can repay the debt."</p>
190	<p>But if he tried to turn, something about the firmness of this Bat's grip told him he would put that knife to more decisive use in a heartbeat.</p>
210	<p>"Malbas is known as the 'silent killer'- it's flavorless, and once ingested, it takes three days for symptoms to manifest. There is an antidote, but it has to be taken within those three days. Once a person starts showing symptoms, it's too late to save them. They die, very painfully."</p>
214	<p>"Release Liam, or your sister dies."            Asher froze, looking from the dagger to Talak            ...Carinen let out an involuntary gasp as the tip of the dagger grazed her throat.</p>
216	<p>"We always have a choice in everything we do. You could have resisted and forced Talak to kill you and your friends. But I appreciate that you didn't." He bent down and yanked the hood from the head of the prisoner, revealing a brown-haired male. His eyes were closed, and purplish veins stood out across his face and down his neck.            Asher sucked in a breath and averted his gaze, staring at Ryn instead. "Wha did you do to him?"            Ryn eyed the body with a neutral expression. "Capturing him was one of the last missions Zahir carried out before we attempted the jailbreak. We needed a subject on which to test the malbas- to confirm it's potency." He took a step back and grimaced. "This is the end result of malbas poisoning."            Asher gritted his teeth against the bile rising in his throat and shut his eyes.            ...It was somehow worse than seeing Zahir's body. The Butterfly had been mostly covered by a sheet and had appeared to be sleeping. With this Bat, there was no escaping the reality that he had died, and died terribly.            Murdered in cold blood.            Just like his father had been.</p>
217	<p>"No one should have to die like that."            "What about the sprites who murdered your parents?" Ryn arched an eyebrow. "Do you know the methods Citizens use in a public execution? Your mother's death was at least as slow and painful as malbas poisoning, in its own way."</p>
218	<p>"Talak, what time does the slave market open?"            ... "What do you think would happen to a pair of Feathers dumped outside the market gates, bound hand and foot?"            ... "I imagine they'd be snapped up quickly. The slavers don't care where they get their merchandise," Talak said.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>..."What would the fate of a strong male Feather with military training be at the slave market?"</p> <p>"He'd be sold to the mines. If he's lucky, once the brutal labor breaks his spirit, he might be resold as a common house slave, but more likely he'll be worked to death first."</p> <p>..."And what about a beautiful young female? One with exotic eyes and golden hair would fetch an especially high price, I would imagine. What sort of work do you think she would be given, Talak?"</p>
253	Ryn may have been the one to devise a plan for mass murder, but Asher had been the one to carry it out.