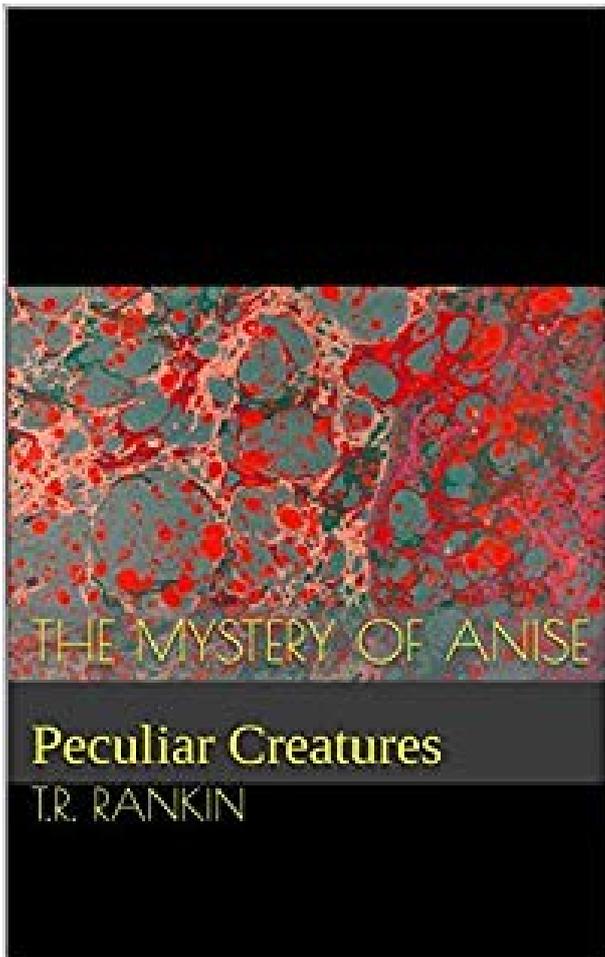


# THE MYSTERY OF ANISE: Peculiar Creatures



<b>Pages:</b>	138
<b>ASIN</b>	B0749N2H8Z
<b>Author:</b>	T.R. Rankin
<b>Goodreads Rating:</b>	3.82
<b>Published:</b>	July 26th 2017

[THE MYSTERY OF ANISE: Peculiar Creatures.pdf](#)

[THE MYSTERY OF ANISE: Peculiar Creatures.epub](#)

Anise has no desire to follow in the footsteps of her ancestor Barnebus Brown, becoming a Fae hunter. Instead she longs for the life stowed away with hand-written oil-stained grimoires and lined periodicals by legendary hexes. She is home here within written pages of incantated words, spoken in old rustic tongues. It is to her a primal connection to the bed huntress Diana. Once venturing beyond the outer walls of Prickly Hemlock, Anise crouches behind a stinging thorny shrub, when a mother appears carrying her sleeping babe, but it is death not sleep that holds him. In anguish the mother hands the blue corpse to the creased faced man, who rocks the baby within his woolen cuffed arms. He sings softly of an unknown lullaby. The primordial words create a throbbing light, a strange glow that drifts like dandelion dust from the fringe forest. It slips into the open plum-stained lips of the cradled baby. When the first breath is taken it is bemused by the mother as the trickery of stretched shadows, the second she jest of a morbid play, but when the third comes by a shrill cry of an infant's longing, she drops to her knees, kissing the feet of the man that beckons her to rise—to take her child and hurry home. The hexe ask for nothing, walking, after giving thanks to Hekate, into a humble half-timbered two-storied building. Anise remains transfixed on the silhouetted figure, until he is no longer seen within the illuminated red poppy shutters. This is transformative, desiring with little hope, her family will release her from the thick chained binds of a tradition, she feels archaic and arbitrary.