

A book cover for 'Anamnesis' featuring Cassie Greutman. She is standing in a misty, blue-toned forest, wearing a black leather jacket over a purple top and black pants. She holds a sword with a gold hilt. The background is a dense forest of tall trees.

CASSIE
GREUTMAN

ANAMNESIS

PENCHANT FOR TROUBLE: BOOK THREE

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Anamnesis

The Ability to Bring Back Memory

Cassie Greutman



INDIES UNITED PUBLISHING HOUSE, LLC

Chapter One



Looking over my shoulder was a habit I just couldn't break. Probably good, considering how I'd spent the last year. My sister wasn't after me anymore, but now my dad was. Kind of funny when you thought about it. Not.

I hiked my bookbag over my shoulder and upped my pace down the alley, trying *not* to think about it. Those kind of thoughts led to thoughts of Faerie, which then went straight to Dan and Nina, my foster parents, and how my dad had forced them into a situation where their memories had been taken away.

Bye bye family.

Goodbye to everything I really cared about. Or mostly everything. I'd gained my sister in the mess. And I still had Jaden, whatever we were.

But no home. No parents. No stability. Poof. Because of the man I was supposed to call father.

Storm, my always disheveled street dog, showed up then, right as I was getting even more down. He bumped me in the leg. I smiled. It wasn't much, but more than anyone else had been getting from me lately.

If only we had a plan. At least a plan. Even if it was impossible, it would be better than this, wandering each day into the next without any hope. It had been more than a month. If I'd had any hope before, it was gone now.

Like he knew where my thoughts were going, Storm bumped me again.

"Sorry, buddy. I know, you're hungry."

Today he'd just have to put up with a to-go meal though. It was Jaimie's birthday, and I didn't want to be late.

Starren wouldn't let Storm in our apartment. She'd never even seen him. Whenever she was around he avoided me too. But she was at work a lot, and what she didn't know didn't hurt her. I always made sure to get all of the dog hair out of the shower. He'd filled out, and was clean, which helped his looks a lot. Cray still said he looked like a hellhound, but I thought he was handsome. Every day when I left for school, I locked him up so our landlord didn't find out about him, or the dog warden find him, but every day he somehow showed up in the alley, waiting for me. This dog had talent.

"Stay," I told him when I got to the Martan's apartment building.

He whined at me, giving me the puppy eyes. I didn't let him catch on to how much it affected me, and walked into the building. The elevator was broke again, so I shuffled toward the stairs, blowing on my hands. March was much warmer than when we'd gone adventuring in January, but I still wasn't a fan.

It was the scent I noticed first. Steps coming down the stairs, strong perfume ahead of them. My soul went happy for a second, right before Nina stepped around the corner.

"Hey!" She smiled, that big grin.

One word nearly sent me into a tailspin of happy.

"How's it going?"

And there was the devastating wreck at the bottom of the tailspin. Nina would never be so casual with me if she knew who I was. My foster mom still didn't remember me. She was just nice to everyone.

"Oh, good."

She started past me.

My mind frantically raced with things to ask. How was she? How was Dan? Did they feel like something wasn't right in their lives? Did they secretly miss me? "How's it going with you?" I asked. It came out rather lame, but I would have asked her anything to get her to stay here even a moment longer.

"Going good," she said over her shoulder, not really slowing down.

Why would she. This was just small talk. My heart shattered into a million tiny pieces, and I closed my eyes to hold back the tears. What was she doing here anyway? This was supposed to be my safe zone. Not that I wasn't glad to see her.

"You okay?" Her voice made my eyes pop back open. She'd paused a few steps down, and watched me intently.

"Oh, you know how it is as a teen," I answered, not being able to lie and say yes.

"Need to talk about it?" She was being her normal amazing self. She didn't even know me, but she was willing to listen to my problems.

"Sometimes it's easier to tell a stranger how you're feeling."

A stranger. Talking with her would have been amazing, but the tears I'd been holding back were about to burst from their prison. "No, thank you," I got out, then tore off up the stairs. I hadn't seen her in over a month. Well, I'd seen her when I spied on her, but I hadn't interacted with her. Pushing down the need for my mom was so much harder when she was so close.

Thankfully she didn't follow me. The Martan's were just going to have to deal with me being late. I slid down the icky wall outside their apartment for a good cry. Jaden's sister Lucy was inside, and we didn't see eye to eye on anything. No way I would ever let her see me like this.



The birthday party went well. Jaden was the only one who seemed to notice my puffy eyes, but he didn't say anything. He was even kinder than normal, which I didn't think possible. I stuffed the questions down inside, wondering if Nina had been here. If I admitted I'd seen her in the hallway, Jaden would be all over me.

Thankfully Cray had to work. He might have noticed how I was feeling, and he didn't know about politely ignoring someone when they were hurting so you didn't embarrass them.

He was still pretty fae when it came to understanding emotion.

From all the happy and calm in here right now, she couldn't have been coming to see Rebecca, Jaden's mom. They were still friends, even with Nina not knowing me, but not in the way they used to be. Too many secrets between them now.

Nina did a lot of volunteering and charity work. There was probably someone in the building that had needed her today. Someone other than me.

"Time to open presents!" Rebecca announced, and Jaime squealed, just like any new eight-year-old would when presents were mentioned.

I slipped toward the door, grabbing my coat off the couch on the way. Not having parents made it really hard for a sixteen-year-old to get a job. And Starren wasn't much better off, being undocumented, so I hadn't had any extra cash to get Jaime anything.

"Leaving?" Jaden startled me. I'd been so intent on getting out of here without Jaime noticing that he'd apparently walked right up beside me without me having an inkling.

I slapped his arm lightly. "Don't do that. You of all people know how paranoid I can be. I might have hurt you."

He grinned. "Unlikely." His grin dropped. "What's going on? You've been upset all evening. Why are you leaving without telling anyone goodbye?"

“It’s almost time for Starren’s show to come on. We watch it together.” Not a total lie. Every show was Starren’s show. Surprisingly she loved TV, and learning about all the strange things humans did. She’d never admit it of course, but if she wasn’t at work and we weren’t training, that’s where she was. I was worried about her being depressed, but I didn’t know how to ask.

Jaden gave me a look that said he knew what I was doing, but he didn’t push.

One of the reasons I liked him so much. But he didn’t need to know that. “I’ll see you later.” I threw my coat on and took off out their door, making it down the stairs and outside with only a few tears welling up.

Stormy was waiting for me just out of sight of the door. I crouched down to give him a hug, and wipe the tears that had escaped off in his coat.

My apartment was just two buildings over. Fort Wayne was a nice city, so even though we were in the worst part, I still felt pretty safe, and the buildings weren’t too bad.

Plus, I had a little extra protection. I still didn’t leave the apartment without my invisible sword.

Starren was watching some murder show when I came in. Her favorite. Guessing who the killer was before anyone else made her happy. One of the few things that did. That, and turning her nose up at how inaccurate some of the deaths were.

I tried to bring Storm in with me, but he took off. “Storm,” I called after him half-heartedly, but he never listened. What was it about Starren that he didn’t like so much? He hadn’t even been this weird with Wade, and Wade was not a good dude.

My school stuff dropped to the floor by the island, followed by my sword. I hated going to school like nothing was wrong, but I didn’t want Dan and Nina to get in trouble for losing a foster kid either. It would happen eventually if they never remembered they even had a kid, but if we could fix them first, we could nip it in the bud.

Starren looked at me, but then went right back to watching TV.

Long gone were the days where I came home to fresh baked cookies and parents asking how my day had gone. “Foster parents,” I corrected under my breath, but I didn’t know who I was kidding. Dan was definitely a better dad than my actual dad, and Nina was an amazing mom.

I dropped down beside Starren and covered my face with my hands. “What’s wrong?” she asked.

I didn’t have to look to know she was still watching TV. Emotions were hard for her. Just the fact that she’d asked was a big deal.

“Missing Dan and Nina a little extra tonight.” And the fact that I would admit that to her was an even bigger deal. We were changing, and it felt weird.

I could feel her gaze shift and bore into me. I dropped my hands and stared back.

She grabbed the remote and clicked the TV off. Right in the middle of some stupid guy going down a dark alley. This must be serious.

“I’ve been thinking about that. A lot.”

I leaned closer. “Yeah?”

“And...” She paused.

I leaned in uncomfortably close. “Yes?”

“I think I know someone who could point us toward someone who could help.”

I shrieked and grabbed her hand, which made her look extremely uncomfortable. But she didn’t pull away. “Where is this person? What’s their name? Can we leave now? How far away are they?” I bounced on the couch, that tiny ember of hope I was always trying to smack down completely bursting into flame.

“That’s the problem. We’d have to leave Sanctuary.”

I slumped against the couch, that raging inferno doused with two short sentences. How were we supposed to do that? We hadn’t left Sanctuary since the whole Faerie fiasco where I’d met my evil father for the first time. “How many do you think are waiting out there for us? Did you just think of this guy?”

“I don’t know. A lot. Father won’t give up on you easily, and he’s probably ready to kill me.”

She was serious about that probably, unfortunately. Our father was not a good person. At all. But she hadn’t answered my second question.

“What made you think of him?”

She looked away, like she always did when she was guilty.

“Starren?” I asked. “Would you please answer me?” My voice started to rise, the temper that had been right under the surface since I’d lost my family bubbling out.

“I thought you’d stop caring. Stop needing them.” She threw her hands up in the air. “I don’t understand how all this ‘family’ stuff works!” Her air quotes would have made me laugh at any other time. But right now? I was spitting mad.

“You’ve known this entire time how to fix them?”

She leaned back. “No. I told you, I just know someone who might.”

“How do we find them? Let’s go!”

“It’s not that easy, Trish. There’s a chance he knows something, but if he doesn’t, we’d have to go back. To Faerie.”

I could feel the blood draining from my face, the anger swirling along with it. No wonder she hadn’t brought it up before. Faerie meant Wade. And even worse for her, Father. Faerie held all things evil and scary. At least when it came to the two of us.

“We’d have to find a different way in than your tunnel, I’m sure that’s heavily guarded by now. And as for portals...” she looked grim for a second. “Cummat owes me. A lot. If we go back to D.C., I might be able to get him to let us through.”

“Yes! Let’s leave now.” Traveling to D.C., not great. Traveling to Faerie, terrible. Getting my parents back? Worth it.

A knock on the door stopped Starren from answering.

No way Jaden knew what we were planning already. I jumped up stalked over to the door. No way I was going to tell him either. He’d try to stop us. It was probably the landlord, after our rent. It was only a week late, not a big deal. Nah, the landlord didn’t care enough to come in person. Had to be Jaden, here for something else. I’d open the door, tell him to get, and then we could go back to planning. Nothing mattered more at the moment.

I flung the door open, ready to tell him firmly but politely to go on his way so he didn’t suspect anything was up, but instead of a tall, way too cute fae on the other side, there was a petite dark haired woman that looked enough like Nina to make my brain short circuit.

She smiled.

“Hello, Trisha. I’m your Aunt Wren. May I come in?”

I so hope you enjoyed Trish's latest adventure! Here are a couple ways we can keep in contact about new books!

Follow me on Facebook and Twitter for updates on new stories!

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Or join my newsletter for a free short story about Trish first coming to live with Dan and Nina:

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About the Author



Growing up, it was impossible to catch Cassie Greutman without a book in her hand, even at the most inappropriate times. Since then with the rise of ebooks, it's only gotten worse. With her full-time job of caring for over thirty horses, some of that has changed to audiobooks, but you can bet there is always some type of story rattling around in her brain. She has always loved stories in any format, whether that is a movie, video game, or book form, and hopes to tell stories that catch a person's imagination and interest like so many have done for her.

A finalist in the Cinematic Book Competition with Screencraft out of over 1200 entries, and five star ratings with Reader's Favorite, who do reviews for most of the large publishing houses, Cassie has been throwing all of the extra time she has into improving her craft and bringing her writing to best it can possibly be. When she isn't stuck in a book, of course.