

Press Kit

A Surge

CHILD OF THRESH

LISA DUNN

A Surge

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About the Book

The Third Book of Chasmaria

Winter passes in peace, but at the first sign of spring, Grit's village, Thresh, must prepare to defend against a vengeful army bent on annihilation. Grit will lead the children of Thresh to the safety of Castle Concord, leaving Coil and the warriors behind to face Turf's army.

However, Turf isn't Grit's only enemy. Havoc still hunts her, twisting reality and showing Grit the full extent of her own wickedness. When Grit receives unexpected news from home, she must decide if keeping the promises she made to Coil, and to Thresh, is worth sacrificing her life.

Anaiah
+ *Press*

[Details](#)



Title: Child of Thresh
Series: Chasmaria Chronicles
Genre: Young Adult
Release Date: May 8, 2016
ISBN: 2940153016511 (ePub)
9780997335897 (Print)
Author: Lisa Dunn
Length: 266 pages
Imprint: Anaiyah Surge

Chasmaria Chronicles Book 1 & 2



Bio

As a child, Lisa Dunn fell asleep to her father's fanciful bedtime tales and played with her own story ideas during the daylight hours. She now resides in a small southern town with her husband, four children, and an ever-changing assortment of pets. Local librarians habitually thank her for their job security.



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Press Release



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

Anaiah Press announces release *Child of Thresh* by Lisa Dunn

Eden Plantz, Executive Editor of Anaiah Press, announces the release of *Child of Thresh*, a young adult novel by Lisa Dunn, on May 10, 2016. The book is available in electronic format through most major and online book retailers.

About the Book

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Important Links

Barnes & Noble— <http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/child-of-thresh-lisa-dunn/1123767368?ean=9780997335897>

Amazon— <https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01FE5C1SY>

iTunes—<https://itunes.apple.com/us/book/child-of-thresh/id1113105285?mt=11>

About Lisa Dunn

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About Anaiah Press

Anaiah Press, based out of Saint Petersburg, Florida, is a Christian publishing house dedicated to presenting quality, faith-based fiction and nonfiction books to the public. Their goal is to provide authors with the close-knit, hands-on experience of working with a small press, while ensuring they don't have to sacrifice quality editing, cover art, and marketing. To learn more about Anaiah Press, visit www.anaiahpress.com.

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Excerpt



CHAPTER 1

In a patch of snow, a single daffodil blossomed. Grit set her water pail on the soggy earth and knelt to study the harbinger of spring. In previous years, it would have filled her with anticipation of warmer days, of cloaks crammed into dusty trunks, of laughing swims in the Western Sea. But Chasmaria was different now than before the harsh winter, before the battle for Koradin, before she learned of enemies greater than boastful sirelings and spiteful sages. Grit cradled the flower's petals between her fingers as her dagger sliced through its stem. She spat on the elegant leaves that had framed the yellow blossom and rose to her full height.

“May ashes mark this spot forever.” She closed her fist around the flower, crushing its petals.

Cold river water sloshed out of her pail and onto her leg, plastering her trousers to her shin. By the time she arrived at Coil of Dara's hut on Thresh's Outer Ring, the bucket was half empty. She pounded her clenched fist against the door.

“What is it, Grit?” Coil rubbed his temple, squinting in the morning light.

“It's a daffodil.” She pressed the flower against his tunic, leaving a smear of botanical debris across his heart. “It *was* a daffodil. For all your study of plants, you ought to recognize a daffodil.”

“I'd venture to say my study methods are more precise than yours.” Coil picked a piece of stem from his chest and examined it. How like him, to act as if her anger were something he could bottle.

“Don't mock me, Coil. You know what this daffodil means.” It meant

another goodbye. Kinsmon had been clear. *When the first daffodil blooms, gather the weak, wounded, and aged. Watch for that first blossom. It will be your signal to move. Lead all who are unfit for battle from Thresh to the safety of Castle Concord.* She didn't have the courage to say goodbye, not yet. Far safer to focus on the practical.

She pushed past Coil and crossed to the table on the far side of the hut. "Your warriors promised me at least one aid from each of them. I assume your aid will be some sort of medicine for our journey. Which of these is ours?" She rifled through the pastes and poultices, sending one jar crashing into another. She could wield a dagger with precision. Why did her hands shake over jars?

Coil slid a basket filled with medicines toward Grit. "These are for your journey. Oath will know the uses of each."

"Alert the council, then. We leave tomorrow morning."

As Grit wrapped her fingers around the basket handle, Coil placed his hand over hers.

"Wait."

She wriggled her hand, but his grip held firm. Why must he make this so difficult?

"We haven't time for trivialities, Coil. Daffodils are just the beginning. Next the mountain pass will thaw, and Turf of Elna and Bord will be upon us. We ridiculed him all these years, but you mustn't think this will be a simple sparring match. He commands Strike's army now, with Havoc's support. You saw him in Koradin. His childish hatred has grown into a monstrous disdain for all that is good. I don't deny the goodness of my hand in yours, but you would serve Thresh better by finalizing preparations with your warriors."



She pulled free of him and looked at the open door and then at her muddy boots. It hurt too much to look at Coil. “You will keep Thresh until my return, won’t you? You promised, after all.”

He lifted her chin, forcing her to look at him. “I will fulfill my end of our alliance. Can I trust you to fulfill yours? Will you indeed return to me?”

She had promised to return, but how could she guarantee it? Too many uncertainties lay ahead. She couldn’t let him sense her fears. “I’ll return, Coil. I swore to it.”

He took her hand and traced the gold ring he had placed around her finger several months earlier, before they fought to free the neighboring village of Koradin from Strike of the Northern Mountains. “Turf of Elna and Bord may have separated Strike from his army, but he shall not separate us from Thresh or from one another.”

Grit squared her shoulders and forced a smile. “No, he shall not. Unless, of course, you hold me here and speak of sacred promises for all eternity. In that case, he may very well destroy us all.”

Coil let her go. Just outside the door, she bent to pick up her water bucket and glanced into the hut. Coil clutched the edge of the table, his head bowed over his healing remedies. He had always watched her. Why did he turn his back now?

She would run to him, but to waver was weakness, and she couldn’t afford weakness now. Neither could Coil. “I’ll come back. If I don’t, I’ll pierce my own heart with my dagger, and no medicine will save me.”

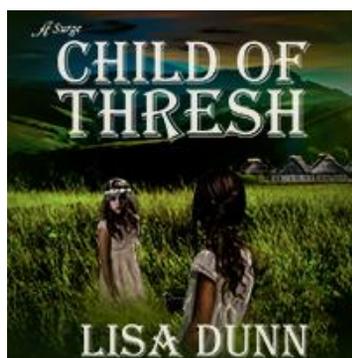
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