

les Anis de
Flavigny



A beautiful love story

*I am going to tell you a story
about a small white sweet,
a succulent sweet sweet...*



Once upon a time, a long time ago, there was shepherd
who offered Anis de Flavigny to the one he loved...

It all began early one Spring morning, in the secret garden
of a beautiful young maiden.

Seated amongst the roses, embracing a large bouquet,
she bowed her head and smiled, dreaming of loving
and of being loved, just like the roses...





A young shepherd, alone and afar from the village, chewed on a liquorice stick whilst sitting under a stone arch. A little light shining yonder, in the window of a house in the village, kindled something deep inside his heart that was yearning to burn.

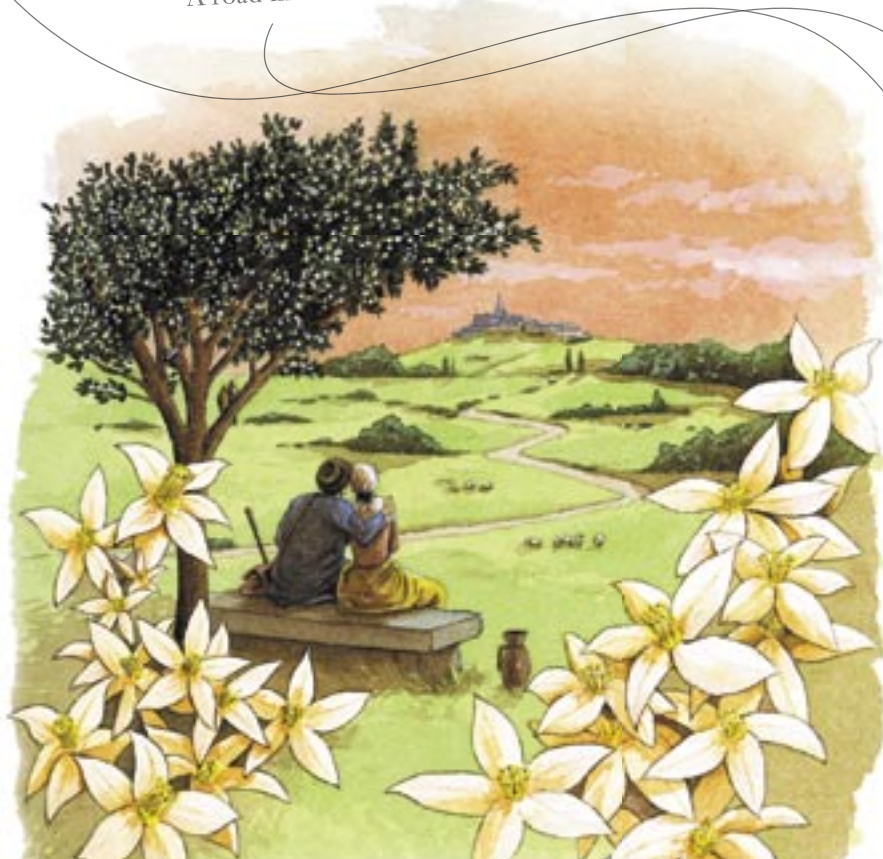
Was this the love of his dreams? A great expanse of virgin snow separated them in the night. A young ewe ventured out... The wolf was nearby.



In the forest shade, the young maiden had come to sit by the spring.
What joy to go barefoot and play with the water!
When she saw the shepherd coming, she hid behind a small rock, let him
approach and stayed still. She watched him without uttering a word.

He knelt down among the mint leaves, at the foot of the waterfall,
and saw her reflection in the water. Raising his head, he gave her
a look full of gentleness. The water trickled between his fingers
while the youth of life danced in the light of their eyes.

Under the orange blossom, they met for their first encounter,
side by side on a little bench. Henceforth, they dreamed together:
a long road in the light, climbing and winding, to be savoured
at each step taking them to the village high up on the hill.
A road filled with exquisite orange blossoms!

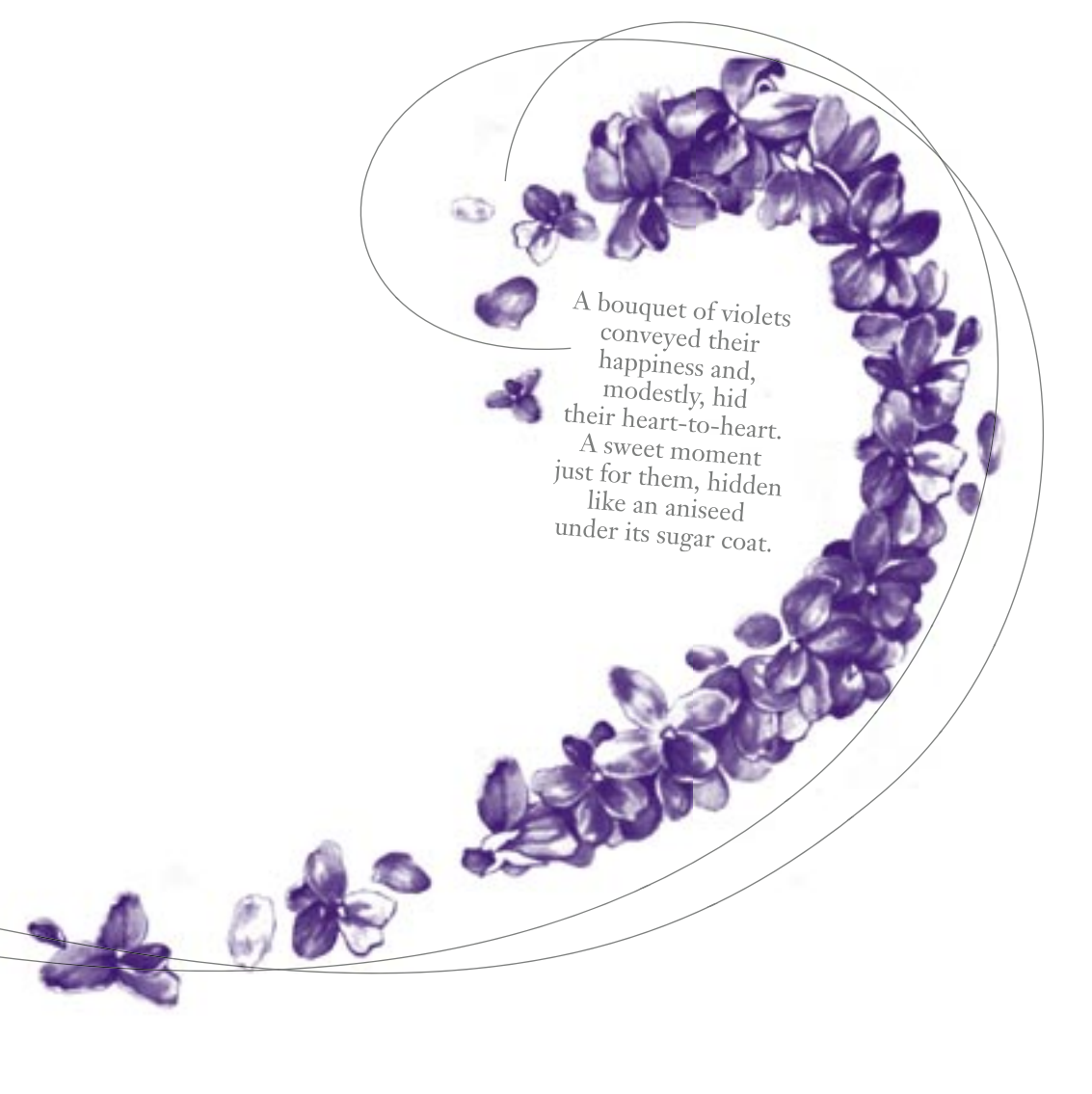


The young shepherd made
his move; daring to ask
for her hand by offering her
the succulent sweet sweet:
Anis de Flavigny.
Would she accept?



Again, she looked him straight in the eyes:
yes, she said yes! The young shepherdess
accepted the Anis de Flavigny!





A bouquet of violets
conveyed their
happiness and,
modestly, hid
their heart-to-heart.
A sweet moment
just for them, hidden
like an aniseed
under its sugar coat.

*Our beautiful story comes
from the dawn of time.
If I could tell it to you, it would be...*

ABOUT FLAVIEN, a great Roman traveller who brought the green aniseeds back from Syria. Enchanted by a small hill upon his arrival in Gaul, he founded his Gallo-Roman villa there. Flavien left his name "Flavigny" to the village as well as his knowledge of the aniseed...



ABOUT WIDERARD, a Burgundian chieftain, who was also charmed by the village of Flavigny and founded a Benedictine abbey there in the Middle Ages. Was it the monks who first had the idea of coating the aniseed to make a sweet? No one knows... However, archives attest that Burgundians were already offering Anis de Flavigny in 1591, under Henry IV, to passing guests.

ABOUT THE FACTORY, which passes know-how about Anis down from generation to generation. It would be about a young team of some twenty-five people, unstinting with their energy, gentleness and attention, who work for the pleasure of all lovers of Anis de Flavigny, for the shepherds and shepherdesses of today...

For over 15 days, each green aniseed is patiently layered with liquid sugar, delicately blended with natural flavours... There is one for everyone's taste: anise, orange, mint, liquorice, rose, violet.



ABOUT YOU, faithful lovers of these sweets who discover the factory shop that sells Anis de Flavigny, who spread the word about Anis de Flavigny to the four corners of the world, who collect the oval tins or who buy Anis by the kilo, who know to let the Anis melt two by two in their mouth until the small seed hidden in the heart of each candy is revealed.

*Thank you for enjoying our sweet.
We wish you a truly delicious day and wish you a life of true love.*

Catherine TROUBAT, Sweet maker



un bien bon bonbon

les Anis de
Flavigny

