

"Lizzy Albright and the Attic Window" by Ricky Tims and Kat Bowser

Lizzy Albright and the Attic Window

by Ricky Tims and Kat Bowser

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It's Christmas Eve 1964, which also happens to be the tenth birthday of Lizzy Albright, a red-headed, freckle-faced, over-imaginative child. The Beatles have made it big—and beehive hairdos are pretty big too. Station wagons have rear facing seats, and aluminum Christmas trees with rotating color wheels are the rage. Through the discovery of a family heirloom quilt, Lizzy is transported to an enchanted land where a powerful curse has befallen the kingdom of Ailear. Lizzy and her companions believe they can reverse the curse, but an evil sorceress has other plans. This magical and thrilling multi-layered story can be described as *Harry Potter meets Alice in Wonderland meets The Wizard of Oz*.



GET ON YOUR FLYING GOOSE AND HANG ON FOR THE RIDE!

Traditional quilt blocks play a minor role in the story. Quilters will be amused when they skim across a phrase that relates to a bear's paw or a pickle dish. Some references will be obvious, but others are fairly-well hidden. The vintage quilt plays a critical role in the story, but it's important to note that this is not a story about a quilt. It's a story about **empowerment, leaps of faith, and courage**. It's a story about **how choices come with consequences, and how sometimes great adversity can be a challenge to overcome**.

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Description: Ships Mid-April 2020. Save almost 30% by ordering this Lizzy Albright introductory souvenir bundle that contains an autographed copy of the paperback novel, a tote bag, a Lizzy mug, a souvenir button, and a Lizzy lanyard. The book in this promotional bundle will be autographed by Ricky Tims and will include an autographed bookplate by Kat Bowser.

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An excerpt from

Lizzy Albright and the Attic Window

They were putting their flasks back in their leaf cloak pockets when Gretta suddenly froze and said, "Shh!" She was listening intently and looking to the sky in the direction of the forest. McDoogle's ears perked up as well.

"What is that awful ruckus?" inquired McDoogle.

A black cloud was swirling above the forest. The undulating mass darkened an entire section of the sky. It was tracking a course high above Lake Road and it was heading directly toward them.

"The grackles!" she shouted in a whisper. "Hide now! Under your cloaks...hurry...get on the ground!"

Lizzy saw the swarming mass rushing their way. She and McDoogle both did as they were instructed and dove to the ground, huddled in a ball, and pulled their cloaks tightly around themselves. Off in the distance they could hear the high-pitched chattering that was coming from thousands of birds. The horrific noise sounded more like the squeaking shrills of tortured souls than birdsong, and it kept getting louder.

"Don't move!" said Gretta, as quietly as she could.

Lizzy wasn't exactly sure why they were having to hide. She had seen flocks of birds before—never this many—but she suspected they were just flying in a group like many birds do, to get from one place to another. Still, something in the sound of Gretta's voice indicated that the situation was serious, and Lizzy realized she needed to heed the warning. She might not have understood why, but deep down she knew that it was best for her to stay out of sight.

The mass of birds was directly above them. Not only could Lizzy hear their deafening, piercing shrieks, but she could actually feel her leaf cloak moving from the wind that was generated by their aggressive, flapping wings. It seemed like an eternity, but eventually the noise started to ebb and became a long, slow decrescendo that finally faded away.

"Don't move," Gretta whispered again.

Gretta was listening for any hint of a grackle that might be lingering behind.

"Mr. McDoogle, do you hear anything?" Gretta had begun to appreciate McDoogle's ears.

"Naw, Ms. Gretta, I don't hear a thing."

Gretta poked her head out and scanned the skies.

"Okay. They're gone." She let out a silent sigh of relief.

Lizzy and McDoogle crawled out from under their cloaks, stood up, and brushed themselves off. "What was that?" asked Lizzy.

"That, my dear princess, was trouble."