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A Well-Made Bed

A Novel by Abby Frucht & Laurie Alberts

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Binding: Tradepaper

Size: 5 x 8; Pages: 320

Price: US \$16.95

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Abby Frucht



Laurie Alberts

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A Well-Made Bed

A NOVEL BY

Abby Frucht & Laurie Alberts

“A weighty tale that keeps the reader intrigued and entranced.”

—*Kirkus Reviews*

Nearly fifteen years after the death of her childhood friend in a violent hit-and-run accident, Noor Khan is still in the midst of struggle. With a failing equestrian business and suspicions of an unfaithful husband, her years of physical and psychological therapies have driven her to cross a line that blurs what is law, and what is right. When Noor’s home-steading neighbor, Jaycee, gives her the chance to save her business and her marriage through the underground cocaine market, the two fall into a world of murder, copyright infringement, dementia, and one large wheel of Peruvian cheese that has them trapped in the morally ambiguous lives they may have desired all along.

Praise for *A Well-Made Bed*

“*A Well-Made Bed* depicts an eclectic, morally dubious collection of characters . . . (who) exhibit a wily, formidable strength as they scrape their way out of bad situations, making the best of the cards they’ve been dealt”

—*ShelfAwareness*

“Lovers of literary fiction will appreciate the fullness of the characters, the topsy-turvy plot twists, and the thought-provoking themes.”

—*Foreword Reviews*

“Frucht and Alberts construct a narrative that subverts genre conventions to effectively tell a new version of an old story, one with enough surprising prose to satisfy a wide variety of readers.”

—*Northwest Review of Books*

Biographical Notes

Laurie Alberts is the author of three previous novels, two memoirs, a story collection, and a book on the craft of writing. Her work has received the Pirate’s Alley Faulkner Award, the Hackney Literary Award, an American Fiction prize, and a James Michener Award. She lives off the grid in Vermont.

Abby Frucht, a judge for this year’s Pen Faulkner Awards in Fiction, is a prize winning novelist and essayist who lives on a lake in Wisconsin, has raised two sons, worked as mentor and advisor for twenty years at Vermont College of Fine Arts, and counts her many friendships among women as one of the driving inspirations of her life.



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“Brilliant and beautifully written, *A Well-Made Bed* centers around Jaycee and Noor and the unexpected but inevitable predicaments they get themselves into. Soon the interlocking plots and subplots make it impossible to separate character from destiny, humor from sorrow, or truth from lies. *A Well-Made Bed* is deliciously addictive.”

—Alice Fogel, Poet Laureate of New Hampshire

“*A Well-Made Bed* is a beautifully made story and a modern parable. What happens when good people need money—a bunch of money, and fast? You can guess. Noor and Jaycee are friends from opposite sides of the tracks, but their urgent needs push them to consider what seems like a rather low-grade form of mayhem, a simple plan, and practically foolproof. So begins a story that will make you laugh, and shudder, and identify, whether you want to or not.”

—Jacquelyn Mitchard, author of *The Deep End of the Ocean*

From *A Well-Made Bed*

Chapter Sixteen: Jaycee, 2011

“It’s more like three pounds, not two,” Jaycee said, “And I made it through Newark with the coke in a cheese without a problem.”

“You’re white with a US passport. She’s not. Besides, that was Newark.”

“Yeah but she goes through Miami all the time,” Jaycee said. “They probably know her by name there.” Still, he was right. Frida didn’t have a clue what she was maybe walking into, but when Jaycee called her back, the connectivity was gone, as it was likely to remain, given that her relatives lived up in the mountains. Blinking back sudden tears, not about Frida so much, she had to admit, but in response to Gerry’s drubbing, she dug in her tote again for the nugget of coke she’d hidden before coming over here. She scraped it with a fingernail, then held it out—a gift—to Gerry.

“Hey, how much of that stuff you been doing? No wonder I get tingly every time I kiss you,” said Gerry, regarding Jaycee with a wary dismay, the *Hardy Boys* novel falling closed on the page. “What is it with women these days?” he wondered. “Every time I think I know someone I find out I don’t. Can you do me a favor? Be careful, okay? I mean, once in a while for a little fun is fine, but I know lots of people who got into trouble with the stuff.”

“I don’t do it much. I’m the girl who never even drank coffee, just chamomile tea, until she was practically thirty already. And maybe you shouldn’t think you know someone you just met. I hardly know my own father and mother,” Jaycee said. She had finally put her dad into a nursing home, and Hil’s partner, Jeff Parmenter, was on his way to indictment for fraud. Hannah, whose claims to have been in the dark about everything had the unfortunate consequence of making her appear stupid to other people, spent a lot of time talking smartly about plans either to sell Hillwinds, declare bankruptcy, pay the delinquent taxes, or maintain a lawyer, whichever Jaycee could manage. But the way Jaycee saw it, her life was her own now, period.