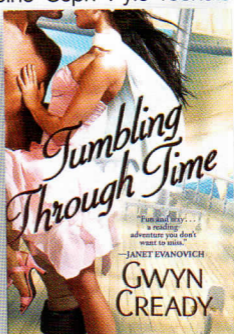


Don't let the cover of Atlanta Drive resident Gwyn Cready's novel *Tumbling Through Time* put you off. Yes, there is a pirate-booted, bare-chested beefcake clutching a lithesome lass in pink taffeta heels, but this is one sassy, smart, amusing romance. Even bestselling author Janet Evanovich calls it "fun and sexy."

In the book, heroine Seph Pyle rockets back and forth in time—thanks to a magical pair of pink high heel sandals—while confusion, suspense and a healthy dollop of nookie ensue. Set in part in Pittsburgh, Dormont's Campiti's Pizza and the Mt. Lebanon pool get shout-outs.



Cready, a happily married (25 years), senior brand manager at GlaxoSmithKline Consumer Healthcare, is not and never was a romance novel reader. "But I love a good love story," she says.

Cready had planned to write a novel for years. But with a full-time job, a husband (Lester Pyle is an administrator at the University of Pittsburgh) and two children (Wyatt, 19, and Cameron, 14) there wasn't a lot of time for novel reading much less writing. But then something dreadful happened. Eleven years ago, Cready's younger sister, Claire, died unexpectedly at age 31. "The one good lesson I took from it was if there's something you want to do, do it that day," Cready says. She started her first novel within a month of Claire's death.

Blackmuir Fires, a historical novel, took Cready six years to write. Although it never sold, it earned her an agent who suggested she write another book. So Cready wrote *Tumbling Through Time*, setting in the same time period of her first novel to use the research she'd already done. She finished it in 18 months; Pocket Books bought it in June 2006.

Now on a roll, the 1979 Mt. Lebanon High School graduate's next book, *Seducing Mr. Darcy*—another romance in which Pittsburgh plays a prominent role—is due in August, and a third novel is in the works.

So where does this suburban mother and businesswoman come up with these plots?

"I lay in bed at night and think of things that amuse me," Cready says with a laugh. www.cready.com.

—M.A. JACKSON