



Book Review: Seeing Redd

Written by Mrs. Deez

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Mrs. Deez checks in with the latest chapter in the "Looking Glass Wars" Trilogy. Find out what she found down this rabbit hole!

TITLE: Seeing Redd

Author: Frank Beddor

There's a new trend in music called "Mash-ups", where two songs (decent, heinous, or any combination thereof) are interlaced to make a new but familiar sound; closely following literature's equivalent (Gregory MacGuire's well known "Wicked" and "Confessions of an Ugly Stepsister") comes The Looking Glass Wars series.

Seeing Redd is the second installment of the series. I had not (being far from the target demographic) yet heard of Frank Beddor's newish series, but ran out and bought the first book upon receipt of this, the second in the series before reading and reviewing Seeing Redd.

Before I get on with this and tell you what I thought of the second book, I'll tell you that I took Book One (The Looking Glass Wars) with me on a plane ride to Comic-Con, thinking it would hold me for a few days. It didn't - I breathed it in like an addict on the flight from Sacramento to San Diego, and wanted to read Book Two, which for the sake of luggage weight I had left at home, so badly that I stopped by the Frank Beddor booth at the convention and BEGGED for an advance copy. I wasn't even planning on liking this assignment!

So here I am, in my Early Thirties and assigned a Teen Fantasy book; and salivating to get my hands on it.

Why?

Great characters - so much more likeable than the (real) Lewis Carroll or Disney Wonderland bunch, in their darkness and realness. So much less annoyingly TRYING TO BE DARK than the



Alice of game horror fame. Better, even, than MacGuire's books, because they are so much less prose-prone.

I am by no means of the Imagination Illiterate, and know I will very likely be crucified by anybody who happens upon this review, but I admit here, publicly and with humility, that I love the idea behind MacGuire's books, have in fact read every one of them, but think he is verbose to a fault. The man has verbal diarrhea.

Beddor's books don't try to fill space with descriptions so much. They may be meant for teens, but the bottom line is, they use actual plot and character development to appeal to a variety of target audiences; the Thirty-Something Soap Addict, the Romantic Teen, the Sci-Fi Ninja Wannabe.

Reluctant hottie warrior-queens or their romantically inclined but duty conflicted bodyguards, threatened royal lines and homicidal Aunts; cats a girl would be happy to feed or pant over. This series takes a beloved story and looks to its would-be inspiration, then freely runs over the traditional storyline and rampantly goes wild.

Buy it. Even better – buy it for your teenager, then read it yourself. It's as enjoyable as Harry Potter, guiltless too, but not the kind of book you would have been ashamed to have read in The Old Days.