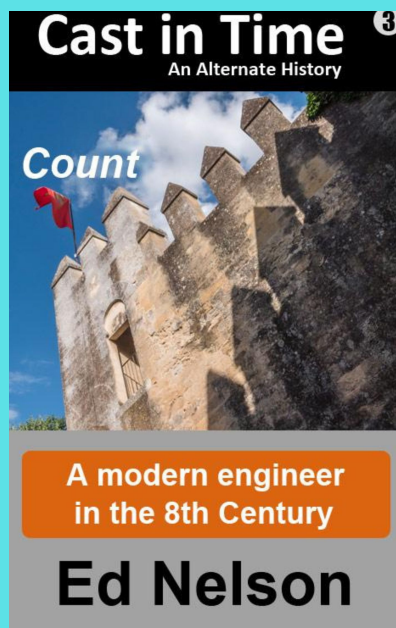


Ed Nelson's Newsletter

Home of the Richard Jackson Saga, Ever and Always, and the upcoming Cast in Time series.

Volume 1 Edition 9

September 7, 2023



NEWS FLASH!!! Book Three!!!

Cast In Time: Book 3: Count Kindle Edition

by Ed Nelson (Author) Format: Kindle Edition

Book 3 of 3: Cast in Time

Top New Release in Hard Science Fiction.

o

[Read More](#)

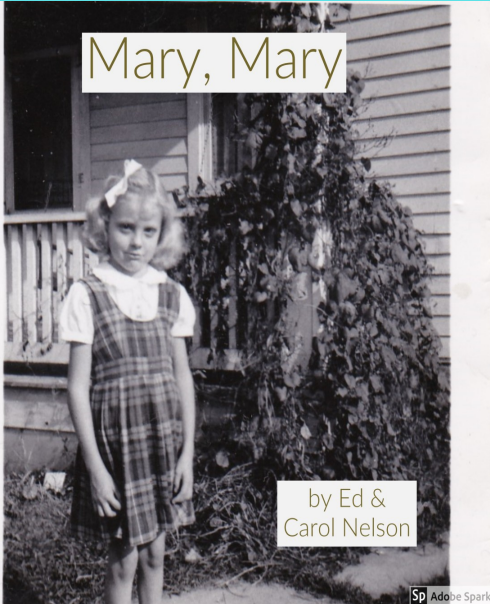
Book 1: The Beginning

Bank robbery, bull riding in the rodeo, a western movie, rustlers, among other events, occur as young Rick is on a cross-country trip, hitchhiking from a small Ohio town to California. This alternate history is of what should have been rather than what has been.



[See on Amazon](#)

Recommended Reading



Little known is that this is my wife's first day of school picture taken in 1950.

Mary Mary is a short story about Rick Jackson's sister. Done in chapters based on the nursery rhyme. Mary is a precocious child who looks at life a little differently. This is a read that will bring a smile to your face and joy to your heart. Also a headache if you think about it too much!

Mary, Mary on Amazon

Doing something different this month. A short story titled "Mary Goes Shopping." Some background on Mary. She is Rick Jackson's little sister.

She comes from a very rich family and as such has a bodyguard, Sally, and a driver, Jim.

Mary can be violent, not tantrums, physical violent. She was taught this after a kidnap attempt.

That is another story.

Mary Goes Shopping

Mom's birthday was coming up, so Jim and Sally took me shopping. Jim always drove and stayed in the car.

He preferred that rather than going into the stores. Sally and I agreed that men and boys didn't know how to shop.

She said this was because men were hunters. See food, kill food, come home. They shopped the same way.

Us women were homemakers. We would look for the best, check the rest to make certain we were correct, then buy if on sale and go home.

That made sense to me.

We had an appointment at Van Cleef & Arpels on Rodeo Drive. I wanted to buy Mum a tennis bracelet.

We had to ring the doorbell to get in as they kept the door locked. They only wanted serious buyers.

A guard was sitting in a chair beside the door. He didn't get up when we came in. He was fat and looked lazy. I doubted he would be much help in a robbery.

The saleslady who let us in was very nice. The room was decorated. I had to ask what the style was because it was so ornate. Sally used the word ornate, I said over the top.

The nice sales lady said it was called Baroque. She admitted it was over the top, but she worked there every day and didn't notice it anymore.

She took us over to a strange little couch called a settee. Again Sally had to tell me its name.

The lady offered us refreshments. Coffee, tea, soft drinks, or juices. I asked for orange juice, and Sally got coffee.

I did wonder if I would be given a chance to buy anything. As I looked around, I realized there wasn't very much jewelry on display.

The jewelry on display was each in a separate display case. Looking around, I suspected they would charge more than most stores.

The saleslady came back with a tray with our drinks and some pastries. One chocolate donut was yummy.

While we were having our snack, the lady asked what Sally was in the market for.

Sally corrected her, "It's Mary who is shopping today. She is looking for a tennis bracelet for her mother's birthday.

"I'm sorry, I thought she was your daughter."

The lady turned to me and asked if I had a budget. The way she asked was as though I would say five or ten dollars.

I felt ornery, so I replied, "Some where between five and ten."

"I'm afraid we have nothing in that price range."

Sally was snickering. When she quieted down, she told the lady.

"I think Mary Jackson meant five or ten thousand dollars."

The saleslady closed her mouth for a moment, then, "Oh, you are one of those Jacksons. I didn't understand.

Certainly, we have items in your price range. Let me fetch a few."

She stood to leave when there was a crash at the front of the store. I turned to look in time to see a man with a small sledgehammer step through the remains of the front door.

I don't think he or the two men behind him had an appointment. The fat guard started to stand up but sat back down when a gun was held to his head.

I looked at Sally, and she told me to sit still. I did. I noticed her taking her pistol out of her purse and sliding it under a fold of her dress where she was sitting.

I had to get a handgun!

I did sneak my Fairburn fighting knife out and place it under my dress.

While this was happening, the three men came to the back of the store. They weren't wearing masks. I had seen enough TV to know this wasn't good. They had hit the poor guard in the head, so he was out cold. They had also taken his revolver so that I couldn't retrieve that.

One of the guys said, "This is a robbery."

How redundant!

He continued, "You ladies sit still, and we will collect the jewels and leave. No one needs to get hurt.

I guess guards don't count.

One guy used the handheld sledgehammer to break the display cases, grabbed the jewels, and put them in a pillowcase.

The other two went into the backroom. There was a lot of crashing and banging.

All of a sudden, there was a single gunshot. Then one of the robbers in the back was shouting.

"Why did you do that? Now we can be charged with murder in an armed robbery."

Sally and I exchanged looks. Now they wouldn't want to leave any witnesses.

The guy with the sledgehammer had his back to me, so I stabbed him deeply in his right kidney with my knife. He let out a strange noise and collapsed.

The other two guys came out of the backroom. One had a sack in each hand which was poor planning. The other had one sack and his pistol.

Sally shot the guy with the pistol first. The other guy dropped his two sacks and went for a handgun in his belt. She shot him before the sacks hit the floor.

Sally checked and made sure all the bad guys were dead. She then went into the backroom but came back shortly. She was shaking her head.

"The manager didn't make it."

All this time, our saleslady was sitting there frozen with a teacup halfway to her mouth. I reached over and took it from her.

She promptly collapsed into tears.

The guard was coming around but was in a daze.

Sally went to a phone in the corner to call the police. Before she could dial the phone, they came in with guns drawn.

It took a few minutes to sort out what had happened. One of the policemen told me they were on the watch for this gang. They were doing smash and grabs where they would be in and out in five minutes or less.

Sally and I had to give separate statements. At first, they didn't think they needed to talk to me as I was just a kid. When they found out I put the knife in the guy's kidney, they changed their tune and interviewed me.

They wanted to know where the knife was. I had cleaned it off and returned it to its sheath on my leg.

They took the knife as evidence. I was told I would get it back. I replied it was okay because I had more at home.

One of the officers joked, "You will be defenseless until you get home."

I then showed him the throwing knife covered by my dress sleeve.

The policeman got a really strange look.

By the time it was all done I never got to buy Mum's present. Maybe we can go to Zales tomorrow.

When we got home, Mummy and Daddy had to hear the whole story. They were glad we were both safe. Daddy told Sally she had earned her Christmas bonus. Jim was there and looked a little put out. He had missed all the fun.

The next day Daddy took me to our library and asked how I slept last night. I told him fine. He wanted to know if stabbing that guy bothered me at all. I told him no, as it was those guys or us.

Daddy told me if I had any problems, please talk to him about them.

"Daddy, I do have a question.

"What is that?"

"Will people think I'm bragging if I put a notch on my knife handle?"