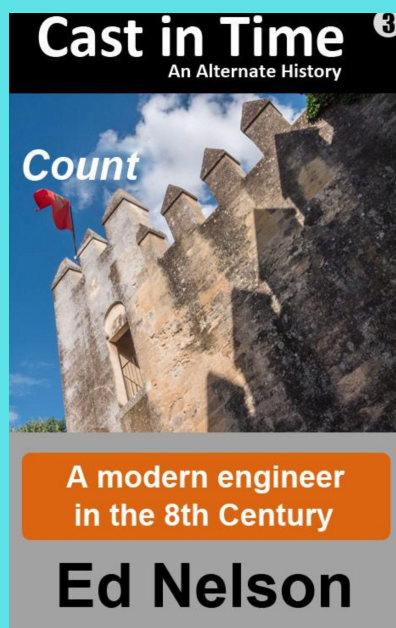


Ed Nelson's Newsletter

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

Volume 1 Edition 10

October 7, 2023



ANOTHER NEWS FLASH!!!

Cast In Time: Book 3: Count

by Ed Nelson (Author) Format: Kindle Edition

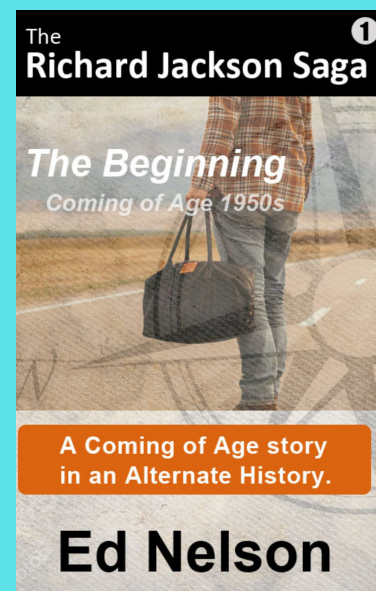
4.6 4.6 out of 5 stars 145 ratings

- Best Sellers Rank: #59 in Kindle Store (See Top 100 in Kindle Store)
- o #1 in Science Fiction Adventures
- o #1 in Hard Science Fiction (Kindle Store)
- o #1 in Alternative History
- o **The big news here is the #59 in sales, that is out of 22 million books on Amazon!**

Read More

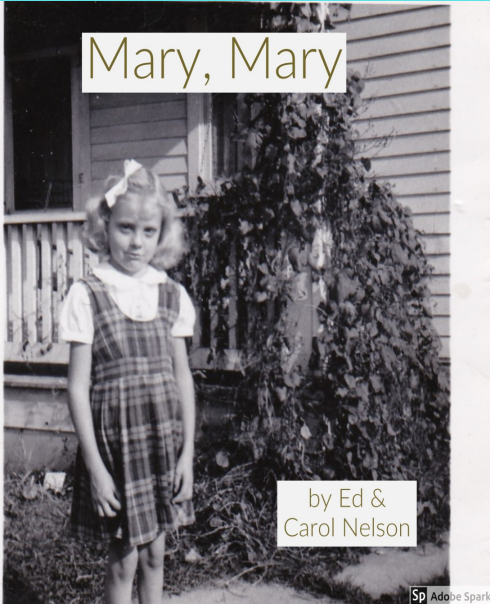
Book 1: The Beginning

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 series of short stories about Rick Jackson's sister. 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

This month's short story is titled "Mary Sells Girl Scout Cookies." 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 Sells Girl Scout Cookies

It was time for my Brownie Troop to start selling Girl Scout Cookies. I had never done that before. I didn't see how it could be hard. I sold my clothes all over the world. Of course, other people did the selling, so maybe I did have a few things to learn.

At a Troop meeting we were given order forms and told how to fill them out. The idea was that we would go door to door in our neighborhood and knock on doors. We had to have an adult with us, who would stand back. They were there to make certain we would be safe.

We would take the order and ask to be paid upfront. I guess many people would order cookies and then not want them when they saw how much they cost.

I asked Mummy how the cookie money was divided up. I wish I hadn't.

Mum took me through the economics of cookie sales. Cartons sold on average for .35 a box. I had to add all the prices and divide by the number of different cookies. That was hard.

It got even worse. She got a brochure from the Girl Scout Council that told how the money was divided up. 25% of the money went to the companies baking the cookies. 57% went to the Girl Scout Programs, 6% to the girls selling the cookies, and 14% to the Girls Troop.

I had to ask what the Girl Scout Programs were. This was money for the people who ran the program, and our magazines, and developing the stuff we did like making potholders. I hated making potholders. What a waste of time and money.

I would rather be a Boy Scout; camping and peeing in the woods sounded like more fun.

My school didn't sponsor Girl Scouts Troops so when Mummy decided that I needed to get into Scouting she took me to a church in Beverly Hills. The girls were all nice, but Patty and I were the only ones dropped off in a limo.

When I told Mummy about walking door to door and knocking on them in our neighborhood; she thought that might be a problem as the houses were so far apart. She decided that I would take my limo from house to house to sell cookies.

I wore my uniform, and it was cute. My first one was from Penny's, and it didn't fit very well so I had it tailored. That was okay but I didn't like the fabric. A better fabric and tailoring made it top rate.

We would go door to door in the limo. Sally would stand about ten feet back. When I got the money, she put it in her purse. I could see her handgun when she did that. Jim would stand leaning against the limo with his jacket unbuttoned. You could see his shoulder holster. I don't know if that hurt or helped sales.

At the clothing company, they said that if you didn't know if something helped or hurt a campaign to vary it. Maybe we should try some with Jim keeping his jacket closed, and another holding a Tommy Gun.

My first trip out wasn't very good. Sally told me to cheer up it would get better. I told the other girls in line waiting to turn our orders and money in that I had only sold twenty units. Patty was way ahead of me; she had sold 100!

The next best girl had sold 47. When it was my turn to turn in my money and orders, the Mum in charge of cookies sales announced we have a new leader. It seems that all the other girls had been selling boxes of cookies. I had sold them by the case. My box count was 240! Take that Patty!

Our Council was keeping track of each Troop's cookies sales. After the first week, we were way ahead. Next week I had more time to spend and sold 30 cases, but Patty had got serious and sold 32 cases.

I got to look inside the front door of all the houses in our area. Some of them were pretty and some pretty weird. One guy had a piano that I could see that looked like it was made out of gold. I thought that was stupid. His name was Libbersomething.

I was disappointed at Jack Benny's house when Rochester didn't answer the door.

Another house had rainbow, lions, tinmen, and scarecrows painted on the entry way wall.

There were no ghosts to be seen at Topper's house, bummer.

Sally wouldn't let me knock on the door of some guy named Fatty.

We sold a lot of cookies on Mulholland Drive. It was fun on Rodeo Drive, at least for Sally and I. We got some shopping done. Jim complained about carrying all of our stuff.

Ricky let me send order forms to all his factories. We sold three thousand cases that week. Patties grandfather gave a box away to every subscriber of his newspapers, so she beat me with almost four thousand cases.

To catch up I asked Mummy if I could give them away to people who donated to my 'Feed the Puppies,' program. She thought that would be a good idea as I was donating them to a charity so they would be tax-deductible. The accountants told her that I had made so much money selling clothes that I needed every deduction I could get.

I hated taxes, I'm only eight years old and have to pay taxes. That doesn't seem fair. None of the other girls at school had to pay any, not even Patty. I wrote a letter to my Congressman complaining but he didn't answer me.

The donations to 'Feed the Puppies,' put me back in the lead in our troop. The Council stopped listing our troop on its weekly totals, they started with the second place Troop. A woman came to one of our meetings and encouraged us to keep selling. She spent a lot of time looking at Patty and me. I thought I had something on my chin.

I even set up a stand at Ricky's movie studio. We sold a lot of cookies to the actors and crew. They even put me in the background of a street scene in a movie. They thought it was cute until I told them it would cost them 100 cases of cookies. That was five hundred and forty dollars.

They said I had signed a release form and that I would only get paid the daily minimum rate. I showed them my copy of the form and my addition that they had agreed to. As Mummy taught me it is always important to read what you are signing.

Patty and I were running neck and neck in sales, one week I was ahead and the next she was. The cookie companies, both of them were happy with our sales. They had to subcontract out cookie baking to other companies. Even the people who printed the boxes were doing well. I was glad that Mummy suggested that I buy some stock in those companies.

It was getting harder to sell cookies, both Patty and I had approached everyone we could. We were only halfway through the cookie season. I was watching TV when one of my PSAs for "Feed the Puppies," came on. The next day we went to Dad's TV studio and cut another PSA where we told people they would get a box of thin mints for any donation over five dollars.

That gave a huge boost in sales for the next two weeks.

I asked Mummy how people would get the cookies after they donated. She explained what a fulfillment company was and how it worked. We were spending a lot of money on them, so we ended up buying our own fulfillment company.

Mummy had me do the math. We could afford to give a prize of some sort for every donation made forever. The prizes didn't cost that much, and they came out of the 'Feed the Puppies' budget. 'Feed the Puppies,' had to pay our fulfillment company who made a profit. We were making money on giving away free stuff!

We then split half the profits back with "Feed the Puppies." The rest went to my college fund. At the rate it was growing I think I could buy my college. That would be neat, I could tell every teacher to give me an A.

The last week of the contest in April I brought out my big guns. I had an ad run that promised a carton of cookies with every dress purchase. Worldwide we sold ten thousand cases.

That blew Patty away. I had sold thirty-two thousand cases of cookies and she had only sold twenty-one thousand.

I had sold 172, 800 dollars' worth of cookies. That meant I would be getting 10,368 dollars. At least that is what I thought. At a big ceremony at Girl Scout Headquarters, I was given a check for five hundred dollars. Patty got one for three hundred. The Troop got one thousand dollars instead of the eighteen thousand dollars we had earned.

When I asked about it, I was told that little girls didn't need that much money. They would be using the money at the council level to give raises to all of the staff for running such a wonderful cookie sales campaign.

After they were served notice of mine and Patty's lawsuits and read the interviews in Daddy's and Mr. Hearst's newspapers the National Girl Scouts told them to give us our money. At the next Troop meeting, we were introduced to our new Council leader. She was extremely nice to Patty and me.

Patty said it best, "Gag me with a spoon."

