

# Ed Nelson's Newsletter

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

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## A Stellar Start!

Cast in Time: Book 4: Earl

by Ed Nelson (Author) Format: Kindle Edition

4.5 4.5 out of 5 stars 105 ratings

Best Sellers Rank: #73 in Kindle Store (See Top 100 in Kindle Store)

#1 in War Fiction (Kindle Store)

#1 in Medieval Historical Fiction (Books)

#1 in Alternative History

Name the Irish Wolfhound. Two names have received multiple votes. Journey and Clarence. Which would you prefer?

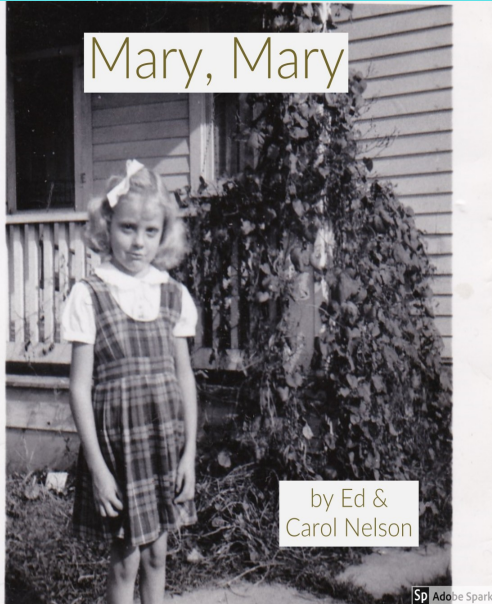
Recommendation for a good change of pace.

After the heartbreaking loss of her mother and a cruel attack by her drunken father, Ella Parker decides that dishonesty is fine when it serves her needs. At a time when wealthy young ladies do little more than embroidery, Ella escapes her luxurious but lonely life, disguises herself as male medical student, and finds her footing in the university. But when she brilliantly saves a patient and gains the approval of a famed professor, she must choose between truth and lies, and distinguish between real and false friends, before her pretense is discovered.



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 and Murder Most Fowl."

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 and Murder Most Fowl

Three bodies were hanging by their necks on the limb of a big old Oak tree. Eddy and I had started to go fishing, now this, I was scared. Who could have done this? Were they still around?

It had stopped raining in the middle of the night, and it was now a bright sunny California day. At breakfast, Eddy and I decided to go fishing. It would be easy to dig up earthworms as the rain would have brought them near the surface. After filling a Peter Pan peanut butter jar with dirt and worms we grabbed our cane poles and headed out to our fishing hole.

Eddie carried a small metal box with extra hooks, lead weights, and red and white bobbers.

We had just started down the path in the state forest next to Jackson House which led to our fishing pond.

We always caught a few fish there; crappies are what Ricky called them. I even caught a perch once but like all the other fish we had caught they were too small, and we threw them back.

That worked out well as we were supposed to cut their heads off and clean their innards out before we brought them home. Yuck!

I hope I never caught a big fish!

Anyway, when we started down the path the bodies were hanging by their necks. They were some sort of ducks. Who could have done this?

We soon found out as two boys with Benjamin air rifles came up the path holding two more ducks.

One of them yelled, "Hey get away from our ducks!"

I yelled back, "Why are you killing these poor ducks. There are No Hunting signs everywhere."

"I don't care about no stinking signs. It is fun to shoot them."

Eddie asked, "Are you going to eat them?"

The bigger of the two boys replied, “No way I ain't going to cut one of those up. I just hang them there to keep score.”

“Well stop it,” I yelled.

“Make me. I will shoot you. “

As he said that he pointed his air rifle at me. This was serious, a BB gun only pumped air once when you work the lever.

The Benjamin air rifle could be pumped until the air pressure was so great you couldn't pump it anymore. I knew about this because Ricky had one to practice target shooting.

It could bury a Beebee in a pine board. These rifles were dangerous.

As he pointed his gun at me, I swung my fishing pole. I had hoped to knock the gun out of his hands.

I missed the gun but the line on the fishing pole swung loose and wrapped around his arm. The hook went in.

He started screaming in pain and dropped his rifle. Eddy ran up and grabbed it.

The other boy had just stood there the whole time.

Eddy aimed the rifle he had just grabbed and told the boy, “Drop the gun and reach for the sky. “

I think he had seen too many cowboy movies. “Hands up,” would have worked.

The boy did as he was told.

I went up to the big boy and looked at his arm. He must have been 11 or 12 years old. He had a hand over the fishing hook and was crying.

“They will have to cut my arm off I know it. Mom will be so mad.”

Holding his arm, I lifted his hand away. The hook was in his arm, but it didn't go deep, the barb hadn't gone in. I pulled the hook out.

The big boy stopped crying and immediately demanded his rifle back. Eddy had picked up the second rifle and handed it to me.

Eddie said, "Make trail dust partner, if I see you in these parts again, I will shoot you like the dog you are."

He really had been watching too many movies. The boys stood there still demanding their guns back.

I told them, "That hook was rusty, you better get to a doctor for a teddynus shot or you will die."

The smaller boy spoke up, "She's right Josh, teddynus will kill you, we better get you to a doctor."

"Mom is going to kill us," the bigger boy moaned.

"That's better than dying."

At that, they both took off running.

After that Eddy and I decided not to go fishing. We hide our new rifles in the old carriage house. Eddie wanted to hide them in the horse barn but if Ben caught me there, I would be in big trouble. We went down to the basement recreation room and watched a western.

On Sunday I had to go to a recital. My brother Danny played the piano. He was going to play in public for the very first time. There would be four others playing.

Mum made me wear a yellow dress and brown gloves with a matching pillbox hat. They were OK, but I loved my new patent leather shoes. They were so shiny.

After three boys played there was an intermission, they had little sandwiches with the crusts cut off. There was tea and lemonade to drink.

I was standing there eating one of these sandwiches with cucumbers on them when two boys came up to me.

One of them started talking to me while the other just looked down at his feet. After a while, he looked up and started talking to me.

The boy who had been talking then looked down. He kept moving around as though he was trying to focus on something.

Mom came over and told the boys, "That is just a legend, the shoes aren't that much of a mirror."

They turn bright red and left almost at a run.

“Mary, some people think that patent leather shoes are so shiny that they could act as a mirror.”

I had to think for a moment.

“They were trying to see my underwear!”

“Yes, they were, that is why I tell you to wear clean underwear.”

“I thought it was if I was in an accident and they had to take my clothes off.”

“That too.”

“Boys are nasty.”

“They will stay nasty until you are 13 or so.”

“How will they not be nasty anymore.”

“Oh, the boys will stay nasty, but you girls will be even nastier.”

“That doesn't sound good, I will try not to be nasty.”

That is what I said. I couldn't wait to be nastier than the boys, it sounded like fun!

On Monday we had a field day at school. Usually, they were on Friday but for some reason, they had this one on a Monday. The weather was nice and maybe the teachers were tired of teaching.

There were all sorts of races and games. If you won you got a blue ribbon, second place a red, and third place a green one. After that, you were out of luck. I doubted if I would win any, but it would be fun. Though it would be nice if I got at least one ribbon.

The first contest was a football throw. They put a hula hoop on the ground, and you had to land the football in the hoop. Three boys made it land in the hoop, so they had a throw-off. Patty and I giggled that was better than a throw-up.

Next was a limbo dance. I couldn't do that as well as Patty. She got a green ribbon. She wasn't nice about it, she kept waving it in my face. I had to win a ribbon better than hers.

The next contest was a team event. The team made a straight line. There was a bucket full of water at one end, and an empty bucket at the other. Each team had a large sponge. We would fill the sponge at one end and pass it down the line to

squeeze it out in the empty bucket. We had ten minutes. The team that got the most water in their bucket won.

We didn't did get any ribbons. It didn't matter as Patty was on my team. If we had won, she would still be ahead on ribbons.

Then there was the water balloon toss. Patty wasn't my partner, so I had a chance to tie or beat her. Susie from soccer was my partner. We gently tossed the balloon back and forth. We had to take a step backward after every throw.

Susie and I won a red ribbon. I wasn't like Patty; I didn't wave it in her face. It had a long string on it so I tied it around my forehead as an Indian would. The ribbon hung down by my ear. I did flick my head every time I saw Patty.

My being ahead didn't last very long as Patty got a red ribbon in the beach ball race. We had to put it between our legs and run. Patty was taller than me, so it fits between her legs better. She almost won but lost out by a nose. I bet that was the first time Janet ever felt good about her big nose.

We had to take a break for lunch, it was baloney sandwiches and kool-aide.

There weren't very many races left so I had to win a green ribbon to tie her or a red or blue one to beat her. That is if she didn't win anymore.

The first contest after lunch was the dress-up relay. There were ten items of clothing each team had to pick up and wear. The first person had to put on all ten items, run back to their team, tag a person, then they would run back to the line where the first person would undress, and the second person put on the clothes. My team won a green ribbon, so I was tied with Patty.

The last race of the day was the spoon race. You had to hold the spoon in your mouth with an egg sitting on the spoon. All forty of us kids were going at the same time. Patty and I were still tied but I was determined to win a ribbon to win the day.

When the whistle blew to start the race, I started at a slow walk. Others took off running and soon lost their eggs. I could see Patty out of the corner of my eye. She was walking slowly like me. I angled over towards her and accidentally bumped her. She did a little stutter step and kept her egg. It did give me a chance to get ahead of her a little. I thought that I would beat her. That was until she accidentally stepped on my heel.

I stumbled forward and lost my egg. That made me mad, and I turned ready to hit Patty but found that she had lost her egg also.

We ended up in a ribbon tie for the day. Susie from soccer won three blue ribbons and waved them in our face. Patty and I looked at each other and knew that Susie would pay.