

Ed Nelson's Newsletter

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

Volume 2 Edition 1

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A Slow Start

A Happy New Year to all. Sales are good, author is slow. Holidays have worn me out. Good times were had but not much written so I am behind my self imposed deadlines. Also getting ready for the big Gasparilla Parade in Tampa, FL on Jan. 26. Our ship is in place 96 so good chance the Anna Marie Island Privateers will be on TV. My wife Carol and I will be on board. Will be throwing beads and having a blast. We don't drink so our job is to keep the rest of the pirates from falling overboard.

Journey is the name of the Irish Wolfhound to appear in Book 5.

Bank robbery, bull riding in the rodeo, a western movie, and 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.

With wit and humor and no teenage angst, we follow a young man's coming of age in the late 1950s. Starting in the summer before his freshman year, it follows him through his high school life, where he learns golf is his game. He finds fame and fortune as an inventor and wealth in Hollywood as he searches for a girlfriend. Wealth and fame prove far easier than girls.

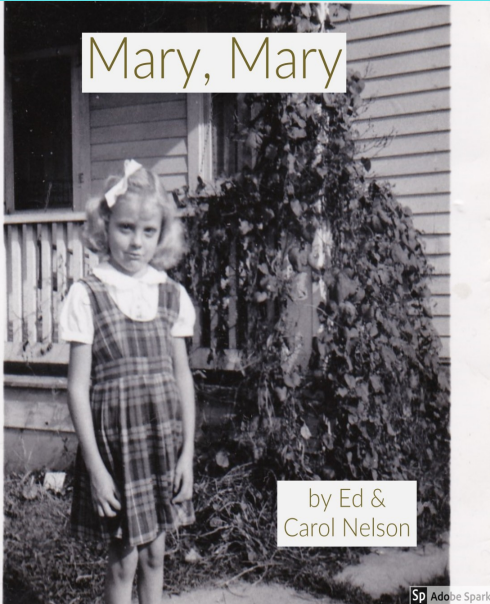
The songs, movies, and books of the 1950s and 60s are nostalgic to some. The action and adventure thrill others. All readers enjoy the realistic flow of life, give or take a lie or two.

Follow Rick from the excitement of his summer to the dullness of high school life while he proves that school isn't always dull.



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 Patty have a falling out."

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 Patty have a Falling Out.

Patty is my absolute best friend in the world, but sometimes we get mad at each other. It is never about little things, it's the important stuff. Like I have a black Cadillac stretch limo and hers is white. Everyone knows that the black ones look more important.

We agreed to disagree on that issue, that is how friends work things out.

Today things got serious, our second-grade teacher Mrs. King introduced a new boy to our school. His name is Steve, and he is cute. I want him for my boyfriend.

I heard Patty gasp, I turned to her and she said, "He's mine, he is so cute."

"I saw him first, he's mine."

We made faces at each other and I knew this wasn't over. At the first recess, I was Double Dutching it on the jump ropes, Patty was turning the ropes on one end. Suddenly, she let go of one of the ropes. It snapped up and hit me in the face giving me a bloody nose. I bled everywhere.

Mrs. King heard the other girls shouting so she ran over. Tipping my head back she handed me her handkerchief to keep the blood stopped. Patty told her it was an accident that she dropped the rope. I knew it wasn't because when Mrs. King turned her head, Patty stuck her tongue out at me.

This was war. I waited until lunchtime for my chance at revenge. I went through the food line picking the yuckiest stuff they had that would stain. There were red beets and baked beans. I got a glass of chocolate milk. I poured a lot of mustard on the beans.

Walking past Patty, I had an accident. I tripped and the stuff went all over Patty's head and down her dress. She now looked worse than I did. I only had blood stains she had several colors. Mrs. King came over to see what was going on. I told her I had tripped and spilled my tray and that I was sorry. When Mrs. King turned her head, I stuck my tongue out at Patty.

Since Patty and I are best friends, our desks are next to each other. After lunch, we pushed and shoved each other. Patty got one hard push in and knocked me out of my seat onto the floor. Mrs. King turned and asked what I was doing. I told her I was daydreaming and fell out of my chair.

The teacher frowned at me but didn't say anything. When she turned away, I shoved Patty's books off her desk. They made a loud noise. All the other kids laughed at this. Mrs. King marched back and told Patty and me, we had better cut it out or we would be in real trouble.

During second recess Patty was sneaky she paid Linda a quarter to pour a bottle of black India ink down my back and in my hair. From the other side of the playground, Patty was sticking her tongue out at me.

She didn't laugh very long because I had paid Jane twenty cents to dump the chalk bucket over Patty's head. Mr. Lions the school janitor used the bucket to catch the dust when he cleaned the blackboard erasers.

Mrs. King got mad at both of us. We had to spend the rest of the day standing in corners at the back of the room. I thought this might happen, so I had grabbed a straw from the cafeteria and a piece of paper. I was going to shoot a spitball at Patty.

I looked out of the corner of my eye until I saw Mrs. King turn from the front of the classroom. I turned to fire at Patty when I got hit in the face with a spitball. Patty had the same idea. The fight was on. We must have shot fifty spitballs at each other. The other kids kept turning to see us fight when Mrs. King wasn't looking.

When the bell rang to end lessons for the day, we found out we had forgotten one thing. When you missed your target, the spitballs would stick to the wall. Mrs. King had known what we were doing and made us clean off the walls. That meant I had to clean up Patty's spit. Yuck!

She marched us out to our cars and gave our drivers notes to take home. I thought about trying to bribe my driver, but it hadn't worked the last time.

Patty was about to get into her limo, and I glared at her, she glared back at me. This was not over.

When I got home, Mum greeted me as she usually did, but took another look at me and said, "Oh my."

She held out her hand and Jim my driver handed her the note from Mrs. King. She read it and shook her head.

She took a good look at me, I had blood all down the front of my dress and black India ink in my hair and on my dress. She reached out and plucked two spitballs from my hair.

"What caused it this time?"

"Patty started it."

"I didn't ask who started it, what caused it?"

"She was trying to steal my boyfriend."

"Which one Billy or Davie?"

"The new boy Stevie."

"I've not heard about him before."

"He just started today."

"How did he become your boyfriend so fast?"

“Well, I saw him first and told Patty that he was my boyfriend, but she said she saw him first, so he was hers.”

“Have you talked to Stevie?”

“No.”

“Has Patty talked with Stevie?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Maybe he doesn’t want to be yours or Patty’s boyfriend, especially after the way he saw you two act today.”

“I suppose so.”

“So, you and your best friend got in a fight over someone who may not even like you.”

“I suppose so.”

“Now for your punishment for getting in trouble at school, I think you will have to dry dinner dishes for a week.”

“But Mum I won’t be able to watch my TV shows.”

“Too bad, I’m sad, now learn to behave in school.”

“Yes, Mum.”

After that, I went to my room to get ready for school tomorrow. Patty was going to pay. I loaded a small squirt gun with blue ink. I went down to the kitchen and took a couple of eggs from the refrigerator. I think they may be rotten by the morning. That would be good.

I had a soft plastic pencil case. I put the squirt gun and eggs in there and then put the pencil case in my satchel that I used to carry my books in.

I hated having to carry that satchel around it was like having a large briefcase, it was heavy. Maybe I could borrow Ricky’s boy scout backpack. Nah, that is an ugly brown. Maybe I could have one made

from some pretty cloth. I bet all the kids would want one. It would be easier to carry our books around and would look good.

I would talk to the people at my dress company and see what they could come up with. It would be cool if all the kids wore one of my backpacks. It would be a lot of money!

The next morning Mum reminded me to be good at school, I promised her I would. I don't think the playground is part of the school.

My limo got me to school early so after I said goodbye to Jim, and Sally I went around to the playground. Billy and Davie were there goofing around so I went over to them. I made the mistake of setting my satchel down.

Billy grabbed it and started to run away. I chased him but before I could catch him, he turned and threw it to Davie. I turned and chased Davie and he threw it back to Billy. I was the man in the middle, I hated this game.

Billy turned to throw it back to Davie, but I was closer than he thought. When he threw it, I was able to knock it out of the air. I couldn't catch it, but I picked it up quickly.

I had a dreadful thought. I opened the satchel and then the pencil case. It was ruined inside; the eggs and the squirt gun were both broken. I zipped the pencil case closed and threw it in the trash can.

The bell rang so we headed for class. Mrs. King was standing there with Patty. She let everyone go to their desks but us.

She turned to us and said, "I know you two, open your bags."

I did and there was nothing bad in mine. Patty had a rotten tomato and a small bag of flour. Mrs. King smiled at me and told me that I was a good girl for not continuing the feud. I would have to find out what a feud was, it didn't sound good.

She turned to Patty, “Young lady you are in trouble, you have to write out I will behave in school one thousand times. This isn’t the first time you have caused trouble.”

When Mrs. King turned to Patty, I stuck my tongue out at Patty.

Mrs. King asked now I hope you girls have learned something from this.

I had, get rid of criminating evidence.

The rest of the day was a quiet one because Patty was not allowed out at recess, she had to write her lines. At the end of the day, I walked out to my black limo which was parked next to Patty’s white one. We walked side by side without looking at each other. I was thinking hard about what to do tomorrow.

Just then the new boy Steve came walking down the sidewalk to go to the school bus. He was walking hand in hand with Nancy!

Both Patty and I looked at each other and took the few steps needed to shake hands. That Nancy would pay for stealing my best friend's boyfriend.