

Ed Nelson's Newsletter

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

Volume 2 Edition 2

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New Release



Cast in Time Book 5: Earl of the Marches Kindle Edition by Ed Nelson (Author)

#1 Best Seller in War Fiction

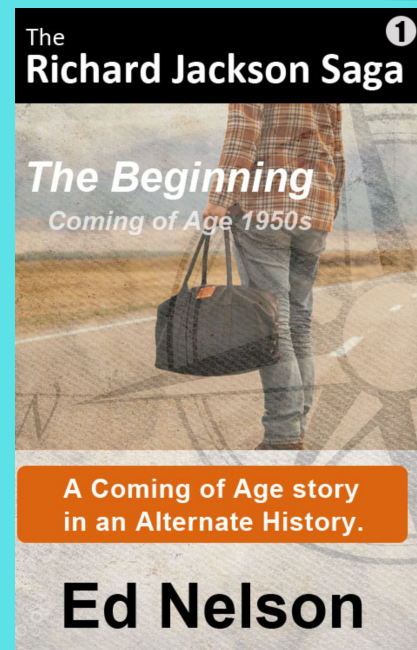
- Best Sellers Rank: #314 in Kindle Store
 - o #1 in War Fiction (Kindle Store)
 - o #1 in Medieval Historical Fiction (Books)
- #1 in War & Military Action Fiction (Kindle Store)

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

I need your help

Here is a two sentence description of Book 1 Cast in Time. Do you think it is accurate? Feel free to word smith any suggestions. This is called a logline.

"A modern engineer dies of old age and awakens as a young Baron in an alternate 8th century Cornwall. His mission in life becomes to modernize this society without getting burned as a witch."

Here are three taglines.

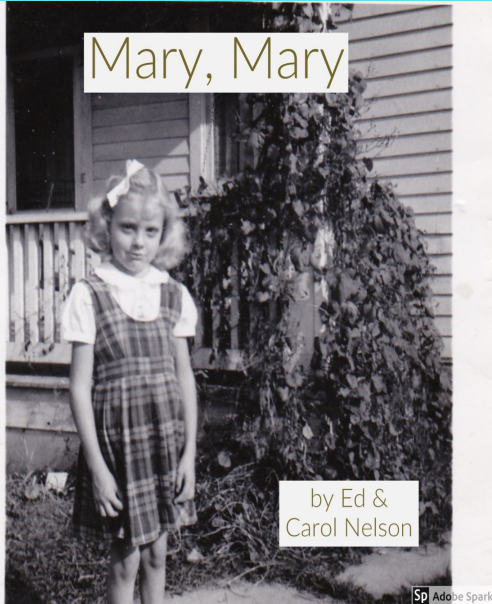
"Changing history for fun and profit."

"Pulling a sword from a stone is easy."

"Re-engineering the world."

Would any of these three on the cover of a book make you want to pick it up? Also feel free to create your own.

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 Boring Day."

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, physically violent. She was taught this after a kidnap attempt.

That is another story.

Mary's Boring Day

After the cookie sales life was calmer once more. Planning for next year I sent Ricky a note if he would get the Chinese Emperess Ping's permission to sell cookies in China. I bet we could come up with some neat cookies, like Szechwan thins or Fortune cookie s'mores.

It was now the rainy season so it wasn't a surprise when we had to drive to school that morning in a storm. It had let up by the time we got to school. Every parent had driven their kid to school that day so Jim couldn't get close to the front door. He had to let me out a little way to the school. It wasn't far enough that Sally had to get out and walk me the rest of the way. There was a big mud puddle forming at the curb as the water runoff.

Just as I was walking by, Patty's limo drove by splashing water all over me. I was wet from head to toe. She got out of the car and pointed her finger at me and started laughing.

She then tripped and fell over into the mud puddle. My pulling her by the arm may have had something to do with it. Now she was wet we were even. I was being nice when I put my hand out to help her get up.

She pulled me in!

Now the fight was on. We had a real girl fight, hair pulling and scratching. It was just getting started when Sally grabbed me from behind. I wasn't going to hold Patty's head under the water that long, just enough to calm her down. She gets so excited.

Patty's chauffeur grabbed her. Mrs. King who had sidewalk duty came up to us and told our drives we wouldn't be allowed into school today. We were too wet to sit around and her nerves wouldn't take putting up with us. I didn't understand that Patty and I always behaved ourselves, well mostly.

When I got home Sally marched me to Mum. I even offered her a carton of thin mints I had leftover from the sales but she wasn't bribable today. Somedays she can't resist thin mints.

I had to tell Mum what happened. She was concerned about my fighting with Patty. I assured her that I only pulled her hair and tried to scratch her eyes out. I didn't do any of the serious stuff like using the palm of my hand to break her nose or clap my hands against her ears to break her eardrums. I didn't even rake the side of my shoes down her shin!

Mum was satisfied that it was only a spat and not a true fight. She then told me to call Patty and see how she was. She didn't want things to fester. I thought fester was the uncle in the Adams family.

I called Patty and her Mom let her come to the phone. Her Mom sounds like she a little upset. She told me that Patty and I would be the death of her. Why she said that I had no idea. I didn't have any plans to kill her. I would have to check with Patty to see if she was planning to kill her mother.

Once Patty was on the phone I told her I was sorry. She wanted to know if I was really sorry or my Mum had told me to say that.

"Mum told me to say that so things wouldn't fester."

"I thought fester was the uncle on the Adams Family."

"Yeah, I think Mum is confused about her words. I hope I didn't hurt you."

"No, but I had to take a shower, I had mud everywhere."

"So did I, even in my underwear, and other places."

We giggled at that.

I had a thought, "We got out of school today!"

"Yeah, and we can't get in trouble for skipping as Mrs. King sent us home before we got there."

I was worried about getting in trouble for fighting and told Patty that.

"We weren't on school property, we were on a public street so the school rules don't apply."

"Maybe they could call the police on us for fighting in public."

"Nah, the police don't care about two little kids fighting, besides that was this morning. I bet the statue of limitations is passed."

"What's the statue of limitations?"

"It's a rule where if you don't get caught for a long time you are free."

"Oh good to know, if I put salt in Denny's cereal instead of sugar and he doesn't find out it was me until after lunch, he can't do anything. I like that."

We talked for a long time, this getting out of school was neat, we would have to do this more often.

All good things had to end. At school the next day Mrs. King made Patty and I move across the room from each other. Our desks were usually next to each other but the teacher told us that she didn't trust us. I don't know why.

The school was boring. We had to print the letters of the alphabet by hand time after time. Today we were working on small and capital T's. I could already do

these as Mum had worked with me last year. She had taught me how to print and write in cursing. She called it copperplate. It was hard but pretty when done.

I blame it on the school for being so boring. Since it only took me a few minutes to fill the sheet up with T's using my best copperplate cursing I had nothing to do.

Patty looked funny as she worked, she had the tip of her tongue sticking out.

I wondered if I could hit it with a spitball.

I missed three times in a row. They all landed in her hair. She could feel something light touching her head because she patted her head each time when one landed.

Mrs. King who had stepped out of the room for a minute came back in so I stopped.

Patty kept messing her hair and found the spits balls. She glared at me across the room. I thought she took so long to find them that the statue of limitations was up. Maybe spitballs are considered more serious. I would have to call my clothing company corporate lawyer and find out the rules.

Mrs. King was busy grading papers so Patty who was sitting next to a chalkboard grabbed an eraser and threw it at me. She missed and it put out a big puff of chalk dust when it hit the boy sitting behind me.

He yelled which made Mrs. King sit up. She didn't even ask any questions she just said, "Mary and Patty report to the office."

That wasn't fair! She had no evidence.

We had to sit outside of the principles office for a long time. We missed recess and it was almost lunchtime before he let us in.

"All right girls, what happened."

Patty told him I had thrown spitballs which stuck in her hair, so she threw an eraser at me, and she was sorry she missed and hit Stevie.

He looked at me to tell my side of the story.

Before I tell you why, "It the statue of limitations up, we have been here all morning."

"Mary, I'm sorry to inform you there is no statute of limitations on serious crimes like murder, bank robbery, or throwing spitballs in school."

Wow, who would have thought that spitballs were so serious, but wait he said in school, did that mean it was okay in other places? I would have to ask the corporate lawyer.

"Mary, I'm waiting."

"I was bored, this silly printing of letters over and over is terrible."

“How else will you learn?”

“I can already do that stuff. I can even write in copperplate cursing.”

“Here is a pencil and paper, would you please show what copperplate cursing looks like.”

I wrote out the first lines of, A Tale of Two Cities. It was the best times; it was the worst of times.

“You have a beautiful hand, Mary. I haven’t seen copperplate cursive this good in years. Why did you write this sentence.”

“It is one of my favorite stories, people fall in love and people get their heads cut off, it is great!”

“I see, how are you doing in arithmetic?”

“Better now that I understand how things work in Algebra. I had to use my brother Denny’s book a bunch of times, but I think I understand quadratic equations now. He was having trouble so I helped him, now he pays me to do his homework. His grades have come up.

“Mary I think I’m going to have to talk with your parents.”

Oh boy I’m in for it now.