

Ed Nelson's Newsletter

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

Volume 2, Edition 11

November 15, 2024

Table of Contents

- ❖ [Newest release](#)
- ❖ [*The Richard Jackson Saga*](#)
- ❖ [Recommended Reading](#)
- ❖ [*Exordium Popule*](#)
[with synopsis](#)
- ❖ [Sample Chapter](#)
- ❖ [Where to buy](#)
- ❖ [Author biography](#)



Newest Release

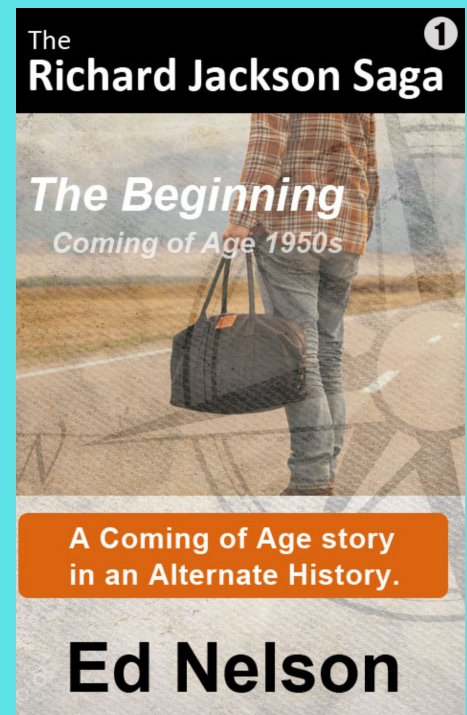
Cast in Time, Book 5: Earl of the Marches,
Kindle Edition by Ed Nelson (Author)
#1 Best Seller in War Fiction

- 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, the saga 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.

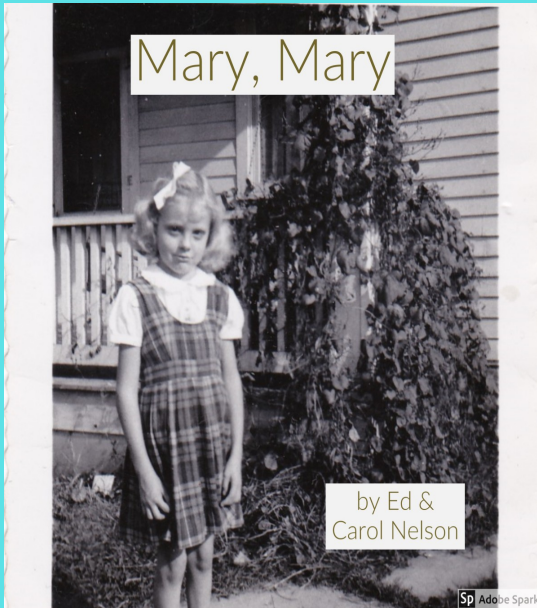
The songs, movies, and books of the 1950s and 60s are nostalgic to some. The action and adventure thrill others. All readers enjoy the realistic flow of life, give or take a lie or two.

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](#)

There are more Mary stories, but this month I'm taking a hiatus from sharing one in the newsletter in favor of sharing a book as follows.

The first of my son's book series, *The Return from Cataclysm Saga*!

Michael L Nelson

Exordium Popule

A Compilation of Prequels from the
Return from Cataclysm Saga

In [*Exordium Popule*](#) these six short stories introduce an amazing world with a unique magic system, a new take on humanity, and an epic adventure that spans 10,000 years.

An excerpt follows the synopsis:

Introduction

Exordium Popule

Introducing **Exordium Popule**, the electrifying gateway to the ‘Return from Cataclysm Saga.’ Immerse yourself in a world teetering on the edge of disaster through six compelling prequels, each peeling back the layers of an intricately built universe.

Witness the first pulse-pounding tale, **Defender**, where sudo-humans battle nature’s fury and marauding threats. Then dive into **Terius**, the fourth story, where magical mechanics are unveiled in thrilling lessons, climaxing in a battle to the death.

By the fifth story, **Greta**, the narrative darkens, shifting to the sinister perspective of an antagonist. Brace yourself—this is not a tale for the faint-hearted. Meet our trio of protagonists in the remaining tales: **Teum**, the immovable object, **Luscin**, the irresistible force, and **Malo**, the first natural human born in 6,000 years. Their paths intertwine in an epic saga where survival is anything but assured.

Synopsis

Defender

In a six-thousand-year flashback, follow along as Xirxis the first Defender does what he does best, protect the people of Val’ Air. He’s up against an army of genetically engineered humans, built to conquer and colonize other worlds, a budding necromancer with red hair, and an all-powerful entity bent on destroying time eternal.

Luscin

The world has not been kind to her, but she had a light in her that it can’t be extinguished. She’s a born savant when it comes to the gift. Her best friend Wendy can’t be trusted, and she knows it. When they get tangled up with a street gang that needs help protecting children, Luscin can’t say no.

Teum

Not a care in the world, except some guilt over the situation of his birth. Skipping work and sneaking off to an overnight concert, he saves the day by learning how to be an Amp. Fear of facing the disappointment of his father, Teum decides to go for a walk to sort out his feelings. A year later he finds himself banging around the city on Mammatus Plateau fighting an irresistible force.

Terius

As Dean of Testing and Examination's he doesn't have a full-time teaching role, leaving him available to tutor struggling students. Especially late enrollees like Teum and Luscin. The Study of Mammatus is under contract to provide Defender services to the neighboring cities, leading to a deadly battle against Sholto. A flash of power draws his attention towards Brust Valley.

Greta

The good life of a Hedge Witch turned Devastator is all she's known for four hundred years. High society, parties, seduction, denigration, the stripping away of other people's spirits has allowed her to stitch together a powerful spirit of her own. She always needs more, but that all gets taken away when the redheaded man reappears. Stripped of everything, her opulent life, her dignity, and on the brink of insanity, she finds herself in an out of the way valley looking at two perfect spirits, defenseless and ready to be consumed. Taking them could give her the strength to get her old life back. She couldn't have been more right and more wrong if she tried.

Malo

He didn't ask to be born a runt, it just happened. Most runts die at birth, but his auntie Ge'get saved him and has been looking out for him for as long as he can remember. Playing his favorite game, Defender and building a fort with his best friend is bittersweet, because all the kids in the valley grow up three times faster than he does, forcing him to make new friends every year. Auntie Ge'get warned him not to reveal his spirit, from fear of attracting the attention of a hedge witch or worse. When his father's life was in danger, he couldn't help himself with disastrous results.*

Sample Chapter

Chapter Three – Langrid

Langrid didn't realize it wasn't the ground shaking him any longer until it was too late. The next thing he felt was a kick to the head.

"Get up you lazy meat-sack," bellowed the sergeant while lining up for another kick.

Langrid was drowsy but had fast reflexes, he rolled away from the assault and bounced to his feet. The sergeant turned the missed kick into a foot stomp and did his best to crush Langrid's toes. Now mere inches from one another the sergeant continues his assault verbally.

Langrid has heard it all before, his eyes fixed straight ahead as if looking straight through the angry shouting man before him, his mind wonders what kind of chow they will have after plundering the compound ahead. He hopes they have meat; he hasn't had fresh meat in a month. The tailless cave rats found in most of the places they've conquered would be a welcome change from the scavenged bird carcasses that provide the majority of their protein these days.

He missed the days when hunting was an option. Of course, if it were, they'd still be in their own compound. Clouds of poison gas have been a constant for decades, anything with a respiratory system caught in one when they appear is soon dead. Large game, Langrid has never seen large game, has been extinct for a hundred years. Small game animals are all but gone these last few decades. If they find something dead, it goes in the stew pot. No sense in going out and looking, you're as likely to find a pocket of poisonous air as anything to eat.

It suddenly becomes quiet. What were the last few shouted words? Something about rotation and turns; the rotation shouldn't have him in the front for this engagement, he should have three more rotations before moving up to the front. He doesn't acknowledge comprehension and hopes the sergeant starts up his diatribe again.

"We march in 30 minutes. Get moving!" The sergeant doesn't wait for a response, turns and heads back to the command pavilion.

Langrid is one of six soldiers from his compound with the gift. The sergeant is another, they have the special job of being the spearhead of every assault. They have a high chance of survival in these fights, but you never know when the other guy will be stronger or have more capabilities. Langrid can absorb fire and physical force, others can throw lightning too. There are stories of fighters flying and slowing down time, but those sound too incredible to believe. But he can't rule it out, nothing is certain in this world, except the sun is going to set and the ground is going to shake, everything else is as good as a guess.

Langrid casts his gaze around camp to see if anyone was paying attention to the sergeant's rant. He catches the eye of Wesley the camp snitch and top gossiper standing not so far away to have not heard it all. A subtle nod serves as an invitation that a big mouth like Wesley couldn't resist.

"You heard the sergeant, what was that all about?"

Wesley, who cares not for Langrid, gages the situation, "Did you seriously not listen to what he said?"

“All I heard was blah-blah-blah, you’re up front again. That’s a load of crap, they can’t keep coddling the others like this.”

“Nobody’s being coddled you idiot, you’re all up front on this one,” Wesley waits a few seconds for that to sink in before continuing. “Our scouts say there are thousands of old corpses around the compound ahead. Somebody or a bunch of somebody’s or a champion is defending them. Commander thinks it will take all of you to crack this one open.”

This isn’t unexpected; people in every compound are sprouting abilities. Everywhere they go they are facing fighters with gifts of their own.

“What else did the scouts find out? What are their women like?”

“Another disappointing find, their women are all stage-one colonizers like us. Life here in the north must be rougher than our homeland.”

“Ugh, I’d like to see a face that doesn’t look like mine at least one more time before I die.”

Langrid’s homeland was far to the southwest and was until recently well provisioned. Life was easy for a couple hundred years. Their easy life allowed them the luxury of advancing genetically, with each generation becoming more diverse than the last. His mother had yellow hair and his father had silver hair, but then it all changed. Hunting parties started coming home empty handed, some didn’t come home at all. Their water supply became poisoned from the same volcanic and geothermal activity that was producing the gas clouds plaguing them for hundreds of miles.

It’s the same everywhere, poison in the air, no game to hunt, all plant life picked clean of anything edible by a dwindling population of scavengers. Everyone and everything are struggling to survive. The stress and low sustenance existence re-triggering their biology to produce more stage-one colonizers. More people just like Langrid, just like Wesley, just like the sergeant, and just like the men and women they are about to raid, rape, and pillage in the compound ahead.

Langrid considers pumping Wesley for more gossip but decides he’s heard enough bad news for one day. Instead, he finds another place to lay down until the final forced march had them moving again. He sits with his back to a southern red oak tree; he knows these are called southern red oak because he was born with that information baked into his brain. It’s a stupid name, why call a tree southern when they only grow in the far north? Langrid ponders the accuracy of the information in his head while watching the others check their weapons and stowing gear in their shelters in preparation of their march to battle.

A soldier in a colony army’s primary weapon is a multipurpose tool. Essentially a short shovel, no more than 24 inches in length when folded, one edge is sharpened like an axe blade, the other is serrated like a saw. When they are not being used to kill, they can dig holes, chop trees, and cut through branches.

Their brains are full of knowledge of hundreds of weapons, but for some reason they were deployed to settle this place with nothing but what was found in their bunker-like compound. Their old home had been equipped with all the supplies they needed to survive in this world, but nothing to use to protect it or themselves from the predation of others like themselves.

Langrid briefly wonders if he’s missing something. He shakes his head; Nah, Wesley would have told him if there was something else he was supposed to do.

Buy or Read on Amazon Kindle

Exordium Popule

https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B0CKC4PTQ3?ref=dbs_mng_crcw_6&storageType=ebooks&qid=1728099382&sr=8-1

Customer Review

Exordium Popule

[RJ McKay](#)

4.0 out of 5 stars A great introduction to a new series

Reviewed in the United States on May 28, 2024

'Exordium Popule' introduces the reader to author Michael Nelson's magical world, and his Cataclysm Saga books. Through a series of short stories, the reader learns the back story of this new world and gets a peek into the characters that will step forward to protect it. Each story introduces a character that will leave you wanting to know more, more about the person and more about the world he comes from. The reader will learn about the first Defender in this new world, and what he faces to protect his own. But along with heroes, there are villains. All have a story to tell.

It's always interesting to discover a new author, or a new-to-me author. Nelson created a world that's fascinating and captivating. I enjoyed his use of short stories to introduce both his world and his characters, and to set the tone for books to come. I can't imagine it's easy to create a whole new world, but Nelson managed just that. I look forward to reading more books in the series.

[About the author](#)

Michael L Nelson was born at the end of the 1960's and has been a fan of Dinosaurs, Monkeys, Hard Science Fiction, Heavy Metal, D&D and other RPG, reading Sci-Fi and fantasy novels, playing computer games, messing around with fireworks, and watching professional Hockey all or most of his life.

He also has been happily married to his High School sweetheart and managed to survive raising three children.

Professionally, computers have been a passion, driving him to open then close a couple retail computer stores, do private consulting, and work for a fortune 100 IT company.

All that time, thinking of magical worlds, characters, and stories.
