

# Ed Nelson's Newsletter

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

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## Newest Release

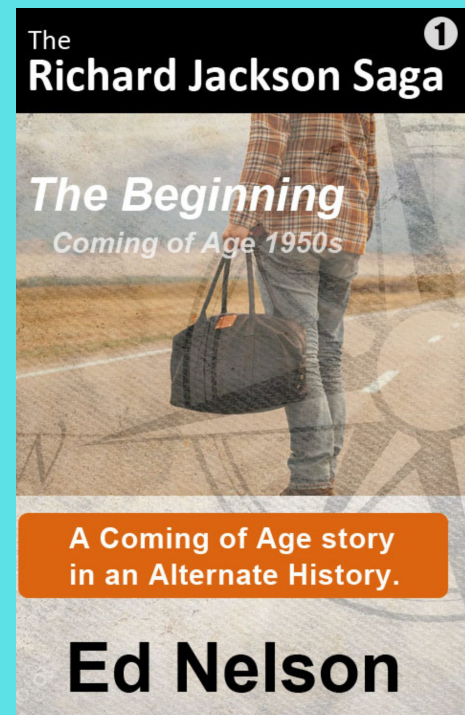
*Cast in Time, Book 5: Earl of the Marches*,  
Kindle Edition by Ed Nelson (Author)  
#1 Best Seller in War Fiction

- 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

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:

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

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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.

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### About the author

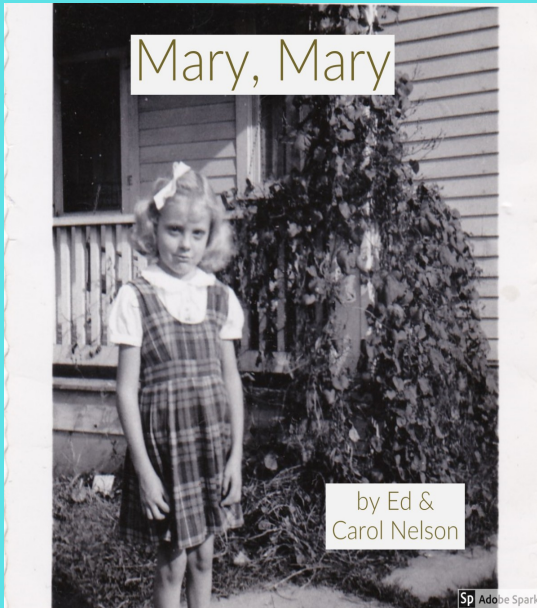
Michael L Nelson was born at the end of the 1960's and has been a fan of Dinosaurs, Monkeys, Hard Science Fiction, Heavy Metal, D&D and other RPG, reading Sci-Fi and fantasy novels, playing computer games, messing around with fireworks, and watching professional Hockey all or most of his life.

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.

# 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 Does Lunch."

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 with tantrums but physically violent with self-defense. She was taught this after a kidnap attempt.

That is another story.

# Mary Does Lunch

Part of my being allowed to go to college was that I would have lunch at my old school twice a week. Mum told me that was to allow me to talk to kids my age. She suspected that the people in my university class would view me as an oddity and ignore me. So far, she had been right.

It was fun sitting down with my girlfriends in the cafeteria. No boys allowed; this was serious girl talk. They wanted to know what I had learned in class that was interesting.

“There was one guy who bragged he got Mary Jane for five bucks.”

Patty commented, “She must have been a cheap whore; I bet he got a disease from her.”

We knew about whores because one of the girl’s dads was a policeman. He arrested them all the time. If I ever become a whore, I won’t be cheap.

“Another girl told her friends in an emergency you can wrap it in Saran Wrap. I don’t know what emergency it was, but all the other girls wanted to know the details. They moved away from me, so I didn’t get to hear what it was.

“I think we should all start carrying some with us. You never can be too careful.”

My friends agreed with me. We would all ask our Mums for some.

“They talked about a girl who trained the football team. They thought it was a complete scandal. I don’t understand why training them was bad.

“There is a girl who has a bun in her oven. I think she is going to be a baker. She should try baking a baker’s dozen at a time if she wants to earn a living at it.

“Another important lesson was that you should always be careful at frat parties. The guys will try to slip something in your drink to knock you out. I don’t know why they would knock you out, but it must be bad.

“One of the boys is called Woody. The guys say he is the man. The girls say it is fun to sit on Woody’s lap in a car. If I get a chance I’m going to sit on his lap and see what that is all about. I could offer him a ride in my limo, but it is so big it wouldn’t work.”

Connie started giggling. She then explained what a woody was. I’m never going to sit on his lap! I should try it with someone my size, like Davy.

We girls agreed that college kids were weird and that they probably would grow out of it. That is what our parents always said about us. I wondered when you stop growing out of things.

I asked how things were going at this school. Everyone told me it was boring since Patty had no one to fight with.

Patty and I looked at each other, and at the same time we yelled, “Food fight!” I managed to hit her with my roll. She got a handful of mashed potatoes in my hair.

It got nasty after that.

The teachers started yelling and pulling everyone apart. Poor Mrs. King ended up with applesauce all down her front, even down the inside of her blouse.

I was sent home with a note saying that I wasn't to come back for lunch ever again.

When I got home Mum wanted to know how my lunch went. That was a silly question as I still had some of it in my hair. When I handed her the note, she wanted to know what happened.

I explained that everyone thought it was boring since Patty and I weren't having any fights anymore. She agreed that would be boring.

She and Mrs. Hernandez wanted to know what I had told the girls about college. I related all the little things I shared. I asked if they could explain some of them.

They wouldn't. I don't understand why they laughed so hard. I thought Mummy was going to pee her pants when I asked for some Saran Wrap.

Back at the university the next afternoon, Sally, Jim, and I were walking to my next class. I was proud of my Stanford outfit. It is in the school colors of cardinal red and white. The school tradition is that freshmen students wear the school colors to identify themselves to others.

It was considered a mild form of hazing as any older student could ask you to kneel and sing the school song or recite the official history of the school.

I had my clothing company design my outfit with a white skirt and a red blouse. On top of that, I was wearing a red beret with a white pom-pom.

I had another beret in white with a red pom-pom. I would wear it when I wore my red skirt and white top. I also had matching letterman-type sweaters if the day turned cool.

I had practiced the song until I knew it by heart. "Where the rolling foothills rise," may not be the best song opening, but I was going to do my part. My brother Rick told me that he felt better now that he knew he wasn't the worst singer there was.

He can be so mean. I asked Sally to shoot him, but she told me she would shoot herself if she had to hear it one more time.

Anyway, we were walking across campus when we ran into a man I didn't like. He was some sort of dean. He was the one to whom I had to submit all my admission papers.

"Hello, Mary, have you invented anything worth a lot of money yet?"

"Not yet, but I do have something that looks promising."

"What's that?"

"You will have to sign an NDA to find out."

"I'll pass, little girl."

He had a bad attitude about me the first time we met. When I had to sign all the papers to get into the school, he set one packet aside.

He told Mum, "We normally have all students sign these with an advanced set for graduate and post-doc students. These assign a portion of the rights to any invention or intellectual

property to the university while they are using the school laboratories, equipment, or even instructors' advice.

"Since I doubt that young Mary will do any of the above, we can skip these; besides, I don't think a ten-year-old's signature on a contract would be enforceable."

Mum smiled as she agreed with him. He didn't seem nervous at that smile. I bet she had the same smile when she gunned down the Nazi stormtroopers.

Back to today, he seemed cheerful when he greeted me, but it had a falseness as though he was humoring a little child.

Mum had told me after that meeting I was allowed to invent anything I wanted, and she hoped it would be worth a whole lot of money.

I don't know if the idea I had while showing Patricia Strang the new computer setup Ricky had got me for Christmas would be worth anything, but our first working model of cold fusion was doing as the equations predicted.

I had gotten the idea while talking to Patricia; I had heard of fusion but not cold fusion. She explained to me that it was thought to be impossible, but if it were possible, it would solve many of the world's problems.

I was running the equation for creating high-temperature fusion through my head when I realized that with a few minor changes, cold fusion could be achieved. Patricia and I redid all the math, then built a prototype of what we thought would work. It did, but we had to replicate it to prove that it was real before we told the world about it.

Patricia had written down all the conditions, controls, and equipment used. She had hired for me two students to build another setup to see if they could replicate my experiment. If they did, we could publish.

Patricia was worried about a paper being accepted for publication as this was a controversial subject. I told her not to worry because Daddy owned the major magazine we wanted to use. It was part of his newspaper chain. I could always talk him into anything, at least if Mummy wasn't around to hear me.

It was too nice of a day to think about that dean.

I wondered why no one asked me to kneel and sing the school song. They had never heard me try so that was it, wasn't it? I wondered if Jim and Sally scared people away. They always looked so serious when they were on duty. It was probably Jim who scared them. He had been a linebacker for the Green Bay Packers until he had a minor knee injury. It wasn't on the football field; it was a hunting accident. Someone with a bow put an arrow in his knee.

We did run into some of the young women from Delta Tau Chi sorority. I had a hard time thinking of them as girls; they were so big! Not fat, just so much bigger than me.



They had been joking with me every time they saw me that I should rush with them in the spring. Sally and Mum both told me not to even think about it—they had a wild reputation.

I wonder how I can join.