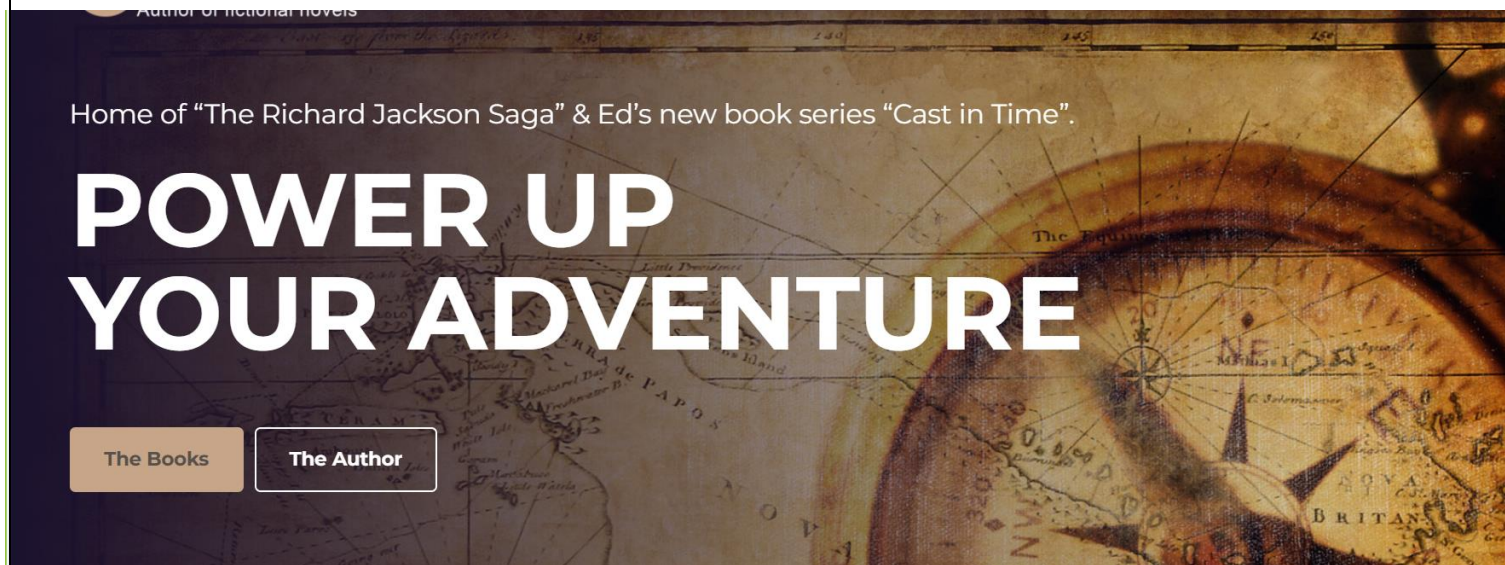


Ed Nelson's Newsletter



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

Volume 3, Series 2

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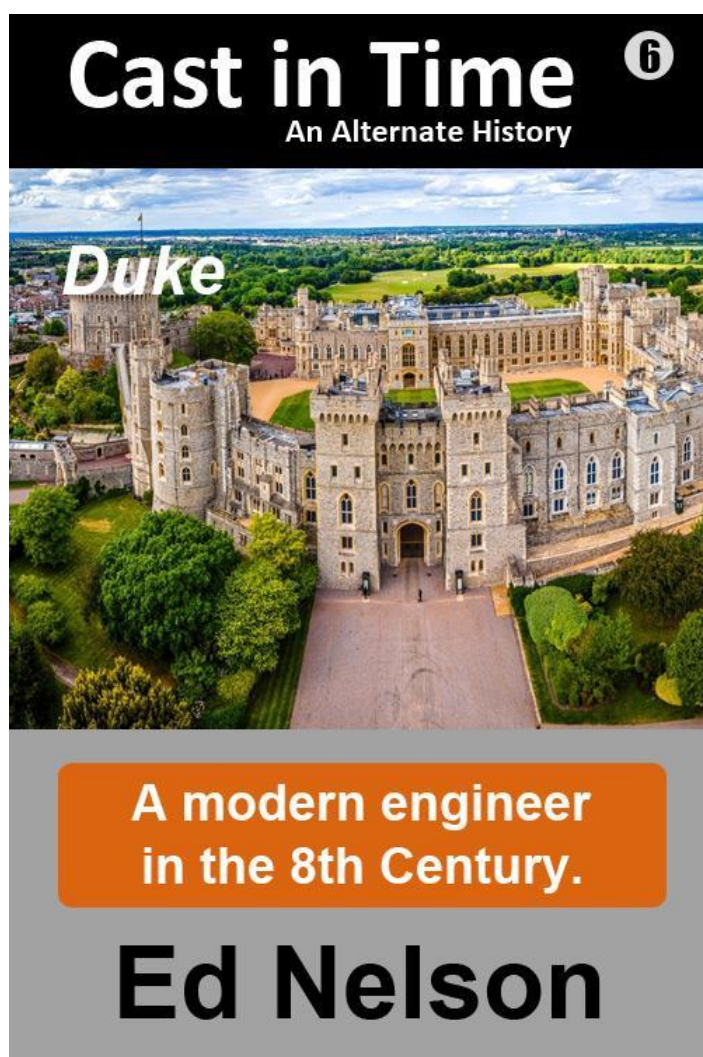
- [Cast in Time 6: Duke, is available!](#)
- [*The Richard Jackson Saga*](#)
- [A new Mary story](#)

Kindle version now available!

Cast in Time: Book 6: Duke

By Ed Nelson

Our hero continues his world conquest and solidifies his gains. He just needs gold.



Format: Kindle Edition

Best Sellers Rank:

#146 in Kindle Store

#1 in Alternate History

Science Fiction

#1 in Time Travel

Fiction

#1 in Alternative

History



The Richard Jackson Saga

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, in the 16-book series of *The Richard Jackson Saga*.

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

Here is another Mary story from the Richard Jackson world. Enjoy!

Mary's Art Class

Math was a morning class on Mondays and Wednesdays. In the afternoon of those days, I had art appreciation, followed by English literature. I don't know why we had to take the literature class; I already could read.

The first day in art class the teacher was snotty with me. He said children couldn't appreciate the nuances of fine art. I couldn't resist it. I held up my hand.

"Yes, Mary."

"What's a nuance? Is it like a nuisance?"

"Exactly, just like you."

"Thank you for your explanation. I will be certain to tell the chancellor how helpful you have been when Mum and I have tea at his house this weekend."

"Perhaps I misspoke; a nuance is the subtle details of what makes a painting, for example, great rather than a more mundane copy."

"Oh, you mean like Henri Matisse compared to his fellows Fauves, Barquet, and Dufy. They were good but not up to his standard."

"Err, exactly. How do you know about them?"

"My brother, Ricky, told me I should read ahead in all my classes so I could ask intelligent questions about what I didn't understand. He loaned me his books and notes from Oxford."

The teacher turned to the class and told them, "Out of the mouths of children. I recommend you take that advice to heart."

He then went on to show us pictures of and tell us about great paintings. When he got to Van Gogh and *Starry Night*, he stopped. "Mary, you are turning up your nose. Don't you like this?"

"I think it is okay. I'm not sure about his colors."

"What's wrong with his colors?"

"They clash with the drapes in Mummy's hobby room."

"Your mother has a copy of *Starry Night*?"

“I don’t think so unless they sell copies at Sotheby’s. Daddy bought it there for her birthday.”

“It’s hard to believe that your family owns that. It would cost millions of dollars.”

“It wasn’t that many million, only two or three. I could afford that if they let me have my money.”

“Your parents take your money?”

“Yeah, they put it in a trust fund. I don’t know how you decide to trust the fund, but they do. They wouldn’t even let me have the money to buy a new limo this year. They said I had to keep the one I have for two years.”

For some reason, all the other students were laughing at me and the professor.

The professor finally asked them what was so funny. One of them told him, “The Jacksons are one of the wealthiest families in the world. If they wanted, they could buy the Musée Jacqueline et Pablo Picasso.”

“Daddy tried. He hates Picasso; he met him in the war and didn’t like him at all. The US State Department wouldn’t let him do it. They said it might cause a war with France.”

“Why a war with France?”

“Daddy was going to burn the paintings.”

“Why?”

“Daddy was a military policeman, and he had to interview women when Picasso was charged with physical and mental abuse. He didn’t think he deserved to be considered great.”

“That brings us to a good point. Class, your next assignment is to write about how a great artist can be a bad person. One thousand words and give examples.”

I held up my hand. For some reason, the professor didn’t want to see my hand, but I kept waving it. He finally recognized me.

“Can we use examples of great villains who were very bad and were terrible artists?”

“Like whom?”

“Adolph Hitler for one.”

“I suppose your dad knew him also.”

He sounded snide to me. I think that was the word; I would have to check it out.

“No, that was my Grandad Newman. He met him right after World War I at a beer garden in Munich.”

“I suppose he hated him on sight because he saw the evil in him.”

“I don’t think so. According to Grandmum, Grandad thought he should take a bath. He smelled.”

A bell rang about that time, and we all got up to leave. I heard the professor mutter, “Thank god we’re going by the quarter and not the semester.”

I didn’t understand that at all. I enjoyed today’s class.

Sally walked with me to my next class, English Literature. Two other girls were headed that way, so we made a small group. They wanted to talk about the latest fashions.

One of them wanted to know about the drapes clashing with the painting. That gave me an idea for an extra credit problem. I could bring the painting and drapes to class and show them how they didn’t match.

All I had to do was talk Mummy into loaning me the drapes. She really liked them. I don’t think she will have a problem with the painting.

English Literature was boring. The teacher gave us the reading list for the quarter. I held up my hand.

“What if we have already read all of these?”

“That’s unlikely, young lady, but if you have, you can take the final and test out of the course.”

“When can I sign up to take it?”

“You mean to tell me you have read *Pride and Prejudice*, *Vanity Fair*, *Frankenstein*, *David Copperfield*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Bleak House*, *Jane Eyre*, *Great Expectations*, *Middlemarch*, and even *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse* by Virginia Woolf. I don’t think your parents would allow that.”

“I didn’t ask. They were all on our library shelf, so I picked the ones that sounded good.”

“You are too young to read anything by Virginia Woolf. She is too mature for you.”

“She’s tame. Now *The Decameron* is risqué.”

“You’ve read that!”

“It was just sitting there on the shelf. It was hard to read. I had to use my Italian dictionary and even it didn’t have all the words.”

“You read it in the original Italian?”

“I got most of the way through. It is like Spanish, you know, but I gave up, especially when I found out that we had an English translation. My brother Denny had it hidden in

his room. He had to pay me fifty dollars so I wouldn't tell Mum that he had hidden it. She hates it when we leave books around the house."

"See me after class. We will discuss this further."

"Yes, ma'am."

The teacher told the class, "Mary has brought up an issue that we face in literature. When is it literature, and when is it pornography? I want a thousand-word essay on the differences between the two on Wednesday."

The class all groaned at that. One guy said he wished the brat wasn't in this class. She caused nothing but trouble.

Since he was looking at me, I knew he meant me. I glared back at him and crossed my arms. I would have to start carrying a bottle of ink with me or maybe a jar of fire ants.

I had another thought and held up my hand. Once more the teacher didn't want to recognize me but finally had to.

"Yes, Mary." She sounded a little tired.

"Can we bring in examples?"

"Like what?"

"I also found Denny's collection of *Playboy* and *Hustler* magazines. I think they are examples of each."

"I supposed you blackmailed him for fifty dollars not to tell."

"Oh no, I got a hundred for that. I think blackmail is too crude of a term. I prefer to think of it as him paying me tribute for my silence on his crimes against Mum."

"Crimes against Mum, why not Dad?"

"Dad is the one who gave them to him. I still haven't figured out how to approach him to gather tribute for not telling on him."

"I suggestion great caution."

"Of course, I just can't figure out how much to ask for."

For some reason, Sally was having whooping fits in the back of the room.

After class, I talked to the teacher. Sally was there and assured the teacher that she had seen me reading the books in the back of the limo. She didn't know how well I understood them, but I had read them.

She asked me about water imagery, if I understood that. I told her that it usually referred to birth and rebirth or even purification. I gave the example of Horace's figuration of

Lucilius as a river churning with mud and the transformation of that image at Juvenal where the Orontes flows into the Tiber.

“I suppose you read that in the original Latin.”

I was embarrassed but confessed, “We have it in English at home.”

“I’m a little disappointed, but you can take the exam tomorrow morning if you want.”

“I would like to do that; I don’t want to get in trouble in your class.”

I told her about the guy who called me a brat and what I planned on doing. She told me to be here at 9 a.m. sharp to take the exam.