

Ed Nelson's Newsletter

Author of fictional novels

Home of "The Richard Jackson Saga" & Ed's new book series "Cast in Time".

POWER UP YOUR ADVENTURE

The Books

The Author

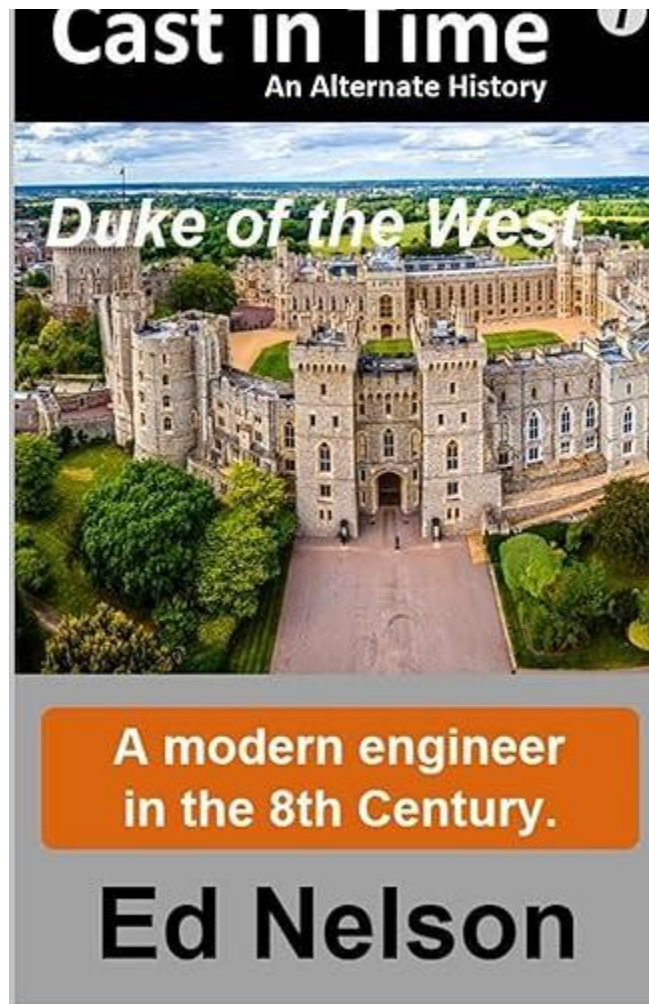
Home of the *Richard Jackson Saga*; *Ever and Always*; *Mary, Mary*; *More Mary, Mary* and the in-progress *Cast in Time* series.

Series 3, Volume 8

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Included in this Issue

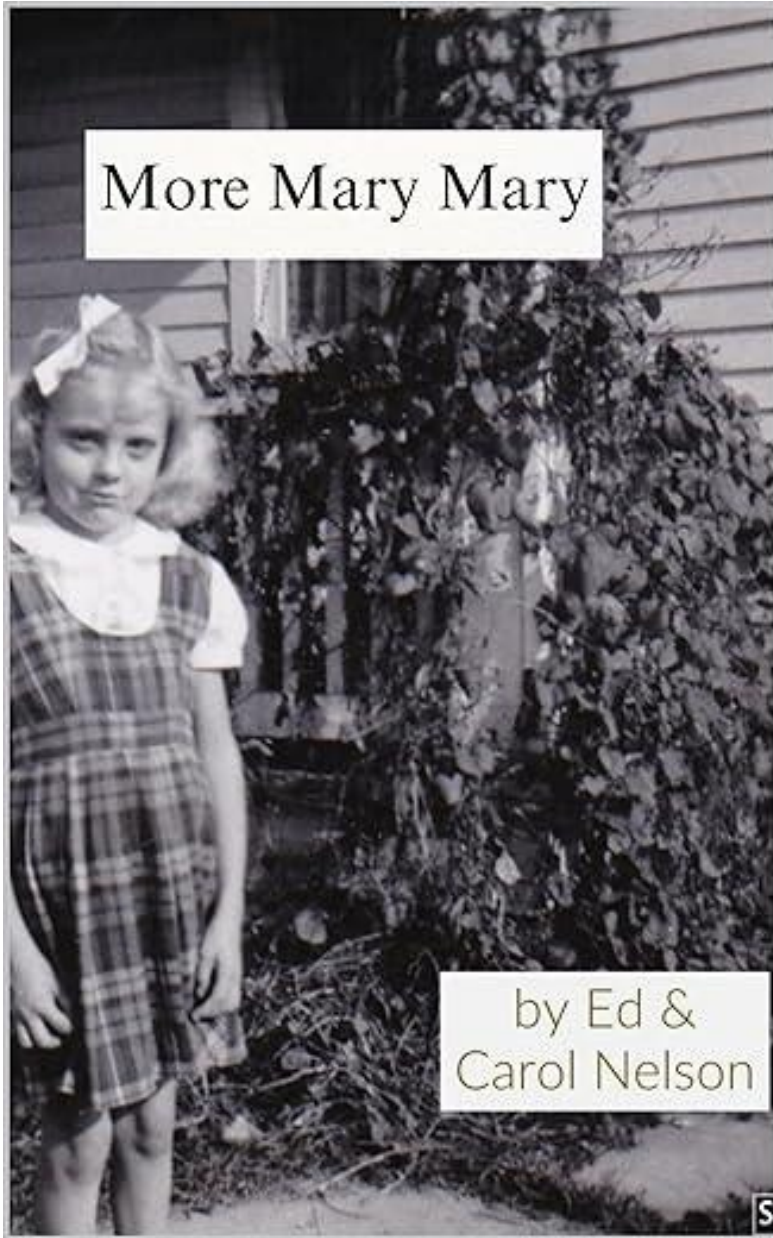
- [Cast in Time, Book 7, *Duke of the West* is available](#)
- [More *Mary, Mary*](#)
- [*Cast in Time* series](#)
- [*Richard Jackson* series](#)
- ["*Mary is Tested*"](#)



It's here! [*Cast in Time: Duke of the West*](#) is available on Kindle.

After a run in with the Inca in South America and pirates on the way to China, the duke completes the Panama Canal and builds a trans-continental railway across North America. Now it's time to conquer Germany. Continue the wild ride through the eighth century!

More Mary Mary



There are twenty-five *More Mary, Mary* short stories in this Kindle-only collection. Many are new and haven't been shared in the newsletter. Follow her growth during *The Richard Jackson Saga*. We see her develop from a precocious child to a young genius. From cheating at monopoly to calling Professor Einstein names to his face, she is fun all the way. Her view of the world is different from most. Don't all little girls carry a dagger and

solve differential equations in their head? Be prepared for a wild ride in cuteness, deadliness, and inventions beyond your wildest dreams.

Kindle and paper versions available!



In the [*Cast in Time*](#) series an engineer finds himself in an alternate reality, Cornwall, in the year 715 A.D. He awakens in the body of a young baron. Retired Lieutenant General James Fletcher, former head of the Army Corp of Engineers, lies dying at the age of ninety-two. Having led a full life, he is a decorated veteran of World War II, Korea, and Viet Nam. His love of engineering has him taking university courses his entire life. When his health falters, and he can no longer continue his education, MIT awards him an honorary Ph.D. in Professional Studenting.

After a long illness, he lies dying. His last thought is, “What a waste of such wonderful knowledge.”

As he fades to black, the fun begins. He is to build a modern civilization without being burned as a witch!



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.

Mary is Tested

When our principal told me he was going to talk to my parents, I thought I was in trouble. I was but not the sort I thought it was going to be. Instead, he wanted me to be tested!

I didn't get it. I was tested all the time in school and always got an A. Maybe he thought I had cheated on those. I had cheated a little. I always turned my paper so Patty could see my answers. She had trouble with some subjects, and I wanted to help her.

Once when I was really mad at her, I took two test papers and filled them all out. The one I showed her had all wrong answers; the one I turned in got one hundred percent; she got a zero.

Maybe that's why she spilled ink down my back later that day. She swore it was an accident. I just swore.

I was looking out our classroom window while the teacher droned on about how important it was that we knew our times tables. I think I had memorized the Poisson Table of Probabilities but wanted to practice them to have them down pat.

Maybe if I set the drapes on fire she would shut up. Nah, it was raining outside, not much, but I didn't want to stand in it and get soaked when they called the fire department.

The teacher had called on me five times today in class, so there was a less than three percent chance of her calling on me again. It would probably be Connie next as she hadn't been called on yet, so it was in the ninety-nine percent category she would be next. She was.

While I looked out the window, Mum and Dad's limo pulled up. Not only had the principal called them, he had them come in for a

meeting. The last time that happened, James went home with his parents, and we never saw him again.

Word was that he was being held in Alcatraz. I thought Chino was a better bet but didn't know how to find out and then place a bet on it. I guess I could write a letter to him at both places, in care of the warden. If he wasn't there, they would probably mark it, "Not at this Address".

While I was thinking about this, the teacher called on Connie. She knew the answer like always and had been paying attention, so I didn't have to worry about her.

The next one up would be either Jimmy or Stevie. They were both paying attention, so I didn't have to pass a note, or in Stevie's case, kick him as he was next to me.

If I didn't have the whole class to keep on track, I would have been bored out of my gourd, as Patty would say. I'm sure it made Mrs. King's day easier when all her students except for me were alert and had the right answers.

I had the right answers when I paid attention. I got my numbers mixed up when she asked me what 7 times 6 was when I was trying to work a trigonometry problem in my head. I always got my secant and cosine tables mixed up when I memorized them.

When I missed hearing what she was asking, I always said 42. It was my answer for everything.

I was finally pulled out of class to go to the office. My parents had been there for a long time. Mrs. King looked puzzled as I hadn't done anything bad today.

Everyone was looking serious when I got to the office, but my parents didn't seem upset so I didn't know what to think. Every time

they'd had to show up in the past, I got my butt spanked when I got home.

Today didn't look like a spanking day. I had put the extra handkerchiefs in my undies for nothing.

The principal started with, "Mary, do you find your classes to be boring?"

If I say no, I'm lying; if I say yes, then I might get Mrs. King in trouble. It wasn't her fault she had to teach boring stuff. It was like that book in our library, *Catch 22* by Joseph Heller. I couldn't win, so better not to lie. I knew how those ended, on my rear end.

"Yes, they are boring, but Mrs. King is a good teacher. The other kids don't know the stuff she is teaching, so she needs to do it, but I already know that stuff."

"Who taught you that 'stuff'?"

"Mum did when I was little like before I started school; then I did most of it on my own using books in our library."

"Most of it on your own? Did someone else help you?"

"Ben who takes care of our horses and is studying to be a veterinarian helped with the medical books. Then Mrs. Hernandez would help with the hard books in Spanish like, *Don Quixote*.

"What about math?"

"That is easy, I just read the books. I would work out problems on the blackboard in the library. Then I would have to erase them when they filled up. That was a pain because sometimes I needed the information on them for other problems.

“I finally realized that I could take a picture of the blackboard and have Denny develop it for me. I read that in *Time* magazine when they did a story about Professor Einstein. Now that guy is impressive. I wrote him a letter and told him that quantum effects weren’t spooky.

“I think I understand how they work, but he never answered me back. I shouldn’t have told him I was eight. He probably only writes back to teenagers.”

“You will have to explain what quantum effects are later. What books have you read?”

I named off a bunch of them, mostly classics from the library. I think *Plato’s Republic* was my most favorite. I didn’t mention *The Catcher in the Rye*, or anything by Reverend Fielding. Those might give Mum and Dad fits.

“What about history?”

“I’ve read everything on Western Civilization, now I’m working on the Asians, after that North and South America.

“Since the aborigines in Australia only use verbal traditions, I’m hoping to go there and walk in Dreamtime with them.” I hastily added, “When I’m old enough to do their drugs.”

Dad cleared his throat, “Mary, we would like you to take some tests, to see what grade you should be in. It seems you are more advanced than we ever thought.”

“I’m not in trouble?”

Mum asked me, “Why did you think that?”

“Every time you have come to school in the middle of the day, I have ended getting a spanking.”

Mum grabbed me in a hug.

“You poor dear. You have gotten into so much trouble, and it’s because we didn’t know how bored you were.”

Now I knew the answer when I got caught; I would tell them I was bored. This was turning out to be a good day after all. I wouldn’t need those handkerchiefs.

I was told that I would be tested at Stanford University on Saturday. I wasn’t to worry about the tests or try to study because they would be about a lot of different things.

“Will they have Latin on them?”

The principal told me, “They might.”

“Ouch, my medical Latin is pretty good, but I haven’t had a chance to speak with anyone who uses it for daily conversation.”

“That’s why they call it a dead language. Not very many people in the world use it daily. Maybe the pope.”

“Mummy, can I call this pope guy and see if he will talk to me in Latin?”

“Don’t worry about it, dear. I’ll see about getting you an audience later.”

“I thought audiences were those people who went to see Ricky in his movies.”

“You would be a small audience of one.”

“Oh, cool. Like a private screening.”

“Exactly.”

“What does one wear to see the pope? I have a set of those new Capri pants I can’t wait to wear.”

“Later, dear. It takes a while to get a private audience with the pope. Fashions might change.”

“Yeah, like those stupid Nehru jackets all the boys wore last year. I noticed Ricky didn’t wear any. He is lucky he has Harold as his valet.”

“If he didn’t, he would be wearing his cowboy hat everywhere.”

“Yeah, it would look silly when he is in his morning suit.”

The principal cleared his throat and asked if we were done here. Dad told him we were. Mum and I could continue our important conversation at home. Men didn’t understand what counted.

Jim and Sally took me to Stanford on Saturday where I took their tests. They seemed easy to me. I think the hardest was on comparative religions. They wanted a long essay and I found that to be boring.

I wrote that religions were man’s attempt to find their place in the universe and as man learned more of the universe, religion had to evolve.

The only problem was that different nations, races, and area’s knowledge didn’t grow at the same rate, so it became awkward when the difference became too great, like auto-de-fey great.

I had to wait a week, and we got the test results back, at least the school did, and they shared it with my parents. I don’t know what the problem was, but they had several conferences at school. I knew they had been to the office, but I was never called in.

Mummy and Daddy seemed distracted at home, as though they had a serious problem. One evening after dinner they had me meet them in the library. I didn’t even get a chance to collect any handkerchiefs.

“Mary, starting next week you will be going to a different school.”

“Which one?”

“Stanford University. You will major in mathematics as a junior. You may be tested again if you do well and be made a senior.”

“What about my friends?”

“You will have lunch three times a week at your old school to catch up with them.”

“Will being in class with all those old people be scary?”

“Jim and Sally will be with you at all times.”

“Okay then. If anyone gets mean, Jim can show them his handgun or Sally can pull out that dagger she hides under her skirt on her garter belt.

“Or I even could pull mine out.”

I showed Mummy the garter belt I was now wearing to hide my Fairbairn Sykes Commando knife that Ricky had got me for my birthday. My dresses below the knee hid it well.

“You will do well in school, my dear.