

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](#)

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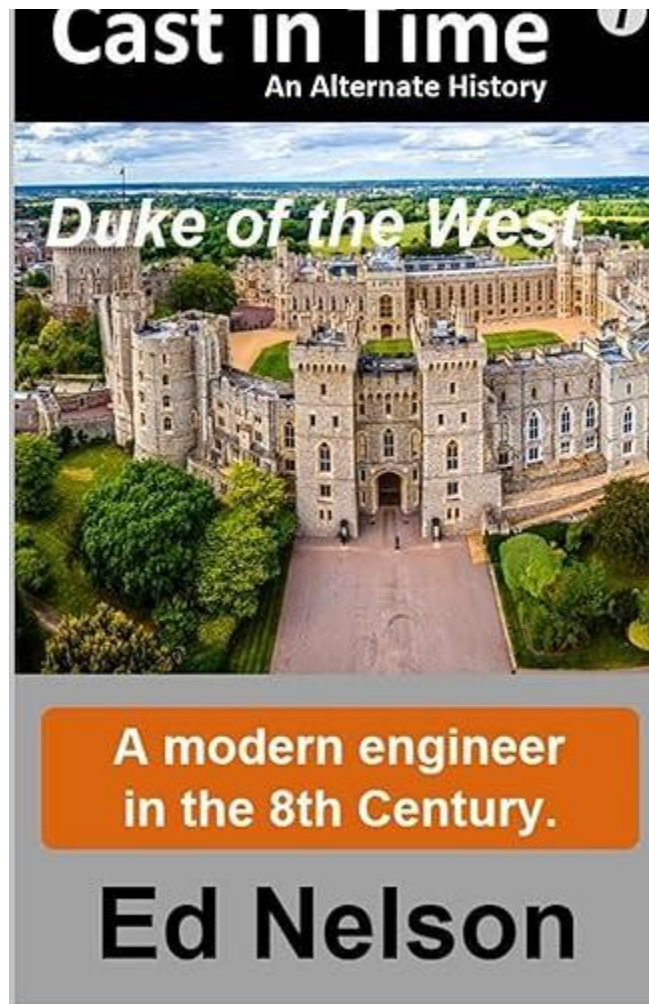
Home of the *Richard Jackson Saga*; *Ever and Always*; *Mary, Mary*; *More Mary, Mary* and the in-progress *Cast in Time* series.

Series 3, Volume 9

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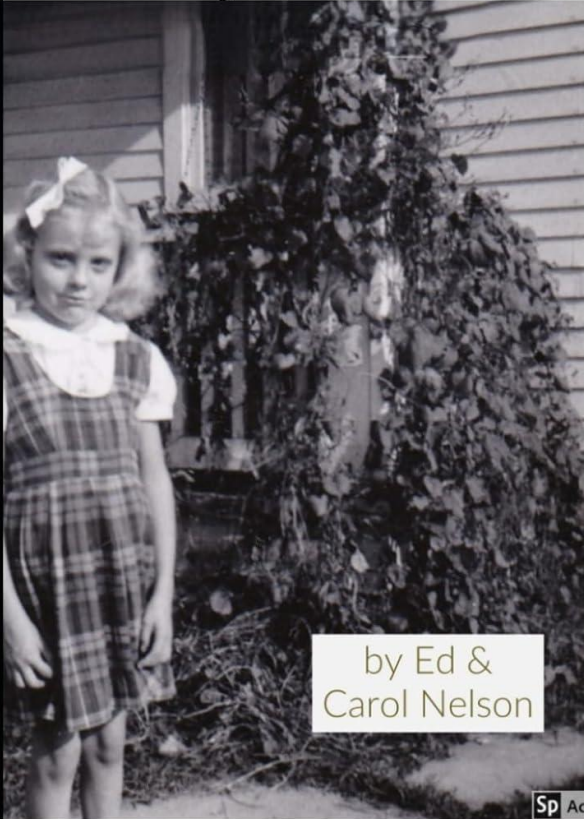


It's here! [*Cast in Time: Duke of the West*](#) is available on Kindle and now in paperback and hardback.

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!

Mary Mary and More Mary Mary Combined

Mary Mary and More Mary Mary Combined



You asked for it! Two books, *Mary Mary* and *More Mary Mary* have been combined so that a paperback and hard cover book can be printed. There is no new material added.

Mary Mary is a short story, 10,000 words. Mary Jackson, younger sister of Richard Jackson, has her own growing pains in her five-year-old world. Mary has been described as five going on thirty-five. Follow Mary as she weathers the perils of kindergarten while making her mark on the world and earning the beginning of her own fortune. *Mary Mary*, how does your garden grow.

In *More Mary Mary* there are twenty-five Mary short stories in this collection. 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.

More News

Ed is attending the NINC conference this month. NINC is a nonprofit organization which focuses on networking, education, and advocacy for professional authors of book-length fiction. He has an appointment to see about having *Cast in Time 1* translated into Japanese. He has been told this type of book sells well there. He's also looking into an AI generated movie of *Cast in Time* and possibly *The Richard Jackson Saga*, both book 1.

Pinterest

The Richard Jackson Saga, Book 1, *The Beginning* is on Pinterest. Over sixty pins describe Rick's summer and high school journeys, with topics such Rick's Adventures; Rick's Jobs; High School; Songs, TV, Plays; and Rick's Reads.

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's First Day at Her New School

I was excited to start my first day at my new school. It was a long way from my house, so Daddy bought me an apartment. He called it a condo. That was a short form of a very long word that I couldn't pronounce.

Sally, Jim, and I would stay there three nights a week. I thought that would be so neat. Mummy wouldn't be there to send me to bed. I could stay up as late as I wanted.

Mummy and Sally had spent two days at my new pad, as Denny called it. They bought furniture and had it all set up, sheets, blankets, and all sorts of kitchen stuff. They even went grocery shopping.

It looked like a lot of work. I asked Mummy why I just didn't stay at a hotel. She told me it was a matter of security. I thought about that. If Sally or Jim had to shoot someone, there was less chance of hitting an innocent bystander. Hotels are full of people.

The place had four bedrooms, so we each had our own, and the extra one was my office! My very own first office. It had a phone line, a copy machine, a typewriter, and a bunch of other stuff like staplers.

I would have to learn how to type. In the meantime, I would write out all my assignments.

Sally took me to a bookstore on my first day to buy my textbooks. They cost a lot of money. I had to pay five dollars for my math book. English was cheap at four dollars.

I was taking English 101, Arts 101, Biology 101, and Calculus 401. The 101 courses were required for me to get a degree. I hope they won't be boring.

The next morning, I had my first class. Jim drove Sally and me to the right building and dropped us off. He had to get a parking permit for the school.

The class started late, like nine in the morning. I couldn't understand why all the other students looked like they weren't awake. I had been ready to leave since seven this morning. They looked like they had just gotten out of bed.

Sally walked me to class. She would be sitting in the back of the classroom for each of my classes. That was embarrassing. She would see me passing notes.

I sat up front where I could see the teacher. The desks were so big I couldn't see over the people in front of me. I was the only person in the front row.

When we first came into the room, some guy told Sally she wasn't allowed to bring her kid to class. I looked around and didn't see any kids with Sally. She ignored him.

People kept coming into the room until all the seats were filled. Everyone looked at me funny, like I had cooties. I sneaked a look in the small mirror in my handbag, but my face was clean.

When our teacher came into the room, he stopped when he saw me. Sally had been waiting for him and handed him some papers. He read them and smiled.

"Welcome to Calculus 401, Mary."

"Thank you, professor."

I had practiced how to talk to my new teachers on the drive up with Sally. Jim told me to just call them dude, but he couldn't fool me. Some of them might be ladies. Should I call them dudettes? I decided to go with professor as Sally recommended. She told me that I couldn't go wrong with that, even if the teacher were only a teaching assistant. I wondered about that. Mrs. King didn't have any teaching assistants.

Maybe that was what she meant when she said she needed a referee some days.

Just as the teacher was about to get started, some guy asked, "What's the kid doing here?"

I still didn't see a kid. The professor told him that Mary Jackson had tested into the class. They were talking about me! I crossed my arms and glared at him. If it had been Patty, she would have known trouble was about to start.

One of the older girls, who were all older, asked me a question. "Are you the Mary Jackson with the clothing line?"

"Yes, I am."

"I thought I recognized you from your TV ads."

"Thank you. I thought they made me look fat."

This got all the girls in class talking about my clothes. The boys were asking what clothing line and what TV ads?

The teacher finally slammed a book down on his desk to get their attention. That allowed me to shoot a spitball at the guy who called me a little kid. It hit him on the

end of his nose. He went crossed eyed looking at it. When he realized what I had done, he whispered, "Nice one."

Maybe he wasn't a jerk. I wouldn't spill any ink on him after all.

Ricky had been visiting at home just before I came up here. He explained how important it was to read the book and work on the problems at the end of each chapter before class. That way, I would know what I didn't understand and ask to have it explained in class.

I had done that and was glad I did. It took me a little while to figure out, but there was a typographical error in the book, or the author was dumb. I was betting on the typo.

I thought I had better help the teacher by letting him know about the error first thing so he wouldn't look stupid in front of the class.

I held up my hand as soon as everyone was quiet. He called on me, and I explained that there was an error in the textbook. There was a plus sign at the end of chapter three, problem number four, when it should be a minus.

I had taken what Ricky had told me to heart, as Mummy would say, and read five chapters ahead.

The teacher told me that I was probably wrong, but he would look at it tonight. He did ask me, "Why do you think it is wrong?"

"With a plus sign, there is no way you can get a smooth curve or any curve for that matter. Using a minus works out nicely. I think it must be a typo, or the person who wrote the book is stupid."

There was a quiet burst of laughter in the room that died away at once.

"Mary, I agree. If it is wrong, it is a typo that didn't get caught."

Sally later explained to me that the teacher had written the textbook we were using.

After class, several girls wanted to talk to me about my clothes and the different princesses I used as models. Were they nice?

The guys all left immediately. I was getting ready to leave when the teacher asked me to come up.

"Mary, if you spot any other errors, will you please tell me in private?"

"I can do that. What is it worth to you?"

I had learned when someone asked you for something, the negotiations were just starting. For some reason, Sally interrupted me. “Excuse Mary, please, this is a game they play at her house.”

The teacher looked a little red-faced. I don’t know if he was embarrassed or angry. I took Sally’s hint and told him that, of course, I would bring it up in private in the future.

On the way home, I asked her why she didn’t give me a chance to negotiate good grades. All I would have done was work out all the problems in the book to get an A. She gave a huge sigh.

