

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

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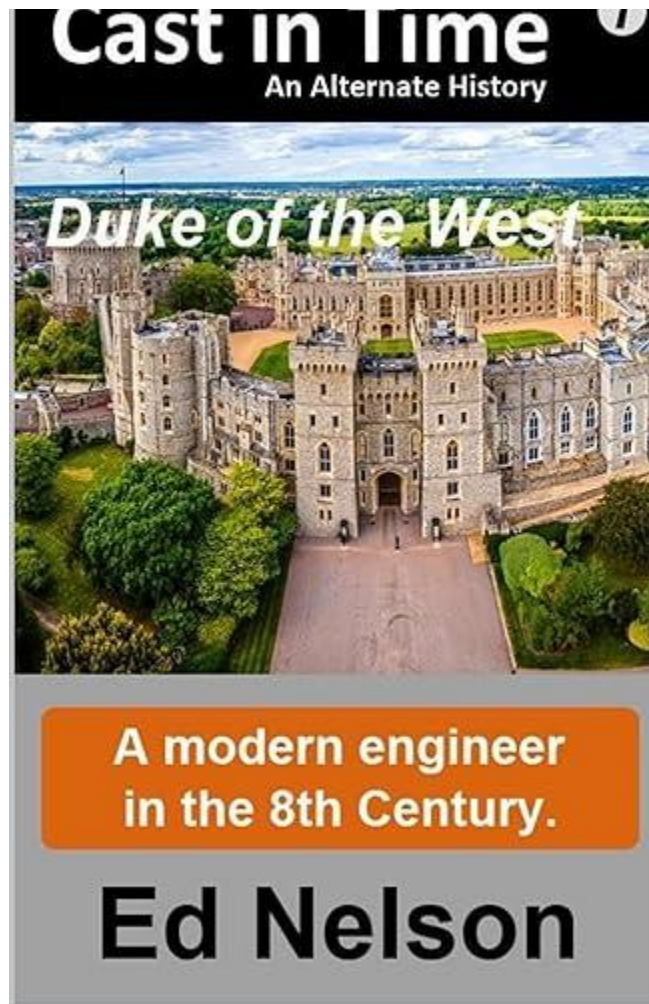
Home of the *Richard Jackson Saga*; *Ever and Always*; *Mary, Mary*; *More Mary, Mary* and the in-progress *Cast in Time* series.

Series 3, Volume 10

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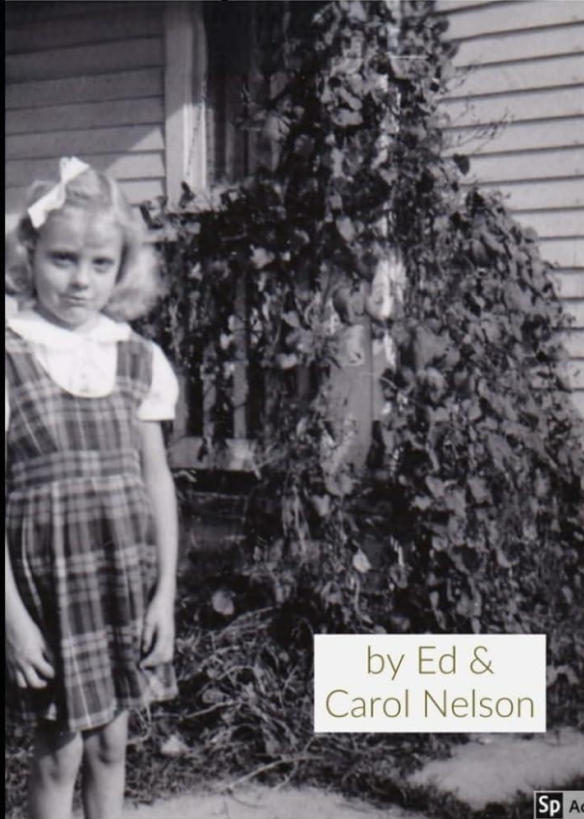


It's here! [*Cast in Time: Duke of the West*](#) is available on Kindle and now in paperback and hardback.

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

This issue of my newsletter is late this month for several reasons. The most important thing is that Carol and I have moved. We have left the independent living facility and bought a house.

We decided that even though we are eighty-one, we aren't old enough to live in an apartment complex inhabited by people who made us look young.

We lived on the ninth floor, and you haven't seen nasty road rage until six old ladies with walkers all want on the same elevator. That, and it was depressing to see the number of ambulances and EMTs that showed up constantly.

The largest beneficiary is our Shih Tzu puppy who now can be let out into the backyard without making it a big production. Of course, it is costing a small fortune to have fencing put up so Molly doesn't fall into the swimming pool. Shih Tzus aren't the best swimmers. Short legs, front weighted, and small noses.

Oh, the Places I've Been!

Some of you have asked if I have been to many of the places that I write about. The short answer is yes.

The longer answer is yes, and I have some help from Wikipedia.

To give an example, in the Richard Jackson Saga book *From Star to Deckhand*, I have scenes set in Liberia, Africa. I have been there.

Sent to the Firestone rubber plantation to perform an ISO audit to allow their rubber to be used in the American automobile industry, I was only one of two auditors in the world qualified to perform such

an audit. The other auditor who lived in South Africa refused the job. He knew more than I did.

I arrived in Liberia in 2003 exactly one week after Charles Taylor went into exile. To say that the country was war torn was putting it mildly. I stayed in the guest house on the plantation at the Harvey Firestone mansion which was where Taylor holed up until the end. The place was uninhabitable. The rebels did leave the golf course alone and it was exactly as I portrayed it in the story.

I had to go to the Port of Monrovia as part of the audit. It was a little weird being escorted by four guards with AK 47s. To move around the country, we would join a passing UN convoy for safety. I was never too bright.

One of our stops was at a little roadside shop to buy souvenirs for me to take home. I still have the wooden elephants I bought at that stop.

In the story that shop is where the diamonds were dumped by the thieves. Needless to say, no one threw a bag of diamonds at me.

At the port I dinged the Firestone people for all the holes in the side of the warehouse. Their response was, "But we repaired the bullet holes in the roof!"

Fun times. I made three trips there, flying on the same flights as their new President Ellen Sirleaf Johnson. I had met her at a reception at the golf club earlier, so she said, "Hello." That was my interaction with the high and mighty.

An interesting side note is the story about the gravel in the potholes. That story is absolutely true! The managing director had the potholes filled in and the gravel was promptly stolen and offered for sale along the road.

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 Gets Extra Credit

In my old grade school, we couldn't get extra credit. It was never talked about. Here at Stanford, they encouraged it as a way to keep your grades up. I had no idea how my grades were because they didn't give us daily assignments or quizzes.

They had a mid-term and a final exam in most of my classes, and that was it. Some classes had a term paper due, but still, it didn't give us feedback. Because of that, I decided to get all the extra credit I could.

Jim and Sally agreed that would be a wise move. Neither of them had college experience. Jim went from high school to the Marines, then to bodyguarding. Sally told me she graduated from high school but didn't say what she did before becoming my bodyguard. I think she did some sort of work like Mummy used to do. Mummy once called it wet work. She must have been a lifeguard at a pool.

For art, the teacher said we would get credit if we brought in a display of special artwork for the class to review. I heard the guys (I can't call them kids because they are so big) talking about cutting out pictures from artbooks and making a montage display.

I thought about that, but I don't know what a montage is, so I won't try that. I told Mummy what I needed for extra credit, and she agreed to let me bring in both her drapes and that painting.

I told her I needed the drapes as a counterpoint to the painting. I learned that term in the art class, so the class did have some use.

I didn't tell her the truth about how the drapes and the painting clashed so much. It would hurt her feelings, and I didn't want to do that. Sally told me that was a good idea.

I talked to my art teacher about bringing in stuff for extra credit. He signed me up for a Monday class. He didn't seem interested in what I was bringing in, so I didn't mention it. Several other people had brought their montages, and he seemed to think that was what I was doing.

Now that I knew what a montage was, I thought they could be neat if used correctly. I had to think about a montage of my dress collection in the next campaign.

Mummy insisted on sending her drapes and the painting in an armored truck. There were even police cars in front and behind it. When they pulled up to the building, one of the policemen used the siren on his car.

This brought a lot of people out to watch what was going on. The guards from the armored truck carried a crate in with the painting. A man who had driven in a separate truck brought in a large easel and brass posts with a red velvet rope between them.

There were special lights and even a carpet. They carried everything to my classroom. Once there they set everything up. Mummy's drapes were arranged over a chair. Once everything was set up and the lighting arranged, two armed guards stood near the painting and drapes to keep people away.

I mentioned to Sally that Mummy liked those drapes even more than I thought to have armed guards. She started coughing and had to turn away.

My teacher was standing there with his mouth open. I told him what Daddy always told me. "Shut your mouth, or you will swallow a fly."

He then dashed out to an office to get on the telephone. I know this because Jim followed him as he was acting funny.

When the class started, the teacher told everyone that there was a special treat today. We had the actual painting, *Starry Night*, to view. He went on and on about it.

Other teachers started showing up to see the picture. When the class ended, the guards started to pack everything up. The teacher asked me and Sally if we could keep it here a few more hours so more people could see it.

I asked him, “How much extra credit are you giving me?”

He looked at me like no one had ever negotiated with him before.

“I will add a 4.0 to be averaged in with your mid-term and final grades.”

I knew how averages worked and that a 4.0 was college talk for an A, so I accepted his offer. He looked confused when I held out my hand to shake on the deal. They aren’t very sophisticated at this school.

I did ask him if he thought Mummy’s drapes clashed with the painting. He looked at them and told me that they weren’t to his taste, but that Mummy could afford to do whatever she wanted.

That wasn’t very helpful.

After many more people came to see the painting, some reporters showed up. At that point Jim ordered a blanket to be put over the painting and everyone to start packing up. The reporters wanted to know why. “Because that is what Countess Jackson told me to do.”

“It isn’t fair to the people!”

Sally whispered something in the reporter’s ear, and he left in a hurry.

A man who was the chancellor introduced himself to me. He was nice and didn't even ask me for money. I knew his type; it would come later in a letter.

For math, I didn't do anything as showy. I had read in the back of my math book a list of theorems that hadn't been proved. The one that interested me was called Fermat's Last Theorem.

From what I read, everyone was trying to brute force their way through with trying every prime number they could. It seemed to me that the solution to elliptic curves would lead to a resolution to Fermat's Last Theorem.

The theorem wasn't found until thirty years after his death, so it was considered to be the last. Later when asked about it, I replied, "It was the last one found; maybe there are others."

People started searching for every piece of paper that he might have written on.

It took me a ton of paper and several weeks, but I worked it out. When I first showed it to my math professor, he didn't want to spend any time on it. He did look at the first few pages and started talking to himself.

He next went to the blackboard and started writing things down. I had handed it to him before class, so he was still reading when everyone was ready to begin. It was even as if he didn't know anyone else was there.

He did look up once and saw everyone sitting there. He told the class to, "Go away."

They did. I waited as I wanted to know if I would get extra credit. He finally looked up and told me that it would take him and several

others a few weeks to work through the paper, but he thought there might be something to it.

They canceled my math class for the rest of the term but had me come in every day that I could. They had a million questions. The first was who had done this for me. I told them no one, that I tried to get my brother Denny to help but he wanted too much money and that my other brother Eddie was still having problems with long division.

I finally couldn't stand it any longer and asked if I would get extra credit. My teacher Paul Cohen told me that I would have to be happy with a Fields Medal. I qualified because I was under forty.

Well, duh!

When I made a face, he laughed and told me not to worry about my grade. They were talking about awarding me a Ph.D. in mathematics and a place on the faculty. That meant I would be a teacher.

That was terrible. Teachers had to go to school every day. At least now I could pretend to be sick and take a day off. A teacher would never do that.

I was asked not to bring any more extra- credit projects to school. They were too disruptive. That was a shame as I had gotten Mr. Sinatra to agree to come to school with me and sing a duet.

I told them that I wouldn't if they gave me a 4.0 added to all my averages. For some reason, they thought this was funny.

At least all the people in my classes quit complaining that there was a little kid there. That was a good thing because I had been collecting fire ants at home.