

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 12

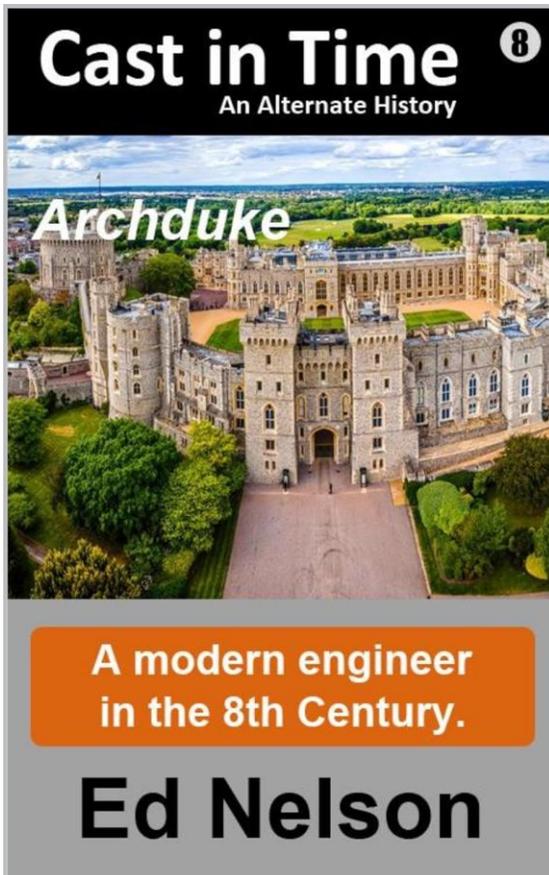
December 15, 2025

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Book 8

It's here! [Book 8, Cast in Time: Archduke](#) is available on Kindle and in paperback and hardback at Amazon.

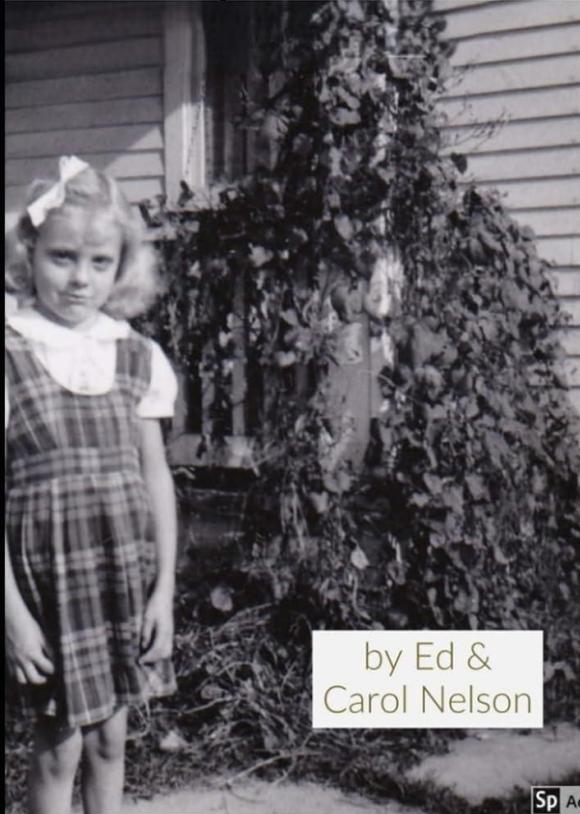


Now James is adding eastern Europe and what would become Russia to his territories. He continues inventing and providing information to improve the lives of all his people. His granddaughter wants to imitate Amelia Earhart's journey around the planet, hopefully without the disappearing and dying part. Then there is major detective work to try to solve a bank robbery. Join the journey

with this wild ride through the eighth century.

Mary Mary and More Mary Mary Combined

Mary Mary and More Mary Mary Combined



by Ed &
Carol Nelson

- 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

It hasn't proved profitable yet, but I have had the *Cast in Time* series translated into French and German, the German available on Germany's Amazon website. [Amazon.de](https://www.amazon.de) : [Ed Nelson](#)

I've sold enough to pay for the translations so I'm moving ahead with Italian, Dutch, and Japanese. I have *Cast in Time, Book 1: Count* in [Spanish](#) on Kindle already.

Oh, the Places I've Been!

I made several trips to Singapore in the 1980's. Some personal, some business. This is about a business trip. At the time I was a Director of Quality at a firm manufacturing medical devices. Our company had thirty-eight plants in fourteen countries. I had been tasked with sharing Dr. W. Edward Demings's quality philosophy with all of the plants.

He was a professional acquaintance. I had known Deming for some years from when he was another consultant with a brief case one hundred miles from home. He had spoken at several events that I was in charge of. I had used his philosophy to set quality records at one of the company's plants. It resulted in a huge promotion for me and my being in charge of spreading his thoughts.

That is how I came to be in Singapore the first time. The plant had eight hundred employees. The upper management were American, the middle management Singaporean of Chinese descent, and the workers Malaysian. Altogether about twelve languages were spoken at the plant. Everything official was in English.

To explain Deming's fourteen points, I was to teach the entire staff at an auditorium downtown. To accommodate the language situation three interpreters were used United-Nations style. The employees wore headsets and could dial into English, Beijing Mandarin, or the Malay language. The three translators were in a booth on the upper balcony. They were positioned so that they had a clear view of me on stage.

This was the days just before PowerPoint took over the world of presentations. I used transparencies and a projector. Each translator was provided a set of transparencies as backup if they couldn't read the on-stage screen. This led to what now is a comical

situation. I had told them if they found that I was speaking too fast, to hold a slide up. I have a tendency to talk fast.

Not long into the eight-hour presentation, one of the translators held up a slide. I slowed down as I realized that I was speaking a little fast. Things were okay for a few minutes then her slide went up in the air once more. I slowed down once more. This occurred twice more, and I was speaking so slowly that I couldn't remember what the start of the sentence was that I was saying. Needless to say, the audience was getting restless. It was then I realized that the interpreter was holding the slide up to the light because she had trouble seeing it in the dark booth.

I broke out laughing like a loon. Then I had to explain to the audience what had been going on. Fortunately, they all took it in good part, and I have been known in Singapore as "Fast Talker" ever since.

From there the day proceeded smoothly. That is, until I got bored in the afternoon. I had been speaking for five hours giving a speech that I had given many times before. I noticed that Malay is a shorter choppy language as compared to English and Mandarin. Mandarin is much more flowery than English. That gave rise an occasional difference in reaction time from the audience.

Usually a comment I meant to be funny was not recognized in all the languages. On rare occasions all three languages would get a reaction. This resulted in a wave across the group. The employees sat in groups, Malay to the right, Americans in the center, and Mandarin speakers to the left. When all three groups got the joke, a wave of laughter would spread from right to left. When you are on automatic when speaking, the devil can make you do things. My record was three consecutive waves that afternoon.

There were members of the Singapore government present. I ended up with an invitation to give a talk at a special session of the Singapore Quality & Reliability Association. The talk was well received, but what they were most impressed by that I was a grandfather at age forty. Grandfathers are considered wise and to be respected. Little did they know.

There were other events that trip, but they will wait for another day. For those in the know I was taken to a durian fruit warehouse to pick out my own durian. An olfactory experience never to be forgotten. Then there was the raw fisheye. More on that later.

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.

Princess Mary

The sorority trying to get me to join them was having a Princess Party; they called the campaign for new members a rush.

They were rushing us—it sounded like a football line. I hope I didn't get smashed when they all rushed me.

Mummy told me that I could join the group, but I couldn't live with them. That took a lot of the fun out of it. They made it sound like a big pajama party.

My family being rich and my making an important scientific discovery was why they wanted me to join. Sally told me the sorority had been on secret double probation because of the trouble they got into.

She wouldn't tell me what the trouble was, but Mummy and she weren't worried because I wouldn't be able to do that sort of thing yet.

When I asked my big sister in the sorority, she blushed red and wouldn't tell me what had happened. I would find out.

The Princess Party was on a Saturday evening. We were told that the best princess would win a prize. Sally and Mummy told me that they wanted me to win and win big. They thought it would be fun.

Every princess had to have an escort. My biggest brother Ricky had just returned from the moon where he was building a colony, so Mummy drafted him for the job.

I already had a tiara with a bunch of real diamonds. Ricky had given it to me as a Christmas present.

I would wear a dress from my Princess Collection.

My title would be Princess of the Lunar Kingdom. We thought of that while eating breakfast one morning. Ricky would be the Crown Prince. We thought this was funny.

Normally, Ricky would have worn his colonel's uniform from the Coldstream Guard. But he had just resigned, so he didn't have anything to wear. At least nothing that looked "crown princey".

We had a lot of fun at the breakfast table designing his uniform. He would be wearing a red tunic with a high neck collar. His pants would be black with a 1-inch-wide red stripe down the outside. His belt would support his dress sword.

He would wear all his medals, including those around his neck, and a white sash for the larger ones.

Tiffany would be commissioned to design a large new medal for his sash as Knight Commander of the Lunar Knighthood. It would have lots of jewels. He would be like a prince in a romantic movie. I loved those—they always ended with a kiss.

His valet Harold ate with us and made notes like crazy. He told us that it was a rushed project, but everything would be ready for the party in two weeks.

We discussed how I would arrive at the party. It would probably be in my limo. Mummy thought that sounded so pedestrian. That made no sense. Pedestrians walked. I would be riding.

Daddy excused himself from the table to make a phone call. When he came back, he told us that the Disney people had a Cinderella coach just completed; it was made out of glass. Dad said it was a see-through plastic, but it looked like glass to me.

They would loan it to us for the day. It would come with six white horses, two coachmen, and two footmen.

He was silly as he started singing, “She’ll be coming around the mountain.” We all booed him; he sings as badly as Ricky.

Everything came together for the party. Daddy had his news teams there to report on the event. They even had TV cameras in place just before the parade started. I had to have makeup applied for the cameras.

I forgot to tell you about the actors Ricky had hired. They were twenty men soldiers walking in front of the coach and twenty soldiers on horses following us. They were in the back because those horses poop a lot. Further back was a guy with a shovel and broom with a bucket on wheels to clean up the poop.

When we stopped in front of the sorority house, the footmen at the back of my coach had these long brass horns on which they blew a flourish. I don’t know what that is, but it sounded cool.

The soldiers unrolled a huge red carpet down the sorority steps. They then formed a line to keep people off the carpet. They made an arch with their swords for Ricky and me to walk under. I hoped no one dropped theirs.

Ricky had suggested that music play while we walked on the carpet. He had an outdoor sound system setup. A guy named John Williams composed a march. He called it the "Triumphant March". He kept the rights to the music so he could use it later.

I insisted we do a chain step like they did at weddings. It was so neat.

There must have been hundreds of students crowding the area to watch us go in.

When I got to the top of the steps in my makeup, my makeup lady wiped off the makeup and redid my face.

My big sister from the sorority was waiting for me. She kept trying to say something, but nothing came out no matter how she worked her jaws.

I think I would probably be elected best princess. The party was fun. All the other princesses had sashes and tiaras, but mine were better. None of the other tiaras had real diamonds.

I was selected as the best princess and given my prize, a dozen roses and a sash that said, "Princess of Princesses". I did get to do the princess wave that Princess Anne had taught me.

I was only allowed to stay for the first hour as I had to get home for bed. Ricky stayed. I saw him when he got home the next morning. He was still wearing his prince uniform; he must really like it.

Newspapers and TV the next day were all excited. They thought that Ricky had created a kingdom on the moon. My dad told Ricky about it. Ricky thought it was silly, but then he got a thoughtful look.