

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 4, Volume 1

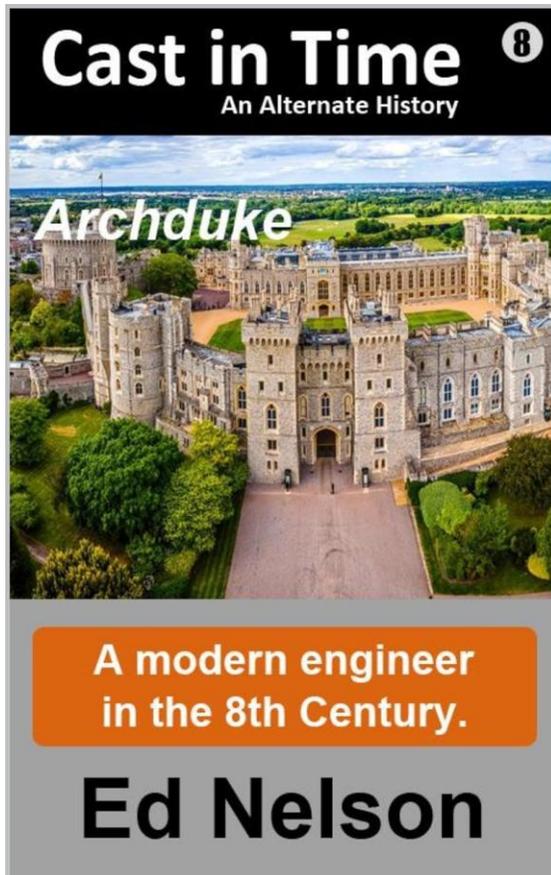
January 15, 2026

Included in this Issue

- [Book 8: Archduke now available](#)
- [Mary Mary and More Mary Mary Combined](#)
- [More News](#)
- [Oh, the Places I've Been](#)
- [Cast in Time series](#)
- [Richard Jackson series](#)
- ["Mary Goes to Her Office"](#)

Book 8

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

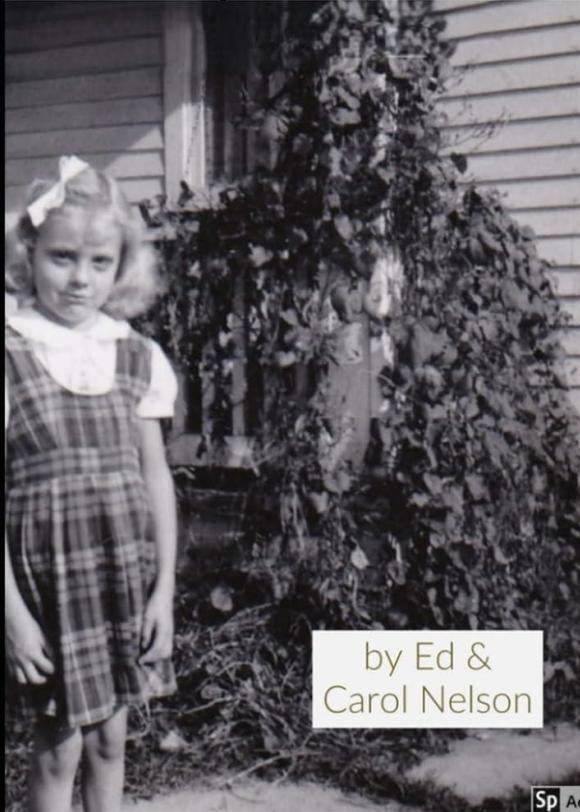


Now James is adding eastern Europe and what would become Russia to his territories. He continues inventing and providing information to improve the lives of all his people. His granddaughter wants to imitate Amelia Earhart's journey around the planet, hopefully without the disappearing and dying part. 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



- 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 is available on Germany's Amazon website. [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.

The writing of Book 9 is underway!

Places I have almost been.

This month is a little different. Rather than places I have spent time in, it is about places I can claim to have visited but were so brief as to be meaningless.

First I have been to Hong Kong. Truly. Landed there during a Singair flight from Singapore to San Francisco then to Philadelphia through NY JFK. When we landed in Hong Kong we were told we could get off the plane for one hour, be sure to take our boarding passes. I was exhausted and stayed on the plane and slept. The cleaners weren't happy but I got a little rest.

So one hour asleep on the ground in Hong Kong, was I really there?

Then there is Japan. I changed planes there half a dozen times in Niritia airport. Never leaving the transit area. Was I in Japan. Technically yes, really no.

The same in Brussels. I changed planes (Sabrina Airlines) going from Salisbury MD, to Monrovia, Liberia. Never leaving the airport, was I in Brussels, I don't count it well except for reaching 100 countries for the Travelers Century Club. I will probably not make it now. I have passed over fifty of the official sites but at 81 I have slowed a lot.

Then there is Paraguay. I actual spent several hours there being driven on a surprise tour. I have no proof I was ever in the country.

My travel companion a grumpy guy named John and I were in Argentina at Iguazu Falls. We have flown up from Buenos Aires for the weekend, this was after the revolution. We wanted a tour of the waterfall area. It is ten times the width of Niagara Falls. Thinking it would a a short ride around the area we left our passports in the hotel safe.

The ride started out okay. Then the driver asked if we would like to see the real Jungle. Being dumb Americans we went for it. He turned on a side road, and we drove the real Amazon jungle of half an hour and then entered a small town. The town sign said Pilar, Paraguay. Did I say no passports? We had entered the country on a sideroad with no border control.

At that point it was in for a penny in for a pound, so we thought.

Pilar was a total dump to say the least. It had a Playboy Club. The sign on the building stated that. Other than that the only other interesting thing we saw was an native Indian family sitting on a blanket by the roadside. They were selling bird feathers they had collected in the jungle. They looked like they were posed for National Geographic.

After a lot of tedious jungle we came to Puerto Nugra. He drove right up to an official border crossing into Brazil. Did I say no passports? After a rather spirited conversation with our driver who claimed innocence. He was going to take a short ride through Brazil, then Boliva

then back to Argentina. The end result was that we had to retrace our journey through the ever so boring jungle back to our original crossing from Argentina. Needless to say we weren't happy and told him he could take his \$200 fare and shove it. We changed our tune when he pulled over at the local police station. A policeman saw him and called him by name. The driver told him we didn't want to pay. Not being completely stupid we paid up and took another cab back to our hotel. As we pulled away from the police station I saw our first cab driver sharing some money with the cop. I have never left a hotel overseas without my passport since.

Then there was the time I was the bagman to pay a bribe to customs to get some machinery into the country. That is another story.

Ed

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 Goes to her Office

I didn't have any horse jumping contests this weekend, so I planned to watch all my favorite Saturday morning cartoons. Mummy told me I had to go to work! That was so unfair. Eddie and Denny got to watch cartoons, and I had to work. When I'm older, like twelve or thirteen, I will watch cartoons all day.

Mummy wouldn't even go with me. It was my job and my money, so I had to do the work. If it were my money, why wouldn't they let me have it all? I wouldn't waste more than a million or two. Just think how much candy you could buy for a million bucks! Then there are dolls and maybe even a jet plane like Ricky's.

I rode my limo into my office. My office is in Daddy's office building right next to his. He wasn't going to be there today. He was going deep sea fishing. I wondered if he would catch a whale. It would look neat over Mummy's mantle in the formal ballroom.

Sally and Jim were my drivers as usual. I whined to them about going to work, but I knew it would do no good. I even tried to bribe them, and they still took me there. I thought a couple of candy bars would let me take the day off. I know if someone that I knew offered me candy bars, I would let them have the day off.

Even a few tears didn't work. Sally told me that I needed to cry fatter tears. They would work better. I told her I would work on it.

I had changed all the pictures in my limo. When I was small, I used tape to put all the drawings I did on the backs of the seats. Now that I'm bigger, I have pictures I cut out of a teen magazine of all the stars like Fabian, Paul Anka, Bobby Riddle, Ricky Nelson, and Dion. They are dreamy. I heard a big girl say that, so it must be the thing to say.

Patty even made me put up a picture of Ricky. She thinks he is cute. He can't be. He's my brother.

When I got to my office, I had to work. My fans sent me letters which I had to take care of. Those who sent just ordinary letters got an autographed picture of me. These were taken care of by my secretary, Miss Jones.

When a fan club sent me a letter, there was a form letter that I had to sign to send back to them. Miss Jones would have them all stacked up for me to sign. I used the letter "M" to sign them. I hoped they knew that was me.

Then there were the more special ones that required a real note to be written. Miss Jones would help me read them and then we would decide what to say. They were

things like congratulations on winning first place in your beauty pageant. Miss Jones told me I had to be very careful with these because the sender might be trying to get a modeling job with my company. I couldn't say anything that would indicate interest in them.

And some of them were so sad. One girl wrote that her puppy died, but then she went to the pound and saved a puppy. I was so proud of her. I sent her a certificate good for ten pounds of puppy chow.

After that letter, I decided to take a break. I called my friend Princess Anne in England. She and I talked almost every week. We both jumped in shows and liked to share how we had done in our most recent shows.

We had both won last week so we were happy. I complained that I had to work this week. She thought that was terrible, but since I was almost a commoner, it probably was okay. She liked to tease me that I was only a lady because my mother was a countess. I wasn't a real royal like her. It was all in good fun, but I was going to get her back one of these days. I wonder if they make queen-sized whoopie cushions.

I could write Anne's name on it and sneak it onto her mum's throne. That would be funny! If the Archbishop of Canterbury were there, he would faint. I had met him once, and he was a stuffy old fart.

My next job was to pick out the new cards for the Princess Collection. These were done up like baseball cards. You got one with each dress you bought from the collection. We changed them when we issued the season's collections.

The first cards issued were like rookie cards. Not many people knew about them, so they didn't all get collected or saved. My rookie card was selling for the most. We had printed five hundred cards of each of the princesses, but only one hundred of mine. I thought of that after learning about those Ty Cobb and Mickey Mantle rookie cards.

Miss Jones and I went across the street at lunchtime to a small diner that we liked. They had the best French fries. Jim and Sally would follow us over and sit at another table near us.

Today we had just gotten our food when someone yelled, "He's got a gun!"

I turned and a man was robbing the place. He had grabbed the money out of the cash register and turned to run. Jim tackled him from behind and the guy went down right by my table.

I stood up and knelt on his back while removing my necklace. I had it around his throat and tightened it before he could get his hands up. I kept pulling it tighter, but

Jim made me stop. The guy was turning blue, so I guess he wasn't going anywhere.

I looked around and didn't see any papa-rats-eyes so knew I wouldn't be in the paper. I was wrong. One guy had a camera with him and was taking pictures behind me. I sat on the robber until the police showed up, which was only a few minutes later. They were in the donut shop next door.

They handcuffed him and took him away. They picked up his pistol and laughed. It was a starter pistol used in races and only shot blanks.

We finished up our lunches and went back to work. Miss Jones asked me why I had thought to wrap my necklace around his neck, and why it didn't break. I showed her that the wire was piano wire, that Mummy had taught me how to do that.

The next Monday Miss Jones offered her resignation. She didn't want to be associated with such violent people. It is probably a good thing I didn't show her the razor blade that I kept in the heel of my shoe.

When we got home, Jim and Sally came in with me and told Mum and Dad what had happened. When I reported how I used my necklace, Mummy scolded me for not using my hair barrettes as handles. I could have hurt my hands. She was right, but I had forgotten since things were going so fast. She said it was okay. We would have to practice more.

The evening paper had a picture of me on top of the guy with my necklace around his throat. It was titled, "Ride 'em, Cowgirl!"

No mention was made about what my necklace was made of, so it was okay. I wondered if I could get a copy of that picture and have it as a special card in the Princess Collection.