

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 4, Volume 2

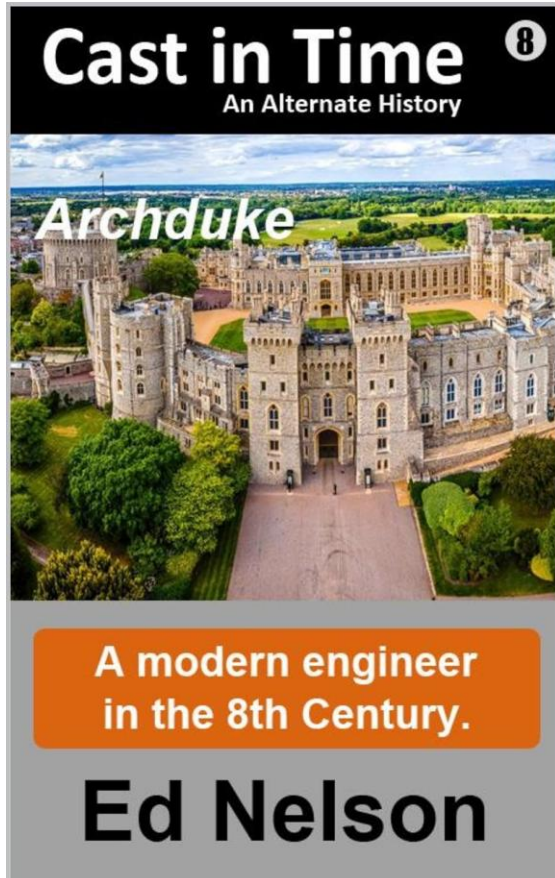
February 15, 2026

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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.

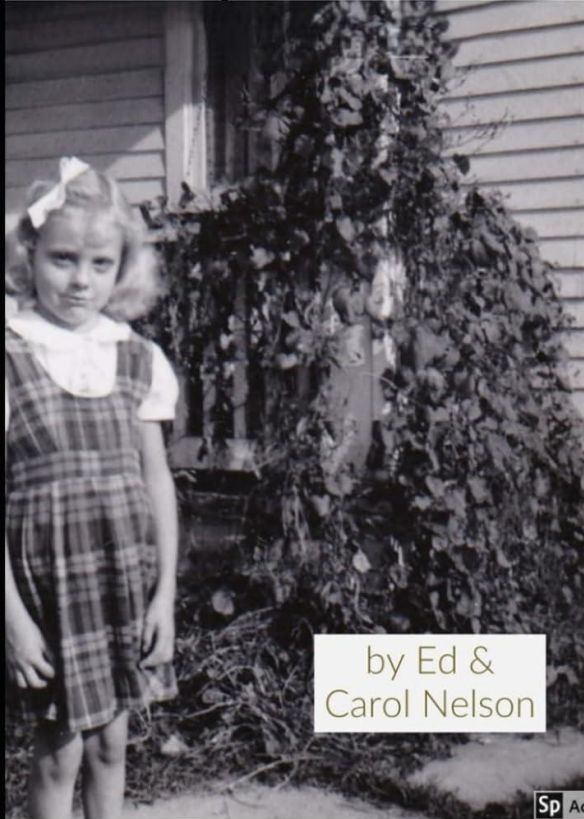


Now James is adding eastern Europe and what would become Russia to his territories. He continues inventing and providing information to improve the lives of all his people. His granddaughter wants to imitate Amelia Earhart's journey around the planet, hopefully without the disappearing and dying part.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



- 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 : Ed Nelson](#)

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

The writing of Book 9 is underway!

Oh, the Places I've Been!

In 1992 my wife Carol and I decided to spend a week on Saint Martin, an island in the Leeward Islands of the Lesser Antilles in the northeastern Caribbean. The island is divided in half by the French and the Dutch. We chose the French side (Saint Martin) rather than the Dutch Sint Maarten. It had nothing to do with the fact that the French side has topless and nude beaches, I swear.

We rented a house rather than stay at a resort hotel. We wanted to live in the local economy rather than be trapped in a Disney-type resort. That later proved to be a mistake.

The house was a nice one bedroom located next to a topless beach. That was by accident, I swear. The house was on the side of the hill overlooking the beach. Because of the hill it was like a split level. The garage area was a level below the living area. You had to climb a set of stairs, about twenty steps.

We went out to dinner on the first evening and returned to the house in a good mood. I checked all the doors to make certain that they were locked. There were five outside doors, French style.

In the middle of the night I woke up to my wife yelling, "Get out of here."

There was a young man standing at the foot of our bed with my wallet and an expensive watch in hand. I did the completely wrong thing. I jumped out of bed and started chasing the young man. He had left the door to the steps to the lower area open. By the

time I got to the top of the stairs, he had got to the bottom. By this time I was yelling every French swear word I knew.

That must have pissed him off as he turned at the bottom of the steps and pulled a thirty-eight revolver and took a shot at me. By this time I was awake enough to know chasing him was not a good idea. Stepping back into the house and out of the line of fire, I heard an auto squeal away.

I tried to call the police, gendarmes, but the operator only spoke French, and since I only knew swear words, that didn't go far. Fortunately, the racket caused the neighbors to call the police.

The gendarmes showed up and were very professional. They dug out a thirty-eight-caliber slug from the wall at the top of the stairs. The thief had only missed me by a foot or so. When I swore that I had locked that door, they concluded it must have been an inside job. I never heard the results of any investigation.

We spent the rest of the night canceling credit cards. The next morning, we drove to the local American Express office where they printed me a new card with a different account number and advanced me travelers checks so we were back in business. American Express, "Never leave home without it".

The American Express people explained what was happening on the island. In 1989 hurricane Hugo had removed almost every roof on the island. Contractors went to the small outer islands and hired young men to do the work. Three years later they let all of the now surplus laborers go without paying for a return trip home. It was doubtful whether many would have returned anyway.

So here we are a bunch of rich tourists, at least by their standards, and a lot of unemployed young men. No surprise with the result. Theft was rampant. Our rental agent tried to tell us there were no problems. We told him he had to move us to the Dutch side, or we would move to a hotel. The police told us we had the right to get a refund for the problem.

We ended up in a nice house in a gated community. We were never comfortable on that trip again. On the plane while boarding we heard three separate stories of robberies. As the American Express people told us, this would age out. The young men would be in jail, gone home, or settled down with a wife and job.

In doing some fact checking on dates and spellings I found out that in 1992 the Dutch side of the island government was found to be totally corrupt. The Sicilian Mafia controlled the place! For protection from small time thieves we went to the mob!

That was the last vacation at a location that didn't fly the American flag. I made many more foreign trips but not my wife. She said it was because of the danger; I think it was the topless beaches.

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 a Birthday Party

Today I went to Patty's birthday party. She is now the same age as me, ten. We were now both in double digits, so finally on the edge of becoming teenagers. This was exciting.

Her party was at her house.

Before that, her parents held the party in the Assembly Room of her grandfather's castle. She told me that her parents were trying to get out from under her grandfather's shadow. I didn't know dead people had shadows.

There were about twenty of us kids there. Besides Patty's family and the catering staff, there were bodyguards and chauffeurs. Some parents even came, so there were over a hundred people present.

That was good because some of us planned to sneak off to a garden later to play a game that the adults might not like.

There were rooms set up for adults only where they served drinks and snacks. They even had a small dance band. My mum and dad came separately from me in their limo.

I saw Mummy dancing with Cary Grant. Dad was watching, and he didn't look too happy. It worked out evenly because when Daddy danced with Audrey Hepburn, Mummy didn't smile. After that, they left the party. It seems Mummy had a headache.

My present to Patty was a cashmere sweater. My clothing company made it for her. It was a lovely light blue with her initials in black letters. The initials intertwined in an ornate script were fancy-looking.

The name of the sweater in our catalog was "Patty's Sweater". Every time this sweater was sold, my company would donate to the "Feed the Puppies" campaign in her name.

Her parents gave her a diamond tiara, but it wasn't as pretty as the one Ricky gave me. I didn't tell her that because it might ruin her party. I did mention it to Nancy, who would spread the word.

Patty had told everyone last year that my new jumping horse was ugly. This would teach her.

The presents were taken from us when we arrived. A maid marked each package with our names, so Patty knew who to send a thank-you note to.

I hated that part of getting presents. Why couldn't we accept the gift ourselves at the door, say thank you, and be done with it?

Stevie told all of us that he had snuck a box with a frog in it onto the gift table. He couldn't wait for her to open that one. I wish I had thought of that.

Since people were arriving at different times, they had a clown to entertain us. He would blow up these long balloons and make funny animals. They were cute.

When he thought people weren't looking, he would take a quick drink from a small flask. It was like one my Uncle Wally carried. It had what my uncle called hooch in it. It smelled terrible, and my uncle did silly things when he drank too much.

This clown must have had hooch in his flask because he kept letting awful farts. They were loud, and they smelled terrible. None of the adults were near us, so they didn't know that he stank.

He kept wanting to hug all of us girls when he made us balloon animals. He hadn't shaved or brushed his teeth. His teeth had yellow fur on them.

He couldn't stand up very well, and he would stagger occasionally. That could be why he fell backward when he tried to hug me. I did push him a little, and Davey accidentally was down on his hands and knees behind him, so the clown fell onto the punch table. It was a mess.

When he couldn't stand up by himself, Patty's bodyguards helped him out of the house. We didn't see him anymore.

The maids hurried to clean up the mess. Patty's parents were relieved that the punch bowl hadn't broken as they had borrowed it from San Simone. I don't know why the Simone guy would worry about a silly punch bowl.

All the guests had arrived by then, so we had cake and ice cream. We all sang *Happy Birthday* to her. She then had to blow out the candles. Stevie had replaced one of the candles with one of those that wouldn't blow out.

I thought they would have caught it because it looked different, but no one noticed when they lit the candle. Patty made her wish and then blew and blew. It was funny when the candle wouldn't go out. I hope her wish comes true anyway.

After that, we had a magic show. The magician was good. He pulled a rabbit out of his hat. We know it was a real rabbit because when the magician handed the rabbit to Nancy, it pooped on her.

The boys started calling her poopy Nancy, and she cried. That wasn't very nice of them.

The magician offered to cut the boys in half. I don't know how he would do that because he didn't have one of those boxes for them to lie in as I had seen on TV. He did have a nasty-looking saw. He waved it around, and the boys shut up.

Then we played games, and the first one was Pin the Tail on the Donkey. I loved that game. I managed to leave a pin on Stevie's seat, and he sat on it. That was funny—he jumped so high. Even Patty's mum laughed, and she usually got mad at everything.

After that, it was Whisper Down the Line or Telephone as some people called it. The message that Patty's mum sent down the line was, "Patty is a good girl and getting her wish, a horse to replace her pony."

What came out was, "Horse face Patty wishes her pony was a good girl." I think someone cheated. Stevie gave himself away when he pumped his arm in victory.

Next, we had a piñata to break. It was full of candy, and little presents like you find in a Cracker Jack box. There was one accident when Patty swung at the piñata and missed; she ended up hitting Stevie in the head. Her Mum scolded her for forgetting to put her blinder on. Her Mum also told her, "Good shot."

The next game was musical chairs. I did well up until the very end. Davey and I were last. He beat me to the chair. I ended up on his lap. It was kind of disappointing as I didn't feel anything. Maybe I should try that guy Woody after all.

There weren't any official games after that, but some of us sneaked off into the back garden to play a game the adults wouldn't like, Spin the Bottle.

We sat down boy, girl, boy, girl. There were six of us. The boys didn't know it, but we girls had agreed to sit across from the boy we wanted to kiss. Patty wanted to kiss Stevie, and I wanted to kiss Davey.

If a girl spun the bottle and it landed on a girl, she would spin again. It was the same for the boys.

Patty got to kiss Stevie. They bumped braces, and it looked like they would be stuck together, but they got free.

When it was my turn, I managed to get the bottle to point mostly at Davey. The girl next to him leaned away, so we said it was pointing at him. He refused to kiss me!

I was so mad I hit him on the head with the glass milk bottle.

It stunned him, and he got a big bump on his head. He screamed so loud that adults came running.

I think I may be in trouble.