

# 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 2

March 15, 2026

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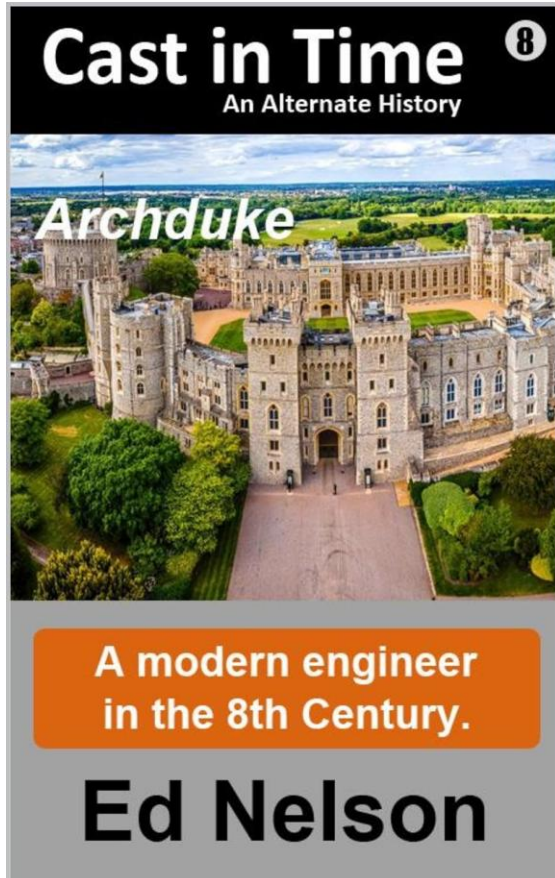
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## Included in this Issue

- [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](#)
- [Chapter 1: Mary, Mary Quite Contrary](#)

## Book 8

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

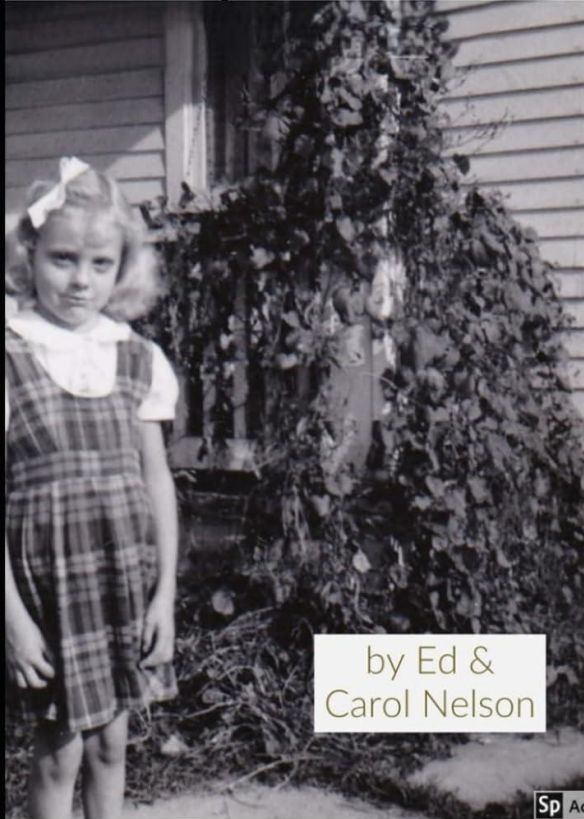


Now James is adding eastern Europe and what would become Russia to his territories. He continues inventing and providing information to improve the lives of all his people. His granddaughter wants to imitate Amelia Earhart's journey around the planet, hopefully without the disappearing and dying part.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

The Italian, Dutch, French, German, European Spanish, and Latin American Spanish translations are nearly ready to go online. I have Cast in Time, Book 1: *Count* in [Spanish](#) on Kindle already.

## Oh, the Places I've Been!

In rehab center right now. Hope there's no hauntings!

Ed took a tumble that landed him in the hospital. He is now in rehab working on his recovery. Please send prayers for a full and successful recovery.

# 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.

## Chapter: 1 Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

Ricky had given me a box of business cards. They had my name and our home telephone number. When he asked me what title I would have on my card I didn't know. He made one up, "Mary, Mary Jackson, quite contrary." It was okay but I think my next one will say "Princess Mary."

When I showed it to my friend Patti at school, she wanted one too. Her title would be "Pretty Woman." Davie's would be "President of the World." I told him if he was going to be my boyfriend, he would have to be "Prince Davie." He told me he didn't like girls yet but would become a prince when he did.

At school when I showed kids my new business card, they started chanting Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow? They weren't very nice about it as they ended it with "it's full of weeds."

It made me so mad I cried at recess. Billy and some other boys stood in a circle around me. They kept asking me if my weeds were ready yet, or had they died? One boy asked if I had a brown thumb. I had to stand in the corner for saying one of those words that Mum used.

The next day they did it again. The four of them surrounded me and chanted "Brown Thumb, Brown Thumb, Mary has a brown thumb." A teacher saw us and started toward us, but someone fell off a swing and was crying so the teacher went to the crying girl. The boys wouldn't stop so I got mad and punched Billy in the nose. It bled a lot, and I got into more trouble.

I had to take a note home. My driver Jim told me that he was proud of me giving Billy a bloody nose. Billy wouldn't be so quick to tease me in the future.

I think he is right but I'm still in trouble. Maybe I should cry when I show Mum the note.

When I got home Mum took one look at me and wanted to know what was wrong. I told her about the boys saying I was contrary and that my garden would only grow weeds and calling me Brown Thumb. Then Billy and the others stood in a circle and wouldn't let me go so I punched him in the nose.

Mum wanted to know if it bled a lot. I told her the school had to give him another tee shirt as the one he wore was a mess. She then had me show her how I held my fist when I hit him.

I held my hand up with my thumb inside. She told me this was not the way to do it, I should always keep my thumb outside, or I might break it. Also, it was better to

hit with the heel of the hand than the fist. Less chance of getting hurt, and you can hit harder.

Then she told me that I was never to start a fight at school, but I should always finish it. I asked how to do that.

“Always be the last one standing. Now the school wants me to tell you what you did was wrong. They want me to say don’t fight. What you really did wrong was to put your thumb inside your fist; you might have hurt yourself.”

She took out a roll of quarters from her purse.

“If you have time, hold these while you hit someone.”

She showed me how to hold them. Also, I had to aim for the back of their head when I punched their nose. That way I would hit harder. I was to carry a roll of them in my purse. I told Mum my purse wasn’t big enough. She told me she would buy me a new one. Now I know why Mum always has a big purse.

She needed a lot of room for her quarters and weapon. I asked if mine would be big enough to carry a pistol. She told me not until I was older. I think she means around eleven or so.

My Mum knows so much. Billy better not try anything now.

After that Mum hugged me and told me enough. She was proud of me. The best way to win a fight was not to have to fight at all. Billy and his friends only used words. Words hurt your feelings, fists your body. My punishment for hitting Billy would be to come up with a way to stop his teasing without hitting him.

When she told me that I felt bad that I had hit him; I started to cry and Mummy hugged me real tight.

She also told me she would give some thought on how to make things better at school.

That was on Friday. Saturday I was going to do a photo shoot.

I was excited to get up this morning. I got dressed as fast as I could. Mrs. Hernandez made me go back to my room and change. I don’t know why socks have to match.

Mr. Baxter said I must have my picture taken, a real photo shoot for a toothpaste commercial. I get to talk with Bucky Beaver about brushing your teeth with Ipana.

Mum had a charity meeting to go to, Mrs. Hernandez was busy, and Dad has to work so he talked Ricky into taking me. We have so much more fun.

I know Ricky will let me get ice cream on the way home. Dad would say it would ruin my lunch, but Ricky knows it won’t. Besides I knew there were going to be green beans.

We used my limo to go to the studio. I know it was my limo because the guards always used this one, and it had the pictures I had drawn in school taped to the back of the seats. It was really neat. I also had photographs of me and Mr. Wayne and Sinatra and a whole bunch of others. Ricky calls it my "I love me wall."

We were at the studio, and I had just slipped out of the makeup chair when this fat lady came in and told me that I didn't have to worry, that I would be safe now.

Ricky asked her what was going on. She identified herself as being with Los Angeles Child Protection and that since Mary didn't have an adult over the age of eighteen with her, she had to be protected by the state. They would take her and make certain that she had a nice room until proper arrangements could be made.

I told her that Ricky was emaciated. She and Ricky both had funny looks. Then Ricky laughed.

"Mary means I'm emancipated."

"I don't care. I know you are not eighteen and the law is very clear. Come with me kid."

She grabbed my arm and pulled me. I pulled back. She then raised her hand like she was going to hit me. Ricky grabbed her hand, and she couldn't move it. He pulled her away from me.

He told her, "I think you need to leave right now."

"I'm calling the police; you assaulted me."

While she made her call Ricky gave me his little black book of phone numbers.

"Mary, call this number. It is the man from the State of California that was on the set at *Bandits*; he was the old storyteller. Let him know we need his help here. Then call Dad's office and tell them we have an emergency and need him here or the state will take you away.

As I went to make the phone calls the fat lady came back. Ricky tried to talk to her some more. He showed her his United States Marshal ID. She refused to acknowledge that it had any bearing.

"I have called the police, young man, and they will help me take this child to safety."

Ricky must have made a mistake because the lady started screaming. I ran back to see what was going on. It was nothing; she had just seen his pistol under his shoulder in its holster. He always has it, so I didn't see the big deal.

He had even let me shoot it. He had to help me hold it as it is so heavy, and it makes a really loud noise. I was going to tell her that I had shot it, but she went to the phone. She can move really fast for a fat lady.

I went back to the office to make the phone calls. As I was going to the phone two policemen walked in. It took me a long time to make the calls, but the policemen and Ricky were still talking when I got back.

They asked him if he had hit the fat lady.

“I stopped her hand in midair from slapping my sister.”

The policeman asked the studio people who were standing there if they saw it. They all did.

I listened and it seemed that the policemen didn't want to take me away. They thought that Ricky was enough protection for me and that the fat lady was the one who should be charged with attempting to hit me. The fat lady wouldn't budge. Oh, I think I just made a joke, the fat lady couldn't budge.

Ricky asked me if I had made the phone calls he had asked for.

“I called them, Ricky, and since I had time, I called everyone else.”

“Everyone else?”

“Everyone in your book, I told them that the fat lady was trying to take me away, and she had the police with her.”

I don't know why Ricky groaned, but he got the vilest grin I have ever seen except in the movie *Over the Ohio*. He was really scary in that movie.

“Ladies and gentlemen, things are about to get interesting.”

The oldest policeman asked Ricky why.

“Apparently, Mary has called among others an Associate Justice of the California Supreme Court, the head of Warner Brothers Studio, the Mayor of Los Angeles, the Governors of the states of California and Ohio, the Prime Ministers of Japan, Australia and New Zealand, the President of South Korea, the Royal Governor of Hong Kong, the President of the United States of America, and, oh yes, the Queen of England.”

The cops started laughing for some reason. The fat lady got really red in the face. She started to say something, but I stamped my foot really hard.

I told her, “You are a mean person and should be nice to people.”

“Ricky, the operators wouldn't let me make any overseas calls, but the White House was very nice to me. I told them the secret code you had written in your book. They put me through to a guy who let me talk to the President. He said he would get us help.”

A bunch of things started happening. First of all, Daddy walked through the door, and he didn't look happy. The phones in the office started ringing like crazy. Ricky talked to them while Daddy shouted at the fat lady.

Ricky told the fat lady the phone was for her. It was the governor of California. As she was standing there saying “Yes, sir; yes, sir” many times a big man came into the office along with a policeman who had a bunch of stars on his collars.

I listened and found out it was the mayor of Los Angeles and the chief of police.

As they were all talking or shouting at each other, I went back to the studio photographer and asked him if he had pictures of all this. He did. He even had a picture of her trying to slap me.

I asked for copies as I could sell them to the scandal sheets. He agreed to share them but wanted some of the money. Since he had the pictures, he would get half. We exchanged business cards.

When everything settled down Daddy told everyone that I had a photoshoot to finish and would they all please leave.

Most of them did; the police took the fat lady out. They were taking her to the police station because Daddy was charging her. I don’t know how he could put her on a credit card.

I heard one of the policemen tell Daddy this was the most fun they’d had in years. The fat lady was a real pain and the department hated getting calls to help her “save” children.

The mayor talked to Daddy a lot. He kept saying that the city was not responsible for what she had done. Daddy asked if she was a city employee.”

“Yes, but we are not responsible for her actions.”

“I wonder what the judge will have to say.”

“You’re taking us to court?”

“Are you willing to settle right now?”

The mayor got a really mad look. He seemed to swell up like a frog. Then it was like he had a pin stuck in him.

“How much?”

“Since she only attempted and didn’t hit her, I think five thousand made out to Mary Jackson would settle the issue.”

Daddy saw me smile at this. I was thinking of all the dolls, toys, candy, and clothes I could buy.

“Mary, you get to keep one hundred dollars; the rest goes into your savings.”

That’s still a lot of stuff, but why am I saving money? Is Daddy scared he will lose his? I better ask Mum about that. She writes the checks so she will know if we have money problems. I hope we don’t have to sell my limo; I just have it decorated the way I want it.

Daddy had to get back to his meetings, so Ricky rode home with me. The ice cream was really good. When we got home, Mrs. Hernandez scolded Ricky for letting me have ice cream. I don't know how she knew. Well, maybe there was some chocolate on my face and a little on my dress.

Ricky told her he was sorry about the ice cream, but I don't think he was. He hurried out of the room as he said he had to make some phone calls to explain what happened. I hope he calls the president before he sends the army.

When he came back, he said it was all okay. Ike hadn't called out the army; he had sent the Marines. I think he was kidding me. That would have been neat for a tank to run over the fat lady's car.

It was a good day: the photo shoot was fun, and I would make money on the other pictures. Mum says you should always send Thank You cards for a good time. I wonder if I should send the fat lady one.

When he got home Daddy told me some changes had been made with the guards. They now had written permission to take me places as guardians. If my driver had been inside, the problems could have been avoided. Now there would be a lady guard and driver. The guard would go into places with me.

I hoped my new lady guard liked ice cream. I would teach her what flavors were best. She would learn.

As they say, I'm Mary, Mary, quite contrary.