

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.

Included in this Issue

[First books of Richard Jackson Saga and Cast in Time discounted](#)

[Innocence is gone; the reason for the 2nd edition of *Duke*](#)

[Free chapter from Cast in Time, *Baron of the Middle Counties*](#)

[Latin American Spanish *Barón de los condados centrales*](#)

[*Mary Mary and More Mary Mary Combined*](#)

[*Cast in Time* series](#)

[*The Richard Jackson Saga*](#)

[*Ever and Always: Immortality and the Apocalypse*](#)

Discounted First Books!

The first book of the Richard Jackson Saga, *The Beginning*, Kindle version, is discounted to \$2.99. Cast in Time's first book *Baron* is also discounted to \$2.99 in the Kindle version. These discounts also go across all the language translations. That's three dollars off per book. It's a clever (we hope) plot to get new readers sucked into the series. Look for discounts later in the month on the paperbacks and hardbacks of those books leading up to the Christmas season.

A Loss of Innocence

Kindle Direct Publishing blocked *Duke*, the sixth book of the *Cast in Time* Series. When they block a book, all data is deleted from the KDP bookshelf, so you can't go back and look at metadata such as Categories and Keywords. Better hope you have it listed somewhere else. I contacted KDP and asked for a hint as to why the book was blocked and got a message back to check their Content and Metadata guidelines. They must have too many books on their site to give individual feedback. So, I performed a desperate measure and uploaded the book and the guidelines to ChatGPT. It spit out several possible issues, but the one that stood out was when the young Iroquois man attempted to kill an elephant but instead was de-pantsed by an elephant tusk. At first Ed called him a young man but then referred to him as a boy. Then posters were sold showing "Bare Ass" — as the young man became known. So, the issue was potential pedophilia and/or sexuality. I fixed that by making it clear the person was a young adult in the text. I also added that the book has sexual content in the metadata. It doesn't seem sexual to me, nor did it to Ed. But I guess one person's innocent comic joke is another's porn. Yikes! What do you think?

Written by Janet Nelson Rupert

P.S. Ed's books are not written with the aid of AI, except in this one "find the culprit" incident.

Free Chapters in English and Spanish

Here is the first chapter of *Baron of the Middle Counties* (*Barón de los condados centrales*), the second book of *Cast in Time* (*Lanzado en el tiempo*) followed by a Latin American Spanish translation. It was translated by the AI service ScribeShadow. If you are a native Spanish speaker or know one, would you let us know the quality of the translation at Earl Nelson ednelson@verizon.net?

Chapter 1

Now that I had conquered Pirthtowan and Wadebridge, I had to integrate them into my barony. I hadn't wanted to go to war with them, but they tried to assassinate me, so I had no choice.

Their failed attempt resulted in the death of the Dowager Countess Wendon and her son, the only male heir to the barony. I had grown fond of them and had a good relationship with her father, John Chandler.

John, a ship's chandler in Saltash, was also a friend and business partner. I couldn't leave their deaths unanswered. There was also the fact that once the barons had tried and failed, they had no choice but to continue.

But they only had to get lucky once. I had to win successfully against every attempt. So I set out with my war party the next morning.

I would like to report that we won a series of hard-fought battles. The fact of the matter was we rolled them up easily. My introduction of a stronger crossbow was the deciding factor.

Thad, my assistant scribe, attended to me as usual. He had accompanied me enough to know what was needed.

It would take weeks to give the locals an understanding of the changes that would be made. Followed by months of work to implement the changes.

The first step was to send the headmen of Pirthtowan and Wadebridge to Owen-nap to see for themselves what we had accomplished. They would be our best salesmen. Food was already on its way. It may have been hubris, but I was so certain of victory that I had a food train formed and set out before the battles occurred. Once there were full bellies, people would be prone to listen.

Then our head medical person Agnes would arrive with her contingent of nurses. They would start educating the local midwives. They would be our staunchest supporters once they saw how infant death rates could be reduced.

As these events transpired, I thought about how all this started. I was born over a thousand years in the future as James Fletcher. I lived a good life.

Most of it was spent in the military, where I fought in World War II, Korea, and Vietnam. I was a combat engineer who forgot to duck occasionally and made things happen under fire.

These actions lead to awards and promotions. Between these wars, I continued my engineering studies at West Point. With an eidetic memory, I was able to retain huge amounts of information. I retired as a Lieutenant General in command of the US Army Corp of Engineers.

During this time, I met and married the love of my life, Dory. She was my helpmate, lover, and confidant for many years. After retiring, I became a professional student, taking every engineering degree possible. Dory said it kept me off the streets.

I died after living for more than ninety years. That should have been the end. However, as I faded out, my last thought was, "What a waste of such wonderful knowledge."

Someone must have been listening because I woke up in the body of a young baron named Owen-nap. It was the eighth century, and from what I could tell, not the same continuum that I came from.

Many things were the same and many different. Why I was here, I had no idea, but I promptly put my engineering knowledge to work to improve the lives of my people.

I had just realized that I needed more people to make progress. Not total body count, but specific trades.

I would need to go to London sometime in the future to recruit them. Number one on my list was an alchemist. They wouldn't know chemistry, but I could remedy that. Their understanding that chemical reactions could change things was a plus.

A master glassmaker was an absolute must.

Most important was someone who could lead the effort to measure to the nearest one-thousandth of an inch.

Those were the hard sciences. I also needed someone who knew the geographical world as it exists here. I had seen enough to know that the textbooks I had memorized didn't completely match up with this world.

Then I wanted a person who knew the nations and politics of this new world, at least new to me.

I also needed a master trader to handle foreign ventures. They would need military support. My list kept growing.

A monk broke me out of my reverie, asking if they could use the keep as a census headquarters. There was no reason not to, so I gave my permission. But it raised the question of who I would leave in charge of Pirthtowan and Wadebridge. I was running short of experienced people. I decided to put off that worry until tomorrow. Lady Eleanor would be joining me, and she might have some insight.

At least I wouldn't have to change the title of the barony again. The Barony of the Middle Counties still worked. Of course, the flag would have to be redesigned. Then there was the new, to me, surrounding baronies. Adjacent to Pirthtowan were Lewanniet and Bolventor. Next to Wadebridge were Gaberton and Pensilva. All these were on the maps I remembered from the future, but none were in the same place. Adding to the evidence that I was in a different timeline or universe. These differences weren't of much import now but would become critical when I sent out expeditions to bring back raw materials and riches.

In the meantime, I would expand our spy network into these counties. I still hadn't filled the position of spymaster to run a network. It was imperative that this was done soon.

The management team I was building was doing well, but they couldn't do it all. Several were good in their current positions, but the expanded barony might be beyond them. I would discuss each person with Eleanor and get her opinion.

My Lady arrived midmorning the next day. She looked exhausted but was almost manic in her excitement. She had never been involved in a war before. War was a strong word for this small-scale battle, but it changed my barony and the surrounding countryside. If war was diplomacy by other means, we had a war.

The baroness's own accompanied her. I had given up thinking they worked for me. My messenger girl, Linda, came with her. That would be handy. Since it was new territory and we didn't know the inhabitants, I asked Eleanor if one of her guards could accompany her on her missions.

With Thad at my side to take notes and prepare messages and Linda to deliver them, I was all set to go. The question was where to go. Acting too fast would create more problems than solutions. After stabilizing the food and health situation, I should have a complete survey of the area before making any major changes.

Even hyper Eleanor agreed this was the best course of action. John Steward suggested we assign five guards under a sergeant to maintain peace in each barony while we sorted things out. I told him to take care of it.

Rather than dragging Eleanor back on the road, we spent the day in the Wadebridge Keep interviewing the staff. It didn't take long to figure out that the keep's steward was hated by all. He abused his position. He had disappeared in the fighting and was probably still running for his life. The young serving girls wanted him hunted down. We didn't waste time on him other than issuing a death warrant if captured. Two girls were seen with knives from the kitchen, checking out hiding spots in the village. A search of his rooms turned up over three hundred silver coins. I directed ten silver each be distributed to the nine servants. The rest was to go to our treasury.

So far, we have had enough silvers to fund all the ongoing projects, but this state of affairs wouldn't last. A trip to Saltash to speak to John Chandler about establishing more trade with London was in order.

Eleanor and I, with our entourage, returned to Owen-nap. We arrived in the afternoon and received updates on how our orders were being implemented. The next morning, our group headed to Wendon.

Neither Eleanor nor I had been to Wendon since the Dowager Baroness's and her son's deaths. Sergeant Smith was still in charge. He and the dowager had seemed to be getting very close, so I was concerned about how he was handling things.

The changes were very apparent. What had been a forlorn-looking village was now a vibrant operation. Healthy-looking people were going about their daily business. Cheers went up as Eleanor and I were spotted.

We waved as we passed by them but didn't stop. Several monks and a scout peeled off from our group to talk to those present. They would find out the true mood of the people and any concerns they might have. It may be cynical, but what I hear in public may not be said privately.

Sergeant Smith and the keep's steward welcomed us as we arrived at the keep. The sergeant looked like he hadn't been sleeping well.

When Eleanor and I were in a private room with him, I asked how he was bearing up. "It has been hard, My Lord. I didn't realize how much I cared for her and her son. I have lost many close friends in battle, so I know time will heal."

"It's never easy. Do you want to remain in charge here or go elsewhere?"

"I would like to remain here. Lydia, young William, and I spent many an hour discussing how your methods could improve Wendon. I would like to continue those efforts in their memory."

"So be it. You will remain in command here. With no heirs, I will incorporate Wendon into the Barony of the Middle Counties."

"I thought as much. You have no choice now."

"Eleanor was talking on the trip over about the command structure here. Leaving a mere sergeant in charge won't do. I'm knighting you." At that, I reached over and lightly tapped his shoulder.

"Now isn't the time to have a big ceremony. We will make it more formal later, Sir Smith."

It was the first time I had seen the former sergeant taken aback.

A dazed-looking Sir Smith said, "Thank you, My Lord and Lady, I never thought this day would arrive."

"I'm sorry it had to come like this," I replied. "This promotion will also go to Sergeant Waters at Bodmin and those successful in the former Baronies of Pirthtowan and Wadebridge."

Eleanor added, "It is early in your grief, but please look out for those who will trip and land under you."

"I will be careful of those women."

"Who said it was only women?" Eleanor smirked.

The old knight blushed. "Aye, you have the right of it, My Lady."

We spent several hours discussing the specific current needs of the barony. They were fewer than I thought. Sir Smith and the dowager had been busy and taken to heart all the new improvements.

I told him of my concerns about the barons surrounding Pirthtowan and Wadebridge. He had spent time with them and gave some insight into their conditions. It wasn't encouraging.

I could see more warfare in our future. The question now was, should I wait for others to start it or be proactive?

Capítulo 1

Ahora que había conquistado Pirthtowan y Wadebridge, tenía que integrarlos en mi baronía. No había querido ir a la guerra con ellos, pero intentaron asesinar me, así que no tuve otra opción.

Su fallido intento resultó en la muerte de la condesa viuda Wendon y su hijo, el único heredero varón de la baronía. Les había tomado cariño y tenía una buena relación con el padre de ella, John Chandler.

John, un proveedor de barcos en Saltash, era también un amigo y socio comercial. No podía dejar sus muertes sin respuesta. También estaba el hecho de que, una vez que los barones lo intentaron y fallaron, no tuvieron más remedio que continuar.

Pero ellos solo tenían que tener suerte una vez. Yo tenía que salir victorioso de cada intento. Así que partí con mi grupo de guerra a la mañana siguiente.

Me gustaría informar que ganamos una serie de batallas arduamente disputadas. Lo cierto es que los arrollamos con facilidad. Mi introducción de una ballesta más poderosa fue el factor decisivo.

Thad, mi escriba asistente, me atendió como de costumbre. Me había acompañado lo suficiente como para saber qué era lo que se necesitaba.

Tomaría semanas darles a los lugareños una comprensión de los cambios que se realizarían. Seguido de meses de trabajo para implementar dichos cambios.

El primer paso fue enviar a los jefes de Pirthtowan y Wadebridge a Owen-nap para que vieran por sí mismos lo que habíamos logrado. Ellos serían nuestros mejores promotores.

La comida ya estaba en camino. Pudo haber sido arrogancia, pero estaba tan seguro de la victoria que hice que se formara y partiera un convoy de suministros antes de que ocurrieran las batallas. Una vez que tuvieran el estómago lleno, la gente estaría más dispuesta a escuchar.

Luego llegaría nuestra jefa médica, Agnes, con su contingente de enfermeras. Comenzarían a educar a las parteras locales. Ellas serían nuestras más firmes defensoras una vez que vieran cómo se podían reducir las tasas de mortalidad infantil.

Mientras estos eventos transcurrían, pensé en cómo empezó todo esto. Nací más de mil años en el futuro como James Fletcher. Viví una buena vida.

La mayor parte la pasé en el ejército, donde luché en la Segunda Guerra Mundial, Corea y Vietnam. Fui un ingeniero de combate que olvidaba agacharse de vez en cuando y hacía que las cosas sucedieran bajo el fuego enemigo.

Estas acciones me llevaron a condecoraciones y ascensos. Entre estas guerras, continué mis estudios de ingeniería en West Point. Con una memoria eidética, fui capaz de retener enormes cantidades de información. Me retiré como Teniente General al mando del Cuerpo de Ingenieros del Ejército de los Estados Unidos.

Durante este tiempo, conocí y me casé con el amor de mi vida, Dory. Ella fue mi compañera, amante y confidente durante muchos años. Después de jubilarme, me convertí en un estudiante profesional, obteniendo todos los títulos de ingeniería posibles. Dory decía que eso me mantenía alejado de los problemas.

Morí después de vivir más de noventa años. Ese debería haber sido el final. Sin embargo, mientras me desvanecía, mi último pensamiento fue: —Qué desperdicio de tan maravilloso conocimiento.

Alguien debió estar escuchando, porque desperté en el cuerpo de un joven barón llamado Owen-*nap*. Era el siglo octavo y, por lo que pude notar, no era el mismo continuo del que yo provenía.

Muchas cosas eran iguales y muchas diferentes. Por qué estaba aquí, no tenía ni idea, pero prontamente puse a trabajar mis conocimientos de ingeniería para mejorar la vida de mi gente.

Me acababa de dar cuenta de que necesitaba más gente para progresar. No un recuento total de personas, sino oficios específicos.

Tendría que ir a Londres en algún momento en el futuro para reclutarlos. El número uno en mi lista era un alquimista. No sabrían química, pero yo podría remediar eso. Su comprensión de que las reacciones químicas podían cambiar las cosas era una ventaja.

Un maestro vidriero era una necesidad absoluta.

Lo más importante era alguien que pudiera liderar el esfuerzo para medir hasta la milésima de pulgada más cercana.

Esas eran las ciencias exactas. También necesitaba a alguien que conociera el mundo geográfico tal como existe aquí. Había visto lo suficiente como para saber que los libros de texto que había memorizado no coincidían completamente con este mundo.

Luego quería a una persona que conociera las naciones y la política de este nuevo mundo, al menos nuevo para mí.

También necesitaba un maestro comerciante para manejar las empresas extranjeras. Necesitarían apoyo militar. Mi lista seguía creciendo.

Un monje me sacó de mi ensimismamiento y me preguntó si podían usar la fortaleza como sede del censo. No había razón para no hacerlo, así que les di mi permiso. Pero eso planteó la cuestión de a quién dejaría a cargo de Pirthtowan y Wadebridge. Me estaba quedando corto de gente con experiencia. Decidí posponer esa preocupación hasta mañana.

Lady Eleanor se uniría a mí, y ella podría tener alguna idea. Al menos no tendría que cambiar el título de la baronía de nuevo. La Baronía de los Condados Medios todavía funcionaba. Por supuesto, la bandera tendría que ser rediseñada.

Luego estaban las nuevas, para mí, baronías circundantes. Adyacentes a Pirthtowan estaban Lewanniet y Bolventor. Junto a Wadebridge estaban Gaberton y Pensilva. Todas estas estaban en los mapas que recordaba del futuro, pero ninguna estaba en el mismo lugar. Lo que se sumaba a la evidencia de que estaba en una línea de tiempo o universo diferente.

Estas diferencias no tenían mucha importancia ahora, pero se volverían críticas cuando enviara expediciones para traer materias primas y riquezas.

Mientras tanto, expandiría nuestra red de espías en estos condados. Todavía no había ocupado el puesto de jefe de espías para dirigir una red. Era imperativo que esto se hiciera pronto.

El equipo de gestión que estaba formando lo estaba haciendo bien, pero no podían hacerlo todo. Varios eran buenos en sus puestos actuales, pero la baronía expandida podría estar más allá de sus capacidades. Hablaría de cada persona con Eleanor y obtendría su opinión.

Mi dama llegó a media mañana del día siguiente. Parecía agotada, pero estaba casi maníaca en su entusiasmo. Nunca antes había estado involucrada en una guerra. Guerra

era una palabra fuerte para esta batalla a pequeña escala, pero cambió mi baronía y el campo circundante.

Si la guerra era diplomacia por otros medios, tuvimos una guerra.

La gente de la baronesa la acompañó. Había dejado de pensar que trabajaban para mí. Mi mensajera, Linda, vino con ella. Eso sería útil. Como era territorio nuevo y no conocíamos a los habitantes, le pregunté a Eleanor si uno de sus guardias podía acompañarla en sus misiones.

Con Thad a mi lado para tomar notas y preparar mensajes, y Linda para entregarlos, estaba todo listo. La cuestión era a dónde ir. Actuar demasiado rápido crearía más problemas que soluciones. Después de estabilizar la situación de los alimentos y la salud, debería hacer un estudio completo de la zona antes de realizar cualquier cambio importante.

Incluso la hiperactiva Eleanor estuvo de acuerdo en que este era el mejor curso de acción. John Steward sugirió que asignáramos cinco guardias bajo un sargento para mantener la paz en cada baronía mientras arreglábamos las cosas. Le dije que se encargara de ello.

En lugar de arrastrar a Eleanor de vuelta al camino, pasamos el día en la Fortaleza de Wadebridge entrevistando al personal. No nos tomó mucho tiempo darnos cuenta de que el administrador de la fortaleza era odiado por todos. Abusaba de su posición. Había desaparecido en los combates y probablemente todavía estaba huyendo para salvar su vida. Las jóvenes sirvientas querían que lo persiguieran.

No perdimos el tiempo con él más que emitiendo una orden de muerte si era capturado. Se vio a dos chicas con cuchillos de la cocina, revisando los escondites en la aldea. Un registro de sus habitaciones reveló más de trescientas monedas de plata. Ordené que se distribuyeran diez monedas de plata a cada uno de los nueve sirvientes. El resto iría a nuestra tesorería.

Hasta ahora, hemos tenido suficientes monedas de plata para financiar todos los proyectos en curso, pero este estado de cosas no duraría. Era necesario un viaje a Saltash para hablar con John Chandler sobre el establecimiento de más comercio con Londres.

Eleanor y yo, con nuestro séquito, regresamos a Owen-nap. Llegamos por la tarde y recibimos actualizaciones sobre cómo se estaban implementando nuestras órdenes. A la mañana siguiente, nuestro grupo se dirigió a Wendon.

Ni Eleanor ni yo habíamos estado en Wendon desde las muertes de la baronesa viuda y su hijo. El sargento Smith seguía a cargo. Él y la viuda parecían haberse vuelto muy cercanos, así que me preocupaba cómo estaba manejando las cosas.

Los cambios eran muy evidentes. Lo que había sido una aldea de aspecto desolado era ahora una comunidad vibrante. Personas de aspecto saludable se ocupaban de sus asuntos diarios. Se escucharon vítores cuando Eleanor y yo nos vieron.

Los saludamos mientras pasábamos a su lado, pero no nos detuvimos. Varios monjes y un explorador se separaron de nuestro grupo para hablar con los presentes. Averiguarían el verdadero estado de ánimo de la gente y cualquier preocupación que pudieran tener. Puede sonar cínico, pero lo que se dice en público puede no repetirse en privado.

El sargento Smith y el administrador de la fortaleza nos dieron la bienvenida al llegar a la fortificación. El sargento parecía no haber estado durmiendo bien.

Cuando Eleanor y yo estuvimos en una habitación privada con él, le pregunté cómo lo estaba sobrellevando.

—Ha sido difícil, mi lord. No me di cuenta de cuánto me importaban ella y su hijo. He perdido a muchos amigos cercanos en batalla, así que sé que el tiempo curará—.

—Nunca es fácil. ¿Quieres seguir a cargo aquí o ir a otro lugar?

—Me gustaría quedarme aquí. Lydia, el joven William y yo pasamos muchas horas discutiendo cómo sus métodos podrían mejorar a Wendon. Me gustaría continuar esos esfuerzos en su memoria.

—Que así sea. Te quedarás al mando aquí. Al no haber herederos, incorporaré a Wendon a la Baronía de los Condados Medios.

—Me lo imaginaba. Ya no tiene otra opción.

—Eleanor estuvo hablando en el viaje hacia acá sobre la estructura de mando aquí. Dejar a un simple sargento a cargo no funcionará. Te voy a nombrar caballero. Ante eso, me acerqué y toqué ligeramente su hombro.

—Ahora no es el momento de tener una gran ceremonia. Lo haremos más formal después, sir Smith.

Fue la primera vez que vi al antiguo sargento desconcertado. Un aturdido sir Smith dijo: —Gracias, mi lord y mi lady, nunca pensé que llegaría este día.

—Siento que haya tenido que ser así —respondí—. Este ascenso también será para el sargento Waters en Bodmin y para aquellos que tuvieron éxito en las antiguas baronías de Pirthtowan y Wadebridge—.

Eleanor añadió: —Aún es pronto en tu duelo, pero por favor, ten cuidado con quienes se desvivirán por estar bajo tu mando.

—Tendré cuidado con esas mujeres.

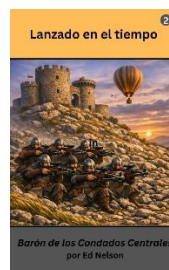
—¿Quién dijo que solo eran mujeres?—. Eleanor sonrió con sorna.

El viejo caballero se sonrojó. —Sí, tiene razón, mi lady.

Pasamos varias horas discutiendo las necesidades actuales específicas de la baronía. Eran menos de las que pensaba. Sir Smith y la viuda habían estado ocupados y se habían tomado en serio todas las nuevas mejoras.

Le conté mis preocupaciones sobre los barones que rodeaban a Pirthtowan y Wadebridge. Él había pasado tiempo con ellos y aportó algunas ideas sobre sus condiciones. No era alentador.

Podía ver más guerras en nuestro futuro. La pregunta ahora era: ¿debería esperar a que otros la iniciaran o ser proactivo?





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.

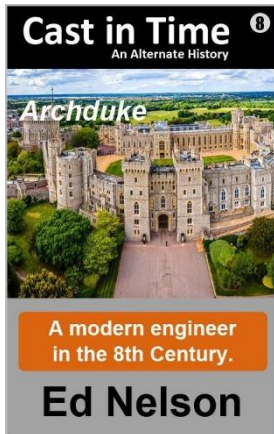
With wit and humor and no teenage angst, we follow a young man’s coming of age in the late 1950s. Starting in the summer before his freshman year, it follows him through his high school life, where he learns golf is his game. He finds fame and fortune as an inventor and wealth in Hollywood as he searches 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*.

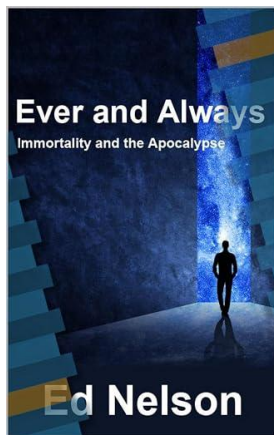
Follow Rick from the excitement of his summer to the dullness of high school life while he proves that school isn’t always dull.

Cast in Time, Book 8

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



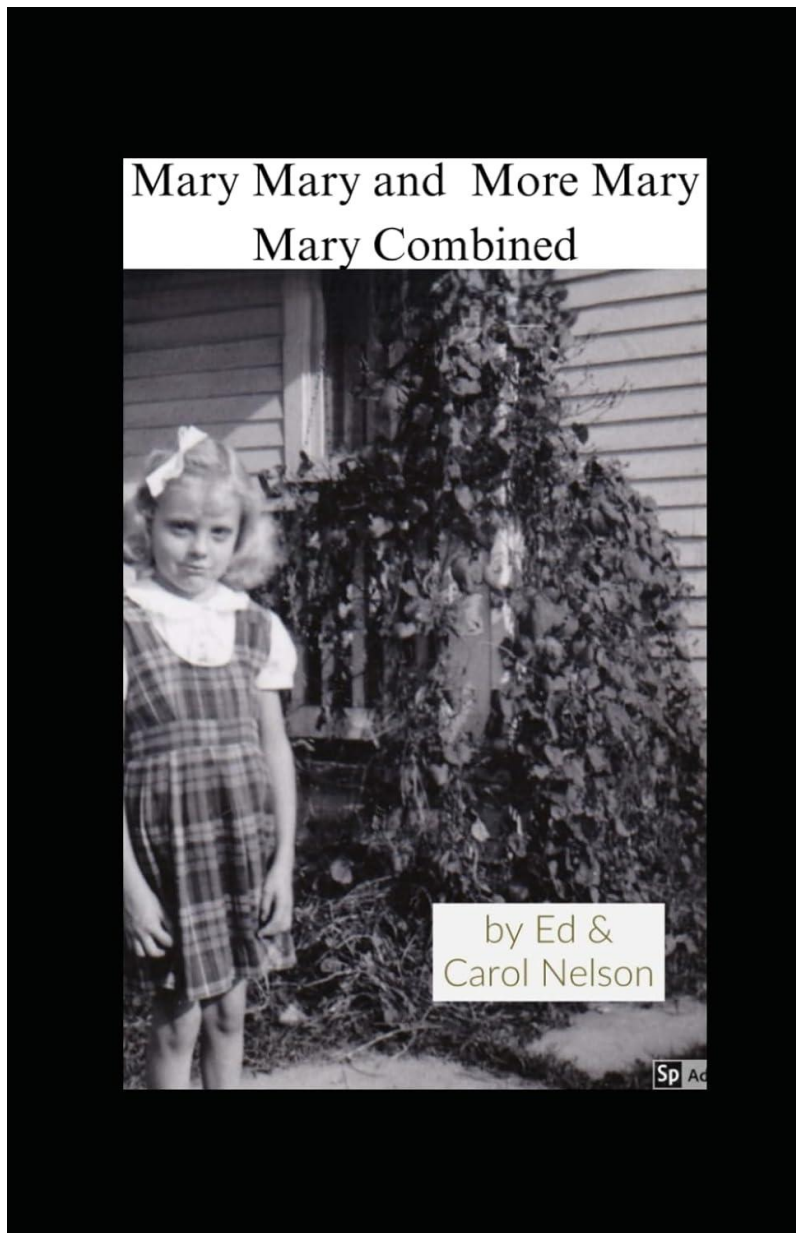
Now James is adding eastern Europe and what would become Russia to his territories. He continues inventing and providing information to improve the lives of all his people. His granddaughter wants to imitate Amelia Earhart's journey around the planet, hopefully without the disappearing and dying part.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



[Ever and Always: Immortality and the Apocalypse](#)

Rick King, a Viet Nam veteran is lost in the final stages of Alzheimers in a moderate long term care home, when something strange happens. He awakens in a long-term care facility for the indigent. As Rick regains his strength and fights for his stolen life and wealth, elegant Marsha Wren in the exact same situation, joins Rick as they struggle to get their lives back, while they avoid the danger of ending up in a government laboratory. While regaining their strength and independence they are also growing younger in health and appearance. They have no idea how young they will end up or how long they will live, are they immortal? One thing they know is that if they live long enough the world and the United States will change. How or when they have no way of knowing, just that change will occur. They position themselves as best as they can, fighting a survivalist group, when as predicted the apocalypse occurs. They will live, but can civilization survive?

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.