



WN NEWSLETTER X, VOL II  
MARCH 11, 2013



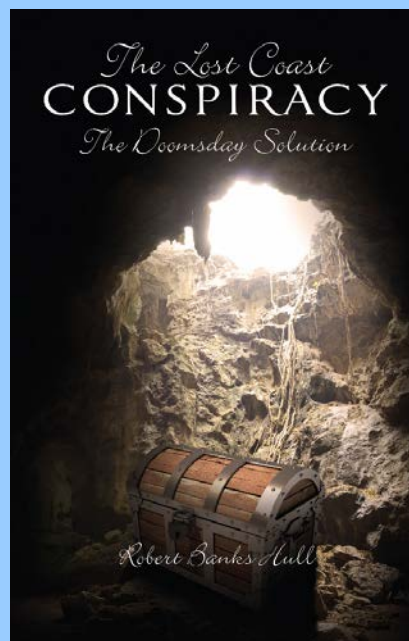
## WINDWARD NEWSLETTER #10

[www.conspiracynovels.com](http://www.conspiracynovels.com)

**Dear Readers:** It has been quite a while since Newsletter #9 and, in the meantime, I have been busy struggling to get my fourth novel, *The Lost Coast Conspiracy* through my publisher for going live.

My new book, *The Lost Coast Conspiracy*, is, indeed, now LIVE and available immediately through my publisher, Tate Publishing, my web site and available through on-line booksellers (Amazon, etc.).

My current 3 novels continue to be available in both ebook and conventional forms. Please visit my web site: [www.conspiracynovels.com](http://www.conspiracynovels.com)



\*\*\*\*\*



**Allow me to present a montage from *The Lost Coast Conspiracy*:**

**The northern coast of Northern California: a place of mountainous, rugged cliffs and chilling, roaring northwesterly winds that can cut a man's resoluteness to shreds. If it were the end of the world, this coast is what it would look like: the portals of hell! It is here that a mad frothed-up sea of storm troopers attacks a defiant earthen and rock fortress. Welcome to the Lost Coast.**

**As always, Trav opens,**

**“I live on my boat...in Sausalito...**

I’m thirty-nine years old and still reasonably attractive to women, but slightly overweight and yes, to say again...I’m retired! Suffice it to say, I do not need to work to support my lifestyle, therefore, I don’t. I live on my boat, a modest fifty-foot motorsailer named *Lolita*, at Clipper Yacht Harbor in Sausalito, California just north of the Golden Gate Bridge.”

**And, as always, the story opens with Trav and Carol on their Bay:**

The Bay seems made just for us on this night, a dreamland, a Valhalla of lights, rising images of hilly illuminated fantasy lands surrounding us on all sides. A place exists where all things are sweet and deliciously frivolous: My San Francisco Bay. Of course, my Carol is with me. Carol Ann Whitley is a Sausalito native, an expert sail maker and sailor extraordinaire as she has demonstrated so often in her lifetime of yacht racing on the bay. She has made my life complete, my Carol, the vision of all I could want in a lover and sailing companion. Most certainly, Travis Blake is cheating the Fates.

**But there’s trouble in paradise, Oz, Xanadu-By-The-Sea....**

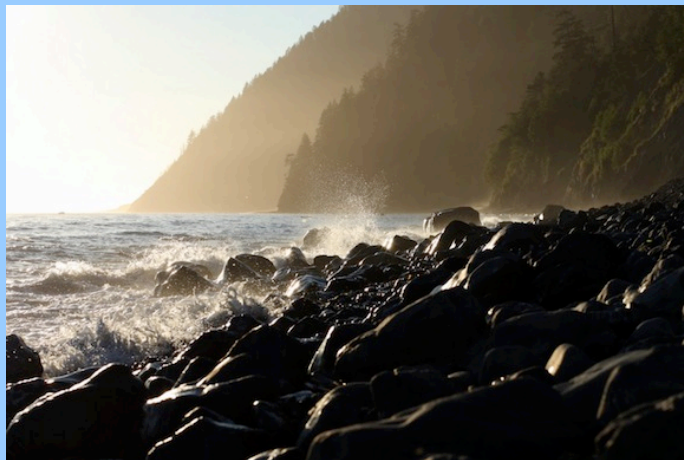
**Al Kemp,**

“We who are *warriors* exist to fight and win. It has always been that way with us. We cannot abide the so-called ‘peaceful coexistence’ that permeates this era of the human struggle. This Cold War is nothing but a stalemate brought about by fearful men. *Warriors* do not fear to act, to strike, to struggle, to win. The cost is not our concern.”

“I’ll bet you thought I was dead, eh Blake?”

“I had my hopes, pal. Then the CIA told me different.”

“Yup. He and his chief henchman, Helmut Strauss got clear and flew that helo to a pre-planned remote contingency location in the lightly populated Mississippi hinterland. He still has that dirty bomb that was meant for Ingalls, damn it all. It was still on board that helo.” So CIA guarding angel, Jake Kaufman informs his ward, Travis Blake.



**The Lost Coast in the Flesh**

**Yes, Carol & Travis have Jake and Brenda as their avenging CIA angels...**

“Speaking of getting tied up, Jake, you won’t find me getting tied up with any more conspiracies, so you’re wasting your time hanging around here, Mr. CIA, cum fisherman, cum tour boat captain. Besides, Al Kemp is dead!”

“Maybe dead. Maybe not, pal. I think I’ll just hang around and see what happens. Do miss St. Augustine and Scarlett’s Happy Hour, though.”

“Yeah, ain’t the KGB the end? This time the Rooskies’ overzealousness caused your friend to croke before they had the info they wanted. Congrats, Trav, you’re in the big leagues, now! You got more trouble on your hands than Al Kemp and a bunch of crazy Prussians, this time around.”

**And then there’s the Doomsday Bug...**

**“Of course they’re not living, but dormant, that is, until they find a life sustaining environment. They travel on the Universe’s own space junk, asteroids and the like, transcending time, waiting to be resurrected. Maybe this was us millions of years ago, *gate crashers* of Eden, careening into the earth and becoming animate and prolific, once again...then, hitching a ride on the DNA of earthly beings. After all, we are the only ones that don’t fit in on this planet and, most certainly, this planet’s great mock virus. Fools debate Creationism versus Evolution. It was neither one! Don’t you see, Mr. Blake?”**

**And who should get a hold of the Doomsday Bug:**

“Right, Tom, that’s Al’s style, a megalomaniac who would delight in controlling the entire planet...if he were convinced for one minute he had the tool to do so,” I concede. “But I believe that even if he were told the truth about the Doomsday Bug, his twisted thought patterns would prevail in his reasoning that this was a bigger lie fabricated to keep him from using it. And for that matter, who else, sane or otherwise, would believe such a story?”

**And there is always Kay, the delicious love goddess and Trav’s long suffering wife...**

“Oh right, *Mr. Patron Saint of Trouble*, of *Sturm und Drang*. It’s a *Bright Guilty World*, Travis, my sweet, and you haven’t changed. You could never stand life on an even keel. That is the correct nautical metaphor, is it not, my boy sailor?”

**Sweet dreams. Always sweet dreams.**

\*\*\*\*\*



**THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE:**

**The Golden Gate Bridge was the star of my first novel, *The Angel Island Conspiracy*.**



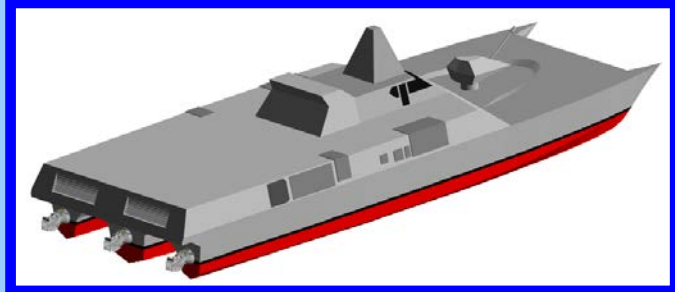
\*\*\*\*\*



I am very excited about my new page on the Conspiracy Novels web site titled

## ***TRAV'S DESIGNS***

Prints are available by contacting the author, Robert Banks Hull at [hullcmd@aol.com](mailto:hullcmd@aol.com).



These designs include Trav's very own Street Fighter and make great wall art as well as now bringing to life the work of Travis Blake for readers.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Next Time:** Travis Blake returns to the Gulf Coast four years after confronting bad Al Kemp and the death ship *Street Fighter*: surviving hurricanes and the Cult of the Golden Keel on the *Mosquito Coast*.

Thank you, my dear readers,  
Robert Banks Hull  
March 11, 2013  
[hullcmd@aol.com](mailto:hullcmd@aol.com)  
[www.conspiracynovels.com](http://www.conspiracynovels.com)



WINDWARD NOVELS