



WN NEWSLETTER IV, VOL I





# WINDWARD NEWSLETTER #4 #1

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**My new book *The Lost Coast Conspiracy* is nearly ready for the publisher and will be available, soon.**

## My New Brochure:

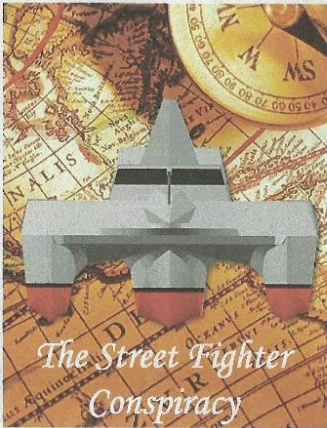
**WINDWARD  
NOVELS**  
THE CONSPIRACY SERIES

The overall concept of THE CONSPIRACY SERIES novels is to offer unique and exciting stories of nautical intrigue, a new twist over the traditional adventure story.  
Bob Hull

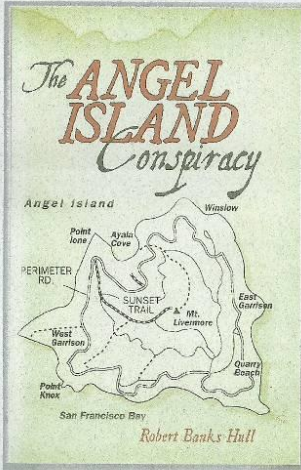


**THE STREET FIGHTER  
CONSPIRACY**



Carol and Trav, the heroes of my first book, *The Angel Island Conspiracy*, are in the thick of new dangers. They have escaped San Francisco for St. Augustine where Trav resumes his yacht design career and gets a golden opportunity to design a go-fast mega-yacht for a mystery client. The "Client" ditches Trav after milking him of the build plans and constructs the boat in secrecy. Can Carol and Trav stop the terrorists from using Trav's creation for evil purposes.

**THE ANGEL ISLAND  
CONSPIRACY**



Two San Francisco Bay sailors, Trav and Carol, fall upon a plot to destroy a major Bay Area landmark by a most ingenious method. They battle both the bad guys and the authorities in their quest to stop this horrific event from taking place. With their superb sailing skills and intimate knowledge of their Bay they duel the bad guys from Alcatraz to San Pablo Bay.

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## **RECENT MEDIA EVENTS:**

### **Magazine Short Stories Pending:**

- **Pebble Lake Review**
- **The Atlantic Monthly**
- **San Francisco Magazine**
- **Missouri Review**
- **Southern Review**
- **Alaska Review**

### **Reviews and activities pending:**

- *The Los Angeles Times*

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### ***St. Augustine, Florida (As a key element in The Street Fighter Conspiracy):***

I first came to St. Augustine in the mid 1980's to test my newest design for Hunter Marine, a 37 foot sloop. Part of testing for me has always meant racing, so I entered the 37 foot prototype in a local St. A. sailboat race. During the first leg of that race, my prototype Hunter was rammed by a 33 foot Tartan Ten sloop. I was on starboard tack, so I had the right-of-way and couldn't bear away to avoid collision as I was smack up against the shoreline of Anastasia Island. That was of little consolation to the general manager of Hunter who didn't like having to send out a repair crew from the plant in Gainesville to patch the hole in the prototype's port side. I didn't mind, though, joining my new St. A. friends for the post race festivities at the Clam Shell Bar at Camachee Cove Marina and spending the night with a comely crew member from the very same offending boat's crew. After all forgiveness is next to godliness and I had found a heavenly body to help me out on that issue.



I immediately took a liking to all the strange and wonderful misfits I found at the many watering holes of St. A. and I was in love, so who cared? Not I! Soon after, when Luhrs, the sister company of Hunter decided to open a new plant in St. A., I volunteered to be the in-house designer there, even though it meant designing power boats...I was in love with a tall, gorgeous blond lady sailor named Robbie, so who cared? Not I! Flesh is so irreverent. Anyway, Robbie and I took up residence in a cozy little Crescent Beach abode and I went to work designing fast sportfishing boats and becoming a regular at Scarlett O'Hara's happy hour. It was there I met my new best boat buddies Herb Griffiths and Hugh Mitchell.

“Ah Florida, the mysterious and bottomless everglade of happily displaced souls, Dear Bob,” as my friend, Hugh Mitchell, ex-master of the schooner *Lord Jim* and a Scarlett’s regular, always used to tell me.

Yeah and St. Augustine is the unofficial capital of this state’s state of disunion with the rest of humanity, isn’t it, Hugh? A gathering place for misfits like us, drawn to the aura of semi-tropical coastal town anonymity and, of course, Scarlett’s 80 cent doubles. We embraced our own little Xanadu-By-The-Sea, a dreamy other world of forgotten commitments. I miss you, my St. Augustine and God rest you in Heaven, My Darling Robbie.

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***The Lost Coast Conspiracy, Conspiracy Novel #3:*** Carol and Trav are back on their beloved San Francisco Bay, but not for long. What new chances for adventure can they find outside of the bay on the rugged and dangerous Northern California Coast and, in particular, a place called **The Lost Coast**? How about helping Trav’s old Coast Guard boat driving buddy find a mysterious box hidden away for nineteen years in a cave embedded in the cliffs along that very coast?

Can Carol and Trav stop terrorists from using the contents of that box to exterminate the entire population of San Francisco? This time it's more than the old battle of good and evil, it's a race against doomsday. We know, Dear Reader, that this dynamic duo saved the Golden Gate Bridge and Ingall’s Shipyard from terrorist annihilation. But this time around, facing two deadly opponents including the KGB and a world threatening weapon, Trav and Carol will not come away unscathed?

Two excerpts from TLCC follow:

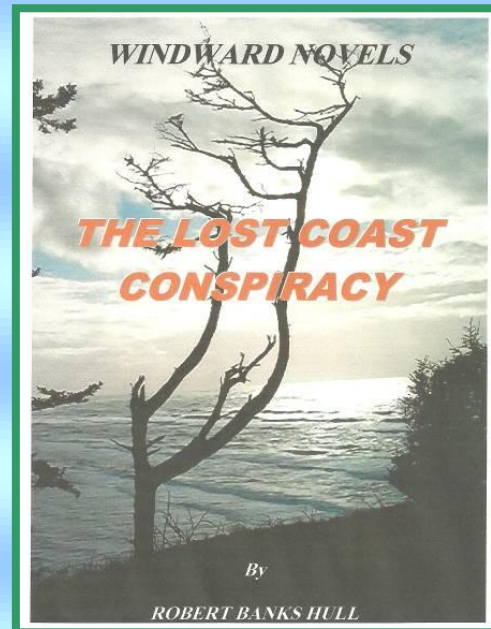
\*\*\* “The waves quickly started pushing against the side of the whale boat and it was only an instant longer and one whopper of a wave hit us beam-to and rolled the whale boat like a coke bottle on its side being kicked down the street.”

“Jeez, Jack, you deliberately caused the capsizing and beaching of that whale boat. You musta really thought that box contained the riches of Blackbeard.”

“Well Trav, the Captain had to take the blame since he was at the helm.”

“I had no idea about all this, before. Back on the ship, we thought nothing except the blockhead Captain wrecked another piece of “Guard” property. He was always doing something stupid, anyway.”

“Captain Crunch was so surprised and in such shock, just clinging to a rock, soaked to the gills and shivering, he never noticed me grab the box out of the careened boat.”





\*\*\*“Yeah, yeah, we know about the virus. Cholera or something deadly like that.”

“No Jake, your not hearing me. Not Cholera or anything else from this world. Releasing it would not be like Pandora merely unleashing another evil upon the world. It is the end of the world in a way more subtle than the threat of nuclear annihilation. It is microscopically promiscuous and more terminal than Cholera. Quite simply, it means the end of all life, the beginning of nothingness, a darkness more black than black, a vacuum, a negation of time and space. It is our greatest fear, neither good nor evil, this bug. It is beyond those infantile foibles of mankind. It is beyond our concept of being, the antithesis of any notion of redemption. It is, quite simply, death without redemption...a godless end!”

“That damned Russian *angst!* I’ll wait to get the straight dope from the NASA guys,” Jake scoffs.

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**My New Short Stories:** My short stories are turning out well and I am presently on a Campaign to get them published in various magazines and university reviews throughout the country. See above. Here is a list of a few:

## SHORT STORIES: **SAILING FROM XANADU TO PERDITION** by **R.B. Hull**

A collection of the watery adventures of sailors Travis Blake and Carol Whitley on two oceans and in two of the wildest coastal towns in North America.

	<b>STORIES</b>	<b>Length in words</b>	<b>BRIEF DESCRIPTION</b>
1	<b>The Cruise North</b>	<b>3750</b>	Carol and Travis cruise his 50 foot motorsailer <i>Lolita</i> 185 miles from San Francisco up one of the most beautiful, rugged and dangerous coasts in the world and visit two charming ports and one nasty anchorage.
2	<b>My San Francisco Bay</b>	<b>2486</b>	A short history and culture of San Francisco Bay from a native sailor's point of view.
3	<b>A Questionable Anchorage</b>	<b>3000</b>	The adventures of the crew of a Coast Guard vessel on patrol along the northern coast of California with an incompetent captain.
4	<b>The Last Watch</b>	<b>5086</b>	Carol Whitley is dying of cancer and wants to go sailing in the ocean off her very own Golden Gate one last time. Travis learns something about himself and the human penchant for irreverence.
5	<b>Midnight Moonlight</b>	<b>4557</b>	Travis and Carol take their visiting buddy from Texas on one of the most charming sailboat races ever held at midnight and learn about his buried treasure.

And I’m continuing to have a “great notion” or two.

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**Coming up:** In the next WN Newsletter (#5), I'll talk about a topic that comes up in my new novel, TLCC: It is Creationism v. Evolution. This is currently, as it has always been, an extremely hot topic. Not that Trav and Carol are *politicos*, religionists or philosophers, hardly those, nor am I, but the issue interests us all and will snag more than one Presidential Candidate on both sides before and during the 2012 election year! As a matter of fact, it already has! Recently, CNN was also intrigued with this topic and tested its newsworthiness by asking the question, C v. E, on-line and then conducted a poll on the results. They were astonished by the plethora of heated responses from both sides of the fence. I will neither take sides nor ruffle anyone's feathers in discussing C v. E. Nevertheless, I guaranty my discussion of the topic will surprise and interest everyone!



Thank you, my dear readers.

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WINDWARD NOVELS