



**Inspector Of The Cross by John B. Rosenman**

**(A man sacrifices everything to save humanity, politics and emperors be damned.)**

Thanks to suspended animation, Turtan is over 3500 years old and travels on freeze ships to distant worlds. His mission is to investigate weapons to help humanity turn the tide against their ancient nemesis...the Cenknife. Vicious aliens, the Cenknife seek to conquer the universe and enslave humanity.

When Turtan discovers just such a weapon, a beautiful, seductive woman stands in his way. He must use all his skills, abilities, and courage to meet the crisis and save untold billions of lives.

**Book Excerpt from Inspector Of The Cross:**

Turtan, after passing through a black hole with the alien enemy Turois, tries to land their spaceship on Zontena without getting killed or killing anyone.

Their descent slowed and flattened, holding at an angle of five degrees.

“Airspeed’s down to three hundred fifty KPH... We’re going to make it!” Turois sang.

Turtan ignored the other's jubilation, concentrating on the lush terrain a scant five hundred meters below. His eyes picked out multicolored fields of blooms, Zontena's towering trees, and on the approaching grasslands below...

El-Elana.

His hands went cold. They were heading for the city! Struggling, he tried to throw the control to one side and then the other.

It was jammed.

"Get in your seat," he shouted, killing the engines. "We can't do any more here."

They lurched to their seats, strapped themselves in. In the Central Display Screen he could see the glassy towers and sweeping bridges of the city approach, even figures turning to stare. Nearby, another indicator plotted a simulacrum of their descent along with a projection.

"We're not going to make it," Turois said.

"Don't give up yet," he said, eyes locked on the city. "It's only a projection."

With the engines off, they simply glided in. To both sides towering buildings passed above them.

They cleared an archway by scant meters. Figures scurried for cover, broke into confused flight. He caught a glimpse of wings flapping frantically in the sun.

"We're close to one hundred fifty KPH," Turois said. "If we can only clear the structure ahead, we can land beyond the city with a fair chance of survival."

Turtan saw it: a glistening pillar, heading zero-zero-nine and thirty meters below them on vid. They were still a hundred and fifty meters away. Helpless, he watched as they descended. Seventy meters away and sixteen meters below...

"Going to be close," Turois said. "It could go either way."

Turtan gripped the chair's arms, wanting to scream at Turois' calm as the pillar loomed. He saw startled avian faces frozen in windows and felt a current of air buffet them from below. Yes! A little wind was all it would take to slow their descent and clear the pillar. An unpredictable factor.

Half a meter from the top of the pillar, they hit it. He felt a slight jar as fragments of debris raked their sides and the angle of their descent increased from five to eleven degrees. A mosque-shaped structure neared.

"It might be wise to pray to your god," Turois said.

### **Here Are Three Amazon Reviews:**

#### **Review by Rochelle Weber (Roses & Thorns Reviews)**

5.0 out of 5 Stars

Heinlein would approve. No higher praise...

May 16, 2017

Format: Kindle Edition-Verified Purchase

"The college I attended had a writing program, but when I went, there were no genre-specific classes. Everyone was out to win the National Book Award at the very least, and they all looked down on genre fiction. Eventually they added a sci-fi class, but the instructor told me the rest of the writing faculty were still snobbish toward her. Hugo and Nebula Awards meant nothing to them. Mr. Rosenman's students were lucky, indeed, to have such a good writer teaching them at a college where I'm sure he received the respect he deserved.

In my opinion, the best sci-fi writer of the twentieth century was Robert A. Heinlein. The first of Mr. Rosenman's books that I read was almost as good as the Old Man's. Inspector of the Cross, I think, might have had Mr. Heinlein in the same conundrum as me. The book grabbed me on the first page, but somewhere along the way, I caught a red herring. I mean I really caught it. I had that thing scaled, gutted, and breaded. If I say any more, I might ruin the book. You must buy Inspector of the Cross and follow Turtan on his journeys."

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**Review by Micki Peluso (author of . . . And the Whippoorwill Sang)**

5.0 out of 5 Stars

One of the Best Sci-fi books of the times!

November 10, 2014

Format: Kindle Edition-Verified Purchase

“Inspector Turtan is in fine shape for someone 3,573 years old. He owes this to suspended animation on so many freeze spaceships. Traveling solo is a lonely job . . . Not to mention the loves, family and friends that he's outlived. Yet as Inspector of the Cross, it's his mission to find the ultimate weapon to save humanity from the enemy -- the Cenknife aliens bent on controlling the known universe . . . In in spite of compensations, it's a terribly lonely job.

Will this trip to the desolate planet, Sircon IV, harbor what Turtan needs, "The Godstone?" His aged monkey-like host hopes to reassure Turtan that it is a myth, a useless relic of no merit, revered by religious barbarians from a past long since gone. Turtan, superb at his long-held job, senses the Overlord is lying. Lucan insists a visit to the pillar would not be worthwhile for reasons he refuses to expound upon. The two banter back and forth as Lucan holds his position in the most polite way, while pointing out that the living alien chair wrapped around Turtan contains deadly needles controlled by the simple thought waves of the Overlord. And he'd seemed like such a sweet old man. They finally come to an agreement and journey to the pillar across desert sands and into a dark cool cave. The Monolith, 6 meters high, stands before Turtan. His first thought is . . . The Godstone is alive.

After playing some dangerous mind games, including one where there is suddenly three of him, each a part of his psyche, Turtan writes his report to his superiors, stating that the Godstone is not the weapon he's been searching for -- Lucan had warned him of the Monolith's tendency to trickery. Now he believes him.

50 years later he awakens from his freeze sleep just above Planet Zontena, his next assignment. In cosmic time, only 20 light-years from Ohio, where he'd grown up -- but a far cry from the "tall cuddly birdlike" race

who delight in games and cosmetic surgery, armed with no spaceships at all. Still a weapon has been reported here -- could this be the "one" which will save the human race? Computer statistics state there is a strong possibility. And why is a beautiful young inspector named Yori already here before him? Like an interstellar Sherlock Holmes, Turtan ruminates over this puzzle -- on a planet that loves games.

Tension grows as Turtan's ultimate enemy, a Cen named Turois, shows up as well. Unlike the rest of his race, this alien has feelings. How did that happen? What game is the seemingly placid Eden-like planet up to, and who will be the winner in a deadly race to control humanity?

This is an engaging sci-fi story on so many levels. Things are never what they seem and alien differences, often startling, make the reader rethink "humanity." Amidst a war thousands of years long, stretched across endless galaxies, and through black holes, surprises abound from the strangest of places, while complexity often shows a simple face. Author John B. Rosenman has again composed a story both exciting and engrossing, as his plotting unpeels like a ripened onion giving off a plethora of probable conclusions which can suddenly veer off in different directions. Rife with subtle subterfuges, he brings both humor and cleverness to this novel which builds to an unforeseen brilliant climax. This is a book that lovers of this genre and those new to it will not want to miss. It's just that good."

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### **Review by Pattimari**

5.0 out of 5 Stars

Inspector of the Cross

May 12, 2019

Format: Kindle Edition

Verified Purchase

“Inspector Turtan is quite old according to space-time. He travels away from family and friends that leave him behind as they age. However, being the Inspector of the Cross, his mission is to find the ultimate weapon to save humanity from the enemy. Does he find it? I'm not telling. Lol.

John developed his characters with amazing style and description. In fact, his descriptions are, as I am a big fan of Pearl Buck, who won a noble prize for her descriptive writing, as good as hers. The story flows without stops and goes. John has a good vocabulary in this book, but not one that makes you stop and search for the word. I'm impressed with John's book and would definitely recommend it to family and friends.”

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### **Review by Lady Bug Lin**

5.0 out of 5 Stars

He's over 3500 years old yet looks younger than you and me...and he's scanning the heavens for the perfect weapon

April 29, 2014

Format: Kindle Edition-Verified Purchase

“Although I am not a rabid Sci-Fi fan, I've found I'm a INTRIGUED Sci-Fi dabbler. What does that mean? For one thing it means I've had the opportunity to read stories written by the amazingly creative mind of John B. Rosenman... (And OMG...have your read this guy's resumé?)

Someone, somewhere once said...and I think it was Gene Rodenberry, there really aren't more than maybe four Sci-Fi themes. What brings them to life is how the author reweaves them. I don't know if that's true, but as I read this story, I kept seeing correlations to an episode of the Original Star Trek TV Series.

In INSPECTOR OF THE CROSS we have an agent of The Cross who spends most of his life...over 3500 years and counting floating around in space in a state of cryogenic...uhmmm...absence...while his AI controlled ship takes him from one end of the universe to another and from one mission...the search for the perfect weapon...to the next.

His people, The Cross, have been in a perpetual war with the evil Cenknife Civilization. All The Cross needs is that one PERFECT weapon to end the stalemate war and allow its side to finally win.”

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**Customer Reviews:**

[https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B007USB0YU/ref=dbs\\_a\\_def\\_rwt\\_hsch\\_vapi\\_taft\\_p1\\_i7#customerReviews](https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B007USB0YU/ref=dbs_a_def_rwt_hsch_vapi_taft_p1_i7#customerReviews)

**Kindle:**

[https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B007USB0YU/ref=dbs\\_a\\_def\\_rwt\\_hsch\\_vapi\\_taft\\_p1\\_i7](https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B007USB0YU/ref=dbs_a_def_rwt_hsch_vapi_taft_p1_i7)

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**About John B. Rosenman:** When John was a kid, a family friend gave him a subscription to Amazing Stories and fired up his imagination. Later he was infected by EC comics, Ray Bradbury, and terrifying SF movies like The War of the Worlds, Them!, and The Thing. As the imaginative twig is bent, so grows the literary tree.

In time, John received his Ph.D. in English from Kent State University. As an English professor at Norfolk State University, he designed and taught a course in how to write Science fiction and Fantasy. He is a former Chairman of the Board of the Horror Writers Association and the previous editor of The Rhetorician and

Horror Magazine. Altogether, he has published 300 stories in places such as *Weird Tales*, Whitley Strieber's *Aliens*, *Fangoria*, *Galaxy*, *The Age of Wonders*, and the *Hot Blood* anthology series.

His two dozen books include SF action-adventure novels such as his *Inspector of the Cross* series (MuseItUp Publishing); *Beyond Those Distant Stars*, winner of AllBooks Review Editor's Choice Award, and *Speaker of the Shakk* (Mundania Press); and *A Senseless Act of Beauty and Alien Dreams* (Crossroad Press). *The Merry-Go-Round Man*, a young adult, coming-of-age novel is also available from Crossroad Press. One of his stories, "The Blue of Her Hair, the Gold of Her Eyes," won Preditors and Editors Annual Reader Poll for short SF/F.

**Amazon Author's Page:**

[https://www.amazon.com/John-B-Rosenman/e/B001KMN69E/ref=dp\\_byline\\_cont\\_ebooks\\_1](https://www.amazon.com/John-B-Rosenman/e/B001KMN69E/ref=dp_byline_cont_ebooks_1)

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