



Crockett's Spirit

Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth



Volume 1, Issue 8

Bajoran-Cardassian Conflict Edition

August 2013

A Call to Honor

by Col Drego Tensa

Fellow Cardassians! I am a glinn by rank. My name is not important. I plan military strategies. My troops and I carry them out. As a soldier, I know my duty. I follow orders without question. I pursue military objectives aggressively. I kill or capture enemy soldiers before they can harm Cardassians. I am honor bound as a Cardassian soldier to do so.

The current objective of the Cardassian Union is the conquest and occupation of Bajor, and the subjugation of the Bajoran people. I have no problem with that in and of itself, or with doing what I must to help achieve that end...if that end be noble.

However, I see nothing noble in how we are conducting this war. I see only that a whole population of beautiful, benevolent, peaceful people, the Bajorans, is being wantonly decimated. Unarmed civilians, including women, children and the elderly, are being killed for sport. Those who are not killed are forced into slavery and stripped of their dignity, the women stripped of their virtue. This is wrong!

The victor should treat the vanquished with the same respect he expects to receive. The weak should be protected. Honor should be the hallmark of every soldier. More and more of us are realizing this. My own soldiers and I have such a code. We shield every Bajoran we can from harm by others of us. We are a passive resistance. Our numbers are growing. If this be treason, so be it! It is the right and honorable thing to do! **Join us!**

A Letter from the Front

by LtCol Two Wolves

There is no one left to read this to, but I am writing it anyway. Perhaps this missive will live on and bring honor to my people as a true testimony of the Bajoran struggle against the Cardassian filth! Damned Cardassian slime! It seems that no matter what you do to them, they just don't die! They are like the Earth cockroach. Kill one and seventy more take its place.

I'm tired of fighting. I'm tired of the killing. I'm only 15 years old! I should be in school, learning my lessons in math and sciences or studying to become a Vedek. But here I sit, dressed in dark protective clothing, my constant companions being my phaser rifles, frag grenades, my father's knife and my wits.

Because I've been blessed by the Prophets with the natural ability to calculate and strategize, I've been made Cell Leader. Yet, I deserve no accolades. Two of my partners died in my arms last night, the direct result of mortal wounds received in a fire fight. We mourn, but we must press on.

As mentioned before, a 15 year-old girl should not be doing this...

Why do I continue to fight? To prevent the wholesale extinction of my people that's why! My entire family was wiped out by the Cardassian filth! Except for my baby brother, who is only 13 and fights beside me, my entire family's gone. Six generations of Bohar-Jadat either killed in combat, kidnapped (considered dead in my eyes), starved to death, beaten or tortured in the labor camps.

My mother was recently captured and committed suicide rather than become some Gul's comfort woman. I miss her dearly and constantly mourn her loss. I wonder... If I were to be captured, would I do the same? Yes, I would! Like my mother, who secreted two frag grenades on her body and blew them up, I'd take as many of the bastards with me when I die! But for now, I continue to fight in the name of The Prophets!

I remain,
Bohar-Jadat Ani

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Is that Elim Garak I Hear?

by Col Y'Wanna

I promised Col Kira an article about Cardassians. I am not very fond of Cardassians. I find them too rigid and a little boring. Funny enough, my favourite DS9 character is Elim Garak, but he is no typical Cardassian. So I chose to write about my best quotes from Garak. Now, I must confess that I have been too lazy to think for myself these days (blame it on the damaged environmental controls in my quarters). So I thought it would be a lot easier to just copy-paste other people's favourite quotes. To my defense, I can quote any of these quotes by heart. I could not help notice most of them were about Garak praising the art of lying, and posing as an artist of deception. Yet, he strikes me as one of the most sincere characters I have ever seen. Is this strange? Maybe. I cannot explain. Anyway, Garak always comes up with the most unexpected answers:

Bashir: "Of all the stories you told me, which ones were true and which ones weren't?"

Garak: "My dear Doctor, they're all true."

Bashir: "Even the lies?"

Garak: "Especially the lies."

"Treason, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder."

"Truth is in the eye of the beholder, Doctor. I never tell the truth because I don't believe there is such a thing. That is why I prefer the straight line simplicity of cutting cloth."

Garak: "Are you sure that's the point, Doctor?"

Bashir: "Of course. What else could it be?"

Garak: "That you should never tell the same lie twice."

"To think, after all this time, all our lunches together you still don't trust me. There's hope for you yet, Doctor."

"The truth is usually just an excuse for lack of imagination."

Garak: "That's the eleventh ship to fall out of formation."

Dax: "Nice of you to keep track, Garak."

Bashir: "He can't help being negative, it's in his nature."

Garak: "On the contrary. I always hope for the best. Experience, unfortunately, has taught me to expect the worst."

"Paranoid is what they call people who imagine threats against their life. I have threats against my life."

"Lying is a skill like any other. And if you want to maintain a level of excellence, you have to practice constantly."

O'Brien: "What's the matter?"

Garak: "Well, it's just that lately I've noticed that everyone seems to trust me. It's quite unnerving, I'm still trying to get used to it. Next thing I know people are going to be inviting me to their homes for dinner."

O'Brien: "Well, if it makes you feel any better, I promise I will never have you over."

Garak: "I appreciate that, Chief."

"A pity. I rather liked him."

- Garak, upon killing Entek

Bashir: "I can't believe you're not pressing charges."

Garak: "Constable Odo and Captain Sisko expressed a similar concern, but really Doctor, there was no harm done."

Bashir: "They broke seven of your transverse ribs and fractured your clavicle."

Garak: "Ah, but I got off several cutting remarks which no doubt did serious damage to their egos."

Bashir: "Garak, this isn't funny."

Garak: "I'm serious, Doctor! Thanks to your administrations I'm almost completely healed but the damage I did to them will last a lifetime."

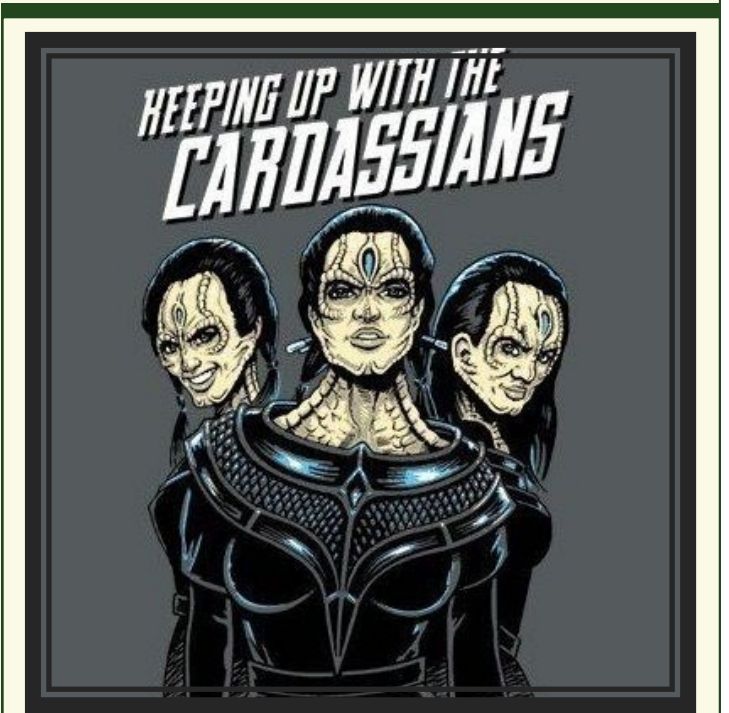
Odo: "You'd shoot a man in the back?"

Garak: "Well, it's the safest way, isn't it?"

Sources:

en.memory-alpha.org/

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This Month in Star Trek

Comments by Col Y'Wanna

After being sent to the past from 2368, Data discovered he was in 19th century San Francisco when he found a copy of the August 13, 1893 edition of the San Francisco Register. Around the same time, Guinan took up residence in San Francisco. (TNG: "Time's Arrow", "Time's Arrow, Part II") Just how old is Guinan? Does anyone know? How about Data's head? Would it be logical to assume his head is so much older than his body? If so, how old is Data, if his body is not as old as his head? I should stop asking questions before my head explodes!

Benny Russell wrote the science fiction story "Solar Odyssey" for the August 1953 issue of Incredible Tales magazine. Albert Macklin also wrote the story "Third Foundation" for the same issue. (DS9: "Far Beyond the Stars" - the episode that made col Y'Wanna doubt the reality of all trek she has seen before!)

Maury Ginsberg hitched a ride to the Woodstock music festival with the Q known as Quinn on August 15th, 1969 and inadvertently saved the festival from being a failure by plugging in a loose cable. (VOY: "Death Wish") Imagine that: an omnipotent Q plugged a loose cable! What a difficult job! No human could do that, I guess. Now I understand why he wanted so badly to die!

A transporter accident sent Starfleet officers Benjamin Sisko, Julian Bashir, and Jadzia Dax from 2371 back to August 30th, 2024, the day before the Bell Riots began in San Francisco. (DS9: "Past Tense, Part I", "Past Tense, Part II") Yeah, cause it was not enough for Sisko to be a hero in the future, he had to play the hero in the past as well! And they blame Kirk for having an ego! On a side note, past tense is technically, future in the past. Dear prophets, I hate time travels. They make me dizzy!

On August 14, 2151, Enterprise encountered a singularity that threatened the lives of the entire crew. (ENT: "Singularity") So what? I thought Archer was smart enough not to answer to threats! Probably not!

On August 30th, 2151, Malcolm Reed and Trip Tucker were given the job of installing a prototype phase cannon on Enterprise, as well as building two more from scratch. They were able to accomplish the installation – two fore and one aft – in 48 hours. (ENT: "Silent Enemy") Not impressed. Unless they can install one on my smartphone.

Captain Keene of the ECS Fortunate was injured during a Nausicaan attack in August of 2151. (ENT: "Fortunate Son") Apart from injuring Starfleet captains and future Starfleet captains, Nausicaans are really useless.

On August 12th, 2152, after Chef became sick, Hoshi Sato took over the galley of Enterprise for a time. Chef had planned on serving fried chicken, scalloped potatoes, and Minaran spinach at dinner that evening. (ENT: "Singularity") Now this is really the event of the month.

According to his dinner menu, Chef planned to serve green beans with grilled trout almondine and rice pilaf on August 13th, 2152. (ENT: "Singularity") Is it just my impression or the writer of this episode was very hungry when he wrote the script?

On Saturday, August 14, 2152, Chef planned on serving Carnegie style cheesecake as dessert aboard Enterprise, after a meal of filet mignon, frilled curled onions and green peas. (ENT: "Singularity") Thank you, we've had enough food.

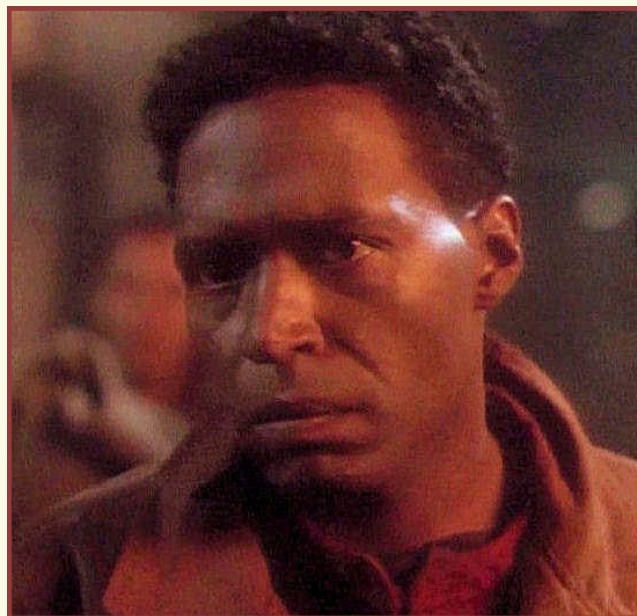
Chef planned on serving a three-course fondue dinner to the crew of Enterprise on August 17, 2152. (ENT: "Singularity") Are you kidding me?

On Thursday, August 19, 2152, Chef was planning on serving twice-baked potatoes with roast duck and raspberry sauce, asparagus and ginger. (ENT: "Singularity") Khaaaaaan! (Kirk facial expression)

Chef also planned on serving French fries along with Argelian cole slaw and grilled alpine surprise on August 22nd, 2152. (ENT: "Singularity") Facepalm! Double facepalm!

Joseph and Sarah Sisko were married in August of 2331. (DS9: "Image in the Sand") I fail to understand why. But I was not invited, anyway.

The Old Town Festival in the Mission District of San Francisco occurred on August 14th in 2372. (VOY: "Non Sequitur") These festivals happen when they are not busy fighting hostile aliens, saving the universe or altering the timeline.



Gabriel Bell - August 2024 (DS9: Past Tense I & II)

Combat Incident Report

by LtCol Tre'gok of Mirtak

Bajoran Occupation - Report 245B

From: Gul Second Class Prellar Dora

To: Legate First Class Mala Dara

Subject: Scout Mission to Jolanda City

Legate Second Class Dara, as promised you will find below a full report of the scouting mission undertaken by the 42nd Militia of the 10th Order under the command of Gul Fourth Class Partan Madra.



Approaching the Objective

Upon arriving on the outskirts of the City, the equipment was divided up between the officers. As per your orders, there were ten men, 5 Officers and 5 non-commissioned officers. Each man was supplied with a communicator, A tricorder (specially modified to scan specifically for Bajoran Life Signs and Weapon Signatures) and a phase disruptor pistol.



Recon Photo - Outskirts of the City

According to our mole in the Bajoran Resistance, the Bajorans knew we were coming, but had been fed false information and supposedly weren't expecting us for another two days. Being the second highest ranking officer, Legate Dara gave me command of the 5 Non-commissioned officers, and sent us off to scout the supposedly hidden entrance. Which was where things fell apart.

It appears that our mole within the Resistance had been discovered and turned against us. He had fed us false information, and led us directly into a trap. There were members of the Resistance waiting for us. We were ambushed and within seconds Sub Tekov Ziyale and Jagul Kovor Poro were taken out. However, in the few seconds that those two were killed, it gave the rest of us a chance to regroup and take cover. We were pinned down, and in danger of being overwhelmed, but Dalin Ular Risurj's quick thinking saved us. She spotted a piece of dislodged rubble hanging close to the Rebels and had the idea to fire on it and attempt to dislodge it.

The plan came to fruition, and then, after a few seconds, firing in bursts, the rubble dislodged, and crushed two of the rebels. The other four retreated into a nearby building, giving me time to alert the rest of the militia to the Rebels presence. We agreed to meet back at the original rendezvous point.

We managed to make it the rest of the way without any further attacks. However, upon arrival at the rendezvous point, we waited for the rest of the team to join us. Upon their arrival, it became apparent that they had also suffered casualties. One member of the team was being supported by two others, and one more was bringing up the rear, carrying a Bajoran phaser rifle. When they got closer, it became apparent that the injured one was Gul Fourth Class Partan Madra. She revealed that when the Bajorans fled into the building, they took a secret route to where the rest were scouting. They were taken by surprise, and Gul First Class Gula Zaro was killed, and Gul Madra seriously wounded. The Officers were quicker to respond though, and managed to take out two more of the Rebels. The rest retreated once more. Gul First Class Avoth Borvorn took a Bajoran Phaser Rifle, and had Gul Second Class Jori Dania and Memak Benia support the injured Gul whilst he brought up the rear and kept a lookout for the other two Rebels. Soon after giving the report, the Gul succumbed to her injuries and died, with Command being given to me.

I decided the best course of action would be to retreat back to base Camp. Unfortunately, upon leaving, the other two Bajoran Rebels appeared and began a fire fight. They were however outnumbered. The fight was quickly finished, and the two Rebels have been detained, and are awaiting trial. The 40th Militia of the 10th Order have been sent in, and the town has been garrisoned and is now under Cardassian control. The Bajoran Mole has also been detained, and is awaiting trial for treason.

For their efforts and valiant deaths in the name of the Cardassian Union, I would like to recommend all deceased Officers be given the highest honorable award for Cardassian Soldiers.

Fiction

The Debt

by Col Kira Marys

"I can't shake 'em," shouted the Bajoran helmsman in a cold sweat. They're gaining on us!"

"Dive! Head for Ratosha Pass," urged his female comrade strapped in the adjacent seat.

"Are you crazy?"

"It's either be crazy or be dead. Choose fast Neral, we're running out of time."

The pilot precipitated the vessel into a steep descent, jamming both resistance fighters against the scanty stuffing of their seats.

"What I'd give for inertial dampers," fancied the co-pilot, trying to ignore that her heart was now in her mouth.

"Focus Celes! Where to?"

Before she could relay a suitable answer, a wave of phaser fire jerked the Bajoran raider out of its trajectory and sent it spiralling down.

"Navigational sensors are out," exclaimed Neral. "I can't find my bearings!"

"Trying to bypass the damaged conduits to resupply the nav console."

"Celes stop. ... It's no use, it's too late."

"No. It's not over yet," she argued, hustling her fingers over the controls.

"Ejecting plasma tank, now."

"NOOO!"

"Celes...", insisted Neral, seizing her by the wrist, prompting a desperate sob from her throat. "We knew that coming back from the mission was a long shot. At least we go down as heroes to our people."

Shaken to the core, Celes clutched Neral's fingers as her eyelids closed on watery ridges.

"Yes, we do," she thought, unable to utter another word.

The small ship crashed heavily along Tanis Canyon, leaving a trail of red sand in its wake. Kara Celes awoke to the sound of her own wails, both her knees severely lacerated by the broken dashboard. She pivoted her head to the side in the dusty, demolished cockpit.

"Neral! ... Neral," she called out, in between coughs and

moans.

The pilot didn't move. He just sat there, buckled to his seat, limp, lifeless. Celes thought he may have been the fortunate one, oblivious to the world of pain they'd fallen into. She didn't try to escape the wreckage. She didn't even try to escape her seat. It would all be over soon. The Cardassians would make sure of that. She only needed to wait a little longer. So she closed her eyes and waited, secretly praying to reach the Celestial Temple before her enemies got to her.

Celes was roused out of her torpor by the push of a hypodermic against her neck. The straps loosened over her sore chest. A Cardassian soldier was unbuckling her harness. It looked like the Prophets had forfeited the race. She wouldn't be granted the luxury of a quick death.

"Follow my lead if you want to live," instructed the grey-skinned soldier.

"Spare me the unpleasanties. Just get it over with," she voiced through gritted teeth.

"Careful what you wish for," warned her captor. "And brace yourself; the drugs have yet to take effect."

A shooting pain spread through her legs as the Cardassian yanked her from her seat. Celes cried out as he scooped her up into his arms.

"Ranok! What are you doing," demanded a startled Cardassian when his partner exited the craft carrying the live Bajoran.

"What does it look like I'm doing Jarad," he countered in stern reply as he set Celes down at the foot of a bulky rock so she could lean against it.

"It looks like you're not carrying out orders, sir."

"I'll show you how these orders are to be carried out. Hand me your disruptor," he commanded.

Clueless, Jarad handed his pistol to his superior. In one quick pull of a trigger, Jarad was no more.

"What are you doing," yelled the injured Bajoran, dumbfounded.

"Repaying an old debt," answered Ranok as he turned and walked toward his pursuit ship.

"What are you talking about?"

"You have fifteen minutes to put as much distance between you and this wreck before I blow it to bits. By then you'll have reached the base of Kola Mountain. Shakaar Eden will take you in."

The Cardassian half-turned to look at Celes with a slit-eyed, ominous gaze.

"And tell him that if we ever meet again, it'll be on opposite sides of the battlefield."

Joking Around

by Col Y'Wanna

based on a classical joke
posted by many sources

image from

www.cityoffilms.com

montage by Col Kira Marys



How many Bajorans does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Never mind.

The Cardassians took the light bulb.

Fiction

Off the Parade Ground - 5.1

by Col Drego Tensa

Second Lieutenant Roger Kennison spoke into his communicator, "Establish computer link!"

Eight beeps sounded: one long, one short, one long, one short, then one short, one long, two short; Morse code for *CL*, signifying establishment of the computer link.

"Computer! Create permanent secure personal log file to be verified by log file code!"

"Please state code parameters," a feminine electronic voice responded.

"Log file Kennison, Roger Winslow, code two, seven, four, seven, apple, six, five, crowns, nine, three, Terrence, Victor."

"Please restate code parameters."

"Log file Kennison, Roger Winslow, code two, seven, four, seven, apple, six, five, crowns, nine, three, Terrence, Victor."

"Code parameters established. Log file Kennison, Roger Winslow created."

"Computer, open log file Kennison, Roger Winslow, code two, seven, four, seven, apple, six, five, crowns, nine, three, Terrence, Victor."

"Code parameters verified. Log file Kennison, Roger Winslow opened."

"Kennison, personal log, Saturday, ten June, twenty-one fifty-eight, fourteen hundred hours. Item one! My military career begins *officially* in two days. Unofficially, my services were required ahead of time and so my career began early. When? A better question, is why. Part of the answer lies in the fact that I'm a man of principle. Item two! Tonight, I meet some important, high ranking officers at the annual MACO Officers Ball, an event which is as much duty as it is pleasure. The duty will be meeting the brass; the pleasure will be the company of fellow academy graduate, Melanie Sencindiver, beautiful and intelligent with strength of character. We met by chance last Saturday, but I noticed her much before that. I look forward to spending time with her. I'm ready for tonight. I have more to say in general but that'll come later. Computer! End log entry and store!"

"Log entry ended. Log entry stored."

The young lieutenant closed his communicator and placed it back on his desk.

* * * * *

Appraising the fit of his newly purchased, tailored and pressed, brown over white dress uniform, Roger Kennison cast a critical eye at his reflection in the full length mirror. He scanned slowly from head to toe, tilting his head this way and that slightly as he did so, taking note of his haircut and shave, the placement of the name plate, sharpshooter

ribbon and rank insignia on his tunic, the alignment of his belt line, the rich, high luster of his cream-polished boots. *Everything looks good*, he complimented himself mentally, an easy smile accentuating his satisfaction. *I'm ready*. He then placed his cap on his head at just the right angle, picked up his keys from the dinette table and sprang light footed out the door.

* * * * *

Roger Kennison, holding his cap in his left hand, reached up with his right hand and pressed the door chime. Melanie Sencindiver opened the door mere seconds later and caught his gaze, a smile illuminating her face. "Good evening, Roger," she greeted cheerily. "It's good to see you. Please, come in."

"Thank you, and good evening to you." He entered and shut the door behind him, his eyes on hers. "It's good to see you as well."

"I'm ready to go," she informed him. "I just need to get my clutch and my wrap." She turned to leave the room.

"Wait," he interrupted. "Let me look at you."

She stopped and turned back around, looking again into his eyes.

Roger knew nothing of fashion but, looking at her, he could see that her full length, strapless, golden-rose colored, sequined silk evening gown contrasted perfectly with her chestnut brown hair and dark brown eyes, complemented beautifully her golden tan skin, and conformed to her figure as if it were an extension of herself. Around her neck she wore a gold medallion necklace with matching gold earrings, completing the ensemble. "You look so elegant, so regal," he enthused, "positively stunning!"

"Why, thank you, Roger," she effused in reply. "You cut quite a handsome figure yourself...and your uniform adds just the right amount of dash!"

"Thank you, Melanie! Nature was generous and I was fortunate," he confided. "Shall we go?"

"I'll get my things," she said, and then, turning, Melanie disappeared into another room. She returned a few seconds later carrying a small, flat, reddish brown purse in her right hand, and a reddish brown, silk lined, fur wrap in her left, the purse's and wrap's colors matching the reddish brown of her as yet unseen smooth-toed pumps. Handing the wrap to Roger, she turned half around. He draped the wrap over her shoulders, then she turned back around and their eyes met again.

"Ready to meet the brass," Roger teased in query.

"I'm more ready to dine and dance," Melanie countered with a wry smile.

"Dining and dancing are more to my liking as well," he agreed. "I hear there's a good swing band playing, so what say we go cut a rug?"

"Swing's the thing," she declared. "I'm with you!"

At that, Roger put his cap back on his head, held his left arm up slightly and said, "MacArthur Hall isn't far, so there's really no need to drive."

Taking his arm, Melanie replied, "Walking suits me just fine."

So, the two of them strolled together out of Melanie's quarters, out of the building, and into the fresh evening air.

Brain Benders

ACROSS

1. Fastener
5. Pathet ___
8. "Surely you ___!"
12. Alleviate
13. Neuter
14. Cheesy snack
15. Board member, for short
16. Autumn tool
17. It shows the way
18. *Bajoran liaison officer to Deep Space Nine
20. Arrange, as hair
21. Evil one
22. Quiche, e.g.
23. Most likely
26. Field ___
30. The "p" in r.p.m.
31. Cry over
34. Balanced
35. Biscotti flavoring
37. Aggravate
38. Ralph of "The Waltons"
39. Visored cap
40. Turkish capital
42. Hale
43. Fast
45. Petting zoo animal
47. Ancient
48. Area dimension
50. Big Indian
52. *Illegitimate daughter of Gul Dukat
56. John Wayne's

3. third wife
57. Wild hog
58. Balcony section
59. Adhesive
60. Adjusts, as a clock
61. Flatten, in a way
62. Floating, perhaps
63. Ante-
64. Cribbage pieces

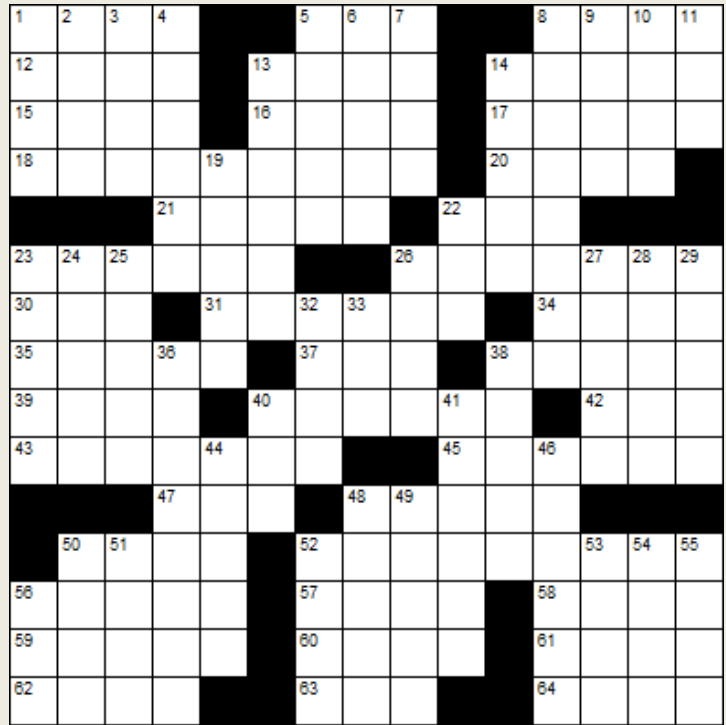


DOWN

1. Pursue
2. 2004 Queen Latifah movie
3. Addict
4. "Unleaded" coffees
5. Discover
6. Pre-latex primer
7. Keats creations
8. *Leader of "The Circle"
9. Almond color
10. Boutique
11. Haul
13. Adama portrait
14. Low point
19. Weeper of myth
22. Bud
23. *She identified Sisko as the Emissary of the Prophets
24. Star in Cygnus
25. Irritating faucet sounds
26. *Gul ducat fathered her child and later tried to kill her
27. Israeli port
28. Caper
29. *She married a Ferengi
32. *The prophets never spoke to her
33. "Raiders of the Lost ___"
36. *She cleared her name but lost her life
38. Classic dance
40. Abet
41. Speed guns, e.g.
44. wing-shaped
46. Any one of six kings of France
48. Suitor
49. Livid
50. Tears
51. ___ vera
52. Recipe abbr.
53. Auld lang syne
54. Bug-eyed
55. Eye piece
56. Popeye's Sweet' ___

ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

*Bajorans - by Col Dreago Tensa - August 2013



Answers to Previous Puzzle



More Brain Benders

SUDOKU PUZZLE

August 2013

Very Easy, Symmetrical
by Tensa

5				9	7			
		2			4	9		6
3			2	1	8		7	
7			3	8			6	
6	2	8				3	9	7
	4			7	6			8
	3		8	2	9			1
9		5	4			7		
			7	5				9

Solution to July's Sudoku Puzzle
Hard, Non-Symmetrical

7	4	9	1	5	8	6	2	3
3	8	6	2	7	4	1	9	5
2	1	5	6	9	3	8	4	7
4	9	3	8	1	6	5	7	2
1	6	2	7	4	5	9	3	8
5	7	8	9	3	2	4	1	6
6	5	1	3	2	9	7	8	4
8	3	7	4	6	1	2	5	9
9	2	4	5	8	7	3	6	1

WORD SEARCH

August's Topic: "Cardassians"

Look for 36 Webnecks
by Tensa

M	A	D	R	E	D	E	V	E	K	N	P	S
E	E	E	V	O	R	L	E	M	E	K	A	U
K	C	M	M	A	C	E	T	L	A	H	R	R
O	A	D	A	R	H	E	E	L	S	V	N	J
R	X	M	F	D	R	K	K	A	E	B	E	A
P	I	R	A	K	E	N	O	R	D	M	D	K
T	A	J	O	R	A	Z	O	T	U	L	E	T
R	B	N	Q	R	S	A	R	H	K	G	J	C
T	U	O	A	I	N	R	R	K	A	A	A	K
E	V	S	R	B	O	A	A	B	T	D	R	L
L	A	O	S	V	N	L	D	A	R	O	A	I
L	G	E	I	O	E	E	H	O	G	U	E	R
E	Q	F	L	T	L	N	T	O	R	A	N	T

Solution to July's Word Search:
"World Capitals"

H	P	F	M	S	D	R	U	S	A	N	A	A
A	A	G	A	N	A	V	A	D	U	Z	A	C
N	R	V	L	K	C	N	S	E	O	U	L	C
O	I	E	A	N	C	K	J	T	W	H	M	R
I	S	D	B	N	A	A	U	O	U	I	A	A
P	Q	M	O	Z	A	P	I	D	S	Y	N	A
M	A	C	A	U	A	N	W	R	E	Y	I	L
M	Y	P	X	M	O	O	S	L	O	A	L	U
R	A	B	E	R	L	I	N	T	R	P	A	S
L	O	L	O	T	T	A	I	P	E	I	I	A
W	I	M	E	P	T	U	G	H	F	A	C	K
L	O	M	E	S	Q	E	N	O	U	M	E	A
R	I	Y	A	D	H	Y	S	M	S	U	V	A

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From the Ready Room

General Tanner's Status

by Col Drego Tensa

Major General Tanner has asked and authorized me to explain to all of you, the officers of ESB, the reasons for her long absence. The major general is beset by some real life issues that are impinging a great deal on her time.

Firstly, her grandmother and mother are both quite ill and require an inordinate amount of attention and care which she and other family members are providing. This is causing her a good deal of stress.

Secondly, her computer is old and is no longer responding. She is forced to post to ESB via her cell phone, when she can find the time.

Thirdly, her real life job has her under a lot of pressure, adding to her stress.

General Tanner regrets that her absence is going to continue for a while longer, but she'll be back among us again as soon as she is able.

Finally, General Tanner is still completely in charge of ESB. I have not been made acting base commander. I am simply taking up the slack and helping out as needed.

Please, let's all work together to keep Esprit Starbase thriving. If any of you have any questions or concerns, you may PM me at any time.

