



Crockett's Spirit

Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth



Volume 2, Issue 5

May 2014

This Month's focus: It Ain't Star Trek, but...

by Col Tensa

"Continuum" is science fiction at its best, the best I've seen since "Babylon 5" and "Crusade."



If you want a hint of who these people are, you'll have to solve last month's and this month's crossword puzzles. Good luck!

Vancouver District, North American Union, the year is 2077. The all powerful Corporate Congress, answerable to no one, has replaced regional governments. Eight terrorists, imprisoned for violent acts against the corporate leadership, are assembled for execution. A CPS protector assigned to stand guard over the proceedings notices some small objects being passed between the prisoners. She rushes into their midst just as they finish assembling, then activate a time travel device. She and the prisoners are transported to the year 2012. Soon, a third faction, the Freelancers (self appointed time travel vigilantes), show up. As the increasingly intricate plot evolves, one can't help but wonder who the bad guys are, who the good guys are, indeed, if there are any good guys at all?

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Fiction

The Alfore Encounter - 8

by Col. Two Wolves

A very groggy Dr. Gomez awakened ten minutes later.

"What the...," he queried. Shara's face hove into view as she helped him to sit up.

"Are you unwell," she whispered.

"No, but I feel like I was hit in the head with a brick," he replied, as he pinched the bridge of his nose.

"I repeatedly admonished you to relax and trust me, but you would not. I had no intention of hurting you," she told him.

"My head...," was his only response.

Although Doctor Gomez had personally witnessed the Vulcan Mind Meld several times, nothing in the known universe could have prepared him to be a willing participant.

Tony, do you require silon, Shara asked mentally, testing out the link. Gomez blinked and stared at her. Not only did he hear her loud and clear, but...

"What did you call me," he asked aloud, incredulous.

"Tony. That is your name, is it not?"

"Wait one. How do you go from refusing to call me Tony to..." Gomez started.

Since we are linked mentally there is no need for you to ask, Shara replied mentally.

Dr. Gomez's mind was instantly flooded with mind's eye images of Shara sneaking peeks at him when he wasn't looking. Though she maintained her proper and stern Vulcan visage, her thoughts were entirely different.

Gomez shook his head and chuckled.

"What is so humorous, Tony?"

"One of the greatest mysteries in the universe is a woman," his father had repeatedly told him. Fortunately, his father had never encountered a Vulcan woman. He would've been utterly flabbergasted.

"All this time you loved..."

"Grew exceedingly fond of you," Shara corrected.

"Fond? Is that what you call it?" Gomez chuckled.

"Technically, Vulcans do not love. They have strong preferences or are fond of certain people, places, or things," Shara explained.

(Continued on Page 2)

(Continued from Page 1)

"Are the tenets of Surak talking, or your heart? Shara, why do you insist on clinging to a race and culture that has caused you so much pain," Gomez asked, quietly.

"I do not know." Shana replied softly, almost too softly for him to hear.

Gomez knew why. Shara's adoptive parents were well aware of the culture gap their daughter would suffer, having been raised by Humans, so they'd hired a succession of Vulcan tutors to teach her about her Vulcan roots. After about four to six weeks they would quit, citing Shara as being incorrigible. In desperation the Hercules' reached out to an old and trusted friend, Ambassador Spock.

After eighteen months of Spock's intense tutoring, Shara thought she would be able to face living on Vulcan. She was not. After six months of attending the Vulcan Academy of Sciences and dealing with unprecedented bigotry, Shara abruptly quit, went back to Earth and joined Starfleet, one of the best decisions she had ever made in Gomez's opinion.

"You simply wanted to fit in, Shara," Gomez said.

"Affirmative."

"Shara, you graduated at top of your class, you have a host of devoted friends and colleagues, you have a successful career, you have your crew, and you have me," Gomez told her.

"Which career I fear I will no longer have after we are rescued."

"Why? It wasn't your fault that the Valkyrie suffered a serious engineering malfunction causing it to crash..." Gomez started.

He suddenly realized that not only would there be a Starfleet investigation into the incident but Vulcan would demand an additional investigation into why all five of its valued scientists died. Despite her fortuitous discovery of the Alforians and their telepathic track cats, Shara was going to be raked over hot coals by her own people, again.

Gomez turned the air blue as he swore in Spanish. Unfortunately, Shara understood every word. Her dark chocolate skin tone hid the fact that her ear tips turned red.

"Tony, are you alright," she asked seeing him wince.

"No, my headache is back with a vengeance. I think I'll take that silon you offered," he sighed.

Silon was the Alforian equivalent of willow bark, a common remedy for aches. The native tree bark was ground into a fine powder and wrapped in paper. Being quite bitter to the taste, measured doses of silon are mixed into a favored liquid such as tea or fruit juice.

Shara opened and emptied a dose into a hot cup of sweet grass tea, stirred it with the cheese slicer, and handed it to Gomez. She sat back and nibbled on a piece of cheese and a cracker as she watched the doctor sip the tea.

"Please explain why you had to establish our link again."

"Traditionally Vulcan children at age six are betrothed and linked so that before *pon farr* sets in they can call out to their mate. By the time one is overtaken by the *plak tow*, the mind has become far too chaotic to establish a link. To attempt one at such a time would cause either permanent brain damage or death. Sometimes both," Sha-

ra replied.

"Jesu! Why do Vulcans hide this stuff?"

"I do not know, Tony, Shara replied. "Perhaps it is considered a method of weeding out imperfections in the race. Those who do not mate during *pon farr* and are not helped medically are left to go mad and die...a needless waste of life."

He was well aware of the practice of keeping a Vulcan under heavy sedation and closely monitored until *pon farr* had abated. Starfleet Medical had adopted it as a standard emergency practice just in case. However, there was another method.

"What about *el syh*," Gomez asked.

"Only the very rich and influential utilize that secret and abhorant practice. In my opinion it is akin to prostitution," Shara replied, as she gazed back at him with both eyebrows raised.

She didn't have to ask because he sensed her question in his mind: *Why do you know this?*

"Because I am a doctor and I have a need to know how to treat those under my care. Even if said treatment is radical and taboo."

"Captain Christopher Pike and Talos...", Shara said.

"Exactly," Gomez affirmed to her. Then, turning to his Silon laden tea, Gomez exclaimed, "Zounds! This stuff is nasty!" Apparently the Sweet Grass Tea was not Sweet enough. "Tastes like poison!"

"Not all poisons are bitter, Tony."

"Yes, I know. I was speaking metaphorically," he replied. However, she didn't put it past him to have engaged in some sort of experiment out of curiosity.

"Vulcans have a saying that Humans are the nosiest race in the universe," Shara said.

"Funny they should say such a thing. If Zefram Cochrane hadn't built the Phoenix and taken that first warp flight we would not be here today. If the Humans were nosy, the Vulcan's were stalkers hanging out watching Earth for signs of intelligent life. Boy, were they surprised! I wonder if old Zefram offered them a couple of cold ones when they came down to visit," Gomez wondered aloud.

Despite herself, Shara grinned, chuckled, then laughed out right.

Afterwards they both sat and glanced at one another.

"Listen Lady, I've go to because I have an early day at the infirmary tomorrow. The community children are putting on a grass dance show tomorrow evening and everyone will be there. I would be honored if you go with me," Gomez offered.

"I would be honored to attend with you," Shara countered.

He leaned over and gave her a chaste kiss on the lips. Then he was gone.

As she set about cleaning up the remaining cheese and crackers she mentally hummed to herself.

A slight noise distracted her and she looked back. Her track cats were back. All three had their ears back and wore the most pitiable expressions on their faces. Any other day they would've all been in trouble and scolded for the stunt they had pulled...but not today. In fact she rewarded all three with praise, scratches, and taro fish treats.

Accomplished mission, Kiki thought as she gratefully crunched her treat.

New Talent Fiction

Fallen Angel - Part 4

by OC Wynan

Log 08:00 2485/02/24

The crew had been working on getting the ship up and running enough to at least get it to a docking station nearby where people went if they had goods that weren't always legally obtained. Jaxon was the head of the docking station that had once been an asteroid but was now his place of business. He had wings like a butterfly that he could fold down against his back but he definitely wasn't someone you wanted to be on the bad side of. He preferred wide open spaces the asteroid provided to a ship with its many narrow hallways and corridors.

A force field around the asteroid allowed Jaxon to go out onto the asteroid and work on things as needed. He liked the feeling of freedom he had when out in space. Jaxon always had a hard time finding a space suit that would fit over his wings so he went without. The cold never bothered him nor did the lack of oxygen. One oxygen cartridge in his mouth and he was good for several hours out there.

When Captain Moore of the newly christened Fallen Angel hailed the docking station Jaxon was more than happy to see his old friend.

"Hey Cap! How've you been," he asked with a boisterous laugh.

"Doing just fine, Jaxon. Still flying high I see," he chuckled before asking, "Permission to dock?"

"You bet, Get down here! I have a bottle of Quaer with our names on it!" The screen showed Jaxon leaving the monitoring area presumably to get the promised libation. Moore remembered only too well the last time they had drunk some of Jaxon's exotic elixir. That hangover had lasted just over two days. Shaking his head he chuckled softly to himself, "Hopefully this time I'll remember to get *all* the supplies before we leave this place."

With the ship docked at one of the portals the crew had their orders for supplies to get before any rec time was to be enjoyed. "Remember to get the supplies we need *before* any leisure time, *not after*," Henderson said as he eyed the captain walking towards the dining hall where he knew Jaxon was awaiting him.

"Cap! It's so good to see you!" Jaxon shook Moore's hand firmly, and then led him to a table towards the back where they could have a bit of privacy. A bottle with dark amber liquid swirling lazily inside sat in the center of the table.

"Hey, how about we get some food first. I've been eating stores for so long now; I think I've forgotten what the good stuff tastes like," Moore said as he sat,

watching the big man pour the liquid into a glass for each of them. Amazingly enough it was as if it didn't want to leave the bottle. It came out slowly, leisurely as if feeling its way before slipping into the glass.

"Hank! Bring us some of your best grub!" Jaxon yelled into the kitchen. A grunt was heard in reply.

Jaxon picked up his glass and took a sip. His eyes lit up as he enjoyed the flavor sliding down his throat.

"I think I'll wait to drink mine with the food," Moore said looking suspiciously at the drink still slowly swirling in the glass.

"Hey, you're my best friend and I would never steer you wrong. This stuff is so worth the wait," he exclaimed as he slapped him on the shoulder from across the small table they sat at. Soon the food was brought out and set before them by a gray alien.

"I've never seen a being like this before," the captain admitted.

"Oh, he's a Deltorian, Jaxon explained. Those guys can really cook! We just discovered their race a few years ago. I helped him get out of a sticky situation and he has been working here ever since."

Captain Moore was well aware of the sticky situation Jaxon was talking about. The one thing the trader would never deal in is slavery. Anyone foolish enough to come near his station with slaves was liable to lose their cargo as well as their slaves.

Captain Moore dug into his food before taking his first drink of the Quaer. The silkiness of the liquid was like nothing else he had ever tasted. *This is going to be a good meal*, he thought. Then, Moore looked up to see the big man staring at him.

"I have a proposition for you my friend. Something secret that I know about and you are just the man to get it for me," Jaxon said, his eyes already starting to twinkle.



Brain Benders

ACROSS

1. Orbital point
6. Scarf material
10. Caribbean and others
14. Pooh's creator
15. Canal of song
16. Sainly glow
17. 1935 Triple Crown winner
18. Viscount's superior
19. Actress Gray
20. *Leader of Liber8
22. Clay, now
24. Dissenting vote
25. Smallest
28. "Potemkin" setting
30. Mettle
33. ___ shorts
34. Tints
35. Wranglers alternative
37. *Liber8's technical expert (former Sad-Tech engineer)
41. Attorneys' org.
42. Bridge positions
44. Hasten
45. *Liberate soldier who facilitated prison escape of 51D
48. Cold cuts, e.g.
49. Carnival attraction
50. Pretense
52. Sealed
54. Paging device
57. Go around
58. "A rat!"
59. Easy mark
61. *Liber8 member who was

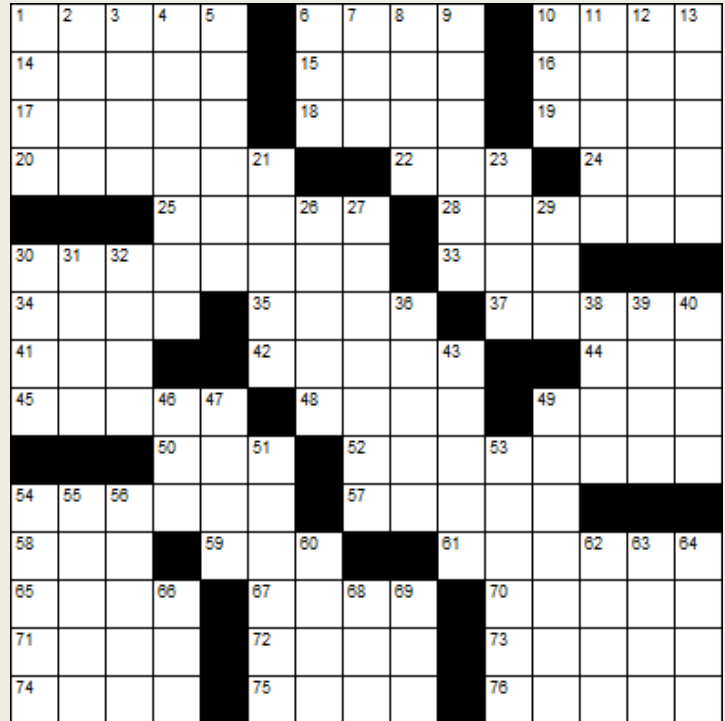
- killed, then resurfaced as a Freelancer
65. Excursion
67. Arrangement holder
70. A Judd
71. Prong
72. Press
73. Conspicuous success
74. Safecracker
75. Fax or FedEx
76. Appears



DOWN

1. Berserk
2. Tribe indigenous to south-central Arizona
3. Smelting waste
4. Gasps
5. Mariners
6. Witness
7. Bank offering, for short
8. Old Italian bread
9. *He abandoned Liber8 to build personal wealth
10. 1965 Ursula Andress film
11. Brings home
12. Assumed name
13. *Chosen by 20A to lead Liber8 as his successor
21. Colonel's insignia
23. Romantic interlude
26. Cook, as clams
27. *Leader of the rebellion against corporate leadership who inspired the creation of Liber8
29. Australian runner
30. Carpet type
31. Marching band member
32. Kind of admiral
36. Reeked
38. Goatee site
39. Adjutant
40. Germ
43. Stiff-upper-lip type
46. Nuke
47. Top guns
49. Go back over
51. *Super-soldier with a penchant for extreme violence who recruited for Liber8
53. Trims
54. *Liber8's mole inside the police department
55. Like "The X-Files"
56. Barely getting by, with "out"
60. Peel
62. Lacquered metalware
63. Mosque V.I.P.
64. Poses
66. Cribbage piece
68. Ham, to Noah
69. Terminus

ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle *Continuum Part 2 - by Col Tensa - May 2014



Answers to Previous Puzzle

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



More Brain Benders

SUDOKU PUZZLE

May 2014

Very Easy, Non-Symmetrical

by Col Tensa

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

Solution to April's Sudoku Puzzle
Hard, Symmetrical

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

WORD SEARCH

May's Topic: "Dinosaurs"

Look for 24 Reptilians

by Col Tensa

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

Solution to April's Word Search:
"Deities"

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

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Esprit Starbase Job Openings

ESB Recreations Department:

- Department Chief **Position filled.**
- Department Deputy Chief **Position filled**

ESB Recreations Department, Entertainment Section:

- Section Leader **Position filled.**
- Book Club Host
- Assistant Book Club Host
- Caption This Host
- Assistant Caption This Host
- Games Coordinator **Position filled.**
- Assistant Games Coordinator
- Simm Team Leader **Position filled.**
- Assistant Simm Team Leader **Position filled.**
- Trivia Host **Position filled.**
- Assistant Trivia Host

Applications for these positions should specify your qualifications and your reasons for seeking the position you desire. Please submit your applications by PM to **Col Y'Wanna**, Chief, ESB Recreations.

ESB Recreations Dept. Officer Resources Section:

- Section Leader
- Recruiting Officers
- Social Networking Officers (2)

Applications for these positions should specify your qualifications and your reasons for seeking the position you desire. Please submit your applications by PM to **Col Y'Wanna**, Chief, ESB Recreations.

ESB Recreations Department, Publications Section:

- Section Leader **Position filled temporarily.**
- Crockett's Spirit Editor **Position filled.**
- Crockett's Spirit Staff Writers
- Crockett's Spirit Editorial Writers (2) (1)
- Crockett's Spirit Cartoonists
- Crockett's Spirit Graphic Artists
- ESB Historians (2)

Applications for these positions should specify your qualifications and your reasons for seeking the position you desire. Please include a sample of your writing if possible. Please submit your applications by PM to **Col Y'Wanna**, Chief, ESB Recreations.

We are looking to hire as many people as we can. Our officers have with real life issues and they are limited in the time they can devote to ESB's efforts. So we want to hire enough people to fill any gaps.

Col Drego Tensa
Vice Commander, Esprit Starbase
for **Col Y'Wanna**
Chief, ESB Recreations