



# Crockett's Spirit

*Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth*



Volume 3 Issue 1

January 2015

## A Look Back...

by BGen Drego Tensa

### King Day - An Important Holiday

Martin Luther King, Jr. (January 15, 1929 – April 4, 1968) was an American pastor, activist, humanitarian, and leader in the African-American Civil Rights Movement. He is best known for his role in the advancement of civil rights using nonviolent civil disobedience based on his Christian beliefs. On October 14, 1964, King received the Nobel Peace Prize for combating racial inequality through nonviolence. ... Following his death, King was posthumously awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom and the Congressional Gold Medal.\*

Dr. King actually touched *our* lives as Star Trek fans. Nichelle Nichols was contemplating leaving Star Trek at the end of the first season for a singing role in musical theater. Later, at a fund raiser, someone who said he was her "biggest fan" asked to meet her. She was greeted by Dr. King who told her with a broad smile that he was her biggest Star Trek fan. He went on to share his and his family's appreciation of her. When she told him she was leaving the show, he said, "You cannot!" He told her that the role of Uhura was not a black role or a woman's role. If she quit, anyone, white, black, alien, male or female, could replace her. He said to her, "For the first time on television, we are being seen as we should be seen." So she continued on the show, was in the movies, and even starred in "Star Trek: of Gods and Men."

\*Source:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Martin\\_Luther\\_King,\\_Jr.](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Martin_Luther_King,_Jr.)

\*\*Nichelle Nichols interview:

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pSq\\_Uluxba8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pSq_Uluxba8)

## INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- 1 A Look Back... | Fiction by Col Shreya Rose
- 2 Fiction (cont'd) | / Personality of the Month
- 3 Fiction by Col Two Wolves
- 4 Fiction by 1stLt Wynan
- 5 & 6 Crossword, Sudoku & Word Search Puzzles
- 7 ESB & CS Staff | ESB Job Openings / Humor

# Fiction

## A Stargate Atlantis Story

### Chapter 4

by Col Shreya Rose

#### Outside Atlantis on a balcony

Amargosa sat on floor of the balcony outside her room, her bare feet dangling over the edge between uprights. Her thoughts were far from what was going on around her in the present. She was thinking about her friends and family, either at home or among the Wraith. Sighing, she stood up from the floor when, suddenly, a series of pictures flashed in front of her eyes. Stumbling backwards she fell to the floor, her breathing fast and ragged. The pictures were still working their way through her mind in rapid succession when, before she could make her way back inside, everything went dark.

#### Meanwhile, In the Gate Room

Erick, with a book in his hand, was looking for Amargosa. Noticing Sheppard and Weir in the control room, he went in to talk to them.

"Colonel Sheppard, Doctor Weir, may I talk to you both for a moment please," Erick asked.

Weir looked up at Sheppard, "Of course. Let's go to my office."

Erick went with Weir to her office. Sheppard followed behind.

#### Weir's Office

Weir sat at her desk. Sheppard stood nearby. Both looked over at Erick who had seated himself in a chair opposite Weir's desk.

"I need to know if either of you have seen Amargosa today."

"I saw her earlier today in one of the corridors. Looks like she was reading something," Sheppard said.

Erick sighed and looked at Weir, "This is what I was afraid of. She's looking into her heritage."

"Isn't that okay," Weir asked.

(Continued on Page 2)

(Continued from Page 1)

"No. She isn't ready to find out yet. Her father gave me this book to give to her." Erick placed the book on the desk. He looked straight into her Weir's eyes, "She is the reincarnation of the Phoenix, a powerful being with powers beyond imagination."

"You sure? 'Cause its not everyday..." Sheppard started to say.

"She must not know. She is not ready to know," Erick said.

"All right. For now we'll keep quiet about it. But you're going to have to tell her soon," Weir told him.

"Yes I know. Thank you." Erick rose to leave and retrieved the book to take with him, "Keep an eye on her though. The changes will be coming soon," he said. "In the meantime, I'll see if she might be back in her quarters." Then he left.

Weir looked at Sheppard. "What do you think?"

"Not sure. We'll have to keep an eye out for trouble." Sheppard said.

Weir nodded her head. Already worried about the young lady, she was now worried about the secret they had to keep.

### Amargosa's Quarters

Amargosa started to come too when Erick came into the room. She rubbed her head as she got up off the floor and looked around.

Seeing her on the balcony, Erick walked over to her. "What happened," he asked.

"I don't know. I was on the balcony doing some thinking and then I woke up on the floor."

"How's your shoulder?"

"Better than it was a few days ago."

Erick looked at Amargosa, "Let's let Dr. Beckett be the judge of that."

Amargosa nodded and followed Erick to the infirmary.

### Infirmary

Dr. Beckett was working on a few charts when Erick and Amargosa walked in. Erick, holding her hand, was smiling. The doctor looked up as they entered.

"Erick, Amargosa what can I help you with?"

"Could you look at my shoulder please? I want to know when I'll be able to have full use my arm again."

"Of course." Beckett said.

Amargosa took a deep breath, laid down on one of the beds and closed her eyes allowing the doctor to examine her shoulder.

Beckett motioned for the nurse to stand by and then he began looking over her arm and shoulder.

Within minutes, the doctor was finished with his examination. He was satisfied that the wound on her shoulder had completely healed. It had done so in only a week. "Everything looks good," Beckett told the young woman, "How does your arm feel when you move it?"

Amargosa moved her arm carefully and smiled, "It feels fine. Thank you," she responded. She looked at

Erick and smiled.

Erick noticed a color change in her eyes. *It's happening*, Erick thought to himself. Looking at Beckett, he bade the doctor good day, as did Amargosa, and the two of them exited, leaving Dr. Beckett to resume work on his charts.

Walking hand in hand, Eric accompanied Amargosa to her quarters. Then he excused himself and went back out. He needed to confer with Weir.

### Amargosa's Quarters

Amargosa sat on the bed in her room wanting to meditate but mind was again racing with images not her own. She tried sorting through the images and thoughts but they made no sense to her. She stood up and walked over to look at herself in the mirror. She was taken aback by the marked change in her eyes color. There was fire in her eyes. "What is going on with me," She asked herself.

Amargosa took a deep breath, laid down on her bed to rest and fell into a fitful sleep. As she slept, the spirit of the Phoenix set about to make herself known to all around her.

## Personality of the Month

### Guy Vardaman

Guy Vardaman is a stand-in performer who often appeared in the role of Darien Wallace on Star Trek: The Next Generation. He also served as photo double for Data during the majority of the show's run, from the first season's "The Big Goodbye" through the final episode, as well as for Star Trek Generations. Additionally, he was a Research Consultant for the show's creator, Gene Roddenberry.\*

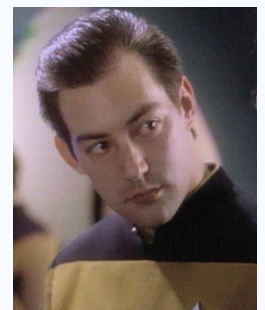
Hailing from Glendale, California, Vardaman spent a good part of his life in San Jose. He grew up watching Star Trek: The Original Series, becoming a huge fan of the series. He never dreamed that he himself would become a part of the Star Trek universe.\*

To support himself while he was in school, Vardaman joined the Screen Extras Guild to acquire a part-time job. Less than two weeks later, while signing up with casting, he was spotted and approached for a job on Star Trek: The Next Generation. As it turns out, the man originally approached for the job was unavailable, prompting the need for a replacement. Despite some initial reluctance from the wardrobe department, Vardaman was fitted with an operations yellow Starfleet uniform and reported for work the following day.\*

\*Source: [http://en.memory-alpha.org/wiki/Guy\\_Vardaman](http://en.memory-alpha.org/wiki/Guy_Vardaman)



Guy Vardaman



As Darien Wallace

# Fiction

## The Alfore Encounter - 16

### "Nexr Stop, Iddo"

by Col Two Wolves

After a delicious dinner of Yanna stew, everyone was invited outside for a *gathering*. Here the tribe congregated around a large fire and the elders told stories of the olden times.

Tales were told or acted out late into the night. Shara watched as parents quietly excused themselves and carried sleeping little ones to their tents.

*We'd better turn in too. Alforians are notorious early risers*, Shara thought projected to Tony.

*Don't I know it*, Tony thought back as they too excused themselves and headed for their hing-tent. Both were asleep before their heads hit the pillow.

Early the next morning, they were awakened by soft coyote like yips. This was the tribe's wake up call. You showed you were awake by responding in like manner. The Track Cats whirred and chuffed and the Graya woofed.

After a quick wash, dressing and a meal, the tribe started off at once in an easterly direction.

"It would be nice if we knew what Iddo is like," Tony said.

"I agree. But Quan and the rest of the tribe are being very secretive," Shara replied.

"I wonder why?"

"Perhaps the mere sight of the city will be self-explanatory," Shara replied.

Some two hours later, the line ahead of them began to slow as a mysterious line of fog descended, obscuring the route. The long line of hings came to a halt. The Track Cats sat down and rested in their traces.

"A fog bank on Arctic ice would be indicative of a body of water, or....," Shara started, then glanced at Tony.

"I'm a doctor, not a meteorologist," he protested.

"A fat lot of help you are," Shara countered. Tony was about to reply when they saw Quan striding towards them.

"Why have we stopped," Shara asked.

"We have reached our destination," Quan replied.

"This is Iddo," Tony queried, incredulous.

"Clever disguise, isn't it? Unhitch you're cats and come with me," Quan said. Tony, Shara, the cats and Graya all followed Quan to the head of the line where they met his two wives and six children.

Armed with light sticks, Quan clipped a leash like lead to his queen Track Cat and urged her forward through the fog bank. The group slowly followed until they felt the change of terrain underfoot from ice cov-

ered ground to a pavement like substance.

*This is definitely a man-made construct*, Shara thought to Tony as they followed Quan's lead.

"Careful, there is a down step here," Quan said shaking the light stick to provide light. Shara's sharp eyes noted hundreds of steps that descended from where they stood.

"How far down does this go," Tony asked as he started down behind Shara. The cats and Graya had gone ahead as a reconnaissance team.

"Approximately five kilometers."

"You've built a city five kilometers underground," Shara asked.

"Not this generation. Our forefathers did to escape the extreme cold. But since we are a semi-nomadic people, wanderlust took us to the skies, and other planets with more favorable weather conditions," Quan explained.

About an hour and a half later they arrived at their destination, the floor of an immense chasm whose great expanse was almost completely encircled by towering sheer cliffs, as they would soon learn. They followed closely behind as Quan led them through the darkness to a nondescript building backed against a chasm wall. Except for the arc-shaped front, the building was essentially a rectangle. Producing a key, Quan unlocked a door on the side of the building that opened into a vast room. Entering, he proceeded to a wall where there were two buttons. He inserted a key into a slot under the green button, turned the key, then pressed.

To Tony and Shara it seemed as if nothing had happened, but Quan, smiling, gestured with a sweep of his arm drawing attention to the building's arced front wall. That wall was, in fact, a window that had been obscured by darkness. What they saw next through the window, the panorama that opened before them, left them absolutely speechless. Building by building, block by block, lights began to appear rapidly, spreading well to the left, well to the right and far outward to the front in a kaleidoscopic display illuminating everything all the way to the surrounding sheer chasm wall until the enormous metropolis that lay before them in the two kilometer by one kilometer oval basin could be seen in its entirety.

"Welcome to Iddo," Quan said.

\*\*\*\*\*

Aboard The U.S.S. Nicola Tesla:

"Captain! We have contact!" Skonn shouted, startling Darden so badly that she almost dumped hot tea into her lap.

"What kind of contact, Mister Skonn?"

"Unclassified, Ma'am."

"Unclassified? Define unclassified." Darden demanded.

"Pardon the illogical reference, but it is as if someone suddenly turned a switch on." Skonn replied.

"No, it's not illogical at all, Mister Skonn. It makes perfect sense," Darden said.



# Fiction

## Fallen Angel - Part 12

by 1stLt Wyman

Captain Moore ran onto the bridge, "What is going on," he barked at Wick,

"Sir, we have a ship just 257 kilometers off to starboard," Wick said, hands flying over his instrument panel.

"How did it get so close without us knowing about it," Captain Moore quizzed as he sat down in his chair.

"Unknown, Sir," Wick said. "They have locked onto our position and are hailing us, Sir. Incoming signal states its Captain Peron's vessel, Sir."

"Blast, why did it have to be him right now, as if I don't have enough going on with everything else," Captain Moore grumbled. "Open the lines of communication."

Wick flipped the switch that allowed the communicator to buzz to life. The device had multiple purposes: not only to communicate between ships, but to translate alien languages as well.

"Mr. Moore, so good to see you have a new ship! This one looks to be a bit older than the last vessel you had," The baritone voice boomed through the speaker.

"Captain Peron, to what do we owe the pleasure of your visit," Captain Moore asked through gritted teeth.

"Do I detect a note of displeasure, perhaps because of our last meeting?" laughter could be heard coming through the speaker.

"Look Moore, we have your ship locked onto and ready to fire upon. I am being rather generous in at least giving you this opportunity to give us what we want peaceably. As you well know, generally we *liberate* the ship, and then we destroy it." More laughter could be heard through the speaker.

Captain Moore knew all too well Peron's reputation for not leaving much behind when he finished *liberating* a ship he happened to come across.

"What do you want Peron," Captain Moore asked brusquely, trying to hurry this up.

"We know you captured that little pod a few weeks back and we want it," Peron said.

"We gave that thing to Jackson. If you know so much, you would know that at least. If you want it, go get it from him," Captain Moore told him knowing full well that not even Peron would dare try a raid on Jackson's outpost.

"Yes, I know that, but you kept something from it and I want it," he said.

"I'm telling you we don't have anything from that

ship," Captain Moore countered.

A blast off the port side rocked the ship.

"Peron, Hold your fire! What in the seven suns was that? I thought we were talking here," Captain Moore said jumping to his feet.

Silence greeted the deck.

"Captain, keep him busy a moment, I will disable his ship," Angel's voice was heard to say over the intercom.

Communications crackled back to life with Peron's voice coming over the speaker.

"Oh dear, I'm afraid one of my boys got a bit carried away. I do hope it hasn't damaged your ship, much."

Then, a different voice could be heard in the background over the speaker, "Sir! Sir! There is something wrong with the V.I.! It's not working like it should!"

Boomer said, "Captain, they no longer have us locked on target."

"Boomer, move us to the port side of that ship and open fire on her. I feel a *liberation* coming and I don't think Peron will like it," Captain Moore said with a smile,

The lines of communication were still open and they could hear Peron yelling at his men. Sounds of panic and control panels popping came through as well.

As soon as Boomer had the ship alongside Peron's, they opened fire to disable that ship's gun ports and engines.

Captain, their inner cargo doors are locked to them and their cargo is coming over now as we speak," Angel said.

"Good girl! Henderson make ready for the cargo that's coming in," Captain Moore commanded.

Henderson stood ready as he watched the cargo containers float through the space between the two ships. Since most cargo was too heavy for anyone to move on their own, the containers had computerized levitation activators on them allowing one with a control panel to move them wherever they were needed. Angel, it seemed, had tapped into their Virtual Intelligence computer and caused their systems to malfunction as well as to move their cargo. As soon as the four large containers settled on the cargo bay floor, Henderson shut the loading doors.

"Wick, get us out of here." Captain Moore said, a smile lighting his face. For once, it felt like something had gone right. "I'm glad this went better than expected. We have been long overdue," He said as he sat back down in his chair.

"Angel, were any of our crew hurt in that blast," Captain Moore asked,

"Only a few bumps and bruises. Everyone will heal," Angel's voice said through the intercom.

"Thank you Angel, that is all." Captain Moore said.

# Brain Benders

## ACROSS

1. \*Future resistance leader, with 6D
5. Unreturnable serve
8. \*Time-jumped past 2005 avoiding death from cancer, with 6D
13. Eye part
14. Motorway
16. Lying face-down
17. Portrayer of Cook in "Charlie's Angels"
18. "Men always hate most what they \_\_\_ most": Mencken
19. Radiant
20. Caper
22. Must have
24. Pro votes
25. The Pointer Sisters' "\_\_\_ So Shy"
26. Madhouses
28. Slithery swimmer
30. "State \_\_\_": 1962 film
31. \*Terminator reprogrammed to protect 1A
35. Churn
37. Wizard
38. Courtroom affirmation
39. Scorch
40. Pantheon member
41. Expires
42. Sports Illustrated's 1974 Sportsman of the Year
43. Peter, Paul and Mary, e.g.
45. Burns and Cowper
47. \*Head of security for Zeira Corporation
49. Corduroy rib
50. Decide to leave, with "out"
51. Microbe
52. Possesses
55. Neighbor of Libya
58. Ferber of fiction
60. Fleet
62. Furious
64. Astronomical sighting
66. \_\_\_ meridiem
67. Hippodrome, e.g.
68. "Right on!"
69. "The very \_\_\_!"
70. \*Biological relative of 1A
71. Prohibition \_\_\_
72. \*Artificially intelligent chess player, with "the"
12. Cuts
15. Salon application
21. Industry big shot
23. Cherished
27. Painter's medium
29. Down Under bird
30. Douglas \_\_\_
31. Something a cow chews
32. Peel
33. "What are the \_\_\_?"
34. Turndowns
35. Order to a broker
36. Cry out
37. Gloppy stuff
39. Ed.'s request
40. Tonic's partner
41. "... \_\_\_ he drove out of sight"
43. Kitchen meas.
44. Learning method
45. Block
46. Charity
48. First-aid item
49. \*T-1001 in control of Zeira Corporation
51. Grimm guardian
52. Yoga practitioner
53. On the trail of
54. Porterhouse, e.g.
55. Attired
56. Take on
57. Allege as fact
59. Modern courtroom evidence
61. "Hold on!"
63. \_\_\_ To, Vietnam battle site
65. Santa \_\_\_ winds

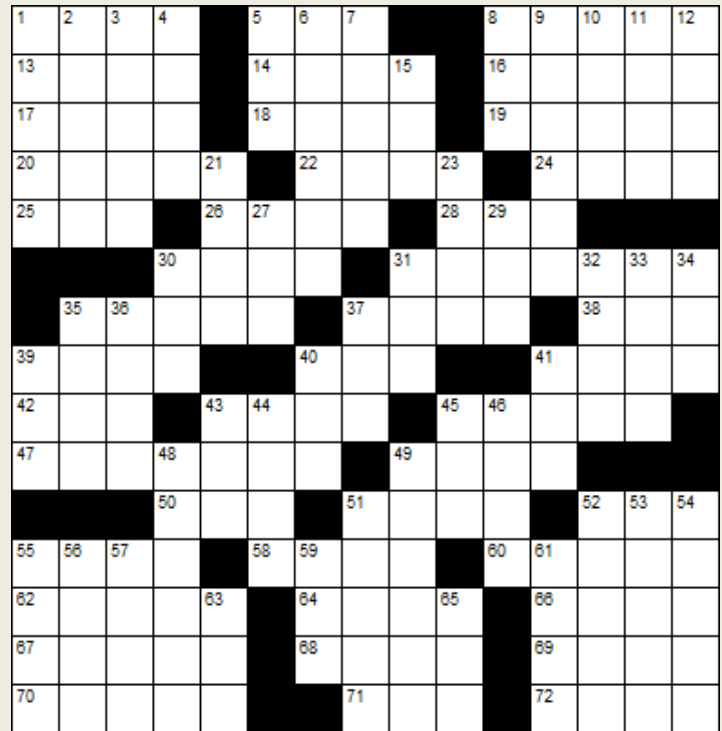


## DOWN

1. Ancient kingdom south of Israel
2. Like Bo-Peep's charges
3. Track and field events
4. "Raiders of the Lost Ark" villain
5. Exist
6. \*See 1A and 8A
7. Overhangs
8. Retreat
9. Sock pattern
10. Stage part
11. Small water

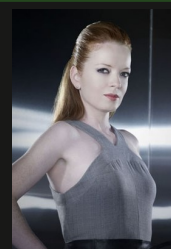
## ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

\*Terminator: The ... Chronicles - Tensa - Jan 2015



## Answers to Previous Puzzle

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



# More Brain Benders

## SUDOKU PUZZLE

January 2015  
 Very Easy Non-Symmetrical  
 by BGen Tensa

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

Solution to December's Sudoku Puzzle  
 Hard Symmetrical

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

## WORD SEARCH

January's Topic: "Boats"  
 Look for 49 Water Craft  
 by BGen Tensa

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

Solution to December's Word Search:  
 "Herbs & Spices"

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

# Esprit Starbase & Crockett's Spirit Staff

Major General J. Tanner  
Starbase Commander

BGen Drego Tensa  
Starbase Vice Commander

Acting Publications Section Leader  
Editor, Crockett's Spirit

Colonel Greg Campbell  
Chief, ESB Security

Colonel Y'Wanna  
Chief, ESB Recreations

Colonel Logan Kale  
Deputy Chief, ESB Security  
Senior Staff Writer

Colonel Shayle Carter  
Deputy Chief, ESB Recreations  
Entertainment Section Leader

Simm Team Leader  
Trivia Host  
Staff Writer

Lieutenant Colonel Dennis Howard  
Editorial Writer  
Critic

Colonel Two Wolves  
Senior Staff Writer

Colonel Shreya Rose  
Staff Writer

1st Lieutenant Wynan  
Staff Writer

Crockett's Spirit is a publication created and distributed for the entertainment, education and informational use of its members. All statements and articles herein are the opinions of the authors and in no way are to be considered official statements of the Esprit Starbase command staff or its commander.

## Esprit Starbase Job Openings

### ESB Recreations Dept., Entertainment Section:

- Book Club Host
- Assistant Book Club Host
- Caption This Host
- Assistant Caption This Host
- Assistant Games Coordinator
- Assistant Trivia Host

### ESB Recreations Dept., Officer Resources Section:

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

### ESB Recreations Dept., Publications Section:

- Section Leader
- Crockett's Spirit Staff Writers
- Crockett's Spirit Editorial Writers (2) (1)
- Crockett's Spirit Critics (2) (1)
- Crockett's Spirit Cartoonists
- Crockett's Spirit Graphic Artists
- ESB Historians (2)

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

We are looking to hire as many people as we can. Our officers have 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.

### BGen Drego Tensa

Vice Commander, Esprit Starbase  
for **Col Y'Wanna**

