



# Crockett's Spirit

*Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth*



Volume 3 Issue 6

June 2015

## ESB News and Happenings

by: BGen Drego Tensa

### Expansion

Great and wondrous things are happening here at Esprit Starbase! We are not just MACO any more! Starfleet, Stargate, and the Jedi are joining us!

That we are changing is readily apparent. Our uniforms have taken on the departmental colors of Starfleet. Also, we may now transfer out of MACO and wear the ranks and insignia of Starfleet. Transfers to Stargate will become possible next, if they aren't already. Some elements of the Jedi Order need to be looked at and dealt with but they will be clarified in early August. The Force *will* be with us!

Construction of new environments geared to and befitting each of our incoming service organizations is ongoing throughout the base. This will be the most time consuming aspect of ESB's expansion. The goal of these endeavors is to make Esprit Starbase more attractive to potential new members.

### Contest

There are only four Jedi ranks according to Star Wars canon. Our other services contain eight. So the Jedi Ranks Contest has been established to bring the Jedi ranks into conformance with the rest. The desire is for Jedi Ranks that are as close to canon as possible, but that's no carved in stone. The winner will be granted a custom rank and a custom uniform color of his or her own choosing for an entire month.

This contest runs through July 31, 2015. Major General Tanner will determine the winner, and she will have the final say as to what Jedi Ranks are made official ranks of ESB. Good luck!

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## Fiction

### Fallen Angel – Part 17

by 1stLt Wynan

The man known as Crone knelt beside an open toolbox, picking up random instruments, inspecting them, wiping off a couple with a rag, and then returning them to the box. He watched intently as the captain stepped off the ship, walked over to Jaxon, and as the two headed out together. He waited patiently as the crew moved cargo off the ship or disembarked entirely.

Finally, his patience was rewarded. Jaxon's crew started loading supplies on board. He stood with the toolbox, started walking over to the newly arrived ship. Slipping on board quietly, he made his way down the nearest corridor leading into the depths of the ship.

"Where are you my little darling?" he said softly. Crone knew that Captain Pearson's ship was on its way to this blasted hunk of rock floating in space. If he didn't hurry, his golden opportunity to get the girl would be gone. Her kind were rumored to be extinct. The money he could make off her would set him up for life, no more sitting in desolate outposts on missions for the highest bidder hunting down bounties. Moving deeper into the ship, he searched each room quickly as he went.

"Come, my little darling, I have grand plans for you and the money I will make," He said in a sing-song tone.

Turning a corner, he walked onto the ship's bridge. As soon as he crossed the threshold, the doors leading out slammed shut. Alarms sounded and lights flashed in warning. Crone heard shots being fired outside the ship.

"Blast, Angel, open the door!" Crone commanded, remembering the name given by Captain Pearson. Expectantly he stood by waiting for a door to open.

"Unauthorized access has been detected on the bridge," Played the sound system with the sirens repeatedly.

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"You do not belong on this ship and need to leave now," said a voice from behind one of the doors.

"Let me out!" Crone yelled.

Angel walked through the closed door, glaring at the man standing on the bridge.

He breathed a sigh of relief. "Just a hologram," he smiled as he waived his hand.

"Give me the girl, open the doors and I will be on my way," he said grinning. Crone knew computers did as they were told, expecting nothing less from the A.I.

Angel walked forward through the deck railing, her hand picking up a pistol, aiming it at his chest.

Crone stepped back for a moment. *Wait a minute! Holograms don't pick things up,* he thought, holding up his hands.

"Hold on now! Fine! Let me have the girl, and I will be more than happy to leave!" He said dodging a blast from the weapon now held in her hand.

Her face unchanged, she followed him around the bridge, taking aim again. "You do not belong on this ship and need to leave now."

Cringing, Crone ran, ducking behind chairs and tables screaming to be let go as Angel moved calmly in pursuit. "Okay, I give, I give, just let me out of here. Keep the bloody girl! Pearson will tear you apart soon anyway," Crone said cowering in the corner. Angel stood over him pointing the pistol at the man's head.

Captain Moore strode onto the bridge just as Crone raised his arms waiting for the shot to come.

"Angel, what in the blue nebula is going on here?"

Angel turned her head towards Moore while keeping an eye on Crone, from her came the words that Crone had uttered in his search for the girl until Moore had walked onto the bridge.

Jaxon, who had been standing behind Moore, now stepped around, eyes blazing as he looked at the piece of fecal matter cowering on the floor.

Crone's face blanched as he saw Jaxon's face. Once again, Angel raised her hand to shoot the pistol.

"No, Angel! Why don't we let *Jaxon* take care of this little problem," Moore said as he walked up behind her. Carefully, he reached for her hand to take the pistol.

"Shoot me! Anything would be better than spending one more miserable day on this rock!" Crone cried out pleadingly.

"Now, now, I think we can find some punishment perfectly suited for this special guest. He did let us know about Pearson coming so I think we can give him special attention," Jaxon said as two secu-

rity guards came through the door.

Angel refused to let the pistol go until Crone was properly restrained and being led off the bridge. Moore grabbed the pistol before it could pass through her hand.

Finally, the flashing lights and alarms shut off, allowing the previous silence to rush back in with deafening force.

"Lillian, professor, are you two alright?" Moore called out anxiously.

The door to the crystal chamber opened, allowing the young girl and the elderly professor to come out hand in hand.

With impeccable timing, Boomer bounded onto the bridge looking around frantically until his eyes spied Lillian. He dropped to his knees in relief as she rushed to his open arms.

Jaxon stared in awe at the child in Boomer's arms. "She can't be the life form that was on board that shuttle, can she? That's impossible! She's got to be seven if she's a day!"

"Amazing how she's aged, isn't it, Jaxon?" Moore responded. "She started growing quite rapidly at first, but her aging process has slowed down considerably," he explained. "Her name is Lillian. She has become an integral part of our crew and family, along with Professor Peron and Angel here," he added, introducing each in turn.

"Well, you have been busy these last three years haven't you? With Pearson on the way, I suppose we should do something. At least deter him for a bit. Angel, if you promise not to shoot up my asteroid, I will get you all safely away," Jaxon said smiling. Then, gesturing with his hand, he and Moore walked out of the room. When they stepped off the ship, they could see the docking bay going back to normal. The men and women would cast a wary glance at the ship every now and again anticipating its going off again.

Jaxon walked into his control room, shouting to his communications man. "Joe, send out a message to Pearson letting him know he better be ready for a battle if he comes any closer!"

"Riel, get those off-base sensors ready! Set them to track his ship's signature! Let him know he is being tracked!"

"Jaxon, I'm sorry to put you in the middle of all this. I had hoped that, after having dropped off the radar for a few years, he would have lost interest in this ship," Moore told him. "If you'll permit us, we'll get our supplies and leave."

"Moore, you have been a good friend and an even better trader. You know how I feel about slavery and I detest spies and traitors even more. Pearson has put himself, and his crew, on my 'do not

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Moore knew that having one less trading post in the outer limits could severely cripple a shippers business if not kill it entirely if more posts found out.

Joe turned from his communications desk, hesitating as he said, "Sir, He has replied. He said he is more than ready to fight. He will be here within the hour."

Jaxon turned to Moore, "Return to your ship, get your supplies and head out. As he is coming in the front door, you slip out he back. We will deter him from coming too close. We are more than just a trading post. Trading with you pirates comes in handy when looking for the latest weaponry and defense systems," he said with a sly smile.

"If you need any help, send a message and we will turn around and help you," Moore said. Then he hurried out the door.

Moore ran to the docking bay and yelled to his crew. "Load up the supplies; we are taking off in half an hour. Be late and you will be left behind!"

The crew scrambled as they hurried to follow their captain's orders.

The asteroids alarm system went off letting people know of the long range missiles headed their way.

"Everyone! on board now!" Henderson yelled as he heard the reports stating the decreasing closing distances of the inbound missiles.

"He really wants this ship and it seems Pearson doesn't care who he kills in the process." Moore said as he took his seat on the bridge. "Boomer, get us out of here!"

## Personality of the Month

### T'Pol

T'Pol was a Vulcan who served aboard Enterprise NX-01 in the mid-22nd century. She was the first Vulcan to serve aboard a Human ship for any substantial period.

The Vulcan High Command assigned Subcommander T'Pol to the United Earth Starfleet vessel Enterprise in April 2151 following Earth's accidental first contact with the Klingon courier Klaang. She acted as "chaperone", in exchange for the Vulcan star charts and Klingon linguistic database, and was not immediately accepted by the Human crew. The ship's Chief Engineer, Commander Charles Tucker III, referred to T'Pol as a "spy". Despite the crew's misgivings, she was instrumental in uncovering a plot by the Suliban Cabal to destabilize the Klingon Empire. T'Pol was persuaded by Captain Archer to remain aboard following the successful conclusion of the mission to return Klaang to his people, instead of returning to the Vulcan Consulate in San Francisco.



\*Source: <http://en.memory-alpha.wikia.com/wiki/T%27Pol>

# Fiction

## A Stargate Atlantis Story

### Chapter 7

by Col Shreya Rose

#### Meanwhile

Amargosa took a deep breath as she tried to open her eyes, eyes now of different colors. The Phoenix had talked with her for quite some time. Amargosa had lived all of the lives the Phoenix had lived. Her breathing, rapid and labored, she got up slowly and looked around the room. Then she tried to leave and find her way back to more familiar surroundings. Barely outside the door, she became light headed and again fell to the floor.

#### Hallway

Sheppard, Ronon, and Teyla were on their way down the hall, walking slowly, searching each room for Amargosa. McKay, his scanner in hand, was looking for a heat signature.

"Where could she be?" Teyla asked, her hand on her weapon.

"She could be anywhere. This part of Atlantis we haven't explored yet," McKay said as he looked at the monitor.

"Let's just keep searching. She's got to be here," Sheppard said as he held his gun at the ready. Teyla looked around and saw a slight glow coming towards them.

"Colonel," Teyla whispered as she pointed to where the light was coming from. Sheppard nodded his head as Teyla led the way. The light got brighter as the team turned one more corner. Amargosa was on the floor. Hovering above her, the Phoenix turned toward the Atlantis team briefly, and then she disappeared. Sheppard moved to Amargosa's side. Amargosa groaned as Sheppard lifted her gently off the ground. Standing next to Ronon, McKay looked on, somewhat apprehensive..

Amargosa was very pale and warm. She was trying her best to open her eyes.

Sheppard looked at his team. "Lets get her to the infirmary," he said as he looked down at Amargosa with concern.

Sheppard left with Amargosa and headed out of the area to the infirmary. Teyla followed him, with Ronon and McKay behind her.



# Fiction

## The Alfore Encounter - 21

### Secret Plans

by Col. Two Wolves

The Tesla's main viewer transformed from the Alforian landscape to the bridge of the USS Eclipse. Commodore LodeBear was seated in his command chair.

Commodore "Raj" LodeBear was a Sikh who wore his hair up on a neat topknot, leaving his turban for very special occasions. Although he was twenty years Darden's senior not one grey hair showed in his jet black beard or hair.

"Greetings, Commodore," Darden said.

"Greetings, Captain. You are the talk of the town back at Starfleet Headquarters," LodeBear said in his slightly accented voice. The flash of his perfectly white teeth contrasted with his swarthy skin.

"Oh? What terrible thing have I done now?" Darden asked.

"You tracked down and rescued the survivors of the Valkyrie's crew. You discovered a new race and you discovered a new species of telepathic felines." LodeBear proclaimed.

"I'm only responsible for the first. The Alforians rescued, gave medical care to, and lodged the survivors until we arrived. Full credit belongs to Commander Hercules and her surviving crew for the rest," Darden countered.

"Either way, awards and promotions are in order," LodeBear responded. "Bye the bye, my crews have already beamed down to take charge of the crash scene forensics. How about giving me a personal tour?" He asked. This was LodeBear's way of telling his friend that he was available to talk privately.

"Absolutely, but dress warmly. Even though this season is what Alforians call their version of Spring, with snow still on the ground, it's freezing down here," Darden warned.

"I've been forewarned. See you in ten." LodeBear said as he signed off.

"Lieutenant Trembly, you have the conn." Darden said, and then she headed for the turbo lift.

\*\*\*\*\*

Introductions, meetings, and tour over, both Darden and LodeBear retreated to the hut that was serving as a temporary office. Over cups of Darjeeling tea, Darden expressed to the commodore her deep concern for her friend Commander Hercules.

"The solution to your problem is right on your

ship," Raj said, after a moment of contemplation and a sip of tea.

"Come again?"

"Apparently you don't understand Vulcan politics very well."

"What do Vulcan politics have to do with this?"

"With Vulcans, though they deny it, everything is about being born into the right family and whom you know. T'Shara was an orphan born of dubious parentage and was abandoned in an Earth orphanage. Legitimate Vulcan parents would never do that to one of their own. Although she is Vulcan, those circumstances make her an outcast and a candidate for phaser target practice."

"So, it doesn't matter that she was adopted and raised by two prestigious Starfleet Admirals? It doesn't matter that she graduated as the valedictorian of her class? It doesn't matter that she is an excellent commander, and that her order to land on Alfore saved six lives? And I guess her discoveries will be null and void," Janice retorted heatedly.

"All that will matter is the five member team of Vulcan scientists who perished, every one from what are considered to be well connected Vulcan families," Raj replied.

"So there is no hope? For pity's sake, she's newly married and expecting!" Janice fired back.

"I didn't say there was no hope. Remember I told you the solution was on your ship? Skonn is none other than the double great grandson of T'Pau. His mother T'Ren and her three sisters sit high on the Vulcan governmental council," Raj said causing Janice's jaw to fall open.

In her mind's eye she pictured her newly minted second in command. Blond haired, blue eyed, hair longer than "regulation", Skonn resembled a pixie more than a Vulcan. The fact that he was 182 meters in height and weighed 85 kilos possibly kept him from being razed as such at the Academy.

"I trust you didn't sharpen your sword on him yet," Raj continued. He was well aware of Captain Darden's tendency to "rough up" her new command staff like an old Earth Marine Drill Sergeant.

"Some of these kids need it. Starfleet is not Vacation Day Camp in Space. But, in Skonn's case, not so." Raj added.

"I hadn't had a chance to yet with the rescue going on. While on Alfore he never left Commander Hercules' side." Janice sheepishly admitted.

"Good. From what I've heard of her, she'll break him in right. Remember, some horses merely require a gentle touch," Raj reminded her, referring to his long standing love of equines.

"So, what's the plan?" Darden asked.

Raj set his half consumed tea aside and leaned conspiratorially closer to Janice across the table.

"We will need Skonn to contact his mother..."

# Brain Benders

## ACROSS

1. \*Learned freedom fighting in El Salvadore, with 46A
5. Big Apple attraction, with "the"
8. \*Ripped the supreme commander's face off, familiarly, with 30A
13. Entomb, as ashes
15. Pub pint
16. Abreast (of)
17. Elbow
18. Canyon feature
19. What Oliver Twist asked for more of
20. Sag
21. Memorial Day solo
23. Peculiar
24. French possessive
25. French cordial flavoring
27. \_\_\_ green
29. Family group
30. \*See 8A
34. \*Bore fraternal hybrid twins
36. Daughter of Cronus
37. John \_\_\_
38. Cold war foe
39. \*Counterfeiter hired by 6D and Mark to make access passes to a big event
40. Element #10
41. \_\_\_ Amin
42. Grad
44. \*Inter-species sire
46. \*See 1A and 69A
48. Shed tears
49. Skirt's edge
50. Row
51. Unit of current, briefly
54. \_\_\_ chi ch'uan
56. \_\_\_ nitrate
58. Complete
60. Amber or umber
62. Not well
63. Not a soul
64. Vital \_\_\_
65. Hawaiian garland
66. Intelligence
67. \*Chief science officer and second-in-command of the Visitors
68. "\_\_\_ Time transfigured me": Yeats
69. \*Young mole planted in the Resistance by 67A, with 46A
10. Praise
11. Like some coffee
12. Snaky fish
14. Language spoken in Kathmandu
22. Joust verbally
26. A Bobbsey twin
28. Horse-and-buggy \_\_\_
29. "60 Minutes" network
30. Mont Blanc, e.g.
31. Theory
32. Any day now
33. Mother \_\_\_
34. Change the decor
35. Norse god
36. \*Known as "the Fixer," with 50D
38. Free (of)
39. Grayish brown
40. Chill
42. "\_\_\_ Maria"
43. Tibetan monk
44. Spell-off
45. "V" episodes, now
47. Neil Armstrong or Lebron James, e.g.
48. \*visitor who saved a man from freezing to death, familiarly
50. \*See 36D
51. Agreeing (with)
52. The brainy bunch
53. Spruce up
54. Donut-shaped surfaces
55. Pond organism
57. Eight furlongs
59. Pedal digits
60. Atlantic food fish
61. Messenger \_\_\_

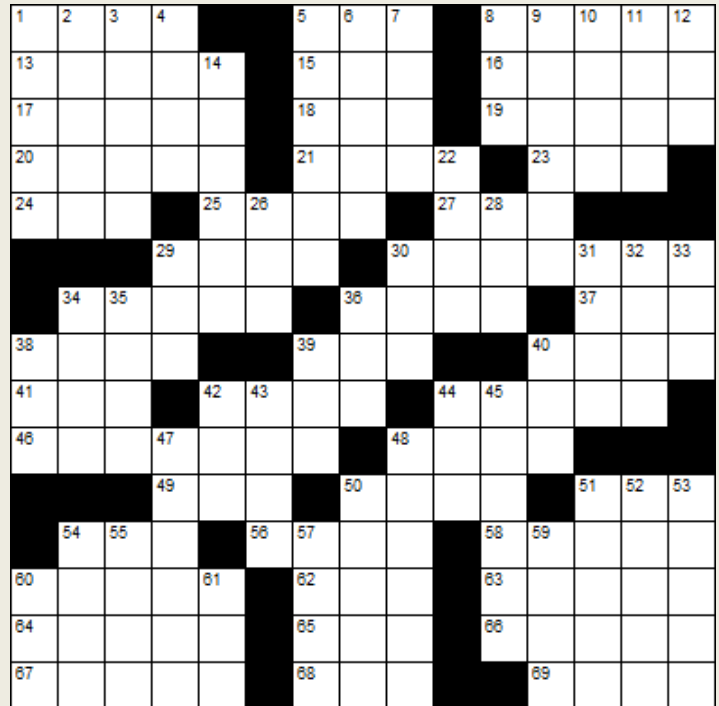


## DOWN

1. Obeys
2. Become accustomed (to)
3. Praise
4. Hence
5. \*Fifth Column leader
6. \*Drug dealing street thug who became prominent in the Resistance
7. Office fill-in
8. Legal corps org. of the U.S. Navy
9. Hullabaloo

## ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

\*V: First Invasion - by BGen Tensa - June 2015



## Answers to Previous Puzzle



# More Brain Benders

## SUDOKU PUZZLE

June 2015  
Easy Symmetrical  
by BGen Tensa

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

Solution to May's Sudoku Puzzle  
Very Easy Symmetrical

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

## WORD SEARCH

June's Topic: "V" ('83-'85) Visitors  
Look for 30 Reptilians  
by BGen Tensa

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

Solution to May's Word Search:  
"Biology"

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

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1stLt Wynan  
Staff Writer

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## Esprit Starbase Job Openings

### ESB Recreations Dept., Entertainment Section:

- Book Club Host
- Assistant Book Club 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  
Chief of ESB Recreations

