



# Crockett's Spirit

*Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth*



Volume 3 Issue 8

August 2015

## ESB News and Happenings

by CDRE Tensa

### Jedi Ranks Contest Winners

- 1st Place: CAPT Kira Marys
- 2nd Place: CAPT Tre'Gok of Mirtak
- 3rd Place: CAPT Shayle Carter



Her Imperial Majesty, **Imperial Goddess Kira Marys** joined us on 2015.08.06 and will be with us until midnight, 2015.09.05. CAPT Kira's transfiguration into **ImpGod Kira** was her reward for being 1st in the Jedi Ranks Contest. Long may her ray of darkness shine!

### Jedi Rank Insignia



Jedi Seeker



Jedi Apprentice



Jedi Master



Jedi Initiate



Jedi Commander



Jedi General



Jedi Padawan



Jedi Knight



Jedi Grand Master

Major General Tanner has once again shown herself to be the empress of creativity. Her new Jedi rank insignia, simple yet elegant, are perfect for our needs and they lend themselves exceedingly well to the Jedi Order.

If you're interested in transferring to ESB's Jedi Order and obtaining an equivalent Jedi rank, contact your section leader, department chief, or myself.

## Fiction

### A Stargate Atlantis Story - 9

by Col Shreya Rose

#### Later that day

Amargosa, out of the infirmary, was walking around. Her mind was on the Phoenix and what she was doing. Amargosa ended up at the gate room. She had a bad feeling that the Phoenix wouldn't be coming back. Her hands were shaking a bit as Erick came over to her and placed a hand on her shoulder.

"This is scaring me. She's been gone for a very long time," Amargosa said.

"She's doing what she's been doing for thousands of years, protecting the less fortunate," Erick said

"Wish she didn't have to go now. I was just getting to know her," Amargosa said.

"Well she goes when she needs to," Erick said.

"I guess I better make the best of it." Amargosa said. She left and headed back to her room.

#### Conference Room

Weir was working on some paperwork and a bit of research on her computer. She was deep in thought when Sheppard came into the room.

"Elizabeth," He said.

Weir looked up at Sheppard. "I'm sorry. Didn't see you there."

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah. Just doing some work," She said.

"Looks like your doing more than work,"

Sheppard said

"That obvious huh?" Weir said.

Sheppard nodded his head.

Weir smiled. "You know me too well. I was also doing some research on the Phoenix. Rodney is searching the ancient database for any reference to her."

"What did you find out?" Sheppard asked.

"According to Earth's classic Greek mythology, the Phoenix was a brightly colored bird. It lived in ancient times and died when it flew too close to the sun. You know the rest."

"Died of fire, born out of the ashes," Sheppard said.

"Yeah. So let's hope that Rodney finds something more about her," Weir said as she looked back at the image of the Phoenix on her screen.

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# Fiction

## The Alfore Encounter - 23

### "Evil Among Us"

by Captain Two Wolves

Captain Janice Darden finally had a few minutes to herself. Raj had promised to provide preliminary results of the ongoing investigation over dinner. After that, The Nicola Tesla was scheduled to leave and return to Earth with the Valkyrie's survivors.

Bored, she stopped reading fuel consumption reports and pulled up Skonn's full personnel record and began working through it. Being a typical Vulcan, Skonn's resume was riddled with accolades.

*What really makes this kid tick?* she wondered, as she paged through his scholastic records, accomplishments, interests and hobbies.

*Third degree black belt in karate, camping, rock climbing, painting and sketching, and...hover-boarding?* she read and frowned.

*What the heck is hover boarding?* she questioned as she delved deeper into his records. She encountered video footage of the extremely popular sport that resembled ocean surfing. However this was anti-gravity surfing on a *hover-board*, and it involved doing elaborate tricks and stunts.

As with everything else, Skonn was an excellent hover-boarder and had won several interworld championships. Janice had to smile at a holo of him decked out in full regalia. Baggy knee length shorts, similarly baggy long sleeved, hooded sweatshirt, and brightly colored *orangutan feet*, the special foot gloves required to grip the board.

Had she not known Skonn, she would've mistaken him for a typical grungy human teen or young adult. As a matter of fact, all of the participants went out of their way to dress in similar fashion. Many displayed outrageously styled and colored hair, tattoos, glitter and body paint. The women loved the glitter and body paint.

*Now, I kinda understand the hair*, she thought, as she shut down the console.

*Once we get under way, I'm going to have a personal meeting with him*, Darden mused as she left her quarters.

\*\*\*\*\*

They met on the U.S.S. Eclipse in the Captains Mess. They talked as they were served an array of tasty Indian dishes. Shara consumed her green curry chicken over basmati rice in silence as the conversation flowed around her. *After dinner is over we'll say our official farewells to the Alforians and return to Earth*, she thought as she chewed. Though Shara was glad to have been rescued, she was saddened to be leaving them.

"Friends I have some good news and I have some bad news," Raj announced, as the stewards cleared away the dishes and silverware, and replaced them with tea, coffee, and desserts. He waited until they left to start.

"The bad news first. Our preliminary investigations

have determined that the Valkyrie crashed as the result of sabotage, not equipment failure as was originally thought," Raj revealed.

Tony swore in Spanish, and Shara gave him a sharp glance which he ignored.

"What the... who... how?" Janice asked, beating Shara to the punch.

"Shara, both your engineer and his assistant had received defensive wounds before they died," Raj added.

It was Shara's turn to mutter something untoward, garnering a scowl from Tony.

"Both men died as a result of strangulation, not from the crash or the cold. Also, interviews with the Alforians who recovered the Vulcans' bodies confirmed they were removed from the aft section of the ship, where Engineering is located, not from their quarters where they were supposed to be."

Tony swore again. This time Shara ignored him.

"How much surveillance footage, if any, was recovered?" Shara asked, inwardly seething.

"Miraculously, there was intact footage of the entire event. However it's been officially copied and I've sealed it as investigatory evidence," Raj replied. "Even if I could release it, I wouldn't advise that you watch it in your present frame of mind, T'Shara," he added quietly.

"Dios, that bad?" Tony asked, picking up on the fact the Commodore had used his wife's formal Vulcan name.

"Yes," Raj confirmed. "However, the good news, this is proof positive that Shara is innocent of the Vulcan scientists deaths. If the Vulcan High Command still wishes to pursue charges against her, they'll waste time and resources. They will look like fools."

"I've heard there's some secret separatist group seeking to remove Vulcan from the Federation," Janice commented. "Considering that the Vulcans were the ones who started The Federation in the first place, that would be a most illogical move on their part."

"Indeed it would be. This also proves there is a radical faction within the High Command who orchestrated this," Shara surmised aloud.

"Yes, how else would five Vulcan assassins wind up on the Valkyrie, pretending to be scientists so they could either blow said ship and her crew to kingdom come or crash it on a remote ice planet..." Tony fumed.

"For now, this is merely speculation, Doctor," Raj returned. "Hard and incriminating evidence will take time to produce. As you all can see, this a potential inter-planetary powder keg, so we must proceed slowly. Shara, once you return to Earth, someone from Starfleet JAG will be in touch with you. I will update you as much as possible, but from here on mum's the word," Raj stated.

Everyone rose, shook hands and hugged. Then each went about their separate duties. Raj went back to his investigation, Tony and Shara back to the Alforians to bid them farewell, and Janice to personally supervise the loading of some very special cargo for the trip back to earth.

\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile in Skonn's quarters, he unveiled a fresh canvass and began to paint a larger likeness from a tiny sketch he'd made earlier.

## Fallen Angel – Part 19

By 1stLt Wynan

The nearest asteroid belt was a deadly one that no sane captain or crew would dare fly into. At the center of the belt was a black hole that defied logic and what was known about black holes. This one would move about the asteroid belt seemingly of its own accord. The asteroids seemed to be unfazed by it but any other space debris or ships that came too close would be sucked into its vortex and vanish. Boomer informed Captain Moore they were within visual range of the belt. "Sir, you don't really mean to go into that do you?" Boomer said hesitantly.

"I most certainly do. There is a little trick I learned long ago about navigating this particular belt that has saved my hide on more than one occasion," He said with a firm grip on the railing.

"Henderson, go to the engine room and turn off all positive reactors. Angel, can you put a shield around us that has nothing but negative ions?" Captain Moore asked.

"Certainly Captain, Angel responded. Boomer, set the shield to negative seventy-five percent. I will fill in the rest," Her voice said soothingly over the speakers.

"As soon as you see the black hole, get around to its back side and pull the ship in behind it."

All who were on deck froze at the captain's command.

"Sir, if we get that close to the black hole it will destroy us," The helmsman stated.

Henderson, hearing the order given came over the speaker, "Sir, I do not advise getting within range of that thing. Hide on the other end of the belt if necessary. We can use a cloaking device to hide us."

"The only way we will get out of this alive is to hide behind it. The order stands Boomer, move us into position, now!" Moore said glaring around the room. No one defied his orders.

"Moving into position now, Sir," Boomer said with a shaky voice.

"Henderson, Angel is the ship in a negative state?" Captain Moore asked

Both replied over the intercom, "Yes Sir."

"Good, now I want you just to let the ship drift into position behind the black hole. This hole is no ordinary space anomaly. This one is actually a worm hole that hasn't been anchored on the other side yet," Moore said smiling widely as he watched the vortex fill the viewing screen.

"What do you mean a worm hole? How could you know about this?" Henderson asked over the intercom on his way back to the bridge.

"Because I have been through it. I was caught up in it one time and that is how I discovered its secret.

Hopefully no one else has discovered this little oddity as yet.

The ship glided into place behind the wormhole, stopping in the shadow of the great anomaly, all lights off. The only light on the bridge came from the screen showing other ships in the area. Within a few minutes a blip appeared, the blip they had hoped to shake with the several decoys they had shot off in several directions on their way to the asteroid belt. Everyone waited, watching as the blip moved steadily towards the belt. As Captain Pearson's ship came within range of the asteroid belt it came to a stop. Captain Moore watched as the ship moved along the edge of the belt, searching for signs of his ship's signature trail. Boomer's finger started nervously tapping the edge of his workstation.

"I don't think you are the only one who knows of this hiding spot Captain," Henderson said as he walked up behind Boomer.

"Captain, they are within firing range. They keep coming this way and they will spot us for sure," Boomer said looking up at Henderson.

Moore watched as they edged towards the black hole and the signature blip started to change position.

"Blast, he knows, Boomer get us out of here, but..." Moore never got to finish his sentence. As Boomer engaged the engines a shot fired from Pearson's ship slammed into their shield. The black hole inverted itself and suddenly they were in the direct path of the massive dark chasm. The concussion from a second blast slammed into the shield again knocking the ship into the sides of the hole. Everyone in the ship was slammed around and thrown to the floor.

"Boomer, get back on that panel and stay away from the edges!" Moore shouted as he scrambled back into his seat.

"Henderson, direct more power to the shield! We're going to need it to get through this alive."

A third shot slammed into the field just as the view of Pearson's ship disappeared and they were thrown violently down the throat of the giant worm hole that once had been a gateway from one galaxy to another. The second gate had been destroyed, hence the reason for the black hole being anchored only in the asteroid belt.

"Captain, you need to bring the men into the crystal chamber. The ship is not going to hold together much longer." Angel's voice came over the speaker.

"Everyone to the bridge now!" Moore yelled into the com.

The sound of metal groaning and screeching could easily be heard throughout the ship as pressure from the blasts and the worm hole tore at the very fabric of its molecular structure. Three more men ran onto the bridge from the stairwell and two came off the elevator.

"Everyone into the crystal chamber now!" Moore yelled.

*(Continued on Page 4)*



# Friendship

by CDRE Tensa

This is inspired by the love of a friend whom I love dearly.

Friendships intrigue me. Of the two more prominent relationships in life – couples in love on the one hand, one-on-one close friendships on the other – I have the greater interest in friendships. There is something magical about them. I am in awe of them.

Eric Erickson was American born Swedish citizen in the oil importing and exporting business. His company was international in scale and his business dealings included German oil firms and petroleum executives. He also spoke German fluently. In December of 1939, he was approached by a representative of allied intelligence and asked to spy for the allies. He knew that in order to increase his business dealings with the Nazis he would need to display a gradual change in his views and, in time, appear far more favorable to the Nazis than he actually was. The goal was to get him inside Nazi Germany eventually so he could gather intelligence on German oil production and on the locations of German oil refineries.

He succeeded, over the next year and a half, in convincing nearly all those around him that he had become staunchly pro-Nazi. His Swedish friends and his family had long since turned their backs on him, while his German friends and colleagues were becoming more favorable to him...with one exception. Wilhelm Kortner of the German Embassy was Himmler's top representative in Sweden who would probably have the last word in oil deals. He was favorably disposed toward Erickson. Bruno Ulrich, the commercial attaché of the German Legation at Stockholm, was not! The possibility of getting inside Germany seemed remote.

One day, the opportunity to improve his travel prospects presented itself. Erickson was lunching with an influential German businessman when he heard a familiar voice. "Hello, Eric, how are you?" It was one of Erickson's oldest friends, Paul Wallenberg, a leading Swedish building contractor and a Jew. Erickson had cut off all contact with him some time previously, but Wallenberg refused to take offense.

With the knowledge that Ulrich and Kortner were seated at a nearby table, Erickson rose and in a loud voice said, "Wallenberg, I have warned you repeatedly to stop bothering me with your disgusting Jewish business propositions. I do not do business with Jews. So take yourself out of here at once."

Wallenberg, startled, turned and left without saying a word.

The next day, Erickson received a sealed note: *I cannot believe my friend has changed to this extent.*

*Your outburst only strengthens my conviction that all this has some special purpose. I shall consider our friendship only temporarily interrupted. If my guess is right, every good wish. If I can ever be of help, let me know. W.*

Eric Erickson's efforts throughout the remainder of the war were eminently successful. German oil production was bombed out of existence and German aircraft, including their ominous jets, were fuel-starved into uselessness.

At war's end, Erickson's pro-Nazi masquerade was unmasked and he was hailed a hero internationally. Nevertheless, he had lost much that he could not regain. However, there was one important thing he had not lost: his friend...his friend!

I first read "The Counterfeit Traitor" a great many years ago. Some of it I never forgot. To me, the greatest treasure a person can have is not material; it is intangible, it is unfathomable, it is the love of a friend. I know this. So, to each of you who are my friends I say this: no matter what, I am now and I always shall be your friend.

*(Continued from Page 3)*

The door opened to show Lillian already curled up on the floor crying. Boomer quickly ran to her, scooped her up and cradled her. The others from the ship ran inside as Moore waited outside.

"Where is the rest of the crew?" Moore asked Angel.

"I'm sorry, sir. Sharp, Wick and Reedus did not make it. The last blast that knocked us into the side of the worm hole destroyed a portion of the lower deck. Three men are now dead," Angel said, sorrow evident even to Moore in her voice.

"What about Timwell and the new guy, Daggett?" Moore asked.

"I believe they were left behind on Jaxon's station. Sir you need to get into the chamber now. I can't hold the ship together much longer." Angel said.

Moore looked around one last time before he stepped into the crystal chamber. The room was filled with bodies as everyone tried to stay away from the sharp points of the crystals. The ship rocked to the left throwing everyone to the other side. Henderson braced for impact. When his body slammed into the crystals he found a smooth wall.

"What the heck?" Henderson asked as the door shut behind Moore.

A soft blue mist filled the chamber as the sound of the ship being torn apart filled the air.

Captain Moore closed his eyes as he waited for the chamber they were in to split apart. He drew in one final long deep breath and waited for the great black space filled with life to be the purveyor of their death. He held it, waiting for the end.

# Star Trek Convention, Las Vegas, Nevada 2016

Photos by CDRE Tensa



Cyia Batten was Irina in the Voyager episode "Drive." She was loads of fun at the convention.



This is an excellent replica of Enterprise NCC-1701's bridge. It was available only for photoshoots.



Superb Jeri Ryan look-alike.



Me and a hot Ferengi.



One Returned Archon



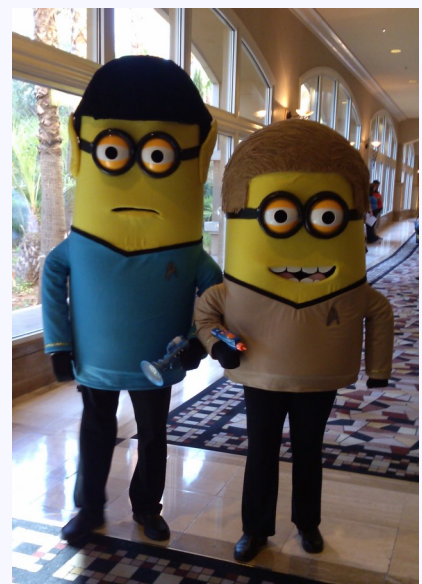
Klingon Chancellor?



Morn and Moogie



This petite lovely was the most stunning creature at the convention.



A couple of Minions



# Brain Benders

## ACROSS

1. Invitation request
5. "Catch-22" pilot
8. \*Mars Dome police lieutenant
12. Handle
14. Compete
15. Hindu title of respect: Var.
16. "Common Sense" pamphleteer
17. Clairvoyant's gift
18. Deplete
19. \*Wields Excalibur, in a way
21. \*Sinclair's successor's successor
23. Spring mo.
24. Beast of burden
25. "Silent Spring" subject
28. Down with something
31. Bungle
36. Surf sound
38. Word that's an example of itself
40. Bingo relative
41. Egyptian cross
42. \*Saved the life of 19A in the past
44. Blackhearted
45. Patella's place
46. Etna output
47. Grp. of listening scientists
48. Hound
51. Defense grp.
53. Roman title
54. Zip
56. 12A preceder

58. \*One of a kind thief
62. \*See 25D
65. Accustom: Var.
66. "Harper Valley \_\_\_"
68. Mythical Hymalayan bipeds
70. \_\_\_ of roses
71. Bro's counterpart
72. Tangle
73. \*Ill-fated captain of the doomed Cerberus
74. Type widths
75. He and she



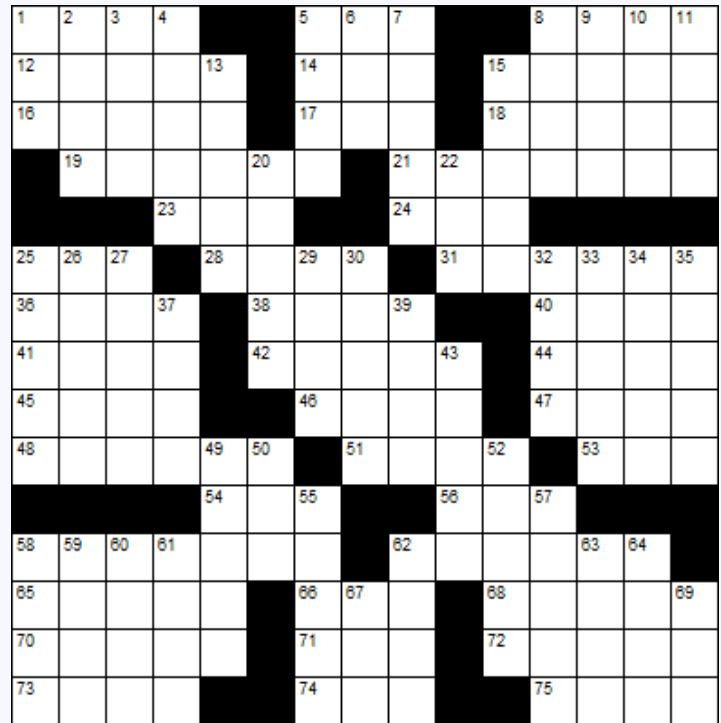
## DOWN

1. Hip-hop
2. Smelting waste
3. Square root of LXIV
4. \_\_\_ Express (restaurant chain)
5. Baker's need
6. \*Emissary to Babylon 5 from Lorca 7 and self appointed hit man
7. E-mail option
8. Alternative to plastic
9. First murder victim

10. Rake
11. Like some muscles
13. Oozes
15. Chap
20. NASA gasket
22. Lout
25. \*Afflicted Earth with a 62A (with "the")
26. Ritchie Valens hit on the flip side of "La Bamba"
27. Selfish sort
29. Shade of black
30. \*\*\*Keeper for this generation" on a plague devastated world
32. Hawaiian strings
33. Jimmy
34. Bring together
35. \*Assistant to 6D
37. Hera's mother
39. Actress Patterson
43. Birth-related
49. Look of contempt
50. Fall from grace
52. Approves
55. Run out, as a subscription
57. Go-between
58. Steep
59. "Do \_\_\_ others as..."
60. Dead-end jobs, e.g.
61. Notable times
62. Hail Mary, e.g.
63. D-Day beach
64. Emerald Isle
67. \*Abducted the doctor on Theta 49
69. Canny

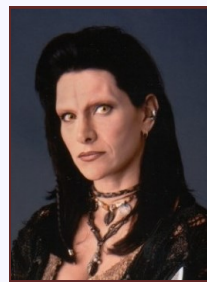
## ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

\*Crusade - by CDRE Tensa - August 2015



## Answers to Previous Puzzle

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



# More Brain Benders

## SUDOKU PUZZLE

August 2015  
Hard Symmetrical  
by CDRE Tensa

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

Solution to July's Sudoku Puzzle  
Medium Symmetrical

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

## WORD SEARCH

August's Topic: DeForest Kelley Roles  
Look for 31 Screen Characters  
by CDRE Tensa

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

Solution to July's Word Search:  
Torchwood Three

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

## Personality of the Month

by CDRE Tensa

Irina was a Terrellian who was involved in the 2377 Antarian Trans-stellar Rally. She became friendly with Tom Paris and Harry Kim when the Delta Flyer rescued her ship after an impromptu drag race. During the race, her co-pilot Joxom was electrocuted, and Harry became her new co-pilot. The two then begin to develop a relationship.\*



Irina was actually an isolationist and a terrorist who planned on detonating a bomb at the end of the race. She gave the Delta Flyer a faulty fuel converter, which was rigged to leak veridium isotopes near the warp core, leading to a breach. The bomb would have killed hundreds of spectators, and she hoped that this would disrupt the fragile peace in the area. Fortunately, Kim found out about the plot and warned Paris, who had time to eject the bomb into space. (VOY: "Drive")\*

Source: [en.memory-alpha.wikia.com/wiki/Irina](http://en.memory-alpha.wikia.com/wiki/Irina)

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