



Crockett's Spirit

Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth



Volume 4 Issue 3

March 2016

A Message from the V.C.

by Brig. Gen. Drego Tensa

Many of our members hold important positions here at ESB. One need only look at the last page of Crockett's Spirit to see a list of who most, if not all, of these officers and Jedi are, along with the positional titles they wear. The list contains department chiefs, deputy chiefs, section leaders, Recreations Department and Publications Section staff members, and more. It's an impressive list.

Anyone O-2, J-2 and above can apply to join ESB Recreations and be granted a position. ESB Security is by invitation only to O-3, J-3 and above, but is not difficult to get into. All that's required for a position is desire to be in and a talent for the position being sought. Additionally, putting in a certain amount of time on base in the performance of one's positional duties should be understood.

When ESB opened, everyone was busy and spent a lot of time on base. Even now, a number of our members are performing their duties diligently and faithfully even though some are not able to spend as much time on base as they'd like to. A few other members, however, are quite the rare-shows if not no-shows altogether, have stopped communicating, and the tasks required of their positions are being neglected.

I feel that if one has a title but is no longer interested in participating in departmental duties, that member should do the right thing and resign from his or her position. Otherwise, that member's title should be taken away and the member removed from his or her department.

A Message from the C.O.

by Maj. Gen. J. Tanner

Recently I was reminded of an old adage: "You get out of it what you put into it." This phrase can be applied to many areas of our lives, and even to participation at Esprit Starbase. ESB is an interactive community and by definition we need to interact within it. It takes all members vested in the community to do their part.

I recently realized I needed to apply it to ESB because I wasn't doing my part. Yes, I'm involved and work on ESB a lot, but most of it is behind the scenes that most members don't even notice. Lately I've been so focused on making themes for the site that I neglected to participate in everyday chatter and posting.

It's become apparent that new threads and posts have waned. Unfortunately, when this happens a community comes to a standstill and becomes stagnant. So this last week I focused on posting more and adding new threads. Due to this there's been a very small bump in activity, but there's definitely a lot more room for improvement.

I understand having a busy life. We all get busy in life at one time or another. However, we all truly make time for things we enjoy. If it's not possible to make that time and diligently attend to your duties there is no shame in stepping down from a position. For anyone of you who gracefully steps down there will be no criticism, and when you have more time available we will make every effort to find a position for you to step back into.

We all must do our part to keep the forum fun and interactive and try to recruit new members. Let's attempt to help ESB by getting into a routine of coming up with new things to talk about and entering into discussions already in progress. Let's try to make a resolution to post and add new threads regularly each week. When the staff members post on Facebook, please like or share so that others may find their way here.

Let's endeavor to put as much as we can back into the community. You never know what you might get out of it.

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Fiction

The Alfore Encounter - 30

"Cloak and Dagger"

by CAPT Two Wolves

Captain Janice Darden was ready in just under fifteen and a half minutes. Skonn stood in the doorway and watched as she shrugged on a wind breaker jacket over her hooded sweatshirt. The rest of her outfit consisted of jean leggings and a pair of brightly colored trainers.

Skonn was dressed in jeans, desert boots and blue plaid flannel shirt because it was a tad nippy and damp, as well as a hooded jacket. He also had a light weight ski cap tucked in his pocket, just in case.

Most illogical. It took her fifteen minutes and twenty five seconds to dress in a nearly identical outfit, which took me five minutes exactly, Skonn thought as he watched Janice make a last minute choice to pocket her comtab.

The comtab is a highly advanced equivalent of the twenty-first century cellphone. It was a mini-computer, messaging, and communications device that everyone carried. However, Starfleet comtabs worked via an ultra-secure network and were carried by off duty personnel only.

"I know I'm going to regret this, but it's better to carry it than not. We haven't been dirt side for an hour yet, and Starfleet Ceremonial Corps already contacted me," Janice grouched as they made their way down the corridor toward the elevator.

"Subject?" Skonn asked.

"They want me to make a statement on Commodore LodeBear's behalf during the ceremony tonight. I declined," Janice replied.

"Why?" Skonn asked.

"Skonn, I am terrified of public speaking. The last thing I need to do is to break down and bawl like a baby in front of the intergalactic webnet with millions watching all over the galaxy," she confided. "Plus, I wouldn't know what to say. Both of our families go way back, I can't narrow all of that history down into a mere five to ten minute address—"

"In my opinion, it would be a tremendous dishonor to the late Commodore if you do not speak," Skonn said, cutting her off.

Janice scowled at him. Her expression mirrored her late father's in intensity to a tee. The face that struck terror in many a Starfleet MACO recruit's heart. Skonn merely raised his right eyebrow in response.

"They've contacted you too, I see," She sighed, as they strode through the crowded lobby.

Late arrivals were lined up to check in. Starfleet Academy Cadets had been tasked to help with room arrangements, ferrying luggage, delivering meals and extra bedding. Maroon *probie* uniforms were in evidence everywhere as organized pandemonium reigned.

"Indeed they did," Skonn replied.

Ah yes, that old Starfleet tactc. If you can't get to the Captain, get to the First Officer, Janice thought to herself. "Pray tell, what was your response?" she asked.

"I replied that I would work on it," Skonn replied, which literally meant he'd harass, pester, and twist her arm until she capitulated. "Captian, would it help if I assisted you in preparing a brief statement?" he hastily added.

"You're not gonna to let me say no, are you Skonn?" Janice asked.

"Negative." Skonn replied.

"I hope you brought Echo," Janice said, skillfully changing the subject. "The Kitchen Sink is pet friendly and may be the only way we will get a seat without waiting at this hour." Then exiting the V.I.P. compound, they headed up the block, and crossed the street.

Skonn turned slightly to show Janice that Echo had been safely tucked into his hood.

"The Kitchen Sink, odd name for an eatery," Skonn mused aloud.

"It's not a fancy place, but they are famous for their freshly cooked, non-replicated food and they don't skimp on the portions." She detested restaurants that served a tiny steak with a sprig of rosemary and called it *cuisine*. "And, I happen to know the managers," Janice continued, grinning.

Their path took them through a small park, where an elderly couple was feeding pigeons. Startled by their approach, the large flock took wing causing both Janice and Skonn to duck and run for cover. Neither wanted to be pelted...

"I do not wish to cause panic, Captain, but we are being followed," Skonn whispered, as they crossed another street.

"Yeah, I saw them a few minutes ago. Whoever they are, they're lousy at their tradecraft," Janice replied. "The persons you're following are not supposed to see you following them."

"Unless they intend to harass or intimidate those they are following. They are Klingons by the way," Skonn informed her.

"And you know this because..."

"I sent Echo to spy out our shadows," Skonn replied. "She used the fleeing pigeons as cover to get close enough to see them."

"Klingons dressed in jeans, trainers and hooded sweatshirts with the hoods up so no one could see their distinctive brow ridges. Just wonderful," Janice thought, sourly.

In ancient times on her home planet, fyrin dragonets were used in the same manner by military leaders to report enemy troop movements, and carry secure messages like carrier pigeons. Their natural ability to blend in with their surroundings and turn virtually invisible was an additional asset.

"Excellent! She deserves a treat," Janice said.

"Now why in blazes would Klingons be following us anyway?" she wondered aloud, as they approached the restaurant.

She was so distracted that she completely missed the brief, stricken expression that crossed Skonn's face.

Fiction

Fallen Angel - Part 26

by Capt Wynan

Boomer knelt in front of the crying child on the cot with Angel. "Hey, where is my happy girl? Uncle Henderson is just fine; he is being taken care of by our new friends."

Gently Boomer stroked her face until she looked up questioningly.

"Really, you promise he is o.k.?" she asked, hiccupping a sob.

"Yes, my princess, I promise he will be just fine." Boomer looked at the other men who were standing around the cot nodding silently as Lillian looked at each man in turn.

"See mommy, Boomer says he will be fine," she said, a wobbly smile crossing her face.

"Yes Lillian, Uncle Henderson will be just fine," Angel said looking at Captain Moore as he stood behind Boomer nodding his head. The image of what he had seen in the other room was still fresh in his mind as he looked into their innocent eyes; he dared not say anything to either of these two. Things were confusing enough right now, no sense in panicking them when they don't know what is really going on.

"Angel do you think we could talk to our new friends for a moment over here while Boomer helps Lillian get washed up?" Moore asked gently.

Boomer lifted the small child off the cot and softly talked to her as they walked over to a pitcher of water and a basin sitting on a table by the window across the room.

Moore looked over his shoulder, making sure Lillian was occupied and out of listening range.

"Angel, we need to know where we stand with these people. I need to know if we are safe here," Moore said in a hushed voice.

"I don't sense any harm with them Captain. They speak simply and with sincerity," Angel said in an equally low tone. "Maybe if we talk to Krol a bit more we can find out more. Is Henderson all right?" she asked.

A curtain shut his emotions off as he smiled at her. "They seem to be taking good care of him," he said as he spotted Krol walking through the door. "Just the person we need to talk to," he said guiding Angel over to the tall-robbed man. Professor Peron walked over with Moore and Angel along with Dresden who helped keep him steady on his feet.

"Captain, may I be of service?" Peron asked when they drew close.

"I'm glad you're here. A clearer head than mine would prevail more at this point," Captain Moore said with a wry smile as he turned to Krol.

"I'm happy to be of assistance in any capacity you need me for Sir," the professor said.

Krol looked down at the four of them standing in front

of him, displeasure evident on his face.

"Angel, my dear, would you tell our host Mr. Krol, our deepest apologies for disrupting the tranquility of this place. We have become very close, as a family and were concerned for our fallen comrade," Professor Peron said.

Angel turned to Krol, relayed the message.

Krol looked own at them silently. The anger ebbed away as a look of understanding replaced his stern features.

Krol spoke, looking from one to the next as he did so.

"He says, he understands, but he would appreciate it if we would comport ourselves in a more respectable manner befitting our stature. As our guest, in our home we expect you to honor our ways just as we would in your home. You are new here; we will let this little indiscretion pass," Angel translated, waiting for Krol to continue.

This time when he spoke he looked directly at Captain Moore with a steady gaze.

"As leader of your group, we would expect nothing less from you," Angel translated again.

The professor spoke again. "May we inquire as to the status of our friend, Mr. Henderson?"

Krol looked to the professor and responded.

"He says our friend is doing well but he will have to be in that room for several more days. He was very ill. The plant you saw has healing properties just as most everything on this planet does. We mean no harm to anyone. We are a peaceful race," Angel said.

Another robed figure called from the door. Krol said something to him and turned back to Angel.

"He says we are to rest here from our ordeal. In a few days we are to meet their leader," Angel said as he gave a slight bow to the four gathered in front of him. He turned, walked to the door, and left quietly.

"What do you make of that Professor?" Captain Moore asked.

"I believe we were very close to offending our hosts but also wonder why we are to wait to meet their leader," Peron said.

"Well, Professor, I don't know what I look like at the moment but if the rest of you are any indication I think I know why," Captain Moore said with a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

"Angel did you sense anything else from him?" Captain Moore asked as they walked back over towards a table in the opposite corner from the rest of the crew.

Easing Professor Peron gently into a chair, Dresden interjected, "Personally Sir, I think he's hiding something. It was something about the way he looked when he talked of the healing properties of this planet."

"I agree Captain; I sensed no deception until he mentioned the healing," Angel said.

"Well, for now we are in debt to them for rescuing us and helping Henderson. For now I say we stay alert and do as our host has asked of us," Captain Moore said as he looked at his men, wondering if the niggling little bothersome feeling in his gut was a warning of danger or simply exhaustion. They had been looking over their shoulders avoiding Pearson for so long, he wondered if it was just carryover.

"I guess we will just have to wait and see," Dresden said echoing Moore's thoughts.

New Talent Fiction

Bark: Origins of a Super Hero

by ENS Ashinaga

Chapter 1: The Story of Bark

Joshua Henderson was born in Tulsa Oklahoma and raised a good cowboy with a heart of gold. Not the academic type, Josh eventually wound up training as a private security guard and self-defense specialist. After graduating from a full course in self-defense, marksmanship, and basic security procedures, Josh left Oklahoma for Las Vegas where he was hired on by a security firm who handled private security matters. Josh was good at his job and often rewarded for his skill and devotion. He even won three citizenship awards for his work at the volunteer fire department.

Enter Dr. Jason Osten: Dr. Osten was a thoroughly brilliant geneticist. After spending two years teaching college, he got tired of trying to pound basic science into the foolish heads of kids unwilling to actually use their brains. Eventually Dr. Osten left his position at the university to advance his monetary situation through some military funding. So he began experiments on his own. After a lot of experimentation, he discovered methods to cross human and animal DNA. He approached the government about funding to help create a breed of super soldier that would be a cross between human and canine. After seeing what he had already done, the Government not only turned him down, they charged him with endangering human life and animal cruelty. He fled before they could bring him in. Angry and ready for revenge, Dr. Osten set out to create his own army of mutated people and destroy the very government who had scorned his intelligence.

Dr. Osten found his funding in a secret organization in a distant Government. That Government shared in his desire to hurt the USA. With money and time, Dr. Osten was able to create a mutated dog species that would be a ruthless warrior. Unfortunately, he could not train the beast and it was obvious it could never be used for military purposes. So, he decided to continue his original research and bring human DNA into the mix. He needed the mind of a human to mix into the genetics so it would follow commands and learn. But not just any human

would do. No, he would need a specimen that was a top of the line human.

One night the company Josh worked for got a call. A man wanted the absolute best guard to work for him at his laboratory for a single night. He offered enough money to hire out the whole regiment so the company didn't ask too many questions. Of course their first choice was their star player, Joshua Henderson.

Josh arrived at the lab in the dark of night, curious as to what was so important they would need to hire a single guard just for one evening. Surely if this was a government project they would simply call in the military. But a paycheck is a paycheck. Josh found a nice scientist who was thrilled to see him. He stationed Josh just outside the lab where this highly secretive experiment was going down.

About two hours into the night Josh heard a strange noise and the scientist called him to come in and help with something. Josh went in without question. What happened next was a blur. Josh heard a strange 'phoot' sound and something pinched his neck, the room spun and he fell down. The next thing he knew he was placed onto a cold metal surface. The world went dark as he fell to the tranquilizer.

Dr. Osten brought in his dog and took samples from it for the process. He took perverse pleasure in listening to the creature yelp when he stuck the rather long needle into its neck. After mixing the sample with a special solution he injected Josh. While the serum started to infiltrate Josh's body, the doctor turned on a device that bombarded the man with a unique radiation designed to force the process to excel at a massive rate.

The sound of the machine and the writhing of the man on the table scared the dog beast and caused it to thrash about furiously in its containment unit. The cage was no match for the mutant dogs strength and fear. The dog broke free and tore through the lab with rage and ferocity. The first target was the doctor, who was killed when the dog-beast split his skull with its mouth. Then the beast wrecked the lab trying to find away out. When the beast had finally broken through part of the wall it ran free, leaving a dormant lab behind.

Two hours later: Josh woke on the table. He was nauseated, had a splitting headache, couldn't see much and had a strange feeling all over his skin. All the lights were off; in fact there was no power anywhere. Following the moonlight through the hole in the wall, he too left the lab for the outside world.

Disoriented and sick, Josh stumbled through the desert, searching for help from anyone he could

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find. At this time of night not too many people were out and about. To his relief he saw the flashing blue lights of a police car sitting on the side of the road. The officer had just finished giving a person a citation and prepared to be on his way.

Josh approached with hope the man would see his condition and help. The officer looked at Josh and yelled. With a shaking hand the cop pulled out his gun and pointed it at Josh. Even through his dazed, hazy condition, Josh knew a gun when he saw it, so he ran. The officer did not pursue.

The security agency reported their missing man and the local police searched the laboratory. Authorities found the wrecked lab and the dead doctor and assumed the worst.

* * * * *

All over the area, dogs, cats, and even a child were found dead after an apparent dog attack. Some kind of unidentified canine breed was brutishly attacking anything and everything, then leaving so fast no one could catch it.

Josh, having found a cave in the nearby canyon, was still sick and unable to process what was happening to him. His arms and legs were growing a thick gray fur that covered him so much he did not need clothing to be warm even on a cold night. And the hair on his head was longer than he was used to; at least it felt unusual to him. The mutation process accelerated growth of hair for a brief period of time leaving him with long locks that fell down past his shoulders.

Aside from the fur and hair, his muscles were bigger than ever and he was certain he felt a tail growing out his lower back. Worst of all, he almost passed out when he found where his ears had gone. This had to be dream. What on earth was wrong with him? The only source of water he could find was a small river and it was too dirty to see his own reflection. His memory was so fuzzy he couldn't remember his own name, let alone how to get home. He was mutating, lost, and hungry.

One sunny afternoon, a small child played on her swing set. This was her daily activity while she waited for her daddy to come home from work. Today, though, she heard a new sound. There was a strange rumbling behind her. Dismounting the swing she looked back to see a large, beastly dog approaching. "Oh, a doggy " was her first response, then she noticed the teeth. He wasn't looking for a playmate, he was looking for dinner. She shrieked just as it lunged at her. At the same time, another dog-like thing hit this monster in the side and sent it sprawling across the ground. A man, or a dog/man really, stood in front of her, with barely enough clothing on to be decent. He growled at the beast

The second lunge came and the man punched the dog right in the skull, breaking its neck and killing it. Josh stood there for a moment, surprised at the super human strength he had just felt.

Once the danger had passed, Josh looked at the terrified little girl to say "Are you okay?" but all that came out was a "bark!" The child shrieked again and ran for home. Just then her mother came out and screamed as well. Josh tried to say he was just looking for some food when he saw the danger and decided to help, but again it was just a "Bark." The woman picked up an empty flower pot and threw it at him. He ran away, hiding behind another home.

Due to the media's coverage of the dog-beasts reported sightings and the panic and growing hysteria, people began to assume that the dog thing which had killed their pets, was this man-beast that attacked the poor little girl. The police set out a net to find him, but Josh was fast and clever, evading them at all turns. He desperately tried to find home, but nothing looked familiar. He resorted to eating from trashcans and doing his best to not be seen by anyone.

With the mass hysteria out of control, people started to report all kinds of ridiculous things. The dog man wrecked their car, the dog man dug a hole in their yard and buried a bone, the dog man is an alien who abducted a woman and is the father of her baby. All these reports were false of course, but it only made his infamy grow. Josh was tired from evading authorities. He ran back to the cave where he first took refuge. If he were to die, he wanted to die alone.

By now the police were swamped with scared people and the Governor was calling daily. As a last resort the United League of Heroes was contacted and they sent a team of student Heroes to assist the police. They were briefed on all the reports and information available and told that if found, most likely they would have to kill on sight.

The search continued and the ULH spread far beyond the little suburb to search the surrounding areas.

* * * * *

It was Frost who found Josh. She followed the little river with the idea this man would likely need water, and came upon a cave. She was ready to assume she had come across yet another vagrant taking refuge in the cave until she saw the tall ears and the furry body. This was the *thing* they had been searching for. He sat on the floor with his back to the rock wall, his knees up and his arms resting across them.

Frost held up a hand and prepared to freeze the life out of him. But this was not a surprise attack as was her intention, the man turned his head and

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looked at her. She lowered her hand a bit when she saw his eyes. This man was not threatening her, he was scared, sad, and maybe even crying.

"Who are you?" Frost asked, not letting her guard down.

"Bark!" was all Josh could say.

"Bark. . . is that your name?"

He shook his head, but again said, "bark!"

Frost walked into the cave and came close to him. "Hey, you're kinda cute. I can't believe you're as dangerous as they say."

Josh looked down and let out a sorrowful sigh.

Frost lowered her hand and came down to one knee to look him in the eye. "Who are you?"

Josh realized he could not communicate with her. He closed his eyes and shook his head. All he wanted to say was, "Please, just kill me and get it over with."

Frost smiled and took his hand. Turning it over, she examined at his palm, seeing the rough furless skin. Looking into his eyes she said, "I don't see blood on your hands."

Josh frowned at her, a tiny smile attempted to slip out of him at the way she acted toward him. Then he let out a rather loud growl. Frost jumped back a little, not sure if he was going to attack her. The completely embarrassed look on his face and his hand on his stomach informed her it was not evil growling, it was hunger. "Oh my, that was. . . loud. Come on, why don't we find out the whole story." Holding out her hand she offered to take him with her.

Josh didn't argue. She was the first person in weeks who had not screamed at the sight of him. Perhaps she could help him. With a little help to stand he took her offer and followed her out of the cave and to the nearest ULH transport shuttle.

* * * * *

The ULH reported the capture but did not tell the people they had taken the man-dog-thing back to their headquarters. It was assumed he was killed so everyone wrote him off as dead and that was fine by the ULH.

Josh was happy to have food and people who were not terrified of him. He was especially happy when they brought in Doctor Tobias Glyph to communicate telepathically with him. Tobias not only learned this man was not the danger as was reported, but he was also able to help restore parts of Joshua's memory.

Josh was put through a series of exercise. His physical condition was found to be better than humanly possible. Cerberus, or Dr. Tobias Glyph, did an intense study of his mind and found that it was mostly human, the primal dog-side was very minor.

He cleared Josh of being a threat to anyone. After all of the tests, Josh was asked to stay and study at the ULH. With the advice and support of his newest friend, Frost, Josh accepted.

Frost gave him his hero name, calling him Bark. She was the one who brought him home, so it was her right. Of course they knew his name was Joshua Henderson, but he was fine with the nickname Bark.

Fiction

A Stargate Atlantis Story - 11

by Col Shreya Rose

Conference Room

Sheppard, Weir, Teyla, and Erick were discussing what was happening to Amargosa.

"She seems different lately. She's closed herself off, not talking to anyone," Teyla said.

"That's supposed to happen when the Phoenix talks to a host. The host and the being inside have a time period where they only talk to each other," Erick said.

"But it's not right," Teyla said.

"It is for them," Erick said

"Listen. We need to find out what is going on and find a way to help," Weir said. Then she turned to Erick. "Have you seen Amargosa today?"

"No I haven't seen her in two days," Erick said.

"Find her," Weir said to Sheppard and Teyla.

Sheppard nodded as he and Teyla left the room. Erick didn't approve of this, but there was nothing he could do.

Amargosa's Quarters

Amargosa was standing on the balcony. She was wearing a dress her mother had set aside for her. On the back was the symbol of a Phoenix. *Phoenix is restless. She knows the Wraith are on their way*, she thought to herself.

We have to do something. Warn the Atlantis crew, Amargosa thought to the Phoenix.

In due time, Phoenix responded.

They have a right to know. They are risking their lives for us. We have to tell them before it's too late.

Phoenix had to think about that for a bit. The silence was deafening for Amargosa. She paced back and forth on the balcony waiting for an answer.

Alright, Phoenix said mentally. *Let's tell them.*

Amargosa looked in the mirror once more. Her eyes changed colors. She then left to tell the Atlantis crew what was about to happen.

Brain Benders

ACROSS

1. Choir voices
6. Biblical suffix
9. Department store department
13. Coronet
14. Ovine utterance
15. Ab strengthener
16. Fable finale
17. "___ Gang"
18. Tanker's cargo
19. *Designer of 21A
21. *"The most extraordinary submarine in all the seven seas"
23. Drain
24. Son of Noah
25. Primed
28. Procedure part
31. *Commo guy
36. Donald and Ivana, e.g.
38. Furies
40. Unreactive
41. Adjust
42. *Commander of 21A
44. Stench
45. Clobber
47. Stigma
48. "...for the Mudville ___ that day;"
49. *Lieutenant ___
51. "Good grief!"
53. Drops on blades

54. Slippery one
56. Wonderland drink
58. *C.P.O. ___
62. *Chip ___
65. Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea (1961), e.g.
66. Bean counter, for short
68. Homeric epic
70. Tip over
71. Suffix with musket
72. Flow regulator
73. Encircle
74. Dash lengths
75. Big Bertha's birthplace



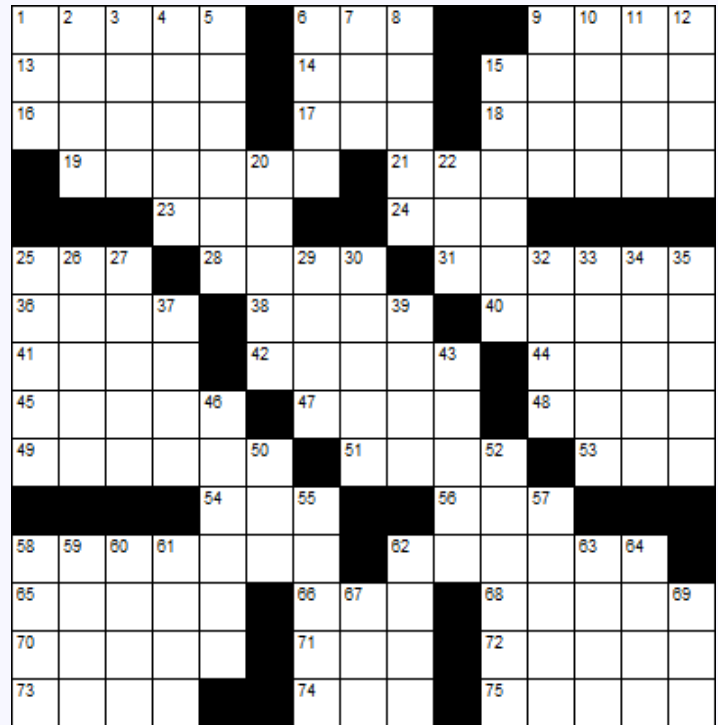
DOWN

1. Kind of card
2. Animal with a mane
3. Container weight
4. Certain exams
5. Dances and dips
6. Black to Blake
7. *People's Republic general encountered on Fu Nang Island
8. Like Siberian

- winters
9. Nuclear missile acronym
10. Decorative needle case
11. Classic art subject
12. Gush
15. Seafood entree
20. Kind of nerve
22. ___ in echo
25. Brief brawl
26. Wealthy outlying community
27. Pavarotti, e.g.
29. Miscalculates
30. Tranquility
32. Soon, to a bard
33. Overhauled
34. Danish dough
35. Scatter
37. 18-wheeler
39. Catch
43. Poet's muse
46. Took a furtive look
50. Born as
52. Glean
55. Certain école
57. Book of maps
58. Like a stuffed shirt
59. Kachina doll carver
60. State categorically
61. Peel
62. Ares alias
63. Alternative to acrylics
64. Pew area
67. *Time controller Mr. ___
69. Cozy room

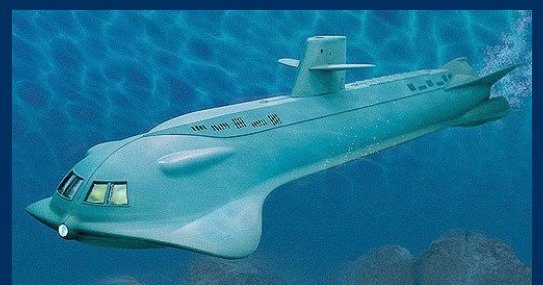
ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

*Voyage ... Sea - by Brig. Gen. Tensa - March 2016



Answers to Previous Puzzle

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



More Brain Benders

SUDOKU PUZZLE

March 2016

Medium Symmetrical

by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to February's Sudoku Puzzle
Easy Symmetrical

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

WORD SEARCH

March's Topic: John Colicos Roles

Look for 35 character names

by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to February's Word Search:
Majel Barrett Roles

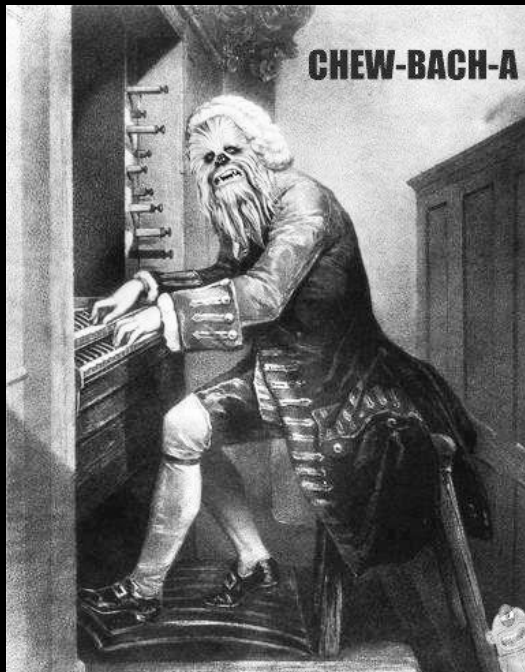
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P | R | H | E | N | R | I | E | T | T | A | N | T | O | K |
| L | R | N | L | E | M | R | S | W | I | T | H | E | R | S |
| V | N | I | A | W | M | I | S | S | W | Y | N | N | V | L |
| A | K | T | M | R |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

Brain Benders

Word Search

March's Word List:

| | |
|--------------|-----------|
| Andy | McLeod |
| Apocalypse | Monks |
| Baltar | Mr. Arrow |
| Barnes | Orrick |
| Brown | Pietro |
| Charlie | Pip |
| Chino | Poet |
| Cromwell | Quinn |
| Dewar | Rafael |
| Dr. Bruchesi | Ricardo |
| Heinzer | Stregga |
| Henchman | Student |
| Joe Ruby | The Man |
| Kor | Thief |
| Kroll | Uturu |
| Lestrade | Van Horne |
| Logan | Weldman |
| Martin | ◆◆◆◆ |



He's best known for Solos

Esprit Starbase

& Crockett's Spirit Staff

Maj. Gen. J. Tanner
Starbase Commander

Brig. Gen. Drego Tensa
Starbase Vice Commander
Editor, Crockett's Spirit

CDRE Logan Kale
Starbase Executive Officer

Col Greg Campbell
Chief, ESB Security

CAPT Y'Wanna
Chief, ESB Recreations

CAPT Shayle Carter
Deputy Chief, ESB Recreations
Entertainment Section Leader

Simm Team Leader
Trivia Host
Staff Writer

CAPT Kira Marys
Graphic Artist

CAPT Two Wolves
Senior Staff Writer

Col. Shreya Rose
Staff Writer

LtCol Dennis Howard
Editorial Writer
Critic

CMDR Bond
Games Coordinator

Capt Wynan
Senior Staff Writer



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