



Crockett's Spirit

Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth



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An Message from the Starbase Commander

by Maj. Gen. J. Tanner

Although not unique to online communities, one of the attributes of ESB is the ability to earn rank. It gives a sense of accomplishment when you work hard to help in the operation of the base and progress in rank according to how much you participate and contribute. Here at ESB we try to set the bar high to be challenging. We don't just give out ranks.

With the new civilian status, some members have opted out of the ranking system. That doesn't mean that they can't continue to contribute to the enrichment of the base, and we do ask that they try to be as active as possible.

Most of you may think you've reached the highest rank possible at ESB. I believe that may be a reason why participation has waned so low recently. Although we do have a rank cap the truth is only three members have reached that point. Be sure to visit our promotions page and see what the criteria are for reaching the next rank. Many of you have come close to the next rank only to fall short by sudden lack of participation.

If you have any questions as to what it will take to obtain that next rank, please speak to either Brigadier General Tensa or Commodore Kale. They can help mentor you in reaching that next rank.

A Message from the Vice Commander

by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

Esprit Starbase is a reflection of the Star Trek universe. Our world here on Earth can, in fact, be compared to the United Federation of Planets.

The UFP began as a *Coalition of Planets* within the Alpha Quadrant when Andorians, Humans, Tellarites and Vulcans joined forces in a mutual defense pact against marauding Romulans. Similar to Earth's United Nations, it has grown to more than 150 members over the years.

The planets of the Federation are inhabited by just about as many species as there are planets in the organization. Some of the members are former enemies, such as the Klingons and the Gorn. Nevertheless, despite their differences, they work together for the common good.

Esprit Starbase is comprised of people from many nations on Earth. Like the species of the Federation, we all are diverse in race, and as diverse in culture, religion and political beliefs as the number of nations we inhabit. We hail from Australia, Canada (Quebec), England, Romania (a former iron curtain country), Scotland, and the United States. We have this in common: we all are like family, and we aspire to a positive future, a future as depicted in the Star Trek Universe. Our doors and our arms are open to all people of all nations.



UFP



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Fiction

The Alfore Encounter - 31

"The Kitchen Sink"

by CAPT Two Wolves

Rats! The place is packed!" Janice muttered to herself, while Skonn kept a discrete eye on their shadows.

The Kitchen Sink had an outside porch in front of its two story ranch style building. Seated on long redwood picnic benches were a long line of people who didn't have reservations, and were waiting to be seated when tables became available.

"Wait here while I find Lisa," Janice whispered.

"I will do no such thing, Captain," Skonn whispered back. There was no way in the universe he was leaving her with two Klingons shadowing them.

"Is Echo secure?" Janice asked, changing the subject. She didn't have time to play coochie-coo with a stubborn Vulcan.

"She is in my pocket."

"Good. Come along then," Janice said. She stepped up to the maître d' and whispered something in Cantonese into the young Asian man's ear. He in turn muttered into a small comm device attached to his lapel. A minute later, Lisa Lee, part owner and manager of *The Kitchen Sink* appeared at his side.

"Rosario! Welcome back!" Lisa squealed in Cantonese as she hugged her friend. "Come inside; bring your boyfriend; we talk," she continued as she led them into the restaurant proper.

"He's not my boyfriend, Lisa. He's my Executive Officer," Janice replied.

"Oh, is that what Starfleet Captains call their boyfriends now? That's cute," Lisa rattled off in Cantonese as she stole a peek at the distracted Skonn. He wasn't really distracted. He was trying discreetly to keep an eye on their pursuers.

"Lisa Lee, this is Commandor Skonn of The U.S.S. *Necola Tesla*. Skonn, this is Lisa Lee, my good friend and part owner of *The Kitchen Sink*," Janice introduced.

"Hello, pleased to meet you. Welcome to my humble establishment." Lisa replied. Skonn responded with a Vulcan salute.

Janice smiled to herself. Lisa was born and raised in Manchester, England and thus possessed a Cockney accent. But when she spoke Chinese, she'd lapse back into a clipped Chinese accent.

"If you want a table the only ones available are in the animal companion area," Lisa said as she led

them through the main floor of the busy, crowded, noisy restaurant.

They went up one short flight of stairs to the sunny mezzanine level. "You know the house rules, in order to use this area you must have a..." was as far as Lisa got. Echo was perched in her usual place, on Skonn's shoulder peering down at her.

"Ay Yah! A dragon! A real dragon! Dragons very sacred to Chinese!" Lisa gushed, as she led them to a sunny window booth. "If you don't mind, I'd like to know more about your dragon, but first let me take your orders," Lisa offered. Her ever present tablet ready, she handed it to Janice.

"I would like meat loaf, mashed potatoes and green beans," Janice said from memory, and handed the tablet to Skonn.

"Ay Yah! She always order the same thing every time she comes. Never try anything new," Lisa kidded. "And you, Mr. Skonn?"

"I will have the cob salad and a small side order of potato skin fries," Skonn selected from Lisa's tablet.

"Nothing for dragon?" Lisa asked.

"The fries are for her, and a bowl of water. Thank you," Skonn replied. He didn't think *The Kitchen Sink* would have live crickets on hand to feed Echo.

"Your order will be ready in ten minutes," Lisa said. Then she hurried away as, practically on her heels, a waitress appeared with utensils to set the table, including a small bowl for Echo. Yet another waiter came with pitchers of hot and cold water, tea bags and instant coffee.

After they'd served themselves, Skonn took out his comtab and laid it on the table.

"Are you trying to give me heartburn before I eat?" Janice asked.

"No, Captain, I'm merely being cautious. I noticed this establishment has surveillance cameras. So, I can use my comtab to..." Skonn intoned while he fiddled with the devise. "Ah, yes..." he continued. He handed the comtab to Janice so she could see what he had done.

On the screen was a live stream video of the front of the restaurant. Their shadows were arguing with the maître d' and four other men who appeared to be bouncers. Their intent was to get in without waiting on the long line, by force if necessary. Seconds later a patrol car pulled up, and the local constable and his deputies had both despots cuffed, and hauled off to jail.

"Well, that takes care of them," Janice said as she handed the devise back to Skonn.

"For now," Skonn replied.

"Yeah, for now, is right. Let's eat, and get my speech written. We've got a memorial to attend," Janice stated. Despite her buoyancy, Skonn detected that she was deeply concerned...as was he.

Fiction

Fallen Angel - Part 27

by Capt Wynan

It had been two long weeks since Captain Moore and his crew had been rescued from the flood plains. The natives kept them in the compound where they had been waiting for Henderson to wake up for over a week. Ten days after falling on the floor, with Captain Moore sitting in a chair beside him, Henderson finally awoke. He looked around to see a room dimly lit by a candle on a table across the small room where he lay in a bed. A rumpled form sat in a chair beside his bed. Henderson rubbed his eyes to see better and blinked again as he recognized Captain Moore's face.

"I hope I look better than you do Captain, because right now I feel as weak as a day old Thorby," Henderson said with a scowl on his face.

Moore smiled as he looked down at his old friend. "It sure is good to hear you grumble again."

The vines that had covered him when Moore had first found him had reduced themselves as time had passed and Henderson had slowly healed. It had taken longer than Krol had said for Henderson to heal. They attributed it to his being an alien to this planet and the plant not knowing how to heal his kind.

"Why do I feel like I have been crawled all over by snails?" Henderson asked feeling his chest.

"Because that plant over there has been covering you and healing you at the same time. Don't even ask me to tell you what it did to you either. Let's just say it is an experience none of us will ever forget," Captain Moore said.

"Where are we and how did we get here?" Henderson asked. "Last thing I remember is the flood coming."

Moore filled him in on what had happened since his collapse.

"In the two weeks since we have been here, none of us has been able to wander around freely to get a feel for the compound or for our guests who have kept us here." Then, rubbing a hand across his face, Captain Moore said, "We are very happy they have helped you but fear we may not be free to leave when we choose to."

"But they had told you they were a peaceful race. They didn't even sound like they really wanted us here. Surely, they won't keep us here any longer than need be," Henderson said as he struggled to sit up.

The door opened and Krol and Boomer walked in with Angel.

"Henderson, you shouldn't be getting up yet," Boomer said hurrying over to his side and easing him back down on the bed. Henderson gave Boomer a sour look but said nothing.

Krol rumbled something to Angel,

"Krol says in a few days Henderson should be well enough to move from the infirmary to the room where we are all staying," Angel said.

"Thank you Krol for all your hospitality," Captain Moore said giving a slight bow to their host.

Krol nodded and stepped back out of the room, shutting the door behind him.

"O.k. everyone out, it's my turn for the shift and it looks like Henderson needs some rest," Boomer said as he started to shoo Angel and Captain Moore towards the door.

"Boomer, if I weren't so tired I'd argue with you. Remind me to reprimand you later," Henderson said as he closed his eyes once again.

Captain Moore and Angel stood outside the room looking around the chamber hall checking to see if there were any other host's in view. Seeing no one, Moore and Angel, walked towards their room they all shared at the end of the hall.

"I think it might be time for Lillian to explore her surroundings with you. Maybe you two can discover more about our hosts," Captain Moore said in a low tone.

"Yes, Sir," Angel said. "Tomorrow we shall go for a walk and explore."

"I just want to make sure we are safe here and that no harm comes to anyone from the crew."

"I understand, Sir, I care for everyone here as well, as I did even when I was still a part of the ship," Angel said as they reached their door. "We will be sure this place is safe for everyone. If not, we will leave," She said, without any doubt they would find a way to leave this place.

"I look forward to when we have a ship back under our feet and space all around us. This being grounded is not what I want long term," Moore said.

"Sir, we will find a way to get back out there where we belong," Angel said with a smile.

"You miss being out there too?" Moore asked, a bit surprised.

"Yes, I am anxious to see everything for the first time from this perspective. When I was a part of the ship things were different. Now, in this body, I want to explore it all again," She said, a smile spreading across her face.

They stepped through the doorway into their room where Professor Pearson met them.

"Is Lillian with you?" the professor asked worriedly.

"No, she was to stay with you while I went with Krol," Angel said, looking around for the little girl.

"I think she has missed Henderson something fierce and has gone to see him. She can be a bit stubborn at times, that one," Pearson said shaking his head.

Angel, Moore and the professor ran back across the hallway to Henderson's room to find her curled up on the bed with Henderson's protective arm around her.

"I don't think we are going to separate those two anytime soon," Captain Moore said as he and the other two backed out of the room. Boomer just sat there shaking his head.

New Talent Fiction

Bark: Origins of a Super Hero

by ENS Ashinaga

Chapter 2: Training Mission Incident

The L. A. X. terminal was as busy as ever. People ran to and fro heading for their flights and trying to make it through the many security check points. It was the middle of December and the flights were booked heavily. It did not help that Air Force One had landed here yesterday and was about to leave. This meant, of course, all flights had to wait while the military escorted the president's personal Jet into the sky.

Air Force One would not normally land here, but there was an emergency on board and they were forced down. Once it landed, no engine trouble could be found. The president informed the security he would disembark here yet again to make another speech. This worried the entire airport security and the president's bodyguards, but he wanted face time, it's always good for elections.

Three members of the ULH training teams were nearby when this happened and the General sent them in to see to the security of the situation.

The leader of the trio was the ULH instructor Bolt. As a superhero, Bolt was relatively well known by the population as he has saved the earth a few times. Tall, good looking, and always walking with a bit of a strut in his step, this superhero has the ability to harness electricity to give him super speed and even utilize the energy as a weapon when necessary.

Every super-powered person to arrive at the ULH was brought before a costume designing droid that established the most logical outfit to fit the person's powers. In the case of Bolt, it gave him a one piece skin tight super-suit that came with its own shoes attached. The suit was dark blue with a bright yellow lightning bolt around the neck of the suit on each side and met in the middle of his chest. Did the electric blonde superman complain about leaving little to the imagination? By the fawning looks of the more than interested girls, and the grin he could flash almost faster than he could run, it was apparent he didn't mind.

"Okay, we'll go and check in with the secret service. Once the president boards his plane, we can head home. I don't want to waste any time," Bolt commanded his two trainees.

Frost rolled her eyes, "Since when are we just hired security?"

Bark frowned. He held up a small cellphone sized device and typed on it. After completing his thought, he showed it to Frost.

She smiled at him, "Oh, there's nothing wrong with hired security, but we're highly trained superheroes charged with global security. This sort of stuff can be handled by the president's personal guards."

Bark typed something else and then showed it to her.

She laughed, "Sure, I guess you're right. Any training's good training."

Bolt, his eyes keenly scanning the crowds of pedestrians, nodded, "For once, I agree with the fur-ball."

Frost grinned sneakily; she reached over and scratched Bark behind the ear. Bark sort of leaned his head against her hand while he gave off a goofy smile. "Just because he's cuter than you doesn't mean you can call him names."

Bolt turned around with a huff. He was going to say that everyone knew there was no one cuter than him. But he was certainly not amused by the way she was scratching the dog behind the ear.

"Trainees, act professional!"

Frost took her hand off of Bark and sneered at Bolt. "Calm down. This is just busywork and you know it."

Now Bolt rolled his eyes. Bark was a little confused but followed Frost as she led the way. Bark didn't mind the occasional scratch behind the ear, not just because it made him feel good, any man enjoys the attention of pretty girls. Bark was aware, though, that Frost was just doing it to make Bolt jealous.

All the way through the airport Bark had a frown etched onto his face. Everyone knew Bolt; he was pretty famous as a superhero. Frost was unusual with her skin tight suit, but nothing most haven't seen now and then with all the superheroes around. But a dog man wasn't exactly common fare for most people. Some were frightened while others were amused. Of course it did not help that the costume robots choice of super-suit was nothing more than a pair of skimpy men's briefs. He didn't even wear shoes because his feet were so durable he didn't need them and they would more than likely get in the way. He did complain, however he was told that superhero costumes were designed for the sole purpose of saving lives and the world. They were designed to enhance powers and strength, keep the hero decent in public, and not get in the way. Anything else was unnecessary. The only thing the hero could do was customize the appearance. Bark didn't care and let the computer put the diamond pattern on it.

"Okay, here we are. There's the president's personal protection, and that must be the local sheriff. I wonder which one I need to speak with first." Bolt looked around at the very official looking men.

Frost looked through the crowds, getting a feel for who was here. There were a couple of suspicious looking characters, but they could just as easily be tired travelers. Many of the people were holding out cameras or had their young children on their shoulders. It was a treat to see the president in person and most would not turn down the opportunity to capture it for their scrapbooks. Unfortunately any one of the cameras could be a weapon in disguise. So, the superhero students would have to keep a close watch on everything.

"Hey, Bark, do you smell anything out of the ordinary?" Frost looked over to the shorter, stocky, muscular dog man.

Bark closed his eyes and sniffed the air. He sniffed and sniffed, then wrinkled his nose.

"What? Did you smell something wrong?" She was ready for trouble.

He shook his head and looked down. There was a little

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boy, probably around five or six, looking at the dog man with wide, intrigued eyes. In his hands was a chilly dog covered in onions, jalapenos, relish and mustard. A year ago that would look pretty good to Joshua Henderson, but with the nose of a dog, that smell was very, very strong. He typed furiously on his pad and showed it to her.

She laughed, "Oh, yeah, I guess that would stink if I had your nose."

"Hey mister! What're you?" The boy was not startled by the man, or the way he wrinkled his nose at him.

Bark leaned over and smiled. He typed on his pad and showed it to the boy.

The boy looked at it, mouthing the words as he read them. "Oh, you are a super person named Bark. Cool. Can I touch your fur?"

Bark was amused, though he was having a hard time with the smell of the boys lunch. He also was having a hard time considering why a parent would want to feed a child such a treat before getting on a plane. But, he obliged and held out his arm. The boy used his free hand to run his fingers up and down the gray fur. Up close, Barks fur had a silver sheen to it, and the shaggier fur on his shins and the tops of his feet was white, with bits of gray in it.

"Wow, it's just like my dog at home. Do you like doggy biscuits?"

Frost laughed, "No, he tried them, but didn't like them. He isn't a dog, really, just looks a lot like one."

"Jimmy, where did you. . . oh. . . OH My. . . what are you doing?" the mother of this kid finally found him.

Frost looked at the frazzled woman, "Hello, we're students of the ULH. Your child here was curious about our newest recruit."

"I see." She looked at Bark with wide eyes, "Oh Goodness. Why is he in his underwear?" The woman frowned at the attire of the man.

Bark let out a sigh and stood up. He started to type something, but Frost felt she knew the answer.

"Bark here has the body temperature of 101 degrees normally; he's also covered in fur, as you can see. So, a lot of clothing makes him uncomfortable. Be assured, he's wearing a suit, not just underwear."

Bark nodded and then showed her the pad.

The woman leaned over and read it. "Oh, I see, you're named Bar?"

Bark looked at the pad and then corrected his mistake, then turned it back to her.

"Oh, you're Bark. And you cannot speak. I see. Well, I'm sure it was nice to meet you, but we need to find the rest of the family for lunch."

The boy waved while his mother pushed him back through the crowd. In the month Bark had been working with the ULH he found that children were the most comfortable and interested, while the adults were the most scared, concerned, and rude. Not just about him, but about all the heroes he works with. More than once he has had the urge to say, or really write, that they should be thanking these people for risking their lives for them, instead of scrutinizing them. But, people will be people.

"Come on, the president wants us at the front." Bolt had just returned from meeting with the head of the president's personal security.

Frost and Bark left the gathered crowd and found their

way to the front of the area where the president was supposed to make a speech in just a moment.

Bark and Frost were introduced to five sleekly dressed secret service people.

"This is Mr. Jackson, he's the highest ranking member of this team. This is Mr. White, and Ms. Colson, his assistants. Those two are Mr. Sanders, and Mr. Crimson." Bolt walked them down the way.

After meeting and greeting, Bolt let Mr. Jackson speak, "Okay, the ULH will be the chief backup for us. I'm putting you above the local constabulary. You'll see to the crowds and make sure no one gets within this radius of the president." The tall African American man pointed to a rope they had set up to keep the people back. "Understood?"

Frost stood at attention, "Yes sir."

Bolt smiled, "We take orders well."

Bark just nodded.

Mr. Jackson walked up to Bark, "Do you not know how to address a superior officer yet, student?" Jeffrey Jackson, having been a boot camp trainer for ten years in his history, always treated the ULH students like military grunts.

Bark shook his head, then started to type.

Frost answered while she watched her friend nervously write as fast as he could. "Mr. Jackson, Bark's incapable of speaking. You'll have to be satisfied with a nod."

Mr. Jackson nodded to Bark, "My apologies, son, as you were." He walked on.

Bark erased his badly written response and then smiled at Frost.

Just then the area lit up and the security went on high alert. An airport security woman announced the president's arrival to Mr. Jackson. All the security people looked as upset as they could. It was unthinkable that the president would take this opportunity to make some sort of speech. They had no planning, and anything could go wrong.

A cheerful woman in charge of the public affairs of the president smiled to the crowd and gestured with her hands to the man walking up behind her. "Ladies and Gentlemen, the president of the United States of America!" The sound system of the airport began piping "Hail to the Chief" across the whole terminal.

With a wave and a smile, the president greeted the crowds. There was a lot of applause, a deluge of flashes, and many spontaneous questions yelled out.

Bark covered his ears and sneered. The sounds were overwhelming his heightened sense of hearing.

Just then he noticed something out of the ordinary. A smell got stronger the longer he stayed over here. It was definitely nothing that should be here right now. With a sharp turn and a swift punch, he hit Mr. Crimson right in the face. Then, a lady in the crowd screamed sud-

Three of the president's security jumped to cover the commander-in-chief, while the others went after Bark. Suddenly and pointed at Mr. Crimson's face, which now had a large tear across it revealing robotics under artificial skin. The crowds dispersed with screams and panic. Security quickly let go of Bark and backed up against the president.

This robot swung back and its arm was caught by

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Bark, but his other arm gut punched his furry abdomen. Bark snarled right through the pain and used his grip on the first arm to swing the robot over his head, slamming it onto the ground. With a swift kick he sent the robot rolling across the floor.

The robot jumped up with unnatural speed and accuracy. It looked as though it were going to attack the president now, but it turned to face Bark once more. If it were a living person, it would make sense, but it was a robot and it should just be following some pre-set programming. Why did it seem to want revenge?

"Frost, freeze him!" Bolt yelled out while standing between the president and this fake person.

Frost reached out and froze the things feet to the ground. The local and presidential security all shot at the robot, but it did not flinch. In fact, it took two steps and broke the ice from the floor.

Bark jumped at it and punched it so hard that his fist went right through the robots chest. He pulled his arm out and swiftly kicked it again, sending it sprawling across the floor. With a strange whirring sound, it slumped over and appeared to turn off.

"What the hell was that?" Mr. Jackson asked.

Bolt answered, "That was an assassination droid. I don't know who sent it, but it must've found a way to down the plane here so it could replace the real Mr. Crimson. "

"What about Jonathan?" Ms. Colson asked.

Frost shook her head, "These droids kill whoever they replace, he was probably vaporized. "

"Damn it, get off of me! I'm the president!" The president pushed his way through the guards and got a look at what was happening.

Mr. Jackson spoke up first. "Mr. President, I think we will have to postpone the speech."

The president was understandably not happy with this. "I want that thing investigated. I want to know who was trying to kill me."

Bolt replied, "It may not have been sent to just kill you, it might've been sent to gather intelligence first, and then kill you."

The president furrowed his brow at Bolt, "Good to know. Whatever the mission, I want our people to find out what it was doing here. "

"At once sir." Mr. Jackson nodded and then looked at two of his own. "Escort him back on the plane and make sure he is not alone."

"Wait!" Frost called out.

Everyone stopped and looked at her. She turned a new shade of red and smiled, "uh, it would be wise, Sir, to have Bark sniff everyone before you leave, sir."

"Bark? Sniff? What are you saying, young lady?" The president asked.

Bolt nodded, "Our newest recruit, Mr. President, has the ability to sniff out impostors. If they aren't made of flesh, he can tell by his nose. "

Bark smiled and tried not to shake all over, but he went around and sniffed all of the other staff of the president. No one was of interest, everyone checked out. Bark knew he had to check the last person, but his tail was practically between his legs when he did. Though, anyone would be this way if they were sniffing the president of the United States.

"Do I check out?" The president was not happy with

this, but he was patient.

Bark looked up and quickly nodded with a scared smile.

"Can't you speak?" The president asked.

Bark resisted the eye roll at the same question asked so often. But, before anyone could answer, his ears perked up and he turned around to see the hand of the droid lifting with a hole opening in it. With a mighty leap he jumped in front of Frost, who happened to be where the hand was pointing. It shot out a bullet from its wrist and hit Bark right in the shoulder.

Bolt shot off at top speed and ran around the droid, he grabbed the uplifted arm and he spun it around like a shot-put and then let it go, flinging it through a window of the LAX terminal. The assassin went clear through and landed out by a luggage train. The driver with his ipod blasting away into his earbuds nearly wet himself at the sudden sight of the thing landing right near him. The droid smashed into a million pieces upon impact.

The president was taken away quickly and the terminal shut down for investigation. Bark, the Hero of the day, was taken by his friends back to ULH headquarters.

The Axanar Situation: My Opinion

by Mr. Dennis Howard

I have watched a lot of Star Trek fan films. I have enjoyed many of them. Others have made me shake my head a little and feel embarrassed for the performers. But I have always felt kind of protective about them too, even the weakest ones. These are fans, our people, doing something out of love for Star Trek and sharing their production with the rest of us. They are part of our fan community.

Clearly, Star Trek fan films have always been on shaky ground because they are based on intellectual property owned by CBS/Paramount. But CBS/Paramount has generally turned a blind eye to technical violations of copyright, as long as nobody crossed one clear line in the sand: you can't profit from your film.

In my opinion, Alec Peters and Axanar have crossed that line. They raised \$1.3 million dollars from their crowd-funding campaigns plus an undisclosed amount from sales on their website. That amount absolutely dwarfs the budget for any previous fan film. The fans who contributed to *Star Trek: Axanar* thought that they were supporting an exciting new fan film.

But the bulk of Axanar's money was spent developing Ares Studios, a permanent facility which could be used, after Axanar is produced, to make for-profit films. Another portion of the money was used to pay salaries to the Axanar staff. Alec Peters paid himself \$40,000 in salary. By contrast, other fan productions with only a fraction of Axanar's budget actually, you know, made a film!

Alec Peters intentionally took advantage of our good will toward fan films. He misled us. To make money. That's a rip-off. That's quite possibly fraud. That's why CBS/Paramount is suing.

I just hope that CBS/Paramount can see that this is specifically an Axanar problem, not a fan film problem. There is a real possibility that Alec Peters' actions could endanger all genuine Star Trek fan films. That would be a tragedy. I hope that I'll still be able to watch new fan productions in the future, even the ones that will make me feel embarrassed for the actors!

Brain Benders

ACROSS

1. *Assigned as chief medical officer in 2021
6. Young newt
9. *Sensor Chief
14. Former Portuguese colony
15. Overly
16. Supersized
17. Small intestine section
18. Ashes holder
19. Indian vegetable dishes
20. Romanian currency
21. *Rescued a marine mammal from a fisherman's net and befriended it
24. Bunk
25. Clairvoyance, e.g.
26. Fleur de ____
27. Cowpoke competitions
29. Close (in)
30. Fluid-filled sac
32. Language of Lahore
35. Tall tale
37. Slip-up
41. Smooth, in a way
42. Figured out
43. Had on
44. Accumulate
46. Bouquet
48. Bumped off
49. Science suffix
51. Barley bristle
53. Brain cases
56. Hit the slopes
57. Slangy sleuth
60. Son of Noah

61. *Chief of Security
64. "____ say!"
65. Pong maker
67. ____ of hope
68. Dodge
70. Give a hint
71. PC program
72. Harder to find
73. *Painted the homecoming mule pink while at the naval academy
74. Stan who created Spider-Man
75. *Captain who went rogue

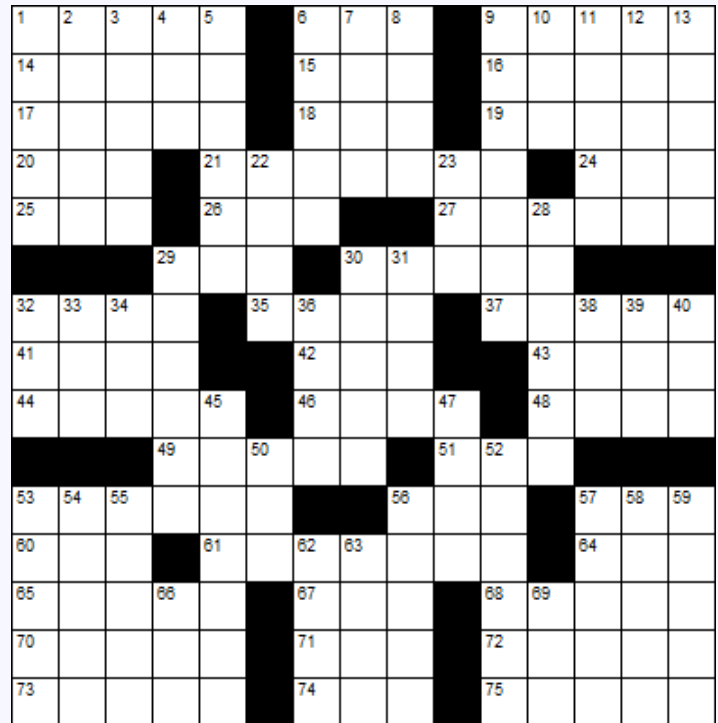


DOWN

1. Photog's request
2. Bucks and rams
3. Freeze
4. Sigma's follower
5. Unpretentious
6. Small ornamental cases
7. *Oversaw 13 month refit of seaQuest
8. Chinese dynasty
9. Antique grayish-pink shade
10. The old college cheer
11. Tiny amount
12. Ice house
13. Lemon peels
22. Frost-covered
23. Slip up
28. *Tagged a Delta 4 pirate sub with a homing beacon
29. *Launched a ten-year search for the missing seaQuest
30. *Chief of Security
31. "Do ____ others..."
32. ____ Today
33. Battering device
34. ____ lab
36. All excited
38. Bird of myth
39. Bauxite, e.g.
40. Flushed
45. Preparing, as cold cuts
47. Gather leaves
50. Dinghy propeller
52. Linemen
53. Soft limestone
54. Critic, at times
55. Stradivarius's teacher
56. Video calling option
57. Beauty pageant wear
58. One sought for advice
59. Court employee
62. Face-to-face exam
63. *New ____ Quest
66. Beluga yield
69. Big wine holder

ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

*seaQuest - by Brig. Gen. Tensa - April 2016



Answers to Previous Puzzle



More Brain Benders

SUDOKU PUZZLE

April 2016

Hard Symmetrical

by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to March's Sudoku Puzzle
Medium Symmetrical

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

WORD SEARCH

April's Topic: Kate Mulgrew Roles

Look for 24 character names

by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to March's Word Search:
John Colicos Roles

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

Brain Benders

Word Search

April's Word List:

Carly Mills	Kathryn Janeway
Cressa	Kendall Murphy
Diana	Kove
Dr. Mek	Lady Kreya
Flemeth	Laura Adams
Galina Reznikov	Leslie Chase
General Zera	Margaret
Hillary	Mary Ryan
Isis	Maureen
Isolt	Mrs. Columbo
Judith	Susan
Kate Callahan	Titania



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