



Crockett's Spirit

Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth



Volume 4 Issue 5

May 2016

ESB News and Happenings

by Brig. Gen. Drego Tensa

Promotions:

<u>Officer</u>	<u>Rank Earned</u>	<u>Effective Stardate</u>
ENS Ashinaga	 LTJG	2016.04.29

Time in Service Awards:



Two Year Award

<u>Officer</u>	<u>Effective Stardate</u>
Capt Wynan	2016.02.02
ENS Kraga	2016.03.25



One Year Award

<u>Officer</u>	<u>Stardate</u>
Capt Scotty D. Wilson	2016.01.31

Recent Arrivals:

<u>ENS Ashinaga</u>	<u>Arrived Stardate</u>
ENS Ashinaga	2016.01.26
CDR Unara Ivos	2016.04.18

Ensign Ashinaga joined ESB thanks to an invitation by Captain Wynan. An excellent science fiction and fantasy writer, he has published four novels via Amazon.com as Daniel Peyton. One of his earlier, unpublished stories is currently running in Crockett's Spirit. It's excellent! This ensign is an asset to ESB.

Commander Unara Ivos is a character portrayed by Nicole Chauvet in the superlative web-based sci-fi series, "Star Trek Secret Voyage." A busy actress, writer and entrepreneur, she surprised me when she accepted my invitation to join ESB. She possesses superb marketing skills that are sure to benefit ESB.

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- 1 News & Happenings | Fic. by CAPT Two Wolves
- 2 Fiction (cont'd)
- 3 Encore Fiction
- 4, 5 Encounter at Trek Point | / CDRE Kale's Nugget
- 6 Fiction by Capt Wynan
- 7 - 9 New Talent Fiction
- 10, 11 Crossword, Sudoku & Word Search Puzzles
- 12 Word Search Word List / Humor | ESB & CS Staff

Fiction

The Alfore Encounter - 32

"Food for Thought"

by CAPT Two Wolves

Meals finished, Lisa returned with the dessert menu. Echo had finished her fries, closed her eyes, stretched out on the wide window ledge (which was purposely built for cats) and was basking in the bright afternoon sunlight.

Janice immediately handed the tablet over to Skonn, who selected trimisu.

"Nothing for you?" Lisa asked in her broken Chinese accent.

"I'm watching my figure," Janice replied.

Skonn did a double take as Lisa twittered behind her hand. "As long as your boy... ehem... Commander approves, what do you care?" She whispered in Cantonese, before she sailed away.

Janice refrained from doing a double face palm and merely frowned. Tall and rawboned like her father and brothers, she was proud of the fact she'd maintained her academy weight and fitness even after fifteen years. Lisa's jabs were starting to give her a headache.

"Captain, are you unwell?" Skonn asked. He didn't understand the language the two ladies spoke, but was quite sure that he was the subject of their conversation.

Meanwhile, his dessert had arrived, and Janice watched as he lifted a forkful to his mouth. She could swear he smiled upon tasting the confection.

Perhaps it's just my eyes, she thought.

"Let's hear your ideas for my speech." She said, as she pulled out her comtab, set it on the table before her, and activated it.

"I suggest you start with a brief history of how Brigadier General Darden and Commodore LodeBear first met and how their friendship affected and intertwined your families," Skonn offered.

(Continued on Page 2)

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"Skonn, that would take all night. My speech must be short. I'll have only five minutes on the podium," Janice replied. In her personal opinion, that was five minutes too long.

"Captain..." Skonn began.

"Janice... and I said short," She interrupted.

"Indeed you did... Janice," Skonn replied, setting aside his empty plate. Echo nosed over the plate with her snout as her forked tongue hunted for and scooped up the crumbs. Skonn tapped her snout with his finger and she drew back, giving him her most innocent dragon stare.

"Naughty dragon. That is very impolite," Skonn gently scolded. "If you wanted some, you should have asked."

Echo made a tiny disappointed noise and went back her basking.

With Skonn's gaze firmly fixed upon her once again, Janice sighed, called up the note application on her comtab and began to swipe in some words. She could've dictated the words, but she didn't want Skonn to know what she was writing just yet.

As she wrote, Lisa had returned as promised to talk to Skonn about Echo. Janice couldn't help but listen in to part of their conversation.

"I've heard that there are professional Fyrin Dragon racers." Lisa said, in her Manchester accent. Skonn did a mere eyebrow raise at the drastic change in accent and replied.

"Yes, they do. I've taken part in several dragon races on the Fyrin home world. However, during her final race, I nearly lost Echo, so I've officially retired her." Skonn told her.

"What do you mean you nearly lost her?" Lisa asked.

"During this particular race a nasty storm blew in. Fryin Dragons instinctively know to take to the mountains and take shelter in the crags and caves until the storm blows over. Echo led the fifty participants to a cave where they safely hid until the storm abated. The problem was retrieval. A team of experienced climbers and I ascended a mountain half the height of Earth's Mount Everest to rescue the frightened creatures and return them to their owners," Skonn explained.

"My, that must have been some adventure," Lisa said.

"Indeed it was. One I would rather not repeat, though, unless there is some sort of extreme emergency which requires mountain climbing skills," Skonn replied.

"Wow!" Thank you Commander Skonn. But I've gotta run now," Lisa said, as she gave the napping dragon an affectionate pat and left. Hungry people abounded, and we're the back bone of her business.

Janice handed her comtab to Skonn. He gazed

at what she had written, then frowned at her.

"They fought about each other's hair?" He asked.

"Raj was a Sikh, and had hair down to the small of his back which he kept tied up in a top knot. My father was a natural blonde, though he is black. You wouldn't believe how many people ask me what color blonde do I use to dye my hair, Skonn."

"You are a Melanesian blonde, correct?" Skonn queried.

"Absolutely," Janice replied smiling. Unfortunately, not everyone is familiar with that term, or know we exist. Thus, the great dust up between my father and Raj which cemented a permanent friendship between them and our families," Janice replied with a bittersweet smile.

"Excellent. These words will truly honor both Commodore LodeBear's and Brigadier General Darden's memories," Skonn said. "We have one hour and thirty minutes to return and prepare for the ceremony, Captain," he added.

"Janice," she reminded.

"Yes. Janice."

"We'd better mount up, and head back," the captain said as she used her comtab to program payment and a generous tip to the restaurant.

"Agreed. However, let me check the exit again." Skonn said, as he adjusted his comtab. His expression darkened considerably at what he saw.

"What is it Skonn?" she asked.

"Our shadows have returned and are inside the restaurant." Skonn replied, and showed her.

"I thought the wheels of justice would've ground more slowly for those two," Janice groused.

"The problem is, these are not the same two people who were arrested," Skonn told her. "Obviously, someone dispatched a new team to take over."

"Where the other two left off. Someone is extremely determined," Janice pressed the call signal. Seconds later, Lisa returned.

"I've got a favor to ask. Do you have a back exit we can use?" Janice asked.

"The loading dock we use for deliveries. I will take you," Lisa replied.

Skonn gathered up Echo, stuffed her into his pocket and fell in behind his Captain.

Lisa led them through The Kitchen Sink's huge kitchen. Seventy five cooks looked up from their preparation tables and stoves as the strangers passed through. "Back to work! Nothing to see here!" Lisa shouted in Chinese and everyone complied. She led the two of them to the back door and instructed them. "Academy, that way, four blocks. Lisa and Janice hugged. "Stay in touch, and come back soon. And make sure to bring your handsome boyfriend and dragon," was Lisa's parting statement, as both Starfleet officers slipped undetected into the night.

Encore Fiction

Origins

by Maj. Gen. J. Tanner

The Captain sat in his ready room, staring at a delicately wrapped package on his lap. It was his birthday and he reflected on his life; a life that began as a 17 year-old enlistee and progressed to the captaincy. He remembered that first assignment aboard the USS Eclipse. He delicately fingered the green ribbon on the present and knew at one time he had been much greener, but not of the sickly kind.

He was walking through the doors that lead into Sickbay and was shocked to see no one else around.

"Hello," he called out.

The only sounds that bid him welcome was some strange squeaks. He looked toward the location of the sound and saw an oversized fur ball sitting on a console. Some sort of stuffed animal or pet?

"Anyone in here?" he called louder.

The squeaks became louder and more insistent. He walked over to the strange life form and picked it up. Its squeaks went to an ear piercing tone as it practically jumped out of his hand back onto the console. Maybe I shouldn't touch it.

"Okay, okay, don't split a hair; you have enough split ends as is. What bozo you talking about?" A feminine voice called out. A woman in a medical blue uniform entered from a conjoining room. She looked directly at him. "Who are you?" she asked rather gruffly.

"Petty Officer Deklyn Fox, ma'am. I was told to report to the Chief Medical Officer for a physical."

"Then why you looking at me? He's the one yelling at you."

Fox looked over at the thing on the console. Its continuing squeaks didn't sound too friendly.

"That's the Chief Medical Officer?"

"No, that's Dr. Kenny to you!" the woman stated in a brusque manner.

"Wha...? I don't..." he gently ushered the Lieutenant out of what he hoped was the hearing range of the small furry doctor. "I don't understand, Miss..."

"Lieutenant Alvarez to you."

"Lieutenant, how can he be a doctor? I don't even know what species he is."

"Oh well, Mister Encyclopedia, you know every species in this galaxy?"

Fox wasn't sure if Alvarez was just in a bad mood or if the attitude came naturally for her. "No ma'am," he answered sincerely trying to stay on her good side despite the situation.

"He's a Tribble if you must know and a fine doctor. As long as you don't get on his bad side," she explained as more high toned squeals came from the other side of the room. "Unfortunate for you... it's too late to get on his good side."

He had never heard of Tribbles before, and he couldn't even begin to understand how the little hill of hair could perform his duties.

"Well how was I supposed to know... he's not even wearing any... uniform...and I can't understand a word he's saying."

"His translator is always breaking." She crossed her arms over her chest. "You'll learn his language or regret ever coming aboard this ship. Get sick much?"

"I am so dead..." Fox pinched the bridge of his nose. Finally he looked up into Alvarez's eyes and pleaded, "How do I apologize to him?"

Alvarez sighed and her facial expression seemed to soften. "Tell you what Fox, you seem like a nice guy. How about you go back to your quarters do some research on Tribbles and find a way to make nice with the guy. I'll tell him you had some other pressing assignment, but you'll be back latter. I'll do a little chit-chat maybe soften him up for you. Something tells me it'll all work out in the end eh?"

"Thank you Lieutenant. I'll owe you one."

The feel of the velvet ribbon lured his thoughts back to the present in his lap. He remembered his research into Tribbles had turned up that he was a victim of a practical joke. Dr. Kenny had turned out to be a sophisticated remote controlled toy that the crew used to 'initiate' new recruits.

Fox smiled at the memories as he opened up the gift. His heart suddenly decided to sprint a mile as a ball of fur suddenly leaped out and attacked him. He caught his breath and laughed as he realized it was the same toy from all those years ago. A small note accompanied it.

It read: "Dr. Kenny's revenge has been long overdue. Happy Birthday!" Admiral Alvarez.

Fox smiled and began to laugh as a thought occurred to him. He laid the Tribble on the chair across his desk and hit his communicator.

"Ensign Michaels, report to my ready room."

Dr. Kenny was about to strike again.

Encounter at Trek Point

by Brig. Gen. Drego Tensa

The Las Vegas Star Trek convention of 2012 was different from the previous two I had attended. First, I had decided to spend the entire four days there rather than just one. Second, I had made arrangements to meet a few friends I knew from the sci-fi web site, "FanCentral.us," namely Kim Lockman, my artist friend whom I had never met; Katharyn King, a friend of Kim's and former member of Online Starbase, also whom I had never met; and Bill Blair, an actor I had met some years earlier at a Babylon 5 convention (he holds a most unusual distinction). I was eager to meet them. Also, I wanted to give a copy of a poem I wrote about Gene Roddenberry to his son, Rod, in person.

My favorite thing to do at conventions is to wander through the vendor's room, check out the various souvenirs and collectibles, see what's new in art, look for unusual or interesting displays, and chat with the actors and actresses who starred in movies, TV series, or who guest starred in one or more of the various Star Trek episodes, along with getting the occasional autographed picture of course.

Thursday, August 9th; the convention opened. Kim and I met that morning at a Starbuck's inside the hotel where we sipped gourmet coffee and shared first time hellos. From there, we went to the vendors' area where scads of Star Trek and other sci-fi items far too numerous to name were arrayed on tables and in booths throughout the cavernous room, and where tabled booths here and there were reserved for actors and other celebrities. Kim wanted to see the art displays, so we looked at a few of those first. The art was impressive. Then we just wandered around, looking. I checked Rod Roddenberry's venue and learned that he would not be in until the next day, so the poem would have to wait. At some point, a bubbly Katharyn King happened along. She and I were very happy to meet each other. We all chatted a bit, and then Katharyn drifted off in another direction. By early evening, Kim needed a rest break. I capped the evening at an event featuring Nichelle Nichols where she told about having met Dr. Martin Luther King and how he convinced her to change her mind about leaving Star Trek.

Friday morning, August 10th; I went straight to the vendor's room so I could be there when Rod Roddenberry arrived and give him the poem. His venue had some pretty impressive merchandise, including model phasers, tricorders, starships, T-

shirts, and more. The item I coveted the most was a replica of the flute from the TNG episode "The Inner Light." Alas, it was beyond my budget. To kill time, I wandered about looking at myriad other displays, in the vendors' room, went back, wandered some more, and I waited. The morning dragged on. I went out, stood in line at Starbuck's, got a triple espresso, then came back. At last! Rod Roddenberry had arrived. He was being interviewed, so I waited some more. I told someone that I was waiting to speak with him.

He finally became free and walked over to me. He apologized for my having to wait. I told him it was no problem. Then, I told him why I was there and gave him a piece of parchment type paper with the poem printed on it. After he read it, I asked him how he liked it. He said that it was beautiful (to my great delight) and he asked me for permission to post it on line. I told him it was his, *carte blanche*. I ended up buying his "Trek Nation" DVD. His in-person event at 4:30 was on my itinerary. I went back to wandering.

I was somewhere mid-floor. Her blonde hair, dark eyebrows, and hazel eyes caught my attention. Her black T-shirt with the large white logo and light blue writing piqued my curiosity. I walked up to her. "Excuse me, what is 'Star Trek Secret Voyage?'" I asked.

"It's a fan based Star Trek series that takes place between the time frame of "Star Trek: The Original Series" and "Star Trek: The Motion Picture." We've just completed shooting our first *webisode*. You can watch it on YouTube. Have you seen our booth?"

"No, I haven't." I looked around. "Where is it? Can you take me there?"

"Sure. I'd be happy to."

"I'm Ken Wigal," I said.

"Hi! I'm Nicole Chauvet," she effused. "I play Commander Unara Ivos, Andorian First Officer of the Starship Enterprise in the series."

"Cool! I'm definitely gonna check it out," I told her. "If it's Star Trek, it's gotta be good!"

A couple of people wearing Starfleet uniforms were manning the booth when Nicole and I arrived. A large poster at the rear of the booth proclaiming "Star Trek Secret Voyage" depicted six characters armed with various types of phaser weapons standing in front of Galileo II, the Enterprise's signature shuttle. A video setup was playing a scene from the *webisode*. The special effects were pretty good. Photos of varying sizes were arrayed on a long table at the front. There were photos of the poster in both 5" by 7" size

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and wallet size. A bowl on the table was filled with photo buttons; small, circular lapel pins sporting pictures of the poster. Half a dozen 7" by 10" photos of individual *Secret Voyage* stars, including Nicole, were on display as well. The whole thing was amazing. I was captivated.

I put a few of the lapel pins in my pocket, and then I pored over all the photographs. They were great action stills. I asked Nicole if she would autograph hers. She obliged willingly, signing without hesitation. We chatted for a while, mostly about *Secret Voyage*. She was remarkably open and friendly. No spoilers though, but the more she told me the more interested I became. Then I noticed the time.

"Nicole, will you do me a huge favor? I know it's a lot to ask, but I have an event I really don't want to miss and I need your help. Will you please see if you can get all the pictures of your fellow actors autographed for me?"

"Of course. I'll see what I can do," she said.

"Is it okay if I leave your picture here with you for safe keeping until I get back?"

"Sure. No problem."

"I can't tell you how much I appreciate what you're doing for me!" I beamed. "Thank you!"

"You're welcome," she said. "I'm glad I can help."

"I'll see you in about an hour," I told her.

"See ya," she said, smiling.

I turned and headed for the auditorium where the event was being held. On the way I thought, *I'd love to get all the pictures autographed but I'm not that lucky.* I continued on in, took my seat, and watched Rod Roddenberry talk about Trek nation. I won't go into detail, but suffice it to say that the event was well worth attending.

Event finished, I went straight back to the booth. Nicole saw me coming. Handing me a small stack of photos, she said, "Here, Ken."

"Thank you," I said quietly. I focused on the photographs. There were five plus hers, six in all, the complete complement, all signed. I couldn't believe it! I was astonished! "Wow!" I blurted. Then I looked straight into her eyes. "Nicole, this is incredible! I absolutely could not have gotten all of these without your efforts. I hardly know what to say! Thank you ever so much!" I gushed.

"Think nothing of it," she said smiling, her eyes alight. "It was *my* pleasure."

Saturday, August 11th, noonish; Bill Blair arrived and strode into Starbucks. We reminisced a little over coffee, then we headed out and met up

with Kim. We passed the time strolling here and there. Bill was curious about Kim's Art; Kim and I were curious about Bill's career. We asked him about the various roles he's played, a good many of which were of sci-fi characters, when he told us that he is the Guinness World record holder in the category "most special effect make-up characters portrayed in a career." The new record number set May 6, 2011 is 202. Kim and I embraced that news whole heartedly, congratulating him. When it came time to part company for the evening, Bill autographed a couple of pictures from his portfolio of extra-terrestrials, one for Kim and one for me. I can tell you, when he's in character, he is one awesome Klingon!

Sunday, August 12th; I browsed the Vendor's room one last time. It was time to leave. I made the return trip to Los Angeles.

The Las Vegas Star Trek convention of 2012 was, without a doubt, the best science fiction convention I've ever been to. I was so happy and grateful to have met Kim Lockman and Katharyn King, and to have seen Bill Blair once again. I couldn't have asked for more. But there was more: an unexpected encounter. I met Nicole Chauvet, a beautiful, talented, burgeoning actress with eyes on Hollywood. She introduced me to "Star Trek Secret Voyage" in which she is one of the stars. When I asked her for her autograph and to get me the autographs of all her costars, she did so. I know it wasn't easy. For Nicole, time is a rare and precious commodity, yet she went well out of her way for me. This seemingly insignificant act was not insignificant at all. It had a profound effect on me. Her selfless act showed me that Nicole Chauvet is a woman of the finest character with the utmost integrity. We have since become close friends. She has a friend in me for life.

A Nugget by CDRE Logan Kale

Did you know that.. The service ribbons that the Air Force characters in Stargate SG-1 and Stargate Atlantis wear on their uniforms were carefully chosen to correctly reflect the characters' biographies. For example, General Hammond wears the ribbon for the Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Cross with bronze palm because he was awarded with it after experiencing combat in Vietnam.

Source: Classified

Fiction

Fallen Angel - Part 28

by Capt Wynan

The sky was bright. The warm sun shone down on Henderson and Boomer as they sat outside in chairs by the building. Their heads were together as they talked in low tones discussing whether or not a mechanical hydrator replicator should be replaced or if it could be yet salvaged.

"It just needs a new power source is all," Henderson said.

"I don't think it's just the power source. All the circuits in it are fried," Boomer said shaking his head.

"Bah, nonsense, we just need to grease up the ports here, run some new wiring and with a new power source we can get it up and running again good as new," Henderson said pointing at the circuitry.

"Just where do you propose to get a new power source? I don't see a power supply store around here. As a matter of fact, there isn't much of anything here. I don't even see a forge," Boomer said rather disgustedly.

Krol and Angel walked up to them just then. With a smile Angel said, "What are you two arguing about?"

Henderson showed her the replicator and why he thought it could be salvaged.

Krol peered at the object in their hands. He made a guttural remark,

Angel replied to him in his language.

"What is he saying? Henderson asked.

"He is interested in the fact that you two are mechanics. He seems to think you could help them with something they have been working on for some time.

Henderson looked over at Boomer with a knowing look and smiled. "We would love to help you out. We are getting rather bored here just sitting around all day."

Krol motioned for them to follow.

They walked through the village, past some low buildings to the far side of the encampment where they were surprised to see a door leading into the side of a hill. A guard stood on either side of the doorway. They stepped aside as Krol approached. When he opened the door Henderson was surprised to see stairs winding down away from them. A torch sat in a stanchion just inside the doorway. With a flick of his fingers a spark flew from Krol's fingers igniting the pitch on the torch. The stairway wound down into the ground several flights before stopping at another set of doors where there were two more guards. The guard on the left stepped forward, barring the passageway. Krol motioned for the other to step aside as

he spoke to the first one. A heated exchange passed between the two before the guard finally stepped back, allowing access to the door. The thunderous look on his face showed his displeasure even if he didn't speak.

Krol stepped through the doorway with Henderson, Angel and Boomer in tow. They entered a large chamber where others were working on a large object in the middle of the room. It took Henderson a moment to figure out what it was.

"It's a bloody ship!" Henderson gasped.

Angel leaned in close to Henderson and said,

"Yes, it is a ship, Krol and the guard had a heated discussion about whether or not to allow us in here. Krol thinks you can help though and is senior to the guard."

Boomer looked around the cavernous room. There was a forge with a man stripped to the waist hammering on a large sheet of metal. Others were working near the ship where they were fitting pieces together and covering the outer shell with a coating of some sort.

A native came over to Krol shaking his fist at him and at the humans. Again a heated exchange was said between Krol and this new native. This time Krol seemed to back down a bit. Angel stepped forward and spoke to them. Finally, the large native glowered at Henderson and Boomer before a quick nod was given.

Angel came back over and said, "They are not happy we are here but are desperate to get the ship working and are having trouble finding a fuel source that will be enough to lift the ship and its cargo away from the planet's gravitational pull. They are not as advanced as we are in ship building and would like our help," Angel said.

"We would be honored to help out," Henderson said bowing to Krol and to the one glowering at them who seemed to be in charge.

Late that night, Henderson, Boomer and Angel finally walked back into the building Captain Moore and the crew had been staying in since leaving the infirmary. They were dirty and exhausted from the day's events.

"Where have you three been? I have been searching everywhere for you!" Moore said.

"Captain, I will explain everything in due time. Right now we need to get cleaned up and would like some food right now," Angel said looking at the other two men.

Captain Moore sat impatiently as they washed their faces and hands before returning to the table to eat the food placed on the plates placed in front of them. Finally, when the last of the water was drunk and the last crumb of bread eaten, Henderson finally looked around at those sitting with him and with a large grin on his face said, "Captain, I think we have found a way to leave this planet and get back out among the stars where we belong."

New Talent Fiction

Bark: Origins of a Super Hero

by ENS Ashinaga

Chapter 3: Seeking Answers

"People, I want answers. An assassination droid doesn't simply join the Presidents staff." The General was outraged with the news brought to him by his team. He pounded a fist on a table in the main meeting room and looked around at the chiefs of his staff. "There's no reason on Earth that should've happened."

Frost, who would not normally be in such meetings, answered, "All we could determine was that it replaced a man once the plane came down. Other than that, we'll have to wait for the CIA to get back to us."

The General rubbed his temples. He always hated dealing with the CIA when it came to investigative matters, they never did anything on his schedule. "Okay, what did you find out so far?"

Bolt answered, "Well, sir, I spoke with the pilots and two of the LAX engineers. They know the plane was showing a damaged engine before it was forced down. In fact, the pilot swore he saw smoke coming from the engine. But, once they landed, there was nothing to indicate damage."

"Where was the plane before it landed at LAX?" The General looked over to Solstice.

She checked the panels on the table before her and looked up the information they had gathered from the CIA. "Air Force One was in Tokyo as a last stop of a tour of Asia. They landed in four major cities in the past two weeks."

Bastion spoke up, "That thing could've been put on board at any of those locations. We cannot be certain that it was LAX. The whole situation with the plane going down could've had nothing to do with this. That Mr. Crimson could've been replaced anywhere, it just happened that it was Bark who found him there."

Bolt added his thoughts, "What if it replaced that Mr. Crimson a longtime ago. We should speak with his wife and see if she noticed anything different?"

Solstice nodded, "That sounds logical, but if she did we'll have to trace all of the real Mr. Crimson's movements over the past few months to locate its point of origin."

Frost frowned, "Wait, those droids aren't usually placed for that long of time. Why would this one be placed like that?"

"Because, it was placed near the President of the United States," Bolt answered. "It probably needed time to gather data and learn all it could about some secret operation."

Bastions eyes widened, "You don't suppose it was looking into the..."

The General stopped this exchange with wave of his

hand. "Alright people. We have too much speculation and not enough solid information. I'm going to send teams to each of the landing points of Air Force One and see what they can find. When I get more information, we can formulate a plan of dealing with which ever government felt the need to use an assassin droid. Bastion, take a team of two students to Tokyo. Solstice, you head to Korea with three students, make sure you bring a telepath with you. William, take a team of three to Hong Kong, make sure you also have a telepath with you. Bastion, after Tokyo, make a stop in Manila and check things out there." The General stood up, "You have your orders; dismissed."

The room followed suit and stood up to leave. Most of the teachers and leaders left quietly while considering their orders and what they would be doing in two hours. Frost got up to leave when she noticed that Bolt remained behind in the meeting room. She decided to stay as well, just in case they would need anything else from one of the field agents at the scene of this incident.

"General?"

"What is it, Bolt?"

Bolt tried to say this without sounding like a first year student. "Uh, why didn't you send me to any of the locations?"

The General gathered up some papers he had been reading from the different intelligence reports. "One of your students is injured and I don't think you need to be gallivanting around the planet while he might need the guidance of his instructor."

Bolt rolled his eyes. "The mutt? That boy's fine. Give him five minutes with Tobias and he'll be good as new. Besides..."

The General shot Bolt a severe gaze. "I know you and this Bark haven't seen eye to eye, but you're going to have to act the professional here. Mr. Joshua Henderson is still recovering from massive memory loss, running for his life for weeks in the desert, and the fact he's still incapable of speaking. The bullet is only the most recent of his issues. You'll guide him and help him in any way a teacher can."

Bolt let out an annoyed sigh, but did not argue. "Fine! But, that doesn't mean I have to like him."

The General had gathered up his folders and was turning off the lights. "Bolt, as a teacher, you don't have the luxury of being jealous. I don't care if every girl on this space station is interested in that man, you cannot find fault with him because of it. Act like a teacher, or you will be bumped down to a field grunt for a semester, is that understood?"

Bolt whined, "Not every girl is interested in him. He just needs to wear more clothes, and...."

The General had heard enough, "UNDERSTOOD?!"

Bolt controlled the urge to sneer and nodded. "Understood." This word came out like a pubescent boy, not a world class superhero.

The General raised both eyebrows, "Is that all?"

"Yes, sir." Bolt saluted and then walked out. Right after the door closed, anyone with ears could hear him grumble, "I'm not jealous."

Frost, who had been standing there the whole time, snickered at the sound of that lie Bolt had just uttered.

The general looked up at the smiling girl. "Did you

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need something, student?"

She grinned, "Uh, No. I was just waiting for my teacher to leave."

"Dismissed then." The General walked out another door that led directly to his private office while Frost left.

Frost walked out, heading toward the infirmary where Bark was currently being treated. She was amused at Bolt. Bark was cute, but not as much like a cute man, but like that puppy you found on your way home from school. Since Bark had been here, he had been a little afraid and always quiet for obvious reasons, this had made him a shy person. This was offset by his great physical condition and the fact that he was practically naked. Some, not all, of the girls have shown an interest in him. The cute girls seemed attracted to his puppy like qualities. And the more brash girls are taken by his shy attitude. This, in turn, has made some of the more flirty men jealous. And few on the ULH space station are as flirty a male as Bolt. Of course this had made Bolt instantly not like Bark. Frost, a girl who had been hit on by plenty of men in her day, especially Bolt, found this most amusing.

Bark had sort of attached himself to Frost. She saved him and brought him here, this created a friendship between the two. There is not a romance at this time, but that doesn't mean that she won't use their friendship to drive Bolt crazy. In a way it was sort of flattering to have a man stew with jealousy around her.

Frost was more famous than just about every other hero on this station. Her fame, though, did not come from her superhero exploits, but from her previous life. Before she came into her powers she was a well-known model and dancer. She even acted in a few television shows and movies. More than once the General had capitalized on this and sent her to discuss a situation with the media. Her eloquence in front of the camera and her beauty both gave the ULH a softer voice when having to talk about a recent situation.

While she was on the stage as a performer in a traveling Broadway production of Lilies of Egypt, one of the stage hands would not leave her alone. He was infatuated with her. One day he got drunk and began to take liberties with her in her dressing room and that is when she discovered her powers. She can freeze the water particles in the air and create powerful blasts of cold wind. The man was frozen to death in an instant. She was scared of her abilities and worried she would hurt someone else so she came quickly to the ULH and joined the school. She swore to never kill another person again unless there was no other course of action.

With naturally platinum blonde hair, a figure to drive most men wild, and a super-suit that only accentuated every last curve, Frost was the envy of most women on the station and the object of flirtations from most men.

The General, tired after a long day of work, sat down in his office chair with a great huff. He felt old today; reading reports and dealing with all the paperwork made any soldier feel like an old desk jockey. But, the paperwork was necessary according to the bureaucrats.

The General, who does not go by any other name even among his closest allies, is one of the longest standing members of the ULH. In fact the World Alliance hand picked him to help establish the organization years ago.

His age is not given away by his great physique and attitude, but his hair does betray him. His hair is darker brown with flecks of grey, and a band of light grey around his head that truly displays the years he has spent in the service. His superhero suit resembles a military uniform more than a super hero costume, with rank insignia on his shoulders and a large star on his chest. His actual super-suit is a full body outfit that is very form fitting and gives away every last inch of muscle. This is required of him to wear as it assists in the use of his heightened strength and agility as a superhero. But, he refused to show everything and always wears a pair of combat style pants that are dark green. He also will not wear the tight running shoes that most heroes are asked to wear, he will not be seen without his combat boots.

His superpowers include increased stamina, strength, agility, and the ability to garner loyalty from those he speaks with. Had he decided to be a villain, he could have gathered an army of followers overnight who would do anything for him and follow him into the abyss if he asked. Fortunately for everyone, his own honor and loyalty are strong and unshakable.

"What's this?" He had only just then noticed that there was a message waiting for him from the American ambassador. It probably had something to do with the recent assassination attempt. He hoped it was just a thank you message, but he wouldn't be surprised if someone felt the need to berate the ULH for the Presidents plane landing at LAX, as if they had anything to do with that.

He activated it and sat back to read the long letter. His eyebrows rose up and he smiled pleasantly. This had nothing to do with the Presidents impromptu visit, it was seemingly good news.

"So, how's the patient?" Frost walked into the large infirmary area where Bark had been since they returned to the space station.

A robotic nurse turned and replied dryly, "Patient Bark is stable." It was always a little bit of a shock to see this nurse. It was stationary, planted in the floor right next to the emergency care beds. It had a faux nurses uniform painted over the metal robotics. The arms had several devices attached for monitoring patients, or applying medicines and other aid. The face was grey metal with a speaker for a mouth and two lights for eyes. Some designer thought it would help if he put a wig and nurses hat on the robot, but this only made it look creepier to most of the students.

"Oh, good afternoon, Frost. Your friend's doing fine." Tobias Glyph, also known as Cerberus, came into the room.

Dr. Tobias Glyph had four medical degrees and was on track to be the head of medicine at Landstone University of Boston. He was the first African-American doctor to earn a degree in exobiology. He discovered a way to energize brain cells with psionic energy. He tested the procedure on himself and became a powerful telepath.

(Continued on next page)

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Once he realized the potential dangers in this technology he destroyed all of his research and joined the ULH. His mental skills are not as often used as his knowledge in medicine. Dr. Glyph is the head doctor of the ULH and one of the leaders of the staff.

Frost smiled and walked over to her newest friend. Bark was sitting up in bed, his arm being held by one of the robot nurses while it gave him an injection. There was a place on his fur that was still dark from the blood that had dried there, but the hole and the bullet were both gone.

"Woof." He said without thinking, and then frowned. He had meant to say "hi."

She laughed and came over to his bedside. "You're my hero."

He grinned and would've blushed had he not been covered in fur, then shook his head in modesty.

"Don't be so humble. You took a bullet for me. That's very impressive, especially for a student in his first month of training." She put a hand on his head and was scratching behind his ear again.

Bark was now smiling as a kid would on Christmas morning. He tried to say something but again he just barked.

Tobias came up just then with his hands full of equipment. "I see we're entertaining guests now, Ms. Frost."

Frost knew he was just joking around with her and smiled. "Just comforting the hero of the day."

"Well, Mr. Henderson, let's see if we can give you your voice back. Here," he held up a chain necklace with a box on the end that was obviously a speaker. After handing the speaker and necklace to Bark, he held a small disk shaped object against Barks temple. "Alright, if this works like it is supposed to, just think what you want to say and the box will translate it into verbal words."

Bark closed his eyes and tried to say, "Hello". The box, unfortunately, only said, "Pudding."

Frost laughed, "Either he's hungry, or that thing didn't quite work."

Tobias frowned and took the small device off of Barks head, "I tried to create a calculation that would filter out the random mental thoughts and only zero in on the verbal communications. Obviously it didn't work."

Bark handed the doctor back the voice box and picked up his pad. He winced when his shoulder didn't like turning just after having been repaired.

Tobias frowned, "Now Joshua, be careful. The skeletal-regenerator may be able to heal that, but your muscle tissue and nerves are still recovering."

Bark nodded and then held his pad closer to him to type. After a few minutes he showed it to Frost. She read it with a smile. "Well, I was right about one thing, he is hungry. Can he leave?"

Tobias looked at the diagnostics on the robot nurses readouts. "I don't see any reason to keep him here. I need more time to get this device working properly." Tobias headed toward his office, but stopped to say, "Just one more thing, Bark."

"Woof?" Bark said, rolled his eyes and typed on his pad, "What?"

Tobias smiled and set down his work, "How's the memory coming? Have you had any more breakthroughs recently?"

Bark shrugged, but nodded.

"Good. Are they clear memories? Or do you want my help in retrieving them?"

Bark typed onto his pad, "Please try to retrieve them."

Tobias put his hand on Barks head and they both closed their eyes. "Okay, relax and focus on anything that came back to you."

Bark took in a few breaths and then could see images flashing around him like a flood of lights. These were the memories buried under the mutations that tried to change everything about him. He could see Tulsa, Oklahoma, his High School, and Las Vegas. Then he saw a girls face with a smile, she was coming toward him and then kissing him.

With a shot, both opened their eyes. Bark looked around as if he had just woken up from a deep sleep. His mind was still sorting out the images. Tobias had taught Bark to allow the memories to quiet down slowly, like a room of people settling in to listen to a speaker. If he did not and continued to fight to remember everything, it would overwhelm him.

"Bark, what is it?" Frost had seen this look on his face before. It was a good thing.

Bark picked up his pad and quickly typed something. After typing a quick, error filled message, he showed it to Frost.

"Oh, you remembered your girlfriend." She sounded happy, but there was definitely a hint of disappointment. Though, she would never want to make him feel bad about anything, especially his memories returning. So she gave him a great smile and nod, "Oh, Bark, that's wonderful."

He grinned while he looked back at his pad to turn the screen off. After the screen went dark Bark could see his reflection on the front. For the first time today his generally pleasant appearance melted and he looked positively depressed.

"Bark, is everything okay?" Frost did not need to be a telepath to know something was wrong with her friend.

Bark shook his head, turned on the pad, and typed a message. He showed it to her and then got up from the bed. The pad simply said that he was really hungry and would be going down to the mess hall.

"Oh, okay. Well, I can come with you."

He typed, 'No, that's okay.' And hardly gave her any more explanation before walking out.

Tobias frowned and looked at Frost. "What was wrong with him?"

Frost shrugged. "You tell me, you're the telepath."

Tobias walked away and said with a laugh in his voice. "I don't always read everyone's mind around me, it makes people uncomfortable. Besides, it would give me a headache."

She smirked at him comically, "See to it you don't read my mind without my permission. I have thoughts I don't think you want to read."

Tobias looked back at her, "Such as the fact that you really like that boys tail."

"What?!" She was shocked to hear that out of this man's mouth. How dare he read her mind!

Dr. Glyph rubbed his chin, "Or was it his butt?"

She gasped and wanted to slap him. "Hey! I said you needed my permission."

Tobias walked away while saying, "I didn't read your mind, I read your eyes."

Frost shook her head and walked out of the infirmary.

Brain Benders

ACROSS

1. Queen ___ War
6. *Stowaway
9. Not the original color
13. Bequeath
14. Luau strings
15. Lone Ranger portrayer Clayton
16. Routes, as for ships at sea
17. Answer to the riddle of the Sphinx
18. Auspices
19. *Advanced biosynthetic organism
21. *Not Jace
23. A Kennedy
24. In a muddle
25. Churchill's "so few": Abbr.
28. Of two minds
30. Acclaim
34. Andy's radio partner
36. Mother ___
38. Russian villa
40. Doze, with "out"
41. *Late love of 61A
43. Authentic
44. Part of a TV transmission
46. "Encore!"
47. Weight not charged for
48. Incur, as debts
50. Lodges
52. Eighty-six
53. Despicable sort

55. Turndowns
57. *Intended to kill The General but only killed a clone
61. *Named his guns but not the knife in his boot
64. Receiver
65. Govt. property org.
67. Kind of acid
69. Mountaineer's tool
70. Canada's ___ Island National Park
71. A Muse
72. "Groovy!"
73. *Heir to a throne
74. Fax forerunner

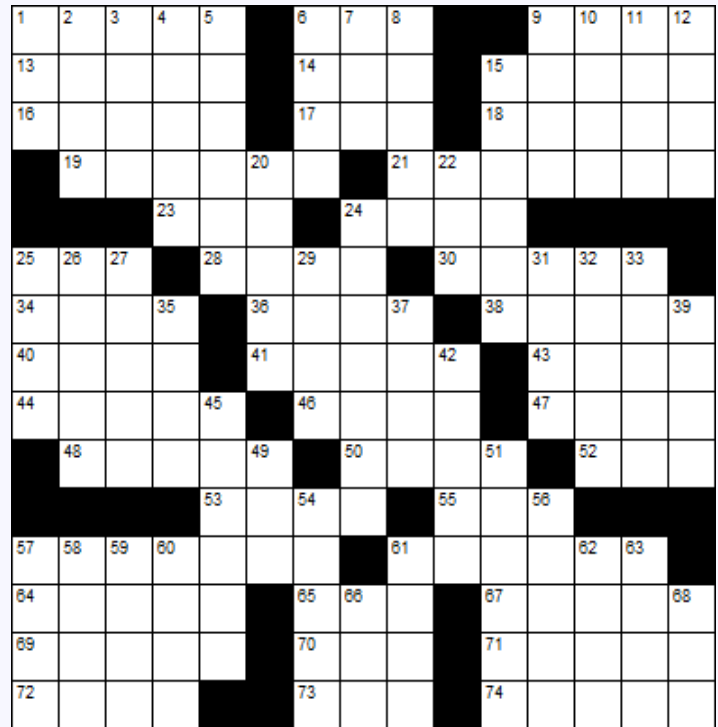


DOWN

1. The works
2. ___ tide
3. Prefix with technology
4. Three-time Wimbledon champ
5. Six-line stanza
6. Russian assembly
7. Pseudonym preceder
8. Transmits
9. Mover and shaker
10. Cartoon bear
11. ___ the Red
12. Newsroom fixture
15. Plunder
20. Role models
22. Cry of mock horror
24. *Possesses a neural link to the ship's mainframe (with "the")
25. *Not a race of aliens (with "the")
26. Love in Lille
27. Melted, in Marseille
29. Be itinerant
31. Feathered missile
32. Bounding main
33. Puppeteer Lewis
35. Defraud, slangily
37. Bring in
39. *Creator of 19A, familiarly
42. Reddish brown
45. Get the better of
49. Hawaiian dish
51. Cold dessert
54. Infuriate
56. Make a point
57. Beam
58. Regatta
59. Creative spark
60. Decree
61. Ocean menace
62. Eurasia's ___ Mountains
63. Locale
66. Artful
68. Wally of "Mr. Peepers"

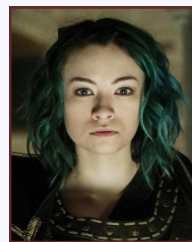
ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

*Dark Matter - by Brig. Gen. Tensa - May 2016



Answers to Previous Puzzle

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



More Brain Benders

SUDOKU PUZZLE

May 2016

Very Easy Non-Symmetrical

by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to April's Sudoku Puzzle
Hard Symmetrical

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

WORD SEARCH

May's Topic: Jonathan Frakes Roles

Look for 25 character names

by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to April's Word Search:
Kate Mulgrew Roles

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	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	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

Brain Benders

Word Search

May's Word List:

Adam Blake	Lt. Gillespie
Ben Frye	Mr. Park
Brad	Philip
Chapper	Richard Hawkins
Connors	Roland White
Damon Ross	Rosen
Don	Sandy Parris
Dr. Stanfill	Steve
Dylan Marks	Surgeon
Eddie Sims	Thomas Riker
Finn	Tim Lake
J'Son	William Riker
Larry	

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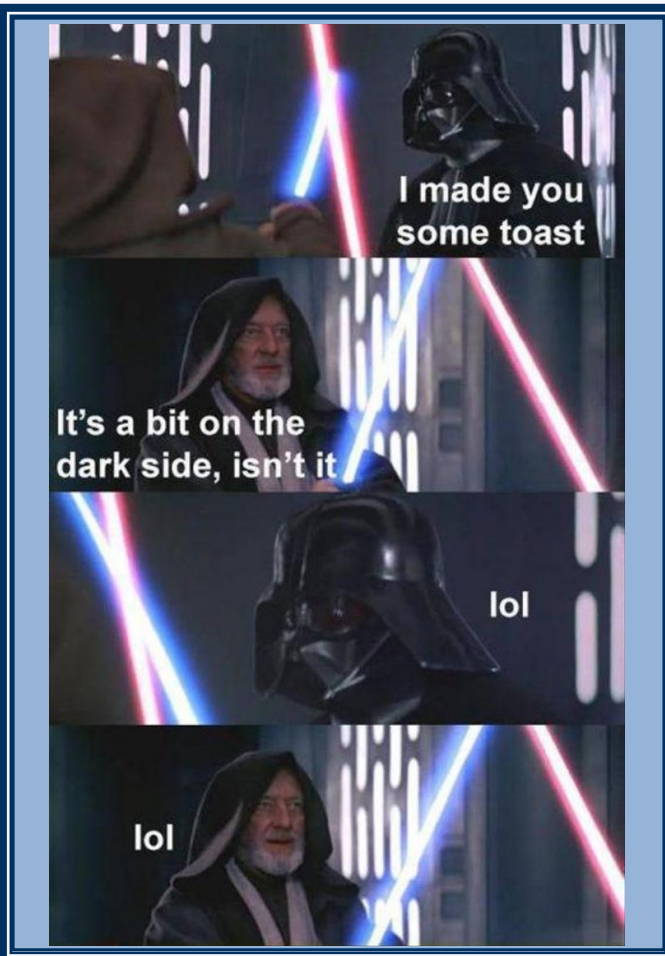
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