



# Crockett's Spirit

*Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth*



Volume 4 Issue 6

June 2016

## F.Y.I. - Starship Farragut

by Brig. Gen. Drego Tensa



Launched in July 2005, this series takes place during the original-series era, and tells the story of the crew of the USS *Farragut*, sister ship of the USS *Enterprise*. *Farragut* stars John Broughton as Captain John Carter, Michael Bednar as Commander Robert Tackett & Holly Bednar as Chief Engineer Michelle Smithfield with an ensemble cast. The premise is simply put, "New Ship, New Crew, New Adventures." Its episodes "For Want of a Nail" and "A Rock and a Hard Place" won the Wrath of Con Film Festival in Panama City, Florida for 2008 and 2009 respectively. As of February 2016, *Farragut* has released 5 full-length episodes, most recently "The Crossing", 3 short vignettes and 2 animated episodes. Currently in production is the series finale "Homecoming".\* James Doohan's son Chris played Scotty in the episode "The Needs of the Many."

\*[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Star\\_Trek\\_fan\\_productions#Starship\\_Farragut](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Star_Trek_fan_productions#Starship_Farragut)

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## New Talent Fiction

### Bark: Origins of a Super Hero

by ENS Ashinaga

#### Chapter 4: Bad and Good News

The students, faculty, and workers of the ULH space station enjoyed gathering in the mess for food and fellowship when they weren't working or studying.

What was called the mess here was more like the food court of a shopping mall. The area was a large open space connected to the halls for the class rooms and training facilities on one side, with the halls that led to the meeting rooms and command center on the other. The mess had different vendors that supplied mostly different foods for the people up here. Some of the vendors also sold items that were not normally given to the students for their daily life.

The shops lined the back wall behind the tables and chairs spread around the floor. The most impressive part of the mess were the four story windows that looked outside. The station was in orbit of earth, so half of the time the window was filled with stars and occasionally the moon, the other half of the time it looked down to earth. During the hours when the station was watching earth and the sun was not shining behind them, students enjoyed looking down on the lights that could be seen from here.

Everyone turned to the televisions that were all cutting to breaking news stories on every channel.

"Breaking News from Ottawa, Canada. The Urban Rangers have just quelled an assassination attempt on the Canadian Prime Minister only moments ago. Reports are varied, but it is believed the assassin was nonhuman, but some kind of robotic device that appeared as a human. A state of emergency has been declared in Ottawa until any and all of these assassins have been found. This comes on the heels

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of a similar assassination attempt on the President of the United States only yesterday. Some analysts are beginning to wonder if this is part of a greater plot by the World Alliance group trying to take down the governments of the world and gain control over the ruling bodies. We will be speaking with a key critic of the ULH who will present his theories..." Someone turned the television down as they had all heard enough of the conspiracy theories about the superheroes trying to take over. This, of course, was insane. The ULH and Rangers were merely trying to protect people, not control them.

Bark hardly listened to this, as his attention was diverted. He sat at a chair and looked out the broad windows with a view of the Earth. He was not as relaxed as he should be. Of course he was still sore from taking a bullet to the shoulder yesterday. But, that was not what bothered him. He nursed a soda while sitting with a chair turned around so that the back was facing his chest. This gave his tail more room to lay behind him.

Right now, North America was below them, with clouds covering half of the view. He stared at the southwest just about where Nevada should be. He seemed to sigh and look at his reflection in the glass more than he looked at the planet below. He could see several people walking behind him and a little old Japanese woman sitting at a table in the distance who seemed to be staring at him, but he really didn't care right now.

"Bark, is everything okay?" Frost had found him, only giving him a little while to himself.

He faked a smile and looked up to her. He tried to wag his tail, but he wasn't good at it yet and his tail just twitched a little.

Frost took a chair and sat next to him. She had something with her that made a clanking sound when it was set on the table. "Okay, that was the worst smile you've faked yet. What's wrong?"

He frowned and looked away. He didn't go for his pad, which was his way of saying he didn't want to talk.

Frost wasn't oblivious to his desire to be left alone, but that didn't stop her from prodding. "Okay, let's see. You must've remembered something that's making you sad. Something about your family?" she guessed.

He looked back and shook his head.

"Okay, but am I warm?"

Bark let out a sigh and then obliged with a nod.

"Good, that's it. Okay, if it isn't family, but related, is it a friend?"

Bark nodded again, still looking out at the planet with a morose expression.

Frost had a thought that seemed to make sense. "Hey, is it Bolt? Because he's been told to behave, and I know he can be rude, but he really is a nice guy and..." she could see that Bark wasn't responding to this idea. "Oh, it isn't Bolt, is it?"

Bark shook his head and then grabbed his pad from the table next to him. He typed into it and then handed it to her.

Frost looked at it and frowned, "Jessica? Who's Jessica? Do you mean Morphina...? No that's Jessie. Wait,

is this your girlfriend?"

Bark nodded slowly, more sad than ever.

Frost frowned more, "Did you two have a bad break up, or something like that?"

He shook his head and then took the pad and typed into it.

Frost looked at it and read it twice. "you missed your last Dabe?...OH, Date! Oh, so you missed your last date and then this happened..." She could see him nodding with what she was saying. "But that shouldn't be an issue. Go back and tell her what happened. Wait, she isn't allergic to dogs or anything." She was smiling at her own joke, then realized that was probably not the best idea right now. "I'm sorry."

Bark took the pad, typed into it again and then handed it to her. She read it while shaking her head in disagreement with the words. "Well, you aren't the man you used to be, I'm sure. But you're the same man in your heart and mind. I'm sure she'll be happy to simply know that you're alive. I know that if my boyfriend, if I had one, went missing I would be happy to know that he was alive."

Bark sighed and shook his head. He didn't have to say anything, she got the message.

Frost put a cold hand on his shoulder, "Bark, if she really loves you, a tail and ears won't matter. In fact, she might find you even cuter. Don't give up on her before she has a chance to see you again."

He shook his head and laid his chin on his arms that were folded over the back of the chair.

Frost smiled and rubbed his good shoulder with her cold hand. "I think you're cute."

He looked at her with a real smile, a good change for his face right now. His eyes gave her a "really?" glance.

Frost laughed, "Yeah, I think you're cute. And I would be fine if I found out that my boyfriend came back to me looking like you, so long as he was alive and still the same man in here." She patted her chest.

Bark took his pad from the table again and typed into it.

She read it and nodded, "Of course I'll go back with you. Unless Dr. Glyph can get that voice box fixed, you'll probably need a translator. Besides, I can help answer some questions about the ULH that you might not know just yet."

"Woof." he said, on purpose. She knew this meant "thanks."

"Oh, there you are Bark." Bolt came up to the two. His attempt at looking professional was really bad, especially while watching Frost rubbing Barks shoulder.

Dragging a chair over from another table, Bolt turned it around and sat with the back facing his chest. "Uh, so, you okay now?"

Bark looked at Bolt, not sure what this man might say next. But, he nodded and rolled his wounded shoulder to show that it was in working shape.

Bolt smiled, "Good, well, that's good to know." He noticed that Bark was sort of wagging his tail, which was a sorry sight, and that Frost was rubbing his shoul-

*(Continued on page 3)*

*(Continued from page 2)*

der still. "Uh, what are you two up to?" The tone of the voice was controlled and calm, but on the inside he was boiling in jealousy.

The insinuation made Bark frown, but Frost took the opportunity. She coyly took the object she had arrive with and handed it to Bark. It was a red collar with a dog tag on it in the shape of a bone, with his name engraved on it. "You left this in my quarters this morning."

Bark was confused, he had never seen this item before, but Bolt was positively steaming. "I see that you two are more than friends. Good to know. Well, we ought to find out if this station has room for puppies."

Shaking his head, Bark set the collar back down on the table. It didn't take a genius to see that Frost was just having fun with Bolt, although Bark wished that he didn't have to be in the middle of this juvenile competition.

Frost reached down and started running her hand down Barks tail. "I could never resist a man with a good sized tail."

Barks ears and eyes perked up in surprise at her cold hand on his tail. Bolt got angry.

"Okay, that's enough. I saw the way Solstice was looking at you at the last training session, and then Rain was petting your ears two nights ago. What is this, some kind of doggy harem?"

"BOLT! "The commanding and very angry voice of the General nearly caused Bolt to fall off of his chair.

Bolt got up with a shot and saluted. "Uh, sir, I was just, uh, then you came, and he, and she, there was this collar..."

The General shook his head, "Cool it soldier. I don't know what you are talking about, and somehow I don't want to know. I need to speak with Mr. Henderson."

Bark and Frost got up and stood at attention for the General.

"What is it sir?" Frost asked for Bark.

The General took Bolts chair and sat down, "At ease, sit down, I need to talk to you about something I got today."

Bark and Frost sat down and both looked at the General with concern.

The General opened a folder. Inside it had the Ambassadors letter printed off so Bark could read it. It also had a stack of other papers that went along with the message. "It seems that Dr. Osten, the man who did this to you, was financed by another government. It appears they didn't know that his work was deemed illegal and condemned by the United States Military." He handed the papers to Bark.

Bark looked it over, not entirely sure what they meant. It was not his area of expertise.

Frost looked over his shoulder and read some of the papers. "What on earth would New Zealand want with this kind of research?"

The General shook his head, "Apparently they were paying the doctor for his genetic research, and they had no idea what he was doing with it. It seems they want to do some medical research with the information, about cancer or diabetes or something like that."

Bark picked up his pad and typed on it, then showed

it to Frost.

She read it for the General, "Uh, what do they want?"

"They got some of his research already and feel they have a method that might undo some of this. They might even be able to reverse it entirely and return you to normal status."

Bark smiled and his tail sort of wagged. Frost smiled but she wasn't quite as happy as he was.

"Is that it? Will he just go on as a normal citizen?" Frost asked, sort of sorry to say it.

The General nodded, "The American Ambassador said they want Joshua hereto be turned over to the scientist in charge of their research teams. After they finish, he'll be returned home. But there's one little catch, Bark. They have stipulated that until they have what they want, you'll be the property of their scientists. It could be years of work, I cannot promise any miracles here."

Bark's enthusiasm faded and he looked back at the papers then at Frost. Letting out a sigh he then started typing on his pad; he had a long message in mind.

The General took the pad from Bark and read it. "I guess it'll be alright if you go back to Las Vegas first and see your girlfriend. I don't know about sending Frost along with you. With all the assassination attempts happening, our resources are spread pretty thin."

Frost jumped in, "It won't take long, sir. I'll go with him and be back within a day or two. I'm sure he'll have made his decision about going to New Zealand by then, and I can go on whatever mission you have for me."

The General was not normally known as a soft leader, but he knew that this man needed the help of a friend for something like this, and Frost was just a student after all. Surely, a day wouldn't make much of a difference.

"Okay, I'll give you both a two day pass to go down to the surface immediately. But, be back as soon as it's over. If this situation expands, I'll need everyone I can get, is that understood?"

Frost and Bark both nodded. Frost said, "Understood."

The General stood up and looked at Bolt, "You get your wish. Join the staff in the meeting room for assignment in ten minutes, I need to send you out on a field mission again."

Bolt nodded, "At once sir." With a flash he was off speeding to the meeting room.

The General left without ceremony and only Bark and Frost remained in their chairs.

Frost smiled as she tried to encourage Bark to look happier, "This'll be nice. I haven't seen Las Vegas in a few years." She noticed he was typing something for her. "What is it?" Reading it, she laughed and nodded, "Yeah, that collar thing was meant to drive Bolt nuts. I've always wanted to let some steam out of that flirt, and you've given me the best opportunity."

Bark typed something else and then handed it to her, this time he was frowning at her.

"Okay, okay, I'll stop using you to mess with him. Come on, let's get moving. The General isn't known for his generosity, so we don't want to give him a chance to change his mind."

Together, they left the mess for the nearest surface transport dock.

# Fiction

## Fallen Angel - Part 29

by Capt Wynan

"Are you saying these people have a ship?" Captain Moore asked.

"Yes, they have a ship," Henderson replied,

"They barely have running water! How is this possible?"

"The ship they have is what brought their ancestors here hundreds of years ago. They were the group sent to this planet when theirs was dying," Henderson said, a smile spreading across his face.

Captain Moore was starting to get irritated and growled, "Is this ship sound enough to get us off this planet?"

"Well, about that, the ship is, well it is a bit antiquated," Henderson hedged.

"When you say antiquated, just how old are we talking here?" Moore asked.

"The gravitational unit is nonexistent, the air purification system has rusted into oblivion and they have no food replicator at all," Henderson said.

"So just exactly what can this ship do?" Moore asked.

"What it can do is fly. It won't be able to take any of us off this planet but it will be able to send a message to our old friend Jaxon!" Henderson said excitedly.

"The thing is, the locals are thinking this ship will carry people, but it won't. It obviously no longer has the means to sustain life. They would die up there. However, from what Angel and I have calculated we are here in this star system and Jaxon is there. It would take several weeks if not months for them just to travel to the nearest outstation," Henderson explained as he drew a crude map of the star system they were in on a sheet of parchment. He then drew a rough drawing of the ship in question. "There is an escape pod on board the ship that has been very well protected and is in excellent shape. We can install a transmitter in the pod. Then, we can launch the ship sending it in Jaxon's direction, arrange for the boosters to be jettisoned when their fuel supply is exhausted and then, when the main stage runs out of fuel, the pod can be sent on its way and start transmitting a signal!" Henderson said leaning back with a huge smile lighting his face. "Of course this is all dependent on whether or not the ship can get far enough through space without being damaged or blown off course. The ability of the hull being able to withstand being impacted by debris is another thing I'm

not exactly certain of. Basically it's a one in a million shot that this will even work. But if we don't try, we have no shot at all."

"Henderson, Krol has said that many of his people are expecting to be leaving on this ship," Angel said softly.

"That is not possible, no one would survive if they went on it. Surely they realize that," Henderson said looking at Angel.

"Some do realize it, like Krol, but many are of a different mind," Angel said. "Could you please talk to these people and let them know what you have discovered. Maybe we can come up with a solution that would be beneficial to all."

"These people barely trust us to walk around the compound. I don't know how easily they will listen to what we have to say on the matter," Henderson said, his expression betraying his doubt.

Boomer stifled a yawn as he tried to keep his eyes open. The captain took note.

"I think you all should get some rest now and tomorrow we will see if we can talk to the council here and make some headway about this ship. The only way we'll get anything accomplished is by working together. But no one is going up on that ship if I can help it." Captain Moore said.

Everyone turned in except for the captain who stayed up looking at Henderson's rough drawings and made some calculations for trajectory as well as plans for the message he would send. He finally crawled into bed for a few hours sleep just as the sun began to lighten the horizon.

The next day Krol came to their quarters at the request of Boomer, Henderson and Angel.

"Krol, we would meet with your leaders." Captain Moore said.

Angel translated, waiting for his reply.

Krol growled a guttural reply.

"He says that may not be possible," Angel said.

"It is in regards to the ship, I have talked with Henderson and Boomer and they have both informed me the ship is not capable of carrying any life form off this planet. But we do have a plan to bring help here and there by no lives have to be sacrificed and your people can leave the planet," Moore said, waiting for Angel's translation and for Krol's reply. He took notice of the troubled look that crossed Krol's face.

"He says he will see what he can do," Angel said.

Krol then left, shutting the door softly behind him.

"Are we going to work on the ship again today?" Boomer asked.

"Not right now Boomer, we need to work with them to help them understand the impossibility of their idea of sending anyone up in that ship," Moore said.

Captain Moore and the crew sat around the cabin

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# Fiction

## The Alfore Encounter - 33

### "The Long Goodbye"

by CAPT Two Wolves

The combined crews of the U.S.S. Nicola Tesla and The U.S.S. Valkyrie, plus Kiki and Rusty on special leads met in the Starfleet V.I.P. housing lobby and headed over to the Zephram Cochrane auditorium for the ceremony.

Captain Darden was hoping to hide in the vast crowd until she was called to the podium to speak. However, she and her command staff, were escorted to reserved seats in the very first row.

The ten-thousand seat auditorium was packed beyond capacity, with standing room only. Janice was sure there were overflow venues situated both on and off campus, as well as millions watching the tri-vee simulcast across the galaxy.

Most of the ceremony and speeches were a blur to her, until her name was called. She stood, walked to the podium, stood behind the rostrum, assumed her thousand yard stare, and started to speak. She was well aware of the Intergalactic News Network cameras silently hovering nearby, like mini drones, but she ignored them and made her dedication speech.

When she finished, a single tear slid down her left cheek. She'd promised she would not cry, not in front of billions, but it couldn't be helped. The auditorium was so silent as Captain Darden returned to her seat that one could hear a pin drop. Sassafras pressed a hanky into her right hand as Shara held her shoulders.

It started somewhere in the vast audience. Someone began to clap, then more, as the entire audience stood and applauded. The combined crews stood also, to shield the Captain's renewed tears from the prying electronic eyes of the Intergalactic News Network's cameras. The ceremony was dismissed after a closing prayer and everyone filed out.

On their way out, Captain Darden was greeted by many friends who invited her to the nearest watering hole, to raise a few in honor of the dead. Janice turned every one of them down. All she wanted was to be free of the crowd.

"Roe! Roe!" A female voice called. There was only one other person who called her that besides Raj.

"Yodie?" Janice, stopped dead her tracks and looked around focusing on the voice as the crowd swirled around her. Yodie LodeBear, Raj's widow, dressed in traditional East Indian finery rushed up and hugged her. Janice reciprocated.

"I didn't think you would make it, Yodie," Janice said.

"I nearly did not. There was a transporter hub breakdown in Calcutta, so we had to take a liner to Karachi in order to get the next direct transport hub; plus the lines!" Yodie said breathlessly as she cooled herself with a pink hand fan. They both hugged again as Yodie cried on Janice's shoulder. "Roe, you must come to visit us soon. Life it too short. You must enjoy to the fullest." She said in her lilting accent.

"I promise I will, very soon, Yodie. After all of this dies down," Janice promised. "Are you alright? Do you need anything?" she queried further.

"I am fine," Yodie replied as tears ran down her cheeks. "Raj made prior arrangements. It was almost as if he knew. But, you must visit soon! The grand babies ask after you all the time .

*Almost as if he knew? That his ship was going to be blown up, or that he would be assassinated? Oh my God!* Janice thought.

"I will." Janice said. As Yodie's oldest son, Singh, stepped up, hugged the Captain, then led his mother away.

"Don't look now, but, those Klingons are looking at you like roast targ on a spit," Sassafras whispered. Janice espied the disaffected group of thirty Klingons giving her the evil eye. So in response, she stared them down with equal ferocity, marched right past the group and through the crowded lobby.

They had taken a few steps outside when she heard... "Well, well, well. What have we here? You been avoiding me," A male voice said. "I no see, no hear, no communicate," he continued.

Darden's crew formed up around her. So did Hercules. Both Kiki and Rusty laid their ears back and showed their teeth. Shara's right eyebrow rose high on her forehead.

*Not like that man,* Kiki mind whispered to Shara.

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## Fallen Angel - Part 29 (cont'd)

waiting for Krol to come back. It was well into the afternoon before they finally saw him coming across the compound. Only Krol was not alone. walking on either side of him were two natives with staffs in their hands. Krol did not look happy as he approached.

The native on Krol's left spoke in short clipped tones. Krol tried to speak but was silenced with a hard stare from the native on his right.

"This is Beal. He says we are to come to meet the elders of the village," Angel said. "He says we are all to come."

"We would be happy to accompany them to meet the elders. Please let him know this," Captain Moore said as he bowed to Beal.

Beal snorted a sound of distaste, turned on his heel and headed back across the compound as if expecting everyone to follow.

Captain Moore looked at his crew, shrugged and said, "I guess we follow them."

"This ought to be good," Henderson said knowing full well that Captain Moore could be a little stubborn at times and these natives here didn't appear to be any less stubborn from what he had seen so far.

They stopped in front of a building entranced with a guard on either side of the door. The guards each held a weapon that surprised even Captain Moore. They held what looked like a battle staff that had blades on either end. In the right hands it was a wicked deadly weapon and these two looked to be well practiced with theirs. They nodded at Beal allowing him and the rest to enter.

"Oh great, I survive a heart attack just so I can be cut to pieces by these two!" Henderson said as he and the others crossed the threshold into a darkened building. It took a moment for everyone's eyes to adjust from the bright day's sun to the darkened interior. Soon guards became visible ringing the room, each holding a battle staff. Across the way sat six large chairs with a native sitting in each. One chair in the middle sat higher than the others.

Angel stepped forward to act as translator for both sides.

Boomer tugged on Henderson's sleeve and said. "Actually, I think these guys might get that job before the two guards outside do."

Henderson rolled his eyes and said, "Well no one is cutting anyone up yet so hush it and let the Captain speak."

Captain Moore stepped forward to face the elders. He knew this was going to be an uphill battle all the way and chances were they wouldn't come out alive. He had to try though, it was their only hope of ever getting off the planet.

(Continued from Page 5)

## The Alfore Encounter - 33 (cont'd)

Fascinating, Shara thought critically. Being telepathic made the cats incredibly perceptive of people's personalities.

"No wonder I haven't seen you. Apparently you've been too busy robbing the cradle," Captain Ciaccio accused as he cast a jealous eye in Skonn's direction. Both Doctor Savage and Doctor Gomez advanced on the man.

"Captain!" A deep male voice shouted. "Cap-tain Cia-cc-i-o!" None other than Commodore Johnathan Stokes strode up and grabbed the captain's shoulder with one of his beefy hands. Then he shifted his attention.

"Captain Darden, please accept my condolences for your loss. I had no idea that your families were so close. I apologize for the Captain's boorish behavior," Commodore Stokes said.

"Thank you, sir," Janice replied. The commodore then turned Ciaccio around using both hands and escorted him away.

"We'll talk later..." Ciaccio called over his shoulder as he was dragged away. To Skonn, that sounded like a threat. Kiki and Rusty confirmed his suspicions by hissing after the departing man

"What the heck was that about?" Dr. Savage demanded.

"I haven't a clue and I'm not sticking around to find out," Darden replied as the group headed back to Starfleet's VIP housing complex.

"That guy really creeped me out," Sassafras whispered to Janice as they walked.

*You're not the only one.* Janice thought.

*Not like how that man smelled,* Kiki thought to Shara.

*Explain,* Shara thought back.

*Not smell like human, not smell like Vulcan, not smell like Klingon,* Kiki replied.

"What does he smell like, Kiki?" Shara asked.

"Not know. Not like!" Kiki replied.

## A Nugget from CDRE Logan Kale

Did you know that... Denise Crosby originally tried out for the role of Counselor Troi and Marina Sirtis tried out for the role of Security Chief Tasha Yar?\*

\*Source: Classified

# Brain Benders

## ACROSS

1. \*See 21A; also with 24D, after "the"
6. No longer edible
9. Very dry, as wine
13. Bikini, e.g.
14. Barely make, with "out"
15. Janet of film
16. Halfhearted
17. Fond du \_\_\_, Wis.
18. Devious plan
19. In the center
21. \*"...master of time and space,...", with 1A
23. Electric fish
24. "We the Living" author
25. "Casablanca" pianist
28. Greek promenade
30. \*"Flaming monster" on it's way to smash the man-made satellites of Pluto
35. Senior year event
37. Clearasil target
39. Science fiction, for one
40. Completely fix
41. \* \_\_\_ of Terson
43. Phaser setting
44. Asinine
46. Blood fluids
47. With the bow, in music
48. \*Ship with two on board en route to coun-

ter the threat

50. "Let's \_\_\_"
52. Asian capital
53. Body pics
55. Gusto
57. \*Evil scientist whose energy machine left whole areas in flames, with "the"
61. Beethoven's "Moonlight \_\_\_"
64. \_\_\_ Centauri
65. A mean Amin
67. Button ridge
69. Kentucky Derby prize
70. Convent dweller
71. Loosen, as laces
72. Creative spark
73. Baby carrier?
74. \*Nefarious arch villain who robbed a bank in Shanghai, with "Dr."



## DOWN

1. Wine holder
2. News squib
3. Inside info
4. Say "y'all," say
5. Golden \_\_\_
6. \*Commissioner of Public Safety (first

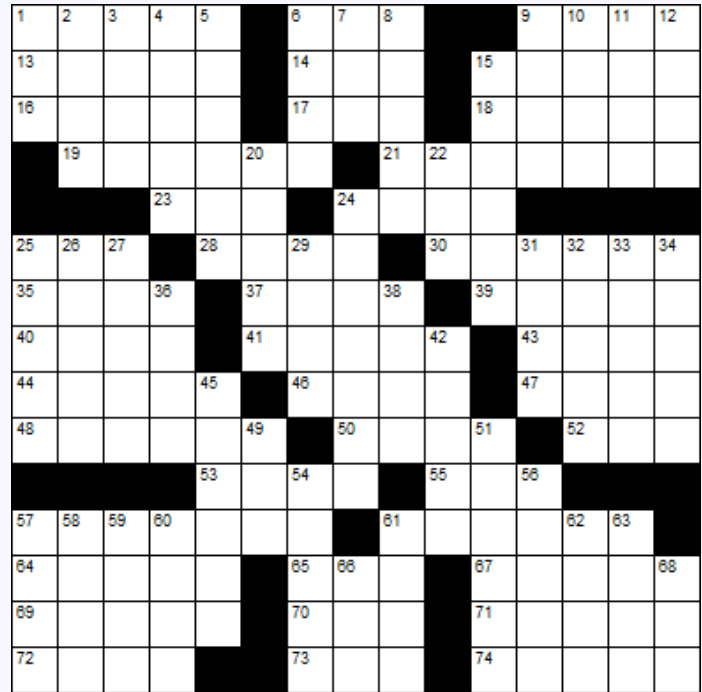
of two)

7. Alias precursor
8. Bing Crosby's record label
9. Propensity
10. Baltic capital
11. Wrinkly fruit
12. In that case
15. Shih Tzu, say
20. Sacrifice site
22. Mandela's org.
24. \*group of fighters for truth and justice, after 1A, with "the"
25. Bit of parsley
26. Amphitheater
27. Relating to form
29. Wood sorrels
31. Big butte
32. Contest effort
33. Cease-fire
34. A noble gas
36. "\_\_\_ Lisa"
38. Continental currency
42. Volley of gunfire
45. Crowd scene actors
49. Ming of the Houston Rockets
51. Connect (with)
54. Bale binder
56. Food from heaven
57. Rani's wrap
58. Slog
59. Church alcove
60. Moon of Saturn
61. \*Shanghai war lord Su Ching
62. Ballet attire
63. Seed cover
66. Grooved on
68. Floral necklace

## ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

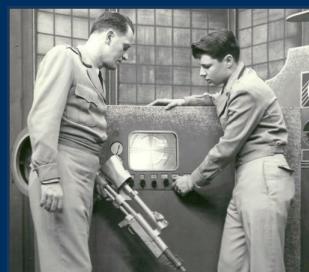
\*First American Sci-Fi TV Series - June 2016

by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa



## Answers to Previous Puzzle

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



# More Brain Benders

## SUDOKU PUZZLE

June 2016  
Easy Non-Symmetrical  
by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to May's Sudoku Puzzle  
Very Easy Non-Symmetrical

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

## WORD SEARCH

June's Topic: Jeri Ryan Roles  
Look for 25 character names  
by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to May's Word Search:  
Jonathan Frakes Roles

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



# Brain Benders

## Word Search

### June's Word List:

Amanda Lattimer	Nicole
Anne	Pam
Beth Saunders	Rachel
Carrie Locke	Rebecca
Claire	Sarah
Constance Sutton	Seven of Nine
Gwendolyn	Sherri
Jennifer	Sonya Blade
Kate Murphy	Tara Cole
Kimberly	Two of Three
Lisa	Tyler
Lydia	Veronica Allen
Maura	



# Esprit Starbase

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**Brig. Gen. Drego Tensa**  
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Simm Team Leader  
Trivia Host  
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