



Crockett's Spirit

Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth



Volume 4 Issue 8

August 2016

...from the Editor

by Brigadier Tensa

I have bad news, I have good news, and I have good news.

You all know, or you should by now, that LTJG Ashinaga is a published author. For the past several months, he has been gracing us with the story, "Bark: Origins of a Super Hero." I, for one, have been thoroughly captivated by it and, since I have been editing it a chapter at a time and have not read beyond the current published chapter, I am just as surprised and delighted as all you readers here when a new chapter comes out. The bad news is that Lieutenant Ashinaga has asked me to cease publishing the story of Bark. So, Chapter 5, which was published in the July issue, is the last chapter any of us will be able to read. We will all have to wonder together where the story might have gone.

The good news (which is the reason for the bad news) is that Lieutenant Ashinaga's publisher has decided to turn the book into an actual published novel. This is great news for the lieutenant and I'm very happy for him. As for those of us who got caught up in this mind grabbing story, all is not lost. We can get a copy when it's published and read it all the way through. I'm certainly going to.

The latter good news is that Lieutenant Ashinaga has given us a new story, equally as intriguing as the one we'll have to wait to finish, and it's actually better. You see, it's a Star Wars fanfic and you know how unlikely such stories are to be published commercially. So, look for a complete, uninterrupted run from start to finish of "Star Wars - Ashi's Shame."

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Fiction

The Alfore Encounter - 35

"The Plot Thickens"

by CAPT Two Wolves

"I just spoke to my old instructor at the Academy, Dr. Theodore Monk, who's in charge of Starfleet Headquarters Medical Division. Apparently, Captain Ciaccio hasn't had a medical exam in the past 15 years," Tony said with a frown as he shut down his comtab and packed it into its carry case.

"How is that possible? Starfleet regulations are extremely strict in that respect. I would understand if he were stationed on a remote planet where no medical facilities are available, but, he's serving at Starfleet Headquarters no less...," Shara began.

"Dr. Monk's curiosity was piqued as well. He's going to investigate further," Tony finished.

"Did you warn him that he might be unearthing something very dangerous that may cost him or his colleague's their lives?" Shara asked, privately horrified that an untimely death might be the end of Tony's friend and many others.

"Yes, I did. He knows the risks. If it will rid Starfleet of a deeply embedded spy, then so be it," Tony replied.

"By the way, Captain Darden messaged me informing us that she and Skonn have left for Azotan," Shara said, trying to lighten the mood.

"What on earth is on Azotan?" Tony asked, as he helped load luggage onto the anti-grav sled.

"The Intergalactic Karate Championships and the Intergalactic Hoverboard Championships," Shara replied as she clipped leads onto Kiki, Rusty and the kits. Tony had already packed the Greya up in their travel basket.

"I hope both competitions are being run consecutively and not simultaneously." Tony added.

"They are," Shara replied. "This will be an excellent vacation for them both as the refit is supposed to take six weeks"

(Continued on Page 2)

(Continued from page 1)

"And us?" Tony asked as they took the lift down to the main lobby. Again, maroon uniforms we're in evidence as *probies* escorted dignitaries and ported their luggage to flyers and transports.

"You heard the Admiral, Tony. We wait for their decision, and don't forget, Victoria's on the way," Shara replied.

"How can I, my love?" Tony quipped as he gave her a quick chaste peck on the forehead and then chuckled.

"What's so humorous?" Shara queried.

"Darden and Skonn traveling together. That poor kid is head over heels in love with her," Tony answered.

"I must remind you that Skonn may look like a typical teenager or young adult, but he is actually ten years Dardens senior. Vulcan's do not age at the same rate as Humans do. Which is probably why that foul man made that disgusting comment," Shara hissed.

"Oh yes, the one about robbing the cradle. I wanted to punch his lights out," Tony grouched.

"Thank heavens you did not! You would have wound up in the brig for assaulting a Starfleet Captain, and Victoria would have been born whilst her father was incarnated," Shara told him.

"You're right, Shara. It wouldn't have been worth it. If he's what we think he is, he'll be in the brig soon enough."

"If he is what we suspect he is, he will be tried and executed for treason, espionage and terrorism, along with his Shining Path ilk," Shara corrected.

* * * * *

Janice awakened to the sound of Echo's happy chirps as Skonn whispered to her.

"Ugh! I hate when I do that." Janice fussed as she sat up. She was disgusted that she had fallen asleep fully clothed. *Something I've been doing a lot of lately*, she thought.

"Hate when you do what?" Skonn asked. Appearing at the bedroom door with his faithful dragon perched on his shoulder. "Good evening, by the way."

"Good evening? What happened to morning and afternoon?" Janice asked as she stood, stretched, then rolled her eyes at her disheveled appearance.

"You slept them away," Skonn replied.

"Oh great. What'd I miss?"

"Not much. We arrive at our destination at 0300 tomorrow morning," Skonn replied.

"Wow! That was quick."

"We would've arrived at 1800 tonight, but the flight was delayed by some late arrivals," Skonn informed her.

"Who might that be?" Janice asked.

The owners and operators of private liners such as the Galactic Star are sticklers about timeliness. Their well healed guests do not like to be kept waiting, but they are forced to relent when they are being held up by a party or parties much more important than themselves.

"A large delegation of Klingons," Skonn replied.

"That figures," Janice said. "They tend to be late to everything except their own funerals. They probably held up the flight just to polish their armor. I suppose the Klingon Homeworld is one of The Galactic Star's stops now," she reflected aloud.

"This was supposed to be a direct flight to Azotan and then back to Earth to pick up more athletes. However,

someone paid the Captain handsomely to add an additional, last minute stop at Klinzhi to her itinerary," Skonn stated with a raised eyebrow.

"And you know this because?"

"I did what you humans call 'my usual snooping' when the Galactic Star was unexpectedly delayed for over three hours," Skonn said, as he held up his comtab.

Damn, he's good! Janice thought as she shook her head.

"Does this ship have a gym?" she asked as an afterthought.

"It has four gyms, an Olympic sized swimming pool, as well as two holosuites. It all depends upon what type of workout you intend to do."

"Standard aerobics and weight training. You think it'll be safe for me to use the gym with all of those Klingons on board? I didn't like the way they were looking at us after the memorial. They did, after all, blame us for getting their two comrades tossed into the clink," Janice said.

Fascinating. The reason for the delay may have been due to the Klingons paying fines, posting bail, and retrieving their colleagues, Skonn thought to himself.

"Skonn, what's up?" Janice asked, alerted by Skonn's suddenly serious expression.

"I suggest you get dressed in your workout clothing and then wait for me. I'll accompany you," Skonn said as he cupped Echo in his hands and lifted her up so that she could fly up to her hanging nest. Janice absently busied herself with rummaging through her travel case, looking for one of her workout outfits.

"Skonn, what the hell is going on? You've been skipping and dancing around the issue since we landed on Earth to attend the memorial. Is my life... are our lives in danger?" Janice asked, as she whirled to face her second in command eye to eye and nose to nose. The unexpected move caused him to back up a step.

"I cannot say," Skonn replied.

"You are full of crap, Skonn! And please don't give me that guff that Vulcan's don't lie, either. Vulcans will lie to save their hides quicker than a used air car salesman will lie to sell a lemon that won't make it past the sales room floor," Janice barked.

"That statement was extremely insulting, Captain Darden," Skonn said defensively, taken aback by her ferocity.

"It was meant to be insulting. If you're going to protect me, I should at least know what kind of danger I'm in," Janice fired back. "Now, are you going to tell me what this is all about, or do I have to take matters into my own hands?"

"I... I cannot. I am bound by an oath," Skonn replied almost sheepishly.

"I too am bound by an oath: to serve and protect myself by any means possible," Janice told him as she removed two fully charged phasers from her travel case. "Pray you don't have to use this. If you do, make sure your phaser fire be straight and true, and let the bodies fall to the deck," Janice said as she tossed one of the weapons to Skonn who caught it with practiced ease.

"Now, I'm going to work out. Afterwards, I'm going to have a nice brunch, lunch, dinner or whatever. Of course you are welcome to accompany me. Capiche?" At that moment, Janice, smiling, was the spitting image of her brigadier general father.

"Aye, aye Captain!" was all Skonn could say.

Fiction

Star Wars - Ashi's Shame

Prologue

by LTJG Ashinaga

Echos of screaming children rang in Ashi's ears. Last night's dream was the darkest he experienced in years. The lingering memory of that horrible day taunted his unconscious mind. This was one of the reasons he spent so much time in meditation each afternoon.

The arid plains of Jahala were filled with the sweet aroma of grains. The summer sun blazed above and warmed the ground, the dried grasses waved gently in the breeze. Ashi strolled through the fields as he made his way toward the place he would sit.

In the distance, he could see the people like him going about their daily routines, farming the fields and tending to the cattle. It was a simple life, one he envied. These were his people, the Jahalans. A race of cat-like humanoids. They weren't technologically brilliant or space warriors. They were farmers. In fact, Ashi may be the only person alive among the Jahalans today to have left the planet.

Ashi was around five feet tall, with golden-brown fur covering his body. Around his head he grew a majestic mane of darker brown. Behind him, a long tail swung as he walked. He had a dark nose, puffy muzzled face, slit-pupil eyes. His ears were higher up on his head and stuck out from the mane. He wore no shirt, only utility pants. He was a typical Jahalan male, except for his unique talent in the Force.

"Ashi, Ashi!" Two children ran up to him, their tails flipping around as they bound through the high grasses.

He smiled at them, "What is it?"

"Can you do it again? Can you make me fly?" The little girl bounced up and down with excitement.

Ashi shook his head, "No, Taka, I won't. I was in deep meditation before and lifted you by mistake instead of that rock. Using the force isn't for playing."

"Awww, please!"

"No. Now go back to your homes. I'm going to sit by the waters again."

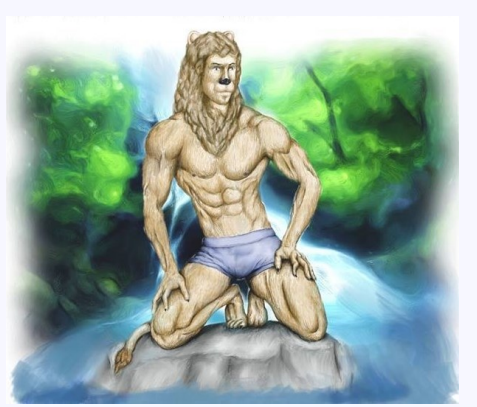
The girl got a rather sneaky smile, "Gonna meditate again?"

"Yes, but I'm not using the force this time, only mental exercises." He knew what she wanted.

Without another word the two children ran off, in search of the next thing to entertain them. Ashi laughed, he wasn't ever offended by their ignorance about the force. There hadn't ever been a Jedi among Jahalans before.

Ashi walked on toward a set of low hills that crept up toward the mountains in the distance. These hills had a river that cut through them. Cold Day Waterfall was a particular favorite location of Ashi's. The flow of the water over him drowned out everything and helped Ashi focus his thoughts on pure meditation.

The waterfall was surrounded by tall, thin trees with sparse foliage on their branches. It fell into a pool that drained at its base into the water table below. Ashi stopped at the edge, took off his pants, and then put a single



clawed foot into the waters. There was a good reason it was called Cold Day, it made his fur bristle every time. After he was acclimated to the chilly temperature, he stepped deeper into it until he was directly under the flowing falls. He had previously moved a large boulder into place and used it to sit cross-legged under the flow.

"See the candle of the mind, focus on the flame." He said to himself. In his mind he envisioned a candle burning in pure darkness. "The light banishes the darkness, the even light of peace." He repeated the words of his former master. "I will focus on the light, not the dark. I will keep it lit, my breath will not extinguish the light." His breathing became soft and steady to keep the flame from flickering.

He continued this steady focused breathing. The candle was his sole thought. After a while he changed his focus, "The darkness will lift, I will see the universe, I will see the force." With his eyes still closed, the image of the candle remained but instead of darkness, he saw outer space. He could see the planet beneath him and the stars in the distance. He could feel the presence of starships passing through the system, their passengers and workers as shadows against the force.

A complacent smile graced his feline muzzle, his whiskers standing up a little taller. At this time no one was coming toward their planet. He always worried about raiders coming to pillage the defenseless world of simple farmers. Few marauders even cared to notice them, and that was fine by him.

Suddenly, he felt something, a straining feeling in him. He knew it well. It was the echo of the Jedi who were massacred ten years ago at the temple. He could sense the few out there who survived, who now struggle against the imbalance of the force. Darkness has spread deep across this new empire. The candle in his vision flickered and the flame became erratic. With a great thrust of his own spirit, he forced himself out of this deep meditation.

He opened his eyes and took a few breaths to gather himself after that. It took a moment to focus on the reality around him. "Why is this happening?" He muttered to no one. His time in meditation has become tainted more and more by this dark sensation around him.

Once again he closed his eyes and saw that candle in the darkness. This time, though, he did not reach out into the force. He merely settled his mind and spirit on the calming meditation. He couldn't bare the pain, he couldn't stand the shame in him of what he had done those ten years ago.

Fiction

Fallen Angel - Part 31

by Capt Wynan

Captain Moore and the crew walked into their quarters to find Professor Pearson and Lillian sitting at the table going over some writings in a notebook. In the time Lillian had been here she had continued to grow at the rapid rate she had on the ship. Lillian was now about the age and size of a ten-year-old child. Both were now so focused on their discussion they failed to hear the crew enter.

"Professor, where have you and Lillian been?" Captain Moore asked. The two of them looked up from the notebook with blank expressions on their faces as if just realizing they had company.

"Oh, well, when Kroll came and got the lot of you I figured it would be best if the little miss and I went for a walk. While we were out we discovered a fascinating plant here and we were trying to discern if it was indeed a light or a gaseous dictamnus albus plant. I say it's the latter and Miss Lillian here says it is the former. We were going through my notes to see if we could identify which it truly is."

"You have been looking at flowers?" Henderson asked, curious,

"Not just any plants, my good man, but if one of us is right, we have found a fuel source for your rocket. The gaseous plant is good for lighting torches, fuel for a combustible engine and things of that nature. But a light dictamnus albus my friend is a rare source that is very useful in making the concentrated fuel we will need to get that rocket off the ground and travel the distance we need through space to get our best shot at sending that message." Then, turning his attention to the captain, "I presume you were successful in showing these natives the folly of sending anyone in that ship they have, correct?"

"Yes, I was. Just how are we to take this plant and make it into the fuel needed and how will you know which it is?" Moore asked as he walked over to the table where they both sat.

A cutting from the flower in question sat between them. Lillian turned another page of the notebook and pointed excitedly to the notation at the top. One side of the paper showed the distinct markings for the light plant and the other side showed the distinct markings for the gaseous plant.

"Here Professor, it shows right here that the light plant has smooth clean leaves while the gaseous plant has sticky furry leaves!" she said excitedly. The leaves on the plant between them were indeed smooth and clean. "I was correct professor," Lillian said proudly.

"So where did you find this plant anyway?" Moore asked looking at the book and the plant he now held in his hand.

"We went outside the walls today and found a very large patch of them on the north side of the hilly area to the east of us. I believe there are enough of them that when we refine them, there will be plenty for the rocket's needs," Pearson said.

"Do we have the tools necessary for that kind of a process?" Henderson asked. "Wouldn't it be dangerous to fool with a fuel plant with the antiquated equipment we have here on this planet?"

"Just the opposite, my good man. The few things we need that we are lacking I can draw blueprints of with dimensions and we can have them made," Pearson said happily, "I know our technology far outstrips the natives, but it doesn't mean they don't have what it takes to learn, adapt and grow while maintaining their lifestyle.

Henderson had been looking over Pearson's shoulder and shook his head. "Professor, unfortunately we don't have a way to create that piece right there," he said pointing to a portion of the design.

"Are you sure?" Pearson asked.

"I'm afraid so, I have seen their technology first hand and I'm not sure I could even tell you how to build it," he said scratching his head.

Angel came around to the back side of the table and looked over the diagrams on the pages and said, "I think I might be able to build it but it could take quite some time to build, if we can do it. I have the information from all the crystals in my memories."

"Well, at this point everything is a long shot so we might as well get to it and just do the best we can. Professor, you, Lillian, Durian and Teramo go to the fields and collect as much of this plant as you can. Two of you set up some drying racks for the plants to be placed on. Henderson, Angel, Boomer, Loagan and Dresden, work on getting the extractor built to get the fuel we need," Captain Moore said. "Angel, before you leave, would you inform Kroll of our plans so he can keep the counsel informed."

Angel went out the door. She was gone only a moment before she stepped back through. "Sir, Kroll says they would like to help collect the plants and build the equipment needed."

"Good, the more hands we have, the better off we'll be. Could be they really do want to work together or it could be a way to keep an eye on us to see that we don't welch on our deal," Captain Moore said.

They worked through the rest of the afternoon, each group doing their assigned jobs. Boomer had decided to go and check on Lillian to see how she was faring. He informed Henderson and Angel where he was going and grabbed some bread and cheese along with a flask of water for everyone picking the plants. Boomer found Professor Pearson and the others on the far end of a large field. It was evident they had picked a large amount of the light plants already. He could see stacks of them sitting in the afternoon sun. He waived as he walked across the field towards them. Boomer reached Lillian first and said, "How are you doing? Not getting too warm are you?"

"I'm doing fine Boomer, I want to help, I'm not a little girl anymore," Lillian said with her hands on her hips.

All at once, a warning tingle shot up Boomer's back. He spun around in time to see a native running across the field and chuck a spear directly at them. Boomer threw up his arms in front of Lillian. Using his body, he blocked the spear. It hit him in the shoulder. He fell to the ground in pain. A screech like no one had ever heard before erupted throughout the clearing. Another native ran toward them with a battle hammer in his hand. Lillian's eyes went red

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from Page 4)

as she glared at the native. Wings suddenly sprouted from her back and spread wide behind her. Again, a screech rent the air causing those close by to cringe and cover their ears. Boomer watched in disbelief as Lillian opened her mouth wide, took in a deep breath and blew an acid fireball at the native. It struck him full in the chest, exploding on contact. The native tried to brush off the fire but whatever came in contact with it caught fire. He screamed as the fire engulfed him. The other three natives who had been with him in the attack stood there dumbfounded, watching their comrade burn.

Professor ran over to Lillian who stood there breathing heavily. "Lillian, Lillian, your father is hurt. You must help him!"

The crimson color drained from her eyes and her wings folded upon her back. The little shirt she had worn was now shredded where the wings had burst forth. Blood ran down her back. Teramo took off his shirt to help staunch the flow of blood coming from her as she knelt down to Boomer.

"Daddy? Please be okay," She said in a small voice.

Boomer, whose face was pale, looked at her with all the love a father could muster. "I will be just fine, the professor will fix us both up and we will soon be all right."

Dresden said, "We have company."

More natives ran to the scene looking at the pile of smoldering ash that had been one of their own. Boomer, who now had the spear removed, was lying on the ground; Lillian was standing protectively close by. Several of the natives took the remaining three who had been in on the attack and bound their hands behind their backs while two more came over to help carry Boomer back to the compound where the healers could help.

Try as they might, they could not put Boomer and Lillian in separate rooms. Lillian's eyes flared when they tried to take Boomer into another room. It was soon agreed upon they would be in the same healing room. Boomer was in a bed on one side of the room with Lillian in a bed on the other side.

Professor Pearson leaned down and whispered to Boomer, "Why didn't you tell me she was a Draconian of the royal family?"

Boomer lay there looking over at Lillian. "I thought she might be of Draconian descent but I had no way of knowing for sure. Many families sent their children away in shuttles over a hundred years ago. My family was one of them. They colonized the planet Alpha Five several light years from their home planet. I am third generation," Boomer said, his eyes getting heavy from the elixir the healers had given him to help him sleep.

Patting his good shoulder Pearson said, "I will let the others know when they return. For now we must keep this between us."

"How? Several saw her," Boomer said groggily.

"Yes, but they don't know of her royal heritage. If she should become overly angry she could burn down this village in one stroke," Pearson said.

Boomer's eyes fluttered open, "I didn't know." Then his eyes closed and he was soon asleep.

Pearson looked over at Lillian with concern. "I wonder which royal family she is descended from."

Fiction

A Stargate Atlantis Story - 12

by Col. Shreya Rose

Hallway

Amargosa walked down the hallway. The Phoenix and Amargosa needed to talk to the Atlantis crew and quickly. Erick had been looking for Amargosa for an hour now. Amargosa walked right by Erick as she made her way to the gateroom.

"Amargosa?" Erick said.

Amargosa turned to Erick, her eyes a deep red orange color. Erick noticed the eye color.

"We need to talk to the Atlantis crew. We are in danger," Amargosa said, her voice deeper than usual.

"They're in the conference room," Erick said.

Amargosa left Erick and headed to the conference room. Erick followed to see what was going on.

Conference Room

Weir and Sheppard's team were going over a few things when Amargosa walked in with Erick following behind.

"We need to talk," Amargosa said as she looked around at the group. She could feel that the Phoenix was anxious and started talking to Amargosa in her mind. Amargosa tried to calm her down.

"The Wraith are on their way here," Amargosa finally said.

The members of the Atlantis team cast glances back and forth at each other.

"When did this happen?" Sheppard asked.

"A few weeks ago. The Phoenix left to help defend my people from a Wraith attack. Somehow they discovered her and followed her trail right back here. She did not intend to cause you any trouble. It just happened."

"Why not tell us about this sooner?" McKay asked.

"I wanted to, but the Phoenix wanted to me to wait. It took a bit of time to convince her that it wasn't just my life in danger, but that it was your lives as well," Amargosa said.

The Phoenix took over and spoke through Amargosa, "I told her to wait. I wanted to be sure that they were on their way here."

McKay looked at Weir and Sheppard. Sheppard looked at Amargosa who was looking down at the floor. They were all surprised when the Phoenix spoke to them.

"I'm sorry about that. She wanted to make her thoughts known," Amargosa said rubbing her head.

"Thank you Amargosa," Weir said.

Amargosa let out a sigh and then left. Erick looked at Weir and Sheppard.

"You don't think this is happening now, do you?" McKay asked.

"We can't be too careful. Everyone be on alert," Weir said as she got up and headed out of the conference room. Sheppard looked at McKay and Teyla, then left to get ready for what was to come.

Brain Benders

ACROSS

1. Folklore dwarf
6. Eve's man
10. Saudi, e.g.
14. Where Pago Pago is
15. Where Timbuktu is
16. "The Biggest Little City in the World"
17. About
18. Senior year event
19. Proof word
20. *The android, to the Rangers
22. Hanks and Selleck
24. Coffee holder
25. Final, e.g.
27. Hard-time crime
29. Spy tools, for short
32. Show ____
34. 16 1/2 feet
35. Came down
36. Howls
38. *Annoying bureaucrat from Central
42. *Prison gang leader on Catraz
43. British ____
45. *Ranger who is half robot
46. *Crashed on Catraz, to his fans
49. Fable
50. ____-test
51. Actress MacGraw
53. Swe. neighbor
54. Cold war inits.
55. Assimilate mentally
58. Nonexistent

60. Dean's 1960s singing partner
61. "Encore!"
63. *Vee'Lon royal
67. Arabian Peninsula country
69. Taunt
71. Exotic jelly fruit
72. D-Day month
73. "Once ____ a time..."
74. Cay
75. Kind of column
76. What libraries do
77. Game with kings and queens

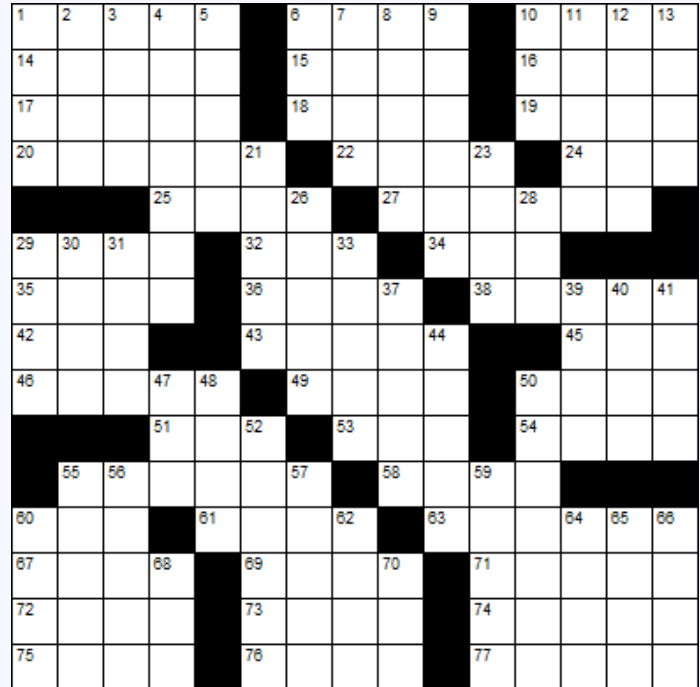


DOWN

1. Ivan or Nicholas
2. Punjabi princess
3. Black cat, to some
4. Most enduring
5. Kind of paint
6. Unit of current, briefly
7. Feathered missile
8. Cool
9. *Fort Hope's Scientist (with "Dr.")

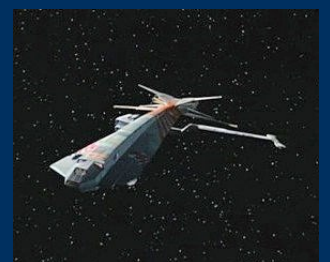
10. "____ we there yet?"
11. Any "Star Trek" episode, now
12. Hopping mad
13. *Answers to Chennault
21. Talmud scholar
23. Lento
26. Psora, for one
28. "____ to Joy"
29. Sagan of "Cosmos"
30. Sheltered from the wind
31. Bearing
33. *Graaka missionary
37. ____ Hall
39. Middle of March
40. Lushes
41. Badge of battle
44. Gesture of i difference
47. Hound
48. Primordial plasma term coined by Dr. Ralph Alpher in the late 1940s
50. Cattail
52. *Evil crime lord
55. Obstruct the flow of
56. Nonsensical
57. Drivel
59. Spock's specialty
60. *Pilot whose emotions are a mystery
62. Deep black
64. Chip's cartoon chum
65. Ancient greetings
66. Stetsons
68. Aussie outlaw Kelly
70. Wrap up

ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle *Texas Rangers in Space? - 6 Episodes (1993) by Brigadier Tensa - August 2016



Answers to Previous Puzzle

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



More Brain Benders

SUDOKU PUZZLE

August 2016
Hard Non-Symmetrical
by Brigadier Tensa

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

Solution to July's Sudoku Puzzle
Medium Non-Symmetrical

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

WORD SEARCH

August's Topic: Marina Sirtis Roles
Look for 27 character names
by Brigadier Tensa

S	C	M	B	L	A	H	C	F	X	C	Y	B	R	N
X	I	H	E	U	M	O	L	L	3	L	E	E	E	T
C	N	A	N	C	Y	O	A	J	L	A	L	E	V	A
O	D	F	E	R	P	K	T	A	M	E	R	T	W	K
M	Y	C	Z	E	J	E	S	L	E	E	O	D	P	D
P	F	A	I	Z	X	R	A	H	H	B	A	E	E	O
U	I	M	A	I	S	P	W	S	N	I	S	A	R	U
T	E	I	G	A	L	S	X	G	R	Q	H	N	S	B
E	L	L	B	L	R	R	I	A	S	U	S	N	E	L
R	D	L	L	M	O	S	M	W	H	E	J	A	N	E
V	I	E	I	C	S	R	P	G	A	E	A	T	A	M
O	N	Y	S	A	W	Q	I	I	R	N	N	R	W	O
I	G	F	A	R	D	G	R	A	O	B	I	O	D	U
C	S	T	E	L	L	A	V	Y	N	E	N	I	W	T
E	A	R	I	A	D	N	E	S	X	E	E	F	C	H

Solution to July's Word Search:
Michael Dorn Roles

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

Brain Benders

Word Search

August's Word List:

Ariadne	Lisa
Assign Bot	Lucrezia
Benezia	Maria
Camille	Moll 3
Carla	Mrs. Wheeler
Cindy Fielding	Nancy
Computer Voice	Palma
Daria	Persena
Deanna Troi	Queen Bee
Double Mouth	Sally
Eva	Sharon
Gloria	Shereen
Hooker	Stella
Janine	



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Deputy Chief, ESB Recreations
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Simm Team Leader
Trivia Host
Staff Writer

CAPT Two Wolves
Senior Staff Writer

Col. Shreya Rose
Staff Writer

Mr. Dennis Howard
Editorial Writer
Critic

CMDR Bond
Games Coordinator

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