



Crockett's Spirit

Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth



Volume 4 Issue 10

October 2016

ESB News & Happenings

by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

New Member

Say hello to MaraJade, Esprit Starbase's newest member. She joined our group on September 27, 2016. A fan of Star Wars, MaraJade has joined the Jedi Order. Her particular preference is Star Wars Legends. Upon her request, Major General Tanner has added the subboard "Star Wars Legends" to the main "Star Wars" category. Personally, I look forward to acquiring and reading books written in this genre. So lets extend a warm, Esprit Starbase welcome to Jedi Seeker MaraJade!



New Assignment

Our own Commander Bond has donned a new uniform. This former member of ESB Recreations has been reassigned. He now proudly wears the Operations Gold uniform of ESB Security and he has been granted the title of Security Officer.



Commander Bond has been a member in good standing of Esprit Starbase since June 20, 2013. He, like so many of us here, migrated to ESB from Online Starbase (OSB), our previous home, where he had been a member for a number of years, and where he had also been assigned as a security officer. So he has plenty of experience and is well suited for his new assignment. Congratulations Commander Bond!

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- 1 ESB News & etc. | Fiction by CAPT Two Wolves
- 2 Fiction cont'd
- 3 New Fiction by LTJG Ashinaga
- 4 Fiction by Capt Wynan
- 5 Fiction cont'd | A Nugget by CDRE Kale
- 6 Crossword Puzzle
- 7 Sudoku & Word Search Puzzles
- 8 Word List / Humor | ESB & CS Staff

Fiction

The Alfore Encounter - 37

"Hello and Goodbye"

by CAPT Two Wolves

As Rohna promised, Mary Immaculate General Hospital was a ten minute air car ride away. The group piled out of the conveyance and were escorted in through the entrance to a private wing of the sprawling medical facility which had a sunny atrium and live, dwarfed palm trees.

My, this doesn't even resemble a hospital," Shara commented to Tony, through their mental link as they followed their escorts.

Yeah, it looks like a swanky resort, Tony thought back. Indeed, if it weren't for the plethora of medical staff wearing traditional dark blue medical scrubs with the hospital's name emblazoned on the left pocket, the place could have been mistaken for a ritzy private spa.

The group got on the lift and went to the third floor where they were taken to a private room. When they walked into the sun lit room, Shara noted two things: the man lying on the hospital bed, and the woman sitting next to him and holding his left hand. The man was clearly a Romulan, the woman was Vulcan.

"Father?" Shara dared to ask.

"Yes, T'Shara." he relied with a smile.

"Mother?" Shara asked.

"Yes." the woman whispered quietly. Her lips quirked up into a shy, unVulcan-like smile.

"How?" Shara asked.

"I am Ga'al, prefect of the Rovon province on Romulus Prime. Quite some time ago my first wife died leaving me a widower with twin, two year old sons....," he began.

"His important position as prefect did not allow him time to properly care for and raise his sons, so, he purchased a slave. I was supposedly captured during an Orion pirate raid on a passenger vessel," the Vulcan woman added.

(Continued on Page 2)

(Continued from page 1)

"Though slavery is thoroughly detestable, Romulans still practice it. There are strict regulations which dictate that Romulans must treat their slaves with dignity and respect. She bore me a child, which we could not keep. We were both in delicate positions and were being scrutinized from all angles. Ultra-secret arrangements were made and the babe was sent to Earth where she was adopted," Ga'al finished.

"Ga'al later declared my freedom and married me in a traditional Romulan ceremony. As his official consort, I've since born him five children," The Vulcan woman added. "My Romulan name is Tyru, my Vulcan name is irrelevant for now," she added.

"Why so much secrecy?" Shara inquired.

"Because Ga'al has been spear heading Romulan opposition against The Shining Path. There are at least twenty races of people who have secretly pledged and lent their hands and resources to thwart what that terrorist group is attempting to do. Force the secession of Vulcan from Starfleet and the Federation. Two months ago a mysterious heart ailment befell my husband. It could only be treated at this facility. His doctor believes he was poisoned and is treating him with an antidote," Tyru explained.

"Dios Mio!" Tony gasped.

"Thankfully, the poisons were filtered from his system and Ga'al's health has been fully restored. Unfortunately, we must leave tomorrow. The opposition against The Shining Path desperately needs its leader, as their foul campaign has intensified," Tyru said.

"Good evening, everyone!" A female nurse declared in her heavy West Indian accent as she stepped into the room. "It's medication time," she continued as she adroitly administered a hypo injection into Ga'al's left shoulder and checked his vitals on the bio-screen over his bed. A nameplate on her scrubs top stated her last name was "Colly".

"Oh, oh," Shara said. Every one froze.

"Oh, oh? What do you mean by oh-oh?" Tony asked. There was a quiet sound of flowing water as a liquid substance ran down and pooled at Shara's feet, drenching her pants and shoes.

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Your water broke!" Tony shouted, going into full panic mode.

"Calm down, Sir! This is a hospital. We do births here very well," Nurse Colly announced in her most professional tone. She then called for medical assistance using her communications pin.

Seconds later, a medical assistant toting an anti-grav gurney arrived.

"Come on, Mama. We're gonna lay down the red carpet and welcome your little one," Nurse Colly said, as Shara was whisked away with Tony following close behind.

After a leisurely breakfast of eggs, sausage, home fries, buttered toast and more Jamaica roast coffee, the two women chatted as Skonn sat in the background with his nose buried in his comtab.

"Is he always like that?" Captain Jack whispered, not caring that his sharp Vulcan ears heard her inquiry.

Though she had not known him long, Janice knew that her First Officer, like most men, tended to retreat during what her late father referred to as *hen clucks*. However, she also knew that Vulcans were habitual multitaskers, and if she whispered Skonn's name, he'd respond instantly with his full attention.

"Not always," Janice replied. *He's probably playing a game on that thing,* she thought as a smile crossed her lips.

"I hope you two are all packed and ready to go. We'll be arriving at Azotan within the hour. I want to give you two a head start on debarking before I drop the bomb on the Klingons," Jack said as she rose to her feet.

Twenty five minutes later, Tony held Victoria in his arms as he sat next to Shara's bed. Nurse Colly smiled as she watched the overjoyed couple gaze at their first child.

True to her word, Jack allowed Janice and Skonn to debark early, after they'd exchanged contact codes and addresses. Skonn also gave Jack's engineers the coordinates of where to safely dispose of the bomb so it would do no harm if it happened to explode.

Shara awakened an hour following a brief nap to a room full of people. Ga'al sat in a chair on her left and held Victoria, as Tyru stood next to him. Her faithful Track Cats, Kiki and Rusty sat side by side with Tony's Graya. Her attention was drawn to the door as it opened.

"I'm sorry I'm late" Marisol said as she swept in with Jessica in tow. "I brought the bug out bag, that your husband forgot," she added as she handed over the carefully packed bag that Shara was supposed to bring with her to the hospital *before* she had Victoria. Tony did a face palm giving everyone a chuckle.

Extra chairs were brought in while introductions were made. For about an hour the group chatted, until a brief and furtive knock quieted them. Rohan peered in and gazed directly at Ga'al.

"Please forgive us everyone, but we must depart," Ga'al said, as he tenderly handed Victoria over to Shara. "We shall see each other as soon as the storm blows over," he added as he took his wife's hand and they both headed for the door. Seconds later, the distinct sound of a transporter was heard.

"Madre de Dios! What was that about?" Marisol asked, shocked by the hasty and unexpected departure of Shara's parents.

"One of these days, I'll tell you," Tony replied.

"Starfleet Secret Squirrel stuff?" Marisol asked.

"Yes, you can call it that," Tony said. "Meanwhile, please pray for them," he added, as he shared an unseen worried glance with Shara.

Fiction

Star Wars - Ashi's Shame

Chapter 2: Drak

by LTJG Ashinaga

The Devon Port stunk. In fact, the whole planet of Kelik stunk, but it wasn't a place for the refined of society to enjoy. Raiders came here to peddle their stolen goods and sell the slaves they were able to capture. It was an illegal practice, but being so far away from Coruscant provided some cover. The only Imperial Outpost here was a small listening station used to maintain communications and holo-traffic into the Far Reach area of space. There were just enough troopers to protect the outpost, not to police the streets.

Drak pushed his way through the crowds, passed the vendors, and right by several of his favorite bars and brothels. More than one prostitute grabbed his arm but was met by a shove from the angry Rodian. He didn't want any pleasure right now, just revenge.

"Drak! Drak!" A former captain of the fallen Trade Federation yelled.

Drak snarled, "What is it, Movek?"

The finely dressed man pulled Drak aside, "I hear your ship was out in the Far Reach again. Searching for...merchandise? I have a buyer for any girls you may have picked up." The greedy old man was eager for some fresh slaves to sell to his Hutt buyers.

Drak growled, "My men are all dead."

"Dead? Did you go after a target you couldn't beat?" Movek snickered at Drak.

"I don't want to talk about it." Drak looked back at the tallest building in Devon Port, "Is Commander Nellis here?"

"I did see her ship arrive yesterday. She should be in her office. Why bother filing a report?" Movek asked, "You can't tell them what you were doing out there, and, besides, the Empire technically doesn't own the territories in the Far Reach."

"It's not a report. I have a bounty to collect." Drak shoved several people aside and continued toward the Imperial offices.

Movek was puzzled, "Bounty? In the Far Reach?"

Commander Nellis looked over several reports from her officers. She was only gone for three days and already the paperwork had backed up. She continued to remind herself why she was doing this, she loved the empire and the job was good. She even got a bonus for having to work in such a distant location. Eventually, when she lived comfortably in retirement, all this would be worth it.

Pressing a button on her desk, she said, "Trooper 423, tell the infirmary to send their chief medical droid to my office at once."

"Yes, Ma'am," was the junior officers response.

Nellis looked over the reports five times trying to find out who had started charging the locals for visits to the infirmary here. One of the benefits to all citizens of the Empire is medical care at any base, so long as you don't mind being treated by droids. Someone re-programmed the droids to ask for money and she would put a stop to that.

Just then Trooper 423 came back through the com, "Ma'am, you have a visitor."

She muttered, "That droid was fast," then she said aloud, "Send it in." The door of her office opened and she looked up expecting to see the standard med droid, only to find a dirty Rodian with an ugly snarl on his green snout. Commander Nellis frowned at him, "Can I help you?"

"I think we can help each other," Drak said.

Nellis rolled her eyes and shoed him with a waving hand, "I'm not going to purchase any drugs or prostitutes from you. Don't..."

"No. I'm not here to sell, I'm here to collect on a bounty. One you'll be interested in." Drak stepped a bit closer to her desk.

Nellis kept her finger on the call button for her security, in case this Rodian got any funny ideas. "A bounty? The head of planetary security deals with the criminal bounties."

"This is no smuggler or slave trader." Drak stood right in front of her desk, the shaft of light fully illuminating him, "This is a Jedi."

This caught her by surprise, "A Jedi? There hasn't been a reported Jedi in any sectors around here for five years."

"He was well hidden. I watched him with my own eyes cut down five of my best men. He used the force to protect a pathetic little village in the Far Reach. I promise, commander, this is no false report. I want the bounty. In exchange, I'll give you the location."

Nellis took a moment to study this man, "If I believed you, which I can't say that I do, I couldn't hand over that kind of bounty without actual proof. You give me a location and if a Jedi is found, you'll be rewarded. Otherwise, you'll be thrown in jail for making a false report."

"Fine. I'll give you the location. When you find him, you pay me." Drak slammed a fist on her desk, "He killed my crew, I deserve payment."

The commander stood up and pressed a button on her desk. The door opened and her chief security trooper came in. "Go with Trooper 423 and file an official report. I'll make sure you get the reward if this is legitimate."

"It is," Drak grunted and left her office.

Nellis was glad to be rid of that man. More than one officer in the Outer Rim has had to deal with false Jedi reports. The bounty on a captured or killed Jedi is so high that it attracts many greedy men. Unfortunately, the filing of a false report for a Jedi sighting is met with demotion, and sometimes termination. The last thing she wanted was to be demoted for that, considering that demotion for a Jedi report is conducted by Lord Vader.

Fiction

Fallen Angel - Part 33

by Capt Wynan

Several days later Captain Moore sat at a table with Angel, Boomer, Professor Pearson and Henderson. The rest of the crew had turned in for the night and Lillian had fallen asleep a few hours earlier.

"I don't know what to do about this. I know things have been strained here with tensions between our group and the natives trying to work together without fights breaking out. Lillian has felt the tension. Her temper has flared on a number of occasions and it's becoming increasingly harder to calm her," Professor Pearson said to the group.

"It seems that when she is outside the walls collecting pants she does better," Angel offered. "My data bases, I mean my memories from the crystals, show me that some Draconian traditions included a rite of passage where the youngling would go out into the wilderness for a period of time on a survival quest. Upon returning, the youngling would have made a successful transition through that phase of his or her life."

"Surely you aren't suggesting we send her out in the wilderness to survive on her own are you?" Boomer asked incredulously.

Angel pursed her lips and glared at him.

Captain Moore covered her hand, then turned to the group and said, "No one is suggesting she go out alone. I think what Angel is saying is that maybe a few of us should go out with her into the forest so she can have a relatively safe rite of passage of her own. At least with some of us accompanying her there is less likelihood that she'll lose her temper as with the some of the natives who seem bent on testing the leader's threat to see if he would actually sentence them to be burned by her."

"I must admit, I think we would get a lot more work done on the ship if we didn't have the distraction of the natives trying their luck with our little Lillian," Henderson said.

"Despite what T'jock said about any native trying anything, I don't want Lillian to be forced to burn someone. That first time, she was angry and scared. She didn't know what was happening. I'm not going to allow her to be put into a position

where she is forced to repeat what she did because T'jock is eager to see her in action.

"Alright, say we go on this quest to help Lillian and ease the tensions here. Who will go?" Angel asked. "Henderson and Boomer are needed here to continue working on the rocket and, Captain, you are needed to keep the others in line and busy so they don't get restless or do something foolish."

"I don't think it should be a large group, just a few of us," Captain Moore said looking around.

"Look," Henderson said. "Dresden can do the same work as you, Boomer, so you should go. Angel, you should go with her too. I think we can do without your services as a translator. I'm getting pretty good at getting my point across to the natives as to what needs to be done with drawings and hand signals. Professor, you should go as well. I think it would be a good chance for you to learn a bit more about this planet.

"Alright, it sounds like we have a plan. How are we going to get the natives to agree to let us go on this little expedition?" Professor Pearson asked.

"Well, I think T'jock would be more than happy to have Lillian out of the compound for a while," Captain Moore said with a grin. "I saw him walk the other way several times whenever Lillian came anywhere near him."

"O.k. first thing in the morning we go. I think Lillian will be happy for this chance to actually spread her wings. It will be a welcome change of pace for her," Angel said.

The next morning Captain Moore and Angel walked over to the well where Kroll was standing. Angel explained to the large native what they had planned, asking for a chance to talk to T'jock in order to get his permission to leave.

Kroll spoke to Angel and a surprised look crossed her face.

"What is it Angel?" Captain Moore asked.

"Kroll wants to come with us," Angel said looking from Kroll to the captain.

"Well, he certainly knows more about this planet than we do. He could serve as a guide when we need one," Captain Moore said nodding his head. "Lead the way," Captain Moore added motioning to Kroll who turned to continue across the compound to T'jock's quarters.

Two guards stood outside the door barring the way in. Kroll spoke in his usual low guttural tone, to which they nodded and stepped aside allowing the three of them to enter.

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

They stepped into the darkened interior to find T'jock sitting alone in the throne room. Kroll bowed to T'jock and spoke to him. Angel listened to the exchange and relayed what was being said to Captain Moore.

"Kroll is telling him of our plan and it sounds like T'jock isn't happy about the idea of us wandering around alone. Kroll has explained that he would go with us. T'jock isn't happy with that idea and is suggesting that another go in his place. Kroll has pointed out that many of their kind seem to irritate the child and they don't think it wise to send someone who might become a pile of coal ash."

Captain Moore kept his face impassive, looking down at his feet, studying them for a moment before looking back up at the exchange between T'jock and Kroll.

"T'jock has agreed to allow us to go on this journey but we are to return in one week's time." Angel said,

Kroll bowed to T'jock signifying agreement.

"I guess that means it's settled then," Captain Moore said as he too bowed to T'jock and backed toward the doorway.

Quietly the three of them walked back across the compound to the quarters where Captain Moore and his crew were staying. Professor Pearson, Lillian and Boomer were standing outside talking.

"Lillian, I think we should look at this as a grand adventure where we could learn so much more! Angel is coming too. That is why we have her bag packed," the professor said.

"But what if something happens to the captain or the others? I won't be here to help them." Lillian said with her arms crossed tightly.

"Lillian, they will be just fine. You should have seen how Captain Moore fought that Gaiel. Captain Moore is more than capable of taking care of the crew," Boomer said,

Henderson stepped out just then and said, "And don't forget about me, I have been known to knock a few heads together now and then. Isn't that right Boomer?"

Boomer laughed and said, "Yes Sir!"

"Someone else will be coming with us as well." Angel said,

Lillian's brow furrowed as she asked, "Who?"

"Kroll has said he would like to go along with us," Angel said looking around at the others who had surprised looks on their faces.

Lillian smiled for the first time and said, "Good, I like Kroll, he is nice." She walked over

and took his hand.

Kroll looked down at the small child who had hold of his hand. Gently, he closed his fingers around her small delicate ones and nodded.

Soon the small group along with Captain Moore stood at the gate, ready to go on the rite of passage with Lillian. The captain looked at the few members of his crew leaving and shook hands with them all. Kroll stepped forward and shook hands with Moore as well and spoke in his guttural tone.

"He says, he will keep us safe," Angel said.

Captain Moore stood by the gate as they walked out into the forestland outside the wall. He felt a bit of apprehension as he watched them go.

"Don't worry, sir. That little mite won't let anything happen to them," Henderson said standing next to the captain.

"Who, Lillian?" Captain Moore asked, "She is too small to fight anyone."

"Not Lillian, Angel, or have you forgotten about Jaxon's asteroid already?" Henderson remarked as he clapped Moore on the back.

"No, I haven't forgotten," Moore said, "but now, she doesn't have any weapons to protect her like the ship did."

"No, but she has a fierce love and loyalty to all in this crew, especially for that little girl," Henderson said.

"I hope you're right." Captain Moore said as the small group disappeared into the forest.

A Nugget

by CDRE Logan Kale

Did you know that.. In Star Trek there are a lot of signs all over the ship such as on doors and lockers. Written in tiny print on these doors are some rather amusing tidbits, such as:

"A stitch in time saves nine."

"In space, nobody can hear you scream"

"Warning! Objects in mirror may be closer than they appear"

"No matter where you go, there you are"

There are quite a few more for those interested, you can get a full list from the Star Trek Technical Manual or the Star Trek Encyclopedia.

Source: Classified

Brain Benders

ACROSS

1. Enlivens, with "up"
5. Gift tag word
9. Fission device
14. Donnybrook
15. Coin featuring Leonardo da Vinci's Vitruvian Man
16. Ban
17. Leer at
18. Casual shirts
19. Securing
20. *Voyaged beyond the 1970 limit to 1982 due to a time travel device malfunction, with 13D
22. Afore
24. Dress (up)
25. ___-in-trade
26. Princes, e.g.
28. Biblical king
32. *Repaired the time travel device in New Jersey in 1879 learning nothing of its secrets
36. *See 44A
39. Turns bad
41. Artillery burst
42. Camera part
44. *Persuaded by the Voyagers to surrender to the Americans rather than the Russians in 1945, preceded by 36A
46. Extinct flightless birds
47. Twangy, as a voice
49. Sketches
51. *Journalist Nellie who was

- attacked by 31D in London in 1889
52. Voyager assigned to get the Mona Lisa off the Titanic in 1912
54. Upper regions of space
56. Machiavellian concerns
58. Domain
62. Columbus Day mo.
65. Former French coin
66. *Accidental Voyager who also served as a human guidebook
68. Cursor mover
70. Fix, in a way
72. Persia, today
73. Recess
74. ___-de-camp
75. Astronomer's sighting
76. Signed
77. Cry out for
78. Rams' ma'am's



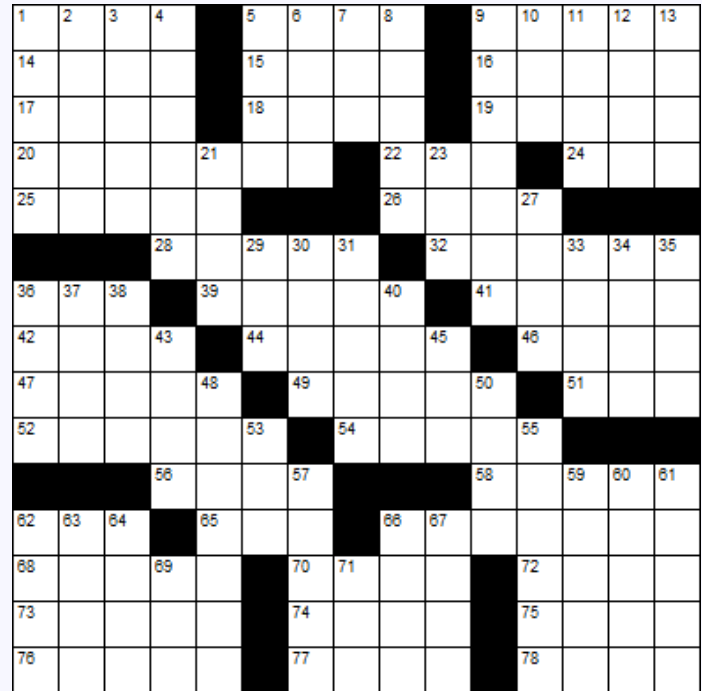
DOWN

1. Stage items
2. Black billiard ball
3. Salk's co quest
4. Fetus
5. Greek salad cheese
6. They criss-cross Paris
7. Refinable rock
8. *Babe in a basket placed in

- the Nile by 66A in 1450 B.C.
9. Ministers (to)
10. Aircraft compartment
11. Final notice
12. Pre-stereo
13. *See 20A
21. ___ out (barely manages)
23. Caviar
27. Musical kingdom
29. Burgle
30. Thine and mine
31. *Rogue Voyager
33. Neatnik's opposite
34. ___ Office
35. Like a yenta
36. "In ___ veritas"
37. Not written
38. Like some decrees
40. Exec, slangily
43. Bank
45. Utmost degree
48. Oil source
50. Lowly worker
53. Big fuss
55. Perfect
57. *Voyager who defended 20A against a charge of endangering 66A's life
59. "This way" sign
60. Furlough
61. Talking birds (var.)
62. *Time travel device used by Voyagers
63. Invent, as a phrase
64. Nip's partner
66. Green gem
67. Spotted
69. ___-wolf
71. ___-eyed

ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

*They Voyage Through Time to Help History
by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa - October 2016



Answers to Previous Puzzle

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



More Brain Benders

SUDOKU PUZZLE

October 2016
Easy Symmetrical
by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to September's Sudoku Puzzle
Very Easy Symmetrical

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

WORD SEARCH

October's Topic: Wil Wheaton Roles
Look for 35 character names
by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to September's Word Search:
Whoopi Goldberg Roles

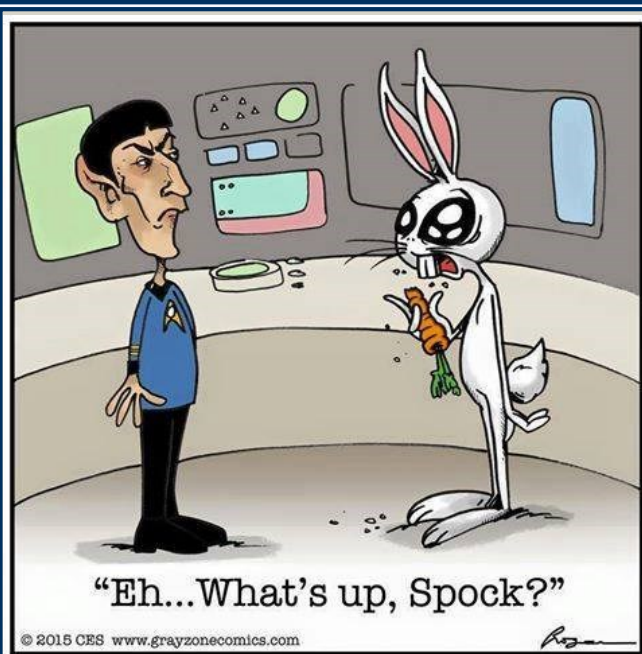
H	E	L	E	N	K	M	A	M	A	B	E	L	L	E
T	A	D	G	E	N	T	M	E	T	Z	I	E	J	E
H	B	L	A	A	C	A	L	I	F	I	A	S	A	S
E	S	R	R	I	G	O	L	D	I	E	R	N	V	
L	D	A	E	O	L	A	G	O	D	R	S	E	E	I
M	E	N	M	N	O	I	T	C	O	I	T	J	Z	O
A	A	S	J	A	D	O	N	L	V	T	X	N	F	L
M	T	O	I	O	R	A	E	A	I	A	E	H	A	A
P	H	M	A	L	D	D	M	I	H	C	O	N	W	
G	O	E	L	O	R	I	S	B	S	T	A	X	T	H
U	C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

Brain Benders

Word Search

October's Word List:

Alien	Martin
Aqualad	Max
Arling	Robin
Bryan	Romulan
Cadet	Shizuku
Clyde	Skurg
Colin Mason	Steve
Commander S'Leet	Super-Ego
Corrin	Taruho
Danny	The Fig
Dante	Tim
Dorman	Tommy
Dr. Doom	Watt-R-Boy
Jack	WesleyCrusher
Jimmy	Will
Jonas	WilWheaton
Kevin	Zack
Kyle	



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