



Crockett's Spirit

Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth



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Fiction

The Alfore Encounter - 41

"Truth is Stranger than Fiction"
by CAPT Two Wolves

"What do you mean by a disguised Romulan?" Janice asked.

Skonn stood back and pointed. The impact of Skonn's kick had smashed the driver's torso and head into the vehicles dashboard and windshield resulting in the snapping of his neck as evidenced by the impossible angle at which his head was hanging. It had also knocked his hat off, and the latex mask he'd been wearing on his face to hide his pointed ears and ridged brow was hanging free.

Skonn dialed up Captain Gos and spoke to him via his comtab.

"Stay in the area. I will send five LE drones to your location. Estimated time of arrival, one minute, and for Gholl's sake, do not touch anything," Gos warned.

"I have no intention of doing so," Skonn replied tersely before shutting down his comtab.

"What do we do now?" Janice asked looking around. To her, the area seemed deserted and run down compared to the inner city where their hotel was located.

"The drones are here," Skonn announced. His

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Fiction

Fallen Angel - Part 37

by Capt Wynan

The next morning everyone slept in as the sun climbed steadily up into the sky. Professor Pearson was the first to awaken. He stretched his limbs trying to work out some of the kinks in his old bones. Camping on the cold, hard ground had done him no favors. He moved stiffly as he brought out the makings of warm bread and cheese for breakfast.

Boomer stirred as the smell of fresh warm bread wafted over his nostrils with the gentle breeze. His empty stomach responded with a clearly audible, hunger induced growl.

"Good morning to you too," Professor Pearson said. "I trust you slept well." He handed Boomer a warmed slice of bread with melted cheese on top.

Boomer rubbed his hands over his face, trying to chase the sleep from his eyes. He reached hungrily for the bread and took a large bite. He looked over at Angel and Lillian to see if they were still asleep. Then he looked up at the sky checking the position of the sun.

"I guess we slept longer than we had figured on. It looks to be almost noon," he said between bites. Placing the bread on his pant leg, he reached for his flask and drank some of the cool water.

"With all the excitement from last night I figured a little extra sleep wouldn't hurt anyone. I let Kroll sleep an extra couple of hours before waking him to be on watch," the professor said as he looked around trying to spot the large hulking native.

Angel stirred as the smell of warm bread and melting cheese filling the campsite with wonderful smells that stimulated her senses. Gently, she eased her arm out from underneath the sleeping child and sat up. The professor offered her a warm piece of bread and cheese as she pushed her hair out of her face and tucked it behind her ears. Gratefully she took the bread in both hands and took a small bite.

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She chewed on it slowly enjoying its flavor. As she swallowed, she relished the feeling as the food's warmth began to spread throughout her body.

Kroll walked out of the nearby woods emerging like a shadow detaching from a tree. He walked across the small clearing to the camp, gently he eased himself down on his bedroll as the professor handed him a large piece of bread.

Lillian finally stirred and sat up looking around. She pushed her hair out of her face and scooted next to her mother. Angel offered her a bite of her bread. She took a small bite, then laid her head back in her mother's lap. With one hand Angel took another bite of the bread while she stroked the child's hair with her other.

"I guess last night's adventure took a bit out of all of us," Professor Pearson said as he took a bite out of his own bread.

"Is she feeling O.K.?" Boomer asked.

"I think so, she doesn't feel different, I think she is just tired," Angel said as she continued gently stroking her hair.

"Well, I don't think it will hurt to stay here today and give Lillian a chance to rest up. It will give the rest of us time to explore the area," the professor said.

"I think that old encampment we stayed at is just through the woods that way," Boomer said. "I would like to see if there is anything left of it."

"Angel, would you ask Kroll if that is the way to the old encampment?" Boomer asked.

Kroll nodded his head after Angel asked the question.

"Good, I would like to go and find it."

"Kroll would like to go with you. He wants to find some plants to take back to the compound," Angel said.

Soon breakfast was done, the camp was tidied and Boomer and Kroll readied themselves to go look for the old encampment and some plants as well. Before leaving, Boomer rounded up enough firewood to keep the campfire going while they were gone. Professor Pearson filled everyone's canteen with fresh water and also made sure to explore the area near in around camp. He didn't want to get out of shouting distance from Angel and the sleeping child in case he was needed.

After Boomer and Kroll had been gone a few hours, Angel was sitting by the small fire, adding sticks every now and then to keep it going. The day wasn't warm so there was no need to seek shade. The professor was weaving in and out of the trees around camp looking at different flora and fauna. Lillian still lay sleeping on the blankets with her head in Angel's lap. Angel moved gently trying to ease some of the kinks out of her tired back and legs from having sat in one spot for so long. Gently she eased out from under the child and stood up to stretch her legs. Lillian continued to sleep. It was early afternoon as Angel walked to the edge of the woods to work some of the stiffness out of her body and to get some exercise. She kept an eye on the sleeping child as she moved about the camp.

"Is it normal for a child to sleep this much?" Angel asked when she came abreast of the professor.

"Sometimes when they have had a particularly exhausting day they can," He said thoughtfully.

"I had all the information from the crystals but it doesn't help me in this situation. It was all facts and figures. This is different and I'm starting to worry about her," Angel said crossing her arms over her chest.

"Do you recall any information about this planet regarding any diseases or viruses indigenous to the people here?" the professor asked. "I have been researching this area as best I can but so far have found nothing in the books I've read."

Angel thought for a moment, then she spoke. "I don't think so. Nothing that I can recall."

Slowly they walked back towards camp and the sleeping child who still hadn't stirred or even rolled over in her sleep. Angel resumed sitting next to Lillian. The professor put away his journals into which he had made drawings of various things of interest he had found and the few notes he had written beside them.

The sun was long in the afternoon sky before Kroll and Boomer returned to the campfire.

Kroll walked over to the child who still lay sleeping, undisturbed. Kneeling down he gently shook her shoulder, no response.

"Is she alright?" Angel asked. Alarm started to crawl up her back.

Kroll bent close listening to the child's breathing and then gently opened one of her eyes. In one swift motion he picked up the sleeping child and barked out an order that had Angel scrambling up behind him.

"What is it?" Boomer asked quickly shoving their items in their backpacks.

"Kroll says leave those things, we have to get her back to the compound, she has the sleeping sickness. He says it is deadly to children!" Angel cried.

Professor Pearson and Boomer dropped everything and ran after the large native who was already jogging through the woods with Lillian cradled in his arms and Angel running beside him.

They ran silently through the trees, covering mile after mile, wishing the entire time for a quicker way to return. Angel went down once, catching her foot on a root, twisting her ankle. Boomer swept her up, carrying her light frame in his arms. The professor finally could run no more and said. "You go on ahead; I will only slow you down. I will follow your tracks."

"Boomer, set me down, I will walk with the professor. Just get Lillian back to camp! Please don't let her die!" she sobbed as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Boomer sat her down and said, "I will do my best." He turned and ran after the giant Kroll, disappearing into the forest.

Together Angel and the professor helped each other walk slowly back to camp. The sun was down by the time they returned to the front gate with torches on either side of the open door. Henderson rushed out to them, picked up Angel and said. "Hurry, she needs you."

The three entered the gate as it swung shut behind them, blocking out the darkness of the forest that Angel and the professor had just returned from.

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sharp Vulcan hearing had picked up their silent approach. Four of the devices were armed. The fifth looked disturbingly like an intrusive humanoid eye. Both stood still as the eye gave them the once over from head to foot. The armed drones established a perimeter around them.

"Have you been injured?" Captain Gos' voice asked remotely from the eye.

"No, we have not," Skonn replied. The eye then floated over to examine the crime scene.

"That thing's probably taking holos at every angle," Janice whispered to Skonn.

"Agreed," he replied as the device reduced itself enough in size to get into the damaged vehicle and get close ups of the dead Romulan.

"That's both cool and creepy," Janice thought to herself, as Captain Gos and his squad arrived in five patrol flyers.

One officer called the eye to him. It attached itself to his specially designed tablet via an information transfer port. One minute later, the eye detached itself and floated away. The officer then handed the results over to the Captain.

Gos separated himself from the full blown investigation, which included Smith and Jones, and stood off in the corner to read the results.

A few minutes later, Gos looked up and signaled to Smith and Jones. Both walked over and a spirited and hushed conversation ensued. He gesticulated and cast several angry glares in Janice's and Skonn's direction, then went back to the discussion.

"What are they arguing about?" Janice whispered assuming that Skonn could hear and understand Azo.

"Apparently, the vehicle has a cockpit voice recorder which recorded our brief conversation about The Shining Path," Skonn replied.

Drat! Janice thought.

"Here they come," Skonn warned, as the three headed towards them. Captain Gos, even without eyebrows, appeared infuriated.

"Quick! Think of something!" Janice muttered.

"Captain. Commander, apparently you have not been entirely forthright with us! Approximately, an hour ago, during our interview, you both stated that you knew nothing about The Shining Path, and that you did not know the suspects who attacked you. However, the air car's voice recorder picked up a brief conversation between you two concerning the self-same subject just before the incident in question. Can you please elaborate?" Gos asked.

"Now see here! We were nearly kidnapped! Heaven only knows what would've happened to us if we had been, and you have the audacity to question us?!" Janice was livid.

"According to Starfleet Directive 509 point 17, the subject of The Shining Path is considered highly classified, and is on a need to know only basis" Skonn interrupted. "Even my own commanding officer is

not privy to all of the details, and rightfully so, as those who knew too much in the past paid for that information with their lives," he pointed out.

My Lord! Raj! His entire crew! Janice thought as she suddenly felt faint. She hadn't put the two pieces of the puzzle together until now.

"Captain, are you alright?" Skonn asked as he grabbed Janice's shoulders to keep her from slumping to the ground. "Please forgive her. She's had a recent death in the family and is still grieving. It was her Chief Medical Officer's advice to take some time to rest," Skonn continued. A folding seat was brought for her to sit on, a shawl provided for her shoulders, and a bottle of cool water to sip.

"I think it best for me to get her back to the hotel. If you have any further questions, please contact us tomorrow," Skonn insisted..

"My sincere apologies and condolences, Captain Darden. I will definitely reach out to you both on the morrow. For now, I will have two of my officers take you both back to your hotel," Gos said, as an officer retrieved their shopping bags from the vehicle's back seat.

Janice climbed into the designated patrol flyer, while Skonn and Gos exchanged information. He then got into the car with her, it rose into the air and sped back to the hotel.

Back on Earth, at The Mary Emaculate Hospital Constable T'Pell was infuriated. Vulcans were not supposed to be angry, disgusted or annoyed, but inwardly she was. She had returned precisely 48 hours later to take charge of her prisoner and transport her to Vulcan for trial. However, when she arrived, she was unable to do so because the prisoner's halfling whelp had a fever. So, per doctor's orders, she was not going anywhere until the child's fever abated. Both mother and child were given official medical clearance.

Also, per doctor's orders, T'Pell and her deputies has been completely banned from the hospital. So the perturbed Vulcan was left to pace out her frustration on the sidewalk in front of the medical complex. So agitated was she that her own deputies and crew avoided her.

Neither child, nor husband, nor lawyer will prevent me from extracting my personal revenge upon Commander Hercules. She is responsible for the death of my lover, T'Pell thought as she paced.

A mother pulled her two children away from the angry Vulcan's path. Then turned and looked at her retreating back.

Dios Mio! What is wrong with her! she thought, as she hurried her children through the hospital's entrance.

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Back on Azotan, Janice and Skonn remained silent during the ride back to the hotel. If Gos was hoping they would further incriminate themselves, he was out of luck.

Once they arrived at the hotel, they both thanked the officers, grabbed their goods and exited the police flyer in great haste. They didn't speak until they were safely inside their shared hotel room.

"What in Hades is that?" Janice asked, as she dropped her shopping bag on the floor.

"Shining Path made a feeble attempt to kidnap us both," Skonn replied. "Fortunately, their attempt failed. Unfortunately, Captain Gos does not like the fact that we were untruthful to him."

"I couldn't care less. It's none of his business. Are you really going to take his call tomorrow?" Janice asked.

"Absolutely not. I gave him Admiral Hightower's contact code and told him to call him," Skonn told her.

Hightower... Hightower... Where have I heard that name before? Janice wondered.

"Admiral Redmond Hightower of Section 31," Skonn responded as if he'd been reading her mind.

If you know Admiral Hightower's contact code, who the heck are you? Janice wondered as she looked back at Skonn bewildered.

"I assure you, Captain. I will not harm you, nor will I allow anyone else to do so," Skonn replied, in response to her stricken expression. "By the way, that was an excellent ruse you enacted," he continued.

"Skonn, that was no ruse. I didn't know the events were connected until you mentioned it," Janice explained as she plopped herself down on the sofa. "All I'd like to do right now is have a hot bath and hit the hay."

"You cannot," Skonn countered.

"Why ever not?"

"Studies say that one should not sleep until at least twelve hours after arriving at one's intergalactic destination or your circadian rhythms will be..." Skonn began.

"How long has it been since we landed?" Janice asked, knowing the Vulcan would know precisely.

"Six hours, forty-five minutes, twenty-seven seconds."

So we have five hours and fifteen minutes to kill. What do you suggest, Skonn?"

"Dinner. Perhaps some shopping," Skonn replied.

"Not at those restaurants downstairs. They've been packed since we arrived," Janice grouched.

"I know a quiet place where we can have our repast in peace," Skonn assured her.

"Okay, give me about a half an hour to get cleaned up and dressed," Janice said. Then she disappeared into the bedroom...

Fiction

The Vanthean Chronicles: Tyranny's Dawn

by ENS Star Eagle

Book 1

ONE: SHARNAXION

SHARNAXION SAT ATOP his earthen mound, looking into the countless stars of the night sky as he engaged in conversation with his invisible friend. On most nights such as this, he would normally have flown throughout his territory—as most dragons do—to survey the cliff side and the ocean where he had built his mound, the giant sky-cedars of the forest that lay just to the west of him, or the nearby city that lay ten miles north of here. Tonight, however, was different. Tonight Sharnaxion wanted to explore and to know that which he could not reach: the giant blue world of Shiar'kun that dominated one quarter of the sky, the many moons that flitted about every night, and the stars which lay so far away.

Tonight the moons shone enough light to give a faint glint to his silvery scales which had the slightest tint of blue. As a relatively young dragon, his scales were not nearly as bright as they would become later in life, but they still possessed a noticeable sheen.

"Enticius," he spoke softly in a tenor's voice, still gazing at the stars, "have you really been beyond the world?"

"Many times," responded the older male voice, "and I have learned some interesting things about how all of this works." It was a friendly and kind voice, made delicate with age, but now echoing to Sharnaxion beyond the limits of space and time. If any other person or creature had been nearby, they would only have heard a dragon's monologue. A dragon, however, could hear just about anything, including the voices of the incorporeal—and the dead.

"Like what?" asked the dragon.

"How high have you flown?" asked the voice.

"Not high enough, obviously."

"What I mean is, have you ever flown high enough to notice that the shape of this world is curved?"

"Oh, yes. I have noticed that several times. So that means that Vanthea is round, just like Shiar'kun and most of the moons...right?"

"Yes. And you may not believe this, but nothing is set against a great celestial sphere either."

"So what are you getting at, old man?" demanded

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the dracon.

"Oh, so you think I'm old, hmm?" responded the voice. It then changed timbre, now with the strength of youth. "Do you really think age has anything to do with my voice? I'm dead! I can sound any way I want." He returned his voice to its former state. "However, this is how you knew me. It is how you remember me. Therefore, I prefer this voice. Besides, I think it sounds more...dignified."

The dracon chuckled. "Alright, fair enough," he mused. "I have thought for some time now that Vanthea actually encircles Shiar'kun—like the other moons. I can't prove it, but--"

"No, you're exactly right! Vanthea is a moon. In fact, Shiar'kun has 28 moons, and I have been to all of them."

"Are any of them like us? Do they have people?"

"None that I've seen," answered Enticius, "at least not around Shiar'kun. But seven other planets—seven—encircle the sun. One more planet has life, but it is not like life here."

"So what *is* it like?" demanded the dracon, using three of his seven sets of vocal chords since he was becoming excited.

"Well...it's difficult to describe. They don't breathe air like we do."

"You're dead, remember? You're not breathing anything."

Now it was Enticius' turn to be annoyed. "Fine; of course not. How silly of me to forget. Anyway, let us just say that it is... different. My point is that our world is a moon that orbits a planet which, in turn, orbits the sun along with all the other planets. It takes one year for us to encircle Shiar'kun, and many years for Shiar'kun to encircle the sun."

Something clicked in Sharnaxion's mind. "That would explain the Winternight then, wouldn't it?"

Enticius laughed. "You are finally catching on. Good."

"And what about that comet, then?" asked the young dracon, pointing his right claw to a dimly glowing point in the sky.

"It has a strange path. I have yet to explain it," said the voice, his tone becoming cautious. "I do not like that one."

"But it's absolutely beautiful," responded the dracon.

"Yes it is...but beauty can hide great ugliness..."

Sharnaxion didn't know quite what to say. He paused for a moment, switching his gaze from the comet to a faint nebula. "Is there anything else up there, Enticius?"

"Dust, lots of dust—and then there are the giant floating rocks--"

Both of them heard the calling at the same time. It was a summoning call for all dracons, beckoning Sharnaxion to the islands of the Old Ones. It was a magical call, beyond the ability of any living man to hear.

"It's Ishtredanae," said Enticius, as if answering

an unspoken question.

"Yes, I know," responded the dracon.

"You have to go now. Right now. We are done here," declared the aged voice, full of foreboding. "May the Great One be with you."

"You're not coming with me?" asked the dracon, his voice a mix of worry and disappointment.

"I have my own ways to flit from place to place," assured the voice. "Speak my name, and I shall be there."

Sharnaxion spread his sixty-foot wings and began humming using his two lowest sets of vocal chords. The intonations vibrated at the correct frequencies to allow the magic of flight to work within him. He left from the mound and was soon hundreds of feet away. Even at the speed he was currently flying, however, he would never reach the islands in time. He would never reach *her* in time.

He headed southeast. Gazing intently at a point ahead of him, a spot where the ocean met the night sky, he started humming using two higher sets of vocal chords. He kept adjusting the tones this time until he finally got it as right as he could. As he sang the magic into being, a portal opened up directly in front of him, nearly five hundred feet away. He kept his gaze steady, concentrating until the portal opened up enough for him to pass safely through. He could see the other side, more ocean and sky, but now with a grouping of small islands perhaps ten miles away.

I still haven't gotten it quite right, he thought to himself. *Well, close enough.*

He dashed through the portal, heading at full speed to the islands of the Old Ones. They were still a few miles away since he had not perfected the portal spell, but he could see them clearly: a central, roughly circular island about ten miles wide, surrounded by four smaller islands, each at a cardinal point. They were each about three miles away from the main island and roughly four miles across. The island to the south housed a draconic temple, the one to the west housed guest dens for the Council of Thirteen, the one to the north contained the village for the council's servants, and the island to the east—Ishtredanae's lair—was the abode of the leader of the council, known simply as *the Voice*. The main island, a combination of woods, small ponds and earthen mounds, was the gathering place for both the council and any other dracons who had gathered on occasion.

He raced directly to *her* island, to *her* home. Like the other islands, it was filled with woods. In the middle was a clearing that led to a cave opening of a giant mound.

Two dracons flanked the cave's entrance, each one guarding it against any unwanted guests. They were both gray in color and a little bigger than Sharnaxion. A third dracon, brilliantly red, stood in the middle of the clearing, looking straight at the young silver dracon heading his way.

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Sharnaxion landed and then cautiously approached the red dracon. He was significantly larger than Sharnaxion; the silver dracon's feet were as long as a wagon, but the red dracon's feet were as long as a wagon and a pony. Sharnaxion's head came up to his chest as the two great beasts faced one another.

"T'Navbrin, I greet you," spoke Sharnaxion.

The red dracon said nothing. His nostrils flared.

"I am here for her, and for her alone," said the silver dracon. "I want no trouble with you this night."

T'Navbrin snorted. "You drove us apart. You! You made her disown me after centuries of being together. I should tear you asunder where you stand!" he yelled, his voice carrying throughout the island.

Sharnaxion held both his temper and his anxiety. "You know as well as I do, great T'Navbrin, that neither you nor I could ever *make* her do anything. I am...I truly regret that the choice she made has hurt you. But it was her choice. She has chosen for the both of us to be here, now. For her sake, may we at least try to respect one another?"

The great red dracon looked at Sharnaxion for a moment. His next words were quiet, but chilling. "You are so very fortunate that I still love her more than I hate you." He then stepped aside, slowly, so that the silver dracon could enter. "But just remember: you did this to her. How, I know not. But all that is happening is because of your doing."

Sharnaxion walked into the cave, cautiously, almost afraid of what he would see. He could smell her scent; she was still alive. For some reason, the very worst fear had gripped his heart that she was dead, that she had somehow passed away before he could get to her, even if he had been just minutes away. He chided himself for feeling this way.

The tunnel leading to Ishtredanae's lair was strewn with magical gems that glowed just enough to let a dracon's eyes see in light even this dim. Before long, the tunnel grew brighter as he approached the opening to the lair. As he passed the entrance, he looked upon the countless pieces of gold and silver strewn about in mounds of their own, plus many gems and other treasures and works of art from around the world. Braziers provided bright firelight from various points in the lair.

Then he saw her. She was enormous, a great whyrm of a dracon whose feet were twice as long as Sharnaxion's. She was thousands of years old, so old that her own golden scales radiated a faint light of their own. She lay in the middle of the lair, surrounded by the wealth she had amassed over the millennia.

Sharnaxion bowed. Ishtredanae may have been his mate, but she was still the Voice, and following protocols was not only expected, but demanded.

"Be at ease. Come here, my love," she spoke softly, with the voice of an ancient matriarch. She sniffed the air and then smiled. "I have missed you. But now you are here, and that is all I need."

"What has happened?" asked Sharnaxion, coming

closer to her. "Are you well?" He finally asked her what he really wanted to know: "Are you alright?"

"Oh yes, I am alright. In fact, I am so...happy."

"I'm sorry, but you seem...odd. Are you sure that..."

"Oh Sharnaxion," she scolded, and then she smiled again. "Something wondrous has happened. Come closer, and I will show you."

As the silver dracon moved closer to the golden whyrm, she moved to adjust her position. Sharnaxion looked down and gasped, for his mate had been sitting on top of not just a mountain of gold, but a nest atop the mountain. He looked into her eyes, now clouded over. Still, they seemed to glint from sheer joy.

Four dracon eggs lay in the nest, each one the size of a grown wolf, and each a different muted color: red, yellow, green and blue.

"H-How can this be?" stammered the young one. Of course he was well acquainted with the mechanics of reproduction—they had been together less than three months ago—but a dracon of Ishtredanae's age giving birth to live eggs was unheard of.

"I do not know, I do not know," she replied. She sighed, breathing hard. "I just laid them this morning. Only the Great Souls could bestow such a miracle." She sighed once more.

Sharnaxion grew concerned at her labored breaths. "The laying has left you spent. You need to rest, my love."

She reached out her hand and touched his forearm. "I have seen the Winternight more than 4200 times. I remember when the Great Souls were awake, and we communed with them and we could feel the connection of all the living things of this world." She smiled at him again. "I remember the very day that you were hatched. I helped your mother bring you into this world." A tear formed in her left eye. Then her expression changed to one of perplexity. "I remember when your soul entered the egg and the body that awaited it..." She grew silent as she became lost in thought.

Sharnaxion drew closer, putting his head close to hers. He spoke very softly to her. "It was four days before I hatched. You have told me this before."

"Yes...but do you know that you were hatched just seven days after the Great Souls went to sleep? I have always found that so unfortunate, that you have never been able to commune with them as we used to."

"That is neither here nor there, Ishtredanae. I am 735 years old; perhaps I will live long enough to see them awaken."

"Yes..." spoke the matriarch, her voice now just louder than a whisper. "Yes, you shall. And as I helped you pass into this world, you will help me pass out of it."

Guilt overwhelmed Sharnaxion at the thought that their mating could have caused these circumstances. Laying the eggs proved to be too much for the aged dracon; in doing so, she gave up her life to ensure xxx

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their chances to live. He tried hard not to cry, but his realized fear and his guilt made the tears begin to flow. Even though dragons are solitary creatures by nature, their relationships are still intense and meaningful, especially between those who are mates.

“Why didn’t you tell me that you were going to bear these eggs?” he asked. His hurt and anger at not being told these things earlier paused his tears. “I should have been here to help you!”

“Do you really think I would have survived this if you had been here?” She took him by both arms. “I tell you now. This was meant to be, as it is. I have had a remarkable life. Now I have given you and all dragons this last, wonderful gift.”

They nuzzled each other’s heads for a moment. Each second now was more precious than before, each moment to become a bittersweet memory in the days and years to come. After the moment had passed, she slowly and gently nudged him back a bit, still holding his arms.

“I have never told anyone about my Gift,” she spoke softly. Every dragon had a unique characteristic or ability that no other living dragon could possess. “I will now share it with you, for it is finally the right time. Since the day I was born, I have always known where and when—and how—I would die. At first it filled me with consternation, but I have come to appreciate this knowledge. I am surprised by how much comfort it brings me now. All is happening as it should.”

Sharnaxion began to cry again. He had never known any of their kind to die before, and the fact that it was his lover made this almost immeasurably worse. He cried quietly for a time, but then he stopped, focusing on her and what she needed now.

“What can I do?” he asked her.

“Escort me out of the lair. I cannot walk alone,” she answered.

“Can you transform? You could walk with more ease if you were human,” suggested the young dragon.

“No; I cannot transform. Nor can I fly any longer. I am too weak to use magic anymore,” she whispered.

Sharnaxion helped Ishtredanae to stand. He slowly led her out of the lair and through the tunnel to the entrance.

T’Navbrin was waiting outside, with the two other dragons.

“It is time,” said Sharnaxion. “Issue the call.”

T’Navbrin let out a roar. Its specific tones and vocalizations reverberated throughout the islands.

Sharnaxion looked up; in all his haste and worry, he hadn’t noticed all the other dragons who had been teleporting in for this. The sky was full of dragons of every color and size. They came because they were summoned. They came out of deference. They came because one cycle was ending, and another cycle would need to begin.

“She is too weak to fly,” spoke Sharnaxion, shifting his gaze to T’Navbrin. “We need to carry her.”

The red dragon looked toward the two gray dra-

cons. “Help me levitate her. You, too,” he commanded, looking at Sharnaxion.

The four escorting dragons began to intone the correct magic to make Ishtredanae float. Within seconds, she was levitating twenty feet off the ground as the escorts took points around her. Then, they added more intonations to begin to fly. Still focusing on Ishtredanae, the escorts lifted her up above the tree line for ease of movement. Slowly, but steadily, they took her off the smaller island and crossed the four-mile stretch of ocean to the main island. More dragons came to attend to Ishtredanae, adding their voices and magic to make the crossing easier for all.

They lowered her down to her previous height after they reached land. A wide path separated the woods, leading directly to the Circles of Council. Her escorts touched back down upon the land while keeping her levitating.

The procession made its way to the outer ring of the Circles of Council. Sharnaxion had never seen them from this vantage point before. He gained insight into how impressive this looked to the human and eldrin caretakers of the islands.

They passed the first circle. It was composed of many pedestals standing 150 feet high, ancient edifices whose columns were comprised of differing designs and types of stone. Atop several of these pedestals were life-sized likenesses of dragons made of a combination of stone and blackened bones that lined the outer surfaces. Each pillar with one such statue displayed a unique glyph in either New, Old or Ancient Dracani, the languages of dragon-kind. These statues were the honored dead, their own remains combined into the statues that bore their likenesses. Many other perches had simply a large column of unworked stone.

They passed through the second circle, a thousand feet in from the first. These columns stood 100 feet tall, with pedestals for dragons to perch. Many dragons had already taken their places here, and more were coming in as the procession neared the center.

The third and final circle, some 500 feet beyond the second, held only thirteen pedestals that were fifty feet high. This was the meeting place of the Council of Thirteen. The circle itself was a thousand feet wide, a grassy area serving as its courtyard. At this spot the procession stopped. All the dragons who had taken Ishtredanae across the sea and to this point gently eased her to the ground.

Sharnaxion came to her side. He looked up. Every pedestal save one was filled. He saw the row of dragons in the second circle. Beyond them, he gazed at the honored dead. Every dragon was silent. Even the woods nearby emanated absolutely no sounds. Perhaps it was this moment, but everything here—the Council of Thirteen, the Circles of Council, the silence everywhere—had a palpable sense of profundity, that rare combination of the sacred and the primal.

Ishtredanae broke the silence, but only softly. “My

(Continued on Page 8)

(Continued from Page 7)

Ishtredanae broke the silence, but only softly. "My love, you are now responsible for our children. You must take care of them, no matter the cost. They have come to help you save the future."

"Of course I shall," he whispered back to her. "But I weep, for they shall never know you."

"Oh no, my dear; you are quite wrong," she spoke, smiling one last time. "They will know me, and I will know them. And you and I will love one another again." She fell down upon her side.

Sharnaxion held her as best he could. "What you say is... impossible..."

"Believe," she said, and breathed her last breath.

Sharnaxion, holding back tears, slowly backed away from her. He bowed his head, and then he whispered so softly that only the dead could hear: "Enticius, I call upon you to be here now. Help Ishtredanae's spirit to find her soul in the Land of Light, where she may find clarity, peace and wholeness."

The voice of his friend was just as quiet. "As you have called me, now am I here. I am honored to do what you ask. I shall fail neither you nor her. Be at peace."

T'Navbrin came to her side and listened to her heart and her lungs. All was quiet. "This Voice is now, and forevermore, silent," he announced, looking up and around so that all the other dragons could hear. "And now, as it has been our custom since the forming of this council, you must perform the Rite of Transcendence."

One of the dragons—a large green female—spoke from her council pedestal. "Sharnaxion, can you confirm her passing?"

He came back to her and listened, hearing nothing. "Yes, Great Anabraxeris, Second Voice. It is as T'Navbrin has spoken. The Great Ishtredanae, the Voice of our people, has passed." The truth of it settled upon him, and he could speak no more.

"Then the Rite of Transcendence shall begin," spoke Anabraxeris. "All others, please step back."

Within seconds, the courtyard cleared. The twelve Council members all began to hum at very low tones. Then, they opened their mouths fully as they let out a high-pitched tone to resonate with the lower pitches. As they sang, great streams of fire came from their mouths, shooting across the courtyard and converging on Ishtredanae's lifeless form. Before long, the flames consumed her, burning through scales and hide and flesh, leaving only her blackened bones behind.

As the smoke cleared, Anabraxeris spoke one word: "Stonesingers."

Six dragons flew down to the bones, following the cues of the largest. Three of them levitated the bones to a pillar of unworked stone that lay behind Anabraxeris. Then, the other three dragons began magically carving the stone into the likeness of Ishtredanae. As they were finishing, the first three

Stonesingers magically placed her bones into the statue itself. Finally, the council members magically sang her name, etching her glyph into the front of the pedestal. The Rite of Transcendence was now complete.

Anabraxeris addressed the others. "Long ago, we fought amongst ourselves for control and power. Then the Great Ones came to us and told us that dragons must not kill one another. They helped us form the Council of Thirteen so that we could resolve our issues peacefully." She let the words sink in. "We must now vote for a new Council Member, and then the Council must vote for a new Voice."

Several calls went up for various dragons. The most mentioned name, however, was simply "T'Navbrin."

"I call forth a vote for T'Navbrin," spoke the green dragon.

Sharnaxion felt a tightness in the pit of his stomach. If T'Navbrin was voted into the Council, he could have enough power to make Sharnaxion's life miserable—and his children's lives as well.

"Does anyone wish to contest this calling?" asked Anabraxeris.

Three dissents would be necessary to keep T'Navbrin off the council. No one from the council raised a voice.

"Then let us proceed," announced the Second Voice.

The vote was called forth and tallied. Anabraxeris listened to all the "ayes" and "nays." "The vote is in T'Navbrin's favor. T'Navbrin, do you accept this calling?"

The red dragon came forward, into the center of the courtyard. "Yes, Second Voice, I do."

"Then take your appointed place," responded the green dragon.

T'Navbrin flew up to his pedestal. Another dragon, this one white, spoke up. "I nominate Anabraxeris, the Second Voice, to be our new Voice. What say ye?" he asked.

Each dragon spoke. By a vote of eight to five, Anabraxeris was made the new Voice. T'Navbrin's vote was one of the five.

The dragons began to depart. Sharnaxion headed back to Ishtredanae's lair to get the eggs. Neither he nor they would be safe here. He sighted a sail remnant from a derelict ship near the dock near her lair. *That will do just fine*, he thought to himself as he snatched it up and headed into the lair. He put each egg inside the remnant and then tied the four corners together. He put it around his right arm and then headed back outside.

T'Navbrin met him at the entrance once again. "It is wise of you to take those things and leave now," he spoke, his voice colder than the Winternight itself. "And if I have my way, neither you nor they will ever return."

"We shall see," responded Sharnaxion. He then took flight, and soon he and his children were on their way home.

Fiction

Star Wars - Ashi's Shame

Chapter 6: A New Master

by LTJG Ashinaga

Ashi traveled two more days through the forests of the foothills. At first, he felt he was going in the right direction, now he simply felt lost. All the while, he continued to keep a watch for whoever was following him. He hadn't felt the presence since that night. He would have dismissed the feeling and assumed it was just another hiker enjoying the woods. But, whoever this was, they were strong in the force and there was a darkness to them. At least he believed that is what he felt. He could be transposing his own fears and concerns over the memory.

A nice, quiet clearing made the perfect camping spot for the night. Using the force, he collected rocks and branches for the fire. Some Jedi instructors would have told him this was a frivolous use of the force, but his master taught him that practice could be any time you see an opportunity. Lifting the logs, stones, and twigs helped him focus on the force in the area. His senses were primed through this exercise.

Once the fire was lit, Ashi settled down for some meditation. He wanted to calm his spirit and mind and focus on his task. Perhaps he could find guidance in the force if his mind were quieted enough to listen.

Unfortunately, he couldn't seem to help but slip into nostalgia. His memories of learning at the temple were playing on him this whole trip. He was brought back to the day he first met Master Roh.

* * * * *

Five years after he left Jahala for Coruscant:

Ashi, now ten years old, sat on the floor in the archives in the shadows of the massive collection of Jedi knowledge. He had his face buried in his knees while he cried deeply. The mane on his head was beginning to show as puberty prepared to assert itself on this child. But, these weren't the tears of hormones gone awry.

A kind old man walked down the long rows, quietly heading for the weeping child. He was a plump fellow wearing a red robe. His hair was long around the sides and back of his head, but on top was shiny and bald. He wore a long beard that matched his long hair.

He stopped in front of the crying child, "It is foolish to miss a class with Master Yoda. Jedi Grand Masters are wise but strict."

"I wanna be alone," Ashi muttered through tears.

"Then, I will join you." The old man got lower and crossed his legs to sit on the floor with Ashi. "Sadness makes you want to be alone when you need others most. Do not let sadness win. Let me know what makes a youngling cry in the archives this day."

Ashi sniffed hard and then handed a small tablet

over to the master. He didn't say a word, expecting this man to understand.

Master Roh took the tablet and read it aloud. "It is with great regret that we must inform you that Master Binjin has been killed in the line of duty. He defended our home from raiders but lost his life. It was his final wish to send you his family heirloom. Our condolences, The Jahalan Council." He let that sink in, knowing that the boy would cry harder hearing it again. Suddenly, Master Roh read it again, aloud. He waited, and then read it again, aloud.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Ashi finally blurted out.

Roh calmly answered, "We must face our pain if we wish to overcome it. This letter does not change each time I read it, it will not change tomorrow if I read it again. It is what you decide to do next that is important, not linger on what cannot be changed right now. Was this your father?"

Ashi shook his head, sniffed hard, and then answered. "He was my teacher. But, he was like my father when my family died. I have visited him each year to tell him of what I have done and learned here."

"I see." Master Roh finally turned off the tablet. "It is the way of the Jedi not to have attachments. Your sadness is unbecoming of a Jedi knight. But," Roh leaned over, "You are not a Jedi Knight yet. You may cry this time. Learn from this. Do not let the sadness linger, turn it to light. Remember what your master wanted for you. Not what you do not have."

Ashi had stopped crying and didn't realize it. His chest still shook and he felt terribly sad, but it was getting better. "I should go and apologize to Master Yoda. I shouldn't have missed class."

Roh, using the shelves for support, got up. "No. Master Yoda can wait. Let's go see what your friend sent to you." He surprised Ashi by saying this and then guided him to follow.

They left the archives and walked a great distance across the vast Jedi Temple. Finally, they reached the office of communication. A droid worked behind a desk managing all of the various methods of communication the temple received. It had a single Protocol Droid head and an enormous body with fifteen arms working various components of a complex system.

"Greetings Master Roh, Youngling Ashi. What can I do for you?" the droid asked.

Roh responded, "Youngling Ashi received a package from his homeworld. Do you have it?"

"Of course. It was addressed to Ashi, I can only deliver it to him." One arm reached into a compartment and waited until the package was sent down from the collection station above. "Here it is. Quite heavy." The arm reached over and handed it to Ashi.

Ashi was stunned by the weight. It was a long package wrapped in heavy cloth used for transporting expensive goods from Jahala.

"Thank you." Roh waved to the droid and then walked Ashi out of the room.

They stopped in a study room near the archives.

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Ashi laid the package on a table and unwrapped it. Inside were two swords made of a strangely dark metal. "Master Binjin's family swords." Ashi looked up to Roh, "They were his favorite weapons."

Stroking his chin, Master Roh examined the blades, "Intriguing. These are made of a very strong metal."

"He said they were special. I don't know why. It has something to do with what they are made from."

Roh carefully picked up a blade. "Let's see what the archives know about this metal." He held it over the table sensor. "Archives, please scan this weapon and retrieve any data on it."

A blue beam scanned the sword five times and then a holographic image of a molecule appeared. A dry, robotic voice spoke, "Dydarium, a metal found only in system Y-313, known as the Jahalan system."

"What else can you tell us about the swords?" Roh asked.

"Information is limited. Historical data, not found. Metal used for fabrication registers stronger than any known weapon alloy on record."

Ashi looked at Roh, "What does that mean?"

"It means that it is stronger than any other known metal. This blade cannot be dulled or broken. I suspect it could deflect laser blasts like a light-saber. Truly remarkable construction. I cannot fathom the workmanship that went into smithing these swords." Roh was honestly amazed by the weapons.

Ashi softly said, "They aren't the weapons of a Jedi."

Roh handed Ashi the blade, "No, they are the weapons of a Jahalan. Keep them safe."

"Youngling. Looking for you, I have been." Yoda walked into the room.

Ashi became very nervous. "Master Yoda, I'm sorry. I..."

Roh stepped up, "Young Ashi here needed help retrieving a package that was sent from his home world. I apologize that he missed lessons today."

"I won't miss them again." Ashi quickly stated.

Yoda looked at the blades still sitting in Ashi's hands. "Weapons of a master, these are. A master who has passed on."

Ashi nodded, "Master Binjin was killed. He gave me these."

"Sorry for your loss, I am. A good man, Binjin was. New master, you need." Yoda poked Ashi with his staff.

Ashi frowned, "But, I left Master Binjin five years ago. He wasn't my master."

Yoda laughed, "Home, you left five years ago. But kept him with you, you did. Cannot grow as Jedi with such attachment. Attachment, now gone. Ready for Jedi master, you are."

"Um..." Ashi didn't know what to say. He bowed his head to Yoda, "will you be my master?"

"The force has selected your master. Take you as apprentice, Master Roh will. Train you to become Padawan, the force has selected him."

Master Roh laughed a hearty laugh, "Master Yoda is correct. Until now I did not realize this. But I guess it

makes sense. I followed my instinct this morning all the way to you in that corner."

Ashi looked up to the old man, stunned at the events today. "You will be my new master?"

"I haven't taken an apprentice in years. It's about time."

Ashi finally smiled for the first time today. He liked this old man.

Yoda pointed out the door, "Go. Your belongings, take to storage. Prepare yourself for training. A new master you have today."

Ashi took up the other sword and cloth and then bowed to the masters and left the room in a hurry.

* * * * *

Present time on Jahala:

Ashi woke up with a jerk, having slumped slightly to the side in his meditation posture. Blinking the blurriness out of his eyes, he looked up to see that the sky above was dark and full of stars. By their positions, it was probably around three in the morning.

The last thing he remembered was thinking hard about his life at the temple. He must have drifted off. He was terribly angry at himself for falling asleep; he should be able to focus his mind and rest his body as he was trained. "I can do better than this." He muttered as he prepared himself for further meditation.

"It is alright to be sleepy. Even a Jedi gets tired." The voice of Master Roh suddenly spoke.

Ashi opened his eyes and was to his feet in a fraction of a second. He had both of his swords ready to fight. What he saw could not possibly be. There, sitting on a log near him, was a ghostly image of his late master. Though translucent and in shades of blues, he was dressed the same, the hair was the same, the smile was the same.

Ashi's arms dropped and his mouth hung open, "Master Roh."

With kindly laughter, Roh nodded, "Yes, my pupil. The same Roh you knew ten years ago. I have never left you."

Ashi dropped his two swords and quickly came over to his old master, finding that the man was impossible to touch. "Master, what are you? How is this possible?"

"Through the force, much is possible. I cannot explain it fully, only that when I was killed at the temple, I awoke a year later, here on this world. I could see you, but I could not talk to you."

Ashi sat down on the log next to Roh, "Have you been watching me all this time?"

"Yes. And I must say that I am proud of my student. You have continued your training and meditation. You have become stronger in the force and wiser."

have continued your training and meditation. You have become stronger in the force and wiser."

"How come I can see you now?" Ashi passed his hand through Roh a few times, to make sure he was truly a ghost. "Is this just a dream?"

Roh laughed heartily, "I'm no dream; you're awake." He gestured to the mountains, "The force on this world

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has grown over the past decade. In these mountains, it is stronger. As you meditated I could touch your mind more and more. I finally was able to speak to you and you listened. You were always a good student.”

“Is this why you sent me to the mountains? To seek you?” Ashi asked.

“No,” Roh shook his bald head, “there is more to be found. Your journey has only just begun. The force is guiding you, follow it. It is giving you visions, pay attention to them.”

“Then, my memories that have been strong these past few weeks aren't just coincidence.”

Roh nodded, “These aren't just the recollection of nostalgia, but the force preparing you.”

“About the past. About my memories.” Ashi looked at the dwindling embers of his fire from last night. “Master...” he wanted to say something but it didn't come out.

Roh pursed his lips and raised one eyebrow. “What troubles you, my padawan?”

Ashi flopped his tail around and then took the end with his hand and nervously picked at the shaggier tuft at the tip. “I...I'm sorry.”

“Sorry? About what?” Roh knew exactly what Ashi was going to say, but he wanted Ashi to say it.

Ashi let his tail go and stared at the ground, unable to look his master in the face. “I failed you. That day, when the temple was attacked and the Jedi were wiped out. I just lay on the ground. I could hear you fighting, and dying.” He stopped and had to gulp down his sorrow at the painful memories.

Roh stroked his beard, “I see. Do not blame yourself for the evils of others. It was not your doing that got so many killed.”

“But, what I did...” Ashi closed his eyes and forced himself to say this, “I was a coward. I was not what a Jedi was supposed to be. I realized why you never asked the council to initiate my tests to become a full knight. I was not ready, I would fail. A Jedi Knight is not a coward.”

Roh took a moment to let Ashi calm down, “You are correct, you were not ready for the tests. As your master, I would have done you a disservice to ask you to face them before you were ready. But, it was not because I judged you a coward. You have strength in you, young Ashi, more than you give yourself credit for.”

Ashi finally looked at his former master again, “We both know that I'm still a coward. Look at what I did that day? Look at what happened? You're dead; the other younglings are dead. I did nothing.”

Roh smiled and gently answered, “The past is behind you, that you cannot change. Tomorrow hasn't come yet, that you cannot change. Today is what you have. Living in the past is not the way of the Jedi. Reconcile your heart with your past so that you can face a better future.”

“How do I do that?”

“That is why I'm here,” Roh answered, “The force has prepared both of us for this time in your life. You are to face your trials; you are ready for them. They will

guide you through these troubles and give you the strength to be the Jedi Knight you were meant to be.”

“The trials? But, how? When? Where?”

“In good time. Right now, you need to prepare yourself for what is ahead. There is a disturbance in the force nearby. You need to be ready for what is to come.”

Ashi looked around, “I felt something wasn't right. But, I wasn't sure. What do I do?”

“Remember my lessons about using meditation to sense the life around you. Focus your mind, connect with the force, see the life near you.”

Ashi got off the log and crossed his legs on the ground. He closed his eyes and spent a few moments arranging his thoughts so that he was ready to open up to the force. “I...I can sense the life in this forest. I can sense people, a city nearby.” He could see the forest around him and his mind traveled through it. The trees were dark with a light shadow of their image, which was the force within them. The birds and four-legged creatures appeared a little brighter than the trees, the life in them more connected to the force than the plants. In the distance, he saw many bright dots, people. Their life much stronger than the animals, resonating clearer with the force. Some were brighter than others. “I can see people; they are walking around. Why are so many out this late in the night? Wait, I see children, huddled on a ship I think.” Suddenly he saw other people, their force shadow dark and frightening. They weren't Jahalan. “I sense darkness. Men and women who are hurting others.” As a loud bang in the middle of pure quietness, a figure flew by him. It was not at this port, but right next to him. It was cold, malevolent, and fast.

Ashi forced open his eyes and jumped to his feet. “We aren't alone. That...person is back.”

Roh remained complacent, but his face was as serious as ever. “What do you sense?”

“I don't know. I heard someone the other night, stalking me in these trees. They're strong in the force.”

“Yes,” Roh said, “they are. You're being followed. But, do not concern yourself with them tonight. They'll not strike yet. They are waiting for the right time.”

Ashi reached down and picked up his blade. “But, master, if I wait for them they will have the upper hand. I should go after them now.”

“No,” Roh stated emphatically. “Your enemy at hand are the villains at that port. Your people won't survive unless you go and confront these evil bandits. For now, though, rest yourself.”

“But, if they're in danger, I should go now.”

Roh held his hand out toward the ground, “A Jedi prepares himself properly before any fight. That includes resting when tired. Your people will be safe this night.”

“What about this hunter? Should I sleep while he might come and murder me in the night?”

Roh shook his head, “Put him out of your mind. He is merely studying you. When the time comes to face him, you and he will be ready. Sleep, I shall watch over you.” Roh vanished from view but was still present in the force.

Ashi set his swords near him and lay down to sleep.

Brain Benders

ACROSS

1. Unkempt ones
6. Faint
9. Ivan the Terrible, e.g.
13. Mushroom caps
14. Genetic trait carrier
15. Madison Square Garden, e.g.
16. Breezing through
17. "___ calls?"
18. 1957 #1 song
19. *Commander who succeeded Commander Gorski
21. *Science advisor
23. Hollywood workplace
24. City north of Carson City
25. Boise's county
28. Forbidden: Var.
30. Undergo mitosis
35. What red ink indicates
37. More or ___
39. Ringworm
40. Purple shade
41. *Data analyst
43. Smelting waste
44. Thermonuclear device
46. Cryptographers' needs
47. "Duke of ___" (1962 hit)
48. Finery
50. Answer to "Shall we?"
52. Zee preceder
53. Viva-voce

55. Rocks, to a bartender
57. *Deputy to the head of Medical Section
61. *Chief pilot
64. Perpendicular to radial
65. Utter aloud
67. Eagerness
69. Shouts
70. ___ maison (indoors): Fr.
71. TV, radio, etc.
72. Midrange singing voice
73. Desire
74. Dandruff source



DOWN

1. Jacuzzi
2. Whup
3. Mixed dish
4. *Senior data analyst
5. Major paperback publisher
6. "Kind of a ___" (1967 hit)
7. Days ___
8. Lffy response
9. H.S. math
10. Tailor's line
11. Tolstoy's Karenina
12. *Foremost a thropologist on the planet Zenno in search of

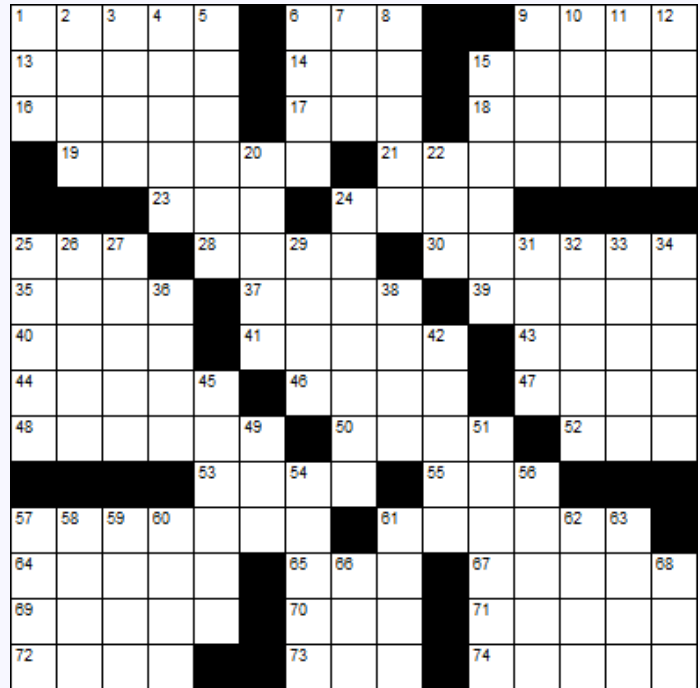
- his people's missing link
15. Canny
20. Birthplace of the Renaissance
22. Finis
24. *Head of Medical Section
25. *Moonbase ___
26. Skepticism
27. Racy neckwear
29. Bill
31. Workshop gripper
32. Acquired relative
33. Sweetie or honey
34. *Transporter ___ 1
36. Big rig
38. Actress lone ___

42. Port of ancient Rome
45. Feels the heat
49. Significant period
51. Beats it
54. Test, as ore
56. *Son of Pasc of the planet Archanon
57. *Shape-shifting science officer
58. Figure skat-ing jump
59. Full ___
60. Nimbus
61. Blue hue
62. Icelandic epic
63. Muddy the waters
66. Amber, e.g.
68. ___ sheet

ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

*Moon Set Adrift in 1999

by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa - February 2017



Answers to Previous Puzzle

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



More Brain Benders

SUDOKU PUZZLE

February 2017
Easy Non-Symmetrical
by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

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

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

WORD SEARCH

Feb's Topic: Martin Landau Roles
Look for 36 character names
by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to January's Word Search:
Lynda Carter Roles

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

Brain Benders

Word Search

February's Word List:

Abe	Mac
Al Drake	Malvani
Albert	Max
Andro	Miller
Arnie	Neal
Bob Ford	Nils
Bud	Paul Savage
Bus Boy	Preacher
Chuck	Rankin
Cicero	Rollin Hand
Cmdr. John Koenig	Rufio
Cochio	Sallini
Cort	Stoney
James	Sul
Jesse Coe	The Duke
Joel	Thorp
Leonard	Tom Flood
Lt. Diaz	Ward

**Apparently putting
Alka Seltzers in my
mouth while getting
baptized and
pretending I'm
possessed by the
devil is not funny.**

Laugh OR Croak

Esprit Starbase & Crockett's Spirit Staff

Maj. Gen. J. Tanner
Starbase Commander

Brig. Gen. Drego Tensa
Starbase Vice Commander
Editor, Crockett's Spirit

CDRE Logan Kale
Starbase Executive Officer

CAPT Y'Wanna
Chief, ESB Recreations

CAPT Shayle Carter
Deputy Chief, ESB Recreations
Entertainment Section Leader

Simm Team Leader
Trivia Host
Staff Writer

CAPT Two Wolves
Senior Staff Writer

Col. Shreya Rose
Staff Writer

CMDR Bond
Security Officer

Capt Wynan
Senior Staff Writer

LTJG Ashinaga
Staff Writer

Dennis Howard
Editorial Writer
Critic

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