



# Crockett's Spirit

*Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth*



Volume 5 Issue 6

June 2017

## Fiction

### **Vanthea: Tyranny's Dawn**

**Book 2 - Elzivreth - Part 2**

by LTJG Star Eagle

**Still the present...**

Puffy white clouds dotted the sky as the sun shown down on the beach this late autumn day. Though winter was not too far off, the kingdom of Elrian was relatively close to the equator, so the effects of the seasons were much milder compared to other dominions of the Obsidian Empire—or the rest of the world, for that matter.

This part of the southern coast had long been known as the "Cat's Paws," an outcropping of cliffs that resembled the outstretched paws of a cat, sans claws. The Grove was on one such outcropping, as well as the small fishing village of Eventide, where the children who were Delendra's friends had come from for today's festivities. About a dozen boys and girls, anywhere from four to twelve years in age, played in the calm ocean and along the pebble beach. About sixty feet of beach lay between the gentle sea and the white cliffs which loomed nearly one hundred feet high, dotted here and there by the occasional path from the bottom to the top.

Delendra and Istrelle came down from the nearest path. While the girl remained in her pretty dress, the woman had traded her white robe for a peach tunic and a grass-green skirt. Not long behind them was Elzivreth, still in her white robe.

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## Fiction

### **The Alfore Encounter - 45**

**"A Rock and a Hard Place"**

by CAPT Two Wolves

True to her word, Captain Wekk arrived at the brig in minutes, just in time to see a female EMH using a medical scrubber to remove spatters of green blood from the cell's bulkhead and deck.

"What the hell happened here, Lieutenant?" Wekk asked her burly head of Security.

"T'Pell appeared to have some kind of fainting spell. We alerted Sickbay, Nurse T'Shan, was dispatched to examine her. T'Shan was unable to revive the deputy, nor was she able to get proper readings on her medical tricorder. She was prepping the deputy for transport to Sickbay, when the deputy struck, stabbing the nurse several times in the chest and neck," Frakes replied.

"Stabbed her! With what?" Wekk asked, horrified.

"That," Frakes replied indicating a bloodied instrument lying on the deck.

"A writing stylus?"

"Anything can be a weapon, Captain. Apparently, it is made from a plastic compound that didn't show up in our original scan for weapons."

"Where are they now?"

"Both are in Sickbay. Nurse T'Shan is recovering. Deputy T'Pell is in critical condition. Nurse T'Shan used T'Pell's own weapon to defend herself."

"Good for T'Shan!" Wekk said. Wekk didn't say, *T'Shan should've killed the witch. As long as she's alive, she'll be a problem.*

"I've given orders to Doctor Winn to keep her confined in insolation," Frakes said. "As for the rest of T'Pell's crew, I've ordered them stripped of their clothing and issued them standard prison garb. They were none too pleased, but they're in the brig, not a five star hotel. They're lucky this is not one of those old Earth sailing ships because they'd be in leg irons as well."

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"Well, it looks like a perfect day for a birthday party," he said, trying to drum up conversation.

"I guess so," responded the dorv, continuing to look down.

"So, did you ever think you'd be living by the sea?" asked Ailund, hoping either of the women would respond.

"My people hate the sea," said the dorv flatly.

"That doesn't mean that you have to," responded the feyn.

Junithor looked up. "I never said I did," she responded, half smiling at him. She then looked out to the sea.

"I like the fish here," remarked Gertha.

"Oh, I agree," responded Ailund. "In fact, it's one of the things that makes this place the 'Southern Jewel.'"

"Now if only she would learn to cook the fish before she eats it," commented the dorv, still looking at the sea and half-smiling.

Gertha snorted in protest. "You ruin it with things like lemon and pepper. It is disgusting."

"Then, next time you can cook the fish just how you like it," responded Adilund.

"I am no cook," retorted the urg.

"How about we concentrate on Delendra," interrupted Istrelle, coming up to them. "After all, this is all for her. Is the table set?" she asked.

"Yes, everything is here," responded Gertha.

"Where's Tyrstan?" asked Istrelle, looking around.

"He's in the water, playing with the children," said Junithor.

"Ah," replied Istrelle, smiling, "I see." She looked out over the shore line to see the children playing with Liara and a dolphin that was spraying them with water and flapping at the waves with its fins.

"I hope he brought clothes," she mused aloud.

"I brought them," replied Adilund, smiling coyly.

Elzivreth kept walking past them, slowly but intently, over to Jaen. She put her right hand on his left shoulder. From behind she spoke softly, "We need to have a meeting tonight. Something remarkable happened in the sanctum."

"Is everything alright?" asked Jaen between puffs of smoke.

"Yes, for now. Delendra had a vision that we all became a part of. I have never had an experience quite like it."

"Should we have it now, then?" asked the old man.

"No; I promised the child we would have a wonderful day. I will discreetly tell the others...but it is important."

"Alright. We'll wait 'til she's gone to bed," responded Jaen.

Elzivreth made her way to the shore line. "Alright, everyone; it is time for treats and gift-giving!" she announced.

The boys and girls cheered and headed for the table of goodies. Liara pulled her flowing hair back and tied it up in the back.

The dolphin righted itself in the water. It then transformed within seconds to the likeness of Tyrstan, now buck-naked and walking to the shore as if nothing were amiss.

"Oh Tyrstan, have you no modesty?" asked Elzivreth, rolling her eyes in exasperation. The theyan kept on walking while cracking a huge grin. With his sculpted body and ample endowment, however, he really had nothing to be modest about. "What, you expect a dolphin to wear clothes?" he asked, both Istrelle and Liara staring. He gave them both a quick wink. Some of the children also turned to see what was going on, wondering in their innocence what Elzivreth was so upset about.

Adilund ran over to Tyrstan with a shirt and trousers, shoving them in his hands. He gave the shapechanger a stare that meant business. Tyrstan acquiesced, stopping to put the clothes on. The two men then joined the others.

The party started with Delendra handing out the sugared plums and honey cakes to everyone else, then herself. Afterward, she and Istrelle walked over to the wooden box filled with toys. It held sailboats that Tyrstan had helped Delendra make for the boys, some ragdolls that Istrelle had helped her make for the girls, and some tunics for the older children that Liara had helped out with.

"Do I give the presents, or do they come and get them?" asked Delendra.

"For the birthday magick to work, you have to give them," replied Elzivreth. "Remember: as Vanthea has given you as a gift to us, you give these things as gifts to others, at least one for each year--"

"--And at least one more for good luck," finished Tyrstan.

"Well, I know I'm not this old," said Delendra, gesturing to all the toys. "I guess I'm gonna be a lot lucky!"

The adults chuckled. Delendra then began to hand out the gifts, one by one. After she was done, the children resumed their play at the shore, the boys testing out their new boats while the girls cradled their dolls.

Elzivreth and Istrelle began to clean up the goodies table. Elzivreth felt a tug at her dress. It was Delendra.

"Grama, how old are you?" she asked as directly and innocently as any five-year-old would.

"I am 557 years old, child," she responded, smiling at Istrelle.

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"Then you have to give a whole bunch of presents!" exclaimed Delendra, almost in disbelief.

Elzivreth turned slightly to face the child. "Well, I am eldrin. We do not have to count every year. We divide our years by ten, instead. That is still quite a few presents to give," she finished.

"And you are feyn, remember?" added Istrelle. "So when you are older, you will probably start dividing by fives."

"Okay," said Delendra. She paused a moment as the two women finished picking up the table. Then she tugged at Elzivreth's robe again. "Is Vanthea a boy or a girl?"

Elzivreth and Istrelle stared at one another for a second. The eldrin woman then turned slowly to the inquisitive child. "I'll bet that you have been pondering this for a while, hmm?"

"Kinda. Sometimes I think about it, then I forget to ask."

"Well, Delendra, you know that Vanthea is the entire world," started Elzivreth, "and that it has a soul. It is connected to us, and we are all a part of it. While that soul has no flesh, it does not have gender. And yet, the soul of our world displays every masculine and feminine trait alike. So Vanthea is both male and female, and also neither at the same time. Do you understand?"

The child looked up at her and blinked once. "No."

Istrelle took Delendra by the hand. "Do you remember when we learned about colors the other day?"

"Yes," replied the child, a little confused at the question.

"And what did you tell me your favorite color is?"

"Purple!"

"Alright. Now do you remember what other two colors make purple?"

The girl thought a second. "Blue and red!" she beamed.

"That's right! Very good! So here's my question for you, Delendra. Is purple blue, or is it red?"

The girl took a moment. "It's both."

"True; it is both, but it's also not red or blue, right?"

"Purple is not red or blue, but it is both," answered the girl.

"Ah, but the red and the blue are still there, creating the purple, right?"

The girl nodded slowly.

"So it is both, and neither, at the same time," finished Istrelle.

Something clicked in the girl's mind, as if understanding this concept were now the most natural thing in the world. "Oh, okay," was all she said. Then she walked over to some small rocks on the shore line.

"You have a knack for explaining things to her in just the right way," commented Elzivreth. "I am impressed...and thankful."

"I think it's good that you treat her like someone who's older," answered Istrelle as the two put the plates and tablecloth into the wooden toybox. "It forces her to grow." She changed the subject. "So, have you told everyone about the meeting yet?"

"No; I haven't had a chance to tell anyone except Jaen. Can you assist me?" asked Elzivreth.

Istrelle nodded. Soon they were going from adult to adult, discreetly spreading the word about the impending meeting, until Istrelle ended up near Jaen's side, back at his favorite stone, again smoking his long-stemmed pipe.

"You don't get down here as often as you used to," she said quietly. "You know the sea air does you good." She gently twirled a lock of his silver hair.

He put his hand on hers. "I know," was all he said.

They looked out upon the sea, both of them savoring the moment to hold it forever in their memories. That's when Istrelle noticed the girl. Delendra was standing quietly at the shore, also gazing out to the endless patterns of waves. The wind gently swept through the curls in her hair. Istrelle slowly made her way over to the girl.

"So...what are you thinking about?" asked Istrelle as soon as she reached the girl.

Delendra kept looking out, across the channel toward the Three Daughters, three island fortresses that lay twenty miles away. She looked out farther, as if she could see the "Southern Jewel" of Havenshore, the capital city of Elrian, just beyond the Three Daughters on the main island. To Istrelle, she looked as if she were staring away even farther than that.

"I have always loved the ocean," said Delendra, calmly, but with deep emotion. Istrelle became startled, not so much by what the child said as by how she said it. She put her hand, gently but quickly, on the girl's back.

Delendra reacted as if she had woken up from a trance. She looked at Istrelle. "Don't you love the ocean, too?" she asked.

"Of course..." responded Istrelle, weakly. She looked at Delendra, and then she looked out to the sea again. She thought back to the child's vision in the sanctum, realizing that there was much more to this child than what she thought she knew.

She took the child's hand, gently. "It's time to go back, dear-heart," she said, smiling. In truth, she had no idea what was going on, and it scared her. She had never let her fears get in the way of her actions, however, nor her ability to care for and love this child.

The two joined the others as they all headed back home.

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"Since we are married, there is something I, we, must do." Skonn began.

"I know," Janice replied. "It won't hurt, will it?"

"No, it will not...unless you resist." Skonn said gently..

"Why would I do that?"

"I noticed during our brief contact earlier that there is an area of your mind that has been sealed off by one unusually well skilled in the mind meld technique. Do I have your permission to...?" Skonn asked, realizing the enormity of his request.

"Yes, you do. *But*, you must never reveal the information you find there to anyone. Our lives will be forfeit if you do," Janice warned. No stranger to threats against his life, Skonn's only reaction was to raise his right eyebrow.

"What could possibly be worse than being on The Shining Path's assassination list?" He wondered while gently reaching for the focal points on Janice's face.

"No my mind to your mind?" Janice quipped.

"Those words are highly ceremonial, meant for public joinings and betrothals. Since this is a private exchange between willing partners, it is not required...unless you wish it," Skonn replied, his hand a mere centimeter from her face.

"No, Skonn. I'm ready." Janice said As she closed her eyes, Skonn settled his fingers onto her face and the mind bond began.

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Despite the earlier emergency and resulting chaos, The Dionysus' Sickbay was calm and quiet, when Captain Wekk strode in.

CMO Sinclair Winn was at T'Shan's bedside monitoring her readings. Notwithstanding the life threatening injuries she'd suffered mere hours earlier, the nurse was wide awake and berating her superior for keeping her confined. Upon seeing Wekk, Sinclair called his assistant over and escorted the Captain to his office.

"She woke up from her healing trance ten minutes ago. Now, she wants to get back to work. I want her to stay confined to bed for at least twenty four hours, and assign her to light duty afterwards," The doctor said. "But I know that's not gonna happen."

"What about T'Pell?" Wekk asked.

"Since her injuries were much more serious than T'Shan's, she remains in a healing trance. Her condition is touch and go. Regardless, she's being confined in isolation," Winn said.

"I also want 'round the clock security posted on her until we reach Vulcan and hand her off to the authorities." Then, noticing Winn's discomfiture at her words, Wekk added, "I know you don't like security cluttering up your Sickbay, but T'Pell is very danger-

ous and absolutely cannot be trusted."

"Understood, Captain. Though I don't wish death on anyone, I wish T'Shan had been far more thorough with her ministrations," Winn said. "Anyone who tries to kill my staff deserves to be put down."

"I agree." Wekk replied.

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Three hours later, Skonn was still awake while Janice, spooned against his back, slept the sleep of the innocent. He was being kept awake by what he had learned from melding with his wife.

The terms Augmentist and Augmentari harkened him back to Khan Noonien Singh, his race of genetically enhanced – augmented - super men and women and the havoc they'd wrecked.

*One would think humans would learn that their futile efforts to genetically engineer a better race could only end in disaster*, Skonn thought.

It all started innocently enough. Dr. Anastasia Boycoff organized a small sect or cult of followers she dubbed Augmentists. Her twisted reasoning was that humankind was meant to dominate and rule the universe. To ensure that humans could achieve her goal, she believed that they should be genetically enhanced with indelible traits. Her plan was to create these super beings or augments, and breed them with ordinary humans. She theorized that, by doing so, their enhanced traits would be passed on to future generations in their entirety.

Despised, Dr. Boycoff was forced out of practice. No one wanted another maniacal augment like Khan anywhere near them. Some reports said she went into hiding because assassination attempts were made against her. She disappeared completely.

In reality, she left Earth and found a hide-a-way on a previously unexplored planetoid known as XR2755. There, she continued her experiments with some of her most devoted followers and willing subjects. She successfully raised two hundred and seventy five augmented human beings.

However, all wasn't sweetness and light on XR2755. There was a mutiny against Dr. Boycoff. Her augments killed the doctor and her followers, then scattered throughout the galaxy.

Alerted to the danger, Starfleet established a specialized MACO unit to hunt down and kill every augment they could find. To date, there have been 210 kills. The kill order was never rescinded.

Six months later, Janice was forced into an encounter with one of Dr. Boycoff's *experiments*. She was left with a daughter.

Destiny Zulema Darden is a first generation *Augmentari*...with a price on her innocent, nine year old head.

*We are caught between a proverbial rock and hard place*, Skonn thought before he finally drifted off to sleep.



# Fiction

## Star Wars - Ashi's Shame

### Chapter 10: Freedom and Fear

by LT Ashinaga

Ashi held his face in his hands and wept. He still sat by the tree, hoping that Sith lord wouldn't come for him.

"Why are you crying, my young padawan?" A voice asked.

Ashi raised his head up from his hands to see a familiar, ghostly image seated before him. He shook his head and looked away. "I'm a coward, Master Roh."

"I see. That is a pretty harsh assessment from a man who just freed an entire town from the grips of villains."

Ashi frowned, still unwilling to look at Roh. "I did what I had to."

"Yes. You did. You did what any Jedi would do, you brought justice where it was needed. But, you didn't finish your task. You let the leader go. Why?"

Ashi finally looked back at his master. He had an angry face and a hand pointing back at the distant village. "I'm not able to face a Sith lord and his apprentice. I can't. I don't even have a lightsaber."

Roh stroked his beard. "A Sith lord you say. Interesting. So, that is what you saw."

Ashi cocked his head. "Yes. Didn't you see him?"

"Open yourself to the force. What do you sense? Do you sense a dark master of the Sith here on your world?"

Ashi took a moment to compose himself, then closed his eyes and meditated on the force. "I sense...hatred, fear, anger."

Roh nodded. "All the qualities of the Sith. But, are you sure that it truly was a Sith lord you faced?"

Ashi wasn't sure what to make of that. "Of course. Who else could it be?"

"Who else indeed," Roh cryptically answered, "I sense in you hatred, anger, and fear. All that the Sith desire in one strong in the force."

"I'm not strong in the force, remember?" Ashi folded his arms and leaned back.

Roh smiled. "I think it is time for you to recall more of your past. You must accept your history if you are to face your future."

Ashi looked away. "More visions? I...I don't know. I'm not sure I want to remember some things."

"Denying what happened is not only foolish, it is dangerous. Learn from your mistakes, grow from your experiences, become a better man." Roh held out his hand. "This time, my young padawan, I will experience them with you. Together we'll unlock your past from the vault you have carefully hidden it away in."

Ashi spent a few moments pondering this. He had let himself push his past deep into his mind so that he wouldn't think about it. In time, though, he realized he would have to face what had happened in those days. "Alright, as long as you're with me, Master. But, what of the Sith lord? What if he finds me while we're meditating?"

"Don't worry about this Sith lord, he won't bother us while we meditate, I can promise that." Roh gave the area a critical look. "But, a safer location wouldn't be unwise. Perhaps deeper in the trees toward the mountains."

Ashi got up and fixed his bag on his back with the swords properly in place. He marched up the hill toward a denser part of the forest. He could see the tall mountains just over the trees near him. He hadn't been this close to the mountains since he was a child with his family.

Before they died, his father and mother brought him to the mountains and they visited distant relatives on the other side. He barely remembers those days, but he does remember traveling through a pass in the mountains that overlooked the vast plains. He watched a starship land at the port and was so excited he nearly fell off his father's shoulders where he was being carried. As a padawan in the Jedi temple, that memory was what he kept closest to his heart to remind him of his home and family.

Ashi finished making camp in a dense area of trees where he could be covered from prying eyes. He made no fire out of fear of being spotted. He trusted his master implicitly, but there was a logical side of him that couldn't ignore the threat of a Sith attacking him while he meditated.

Finally, he sat down and looked up across from him. The ghostly image of Master Roh came into view. Ashi asked, "What do I do, master? How do I summon the memories like before?"

Roh answered, "Do not summon them, just meditate. Use the force to recall your past and I'll help as I have before. This time, we'll work together to unlock that which you do not wish to see."

"Master, I..." Ashi hesitated. "I've seen some of

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the memories during my meditation before. It's so terrible that it shocks me out of meditation. I don't know if I can hold onto them long enough to learn from them."

"Do not worry, young padawan. I'll be there with you. Now, meditate, focus your mind as I taught you. See that candle in the darkness, let it guide you." Roh closed his own eyes and joined Ashi in this quest.

Ashi took in a deep breath and closed his eyes. He let the breath out slowly and watched the candle come into view. The world faded away, the candle grew more and more distant. As if slipping into a dream, Ashi found himself back in his days at the temple.

### **In the past:**

A small vessel dropped out of hyperspace over Coruscant. The traffic today was heavy and a whole legion of Republic war cruisers were in orbit at this time. The Clone War was ravaging the galaxy with the Jedi at the command of the mighty clone army.

Ashi sat in the passenger seat with his head hung low. He was a young man now, his mane half grown and his physique much more impressive. Just like all Jedi, he was allowed to dress appropriately to his species in such a way that would aid in his use of the Jedi training. He chose to wear the same garb as the warriors of the Hakashan guard, only a pair of pants. His body was thickly covered in fur and his mane would eventually be full enough that a shirt would be difficult to wear.

At this time, Ashi wasn't worried about his looks, but his failures. He wanted to see his master and ask questions about what to do next. He unlatched the restraints on the seat and left the passenger bay to find Roh.

He walked around the corner and into a room where Master Roh spoke with a hologram of Master Yoda. He stayed out of the room and only listened with his tall Jahalan ears.

"No, Master Yoda, I don't want to enter the war now. If my padawan had been able to construct his lightsaber then I'd be more willing. But, he doesn't have it yet."

Yoda nodded in agreement. "Weaker than expected, his mastery of the force is. For battle, he is not ready."

"I have faith in him. He's a good student and he does have a good sense of the force. He trains with the practice lightsabers and his skill with his own double blades is impressive. If he could build his own saber, I'm sure he would be a master of it quickly. It's just... he has gone each year to find a

kyber crystal but none have presented themselves to him yet." Roh wanted to stand up for his padawan.

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Yoda pointed at Roh. "Choose when to reveal crystal, the force will. Ready for responsibility, your padawan is not. Return to temple, protect it."

The hologram faded away and Roh merely put his hands on the projection table so he could think about what to do next.

Ashi left to go and think about his life. His master has so much faith in him he felt ready every day to be the Jedi Roh expects. But, the reality is that he is weak in the force and a failure as a Jedi. He hasn't even constructed a lightsaber yet.

Taking his seat in the passenger section he had only just latched the final restraint when Master Roh entered the room. A kind smile graced the old man's face as if nothing was wrong.

Roh came over and looked into the gloomy eyes of his pupil. "Are you okay?"

Ashi looked down. "Master. Why am I failing to find a crystal? Are they that hard to find? How can they all be so hidden from me?"

Roh took a seat next to his padawan. "The force imbues great power into crystals of all kinds that we use for lightsabers, kyber crystals being the most common. However, each crystal is special to its wielder. You will not see your crystal until the force chooses to let you. When you do, you will construct a weapon that is more than just another blade, but a part of your very soul, your essence. It will feel like a part of you. When it is missing, you'll be incomplete, when it is active, you'll feel in tune with all of your abilities."

"I know. I listened to the lecture years ago from Master Yoda, when all the younglings went to find their own crystals. Everyone found one, but me." Ashi sounded a great deal younger as he said this.

Roh almost answered but the pilot announced, "We are landing at the Jedi Temple in two minutes."

"We'll have some nice hot tea and rest," Roh said. "Master Yoda has given us a crucial mission for the war. We are to protect the Temple." He said this as though it should make Ashi feel important, but nothing seemed to break the gloomy aura around the poor padawan.

# Brain Benders

## ACROSS

1. \*Forensic scientist for the CCPD, with 75A
6. Speculations
9. \*Evil meta-human speedster from Earth Two
13. Island greeting
14. Bona fide
16. Ranch unit
17. Dry out, informally
18. In a lazy way
19. Snub-nosed dogs
20. Treat rudely, in slang
22. B'way hit sign
24. "Well, \_\_\_-di-dah!"
25. Swiss or American
28. \*Bioengineer fearful of becoming like her Earth Two doppelganger, with 73A
30. Charged particles
31. Pi follower
33. O.S.S. successor
34. Glum
35. Hawkeye State
37. Hard or soft beverage
41. Gunk
43. \*Alter ego of CCPD's forensic scientist, with "the"
45. Opera star
46. Some court hearings
48. Keystone State port
49. Pinup's leg
50. Brownie
52. Little League coach, often

53. Rover's buddy
54. \*Brilliant Earth Two scientist who replaced his Earth One doppelganger's murderer
57. Wheat protein
59. Dit's partner
60. Dinky in Dundee
61. Withdraw gradually
62. Fail to mention
64. Fencing weapon
66. Loosen, as laces
70. Forbidden thing
71. Comaneci achievements
72. "Somewhere in Time" star
73. \*See 28A
74. Part of A.A.R.P.: Abbr.
75. \*See 1A

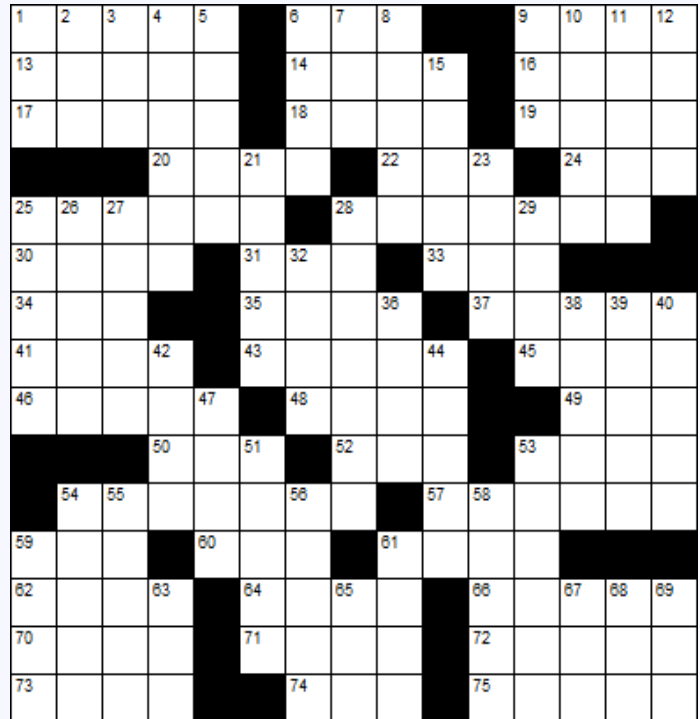


## DOWN

1. Rotten
2. Pub quaff
3. Go bad
4. Colossus of \_\_\_\_\_
5. Vertical line on a graph
6. \*Investigative journalist and fiancée of CCPD's forensic scientist, with 61D
7. G-man
8. Latin dance
9. Hit with a ray gun

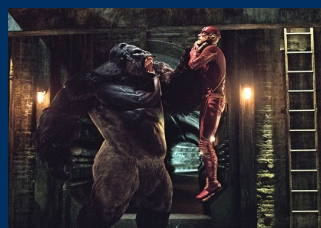
10. Eyes, to Caesar
11. Liver or kidney, e.g.
12. Dovetail
15. Songlike poem
21. Sans \_\_\_ (font style)
23. Auricular
25. \*Meta-human mechanical engineering genius who gets "vibes," with 40D
26. Gray with age
27. Provide, as with a quality
28. Chickens
29. "The best \_\_\_ plans ..."
32. Eyelet
36. It spans 11 time zones
38. Finger or toe
39. Give the slip
40. See 25D
42. Pulled a gun
44. Be noncommittal
47. Triple Crown winner Seattle \_\_\_\_\_
51. Admiral's command
53. Cone-shaped utensil
54. Writer Runyon
55. Serengeti beast
56. Hansen's disease victim
58. 1944 Gene Tierney film
59. British school officials
61. \*See 6D
63. Pull along
65. Toronto-to—Ottawa dir.
67. Address book abbr.
68. "\_\_\_ got it!"
69. Bard's nightfall

## ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle \*Speedy Superhero in a Red Bodysuit by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa - June 2017



## Answers to Previous Puzzle

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



# More Brain Benders

## SUDOKU PUZZLE

June 2017

Easy Symmetrical

by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to May's Sudoku Puzzle  
Very Easy Symmetrical

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

## WORD SEARCH

June's Topic: Tom Cavanagh Roles

Look for 32 character names

by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to May's Word Search:  
Alex Kingston Roles

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



# Brain Benders

## Word Search

### June's Word List:

Big Jack	Lloyd
Bowlan	Micah
Bruce	Mickey
Charlie	Miles
Conner	Mr. Drago
Dan	Reverse Flash
Darkman	Ron
Doug Boyce	Rookie Cop
Dr. Wells	Sam Baldwin
Frank	Simon
George	Simpson
Harry	Slim
Howard	Snap
Jesus	Tim Jonas
Joey	Val Duncan
Levesh	Zell

I CAN'T REMEMBER...  
HAS TIMMY **ALWAYS** HAD HARDWARE  
GRAFTED ONTO HIM, OR ONLY SINCE  
THAT NEW KID GOT HERE...?



**COMMON PLAYGROUND CONVERSATION  
AFTER THE BORG BECOME MEMBERS  
OF THE FEDERATION**

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# 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 Bond  
Security Officer

CAPT Two Wolves  
Senior Staff Writer

Col. Shreya Rose  
Staff Writer

Capt Wynan  
Senior Staff Writer

LT Ashinaga  
Staff Writer

LTJG Star Eagle  
Staff Writer

Dennis Howard  
Editorial Writer  
Critic

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