



# Crockett's Spirit

*Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth*



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## Fiction

### The Alfore Encounter - 48

#### "The Old Man"

by CAPT Two Wolves

"I'm out here," Janice said in response to Skonn's call out to her.

Skonn found his way out to a small, private deck which had two lounge chairs. Dressed in a tasteful black one piece bathing suit and multi-colored jogging shorts, Janice was stretched out on one of them. Echo was sprawled on the other with her wings spread out basking in the Azo sunshine.

Janice sat up and removed her sunglasses. "You've got to be the quietest man I've ever known. I was the only girl raised with six brothers, and it was like living with a herd of wild elephants! Between the shouting, fighting, arguing, and stomping around, they couldn't do anything without slamming or crashing things around. I had absolutely no peace until I got older. Then I started telling them off and throwing them out of my private space."

"Indeed? I had no idea," Skonn said with a raised eyebrow. Then he turned his gaze toward Echo. She was the epitome of a spoiled creature, and was so busy sunning herself that she didn't acknowledge Skonn's presence. Perhaps it

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## Fiction

### Vanthea: Tyranny's Dawn

#### Book 2 - Istrelle

by LTJG Star Eagle

A CRISP AUTUMN breeze carried itself through the abbey's kitchen in the early morning, interrupting Istrelle's thoughts. The corresponding smell made her think back to when she lived farther north, closer to the middle of the empire, where trees actually lost their leaves this time of year. There the morning frost portended falling snows in a few weeks...or even days. Now she certainly appreciated living this far south that a snowfall down here was a rarity indeed. The sun was creeping over the horizon, and the nearby trees still blocked any direct light. To its right shown the lumbering Shiar'kun, each day bringing it closer and closer to devouring the sun during the Winternight.

Istrelle took some salted pork from the cupboard, and then she poured herself a cup of cold tea from the night before, still sitting on the table. On the counter, she spied a clay bowl that was covered by a small towel protecting whatever was inside. She stepped over to it and peeled back a flap. She guessed right; the honeycakes were here. She reached her hand in to take one but then stopped herself. These were, after all, meant for Delendra. She looked around for something else she could eat. Fortunately, she found a bowl of apples.

"You can have a honeycake if you want," spoke a young voice. Istrelle jumped, then she turned her head to see Delendra standing just outside the kitchen, in the hearth room still in her nightgown.

"Gods, don't do that!" said Istrelle, recovering herself.

"Don't do what?" asked the girl.

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due to the fact that she'd had a rough workout earlier that morning.

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It had all begun innocently enough...

Skonn and Janice are both early risers. They decided that, since they were awake, they might as well go to the gym. Echo was taken along as well.

Once there, Skonn put Echo through some flying exercise paces that left her exhausted. He gave her some water and let the little dragon rest perching on a towel shelf.

"What type of fighting art did you employ against the Klingons when we were attacked?" Skonn asked.

"It's called Krav Maga." Janice replied.

"Krav Maga is a military self-defense and fighting system developed for the Israeli Defense Forces and Israeli security forces. Its Creator was Imi Lichtenfeld," Skonn imparted after a moment's hesitation. "It seems to be rather confrontational as a defensive art."

"Yes, it is. Most defensive arts are meant merely to repel the attacker, whereas Krav Maga steps into the battle. Most attackers don't expect this and half the battle is over when they are forced to defend themselves from whomever they previously thought would be a victim."

"Fascinating," Skonn mused aloud.

"Krav Maga is meant to disarm and vanquish an attacker quickly and effectively. Even if you have to break arms, legs, knee caps, do whatever you must to stop the attack. This is especially helpful in dealing with terrorists who couldn't care less if they died and took innocent souls with them. My instructor would always tell us to not be afraid of being injured. Injury is far better than winding up dead," Janice explained.

"Most illogical," Skonn replied.

"Terrorists are not logical, Skonn. They believe their sole existence on this mortal coil is to cause death, mayhem, or both. That is why Krav Maga was developed," Janice added.

*Those very same skills will prove invaluable if she must defend herself against the Shining Path,* Skonn thought to himself. "I would like you to demonstrate some Krav Maga techniques," Skonn proposed.

"Against your Karate? No way!"

"Negative. Against me as an attacker bent on your demise," Skonn countered.

"For that, you'll need to come at me with a weapon," Janice stated.

"I am confident that I will find something to use," Skonn replied.

The next hour and twenty minutes was one of the most trying physical challenges Janice had ever faced in her life.

When they were finished, all she wanted to do was to lie on the lounge, vegetate, and let the hot sun bake the soreness out of her muscles, something starship captains didn't get to do very often.

"I have prepared brunch. Do you wish to have it out here, or inside?" Skonn asked.

*Hallelujah, a man who can cook!* Janice thought. "What's for brunch?" She asked, rising to her feet.

Echo, sensing something interesting was afoot, woke up and launched herself toward Skonn, landing expertly on his right shoulder.

"Southwest vegetable omelets, wheat toast, and Qufra," Skonn said.

Janice seated herself at the already set table. "So, you actually went shopping for groceries, and you found Qufra?" Janice asked as Skonn retreated to the kitchenette.

"Yes, the food markets are well stocked with a plethora of intergalactic foods. I could not resist purchasing the Qufra which is nearly impossible to purchase anywhere but on Vulcan. The last place I found it was in one of those specialty supermarkets on Earth, located two blocks from Starfleet Academy," Skonn said as he returned with the platter of food. He placed the platter on the table in the center.

Janice served herself an omelete. She also spooned several healthy dollops of Qufra, Vulcan's multicolored version of Earth's grits, onto her plate. She was just mixing in some butter when Skonn returned with a pitcher of ice water.

"Water is boiling for coffee or tea, or would prefer fruit juice?" Skonn asked.

"I brought my favorite instant coffee. I believe I left the jar on the counter."

"Yes, I will bring it for you," Seconds later Skonn was back with the jar, a spoon, sugar and creamer. Lastly, he returned with hot water

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in Janice's favorite mug, the supersized, Starfleet issue mug with the words "USS Nicola Tesla" emblazoned on it.

"No, Skonn, I didn't steal it, I borrowed it," Janice stated after seeing Skonn's accusing look. "There's nothing like drinking a cup of Joe from my official Starfleet mug," she continued as she stirred the ingredients into the supersized mug. "Ah! The elixir of life!" she said after taking her first sip.

"I thought Iddo Ice Wine was the elixir of life," Skonn countered, as he sat.

"Ice Wine runs a close second, but, it will never unseat Columbian coffee," Janice replied.

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Meanwhile, on the Dionysus, Jessica was helping Shara groom Kiki and Rusty. Like Shara, Jessica had donned a special grooming glove and followed the instructions to groom from "head to tail." Both adult Track Cats stood still and allowed themselves to be thoroughly groomed, creating an impressive pile of Track Cat fur.

Shara dutifully collected the fur and placed it into a large, sealable plasticine bag.

"The Alfore elders save this fur, wash and spin it into yarn and knit items like shawls, blankets and scarves out of it. That way, this precious resource is not wasted," Shara explained. "Later, I will show you some of the items made from Track Cat fur."

"Wow! I'd really love to have a Track Cat as companion," Jessica said as she scratched Rusty's head and chin. He purred like an outboard motor to show his appreciation.

"They only come in pairs, Jessica. Same sex or opposite sex, and they are working sentient beings which require significant intellectual and physical challenges. That is why I had them declared as a protected species."

"Yes, I understand. Poachers would love to get their hands on Rusty and Kiki for their fur, to make slaves of them, or to sell them as pets," Jessica said. She was well acquainted with the Intergalactic Animal and Sentient Being Movement and dutifully gave a portion of her allowance to the cause. "I'm going to make sure nothing ever happens to the Alforian Track

Cats, Shara!" she declared. The Vulcan woman did something she hadn't done during the entire trip. She smiled.

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"So, what is our itinerary for today?" Janice asked after they'd finished tidying up after brunch.

"Today is our last free day. Tonight is the reception gala, and tomorrow is the Grand Entry March and the games will commence that evening," Skonn stated.

"Tonight? A reception? Why didn't you tell me, Skonn?"

"I'm informing you now," Skonn responded.

"I mean sooner than today! The gala is tonight! We've...I've gotta go shopping for an outfit!" Janice protested in a panic.

"You need not go shopping, Janice. You have already purchased five outfits."

"Would one of those outfits be fancy enough for the gala?"

"Absolutely. You should wear the iridescent one," Skonn suggested.

Janice screwed her face up in distaste. That was the one both the shop owner and Skonn had suggested she buy because it blended well with her skin tone. "Okay," she sighed. "Now, all I need is a pair of comfortable shoes."

"A pair of sandals should suffice, as we will standing in a receiving line, then rubbing elbows with dignitaries and various intergalactic sports figures," Skonn explained.

"Oh no! Don't you dare tell them who I am! I'm here on vacation, not to represent Starfleet in any form or fashion," Janice admonished him.

"Your wish is my command. However, I cannot promise that people will not use their own resources to ascertain who my mystery female companion is," Skonn acquiesced with a hint of a sly smile.

"You have your outfit all prepared, don't you?" Janice asked.

"Affirmative," Skonn replied.

"Why'd I even bother to ask" Janice joked, as she headed towards the bedroom closet. "I'd better get crackin' and go shopping for some shoes, then," she called out.

Although he was a Vulcan, Skonn sighed and stared at the ceiling. He was not looking forward to going shopping with Janice...again.

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“Sneak up on me like that!”

“I wasn’t sneaking,” explained Delendra. “I just wanted to tell you ‘goodbye.’ And you can have a honeycake. I let Tyrstan have two, ‘cause he’s gonna turn into a horse,” she explained.

“So he’s awake then,” Istrelle said mostly to herself.

“Yeah, he’s getting ready in the barn,” answered Delendra.

“And you, my little girl, should be heading back to bed,” said Istrelle, giving Delendra a mother’s look—but with a smile.

The girl ran over and hugged Istrelle where she stood. “I’ll miss you, Mommy,” she said.

Istrelle put her hand on Delendra’s head. “I’ll miss you too, Sweetheart. We’ll be back before too long, though—only three or four days, alright?”

Delendra looked up at the only woman she’d ever known as “Mommy.” “I know,” she answered, looking back down, “but it’ll still be like forever.”

Istrelle put down her food and picked up the child. “Now, you be good for Gramma and Grampa. Do all your chores while I’m away, and mind your manners, and--”

“And don’t get in anyone’s way,” finished Delendra, reciting her mother’s instructions from the many times she’d heard them before.

Istrelle smiled and gave Delendra a kiss. “Alright. Now back to bed with you,” she said, putting the child back down. Delendra gave her one more hug before turning to go back through the hearth room and then up the stairs.

Istrelle quickly finished her breakfast, picked up her leather satchel from the table, put a couple apples in it, and then headed out the door. The courtyard itself housed a forge, grain bins, a hen house and a small barn to which she made her way.

Once inside, she beheld Tyrstan, once again buck naked. He was looking for a good saddle. Even with his back to her, he could smell her presence. “Don’t worry; I put some clothes in my saddlebag,” he told her as she approached him. He tossed another saddlebag her way. “Don’t know if you’ll need it, but there you go.”

She stopped and smiled. “I take it I’m to be riding a horse?” she asked him, a bit surprised. She put her satchel in her bag.

He turned his head toward her and gave a big smile. “Well, I figured this is the only way you would ride this stallion.”

Istrelle sighed; she was not ready for this. She altered the subject. “And here I thought your natural form would be a jackass.”

He found a good saddle for her to ride and put it on one of the gates which lay between them. “Yeah? Well, this is about as natural as it gets,” he replied. “Now where are those eldrin stirrups?” he asked himself softly. Then he shrugged. “Well, we don’t need them if you’re ridin’ sidesaddle anyway...right?” He shot an inquisitive glance her way.

“Correct,” she answered. “So why don’t you change into a wyvern or a griffon? You know—something that could fly and get us there much faster?”

He chuckled. “Have you actually ever seen a wyvern, m’lady?”

“Yes, several. And griffons, too. Haven’t you?”

“No. And that’s the problem. To take its form, I would really have to touch it...or at least get a good look at it.”

“So that’s how it works,” she responded.

He looked around the barn, at the two horses, the mule, and the ox that were all munching on the oats he’d given them. “But I’ve obviously seen horses and touched them. Hells, I’ve even eaten horse before. So shiftin’ into one ain’t a problem.”

She drew a bit closer. “Do your people hunt horses?” she asked.

He scoffed. “Of course not. We ride horses. But we don’t waste nothin’, either. When a horse dies, we eat the meat. We tan the leather. We use the bones. Don’t let nothin’ go to waste.”

“Well, that’s laudable,” she remarked.

“It’s survival,” was his response.

Istrelle looked around the barn for a moment. Tyrstan, noticing, gave her an inquisitive look.

“Bit and bridle?” she asked him pointedly.

“Oh...yeah,” he said, his tone slightly annoyed. He despised having such an object in his mouth, which meant he didn’t have full control of himself, either. He walked to a wall that had several hanging items and started looking around. After a minute, he finally found a good one, took it down and brought it to Istrelle. “Will this work?” he asked her, still annoyed.

“You wouldn’t want me to hold on to your mane the entire way, would you?” she asked, sensing his frustration.

“No—no, I guess not,” he replied, setting the

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bridle down. He thought for a second. "Here's my question. Why can't we just open a magickal portal and walk right on in?"

"Havenshore is an ancient city protected by very powerful magicks," responded Elzivreth, who had just entered the barn and come up behind Istrelle, who quickly turned around. She held a small bundle of clothes with some sealed parchments on top.

"Mornin', Matron," spoke Tyrstan.

Elzivreth ignored his nudity by simply looking into his eyes. "Tyrstan," she began, "if you are to go before the royal court, you must have finer clothes than what you currently have packed. Please take good care of these," she said, handing him the bundle. She removed the parchments and held on to them.

"Thank you, Ma'am," was all he said, putting them into one of the saddlebags, very carefully so as not to offend the proper old woman.

"And Tyrstan," she continued, "you must really work on your elocution at court as well.

"My what?" he asked.

Istrelle turned and walked to him. "How you pronounce your words," she answered.

"Oh," he muttered. He paused, smiling. "So I guess I can't be tellin' anyone--"

"Telling anyone," interrupted the matron.

"Telling anyone to go fuck themselves, right?" he finished.

The matron's face turned to stone. "Certainly not."

"You want to keep your tongue, don't you?" asked Istrelle lightheartedly.

"Maybe you'd like me to keep my tongue," he responded in the same manner.

"Or maybe I'd like you to lose it," she replied, staring at him.

"Are you two finished?" demanded Elzivreth. They both nodded. She handed Istrelle the sealed parchments. "These are your labels of transit," she began to explain. "You will need one for each of the Daughters, and one for the main gate, and one for the court. I wrote them last night for you, and I have sealed each one with my signet as Matron of the Grove of the Living World, so its authenticity may not be questioned." She then pulled out a small leather bag with drawstring and handed it to Istrelle. "Half in there is lambs and ewes," she explained, "and the other half are cocks and hens—although you may find one or two chicks and rams."

"Yes, Matron. Thank you," Istrelle acknowl-

edged, putting the parchments in her satchel and then taking the bag. She was touched by the matron's offering, which represented several months of penny-pinching and saving.

Elzivreth had one last surprise. Whereas all the other coins were either copper, bronze or silver, this coin was gold, with a picture of a calf engraved upon it. She put it in Istrelle's hand and then closed it around the coin, saying "Put that somewhere safe. You shouldn't need it, but one never knows."

"Thank you for all you have done for us," responded Istrelle, smiling and putting the coin in her bosom while holding the matron's hand with the other, "but wouldn't it be faster to go by ferry?"

The matron shook her head. "This time of year is busiest for the fishers. Many of the fish from farther north come down here for warmer waters. All of the boats are in use. Adilund is helping them fish, while Gertha is repairing some of their nets."

"Mmmm...pickled herring," said Tyrstan.

The two women simply looked at one another. Finally, Elzivreth spoke. "Go ahead and transform, Tyrstan. I will help Istrelle with the accouterments."

"The what?"

"Our equipment," answered Istrelle. As Tyrstan changed himself into a fine sand-colored destrier with a braided black mane, she closed to within whispering distance of Elzivreth and said, "You know I'm not comfortable with this arrangement."

"He's good with a blade as well as making them. If you need protection, no one is better suited than him," replied the matron.

"Who's going to protect me from him?"

Elzivreth met Istrelle's gaze. "If you'd actually get to know him, instead of hiding from him, you'd realize that within that wild body beats a gentle heart. That, and I know of no one better who can tutor him in the necessary refinements."

Istrelle blushed, lowering her gaze. "I'm sorry...but you know how much I hate discussing the past. And we both know it's going to be coming up," she finished.

"I'm counting on it," replied the old woman. Istrelle looked back up, her face betraying her anger. Elzivreth spoke again. "Stop running away from yourself!" she whispered.

As Istrelle stood, motionless, Elzivreth attached the bags, then saddled Tyrstan, mounting

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the bit and bridle last. He then knelt down so that Istrelle could ride on him properly. She pulled an apple out of her satchel and gave it to him. He gently accepted it. She then got on.

As they left the barn, Elzivreth gave Tyrstan a pat on his neck. "May you find what you need. May Vanthea be with you," she spoke softly to them, wearing half a smile to mask her concern.

Though the old road kept the two almost directly facing the sun as it arched its way across the daylight sky, the many varied trees of the woods provided them with more than adequate shade to travel from the Cat's Paws almost all the way down to the Three Daughters. Tyrstan was making good time, managing a gait between a trot and a gallop without stopping. It was not yet noon, and they would make the first crystal bridge in less than an hour. All the while, Istrelle hummed and sang to herself as best she could, considering the pace at which they were traveling.

Tyrstan noticed a stream just ahead. It couldn't have been more than ten feet wide, just a small creek with banks which ran about five feet on either side. Just before they made it to the small wooden bridge crossing the creek, Tyrstan pulled over to the right side and slowed down.

Istrelle took the reins. "What are you doing?" she asked.

Tyrstan nodded his horse's head up and down, trying to point to the stream. He stopped and sat down so that Istrelle would get off. She did so, though she was a bit confused; she had never been good at reading non-verbal cues unless they were blatantly obvious.

"Alright—so now what?" Istrelle asked, looking at him from his left side. He shivered his whole body so that she'd notice the saddle and bags, and he chomped at his bit.

"Oh—I understand," she said, reaching out to remove the saddle and bags. She then removed the bit and bridle.

Tyrstan rose and walked down the bank to the creek, lowering his head to drink. He lapped up the water for at least a solid minute. Afterward, he raised his head and looked around. When he was satisfied that no one else was around, he turned back into himself. He took some of the cold water and washed his face.

Istrelle got a pair of his britches out of one of the saddlebags and threw the brown trousers to him. "There you go," she said.

"Thank you," he answered, flashing his eye-

brows. "I hate clothes," he muttered.

"I know," she responded, with the hint of a smile. "So you needed a rest, huh?" she asked as he put his trousers on.

"Well now, let's see," he started. "I've been carryin' you, our bags, and the ridin' gear—all of, I don't know, over a hundred and fifty pounds—while almost runnin' all the way. What do you think?"

She arched her eyebrows and nodded. "Fair enough."

"I need to eat, more than anything," he said, reaching down into one of the saddlebags. He pulled out two large pieces of salted pork. He then pulled out some smoked fish and offered it to her. As she accepted it, he pulled out a longloaf and broke it in half, also offering a piece to her. They both sat down.

As they ate, a thought came to Istrelle. "So all that water you just drank; where did it all go?" she asked.

"Whaddayou mean?" he asked back, in between bites.

"Well, that's more water than a man's stomach can hold, I think. The excess had to go somewhere," she explained.

"I don't know," he shot back, "but what I do know is that I'll be pissin' it out again before the day is done," he finished.

They both paused for a moment. They heard the birds in the trees and the gentle sound of the stream flowing by them. They noticed how the leaves played with light and shadow on the ground as they rustled in the slight breezes blowing through the trees.

Tyrstan broke the silence. "You know, Istrelle, that I wanted to take this trip to get to know you better, to talk. Now we've been travelin' for hours, and in all that time, you haven't said a word to me. Why not?"

Istrelle finished chewing a bit of bread. "I'm sorry. I didn't know you'd be able to understand me, that's all."

"Why, because I look like a horse?"

"Well, yes; I mean, when you change shape, don't you actually become that animal? Horses are smart—don't get me wrong—but I don't think they know what every word in the common tongue actually means, do you?"

Tyrstan looked up for a second, his brain putting thoughts together. "While most of me turns into a horse, or whatever," he said, looking at

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and pointing to his torso, "I'm still the same up here," he finished, pointing to his head.

"Well, I just learned something new," she replied, smiling. "Tell you what: I will talk to you from this point on. I suppose you can always nod or shake your head if I have any questions for you—as long as they're 'yes' or 'no' answers."

"Yeah, that'll work," he responded. He then just stared at her for a moment, his lunch finished.

"What is it?" she asked politely, trying not to feel uncomfortable. She ate the last bite of her fish.

Tyrstan stared at her a bit longer. In truth, he was actually trying to think about what he wanted to say to her. He had questions for her as well as things he needed to say. He just didn't really know where to begin this particular conversation, but he knew he didn't want to botch this opportunity. He really liked Istrelle—from what he knew of her, at least.

She took a drink of water from her waterskin and rose. "Well, we'd best be on our way," she said, trying to evade his gaze.

"Not so fast," he countered. "If I don't sit for at least a quarter hour, I'll get cramps somethin' fierce. That's somethin' that neither of us wants. So just sit yourself back down."

She did as he said, but slowly, still unsure of his mood or intentions. She kept her head down so as not to notice him. Finally, she could bear it no more. "What is on your mind, Tyrstan? What do you want to ask me?" she asked, hoping that perhaps she could control the conversation more easily if she were the one starting it.

He shrugged. "I don't get you," he spoke.

"I know I haven't shared a lot about my past," she began, "but I have good reasons for that," she finished.

"Well, that's part of it," he began, "but you know what? We all have pasts. Some just have worse ones than others. You know, Istrelle, you've been part of the Grove for near five years now. You are kind and helpful, and Delendra couldn't ask for a better mother, even if she didn't come from you. But you know what, Istrelle?"

"No...what?" she asked weakly, suddenly put off guard by his complimentary perceptions of her.

"None of us hardly knows a damn thing about you!" he shot at her, his tone at once both annoyed and hurt. He raised his eyes in thought for a second, recalling what little he did know of her.

"I mean, other than that you were Lady Maralyth's handmaiden, and before that you were a whore--"

"Please don't say that word," she interrupted.

"Whore?"

"Yes—it's an ugly word," she explained, though she couldn't really describe her hatred for that word to anyone. It was just one of those few words that she found ugly—harsh, grating to the ears, fraught with callousness and cruel disregard. "I just don't like the sound of it. I don't mind 'prostitute' instead." She softened her tone a bit. "It's not your fault, Tyrstan; you didn't know. In fact, I feel the same way about the word 'turd.' You can say 'shite' all you want, just don't say the word 'turd' to me—please," she asked, smiling weakly at him.

Tyrstan scoffed at her, but his smile revealed it to be a good-natured reaction. "Okay," he began, "but if you'd told me that a long time ago, we wouldn't have to have this talk now, now would we." He shifted himself slightly on the ground. "But the other thing that bothers me, is that you haven't tried to get to know me or anyone else very well, either."

"Now that is not true!" she protested.

"You sure about that?"

"Of course I'm sure! I know a lot about every member of the Grove. They are like family to me."

"They are my family. I love them like family, and I know them like family," he explained. He paused a second to make his next point. "So what do you know about Liara?"

"You mean, besides the fact that she was an assassin before she joined us?" she asked, her flat tone belying her sarcasm.

"Yep." He smiled, daring her further.

"Well, she loves lemons and limes but despises oranges. And she can recite the gnemish sagas like nobody else's calling."

"Yeah, that she can. But do you know how many people she's killed?"

The question surprised her. "No—I didn't think it appropriate to ask her." She would never have asked anyone anything so personal, so dark, as that. Still, the question itself was not foreign to the silent recesses of her mind.

"Twenty-two. Her guild is the Silencers. I mean, it was."

"And she just told you this out of the blue?"

"No. But if you spend enough time with someone, you usually share some pretty im-

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portant things. Do you know why she stopped?”

“I thought it was because she had a change of heart...that is, she saw the evil she had wrought and that it ate away at her until she could bear it no more. Am I wrong?”

“Beyond measure,” he said, chuckling. “No, her twenty-third contract was the dorven king of Junghorn. She'd dealt with low-lives and small-time troublemakers, but this was different. She knew she couldn't do it without starting a war in the Empire.”

“Well, that still sounds like an attack of conscience to me.”

“Alright, you're part right. She knew that killing the king was too much, so she warned him. That set the guild after her, of course. She disappeared, but they were always just one step behind her. Then she found the Grove. She's been hidin' with us ever since.” He rose and got closer to her, keeping his gaze on her. “Do you know that when she asked to come on this trip that she was puttin' her life in danger?”

“No...I didn't,” she answered timidly, reconsidering just how loyal and caring Liara really was. Istrelle had always considered her a friend, but this revelation took that friendship to an unexpected level. She thought of all that she knew about the gnemling. Of course, the answer was right in front of her. “But I do know something very important about her.”

“Really? What is it?” he asked, sitting back down.

“I know that she would truly like to be something more...important...than just your friend.”

“Well of course I know that. But have you seen her? She's half my size. It'd be like a mastiff trying to fuck a squirrel. I'd break her in half.” Now it was his turn to smile timidly.

Istrelle fought the smile creeping relentlessly upon her lips, but to no avail. The mental image of Tyrstan and Liara took her back to her own days in the business, as she cast her eyes down in memory. Within seconds, however, she lifted them back up to Tyrstan with a degree of enthusiasm. “Well, you should reconsider. She would be a wonderful mother.”

“I know that. But I just don't feel that way about her,” he remarked softly, lowering his eyes.

“No one can help you with that, I suppose,” was all she could say.

He changed the subject. “So...what can you tell me about Adilund?”

“For an eldir, he's not that great with a bow. He is astounding with a spear, however—throwing it

or using it in melee.”

“You're right. What else?”

“Well, he can speak all the languages of men, including Urgani and Groodani. And I believe he knows a bit of Dracani as well.”

“Oh, not just them. He knows most of the old tongues, too.”

She narrowed her eyes. “So what very personal thing are you going to tell me about him?”

“All of his kin are mages, every last one. But not him. He felt called to be a priest. His father threatened to disown him if he chose that path. So...when he went on his 'Wandering,' he just never came back. He ended up here.”

“I wonder why he didn't end up a priest of the Eld,” she pondered aloud, referring to the eldrin pantheon.

“They wouldn't take him, since he'd dishonored his house by choosin' his own path,” Tyrstan explained, rolling his eyes. “We all know about eldrin honor.”

“It sounds as though many of us ended up here through serendipity,” remarked Istrelle, after a bit.

“Through what?”

“They were all running away from something, or someone, and fate kindly guided them to the Grove.”

“Well, maybe. Coulda just been dumb luck, too.”

“I can't believe that. I've seen too much—lived through too much—to simply believe in mere coincidence.”

He shot her a puzzled look.

“That things just happen to work out the way they have.”

“No, I know what 'coincidence' means,” he began. “What I mean is, what has happened to you, Istrelle, to make you believe as you do?” he asked.

She said nothing as the moment passed, though she had opened her mouth to speak.

Tyrstan adjusted how he was sitting. “I guess that brings us to you and me,” he began again. “You're good at seein' what people do, and what they like, but you don't really know who people are. And every damn time I show any interest in you, you turn me away. You know how I feel about you, but I don't think you even want to know me. What is it, Istrelle? Are you afraid of me?” he asked her, the hurt in his voice obvious. But then, then his thought changed; his face became cold as he lowered his head but maintained his steely gaze on her. “Or do you think I'm not good enough for you?”

*(Continued on page 9)*



*(Continued from Page 8)*

She knew that look. She had seen it too many times before. Now was the time for the whole truth. "Oh, Tyrstan...No, I really do like you," she reassured him, putting her hand up to his cheek, but not quite touching it. "May I ask you a question?"

"Sure. Go ahead. Maybe we'll get somewhere," he remarked, gently grabbing her hand and slowly lowering it to the ground.

"Tyrstan, I've seen you with the village children, and with Delendra. You would like to be a father, wouldn't you?"

His expression instantly changed. "Hells, yes! I wanna have a whole litter of 'em!"

"Well...I am unable to give you that gift." She tried not to sound bitter as she spoke the words, but she could not hide the immeasurable sadness.

"I knew you smelled different...like you're missing somethin' inside." He kept ahold of her hand, rubbing his thumb over it, as if to sooth a child.

"Your sense of smell is...very astute. I am missing my womb, or maybe whatever it is that makes a woman fertile." Taking her hand back slowly, she sat back and rested her hands on her knees.

A fish jumped in the stream. They both looked away. Tyrstan brought his gaze back to her. "So what happened? Please tell me, Istrelle. I promise I won't tell no one else if you don't want me to." He sounded as if she had just admonished him, a hybrid of tenderness and earnestness.

"Alright. You're in for a bit of a story, so make sure you're comfortable," she said, slowly beginning to rock back and forth.

"I'm ready to listen."

She peered up through the old trees to gather her thoughts. "I was born in the dominion of Avrendir, a ways north of here. Our family lived in a village called Wornoak--"

"Never heard of it," he interrupted. As she stared him down, he realized what he had done. "Sorry. Please go on."

"It was mostly a human village, even though we lived in a dominion of feyn," she explained. She continued. "Now I was the youngest of seven children. Since my parents were fairly poor, they decided that on my tenth birthday, they would sell me to the local handler. His name was Boggs. He paid them ten gold colts, one for each year. That would take care of my family throughout the winter, and maybe even most of the spring."

"So you became a prostitute when you were just ten?" His face revealed both disbelief and concern as his jaw dropped slightly.

"Well no, not actually," she explained. "I had to spend two years learning how to please men—mostly, but also the occasional woman. I learned how to pleasure them either alone or in groups.

When Boggs bought me, he already had two other women. Within three years he added two more women, and a young man. Boggs started doing well. I did well. I was good at what I did."

"I bet you sure were." Tyrstan was like any pet, or any animal for that matter, in the pureness of his emotions. He looked upon her with sincere admiration, for lust was as pure and good a thing to him as love or loyalty.

She glared at him for just a second. Then, she half-smiled and cocked an eyebrow out of pride. "I had to be. We all did. If we weren't, Boggs would beat every one of us. He took great pains to leave no marks."

"Bastard."

"Oh yes, he was a bastard indeed, like most handlers," she continued, "but he was also a very good salesman. Business got so good that, when I was fifteen years old, Boggs decided to take all of us to the city. He wanted to compete with the big houses of prostitution in Feynward—the king's city," she explained. "We started doing well there, too. Before long, Boggs was adding more girls and boys. And I was his main attraction."

"Can I ask you something?" said Tyrstan.

"Go ahead."

"Why didn't you run away? I mean, I'm sure you paid off your debt to him for what he paid for you...right?"

"I tried to flee, once. He beat be so badly I was laid up for a week. Then he told me that he would kill one of my siblings if I tried it again. And I knew he could do it. So...I stayed. But that wasn't even the worst part of it."

"Really?"

"Oh, no. You see, Tyrstan, I didn't know where else to go, or even what I would do. I'd never been anything else, so what else was I to do? I had no idea."

"You were a daughter before you got turned into a prostitute, Istrelle," Tyrstan rebuffed. He didn't know if she'd had happiness in her youth, but if she had, he would remind her. "You were a little girl who did her chores, and played, and picked flowers, and laughed," he said sentimentally. He then changed his tone. "And then you got treated like shite by the people who were supposed to protect you!" He turned his head and spit out of disgust.

"But Tyrstan, you must realize," she began, gently offering him a taste of an insight, "it could have been much worse."

Tyrstan's look of shock and disbelief asked the question for him: How?

"I had food. I had a place to lay my head. And even if Boggs didn't really care about me, the women

*(Continued on page 10)*

*(Continued from Page 9)*

did. And we all took the boys under our wings.”

“So you folks made your own family,” he added.

“Well, almost; I could never really feel a bond like that with people that I routinely had relations with.”

“You mean sex.”

“Yes.”

“Sounds to me like you had yourselves a royal family!” He belted out a good laugh.

Istrelle chuckled. “Well...I suppose you're right.”

“So what took you to the Grove? How did you finally get from there to here?” he asked, moving the conversation on.

“Like I said, our house was doing well. Within a few months, the other houses noticed—and they were not at all happy. One night Boggs ordered me and another woman—Maritha—to entertain a group of gentlemen at a house of their choosing. We didn't know who they really were.”

“Let me guess: thugs from a rival house, right?”

“From three rival houses, actually. They locked the room, and then they beat us. After that, they had their way with us. Finally, they beat us both again. Then they left, leaving both of us for dead. Maritha was dead. And I was about to die, I had lost so much blood. I don't know how I managed to get up and get out of there, but I stumbled into the street.”

She became pensive, recalling memories within memories. “I had never been to the shrine before. I mean, I didn't really believe in the gods or anything like that. It was the closest building to me, however, and I could see lights behind the windows.

“I made my way inside, and the last thing I remember seeing was the look on her face as she ran to me.”

“Who?”

“Lady Maralyth, wife of Prince Dacien of the house of Zahothniel. When I awoke, she told me that she had been able to heal my wounds so that I was no longer bleeding. She used all her healing powers as an acolyte of the Living World to keep me alive.”

“Wait. You said that you're barren. Was she not able to heal you fully?” he asked, slightly confused.

“No, she was not. She wasn't yet fully trained in the healing arts, and we were in a shrine instead of an actual grove or temple. But she also told me that the world was still asleep, and that anyone using its powers had limited abilities.”

“Oh yeah, that again. The sleeping soul of the world...”

“Well, she was right. My body healed up naturally, with a little help from her. She actually took me to the castle so that she could personally see to my well-being. But my insides...they were so ripped up, I couldn't heal them back to normal properly.”

A strong breeze blew overhead, giving them both pause.

“But Maralyth took pity on me. She made me her lady-in-waiting. She also taught me the ways of the Living World, as much as she knew. I was with her for five years before she gave birth to Delendra, and then she passed. The prince bade me take the babe here, for it was Maralyth's wish to keep Delendra safe from the Undying One's powers if they did not succeed in vanquishing him.

“So I took the infant, and we came here. And that, my dear Tyrstan, is how and why I came to be here. And...it is also why I can never bear you children.”

“Well, I'd--” Tyrstan was going to say “I'd still really like to fuck you,” but for once he realized that this was a delicate conversation that required more tact. “I got no problem breedin' for pleasure.”

Istrelle raised her eyebrows while looking down. “Ah. So you would have us romping around just for the fun of it.”

“What's wrong with that?” asked the theyan.

“Nothing—for now. But as the years pass, you would eventually want children. Then, one day, some young maiden would meet you, and you would become smitten with her, and want to have children with her. And then, where would that leave us?” she asked, peering at him with earnest curiosity. “What would happen to me?”

“I would still love you, Istrelle. I promise I always will,” he assured her, gently taking hold of her arm.

This time, she caressed his cheek. “Of that, I have no doubt. But I could never share you. I simply cannot do that anymore. Any man who would have me for his woman would have to have only me, and then all of me, good and bad, all that I am. And that is who I am,” she finished, standing up and dusting herself off.

Tyrstan paused to listen to the woods one last time as he gathered his final thoughts. “You think who you are is what's happened to you. But you're wrong. Who you are is the choices you made, how you dealt with all that.”

With that, he got up. He gave her his britches and then transformed himself. Istrelle equipped him and then got on. He resumed his steady trot.

A few minutes passed as Istrelle thought about the entire conversation. “Well, Tyrstan...”

Tyrstan stopped, twisting his head to the left to look at her, giving her the impression he was asking for clarification.

She was going to say “I mean, maybe we're both right...Maybe it's all those things,” but she couldn't quite bring herself to admit to him that she actually agreed with him. “Nothing—never mind” was all she said.

Tyrstan snorted, resumed his trot, and off they went.

# Fiction

## Star Wars - Ashi's Shame

### Chapter 13: Seeking Respite

by LT Ashinaga

Ashi walked down a set of stairs inlaid into the ground. They were hand carved stones put down eons ago by the villagers who built this small community. Before him was a quaint little village sitting at the foot of the mountains. A river ran through the town and fed several artificial ponds where the resident's built bathhouses.

The homes and businesses were constructed from forest timber. The river turned the wheel of a large wood mill. Five young men lifted a huge, cleaned tree trunk onto the feeder and let the water powered saw cut it. Younger men took the bits of wood that couldn't be turned into lumber and chopped them into firewood for the bathhouses.

The bathhouses were the main industry of this community. People from all across Jahala would come to rest in the heated waters. They used natural herbs and minerals to enhance the water so that it soothed the senses in many ways. The numerous bathhouses in operation created quite a lot of steam, which is why this village was given its name, Mists.

Contrasting the amazing technological life of the Republic that Ashi grew up in, this was a piece of ancient history. Time had forgotten to tell these people they were living in an outdated community. But, that was the charm of this place.

Ashi smiled as he smelled the aroma coming from a nearby bathhouse. They were preparing one of the more popular herbal waters, infused mostly of snowmint, a wild herb that grew high on the peaks. The smell of that cool snowmint helped Ashi make up his mind about where he would go next.

Ashi walked down the road and up the wooden steps of the bathhouse. Inside was as refined as any elegant hotel in the Empire. The entire place was built of select timber, finely smoothed and stained so that the natural striations were the focus. The bathing room smelled of sweet wood with hints of the various herbs they were working with. Workers dashed here and there to get things in order for their guests.

A lovely Jahalan girl with a wide smile met Ashi. She wore a most exquisite outfit, as did the other hostesses of this place. "Good afternoon, Sir. I'm sorry, but the baths aren't ready for the day. If you'd like to make an appointment, please go see the receptionist." She held a hand up toward another smiling girl behind a desk with a computer set up in front of her.

Ashi nodded to her, "Thank you." He walked over to the desk and looked at the engaging girl at registration. "How long until you open for the day?"

"We'll have everything ready in three hours. If you'd like to book a bath, I need a name..."

"He can go in now." An old voice surprised Ashi.

He turned to see a little old woman walking up to him. She supported her feeble body with a cane as she walked. Her fur was mostly gray and her eyes were hardly able to open, but she had an unusually pleasant smile. Ashi bowed to her, "I can be patient. No need to rush anything on my account."

The old woman walked over and took his hand. She seemed to be examining it. "I see. I see. So you've come."

Ashi wasn't sure who this was or what she was talking about. However, he did sense a unique essence to this woman. She wasn't just a little old lady. "Ma'am, who are you?"

The young lady at the desk stood up and gestured toward the old woman, "This is the owner of this bathhouse, the high priestess Naka."

"Priestess?" Ashi frowned.

Naka smiled at her assistant, "Thank you, sister Amar. I shall take him to the special place. Do not disturb him until he is ready to leave."

The girl bowed her head low, "Yes, my lady."

Naka took his hand again, "Come, come. You must be tired after your long journey. A dip in the waters will soothe your mind."

Ashi was more amused than worried. He didn't know who she was or why she treated him like this. But, he sensed light in her.

They walked through the elegant bathhouse, which was a long row of large rooms with tubs in them to be filled with hot water. Young men and women worked hard to clean the rooms and prepare them for guests. Fresh flowers were placed near the tubs as well as fresh incense and candles.

Naka noticed his ever turning head, "Do you know of my little operation?"

"I can't say that I know much about this place. I have only visited Mists Village as a child many years ago." Ashi watched as a pair of young boys quickly swept the floors of a large room.

"This is the oldest bathhouse in all of Mists Village and one of the oldest on Jahala. My ancestors have run this place for over twelve hundred years. You might say that it inspired the other bathhouses of this town. We take great pride in a well-run operation that is both respectable and dependable. The greatest of Chiefs to the lowest of patron will receive the same treatment."

Ashi noticed that they did not stop at any of the rooms, she continued up a set of steps that led out of the main bath area. "Where are you taking me?"

"You'll see."

Ashi asked, "That girl, Amar, she called you High Priestess? I'm afraid I don't know what she is talking about."

Naka laughed, "I'm not surprised. Though it is no secret, we're a small order. The Bathhouse operation is secondary to the real function of this place. My ancestors discovered something unique twelve centuries ago. They built a shrine to it and it has guided us. The

*(Continued on page 12)*

*(Continued from Page 11)*

visionaries use it to touch the unseen.”

“Visionaries?” Ashi was stunned to hear that.

“Yes. It is how I knew you would be coming. Now, follow me. Where I will lead you is a private location that few are allowed to see.” She stopped and opened a panel on the wall. She put her hand inside and a scanner checked her identity. Immediately the wall split and revealed that it was a secret door.

Ashi found himself outside the bathhouse again. This time on a deck near a large pond of some kind. They were right up against a full rock wall that surrounded the back of the bathhouse. No one could get in or out of this area except through this door. It was perfectly hidden. The water was clear and placid. Looking down into it, Ashi saw the bottom as though there was no water there. In the middle of this still pond was a small shrine. The shrine was but a large wooden box on four legs. The box itself was carved with an intricate pattern like a lantern. A dim yellow light resonated from inside, but it was not the flicker of a candle.

All at once Ashi felt it. The Force was strong here, it nearly overwhelmed him as he stood there. “Why had I not felt this before?” He thought.

As he looked down at his own reflection in the water, Naka’s elderly face joined him in the pond. “These waters have provided my family visions for generations. We see things that are distant, have not happened yet, or that happened long ago. The visions protect our people and enhance our lives. In the last ten years, the visions have become more infrequent and dark.”

Ashi had to know. “High Priestess, may I put my hand on you?”

She smiled and took his hand. “You wish to know if I’m a Jedi? If I can use the force.”

“Yes.”

She took up his hand and put it on her face, “No, my child. I’m not. But I know that you are. I’ve seen your face many times in these past ten years. These waters have been waiting for you. I stepped into them only a day ago and knew you were coming.” She pointed out into the water with her cane, “Go, they wish to show you something.”

Ashi took his bag and swords off his back, setting them aside. For a moment he stuck his bare foot into the waters and cringed. “Oh, it’s cold.”

Naka snickered, “We do not heat these waters. But, I did have the waters seasoned with the snowmint. It helps calm the mind when seeking visions.” She pointed at him, “Now, undress and step into them. And I mean all of it. Clothing is not allowed in the waters.”

Ashi waited a moment as she left him. Once the door was shut and sealed he removed all of his clothing. He felt odd being outside and naked, but the sharp walls of this small alcove were more than enough protection.

With great hesitation, he put his foot into the water and nearly all of his fur stood on end. A great amount of focus helped him get the rest of his body in. The waters came up to the middle of his abdomen. All of

his muscles tensed up and he shivered for a second. However, the aroma of the snowmint began to swim around him. He could see the tiny diced leaves gliding across the surface, small amounts of oils spreading out from them. The sweet aroma relaxed him. After a few moments, he was accustomed to the waters and now enjoyed the experience.

He expected a vision to start as soon as he entered the waters. Much as when Roh had helped him remember his past. But, nothing happened. He held his breath and dipped entirely in and came back up, slinging a good arc of water off of his now soaked mane. He shook his head and realized his fur was dotted with green from the mint leaves. The smell of snowmint engulfed his senses. Yet, he still didn’t have any visions.

“What’s with that shrine?” He rhetorically asked and sloshed through the pond toward the wooden structure.

\* \* \* \* \*

Trevis and Grask cautiously walked into Mists Village. Each had put away their weapons so as not to seem threatening. Neither wanted to go into densely populated areas, but that is exactly where the trail led them. Suddenly Grask scrunched his nose and then hissed something in disgust.

Trevis groaned, “I wish I could understand you. What is it now?”

Grask held his nose with one hand and then waved the air with the other. He looked as though he had just smelled rotting eggs.

Trevis sniffed the air and realized that the herbal aroma in the air was overpowering his senses. “Did you lose his scent?”

Grask snorted a few times in a vain attempt to get the strong odors out of his nose. He got lower to the ground and sniffed. He seemed to get something and followed it along the dirt path. Trevis wasn’t far behind. Many of the residents walking around became disconcerted at the sight of these off-worlders.

The unusual pair found their way to the wooden steps of a large bathhouse. Standing on the top step was a little old lady with a pleasant smile.

“May I help you, gentlemen?” Naka asked.

Trevis cleared his throat and then halfway smiled, “Uh, yeah, we’re lost. We’re looking for a friend.”

“Oh. Well, your friend cannot be here, we haven’t opened for the day.”

Trevis nodded to her, “Thanks.” He grabbed Grask by the arm and pointed him toward the street. In a low, but strict voice he commanded, “Find his scent.”

Grask tried but simply shook his head. The scent was gone.

“Fine. Now, what do we do?” Trevis looked down the main road through town. Walking out into the street to where he could see past the tree, he found this road met a path up the mountain. The road up the mountain was narrow and zig-zagged up the side. They could see the walls of a city at the top, and people coming and going along this narrow path. “He must have gone there. Come on! We’ll lose him if we don’t get moving.” Trevis pushed Grask along.



# Brain Benders

## ACROSS

1. \_\_\_ Scotia
5. Register a preference
9. Legal org.
12. Implied
13. Biblical shepherd
14. Seductress
16. Rocket section
17. Pottery flaw
18. Biblical twin
19. 100 centavos
20. Banned pesticide
21. Hauling wagons
22. Cassowary's cousin
24. Sailor's assent
26. \_\_\_-di-dah
27. Hand-woven Scandinavian rug
30. Conger or Moray
31. Lily locale
33. \*Speedster who killed 41A in 1942, with 45A
35. Unit of Romanian currency
36. Donations
40. \*See 41A
41. \*Justice Society of America leader who told the Legends in 2016 not to go back in time to 1942, with 40A
42. \*Legends persona of 1D
43. Mover and shaker
44. Comics shriek
45. \*See 33A
46. Two-masted ship
48. Symbol of worthlessness
49. Fizzler
50. Forum greeting
53. Actress Tina

54. Tolstoy heroine
56. Seafood entree
58. Party time, maybe
59. Indian royal
63. Line of rotation
64. Hawkeye State
66. Admit
67. 1990 World Series champs
68. Small remnant
69. Like mountains in winter
70. Formerly known as
71. Bone-dry
72. Titled lady

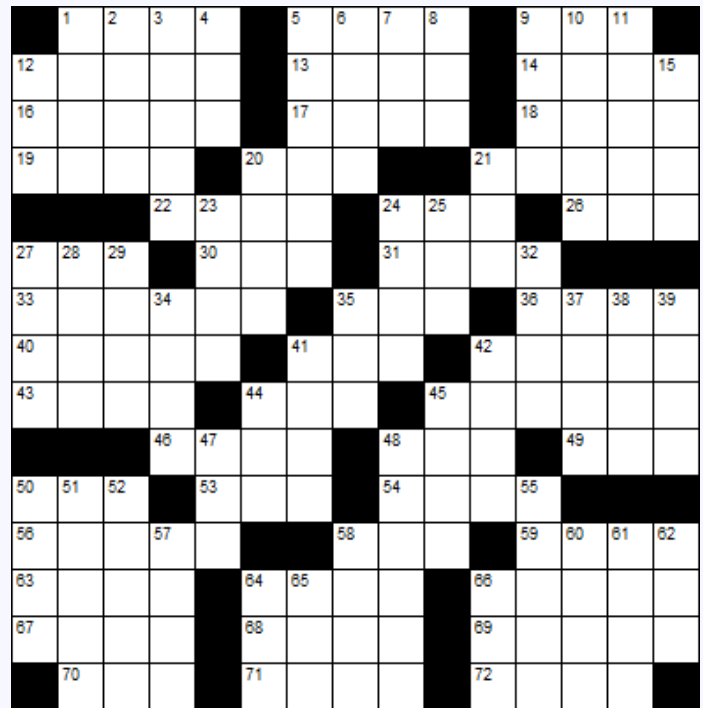


## DOWN

1. \*Historian whom Oliver Queen helped find the submerg Wave-rider in 2016, to his friends
2. Edible Andean tubers
3. Hardiness
4. Absorbed, as a cost
5. \*Evil immortal killed simultaneously in three separate time lines, with 48D
6. Final notice
7. Shamus
8. Caribou kin
9. Say for sure
10. \_\_\_ metabolism

11. \*Former member of the Justice Society of America, with 61D
12. Medicinal amt.
15. Word on a door
20. Proof of ownership
21. Lair
23. Mister, in Mannheim
24. Pinnacle
25. "\_\_\_ rang?"
27. Abbr. after many a general's name
28. Stringed toy
29. Can-do
32. Computer info
34. Ethereal
35. Albanian currency
37. Lascivious
38. Computer offering
39. Iditarod vehicle
41. Bank (on)
42. Avoid
44. Farm female
45. Sound quality
47. Sternward
48. \*See 5D
50. Way off in the distance
51. \*Legends persona of 11D
52. Say "y'all," say
55. Gladiator's milieu
57. To be, to Tiberius
58. Decorative pitcher
60. Elementary particle
61. \*See 11D
62. "\_\_\_ questions?"
64. Fingers
65. Refinable rock
66. Hippy acid, briefly

## ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle \*21st Cen. Superheroes and Supervillains Destined to become... Legends - Part 3 by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa - September 2017



## Answers to Previous Puzzle

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



# More Brain Benders

## SUDOKU PUZZLE

September 2017  
 Very Easy Non-Symmetrical  
 by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to August's Sudoku Puzzle  
 Hard Symmetrical

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

## WORD SEARCH

September's Topic: Matt Letcher Roles  
 Look for 30 character names  
 by Brig. Gen. D. Tensa

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

Solution to August's Word Search:  
 Victor Garber Roles

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

# Brain Benders

## Word Search

### September's Wd. List:

Ben	Matt
Bert	Matthew
Bill	Mike Love
Charles	Mr. Blake
Daniel Pryor	Mr. Brady
Danny	Nathan
David	Ned
Eddie	Owen
Eobard Thawne	Paul
Gideon Graber	Paul Ford
Gil Hines	Ref
Hunky Man	Reverse-Flash
Jason	Rick
Larry King	Ted Kennedy
Mark Bloom	von Richtofen



# 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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