

Cosplay Angel in The Macross Angel

Effect 02 :: Even Spies Need an Angel ::

The SDF-1 has begun its push towards Mars, planning a stop to gather supplies from Mars Base, and to see if there are any survivors from the Zentraedi attacks suspected there. Little do the SDF-1 Command staff know, Kyrhon a ruthless Zentraedi commander, has already sent his forces to Mars in an attempt to trap the fortress. Meanwhile, onboard the fortress in the heart of Macross City alien spies have infiltrated the human society and have begun to gather information on this peculiar enemy. Our *heroine* Angel, has just finished the final touches to her latest contest costume and now prepares for the night's event.

It was a quiet day, the kind Angel had grown to enjoy. They never came often, or easily anymore. Shopping was almost a burden of a chore these days, with supplies in Macross City becoming slightly more scarce daily. Everyone had heard rumors that there was a planned replenishment from Mars, but no one knew if Mars was even there anymore. *Of course Mars is there!* Angel thought to herself as she passed a couple engaged in such a conversation. *Even the Zentraedi couldn't destroy an entire world!* She rolled her eyes, and continued on. Still something bothered her about the thought. Had she bought the RDF propaganda that Earth, the SDF-1, was undefeatable? It certainly didn't look that way when the Zentraedi first showed up, and then the recent battles, actually getting into the city itself. It was scary. Anyone could see that, and no one could deny it. Perhaps she believed it so easily because it was easier to accept than the cynics assurance that all of them would die. People like this Lynn Kyle.

Those people annoyed Angel. They seemed to get their kicks from scaring the people of the city. As much as the Mayor and Admiral Gloval and the army had been doing to secure the people's faith these zealots had tried equally hard, if not harder, to cause confusion and fear. Now with a few attacks getting into the city, and their rumors that the alien dwelt among them... Angel shook her head, trying to escape the thought that was all around like Minmie's latest song. The walk home was a long one, needless to say.

Angel had just rounded the corner when she saw three men looking at her store. They were all intently looking into the window, faces pressed to the glass. Even the commotion of people snickering around them seemed to go unnoticed. Whatever it was inside they saw, they certainly liked... Angel slowly walked closer.

"Hello?" Angel asked hesitantly. "Can I help you?"

The shortest one turned to see her, the others turning as he spoke, "Oh hello miss." He looked about nervously, and paused. "Hi."

"Hello." Angel said smiling. "Does something interest you in there?"

The large fellow leaned over and whispered to the one that had spoken, then all three turned and looked at the glass again. They continued to whisper amongst themselves, Angel took a step back unsure of just what to do. Then the turned to

her all grinning ear to ear. "You **ARE** her!" the tall one said.
"Her?" Angel asked quite confused now.

The large one pointed to the window, a poster for the competition Angel had hung there sported her image. The costume was the "Star Child" costume she did back on Earth for her first win, and resembled something quite alien. *[Author's Note: Star Angel is not a real anime, just a "local" Macross anime used for the story.]*

Angel smiled and looked at the three wide-eyed. Something just wasn't clicking here. Something was wrong, but Angel couldn't place it... "Yes, that's me." She replied slowly.

"Can we have it?" Asked the shortest one again.

"Well I guess. The contest is tonight, whoever hasn't already entered is too late..." she said more thinking aloud than answering them, "Sure. Come on inside." She unlocked the door and went in, the three following her.

Angel sat her bags down on the counter, the room was fairly dark, it always is until the lights kick on. She headed over to the three waiting in the doorway, they looked almost scared of her Angel thought. She carefully took the poster down, and rolled it up, securing it closed with the same ribbon she tied her fabric bundles with. "Here you are." She said, handing the rolled poster to them.

"Thank you Ma'am." The tall one said.

"Yea, we don't have these things back home." The large one said.

"You don't?!" Angel said, sort of surprised. "Where is home?"

"um, well..." He replied, realizing just what he had said...

"That is," the tall thin one began, "he means..."

"We need to go." The short one quickly stated, heading for the door. Before Angel could question, they were gone. *Very weird* Angel thought to herself as she locked the door. *Oh well, I guess I'd better get ready to go* she thought looking at the clock... only a few hours.

A few hours later...

The final round of the contest was about to begin. The first two rounds included a rendition of an anime character, portrayed by the cosplayer in costume. They were graded on two aspects, how well they portrayed the character in the skit (*Which is randomly pulled from the series to ensure it is not a planned and practiced event*) and the costume itself. Angel had done exceedingly well on the costume, scoring a near perfect 48 (out of 50). However, her impersonation, the judges ruled was not as aggressive as it could have been and she scored moderately well with 40. At the end of this round she was neck and neck with Julie, who despite a weaker costume, only scoring 40, did well on the personality; performing an excellent rendition of B-Ko from Project A-Ko; scoring a 46. Apparently she has cunning and ruthlessness as a second nature.

The group was backstage and dressing for the new third event. This event was a theme contest, each cosplayer had to make a costume based upon a central theme announced several weeks ago. This was a new event so no one knew quite what to expect. This theme was "The Zentraedi Monarchy." It was unusual, to say the least, but seemed to get a good response, and drew nearly 50 additional entrants into the contest this year. Rumor had it that this year's winner would create the topic for next year's theme round.

Angel had changed into her costume and was waiting in the lounge room with the others. Her stomach was doing flips, this could win or lose the competition for her, and a few others, as this was worth 200 points! She saw Julie at the far side of the room in her exquisite costume that looked like something that could only be described of as "Aliens meets "Star Wars." It was nice and the detail on it would certainly draw attention...

Angel's design was more simplistic, looking almost militant; but lacked nothing a cosplayer could desire in a costume. Julie was ridiculing those who had been ranked too far to get into first or second place, flaunting her "success" thus far. Angel hated people

like that. It was one thing to be good and win, but that sort of arrogance and immaturity need not be displayed.

The lounge was open to the public, where the people could see the cosplayers before their stage show. Many, like Angel, were caught up in getting pictures with local children and other people. It seemed like a big carnival. The crowd was massive this year, partially due to the final act of the show, Lynn Minmei herself would be announcing the winner, and would unveil a new song. That had drawn a lot of fans. Angel began to make her way to the entry to the stage area, leading the contest she would have to go first, and there was only about 5 minutes left. That's when Julie came over...

Julie walked up and faux tripped, sending her drink soaring onto Angel. The whole room fell silent after a few gasps. Angel stood there in shock, not sure of how to react, it was obvious that her costume was ruined. Julie had a smirk, almost evil looking, and sarcastically apologized. She turned on her heels and walked off with her nose in the air, ignoring the condemning looks she was getting. She was sure she would win now. Angel stepped back, almost in tears... looking at her dress. She was about to leave when she heard a whispering person call her name. She turned and looked at the curtains behind her. Was it?

No way! It couldn't be... Sure enough it was two of the guys she had given the poster to. "We want to help you." The taller one said.

"How?" Angel asked, "What can you do?" Suddenly a loud crash was heard from the stage area. Everyone jumped. A few moments later a director of the show came out and announced a mechanical failure would cause a delay before the third round could begin. Angel felt the guys take her hand and pull her into the curtains.

About an hour later...

"Angel...?" Someone yelled out into the crowd of cosplayers. "Angel! You're up!" Again he yelled.

"I think she's not here anymore," Julie began, "So let's just move on!" she finished nastily. The man eyed her curiously. "Well young lady we have three minutes, we have to wait."

"Whatever." Julie rolled her eyes, showing her obvious disapproval.

"Angel?! Two minutes, LAST CALL!" He yelled again. This time there was a faint reply.

Angel came running up from behind. She was adorned in a red Zentraedi uniform, complete with gold trim and slacks. It looked simple, but sported an elaborate patch of the logo seen on all the enemy ships on her left side of her chest, and was adorned with strange medallions and medals. Everyone whispered and gawked at the new costume Angel had seemingly made from nothing. Meanwhile the three men made their way to their front row seats.

Aboard Breetai's command ship... A large viewscreen was showing the transmission of the contest, Breetai and Exedore look on amazed at the sight of a human in one of their soldier's uniforms... the monitor transmission continues... "And the winner of the first annual Theme competition, and this year's All-Macross Cosplay Contest..." Everyone went quiet- everyone except Breetai and Exedore that is.

"My Lord," Exedore began, "How could that uniform have fallen into their hands?"

"Perhaps we underestimated the humans cunning, maybe our spies were detected..."

"No my Lord," Exedore began, while pointing to the lowermost edge of the screen, "They are here in the crowd of humans. Could this be the effects of the Protoculture?"

"I am not sure Exedore. We must be cautious. These humans may be more dangerous than we believed. Has Kyrhon departed yet?"

"Yes sir."

"Send him a message informing him not to board the craft with his troops. Tell him to disable the vessel and we will deal with it when the fleet arrives at the fourth planet."

"Aye sir."

"And Exedore," Breetai began, Exedore turned to face him. "Ensure he knows the severity of the situation."

"Angel! Angel! Angel!" The crowd chants could be heard through the transmission. Breetai sat leaning back in his chair watching carefully, pondering the power this enemy seemed to have. *So the girl with our uniform is winning praise from her peers? Perhaps this could be used to our benefit later. I must ensure that the agents describe this event completely.* Breetai thought. Minmei took the stage, Angel at her side, to announce her new song. Breetai began to turn the signal off, but for a moment, heard the words and music... and simply watched. *What is it about these girls?* Breetai wondered...