

Cosplay Angel in The Macross Angel

Effect 04 :: Earth Angel ::

Several weeks have passed since the encounter with the giant Zentraedi on Mars. Still Angel has been profoundly effected by the incident. But the greatest shock has to be the news she recieved yesterday. What seemed to begin as a usual day, well as usual as Angel's days have been beginning lately with her three new friends coming around, ended in complete mystery and warning from the UN SPACY. "It's you!" The words still echo in Angel's mind in the original spoken Zentraedi. However, with the news yesterday, the military getting the translation... Now she is under the ever present and always alert government and has gone through a series of interviews and sessions bordering interrogation. Meanwhile the SDF-1 has made a landing on Earth at long last. And recently detected a probe, presumably from the enemy, has begun a climb out of the Earth's atmosphere.

The sudden disappearance of her three new friends has Angel a little worried, despite their peculiar questions and complete lack of knowledge about Macross City. However, Angel has had little time to think about their whereabouts as she has had company from a young Veritech Pilot by the name of Marcus Bradford, of the newly formed Civil Defense FLight (*A Veritech Squadron whose sole responsibility is defending the inner city from Zentraedi who make it through the outter defense.*) On this particular Sunday afternoon Marcus has come by Angel's shop just as she is closing.

"Good evening Angel." He says with a smile. "Nice sunset coming, want to join me?"

Angel smiles back, thinking of how long it's been since she's seen a real sunset. She always loved the beach sunsets, they always seemed much brighter and prettier to her. She was not about to miss this opportunity. "SURE, I'd love to."

"Oh!" Marcus said suddenly, "Do you have a warm coat?"

"Yes, why? Isn't it warm out?" Angel asked.

"Well, outside here... Yes." He began, Angel's prying eyes immeadeately demanded an answer which he was all too pleased to give, "But it may not be when we land."

"Land?" Asked Angel, thoroughly confused. "Yes, land." Marcus said grinning as Angel turned back towards him after locking up. "It's what planes do after they've been flying for a while." He finished with a sly grin.

Marcus takes Angel's hand and leads her to his hangar. She is wide-eyed at the size of the fighters this close. After a brief discussion with the flight deck commander Marcus returns to talk to Angel. He begins to explain that the average Zentraedi is only a few feet taller than the Battloid configuration of the Veritech, and from the first hand experience on Mars Angel can see why these fighters are so large. She walks all around the Veritech and eventually reaches the ladder the pilot climbs into, and sees a painting of Minmei on the side near where the canopy closes.

"Minmei?" Angel teases a question.

Marcus smiles and chuckles as he runs his fingers through his hair, and notices Angel's intent look, "Well you know..."

"Uh-huh." She says continuing the tease.

"Obviously you missed the other side, and certainly haven't seen the inside yet." He

says with a semi-suave turn away.

"Other side?" Angel says stepping under the nose of the plane after Marcus, to see him pointing out artists renditions of her costumes after her recent awards. The most notable is a Sakira-esque painting of her "shooting" something from her staff, only the staff ends at the nozzle of the nose lasers. Marcus moves to the side a bit more so she can see the sweeping panoramic design of her different costumes slaying the enemy in cartoon fashion. The inscription above his name reads "The Angel's Wing".

"Tell me that's not new." Angel says pointing at the inscription.

"No, it's not." Marcus says quietly, much more timidly than Angel has seen him before.

"What's wrong?" She asks after a moment of silence.

"It's named after my little sister, she was born paralyzed after complications. We lost my mother during her birth. My sister was named Angel, her and my father died in the initial assault. I joined the RDF shortly after being caught on the ship and asked for transfer to this unit after it was formed to make sure no one else had to suffer that pain."

"Oh," Angel began, "I'm sorry." She puts her arm on his shoulder and smiles, he looks up and the solemn expression is instantly lost.

"Thanks," He begins, "How about a ride?"

"Really?!" After he confirms that the offer is for real she accepts.

The flight is quick, but long, and demonstrates some of the easier (less dangerous) maneuvers of the Veritech. The ride is nothing short of exhilarating and Angel is even given control of the jet for a while. They fly all over the western seaboard of North America until Marcus finally lands the jet in Guardian configuration in a snowy field. He explains that this is the remains of a small southern Alaska town, where he grew up. Being late October there is snow already fallen for the winter, however it is not too cold. Under the clear sky, above a crystal sea, and glistening snow-covered dome of snow the sunset is spectacular.

Marcus walks around Angel and gets between the sun (where it just was) and the herself, and is looking quite intent at her smiling face. He asks her to remain still for just a moment, in which he begins scribbling something on a small notepad. She inquires about it several times on the flight home, each time he insists it is private. After another flight, this one demonstrating the speed of the fighter, Marcus takes her to dinner and walks her home, as it is late...

"I hope you enjoyed the sunset." He begins.

"I did." She replies. "There is something I want to know."

"What?"

"What was it you scribbled back there?"

"I'll show you tomorrow, I've got night watch. I need to go." He turns to walk away, but she calls out to him and he stops and turns back.

"Good night."

Marcus slowly walks back, and softly replies, "Good night." Following this he gives her a kiss on the cheek, and leaves.

In the morning there is a small wrapped frame at Angel's shop door. On the brown paper wrapping reads "I saw the moon rising behind her... I hope you enjoy this as much as I enjoyed painting it." Inside is a painting (See *Image*)

