

Cosplay Angel in The Macross Angel

Effect 05 :: Angel's Gift ::

Toronto ended in disaster. Suddenly no one on Earth wants to take the refugees from Macross City, the SDF-1 is being ordered to leave Earth, and the RDF is declaring that they will attack the ship themselves if it returns to Earth. Meanwhile the Zentraedi armada advances one step closer to the ultimate annihilation of the Earth with each passing day. Capt. Gloval's announcement that the SDF-1 and its inhabitants must leave Earth is not well received, however the griping is cut short by constant battle alerts. Meanwhile zealots like Lynn Kyle keep insisting some sort of conspiracy is afoot, and is gaining widespread support from the citizens of Macross. However, others like Angel are less inclined to believe those types, and are more interested in trying to help, little did Angel realize that her RDF pilot boyfriend would ask her to...

The Zentraedi fleet is preparing a final assault on Earth, and Marcus is warning Angel of the danger to come when he mentions the secret plan and the treaty with the Zentraedi is not as good as it sounds. They are huddled in the darkness with Lynn Minmei about to show up in Angel's shop late one night after she's closed.

"You mean not all the Zentraedi like this Breetai guy?" Angel asks.

"Exactly. We even had an attack coming at us when he tried to make peace, but he shot the other alien's troops so we could meet still." Marcus says to her.

"Wow. So there is still more fighting?" Angel replies, obviously not thrilled.

"I'm afraid so. All of us hoped that this would be the end of it, but Breetai and his aide Exedore keep insisting that there is a major offensive coming, I think that they are planning on helping us."

"Really?!"

"Yeah. Hey, who are you waiting for anyway?"

"Oh, Minmei."

"Minmei? As in THEE Minmei?!"

Angel giggles and looks at him, "Yes, THEE Minmei"

"WOW! She is coming here?!"

"No, I'm just waiting for her, I figured when she's done doing door-to-door Avon across the street it's only a matter of time before she drops in." Angel replied half sarcastic, half joking. "Of course she is. Why else would I be waiting for her?"

Before Marcus could ask why battle alarms start to go off... Suddenly the ship rocks. Marcus jumps up, knowing this must be the big attack, all combat squadrons are being called! He quickly kisses Angel, hands her an envelop that reads "Open only if I die in this battle" on the outside. Before she can say goodbye he runs out the door, very mindful of the danger and battle ahead. Angel chases a step behind out the door and shouts to him, wishing him luck, and to say she'll be waiting for him to come home.

She is in tears when she turns around to see Minmei standing there.

"Oh dear." Minmei begins, "I was going to get that fabric, but; Are you ok?"

Angel wipes some tears away and stuffs the envelope in her pocket, "Come in," she chokes out.

"I need to go, I have to get to the broadcast deck." Minmei says. "I was supposed to be in my concert dress, but-"

"I've got just the thing," Angel says, opening a cabinet on the wall, she pulls out a white dress. It glistens in the low light of the room and seems to shine with the tailoring skill and effort put into it. "This was for a celebration of the last costume I did, you rememebr?"

"Oh, of course." Minmei says smiling, that song announcemnet still has pictures floating around months later. It has become one of the fan favorites, for both of their fans. "But I can't take this dress, you put a lot into it I can see. It means too much."

"No, take it. Consider it a gift, for good luck." Angel said intently

"Positive. You'll be dynamite in it!"



"History is written by those who win the wars of the past." These were the final words spoken from Marcus's flight commander as his unit met one last time for a pre-flight briefing. They all stood silent for a moment, "If we are not allowed to write our history after tomorrow it is because all the children of today have lost this war. I do not need to tell you what this battle means. You all have your reasons for joining this RDF, this unit. Think of them tonight as we prepare one last battle. Good luck, and God bless us all." The group bowed together, hand-in-hand for a final prayer. As Marcus looked around he saw the faces of his wingmates, no his family. These were brothers and sisters in arms, brothers and sisters in every sense of the word as he knew it. This would not be easy. He clutched a picture of Angel he had sketched, adding it to his pile of photos, fan art, and news clippings he'd gathered along the journey.

Along with these, centered in his cockpit the small wallet-sized photo, the only remaining photo, of his little sister. He looked at her carefully awaiting his turn to launch, and smiled as tears rolled down his face. "She would be proud" he heard Angel's voice, their conversation in Alaska a few weeks ago had all but changed his life entirely. Her words still echoed in his head. He looked down and saw her sketch, and on the viewscreen her face... "Wait that's not her" he thought, and he looked, it was Minmei, in her dress. The dress she'd worked so hard to have ready for the annual award banquet next week, as the honored guest... "Giving to the end" he thought as he launched.

In the end everyone knows the victory was hard-fought. Seldom do they hear the stories of those that didn't make it. I assure you we all know about Rick Hunter and Lisa Hayes, Capt. Gloval, Admiral Breetai, Max and Miriya Sterling... For the others, the Marcus Bradfords, whose glory ended before it began; the Roy Fokkers, whose legends will outlive them a hundred fold... For the sacrafice of those who paid the ultimate price, for all humanity Minmei sung her greatest song. As the music began to play another round, a fith hour dragged on in this battle, as the words echoed again Marcus Bradford clutched the picture of his Angel, and at the picture of his sister... He saw the SDF-1 accelerating to the command ship, he saw the damaged scout trying to ram the SDF-1, and he knew what he had to do. Without fear or hesitation he hurled his tiny fighter into the charging mega-laser causing the ship to explode, causing his life to end with it.

Rocketing explosions sent the Zentreadi armada packing, and those that didn't fell to their doom, or to Earth in defeat... somewhere in space Marcus's rough sketch picture is fused to that of his sister's on a small shard of glass from his cockpit, it drifts aimlessly as a silent reminder to all those that can hear it's story.... In the end what she gave him he returned in kind. All his life was centered around his loss, his inaction... she gave him the hope and the courage to step up, as he charged into the cannon the bridge crew of the

SDF-1 could hear his anguished cries... "not again... not this time... This Angel has only begun to fly..."