

## Anime - Mobile Suit Gundam 0080: War In The Pocket

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How long had he been stuck in this godforsaken place? Days? Weeks? Months? It was hard to tell anymore. Tyga found his ship disabled and he'd sent out a distress signal. He was soon picked up by a strange vessel and brought onboard. Upon asking the military personnel where he was and what this vessel was doing in this part of space, soldiers surrounded him and they ordered him to surrender due to them not knowing if he was an enemy agent. Now, he was a prisoner, being kept onboard until the authorities decided what to do with him. The detention block was located deep inside the ship's bowels. Tyga's "companions" here were the military police and several military prisoners who were all wearing those same exact unusual suits.

He tried to make his cell as comfortable as possible, but the gruel that they called breakfast, lunch and dinner was starting to get to the young Twi'lek. As he contemplated how long they would be keeping him, Tyga heard his cell door open. Sitting upright, he could see a figure wearing what those base protection soldiers called "pilot suits". As the figure moved into the cell, he could see it was a young woman, a few years older than himself, with what seemed to be a high rank worn on her shoulders. She was carrying a tray of proper food and sat herself down next to him and handed over a bowl of hot, steaming porridge, complete with fruit and yoghurt on top. Tyga bowed in appreciation and tucked into his first proper meal in a while.

"Good morning. I hope your night was comfortable. Our *beloved* commander had us flying a whole night of quick reaction missions, since he thought the Earth Federation was pursuing us to Side 6," the Twi'lek's interest was piqued at these unusual terms of reference made.

"Earth Federation and Side 6?" Tyga asked with a quizzical expression. The woman sighed knowingly and she moved in closer to explain where he was and where they were headed.

"Side 6 is the space colony that we will be resupplying at. It is a neutral colony, but there are some supporters of Zeon living amongst the populace. There was a great war called the One Year War. I fought from day one up to A Baoa Qu. Our ship will then be heading to a colony where Zeon remnants and Zeon civilians have begun a new society. The Earth Federation is hell-bent on wiping us out to the last, since they do not want Zeon to rise from the ashes like a phoenix," Tyga got it, since it reminded him of the great battles between the Jedi and Sith.

"I am so sorry for not introducing myself before. My name is Rina Iwate and am a captain, in charge of the ship's mobile suit squadrons," she took Tyga's hand and led him out of the cell, as just as the guards were coming to pay him a visit. Rina put herself up to her full height and glared at them. The two guards looked at Rina, before they backed off and retreated upstairs.

All of a sudden, alarms went off and red lights began to flash in the hallways. The vessel was not even safely inside Side 6 yet. Rina cursed aloud and then she grasped Tyga's hand tight.

“Come on, we need everyone we can get!!” she began to pull him along the corridor, up the stairs, and through a maze of what seemed to be longer corridors before they arrived at one of the locker rooms below the bridge. There were rows upon rows of lockers Rina approached a locker in the far corner and opened it, as the alarms continued to sound and instructions came over the ship’s communication system; Earth Federation mobile suit forces were in pursuit.

“Here, put on a pilot suit and follow me to the hangar. Make it quick, Twi’lek!” Tyga quickly changed into the suit, which was orange in colour with white neck and shoulder plates, white wrist and ankle cuffs and orange/white combination gloves and boots completed it. Wrapping his lekku around his neck, Tyga managed have enough room to fit in an extra-large helmet.

Rita took his hand and they’d floated to an elevator that would take them down to the hangar; as they got in, and the doors closed, the distant sounds of initial contacts could be heard. The elevator arrived at the hangar and opened upon a scene of chaos. Pilots were running towards their mobile suits and mechanics were completing last-minute fixes to the machines. Rita led the Twi’lek towards a tall, orange unit plugged in at the far end of the hangar. Looking at it, Tyga was in awe of its resonating power and strength. Hitting a switch located upon its leg, a stirrup lowered from the chest-mounted cockpit. Stepping into it, Rita wrapped herself tightly around him as the stirrup took them to the cockpit, while other mobile suits were launching.

Floating inside, Tyga eased himself into the reclined seat and strapped in. Rita put her helmet on and she took her position in the Twi’lek’s lap. Tyga looked at her in surprise and Rita put a belt extension around her waist and attached it to the straps securing Tyga into the seat. As the cockpit canopy closed with a hiss, the linear cockpit screens came online and the digital gauges appeared on screen, Tyga took a deep breath and with Rita’s help, brought the ZAKU to the launching ramp, where it was attached to small catapults and the countdown began.

The MS-06S ZAKU II Commander Type was propelled down the ramp at a high speed and it emerged into the chaos of battle. The *Tivvay*-class heavy cruiser was coming under fire from all directions and a squad of RGM-79GS GM Command Space Type suits were homing in on the cruiser’s mobile suit team. The scoped beam rifles opened fire from virtually point-blank range and the *Tivvay*-class returned fire with its missile launchers and heavy quad cannons.

“Go!!” Rina screamed, almost causing Tyga to go deaf inside the helmet. His hand wandered to the weapons’ selection interface and made the choice. The anti-MS sword was unsheathed from its holster upon the ZAKU’s hip and the weapon was soon hacking and slashing through the enemy forces. Three of the RGM-79GS’s exploded in bright fireballs as the sword sliced through their reactors. This only managed to incense the Earth Federation pilots into a frenzy.

The two surviving mobile suits’ fired grappling cables, holding the ZAKU in place and raised their rifles to the cockpit. Moving the controls in desperation, the RGM-79GS’s slammed into one another, their reactors cracked. The resulting fireball engulfed the ZAKU, but it managed to survive the encounter with only some superficial scorch marks and it was still in the fight.

“A job well done ace,” Rina pressed her helmet against Tyga’s and ran her gloved hands over his suit. This interaction was short-lived though, as the opposing *Pegasus*-class assault carrier launched a second wave of mobile suits and moved in for the kill. Using the first RGM-79GS as a springboard, the ZAKU leapt upwards and thrust its anti-MS sword deep into the torso of the squad leader’s machine. Impaled on the sword, the machine sparked and was smoking, as it exploded, sending out a wave of electricity. Letting the sword go with the mobile suit, Tyga resorted to using the beam rifle and MS hammer in holding off the five approaching suits.

Another RGM-79GS approached from underneath and with perfect timing, Tyga kicked out at the suit, connecting with the cockpit, the ZAKU’s foot pulverising the pilot and reactor. In quick succession, the second machine approached from behind, its anti-MS sword unsheathed and ready to hack its enemy into small pieces. In a move that surprised Rina, a highly skilled combat pilot, Tyga swung the ZAKU right around and it grasped the RGM-79GS around its waist and he began to exert pressure on the controls, watching as the armour buckled and the torso was squeezed, with the result being blood pouring from the cracks and a helmet, still holding the pilot’s decapitated head, floating in the void of space amongst the wreckage.

With its mobile suit forces vaporised, the *Pegasus*-class assault carrier opened fire with all of its missile launchers, heavy cannons and anti-aircraft guns. The other ZAKU’s were pinned down and drew fire as a diversion to allow Tyga and Rina to break through. It worked and the Tyga found himself in front of the Earth Federation vessel. The commander, in his chair, was looking on in awe at the destruction that had just been wrought on his forces. He stood up in shock and he screamed and yelled at the ZAKU, but Tyga could only chuckle at this display.

Raising the beam rifle and putting the barrel against the bridge window, the Twi’lek’s finger lay against the trigger. Rina’s hands rested on Tyga’s shoulder and squeezed it gently. As he looked over Rina’s helmet at the now cornered ship, he pulled the trigger without any thought and watched as the assault carrier exploded in vibrant yellows, reds and oranges. The voices on the intercom whooped and shouted in delight as they watched from a distance. Removing her helmet, Rina removed her belt and began to float around the cockpit. She then removed Tyga’s helmet and his lekku ran over her face and wrapped around Rina’s neck, pulling her in close. The two then shared a private moment, totally tuned out to the world around them.

“You are simply amazing, ace...” Rina said softly, as she ran her gloved hands over the lekku and kissed Tyga’s face tenderly and looked deeply into his eyes, amazed at his skills.

“Well, it is a gift,” Tyga replied, feeling slightly embarrassed at the attention and returned the kiss, as the ZAKU turned and headed back to the cruiser, which was safe, for the time being.

As the ZAKU re-entered the hangar, they were met by a large crowd, who were clapping and shouting in appreciation at the pilot’s skill. Tyga and Rina emerged from the cockpit and they floated down to the floor, with the commander coming forward and shaking Tyga’s hand in appreciation at what he had done; thankfully, they would now be able to do the resupply with

no interference. The *Tivvay*-class successfully entered the dock entrance and then landed on the pad, settling on its legs. The crew began to disembark and were relieved they had come through another engagement in one piece without casualties, all thanks to the former prisoner.

“So, Tyga, we have about six hours until we have to leave Side 6. Do you have anything in mind?” Rina winked at him slyly as the pair intertwined their hands and joined the others.