

Terran Pride

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Chapter 3: Vega

GTD Atlantis

Vega

07-06-2391

0900 Hours

“Mjolnir Two’s are in place, Admiral.”

“Test data?”

“Tests are showing everything functional.”

“Good. That should hold back some of those Vasudans.” White turned to his communications officer. “Are the Beta Aquilae and Talnia fleets in system yet?”

“Not yet, sir. Beta Aquilae just now entered subspace. No news on Talnia”

The news only agitated White more. Having to retreat to Vega was bad enough. Not having reinforcements when they got here was terrible. “They’re sure taking their sweet time about it. Is Kohler with them?”

“Yes sir. He will be joining you here on the Atlantis.”

“Very well. Does Ropert have those intelligence updates yet?”

“No sir. Not yet. He says it shouldn’t be long though.”

“Tell him to hurry up. We don’t have long.”

GTD Erikson

Vega

07-06-2391

The communications officer walked up to the office of his captain. Hanging on the door was a sheet of paper with the words ‘do not disturb’ written on it in bold print. The officer smiled at the message and slowly opened the door. Ropert was slumped over his desk in a light sleep. “Ahem. Captain, message from the Atlantis.” Ropert nearly jumped from his position when he first woke, but resumed his previous position when he saw who the intruder was. “Sir, message from the Atlantis. It’s from Admiral White.”

Ropert looked up at his officer and forced his eyes opened. Ropert babbled for a second before something audible came out. “You can tell Admiral White to go to hell.”

“Sir, someone might hear you.” Ropert continued his babble and tried once again to fall asleep. The officer noticed a half empty bottle of bourbon in the waste basket and continued. “Sir, I understand the meeting yesterday was difficult, but if someone catches you drinking, you’re going to really be in for it with the admirals.” More mumbling was the response. “Sir, what?”

Ropert looked up, surprisingly alert. “I said, I am not drunk. I had a couple of drinks. The reason I am tired and quiet is because I have a migraine the size of Mintaka. Now, beat it. Or do you want night detail for a week?” Once again, Ropert settled his head down on his desk.

“Sir, maybe you should see the medical staff.”

“Two weeks.”

“Sir, Admiral White has asked”

“Three”

“Sir, Admiral White wants the updated intelligence reports. He’s been sending transmissions all morning.”

Ropert lifted his head again. It was obvious he wasn’t going to rid himself of this officer. “Oh fine. What’s his latest secure frequency? I’ll send them to him myself. I don’t know why he wants them though. It isn’t for my opinion.” The officer left the room for a moment and returned with the frequency, and Ropert proceeded to send his information to the Atlantis. As the officer left the room, the captain muttered something under his breath.

“What was that, sir?”

“I said you’ve still got night detail.”

GTCv Kingu
Vega
07-06-2391
1100 Hours

“Captain Leight, Beta Aquilae fleet is on station.”

“Any news on the Talnia fleet?”

“Nothing yet sir.”

“Very well.” Leight went over some more of the figures on his desk and pressed the intercom button. “Is Intelligence sure about this estimation. It seems awfully high.” The answer came back affirmative and Leight continued his work. “That’s a fantastic number of Vasudans.” Leight once again pressed down on the small button. “Are you sure?”

“Intelligence ran the estimates four times, sir. That number you have is a minimum.”

“Minimum?!”

“That’s what they said.”

Leight grimaced at the idea that the figure in front of him was only the minimum. “If they say so...” He continued to flip through the various pages of simulations and turned back to the simulation program on his computer. How on earth are we going to do this?

GTD Atlantis
Vega
07-06-2391
1300 Hours

Kohler and White stood in the middle of the command deck. Kohler was really going to run the overall battle, but White maintained control of his ship. “Still no word from the Talnia fleet. Where could they be?”

“They’ll get here, Daniel.”

“Will they? We don’t have a lot of time. Latest reports put attack time at 1700 hours. That’s only four hours from now and the Talnia fleet, for all we know, still hasn’t entered subspace.” White continued his pace around the bridge. He checked everything. Every inbound communication. Every signal on the scanner. Every little detail. The crew could tell he was a little disturbed with the current situation. Not a good sign coming from one of the commanders of the entire GTA. “There, these new signals. What are they?” White pointed at some new friendly signals on the scanner.

“The patrols are changing shifts, sir. That’s all.”

The communications officer took this chance to intervene. “Should I send another transmission to Talnia, sir?”

“Go ahead. But I don’t know why we should bother. If they haven’t received the ones we’ve sent so far, they’re not going to get this one.”

GTD Erikson
Vega
07-06-2391
1700 Hours

“Captain Ropert, glad to see you’re feeling better.”

Ropert shot a cold glance at his communications officer. What had happened before was between them alone. The health of a commander was not the business of the crew, as long as it did not interfere with his duty. “A GTVA ship commander puts duty above his health. You know that.”

“Of course.”

Ropert found his way to the officer’s work station and perused through the various communications that had come in, only thoroughly reading those marked as important. “Three from White. One from Kohler. Four from other various officers. No news on the Talnia fleet, though?”

“No sir. They’re still missing.”

Only one word could describe the look on Ropert’s face, and it seemed to characterize all of the officers in the fleet: frustrated. “And we have what? Five minutes until the Vasudan arrive? Well, ready the weapons, and prepare for engagement. All hands to battle stations.”

GTCv Kingu
Vega
07-06-2391
1724 Hours

“Captain, Vasudan ships entering system!”

Leight raced to the bridge from his office. He watched as the first Naunet came through the node, barreling through the Mjolnir sentries with ease. “Damn it!” The sentries refused to fire, preferring instead to be bounced from ship to ship, as the Vasudans began to flow into the system. “Move in!”

The ships of the GTA moved in towards their enemies, who were already amassing quite a large number of ships. Fighters and bombers were deployed first, thousands of them. Many barely made it out of their fighter bays before being cut to ribbons.

The Kingu and Erikson, though having a substantial size difference, had been grouped as

wingmen due to the absence of Talnia fleet. The Erikson made direct attacks on Vasudan ships, while the Kingu concentrated on controlling the fighters and bombers in the area. The two worked very well together, taking very little damage and dishing out plenty. Starting small, they carved up several cruisers of the various Vasudan classes, before moving on to Sobek and Neith class corvettes. When it became evident that they would need to leave these smaller targets to the Terran cruisers, the two ships took on the older destroyers, the Typhons and the Hatshepsuts. But with the odds turned so heavily against them, they would soon become prey for the Besets and Naunets.

GTD Erikson
Vega
07-06-2391
1815 Hours

“Hull breach on Deck 27! We’ve lost part of the heating unit!”

“Can we fix it?”

“We’re not sure. Give us a few minutes.” By the time the final answer did come, already the heat was escaping the bridge, leaving the officers to release a fog of mist with every breath.

“Captain. We can only keep it at 10 degrees without overloading the reactors.”

“Ten degrees Celsius... Then we’ll fight cold!”

GTD Atlantis
Vega
07-06-2391
1926 Hours

“Admirals, the Vasudans are preparing to fire those new turrets. Should we have the ships fall back?” Captain Ropert’s voice over the communication was mauled by static and interference.

“No. We stay and fight! We’re not going to fall back this time.”

“But sir, we don’t even have the Talnia fleet to back us up! We need”

“Thank you, Captain. That will be all.” Kohler reached over and ended the personal transmission. “Communications, get in contact with the other ships in the fleet. Tell them I want the entire fleet to advance.”

“Advance, sir?”

“You heard me.”

GTD Erikson
Vega
07-06-2391
1930 Hours

“Advance?!”

“That was the order, sir.”

“Is Kohler out of his mind. Where does he think we can go?”

“Sir, I’m just relaying the message. So?”

Ropert spoke as a man who wasn't sure what to do. "Advance then. Advance us straight into Hell."

And the ships did advance, straight into the belly of the Vasudan fleet. But even they could not turn around an impossible scenario. The massive turrets on the Vasudan ships did indeed begin to fire again, driving back the Terran forces. They drove the Terrans all the way to the Beta Aquilae node, with no stopping in sight.

And when the Terrans finally did jump to Beta Aquilae, the thousands of buzzards did not stop. The buzzards pressed on, along with their mother ships. They were still hungry. And they pressed into Beta Aquilae, slowly pushing the Terran fleet back, back to the Talnia node.

A signal was sent to the Talnia fleet. They arrived within minutes. For some reason, they had not received any of the previous transmissions. The new fleet joined the lines and still the Terrans were pushed back. The buzzards were eating them alive now, not just preying on the wounded and dead.

And the Vasudans invaded every installation in the system. Civilian, Science, Military; it made no difference. They were captured and taken over by the Vasudans. And even as they slowed to make their captures, the buzzards continued to press on, pressing the Terrans to the edge of the system and the Delta Serpentis node.

With nowhere left to go, the desperate Terrans jumped to Delta Serpentis, where the remainder of their fleets were waiting. And finally, the buzzards yielded, having their fill, returning to their ships, allowing the pitiful band of Terrans to reach Delta Serpentis safely, allowing them to regroup for a final stand.