

3rd times a charm

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THE SECOND GREAT WAR

CAPPELLA

A laser blast raced past the GTVA Arkantos, then buried itself in a fighter, shredding it to bits. "This is Alpha 1 reporting to command, Beta 2 is down repeat Beta 2 is down!" His voice buzzed on the radio, terrified. "We don't have a chance, we have already lost half the ships and still losing them-O my God, The Krypton is down repeat the-" The explosion rocked the ship, sending the walkie-talkie flying out of his hands. Alpha did a sharp U-turn to avoid an upcoming fighter. "Holy Sh-!" He yelled as the fighter missed him by inches. He took a deep breath before he reached back for the walkie-talkie and grabbed it.

A dozen more fighters and bombers came out of a Juggernaut, spiraling down towards the GTVA Arkantos, guns flaring. The ship didn't even stand a chance. The bombs slammed into the ship, flames flying everywhere. The ship made a huge "RRRR" noise before it erupted into a giant fireball.

Alpha 1 was flying a Loki, his least favorite. In fact, he would rather be in a civilian ship. The Loki only had a few gun mounts and a couple missile banks, not angelic, and slow as hell. His job was to make sure as many civilian ships could get through the portal.

His most impossible mission yet.

At least he had a couple hundred other people working with him, only about fifty now, but at least they were helping.

A shivan ship suddenly appeared in back of alpha 2, right in the FOV of alpha 1. "Someone on my tail! Help!" Alpha 2's voice screeched on the radio. "On it." Alpha 1 replied, eyes fixed on the fighter. The fighter would be hard to get, because in was the most angelic fighter in the shivan fleet. The manticore.

Red lasers exploded out of the gun mount, vaporizing the shield of Alpha 2 instantly. "God, please, someone, HELP!" Alpha screamed again. "Hold on!" Alpha 1 yelled back, he was carrying the Kyser (SP?), his favorite gun. White hot bullets shot out of the Loki's two guns, hitting the shivan fighter directly. The shield disintegrated slowly, but finally it was gone. But then it took a turn for the worse.

The manticore did a corkscrew, firing a series of missiles from below it. "Alpha 2, release chaff! RELESE CHAFF!" It was too late.

The missiles hit Alpha 2's fighter on directly, creating a massive ball of fire. The screams from the radio were terrifying. He could actually hear the blood coming out of his mouth in his high-pitched, gurgling scream. The ship blew apart into thousands of pieces. "You asshole!" Alpha 1 screamed. He fired tornado missiles at the manticore, each slamming into the spacecraft, creating an orange glow that filled the night sky. "Why isn't he dead?"

No time to answer questions. Just fire. He thought. Then he unleashed a powerful blast of his guns. They hit the fighter, then it spun away into the darkness and into an upcoming asteroid and that blew it to bits. "Woo Hoo!" Alpha 1 yelled, happily. He should have been paying more attention. A

shivan bomber, the Nahema, a fast, powerful bomber.

An explosion rocked the ship. Alpha 1 turned around, looking to see what happened. The bomber had just shot away the shields, and now the cockpit was bleeping red, showing that he had been hit. Alpha 1 did a dive, and the nahema, cancer 3, followed. The bomber let off a ton of lasers, slamming into the left engine of alpha 1. It erupted into a massive fireball and then fell off, spinning away into darkness. Alpha 1 swore. He could still fly. But he would go a lot slower and couldn't turn as well. He did a small turn and faced the sun, blinding him. Then his radar went crazy, a fury of red dots appearing on his screen. The Juggernauts. But something was strange. A huge green glow appeared by the sun and....

"This is command," a booming voice spoke over, "We have a supernova brewing. All ships escape through the Cappella portal ASAP!"

"O God." Alpha 1 yelled. The bomber was still shooting, bullets flying inches away from him. He headed towards the portal, all power on his speed. The timer had begun

30 seconds till supernova.

Alpha 1 felt the ship rock again, another series of bullets slamming into the ship. Alpha did a barrel roll, dodging a missile.

20 seconds till Supernova.

Alpha 1's heart was pounding. Was he going to make it? Right then the dashboard exploded into sparks, plates of glass flying up into his face.

15 seconds till supernova.

The bomber was still behind him, shooting away. "Com'on, Com'on!" Alpha 1 said, saying each word faster and louder. He was 500 KM from the gate. Would he make it?

10 seconds till supernova.

Alpha 1 put on the afterburners, escaping from the bomber. 400 Km, 300 Km, 200Km,

5 seconds till supernova.

He was now 100 Km away, the sun still blinding him

3 seconds....

Alpha was 60 KM away.

2 seconds....

Alpha was 30 km way.

1 second.

Alpha 1's life flashed before his eyes. He sat there dazed. The supernova hit him, vaporizing the ship easily. He didn't even scream. He knew he was defeated.

Half of the GTVA's ships were lost that day. The population had plummeted from 100,000,000 to a mere 70,000; mainly because it was civilian ships that were destroyed. They also had lost their best pilot, Alpha 1. This was a day to remember. At least they had one thing to be grateful for.

They were free.

For now.