

Frontline Chronicles : The Beginning

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It has been three years since the Shivans were finally defeated and the GTVA has started work on re-establishing a link to the Sol jump node, as well as exploring further systems. Technology has not advanced much, the proud starships remaining the same in appearance. Commerce has blossomed since the Shivans were beaten, but with that came a boom in civil wars. Soon another faction, similar to the Hammer of Light, was formed, called the Mask of Tojo. They soon captured some of the jump nodes and had risen to almost the same power status as the GTVA in just a short time.

Two years after the fall of the Shivans was the most memorable event in history, the disappearance of a war class starship Goliath, similar to the GTVA Colossus. It was during the first test of a new device, which would let any ship bigger than a transport ship jump to any node from any system. However, the Goliath never appeared at its destination, and did not appear in any other known system. Approximately 35,000 crew were onboard when it vanished, rumours soon spread that they may have ended up back at Sol. However, many theorise that the device malfunctioned while they were in subspace and they are forever stuck there. Whatever happened, no trace of them was ever found, not even space debris.

Most recently, mercenaries have started appearing, although most went bankrupt and the rest were hired out by the MoT. The systems that are between the borders of GTVA space and MoT space have seen many skirmishes, although most battles occur deep within the territory of the factions. This war is far from over, and many pilots will die as a result of it...

Chapter 1: Death comes quietly

The GTCv Lion-Head, a Deimos class corvette, lurched to one side as a bright flash filled the area, the hull of the ship then began to glow orange before a beam of red pierced it through, crew members, metal and panels being sucked out into space. The turrets still fired at the Hecate class starship, which didn't seem to be taking on any damage apart from a few destroyed flak turrets. Around it fighters and bombers attempted to hold back the overwhelming force of the ships pouring from the Hecate's hangar. Multicoloured streaks filled space as cockpits were destroyed, engines went critical, missiles blew up before they left their launchers...chaos reigned. Meanwhile, quite a distance from the Lion-Head, a Hercules MKII floated dead in space, the nose bent awkwardly, the fin destroyed and the engines completely wiped out. The pilot inside slowly regained consciousness, looking out of his cockpit at the madness outside.

It was like a cornered mouse taking on a fat cat with a pistol...we didn't have a chance from the start. I watched helplessly as another beam sliced the front off of the Lion-Head...decapitating the king of the jungle...through the radio I could hear the desperate cries of the pilots and crewmembers as both turrets and fighters mercilessly slaughtered them. Then their bombers launched the helios bombs. Space temporarily lit up as the five bombs struck the headless Lion, reducing it to chunks of debris and dead bodies. This was it...this was the end they had all foreseen...the moment we had feared since we got the message. All we could do now was watch as oblivion placed the black cloth on its head and sentenced us to death.