
Episode 504 – Get in loser, we're going Genesis Breaking

It was a nice apartment, well-lit, spacious and well furnished. A pair of nice, plush leather couches set the scene, arranged in a neat L-shape, with a small coffee table between them. What dominated the room, however, was the massive flat-screen against one wall, so big as to loom over all else around it. By comparison, the broad windows with views out over a strangely futuristic metropolis and the other doorways leading away to gods alone knew where seemed like afterthoughts. Outside the skies were leaden and grey, with rain in the distance.

"Natalya went with me to one of my Lego club meetings," Tsuneo commented as he and Rick entered the apartment.

"How'd that go?" Rick asked.

"She's very good at pretending to be polite," Tsuneo admitted. "Although now she keeps bringing up pictures of the Lego Icons Rivendell set and coughing so..."

"Hey, I'd take that," Rick nodded. "Jo has said she's not that interested in my hobbies, but is cool with them no less."

"Given your hobbies? I'm with her," Dan added as he followed the pair of them in.

"They're not all weird," Rick objected.

"Having known you for as long as I have," Tsuneo added. "No, that is a terrible lie."

"Okay, you got me there."

Rebecca stepped into the apartment, looking over the three of them. "Good, we haven't started yet."

"What's up?" Tsuneo asked.

"Look, I've been looking into things, and-"

"No!" Dan cut her off. "You need to stop doing that?"

"I'm sorry, but what?" Rebecca asked, blinking in confusion.

Dan waved his hands in the air. "Because every time you try to look into... stuff, we get a visit from... her. And she feeds us a bad fic. Like very, very bad."

"I didn't think they were too bad," Rick offered.

"I know," she admitted. "But at the same time, there's a lot we don't know and that we also need to know about, well, everything. Why this is happening in the first place, who is behind it, who are the Voices, why they pick the specific fics they do, where all these reviews are going and, well everything else."

"This is all true," Tsuneo admitted. "And I would be lying if I said that I didn't have any questions about the whole process as well."

"Stop encouraging her!" Dan interjected.

"And I have a lot of concerns about the selection of the cast," Rebecca explained. "Us, the B-Team, the pilot casts and all the rest."

"You said you had found a pattern," Tsuneo said.

"I have," she agreed. "And the most recent of the so-called 'lost' pilot episodes actually clued me in as to what was actually going on with the casting choices."

"Was it a BGC fic?" Rick asked. "I mean, almost all of the lost pilots are."

"It was," she nodded. "In fact, it was a BGC-Gall Force crossover."

Rick nodded. "Eternal War, Destruction, Rhea, New Age or Revolution?" He asked. "Or the model kit story that predated it all?"

"You can't help yourself, can you?" Rebecca asked.

"Before we lose this all in the weeds," Tsuneo commented.

"Too late," Dan sighed and headed to the kitchen. "I'm getting a drink. I am way to sober for whatever is going to come next."

"-what did you learn from all that?" Tsuneo asked.

She took a deep breath before continuing. "I think the Voice, or at least Voice Two or whatever the hell she is, has been deliberately messing with the casting in order to recreate something that happened in past. It is as if she wants to assemble a specific collection of people that fulfill specific roles."

There was a pause. "See, told you I was too sober for this," Dan finally spoke up.

"Okay, I can see that," Rick noted. "Like if it's the latest reboot of the Justice League or the Avengers but they end up having more or less the same people in it. Like there might be a different Flash or Ant-Man but the actual line-up doesn't change."

"That... is very stupid and yet might actually be on point," Rebecca considered. "Well done."

"Okay, I can see where you're coming from," Tsuneo nodded. "So the next questions are why are they doing it and what are they trying to recreate?"

"That I don't know," Rebecca admitted. "At least, not yet. But I feel like I am onto something."

"You know what, you might be," Voice Two interrupted the conversation. "Or you could be just driving yourself mad chasing something that doesn't exist, which would be incredibly amusing for me too."

"Hi Voice," Dan sighed. "See Rebecca? This is all your fault."

"And good morning to you too, kiddies," The Voice replied. "I can see that you're all having a lot of fun already with insane conspiratorial thinking. And I bet you can't wait to hear what hurt I have in store for you all today."

"I can," Dan offered.

"No, I'm with him," Tsuneo agreed.

"Well, you get it anyway," the Voice nonchalantly replied. "So I wanted to follow up my earlier efforts of getting Rick to hate Rifts, one which I admit didn't entirely work out."

"I mean, Mad Dog Squad was pretty hateable," Rick admitted. "But it's not like actual actual Rifts."

"Exactly," the Voice agreed.

"I mean, it's not like I was reading actual Rifts books," Rick continued. "Because, no offence Voice, mocking Rifts books is something that's been beaten to death."

"No, I get you. That's why I'm taking this approach with something else that you love through official media," The Voice explained. "So this time I'm aiming to make you hate Genesis Climber MOSPEADA."

"Wait... you..." Rick narrowed his eyes. "You didn't."

"Oh yes," the Voice smugly replied. "I did. For today and the next few weeks we're going to be reading Genesis Breakers."

"You monster."

"So, Rick?" Dan asked. "What the hell is this?"

"Its..." He paused. "I mean, can you really be told what Genesis Breakers is?"

"Stop farting around and tell me."

"Well okay then," Rick nodded. "It's a contemporary text side story sorta prequel thing with an accompanying high-end collectors toylines to Genesis Climber MOSPEADA, the cheesy 1980s mecha anime that would have been largely forgotten if not for entirely unplanned circumstances beyond the creator's control."

There was a pause. "That might be the stupidest thing you have ever said," Dan finally spoke up.

"I'm not making this up!" He admitted.

"So, what is it about?" Rebecca asked.

"Selling new toys," the Voice interjected. "That and an elite team trying to make contact with the enigmatic alien invaders at the behest of an insane transhumanist conspiracy, which is something I can definitely get behind."

"It's that point where I genuinely can't tell if you're being serious or screwing with us because it's that stupid either way," Rebecca admitted.

"See?" Rick managed.

"The whole thing is twelve chapters long, and I've decided to break it up into four-chapter sessions for you because I'm that nice," the Voice continued. "See?"

"Okay, Rick," Tsuneo considered as he took his place on the couch. "What do we need to know going into this?"

"Um," he scratched his head. "Genesis Climber MOSPEADA produced a lot of funky concept art."

"You're not helping."

He shrugged as he and the others took their places. "I mean, what am I meant to say about a new addition to a franchise that hasn't seen anything in nearly four decades before then?"

"Well, when you put it like that," Tsuneo admitted as the big screen turned on, converting the world over to script format.

> Genesis Breaker Mospeada

> Chapter 1 - Intruder's Intruder

Rebecca: The intruding intruder intruding on the intruder intruding on the intruder's intrusion.

> "Don't worry, set course to zero. Dive under the battleship ahead and aim for the atmosphere"

Dan: Anything to add there, King Vultar?

> 01 Intruder - Intruder

Rebecca: Buffalo buffalo et cetera.

> Large Scale Operation 2083

Rick: The trip to Home Depot.

> They had already made up their mind

Tsuneo: We're having the chicken.

> and were at the point of no return once the Archelon Mobile
> Command Ship, the joint command center for this operation,

Dan: And local craft brewery

> reached its fixed position in the moon's orbit.

Rick: From there it can see the Roboskull planning to kill Harry Potter

> The soldiers took to their post after receiving the go sign for the operation to commence from
> Archelon.
> From fleet commanders to battleship floor scrubbers,

Rebecca: Space janitors of the future!

> 823,000 soldiers and 1,200 participating ships

Tsuneo: And almost three tuk tuks.

> including fighter carriers, battleships, heavy cruisers, destroyers, large mass drop craft, transport
> ships, troop transports and hospital ships.

Dan: And the barges that deliver ice cream

> About to begin was the largest full scale military operation
> in human history in which all kinds of spaceships would be used for a single purpose.

Rick: The superbowl half-time show

> Mars was at its closest approach to Earth for the first time in 80 years on August 31st last year.

Tsuneo: Take the first exit on the right for the Mars approach

> The largest fleet ever assembled left port in the same month and arrived in Earth sphere today,

Dan: Damned shame they were headed for Uranus.

> January 2083, about four months later

Dan: That is how time works, yes

> with only one purpose,

Rick: To relaunch Pizza Hut dine-in with a new high concept location

> to recapture the Earth from the invaders.

Rick: That was my second guess

> Waiting behind one of the 1000ft-class motherships was a small destroyer named the Thunderchild

Rebecca: Literate and on-topic reference. I'll give you a pass there.

Dan: And it sounds totally rad to boot

> which accelerated to combat speed to match speed with the other ships.

Tsuneo: They didn't want to be left behind.

> The ship was a veteran

> from the first Earth Reclamation Force that had fought in the fleet during that operation.

Rick: It had amazingly not exploded

> She was an

> old ship that had passed its service life, but with additional armor and a new nuclear fusion engine,

> it was as tough and mobile as a new ship.

Rebecca: So it hadn't passed its service life after all.

> The gray-haired Captain Thomas R. Weisssett and the 12 young crew members who looked more

> like his trainees than actual combatants,

Tsuneo: One old guy and a room full of teenage kids. Anime demographics in a nutshell

> were on the control deck. When the protective shield

> covering three sides of the command bridge opened, the deck was filled with the warm light emitted

> by the blue planet below,

Dan: Behold... Druidia!

> and the tense expression of the crew was relaxed for a moment.

Rick: Duhuh, pretty planet.

> As the battleships were released from their cruising formations, they regrouped into box-like combat

> formations

Rebecca: With escort ships forming the bow on top.

> and acted as barriers to secure entry corridors for subsequent landing parties. Realizing

> they were a new threat, the enemy attacked at terrifying speed from beyond the arc of the Carman

> Line,

Dan: A line of hats with fruit on them

> the boundary between space and the atmosphere, and tens of thousands of alien ships

> attacked the front line of the human fleet like Iron filings attracted to magnets.

Rick: Given the design of the Invid ships, does that mean that lobster sticks to magnet?

Rebecca: Old joke. Well done.

> And as the alien ships made contact, the human ships were destroyed in moments.

Dan: This is because of your stupid box formation! I told you we should have advanced in a nice neat line

Rebecca: Sir, maybe now is not the time.

> The explosions immediately penetrated the hull of the ship, triggering a chain reaction of explosions

Dan: The explosions made them explode.

> when it reached the ammunition bays and fuel for the mobile unit.

Rick: In short; aaah, boom

> The huge ships turned into dazzling fireballs like small suns and scattered one after another.

Rebecca: Somebody needs to put down their thesaurus

> At that instant, a huge burst of

> explosions of such scale occurred, far exceeding the total amount of explosive energy that humans

> have ever amassed since the creation of gunpowder.

Tsuneo: Well, that was a weighty and odd comparison

> ----

Tsuneo: And everyone died. The end.

> Plunge

> Next, a group of small crab-shaped aliens, called "type E" or, commonly known as "E-gar",

Rick: The caveman played by Richard Kiel?

> formed into a belt-shaped formation and launched a wave-like attack against the fleet.

Dan: Wave your pincers in the air like you just don't care

> The battleships returned fired all-round but they couldn't amass enough firepower to eliminate the

> sky full of enemy craft.

Tsuneo: Great, we've got Invid gridlock.

> "Receiving a message from flagship Izumo! Carriers and landing ships retreat to the second line!

> Destroyers advance and act as shields!! Secure a breakthrough!...Change tactics!" but he sounded

> like a scarecrow.

Dan: If only he had a brain.

> "Don't worry, course zero. Dive under the battleship ahead and aim for the atmosphere."

Tsuneo: Aim for the planet that's right in front of you and try not to miss

> Disengaging the control column, he tightened his grip and maneuvered the

> Thunderchild like a small boat.

Rick: All those years in his university rowing club were about to pay off.

> The enemy ships attacked the human fleet in order of size.

Dan: They carefully measured each ship before attacking it.

> First, they eliminated the huge craft carriers and battleships,

Rebecca: Hmm, gee, maybe if we'd done anything to defend them.

- > then the mainline destroyers with their massive firepower, then the large
- > assault ships, and fortunately the old small destroyers were mainly ignored.

Dan: The Invid promising that they'll get to them later.

- > Countless swarms of
- > enemies skimmed the sides of the Thunderchild and attacked the ship carriers lined up behind
- > them.

Tsuneo: They were somewhat insulted to not be included in the massacre

- > The helmsman only watched the display which showed their position relative to the upper
- > atmosphere as they swung the stern greatly causing the ship to drift and turn.

Rebecca: Fast and Furious: Atmospheric Re-entry Drift

- > The ship slipped under the belly of the huge battleship as instructed by the captain,

Dan: And stole their parking spot

- > and dove into the entry corridor.

Tsuneo: And if they miss this entry corridor, they'll have to take the next exit and double back.

- > The hull of the dilapidated ship was being pushed beyond the limits of its structural strength from
- > overuse and was taking damage.

Rebecca: So is it old and decrepit or as good as new? Make up your mind

Tsuneo: I feel that it's going to be academic pretty soon

- > The hull screamed and squeaked like never before from the
- > extreme maneuvering. Just before getting on the ideal decent vector, the hull shook and screamed
- > more violently.

Rick: Now would be a good time to go for the barf bags.

- > "Captain... now?"

Dan: The captain blinks awake and pretends that he was paying attention

- > The voice coming over the speaker was that of a young woman, but she was clearly an equal to the
- > captain. "The following battleship exploded and was severely damaged."

Rick: It exploded and it was damaged by exploding

- > Thanks to that, the attack
- > angle has been greatly distorted. I tried to correct it... but if I hadn't changed course in time, there
- > was a high probability that the ship would have come apart earlier than planned."

Tsuneo: Thanks for that, Ensign Long-Winded. Care to be a little more succinct next time?

- > The captain turned his attention back to the business at hand.

Rick: Baking a birthday cake?

Tsuneo: Their attempt to recapture Earth from the aliens that have occupied it for decades?

Rick: That too

> It was thoroughly communicated to the crew that the Thunderchild was on a critical mission

Rebecca: To reboot a long-dormant franchise that represented the last legacy of a long-defunct animation studio

Dan: I mean, besides that

> and they would do whatever it took to overcome all odds and complete their mission.

Tsuneo: Oh, now he tells us.

> Their orders were to deliver the descent capsule

> (and its crew) that was mounted semi-buried under the hull, safely to the ground.

> Due to unforeseen circumstances,

Rick: In that it was coming apart earlier than they had planned.

> the helmsman and engineer desperately tried to correct the

> entry angle, but the Thunderchild remained in a non-ideal position

Tsuneo: They were burning up on re-entry in a less-than-ideal way

> and continued to lose altitude.

> The vibrations intensified, and the limit came sooner than expected.

Dan: They've got to put in another two bucks for the next five minutes.

> The captain informed the crew. "Hull integrity has been compromised. We will detach the capsule

Dan: Capsule!

Rick: Capsule!

> at altitude 6800 in 33 seconds."

> The altitude was much higher than planned, but it was their only choice.

Rick: The first officer had proposed going back home for smoothies, but the captain ruled that out.

> "Captain, thank you. Leave the rest to me." said the woman's voice calmly.

> "Godspeed"

Tsuneo [Captain]: Tell my wife I love her

Rebecca: She knows

> After sending a farewell, the captain detached the capsule at the arbitrary time.

Rick: Nine thirty-two. Just as I thought.

> After separating

> from the Thunderchild, the capsule began to slowly rotate and fall toward the ground. Without any

> whining, cursing, or out-of-place jokes,

Tsuneo: No forced unfunny quipping? This story's looking up already

> the capsule's occupants were sequestered in five cylinders

> that separated and scattered in mid-air like popping phoenix seeds.

Dan: It was like giant metal dandelions that came burning in from space

> The AI was able to find an optimal solution and managed a rough landing for the capsule.

Rick: It also cited a whole bunch of books that don't exist and posted a picture of a dude with seven

fingers

> One of the capsules, Cylinder No. 1,

Rick: Containing their vital party supplies.

> was able to avoid taking a fatal course due to the action of the gyro stabilizer, but it still fell to the
> ground at a steep angle like a meteorite.

Rebecca: It was falling like a very gentle and controlled meteorite

> Immediately after that, an explosion echoed in the sky and
> Thunderchild shattered into thousands of metal shards with only the deck unit carrying the crew
> remaining intact, but it soon turned into a ball of fire and fell towards the 6th largest continent in the
> world

Dan: If only there was a name for that.

Rick: It's beyond me

> and was gone.

> -----

> Night

> A black cylinder stood out on the surface of the lake reflecting the blue-black night sky.

Tsuneo: A discarded energy drink can. Nothing to do with the story, though.

> The outer shell of the heat shield, made of hafnium carbide,

Rick: My razor's made from the same stuff

> began to cool and leaked propellant creating rainbow-colored waves on the surface of the water.

Rebecca: The pollution is beautiful tonight.

> A separate parachute could be seen billowing in the dark forest on the opposite shore.

Rick: They landed in the middle of an air show.

> Once it sensed that the situation had stabilized,

Rebecca: The capsule wants you to know that it's not being overly cautious and that it just wants to
make sure that everything's alright and maybe it wouldn't hurt to wait a little longer...

> the escape hatch automatically blew open, and a
> figure crawled out of it and fell head first onto the surface of the lake.

Tsuneo: They immediately drowned. Short story.

> After a while they finally crawled up to the shore, and she crept up on her knees.

Dan: They fell head first into the lake but it didn't seem to bother them

> She then leaned against a large boulder that she had come upon and let out a large breath.

Tsuneo: So that's what Earth air tastes like.

> Some 200 yards away, in the shade of a dense
> black forest, two gray wolves watched the actions of an alien from another planet.

Rick: She had accidentally landed in a Wolf Ranch

> Originally, no matter what happened, you have to immediately carry out your orders

Rebecca: You had to do an inventory of the stationary cabinet even if aliens were attacking

Rick: We miss you, Glen LaBelle

> -report directly

> to control headquarters, inspect equipment, assess the surrounding situation, but all of this was put

> off as she sat down with her back to a rock.

Dan: I just crash landed on a strange planet. Give me a moment.

> Gate, who was still confused,

Tsuneo: She was confused about definite articles.

> slowly looked around.

> She seemed to be surrounded by a small lake and rocky forest, a landscape which she could

> describe only with black and blue paints.

Dan: It looked like a background painting from a cartoon or something

> While she was sitting on the shore of a lake reflecting the

> starry sky, she began to imagine herself floating alone in the darkness of space.

Rebecca: [Gate] Why am I floating in space like this?

> Her cold body seemed to assimilate into the scenery around her.

Rick: Gate was tripping major balls

> Without even wiping the drops of water dripping from the ends of her hair, she wondered how much

> war power she had safely landed on the ground.

Rebecca [Gate]: Gate here. Did anyone else make it?

Rick [Gate]: Gate reporting in. I have survived the drop

Dan [Gate]: Gate reporting in. I have also survived the drop

Tsuneo [Gate]: Gate reporting in. I too have survived the drop

Rebecca [Gate]: Good work, Gate. I knew I could rely on you

> Those who are least aware of the battlefield are those on the front lines.

> She stared at the surface of the lake,

Rick [Gate]: Water is wet

> and before long, she recalled the scene of her uncle's speech

Dan: When he went on a drunken racist tirade during Thanksgiving dinner

> as he said, "Those who descend from the Ismeier clan are the only rulers of the world.(*1)"

Dan: [Uncle] Also, can you pas the coleslaw?

> She could see every wrinkle on his face

Tsuneo: Her uncle is really craggy.

> as she recalled the scene in her mind. This overwhelming pride

> in her clan was what compelled her and was her driving motivation

Tsuneo: I suppose it will do in place of a personality

> but it also provided a bit of restraint. She thought of her family's motto,

Rick: Never give a sucker an even break

> "The world changes with our intentions and actions."

Dan: And bad dice rolls.

> She blinked and came back to her senses. Gate moved her own arms and legs to check the joints.

Rebecca [Gate]: Yep, arms and legs. Just as I thought.

> Half of her body was an artificial construct,

Dan: She had a cybernetic appendix

> and a sensor in her brain recorded that she had recently

> experienced a maximum pressure of 16Gs.

Rick: She paid a fortune for a built in G counter. Totally worth it

Tsuneo: You just know that she constantly checks her G counter and brags about how many Gs she did that day

> Fortunately for her there were no serious injuries noted.

Rebecca: She was only lightly on fire

> She then summoned the image of a map to her retina,

Tsuneo: She had to close a few ads first.

> which revealed that she was 2000 miles away from the point she was supposed to land,

Dan: She was just a little bit lost

> and she had no idea where her men had landed.

Rick: Smash cut to the rest of her team on a tropical beach

> The short break was over.

Tsuneo: She had to clock back in after her meal break.

> Gate was saddened by the time she had lost and started to act. She had a secret mission.

Rick: To read every single Encyclopaedia Brown mystery

> The sole

> mission of ordinary mechanized infantry was to overwhelm the Inbit who occupied most of the entire

> Earth

Tsuneo: Most of the Earth?

Rick: Turns out Switzerland is still neutral. Who knew?

> and make their way to invade what was considered to be the enemy's stronghold in the North

> American Continent,

Dan: How big is that compared to other continents?

- > Reflex Point but her mission was different. Her unit, known as the "Breakers Squadron" was sent to carry out a special mission.

Tsuneo: To sell new toys

- > After undergoing training for that purpose, and with special equipment,

Rebecca: And cybernetics previously unheard of in the setting.

- > they have now arrived at the front line known as Earth. She got up, climbed back into the cylinder,

Tsuneo: And had a nap. She'll get to her secret mission later.

- > took out just the supplies she needed from the refractory-wrapped loading container

Rebecca: Individually wrapped, hermetically sealed artisan space soldiers

- > and finally pulled out the armor cycle.

Rick: So remember that joke I made all the way back in The Newcomer?

Dan: I'm still mad

- > It was a variable combat motorcycle developed by the military-industrial complex on Mars,

Tsuneo: It's like a regular, Earth military-industrial complex, just red.

- > a prototype of the
- > Mospeada Intruder. It was a custom specification for a special mission, and had a special
- > complement of sensors built into it.

Rick: Supercharger, thermonuclear pile, rocket engine, lightweight hyper-ultranium chassis etc etc. It's just brimming over with Genom's technical might!

- > The hull's surface, which glowed dull red, was the latest "melting armor"

Tsuneo: I am not encouraged by that name

- > that melts and responds to
- > attacks from optical energy weapons that exceed the limit of heat resistance.

Rebecca: So they made it out of cheap materials and sold it as a feature.

- > This greatly improved
- > Gate's survival chances. The power source was an HBT system that used compound hydrogen as a
- > battery. Just then Gate remembered from her survival lessons,

Dan: Don't lick strange toads

- > "Don't stay in the same place for five minutes once you're on the ground."

Rick: Sleep is for the weak.

- > As she pulled on her helmet, something flashed in her visor.

> -----

- > Departure

> It was the sun.

Rebecca [Gate]: That's the big burny thing in the sky. I did wonder.

> Before she knew it, the sky was beginning to take on colors and the surrounding landscape began
> to darken.

Rick: Apparently, they don't have daytime on Mars. Or wherever she's from.

> Gate knew that she had been greatly mistaken in thinking that a gust of wind would
> create ripples on the surface of the lake, leaving her in a void of darkness. In a corner of the sky she
> still saw the moon, but the dawn was definitely coming.

Tsuneo: She was loosely aware of how the passage of time worked

> Gate jumped onto a rock and looked around. She soon realized that she was at the center of a large
> depression,

Rebecca: Her therapist had been working her through it.

> a volcanic lake several miles in circumference. As she turned her head and looked out
> over the forest, an incredible variety of colors and shadows caught her eye, and the black surface of
> the lake began to shine brightly against the sky. From her crammed knowledge, she made
> judgments about the flora

Rick: Good thing she took the optional flower identification course in space soldier school

> and tried to grasp the features of the terrain,

Dan: There were rocks and a lake. [Pause] She was kind of hoping for more

> but at the same time her
> olfactory nerves analyzed the myriad dust particles in the air that she breathed in through her
> nostrils.

Tsuneo: Yes, that is indeed how noses work.

> She could smell strange scents rising from the damp earth and the rising mist carried with it oxygen
> exhaled by grasses, spores in fungi, viruses in bacteria, crystals, and clods of soil. An unidentifiable
> and sultry stench flowed in simultaneously as an unmanageable flood of information.

Dan: Wait, that was the nearby sewerage treatment plant

> She was at the mercy of the rapidly darkening landscape, all her features blacked out, and she
> rolled to the ground like a puppet with broken strings.

Rick: She was high as a kite

> She was already several minutes old

Rebecca: Happy birthday!

> when
> Gate touched the reboot switch that appeared like a tattoo on her wrist. She shifted her body mode
> into neutral and reconfigured it for 1G gravity specifications,

Tsuneo: You mean she didn't do that as soon as she came down?

> then analyzed her situation.

Dan: [Gate] Well, I'm wet.

> Her results then appeared in her field of vision.

Tsuneo: [Gate] Swipe left, swipe left, swipe left...

> The "combat mode" for searching for enemies and engaging in
> battle, and the "sensitivity mode" for grasping the environment with human senses were activated at
> the same time, causing an unexpected malfunction.

Rick: She's really not that good at being a murder cyborg

Rebecca: Should have read the manual first

> It was a phenomenon that could not have occurred in an artificial city on Mars. The ground she
> stepped on was softer than she imagined, the atmosphere was full of mixtures, temperature, light,
> wind, smells, colors and shadows existed in countless numbers, and were not uniform even for a
> moment.

Tsuneo [Deep]: The flowers in bloom

> Such a complex environment had not been recreated in the simulator on Mars, so she was
> bewildered by it all.

Rebecca: Things you think they would have told her about ahead of time

> Gate was puzzled and she felt a slight dizziness, but she preferred to leave this place.

Dan: That's me whenever I go to see family

> She
> straddled the Armor Cycle and fired up the power unit, hitting the throttle without waiting for it to
heat
> up.

Rebecca: Which is it spluttered and died.

> The bike accelerated to 60 miles an hour in 3 seconds and ran up a gentle slope at once. She
> stopped at the top of the hill, pulled out her weapon from her waist, turned around, and took a
> precise shooting stance. Then she took aim at the leaking fuel valve of the drop pod she had arrived
> in and without hesitation fired a single shot at full power.

Dan: [Gate] Goodbye, gentle drop pod. You were the only home I have ever known.

> The cylinder that received the arrow of light
> exploded and lost its shape. This was because it was most desirable that no one, neither enemy nor
> ally, find any trace of their landing on this planet.

Tsuneo: She wanted to leave no trace of her presence, so she triggered a huge explosion. Makes
sense to me.

> She saw birds flying away from the forest,
> frightened by the roar of the explosion that broke the silence.

Dan: Gate is convinced they're some kind of drone.

Rebecca [Gate]: Birds are not real! Wake up, sheeple!

> Looking in the direction she was heading, there was an endless barren land that resembled the
> planet Mars where she was born.

Rick: With red sand, rocks and the occasional abandoned space probe

- > Lowering her helmet visor, she set course to the north-northwest,
- > aiming for the original landing point where she expected her subordinates would attempt to gather.

Dan: Her subordinates Fence, Railing and Outhouse.

- > She descended a steep slope mixed with sand and debris at dangerously high speeds, and when
- > she reached flat ground, she accelerated the armor cycle further, kicking up dust and sprinting with
- > more power than necessary.

Tsuneo: Gate is that person who loudly revs their bike first thing in the morning

- > There was nothing more dangerous than flat ground with no cover. It's
- > not a good idea to come across an enemy patrol in solo combat. When she reached maximum
- > cruising speed, the roar of the power unit and her own mind became stable for the first time*.

Dan: Nothing like a nice long drive on a post-apocalyptic alien-occupied world to clear your mind.

- > The
- > "Intruder" caught the sun on her back as she climbed, then vanished over the horizon and she was
- > gone. The sun was warm on her wet body.

Rebecca: She put her armour on while still wet? That would be so uncomfortable.

- > to be continued
- > (1*) Once every 24 hours, regardless of whether you're awake or asleep, at random times, the
- > clan's leader, Ajitei, will automatically play as a memory of the past so that Gate cannot forget about
- > the importance of her mission.

Rick: Even if she was on the can?

Rebecca: Even then.

Rick: Even if she was getting busy?

Rebecca: Even then.

Rick: Wow, that would really kill the mood.

> ----

> Chapter 2 - The Sniper

- > Their destination was the meeting point, a supply base that was decided by the army.

Rick: Located right next to St. Puppy's hospital for adorable cancer orphans

Rebecca: It feels like this is that kind of story

- > Avoiding contact with Inbit patrols half-way was a must.

Tsuneo: She had nothing to talk about and knew that it would just get awkward.

- > There was an urgent need to secure drinking water.

Dan: Got to keep her hunger and thirst meters topped up

- > The drone she launched a few minutes ago began sending her a map of the surrounding terrain
- > within a 3 mile radius.

Rebecca: Pointing out good cafes and bakeries.

- > There was a village at the bottom of a sloping forest. It was located on the bank of a small river.

Tsuneo: Hold on, I'll get out my grid paper

> She turned off the power unit of her armor cycle and camouflaged her beloved Mospeada Intruder

Rebecca: It was the deepest and most meaningful relationship she'd ever had.

> with tree branches before following a beaten path that led to the village.

Dan: Because when you're going into unknown territory, you want to do it without your mecha.

> Because the objective sensor was set to sensitive mode it displayed the shadows of small animals
> and insects of unknown species that lived in the forest but it did not detect any real threats.

Rick: Clearly, she hadn't landed in Australia

Dan: I mean, obviously. It's not the sixth largest

> After a

> short time her field of vision opened up and she could see the whole village.

> Although some 30 years had passed since the modern civilization on Earth collapsed,

Tsuneo: Something to do with a massive alien invasion. She didn't sweat the details

> the village

> consisted of more than a dozen crumbling stone houses and several rusty windmills surrounded by
> splintered wood and stone walls.

Dan: And then she realised she'd walked into the local renaissance faire

> Nothing but a chimney and the white smoke rising from it was visible.

Rick: Only one chimney for the whole village? They are poor

> The spectacle had the appearance of a village from the Middle Ages.

Rebecca: Oh no! She's walked into a village of cottagecore hipsters!

> The white smoke

> rising from the chimney was filled with the smell of food being cooked and caught Gate off-guard.

Rebecca [Gate]: People cooking food? I hadn't expected that!

> She chose the intonation of an Earth accent from the memory bank and prepared to use it to speak.

Tsuneo: I imagine that the term 'fellow humans' will feature heavily

> Since the Earth Reclamation operation was a top priority, the survivors on Earth were obliged to
> provide what they needed for the operation

Tsuneo: And I'm sure the people of Earth have agreed to this.

> and soldiers were taught to use a high-handed tone of

> command when requesting cooperation from Earth people.

Dan: She was encouraged to be a jerk about it

> She had memorized the Earthling "Contact Manual"

Rebecca [Gate]: Remember to ask Earthlings how their day cycle has been so far

> and as she walked forward she was thinking she might need a gun to secure water.

Dan: She was going to pour water into her gun. It wasn't the best plan

- > She stepped on a dead branch which made an unexpectedly dry snapping sound. At that
- > moment Gate reflexively lowered her gaze to her feet. A violent impact to her head knocked her to
- > the ground. A loud alert began to sound and the word "GUNSHOT!" appeared on her visor.

Tsuneo: Thanks. Really helping there.

- > She had received a direct hit to the temple area of her helmet. It was a rifle bullet with an initial
- > velocity that exceeded the sound barrier.

Rebecca: Her heads-up display has the same functionality as Wikipedia's 'did you know' page.

- > If the incident angle had been about 10 degrees steeper it
- > might have penetrated her helmet.

Rick: But it wasn't, so I'm not really sure why I'm mentioning it, really.

- > A ballistic sound trail was showing in her visors field of view. It was a sniper of unparalleled skill

Rebecca: If their skill was truly unparalleled, she'd be dead.

- > who was shooting from the shadows of a rock 350 yards away at 10 o'clock.

Rick: [Gate] But it's not even nine in the morning!

- > It took her more than ten seconds

Rebecca: During which time, the sniper didn't follow up at all.

- > for her clouded consciousness to normalize

Dan: Duuuuuuuuhhhhhh... beep boop

- > but Gate's recorder accurately captured the enemy's movements.

Rick: He was having a smoko.

- > The enemy was shaded from the sun by some protruding rocks making it difficult to detect them with
- > temperature sensors so Gate pulled out her blaster and mowed down the branches of a tree directly
- > above where the enemy was hiding.

Tsuneo: Gate's tree-trimming business was not very successful

- > Sparks flew and a thick branch fell from overhead and the
- > sniper couldn't help but start running with a scream.
- > At that point victory or defeat was decided.

Rebecca: I pick victory

Rick: Can I phone a friend?

- > As long as the enemy was moving, their exact position
- > and vector could be known. Gate followed the fleeing enemy in a conical trajectory

Tsuneo: She formed a circle at its end.

- > and pounced on them from the side like a black panther,

Rick: Oh no! I hear a mountain lion

Dan: Zindy the Swamp Boy approves

- > holding the base of their neck and pressing them to the
- > ground with the muzzle of her blaster pointed at the back of their head, the trigger of her blaster
- > pulled back to about 60%.

Dan: Maybe like 58 or 56 percent.

- > Gate stopped moving when she saw that the enemy wasn't half the size
- > she had expected and their neck was as thin as a twig.

Rick: But strangely, their arms were completely swole

> -----

> The Left-over Village

Dan: A village made from soggy lettuce, cold meatloaf and iffy Chinese takeaway

- > Standing in front of the well in the center of the village, Gate pointed her gun at several villagers
- > lined up in front of her.

Rick: They're still not the worst barbershop quartet she's ever seen.

- > "Is this how you always welcome soldiers?" Gate asked in a low, menacing tone.

Rebecca: Usually, they hit.

- > A mustached man who was the oldest village chief answered, "No...you've got it wrong. I was
- > being cautious because I thought 'they' were coming.

Tsuneo: 'They' in commas are coming? I foresee a rant about 'globalists'

- > I didn't realize that you're a soldier from Mars."

Rick: She served with Ziggy Stardust

Dan: That's two David Bowie references so far

Rick: They feel appropriate

- > The villagers responded in the order which Gate pointed her gun.

Rebecca: They'd arranged themselves alphabetically just to make it easier

- > Next, a young man next to the
- > village chief opened his mouth, "Only 'bandits' come from the woods in front of the village. That's
- > why Cindy shot."

Tsuneo: And they wonder why they don't get many visitors

- > The young man, Robert, was Cindy's older brother. Gate then pointed her gun at Cindy.
- > "Well...that red-ish military uniform of hers...it isn't standard, right?"

Rick: It means she's a major character, and possibly that her robot goes three times faster

- > responded a 12 to 13-year-old
- > girl whose hands were raised; the true identity of the sniper.

Tsuneo: Gate immediately recruits Cindy to her elite special forces team.

- > Gate finally understood some of the situation that the villagers were in.

Dan: But she's still going to shake them down for supplies.

> She then checked the bullet hole on her helmet once again. Perfectly aimed.

Rebecca: It was the best shot to the head she'd ever had

- > "Accurate shooting. Where'd you learn how to shoot like that?"
- > "She wasn't trained. Cindy can kill a charging gray wolf."

Tsuneo: But only charging. If they're standing still, she can't hit for beans.

- > After Robert replied, Gate looked closely and saw seven or eight ornaments that looked like wolf
- > fangs dangling from the girl's chest. Medals of slain enemies.

Dan: You go hiking along the Wolf trail by Wolf Lake in Wolf National Forest and that will happen

> Gate then asked where she got the rifle.

Rebecca: What next, do you need the girl's life story?

- > Cindy had a long-barreled rifle that was as tall as her, gas-operated, military-spec sniper rifle,
- > very old-fashioned,

Tsuneo: She bought it from a hipster in Brooklyn.

Rick: Actually makes sense in Genesis Climber Mospeada

- > but not inferior.
- > Weapons can be obtained by going to a place called "The West Valley",

Rebecca [Gate]: Where is it?

Dan: East of here

> the fierce battlefield of the "First Earth Reclamation Force".

Rick: They've got food trucks set up there and everything.

Rebecca: Oh yah, it's real nice.

> There are a number of crashed supply shuttles lying around there.

Rick: Isn't it always the way? There's one guy with a supply shuttle propped up on bricks in his yard ruining the street for everyone

> Villages aren't attacked by the Inbit if people just live their daily lives.

Tsuneo: The Inbit really don't like it if you disrupt your regular routine

Rick: It must be hell to get time off from them

- > Rather, the threat to the
- > villagers are the outlaw soldiers, survivors of the "First Earth Reclamation Force," who periodically
- > raid the village and take anything they need.

Rick: Bowling balls, rubber chickens, illuminated manuscripts... anything

> After hearing the general story, Gate shifted her gaze to a small hill where the setting sun shines,

Tsuneo: Wasn't it just dawn? How long has she been here?

Rebecca: [Gate] Man, this guy goes on and on...

> and she could see more than a dozen graves there. Half of the villagers had already lost their lives,

Dan: This is a really small village

> and if they were attacked again, they probably
> wouldn't be able to hold out. The mayor added more to the story. When she heard that they had
> been driven out from their previous village for the same reason and had settled here,

Tsuneo: Do you think these people are sufficiently harried yet?

Rebecca: I dunno. I think we need to hammer the point home some more

> Gate finally lowered her gun.

Dan: And that's when they jumped her.

> The village chief told Gate, "You can take as much water as you like but it's best if you leave
> immediately," pointing at the well,

Rebecca: [Gate] But then how will I get the water?

> but Gate said without looking at the well. "Gather all the villagers."

> ----

> Small Operation

> There were about 40 villagers, men and women of all ages.

Rick: This is a pretty sad county fair

Dan: Eh, I've seen worse

> However, not even half of the young people were able to fight.

Rebecca: They were conscientious objectors.

> 3 rifles, 1 assault rifle, 2 hunting shotguns, and 6 military mortars and shells.

Tsuneo: This bedraggled peasant village is surprisingly well armed

> A dozen or so rusty grenades that may detonate at any given moment.

Rebecca: And how long have you been holding onto these?

> And that was it for weapons. An attack by a bear or wolf might suffice,

Dan: It would be a purely adequate bear attack

> but the attacking "gang of thieves" are said to be armed with variable armored bikes and blasters.

Rick: To think that the Knight Sabers had come to this. It's kind of sad, really.

> As the village chief said, if they were attacked, they wouldn't last long.

> In front of the villagers, standing at the edge of the well, Gate spoke.

> "I'm not doing this in exchange for water.

Rick: You're not?

Dan [Gate]: I'm doing it for a crapload of water!

> My brother died in the First Earth Reclamation Operation.

Dan: Oh no, not my brother Gate's brother!

> We can't just ignore these soldiers who were supposed to be risking their lives during the
> operation, for turning into bandits. They're probably looting regular military personnel as well!",

Rick: They're equal-opportunity bandits.

> Gate said in a loud voice and finished in a whisper, "Eliminate."

Rebecca: Well that wasn't ominous at all

Tsuneo: God no

> Gate had drones gather information around the village and drew a map on the ground. She used
> a torch beam to draw the information she obtained from the drones into the sand.

Dan: We have a local map. You could have just asked.

> Gate proposed countermeasures according to the information she heard from the villagers.
> "For this plan, cut all the firewood stored for winter into 3-foot pieces, and stick some in front of the
> village, 8-feet apart from each other.

Rick: Measure this exactly. If you're even a millimetre off, the whole plan is ruined

> Right where the forest comes out. This is the hardest obstacle
> for their bikes in relation to the distance between the front and rear wheels. Leave a gap in the
> center where they can run through, and gradually narrow it down to guide them here in front of the
> village."

Tsuneo: Make an obvious trap, got it.

> Gate explained it using branches.

Rick: What about this rock?

Dan: That's a rock.

> "Like a smart ball*, guide them down the hill and through the forest to a point directly in front (of
> our people). The gunmen will only aim there and shoot at the intruders."

Rebecca [Gate]: Any questions?

Tsuneo: If their bikes can transform like yours, then why don't they just fly over the obstacles?

Rebecca [Gate]: Any other questions?

> (*smart ball is a game in Japan which resembles pinball. Hard ping-pong sized balls are shot up
> using spring action and the objective is to get the balls into specific point holes/chambers.)

Dan: All while a carny claims you can win a cheap stuffed toy

> Then, with her right hand, she pulled out a blaster from her holster and shouldered a heavy bike-
> mounted weapon that she could barely hold.
> "From the roof, I'm going to kill anyone who moves irregularly.

Rick: Like if they're walking without rhythm?

> I looked around the back of the village, but there's a stream and a dry place full of rocks,

Dan: [Gate] It's actually really pretty. Like I could holiday here.

> so it's impossible to get in with a motorcycle.

Tsuneo: What if that motorcycle can turn into a robot and fly?

Rebecca [Gate]: Shut up!

> Therefore, only the front will be protected. I'm sure we'll take them out with a single
> blow. We'll resolve this while it's still light, and raise a battle cry at dinner.

Dan: One quick massacre to work up an appetite

> And that's it."

Rick: So... how are you so sure that they're going to attack?

Rebecca: [Gate] I hadn't thought of that.

> Robert took a step forward in his determined speech, "Somehow... I feel like I can fight thanks to
> you..."

Tsuneo [Robert]: Thank you, space murder cyborg, for giving me back the urge to kill

> Gate, still wearing her glove, lightly tapped him on the cheek with her dominant arm and looked
> into his eyes.

Rick: Well this seems entirely appropriate and above board

> "If we don't win, we'll all be wiped-out. If you were one of my men, you would've been sent flying
> by my fist.

Dan: I'm getting mixed messages here.

> Take the lead and build those obstacles!", she ordered Robert. Next, she appointed
> Cindy and another person

Rick: I'm sending Cindy and... that guy

> to take up positions in a tree that could be seen from her position so she
> could alert them. In addition, she spent the night piling up stones to build several small makeshift
> bunkers.

Dan: [Gate] Just getting the cairns ready.

> Gate noticed that the sky was white.

Rebecca [Gate]: I just noticed that the sky exists

> -----

> The drone which rose to 1600 feet above ground, reported the enemy's movements to Gate's
> visor.

Tsuneo: Gate was still convinced that Google Glass was going to be big

> The group of armed motorcycles could be seen approaching the village almost in bulk.

Rick: I buy my outlaw bikers in bulk. You save so much over individual purchases

> There were 16 in all. As expected, they were attacking from the front.

Tsuneo: Charging across the minefield under the cover of daylight.

> The drone zoomed in on each
> enemy as they biked down a slight slope. Their armor had added iron plates and their helmets were
> painted psychedelically.

Dan: They all were decked out in floral patterns and tie-dyes

> Comical skull marks intended to intimidate were also visible.

Rick: Hold on, that's just the Coalition States. Never mind.

> They rushed in yelling in strange voices,

Dan: Their leader was Gilbert Gottfried

> like feral human beings.

Tsuneo: You get the feeling that these are bad guys

> When Gate confirmed that the enemy was to be eliminated,

Rick: Gate will not rest until her bloodlust has been slaked.

> she signaled to everyone the military visual signals she went over last night.

Rebecca: She told Cindy to steal home

> She signed for them to get to their stations and release the firearm safety.

Tsuneo: You know, I understand how to use these guns

Rebecca [Gate]: Yes, but I put up wooden sticks

Tsuneo: I hate you so much

> Then she herself, lay on

> her stomach on the roof of the stone house and held her breath as she set her blaster to rapid-fire

> mode.

Dan: Stupid question, but is she actually in her Ride Armour?

> The battle would end in a short time. Gate was convinced and as she expected, the few bikes

> that were closest to the village were shot down at the front by Cindy and the other villagers,

Dan: Kind of making you wonder why they never thought to do this before

> but

> these bandits were former soldiers. From a distance, another group of enemies that were following

> stopped their bikes, regrouped, and switched their blasters to rapid-fire. They aimed at the muzzle

> fire of the villagers and shot.

Dan: Hey outlaw biker Bob?

Rick: What is it outlaw biker Frank?

Dan: Why didn't we think to do this first instead of riding into the obvious trap?

Rick: Well to be honest I kinda wanted to see where they were going with this all

> The light bullets fell, scattering pieces of soil, wood, and stones, and

> some of the villagers were blasted away.

Rebecca: As long as Cindy's still okay. She's my favourite character.

Tsuneo: We barely know two characters and the other one's the protagonist.

Rebecca: Yes, and?

> As soon as the enemy saw that, they rushed in with that momentum with a strange cry again.

Dan: Goongala goongala!

> However, when the enemy came within range, Gate didn't

> hesitate to fire her blaster in rapid succession, killing all three of them in the blink of an eye. The

> remaining enemy finally noticed someone using high-performance firearms

Tsuneo: Up until this point, the massacre of his colleagues hadn't registered

- > and began to quickly
- > retreat, but Gate stood up, aimed at the backs of the fleeing enemy, and mercilessly pulled the
- > trigger.

Rebecca: Our hero.

- > It seemed to her that the battle was over. The reason being, the visible shadows of the enemy
- > were eliminated.

Tsuneo: [Gate] I have made peace with the bandits by killing all the bandits.

- > However, at that time, an explosion sounded behind the village, a flash of gunfire
- > flew in and exploded right next to Gate, sending her and some stones to the ground.

Rick: Not the artisanal rock garden! Oh, and Gate, I guess.

- > Everyone turned around.
- > One of the pale villagers came running desperately, but was killed by a beam from behind. The
- > roar that reached Gate's ears was immediately recognizable, and she concluded that it was the
- > exhaust of an armored variable bike of the First Earth Reclamation Operation.

Dan: She would know that very specific sound anywhere

- > The two bikes
- > repeatedly jumped and hovered, skillfully crossing the dry ground that Gate had judged impossible
- > to cross and invaded the village.

Rebecca [Gate]: Wait, they turned into robots and flew? I didn't see this coming.

- > A rocket launcher mounted on one of the motorcycles could be seen on the front cowl.

Dan: Slight overkill for a random peasant village.

Rebecca: A random peasant village with mortars.

Dan: I retract my statement.

- > The village would be annihilated if they weren't stopped. Gate rose to a
- > position to provide counter-fire, but fell to her knees again. She couldn't recover quick enough from
- > the impact from hitting the ground.

Tsuneo: She had the self-awareness to hear the enemy, identify the very specific sound of their engines, locate them and recognise the weapons that they were using, but firing at them was too much for her

Rick: Yes

Tsuneo: I have questions

- > It was the price to pay for underestimating the enemy.

Rebecca: She knew they had Ride Armours but made absolutely no preparation for them having Ride Armours.

- > But then, an unexpected ambush saved Gate and the village from their predicament. Both of the
- > two armored bikes, at the highest point of their jump, received a direct hit from a dazzling purple
- > flash that flew from an unexpected direction, blowing them away along with their riders.

Rick: I was hoping that something spontaneous yet not entirely unexpected like this would happen

Dan: I feel lucky.

> One of the power units turned into a ball of fire, flying like a meteorite and fell in front of Gate.

Tsuneo: And setting a good chunk of the village on fire to boot.

> Breaking through the hedge on the side of the village, appeared a Ride Armor, which reflected the
> slanted sunlight in a shade of blue faintly reflecting the sky.

Tsuneo: Gate notices all the obvious things and misses the important ones. I see why she's the hero

> While attracting the attention of the
> villagers, the rider got off the bike and slowly advanced towards Gate, showing a gesture that could
> be taken as a greeting and a salute.

Rebecca: Raised middle finger and we're good

> A voice with no intonation came from the speaker from the still
> worn helmet saying. "I thought about just passing by...but cut in, seeing that you got yourself into a
> bad situation. You should've put another sniper in a position overlooking the village."

Rebecca: And some land mines wouldn't have gone astray.

Rick: [Gate] What about the villagers?

Rebecca: What about them?

> While saying that, the rider took off their helmet and looked around.
> It was woman slimmer than Gate.

Rick: And what did she look like otherwise?

Tsuneo: Depends. What does Gate look like?

Rick: Not as slim as this woman

> "Every...", Gate said hearing the voice as she finally stood up and continued toward the ambusher.
> "You don't need to thank me.

Dan: [Every] But I do take credit cards.

> I've been allowed to 'get out of jail' under the condition that I work
> under your command until the end of the operation.

Rick: It was either that, roll a double or pay fifty bucks to the bank

> I'll be in trouble if I die in a place like this.

Rebecca [Every]: I mean, surrounded by poor and dirty people? It'd be so awkward.

> And what about the others?"

Dan: Well, one's holed up in the Verona Sky Villa in the Westgate Hotel in Vegas.

> Gate stood up brushing away the sand,

Rebecca: [Cindy] We're all okay too.

Dan: [Every] Yeah, nobody cares.

> and replied, "There is no accurate log left on the recorder.
> It was probably cut off and immediately dispersed in different directions.

Rick: I'll get the scatter diagram

> Swept away several hundreds of miles from the planned landing point.

Rick: [Every] This was a real dog's breakfast of an operation, wasn't it?

- > We have no choice but to go to the temporary meeting point, the 17th supply base.
- > When Every heard the report, she shrugged her shoulders, "It would be nice if that supply base is
- > still there. Anyways...you'll at least treat me out to dinner, right?"

Tsuneo: Say, what do you guys have to eat around here anyway?

Dan: Well there's this old Romanian grandmother...

> ----

> Departure

- > The number of graves on the hill had increased, but the village was barely protected.

Tsuneo: [Every] I really feel like we didn't accomplish much of anything here.

Rick: [Gate] Killed a whole bunch of bandits, so that's cool.

> Even

- > though the sun had not yet risen, Gate and Every, who finished replenishing their water supply, got
- > on their bikes and started the power unit.

> A single road extending from the village leading to the "West Valley". The village chief told them it

> was Invid territory.

Dan: There's Inbit in them thar hills.

- > "It's our job to make contact with them."

Tsuneo: [Gate] The other soldiers, not the Inbit.

- > When Gate said that, the villagers who had gathered to see her off were all taken aback.

Rick: They all gasped at once.

- > "Every...take the lead," said Gate, letting Every go first.

Tsuneo: All but admitting she has no idea where she's going.

- > As Gate was about to leave, Cindy ran up to her and offered her a bouquet of the same purple,
- > wavyleaf sea lavenders that were put on the graves

Tsuneo: As mentioned earlier, obviously

- > and a few words. "For your brother," said Cindy.

Dan: [Gate] My what? Oh yeah, forgot about him.

- > It's true that Gate said that her brother was killed in action. However...

> "I've received reports about his death...but I still don't believe them." Gate said in Cindy's ear,

Tsuneo: Well that was kind of creepy

- > and Cindy pulled the bouquet back to her chest.

Rebecca [Cindy]: I need an adult

- > The revving rose to a crescendo, and the sound echoed through the village. In a loud voice that
- > wasn't drowned out by the engines, Gate said to Robert without turning around. "Robert!
- > Remember what we did, next time YOU have to protect the village."

Tsuneo: Aren't you worried that there may be retaliation from any of the surviving bandits and that they will be wise to our plans?

Rebecca [Gate]: Not my problem!

> Before she could finish her sentence, Gate lifted the front wheel and dashed off, running a speed
> to catch up with Every's bike,

Rick [Every]: Get in, loser. We're going Genesis Breaking.

> which had already been out of view, the village was now behind her.

> -----

> Chapter 3 - Death Point

> Every's equipment specialized in sensing functions,

Tsuneo: Like how F1 is for help.

> and it was so accurate that it could detect around 20 odor molecules in one cubic meter.

Rick: When somebody farted she always knew who it was

> Fe₂O₃ (iron oxide), crushed concrete particles, carbon ash, and other foreign matter

Dan: [Every] I smell... Bacon and eggs.

> in the dust carried by the wind, as well as nitrogen and

> acetone exhaled by humans, were detected, and from that, a towering group of industrial plants

> suddenly appeared before their eyes.

Rebecca [Every]: I have detected pollutants in the air. Also there's a giant industrial complex right in front of us

> At this point Gate and Every had covered 100 miles through the wilderness. Their bikes' dust

> filters were clogged up and their visors, fully covered with sand.

Dan: Anakin Skywalker just glowers at them

> The destination of that rough journey was this huge group of plants.

Rick: They needed a water chip for their Vault.

> Huge monuments intertwined with ducts and pipes stood in

> countless rows, all of which had decayed.

Rebecca: Wait, that's just Detroit. Never mind.

> They went to that point for a reason.

Rick: To take photos of ruins porn? Because again, Detroit

> They received information that the remaining forces were to meet there.

Tsuneo: They'd set up a snack table with fancy cakes and everything.

> Communication between the ground troops and the command center outside the atmosphere was

> hindered by the enemy's strong and highly deceptive jamming tactics.

Dan: Raspberry. I knew it.

- > Only through the horizontal
- > information network "hori*", the isolated ground troops and platoons could mix multiple
- > communication methods, and as a result of chance, were able to spread info one way (sender to
- > receiver).

Rebecca: Only slightly more sophisticated than smoke signals.

- > Through "hori", the 114th Brigade, which had lost more than half of its soldiers during the
- > descent operation and been scattered after touchdown, was called to regroup, wait for
- > replenishment, and gather at this abandoned meeting point.

Tsuneo: They'd arranged it by a Meetup group. They were all going to get together and play board games

- > Information about the whereabouts of scattered "Breakers" members might also be received.
- > Expecting that possibility, Gate and Every also came here.

Rebecca: They were ordered to come here, and they also came here.

- > As soon as they set foot on the site,
- > they both detected combat. Every reported the situation captured by the sensor in detail. "The
- > enemy is a general Inbit combat unit consisting of 3 E "Eager*" types and 2 G "Grab*" types.

Rick: The proverbial huge enemy crab

- > Allies are AC (Armor Cycle) Strike Type 6, Armored Heavy Weapons Troops 2.

Dan: Cool. Okay. Very cool. What does that mean?

- > And a few infantry...definitely not a favorable situation."

Rick: The Inbit won't cover their share of the tab.

- > When Every reported calmly, she peered over Gate's face and gave her a look like: What do we
- > do, Captain, should we back them up?

Rebecca: [Gate] Never liked them anyway.

- > But immediately, Every said, "No, wait, wait...East-
- > southeast, altitude 800...enemy reinforcements. Two G-types, but one part of their body...it's not a
- > device in our existing data. Ike (military AI) is saying 'It looks like a dust collection pod*,

Dan: It's their vacuum cleaner

- > but it might be a new type of magnetic weapon."

Rebecca: I can see how you would confuse the two.

- > (EXTRA INFO - *dust collection pod: The Japan Air Self
- > Defense Force uses dust collection pods on their F-4EJ Phantoms to detect radioactive particles in
- > the atmosphere.)

Tsuneo: Thank you for that random author note

- > Gate threw up her visor as she reacted to Every saying, 'It's not in the existing data.' "Possibly a
- > direct communication antenna with the center*?"

Rick: If only these enigmatic aliens weren't so enigmatic

- > she wondered somewhat excitedly. "Well...at this

> distance...If we really want to confirm what it is, we have no choice but to destroy it and investigate,"
> she replied to herself.

Dan: Blow it up, then figure out what it is. Gotcha.

> Gate switched the power unit of her Intruder, and decided to intercept the two
> descending reinforcements.

Tsuneo: She considered helping the other soldiers but had to think about it first

> The Breakers Squadron's main missions are "scout the details of the Inbit and attempt to contact
> them". For that reason, the intelligence bureau dispatched this special task force.

Rebecca: The sort of thing that sounds like a major plot point and should have been brought up in
dialogue rather than blurted out by a narrator.

> Therefore, it doesn't end with simply repelling and destroying enemies like the general infantry.

Dan: In other words, those suckers were on their own

> *Hori: a wireless communication network shared by the Earth reclamation forces that flies under the
> enemy's strong communication cutoff environment. An information diffusion network that is not two-
> way interactive but spreads encrypted information by exploiting enemy jamming.

Rick: You know that it's just going to get flooded with cat pictures and low-effort memes

> *Eager: A type of the Inbit's main equipment (called Eager from speculation that it is a frontal
> weapon vanguard that acts directly on the enemy and is not the actual Inbit itself). The number of
> production is large and it is responsible for mass attacks in swarms. Can be defeated with Ride
> Armor equipment.

Tsuneo: Weak against Psychic types

> *Grab: A type of equipment with improved offensive and defensive capabilities, higher than Eager.
> Ride Amor was developed to defeat this type.

Rebecca: But only this type.

> *center: The center of "Reflex Point", which is said to be the base of Inbit. Since the human army
> sensed the most concentrated communication and information transmissions during the launch of
> the large-scale operation to that point, it is regarded as the enemy's center.

Rick: That and it being hundreds of kilometres across and far larger than any other Inbit structure

Dan: The little things

> ----

> Guerrilla
> Gate and Every split up.

Rebecca: It just was not working for them

> Every advanced, not changing direction and waited for the enemy at the
> expected drop point. Meanwhile, Gate accelerated, jumped off some large wreckage to 100ft, then
> pushed the changer switch on the right handle's base. At the same time that her beloved "Intruder"

Tsuneo: I feel that Gate's getting a bit too comfortable with this

> changed from its motorcycle form, all the frames connected to the respective connectors of Gate's
> riding suit and covered her body with armor that multiplied the rider's attack and defense power by

> 100.

Dan: Had they taken exact scientific measurements to confirm those figures?

> A jet from the back lifted her to double the height of her target; where she then straightened
> her body, minimizing her frontal projection area and descended towards her "special" target

Rick: John Barren?

> like an arrow.

Dan: Don't you have guns or something?

> There were two enemy units, but Gate's eyes were fixed only on the one carrying an
> antenna on its back.

Rebecca: Sorry Inbit number two. She just doesn't care.

> The enemy immediately detected the foreign object swooping down towards it. Even though it
> took less than a second to recognize that the silhouette was an armored human trooper, the battle
> was already finished. Gate's preemptive blow hit the weak point on the top of the enemy's head at
> a superb angle.

Rick: There you go. She hit it in its weak spot for massive damage

Tsuneo: Okay, I'll give you that

> When the micro armor-piercing bullet penetrated the outer shell and exploded, the
> nerve terminals were destroyed first. The enemy lost its equilibrium, fell straight down, colliding with
> a five-story structure, and fell with a number of thick pipes it had struck. It sank headfirst into the
> ground.

Dan: Faceplant, dude.

> When Gate landed silently beside it, she fired a flechette* from close range and hit it with a high-
> voltage pulse. When a regular pulse of 16 times per second is transmitted to the inner wall and
> furthermore, the inner muscle cells of an Inbit, they go into convulsions, and lose all bodily
> functions.

Dan: Don't taze me bro!

> Late falling ducts and pipes assailed her overhead, but Gate mowed them all down with
> her blaster in a horizontal motion.

Rick: Take that, late falling ducts and pipes!

> When silence eventually came, Every, who took damage to her left shoulder armor while taking
> care of the other enemy unit,

Rebecca [Every]: I'm helping!

> went back to Gate and sighed.
> But their task wasn't done. Rather, it just started. Gate jumped on what was left of her target, and
> with a single-molecular cutter more commonly known as "the wine opener",

Rick: Combat engineering tool and useful at a dinner party

> cut off the antenna gear
> on the back of her prey and threw it to Every. Every's sword thoroughly probed the antenna gear
> with cracking sonic wave vibrations.

Dan: She's probing it with her sword. Sure, let's go with this

> "Ahh...it's a long-distance relay antenna for a network that connects each unit to one another.

Tsuneo: It gets AM and FM.

> It has a pretty good output, but it doesn't seem to have a special function to connect to the center*.

> Unfortunately," she concisely reported.

Rebecca: They don't have good wifi coverage

> (*center: The center of "Reflex Point", which is considered

> to be the base of Inbit. Since the human army sensed the most concentrated communication and

> information transmissions during the launch of the large-scale operation at that point, it is regarded

> as the enemy's center.)

Tsuneo: Yeah, we know this. We covered it already

> "Why does a non-commanding unit have a long-distance communication device? Just because?",

Rebecca: I'll take 'Things that will never be addressed' for \$100.

> Gate questioned; Every shrugged her shoulders just as curious.

Dan: Nope, I got nothing

> When Gate and Every arrived to the scene of another battle, it had finished as well. However, the

> manpower of that corresponding unit was halved, leaving only a few infantry.

Rebecca: Thanks for helping guys

> A quite young-looking corporal named Stomach,

Tsuneo: Wow, your parents must have hated you

Rick [Stomach]: My name is Robert Stomach Jr. My father was Robert Stomach, and he was a fine man. You take that back.

> a survivor of the 114th Brigade, led the platoon. Until last week, there

> was a political advisor and a medic,

Rebecca: Along with a chaplain's assistant and a file clerk.

> but were both killed in action, and now Stomach is said to be the highest ranking person.

Dan: That guy Stomach sure has some guts

> Stomach and the soldiers introduced themselves one by one in order,

Rebecca: Form an orderly queue to introduce yourselves

> but at the end, one soldier, who was still on his battle-specific Mospeada,

Tsuneo: As opposed to his gardening-specific Mospeada.

> greeted Gate and Every. Attached to the bike were

> different types of armament and firearms,

Dan: He had a 45 mm silencer, a nuclear-based cannon and Progressive Grenades

> twice as many as a normal soldier.

> "First Sergeant (rank when he was in the military)

Tsuneo: Thank you again, pointless aside

> Carlyle Eagle.

Rick: Full name Carlyle Eagle with Battle

> While carrying out the special mission,

Dan: Securing an operational toilet.

> I voluntarily took part in regular combat, not in my orders. I wasn't sure if the superior
> officer had strayed from their group or was lost..."

Tsuneo: [Eagle] You could have called, you know.

> Without waiting for him to finish his words, Gate exclaimed, "Eagle!! I knew you'd be alive, but I still
> went looking for you! And how about Simmons and Necessary?"

Rebecca: Gate, Every, Eagle, Simmons and Necessary. A totally normal sounding collection of names.

> "There's no way those guys are dead.

Rick: Yeah, knowing those guys as well as we do!

> I also came here thinking I'd be able to see everyone, but I
> guess they're lost," said Eagle, raising his eyebrows, sighing.

Dan: Ha ha. Typical those guys.

> *Flechette: A needle-shaped solid bullet that can penetrate the Inbit's armor and paralyze its internal
> muscles. Can be fired from railguns.

Tsuneo: Thank you so much for that, pointless aside

> -----

> Swoop

Rick: Blue or red chest?

> The two squadrons of more than 100 remaining soldiers were approaching the meeting point.
> Stomach said that once the 114th Brigade is reorganized,

Rebecca: There is going to be a departmental merger but they do expect to shed some managerial jobs

> it'll be able to carry out precision bombing
> against enemy ground targets. "The enemy's mid-sized defensive bases around Reflex Point stand
> in the way of our invasion, so the higher-ups are prepared to fire A-class 'Negative II' thermobaric
> shells (aerosol bombs) and destroy them at any time as long as we place accurate guidance
> beacons. The 'Negative II' is deployed in lunar orbit and also in simple launch tubes orbiting the
> Earth disguised as space debris; many of which can be launched in as little as ten minutes if a
> beacon is detected. It can precisely hit and destroy its target,"

Tsuneo: Thank you for that, Corporal Exposition

> Corporal Stomach quickly explained.

Tsuneo: Wow, that's cool. Say, what does Gate look like?

> Then Gate, who stood silent for a bit, opened her mouth.

Rebecca [Gate]: So we're going to cut out some planks of wood...

> "Is that guidance beacon a normal pulse signal?"
> "It's an electromagnetic wave beacon that measures relative position, used by our space
> battleships and fleets. It can receive signals by radar, antennas, and electromagnetic wave
> visualization lenses, so it's, without a doubt, optimal for things like guiding re-entry missiles,"
> responded Stomach all in one breath.

Dan: He's easily excitable

> "And you're saying that your squadron has the guidance equipment?"

Tsuneo: [Stomach] Nah, but wouldn't it be nice?

> In response to Gate's question, Stomach beckoned one of his subordinates, who was a short
> distance away about to put a ration into his mouth.

Rick: Feeding his stomach. As opposed to...

> Then pointed at the unit his man was carrying.
> "Signalmen's transceiver units have one set of launch beacon batteries that have non-rewritable
> software. After that, when the switch is turned on, the guidance beacon is launched..."

Rebecca: Some stuff happens... You know, it's a good time.

> Gate interrupted Stomach's explanation. And she noticed something.

Tsuneo: Every was flipping her off behind her back

> "What's that loop antenna-looking thing?!" she exclaimed as she pointed to a special antenna
> sticking out of the signalman's back-mounted unit.

Rebecca: That's for his old-timey radio set. He gets twitchy if he misses his serials

> The interrogated signalman straightened out the
> transmission antenna for Gate and then answered the question.
> "It's an antenna specifically used for beacon transmissions that resonate with electromagnetic
> waves."

Dan: Thank you for that, science textbook

> Hearing that, Gate and Every's expression changed and they looked at each other. Without hiding
> her unrest, she cleared her throat, and turned to Stomach,

Rick [Stomach]: Why does everyone keep picking on my name?

> "Shit!! Tell everyone who's meeting here to evacuate!! Now!" she yelled.
> A confused Stomach asked after being taken aback, "What the hell...what happened?"

Tsuneo: I have little clue and I've been reading this.

> "It's a trap. They've efficiently planned to take us all out in one blow! We don't have time!"
> explained Every, answering in place of an agitated Gate.

Rebecca [Gate]: Quit padding your part, Every

> "The G-type enemy we destroyed earlier
> was equipped with the same antenna as this one. There must be another one hidden somewhere
> in this huge area, and after confirming this is the meeting point, they intend to guide those Negative
> II shells here. If that happens, they'll be able to kill all of our gathered troops in one fell swoop
> without leaving a trace."
> Without waiting for Every to finish,

Dan: It's an urgent situation, but not so urgent that she can't exposit

> Gate took over, "If you catch our drift, send word to all who are
> approaching this area to immediately get as far away as possible!" Gate said in a loud voice as she
> came nose to nose with Stomach.

Rick [Stomach]: I feel uncomfortable

> But...
> "It's too late. Even if we retreat now, we won't get out of the blast radius in time," stated the
> signalman, who was completely calm.

Tsuneo: He has accepted his impending demise.

> "Hori" is like an Internet post, not everyone can receive it in
> real time. It's not the kind of wireless communication that's interactive,"

Tsuneo: I see certain flaws in this system

> he continued on
> Damn...is there nothing we can do?, Gate grinned, looking around at all the soldiers.

Rick: [Stomach] Guess I'll just die.

> ----

> Two Sunsets
> After equipping his Ride Armor, Eagle firmly climbed to the top of the tallest part of the industrial
> plant, and setup his "Bogen rapid-fire railgun*.

Rick: A railgun that wears flannel and gets into drunk fights in the carpark of the local RSL

> It's a railgun similar to a heavy firearm

Dan: The gun is like a gun

> that adapts to
> Ride Armor. By directly linking that railgun's power unit to the bike's HBT power unit and special
> capacitor, it's said that the maximum rate of fire can be achieved.

Rebecca: The author is getting worryingly sweaty

> Fortunately, the barrel hasn't
> been used much, so even if the first shot renders the barrel unusable, there is still one backup left.

Rick: Is this a design flaw we should be worried about?

> The first shot at full power, and in the worst case, the second bullet with residual voltage.

Tsuneo: This narration is murdering the tension

> The battery packs of Gate and Every were directly connected via a common socket,

Rick: Make sure your war robots use compatible charging ports

> and the barrel limiter is turned off in order to squeeze out more than the maximum output.

Dan: It does indeed go all the way to eleven

> The firing mode was

> switched from direct aim mode to moving target mode, and it was set to destroy the warhead

> outside a 3-mile range.

Rick: Along with his pirate radio station

> "Listen, let me tell you, this equipment of mine is not a long-range gun, much less suitable for

> shooting down high-speed approaching projectiles."

Dan: It's more of a casual Friday gun, mostly used to scare seagulls away from the carpark.

> said Eagle while adjusting different things on

> his retina's projected target scope. And continued on. "And unfortunately, the humidity is high and

> there's turbulence at around 8000 ft.

Rebecca: With a light chance of showers in the afternoon

> Forgive me if I miss," said Eagle,

Tsuneo: It's just all our lives, no biggie.

> to which Every replied, "Your

> commentary is good and all, just take care of it for us quickly. I just realized I'm hungry."

Dan: Comedy! I think!

> But without entertaining Every's banter,

Rebecca [Gate]: You die first, Every.

> Gate sternly declared, "You better not miss!! That's an order."

Tsuneo: No pressure at all.

> Shortly after, an object appeared in Eagle's target site,

Rick: A food truck that sold organic vegan burritos.

> and the corrected image came into focus.

> He could see the missile approaching mercilessly and steadily with unparalleled accuracy, followed

> by a white vapor trail. Eagle released the safety and tightened the trigger.

Dan: I've had crackers that aren't as dry as this text.

> Next, the best time for shooting was displayed, but as the aiming was locked on the warhead,

> Eagle canceled it, hurriedly aligned his aim with the missile's guidance sweep wing and fired a shot

> at a time he felt best.

Rebecca: More text is being spent on this single shot than Gate and Every's fight with the Invid. Just saying, that's all

> The gun barrel turned into a furious purple flash of dispersing light, making a

> whipping sound and spark that ran through the moist air, and from there the bullet, with a long, thin

> ultra-hard center of 0.4 inch diameters,

Rick: The chewiest caramel centre

> flew and pulled with it, a flashing trail of light.
> Upon receiving that blow, the missile completely lost its wings with 1/5 of its front part smashed up,
> took a big jump up and lost control, flying way off its original course.

Dan: It needed to stop and ask for directions.

> Without receiving the order to
> detonate, it strayed in a spiral, losing its guidance gimbal and set off in the distance. Everyone on
> the ground watched as the missile was getting swallowed up on its way towards the setting sun; it
> eventually lost thrust and fell into the horizon. The detonator was set-off, producing an orange
> fireball that competed with the sunset for brightness,

Dan: Oooh, purdy.

> and after a while, shockwaves and heatwaves spread throughout the atmosphere.

Rebecca [Gate]: Mission accomplished

Rick [Every]: Wasn't that village over there?

Rebecca [Gate]: No further questions

> The 114th Brigade was reunited, but for Gate and her special task force, it may have been an
> unnecessary detour.

Dan: On the upside, they all got ice cream

> "An unidentified type of enemy Inbit

Rick: Maybe a Grappler, Mender or Assault Trooper. Totally real Invids, look them up.

> has been confirmed on the Eastern and Western fronts," said
> Gate telling Every and Eagle about the info she obtained from "hori" after completing preparations
> for departure. Data-wrapped info that can only be unzipped by petty officers or higher.

Tsuneo: You password lock your zip files and that will happen

> Gate
> reported accompanying information, "Those who have come into contact with those unidentified
> Inbit are trying to send information to the front line command center* orbiting the dark side of the
> moon, but communication is still blocked and that info hasn't arrived."

Rick: It's almost like there's something in the way.

Rebecca: The moon?

Rick: Yeah, funny that.

> "So that's our target now, huh..." said Eagle after he finally attached his proud cannon to its
> default place on the bike.

Dan: That cannon is his most important character trait

> "When we encounter them, I bet you'll think twice, and screw it up," said Every, who was just a little
> satisfied after finishing the long-awaited dinner.

Rick: Also, wah-wah

> "For now, let's head west...to the supply base," Gate said in a few words, ordering Eagle to lead
> the way.

Tsuneo: [Gate] So you can take the first hit – I mean...

- > The three of them bid farewell to the 114th Brigade and set out again into the wilderness.
- > "Bogen rapid-fire railgun: A rapid-fire capable railgun used by Eagle's Mospeada, "Firefly".

Rebecca: The Mospeada that was really not that good, cancelled after thirteen episodes and people still won't shut up about

- > (EXTRA
- > INFO - Bogen/Manfrotto is a real-life company that manufactures tripods for both, sniper rifles and
- > cameras.

Tsuneo: I feel enriched by knowing this

- > *front line command center: The human army's command station on the frontline, commonly known
- > as Archelon. Located in the orbit of the dark side of the moon,

Rick: Between Atom Heart Mother and The Wall

- > it examines orders from the Mars headquarters and transmits them to the landing forces.
- > to be continued

> ----

- > Chapter 4 - Contact
- > Clouds hung low, the wind was filled with cold moisture and it was gloomy, even though it was
- > daytime. It was only a matter of time until the freezing rain fell.

Rick [Eagle]: Say, where are we in relation to anything anyway?

Rebecca [Gate]: Yes we are

Rick [Eagle]: You're not helping

- > It couldn't be determined whether communication failure was from the Dellinger effect*

Dan: Or even the Dillinger Escape Plan

- > or jamming by the enemy.

Tsuneo: Or if they just forgot to switch their radios on.

- > Spread out before
- > their eyes was a rough ravine that looked like it was carved out by a glacier. Countless huge rocks
- > rolled around, reminiscent of a prehistoric landscape.

Rick: Could be a Rock Lords planning an attack

Tsuneo: It will never be Rock Lords

Rick: Don't crush my dreams

- > Every stood on a rock and thoroughly searched the entire ravine.

Rebecca [Every]: Yep, Rocks. Just as I expected.

- > It was a graveyard of weapons. The wreckage of many shuttles and fighters that failed to soft-land
- > during the descent sat there exposed.

Tsuneo: They all conveniently crash-landed in the same spot.

- > It was presumed that they would be able to collect a
- > sufficient amount of the "equipment" they were looking for.

Rick: Novelty pens

> That equipment was the smallest and lightest HBT tube.

Dan: Yeah, I get that in six packs at my local bottle shop.

> It became a top priority to obtain the

> highly versatile battery, which could be used to activate mecha and also as an energy magazine for
> firearms.

Tsuneo: I see they keep losing their spare batteries too

> "Every will lead. I'll be behind her. Eagle will cover us from a distance at the rear,"

Dan: I feel that Eagle has had his big moment already

Rick: Peak of his career

> Gate ordered

> straightforwardly as she started the power unit of her Intruder. Every, who was staring at the wide
> landscape hinted, "I don't like how this looks...it looks TOO good,"

Rebecca: We're just swimming in the cliches, aren't we?

> and continued, "If something triggers my directive sensor (directional sensor),

Tsuneo: Directive sensor (directional sensor) = directive directional sensor²

[Pause]

Dan: How did you do that?

Tsuneo: It's a gift.

> I'll send an emergency signal;

Rick: [Gate] I'll squeal like a little girl.

> at that time, no matter what you're doing, leave the area," she warned.

> The whole area was under the control of the Inbit, and even a moment's carelessness meant death,
> but Every, who was more cautious than usual,

Tsuneo: Her usual caution level is just assumed

> may have already sensed something. "...full of landmines?" Eagle said to himself.

Rick: Better get your giant African bush rats then

> There was no time to hesitate. After running through a rocky area, Gate headed straight down to
> the ravine.

> There, the stagnant air was ruled by the burning smell of jet fuel, rocket fuel, lubricating oil and
> metal and dug deep into the nose.

Dan: This is what it's like to live near an airport

> In the middle of all that, it was clear that a container of the large
> descent shuttle "Horizont" looked to have the most harvest.

Rick: Looting time!

> It was a highly versatile dropship that could carry anything from soldiers to armored vehicles,

Dan: This one was filled with discontinued soft drink flavours

> and was the aircraft that had been deployed most frequently in drop operations.

Rebecca: The highest concentration by volume of spaceship

> *Dellinger effect - AKA sudden ionospheric disturbance (SID) happens when a solar flare with
> intense UV and X-ray (sometimes gamma ray) radiation hits the dayside of Earth. The SID absorbs
> radio waves causing interruptions and interferences with telecommunication systems.

Tsuneo: Are these adding anything to the story? Really?

> -----

> Ambush

Rebecca: Gee, I wonder what's going to happen next?

> The 3 of them got off their bikes and started their hunt.

Dan: We found this spoon

> They quickly found the battery cases in some munitions pallets.

Rick: As well as a pit filled with unsold Funko Pops.

> Equipped with the most weapons,
> Eagle tried checking the remaining energy of the batteries one by one, taking the ones that could be
> used and discarding the ones that couldn't.

Rick: I guess they're not big on recycling

> Meanwhile, Every seemed unable to focus on her work.

Rebecca [Every]: Have I actually done anything yet?

> She abruptly stopped her investigation and put on her ride armor. She then jumped off a container
> ramp, stood on the ground, kicked away a few stones and drove a sensor rod into the exposed
> ground.

Dan: She's dowsing. Odd skill, but she sold her place on the team on it.

> After that, she closed her eyes as if she were meditating, and noticing Every's strange
> demeanor, Gate called out to her,
> "What's wrong, Every!!"
> "It's unsettlingly quiet, and...the air is tense. This feels like...the ex-terrorist, Kan."

Tsuneo: The little things in your background that people get hung up on

Rebecca: It's so prejudicial

> And sure enough, if they stopped to think about it, other than the sound of the wind, they couldn't
> even hear the chirping of insects.

Dan [Deep]: Chirp

> Every continued,
> "On that day, my group and I set out to overthrow the new government of the Jupiter colony, we
> blew up the power plant reactor that had just been built, and snuck into the said facility by mixing in
> with the reporters. But to put it simply, we pushed too far.

Tsuneo: Blowing up their nuclear reactor got them kinda mad

- > By the time we realized it, we were
- > surrounded by guards and caught in a crossfire. My companions and I were all shot dead,

Rick: [Gate] Aaand... This feels like when you were gunned down?

- > but after that, I was deliberately revived and sentenced to 300 years of frozen imprisonment.

Tsuneo: They killed her, revived her and then froze her. This seems more complicated than it needs to be

- > And so, in exchange, I'm stuck here on this shitty front line of Earth...

Rick: At least you're not fighting the Tek Lords.

- > I have my freedom, but..."

Rebecca [Gate]: I'm sorry, I saw a really cool rock. Did you say something?

- > Having said that, Every deftly retracted the sensor, hopped away from that spot, drew her dully-lit
- > super-high-frequency sword,

Dan: It's not just a high-frequency sword, it's a super-high-frequency sword!

- > and assumed a straight posture. She then fixed her eyes on a large
- > rock about 200 ft ahead in anticipation.

Rick [Every]: You're right. It is pretty cool.

- > Gate and Eagle closely watched her actions.

Tsuneo: [Eagle] Do you guys need me? Because I've got a thing...

- > Immediately
- > after that, the rock weighing several tons turned into gravel and shattered; a G-type "Grab" popped
- > out of the ground, and pounced on its immobile prey, Gate.

Rebecca: I see Gate's elite commando training and killer cyborg skills are really paying off

- > When the enemy's shadow swallowed
- > Every, she split the air by swinging her sword with both hands, leaving a trail of light, drawing a
- > beautiful semicircle.

Rick: Good circle

- > Both of the enemy's legs were severed at the base, and the body fell behind
- > Every with a thud. Then a slimy, luminous, amber colored liquid, which was something between a
- > bodily fluid and oil, sprayed and scattered around.

Dan: And the blood goes psssst in slow motion

- > The enemy was hiding under large rocks and wreckage, completely cutting off its biological
- > reactions, lurking around. The silence was broken. Enemies jumped out of the ground one after
- > another and attacked. Eagle and Gate

Tsuneo: [Gate] I'm fine, by the way.

- > immediately switched their ride armor configuration to battle

> mode. They broke through the wall of the shuttle's cargo bay and jumped outside. Staying in there
> would have meant death.

Tsuneo: I mean, have you seen how much the rent is? You can't afford to live in this wrecked spaceship

> ----

> Decisive Battle at the Bottom of the Ravine

Rick: Decisive is such a strong word. Maybe 'Significant' battle?

> Eagle alternately fired his right shoulder's rapid-fire cannon and his left shoulder's grenade
> launcher;

Tsuneo: Be sure to call out all the toy's action features

> maintaining 130 feet of range with the enemy charging towards him, he flew backwards in
> the air, and continued firing.

Rebecca: Eagle's special skill is holding down the fire button.

> The enemy defended Eagle's attack with both arms and lost both of them,

Dan: Well now what, smartarse?

> but regardless, it kept accelerating and rammed Eagle with its own body.
> "Their combat software has been updated!!

Rebecca: You can tell this because it rammed you

> They're tough!! Keep your distance outside their arm's swing radius!"

Tsuneo: Try not to get hit? Brilliant advice there

> advised Eagle, but because communications were cut-off, his advice unfortunately
> didn't reach anyone.

Dan: Or maybe they just didn't care

> Every had already fatally wounded her second one, but she raised her sword over her head and
> yet dared to stand still and wait for the next enemy.

Rebecca: I imagine this plan seemed good in her head.

> Elsewhere on the battlefield, Gate took a fighting stance, flew lightly, then landed with an enemy in
> front of her. The enemy's furious swings were barely dodged, and when she was ready to attack, a
> warning appeared on her visor: "Stop using your own judgment and follow the instructions of the
> machine."

Rick: Tactical advice by Clippy

Dan: It looks like you're trying to fight an alien invader. Do you need help with that?

> In tense situations, the installed tactical software claimed initiative.

Tsuneo: It was angry that she was trying to attack and wanted her to attack instead.

> However, Gate
> ignored it and took aim at the enemy. But this time, the targeting site was filled with the word
> "unknown". The enemy in front of her was said to be "unidentified".

Tsuneo: It was an unknown type of enigmatic alien invader

- > There wasn't a single similar
- > thing to the most popular G-type "Grab"; it was twice as small and it seemed to be exactly the "new
- > type" that Gate was looking for.

Dan: It wore a silly mask and went three times faster

- > Hesitating to attack, Gate flew high and repositioned her shooting stance, but was caught off-guard
- > by the enemy. Multiple beams fired by her enemy were shot at Gate, one of which just grazed the
- > tips of her toes.

Rick: Quentin Tarantino wants to know all the details

- > She avoided a direct hit, but the residual energy of the beam propagated through
- > Gate's lower body, and her field of vision turned all white as she received an electric shock-like
- > impact.

Rebecca: [Gate] Stings a bit.

- > She lost her balance mid-air and fell on the rugged wreckage of an armored car, slamming
- > her body hard; she groaned in agony, bounced once and tumbled down behind the wreckage, in a
- > blind spot.

Tsuneo: The battle computer isn't angry. It just wants you to know that this wouldn't have happened if you'd have listened to it.

- > She hung by a thread from her evasive action, but Gate, who was quite immobilized, wanted to
- > secure the "new type", even if it meant taking a risk.

Rick: Like going bungee jumping or trading stocks on a dodgy app

- > She couldn't let it escape, but at the same time she didn't want to break it into pieces.

Dan: She needed it in good condition to hock on eBay.

- > There was no way that Gate, who harbored that thought,
- > would be able to execute an active attack.

Tsuneo: In case you hadn't noticed, Gate can't do anything.

Dan: Thanks. I don't think the fic had quite gotten the point over yet

- > The enemy was more agile and, at the same time, possessed more power than she imagined. It
- > flew in pursuit of Gate, grabbed the armored car's wreckage, and shook it away with all its strength.

Rebecca: Alien invader, or cartoon cat chasing a mouse?

- > Gate, who was supposed to be there, was nowhere to be found. Her enemy was momentarily
- > confused.

Rick: Which way did he go, George? Which way did he go?

- > As far as Gate, she leaned into the blind spot of the tossed armored vehicle, sprang back
- > with it, and shot 12 rounds, the overheating limit of the blaster barrel. The first three shots
- > penetrated the armor of the armored car and secured a line of fire, then she jumped out from behind
- > the armored car;

Dan: Then why shoot through it in the first place?

> the following few shots hit the enemy's lower body; the next few shots blew the
> enemy's left half off,

Rebecca: So much for not breaking it.

> but at the same time, Gate was hit by the enemy's return fire; she received a
> direct blow in the front, sparks scattering, flew backwards and rolled on the ground.

Rick: Stop drop and roll!

> Eagle rushed there, got between the two, and aimed his large-caliber firearm at the enemy. Gate
> cried out, "Don't shoot!", and Eagle held off his attack.

Dan: [Eagle] But shooting is my whole thing.

> Communication was restored because whatever was jamming it had been stopped.

Rebecca: Every could have probably told them, but Gate also just didn't care.

> Eagle looked back at Gate while keeping his aim at the enemy. Every landed beside the fallen
> Gate as well.

Rick: [Inbit] I'm fine too.

Dan: [Every] Nobody asked.

> After some time had passed, it seemed that the situation had settled down.

Tsuneo: Alien invaders stopped trying to maul them

> "This is the 'new type' we've been looking for.

Dan: The new issue just hit the stands.

> Without a doubt. Its silhouette isn't in the data
> bank, the whole thing is 'unknown'," Gate said excitedly and quickly.

Rick: This is the happiest moment of her life

Rebecca: If a killer cyborg wants to get excited about this then let her, I say

> "That's a limited feature of only your tactical software. Whereas I can shoot anyone, anytime, and
> anywhere," said Eagle,

Dan: Having nothing to do with anything

> who felt the enemy should be shot more,

Rebecca: Eagle is a simple man with simple pleasures.

> but he eventually turned off his
> firing control equipment and calmed down, lulled by his own excitement.

Dan: [Eagle] No more shoot?

Rick: [Gate] No, Eagle. No more shoot.

Dan: [Eagle] Awww...

> But Every...was different.

Tsuneo: Every is not like the other Genesis Breakers.

> Unable to relax, she listened to the sound of the wind. She activated the directional sensor and

> extended the search range around them. And said...
> "Hey!! Don't let your guard down... it seems that...it's not over yet," she advised, muttering. True
> to her word, the silence was only temporary, and only the first round was over.

Rebecca [Every]: Told you
Rick [Gate]: Smartarse

> Eagle quickly
> connected one of the HBT tubes he had just collected to his weapons and restarted the firing
> system.

Dan: [Eagle] More shoot!

> This time, the ambushers slowly crawled out of the ground one after another.

Tsuneo: Their plan was to slowly surround their enemies. They didn't want to rush it

> "This is bad!! There are more than I thought, we're at a disadvantage being stuck together," Gate
> shouted.

Dan: Maybe you should just admit that you don't like each other

> The enemy suspended their hit-and-run tactics, and were now slowly closing the gaps, cutting off
> and surrounding the three of them.

Rebecca: Nobody escapes until they've done their timeshare presentation.

> Anyone in this situation could understand that making use of the
> characteristics of the Ride Armor

Rick: Like it being machine washable and able to fold easily for storage

> by trying to jump out of the enemy's firing range all at once was a bad tactical decision.

Tsuneo: These guys really aren't selling the whole elite fighting force thing

> There was no way to avoid being shot from all directions midair. But at this
> rate, it was clear that would become the target of the enemy's barrage anyways. All that was left
> was a desperate, all-or-nothing escape.

Dan: Time to dress up as washerwomen, I guess

> "One point breakthrough!! Follow me!"
> The determined Eagle used himself as a shield

Rick: [Gate] A valiant sacrifice that I am willing to make.

> and tried to find a breakthrough. Because that was
> his specific duty and it seemed to be his only good plan.

Tsuneo [Eagle]: This is my only line

> But at that time, Every's sensor, again, picked up something.

Rebecca: [Gate] Please let it be good news this time.

> This time it was a high-pitched sound that reached everyone's ears. Missiles
> suddenly appeared. The Doppler shift they emitted became shorter and shorter over time. In other
> words, mortar shells were raining down on Gate and the others.

Dan: And if that wasn't enough, she just remembered that she left the oven on

> Not just one or two shots either!

Tsuneo: As many as three!

> Knowing that there was no time to explain, Every shouted the only thing she could,

Rick: Make elaborate papercraft furniture

> "Get down!"

Rick: That was my second pick

> As there was nothing else they could do.

> The multitudes of enemies surrounding Gate and the others were first hit by the hail of mortar

> shells, followed by well-aimed horizontal fire, and in a matter of minutes

Dan: And they were just lying there for a few minutes?

Tsuneo: Sure. Every was taking a nap.

> they were crushed, shattered into pieces, and then fell silent.

Rebecca: This is the second time in four chapters that Gate has been rescued by an unexpected arrival

Dan: Isn't that nice?

> 4.9-inch mortar shells landed around the three, one

> landing right at the tip of Gate's nose, but didn't detonate due to the friendly-fire ID seeking function.

Rick: The mother of all boops

> ----

> Contact

> Knowing that the situation was over, the 3 Breakers looked up, and on the ridge of the ravine with

> a cloudy sky in the background were a bunch of Ride Armors.

Rick: The D-Rockers.

Rebecca: I am not going to ask, and you are not going to explain

Rick: Fair

> There was no mistaking that they came to this ravine to also replenish their supplies.

Tsuneo: They spelled it out, just to make sure there was no confusion

> A squad of ten people. When the second

> lieutenant who led them heard the words of gratitude from Gate and the others, he immediately

> started looking for supplies without getting into any idle talk.

Dan: Shut up, got some scavenging to do. Gotta get in there before someone steals all the copper wire

> However, an Armor Cycle with a

> sidecar shut off its engine, and using its momentum, coasted to Gate and the others.

Rebecca: He wanted to hit them up for some Funyuns. Because he's out of Funyuns.

> "Remaining soldiers...unless defectors, are supposed to advance towards reflex point.

Rick: Defectors can just piss off.

- > Naturally,
- > the distribution density of soldiers increases, thus by chance, and for this reason, it becomes the
- > cause of rekindling profound feelings..." accounted Simmons, the last member of the Breakers.

Rebecca: He has a powerpoint presentation prepared on the relationship between population density of soldiers and profound feelings.

- > A large man whose body, just by looking at it, can be understood as "created".

Tsuneo: They had spent hours in character customisation tweaking the sliders

- > "And so Necessary said to head west

Dan: Because life is peaceful there

- > and that's why we came here."

Rebecca: [Gate] You got lost, didn't you?

Tsuneo: [Simmons] We did.

- > Then Simmons, using his thumb, pointed at the doll-like girl settled in the sidecar. The girl, jumped
- > out of the sidecar in the most un-doll-like manner, stood at the front line holding a doll which looked
- > very similar to her, and with her free hand, gestured "Ciao".

Rick: Also, la la la la laaaaaa

- > "The main guy in charge of combat has neglected his captain for weeks!" said Gate as she
- > approached and walked right in front of Simmons, using her banter as a greeting.

Dan: Was that banter?

Tsuneo: God I hope not

- > Behind Gate, Every nodded her head in agreement.

Rebecca [Every]: I am also here

- > "Wait a minute, I've been risking my life traversing the enemy's control zone.

Rick: Hold up, are we about to get Simmons' side story?

Tsuneo: This is already a side story.

Rick: The side side story?

- > Besides..."

- > Gate cut off Simmons as he was about to continue, "I'll listen to your tale of bravery later.

Rick [Gate]: Nobody cares, Simmons

- > More

- > importantly, there's a harvest of supplies. Now that we've got all our pieces together, let's get down
- > to the 'main business',

Rick: To defeat the Hun?

- > pointing her chin at the 'new type' of Inbit lying away from them.

Tsuneo: [Simmons] Wait, you guys got started without me?

- > The "regular army", which had eliminated the enemies,

Dan: Yeah, we did all the work. Don't bother thanking us or anything

> stayed at the bottom of the ravine and scavenged for supplies,

Tsuneo: [Soldier] Who are those guys meant to be?

Rick: [Soldier] I don't know. Don't make eye contact.

> but Gate and her crew posted up a short distance away and commenced their "main business".

Tsuneo: Setting up a soft-serve franchise

> First, the chassis of the "new type", which lost its lower body, was hung from

> a shuttle's wreck with wires. The heavy lifting went to Simmons.

Dan [Simmons]: I travelled miles across the wasteland and saved your lives and this is the thanks I get?

Rick [Gate]: Again, nobody cares, Simmons

> Then, the exposed fluid circulation artery at the base of his neck was cut off;

Tsuneo: And how long had they left it to bleed out?

> a bundle of fibers leading to the brain nerves were pulled

> out; and there, a universal connector was attached.

Rebecca: Well what do you know. It is, in fact, brain surgery.

> Power was supplied to continue its brain activity, and to reawaken its train of thought.

Rick: It was thinking about taking a drink break and getting back to its job at the call centre. Not the deep revelations they were hoping for.

> That was Every's job.

Dan: The only reason they brought her. Randomly swording Inbit is a bonus.

> While doing so, she analyzed.

> "The outermost part is pseudo-calcium and high-density fluoropolymer with growth potential.

Tsuneo: Let the technobabble begin

> The inside is plain, old keratin.

Dan: The alien invaders are made out of toenails

> Only the outer shell has undergone some kind of transmutation processing,

Tsuneo: What kind?

Rick: It's been pickled.

> and its elasticity and hardness are particularly higher than regular Inbit.

Rick: They still blow up good though

> They're rather

> small, but its synthetic muscles are also extremely dense and are of relative importance.

Rebecca: You really feel like Every doesn't get out much. I mean, aside from that whole being frozen for three hundred years thing

- > Its
- > movements are agile, and their limbs' positions are rather closer to a human's than that of an insect.

Dan: Just a human with really bad posture.

- > It's definitely the rumored "new type" that has recently been confirmed on both front lines of the
- > eastern and western parts of the world.

Rick: Confirmed toy sightings in multiple Wal-Marts

- > Headquarters has already given codenames: G=Grab,
- > H=Hind, I=Airos and this newcomer, J=Juno," said Every in one breath;

Tsuneo: Her life must be so exciting

- > she opened her notebook-type mediator* (a terminal for connecting consciousness)

Dan: It's just a laptop, Every.

Rebecca: Every insists that you call it a MacBook.

- > and connected one end of an extended
- > headset connector. After that, Gate put on the headset and engaged the mediator function to reach
- > synchronization between her own thought pulse and the Juno.

Tsuneo: Sorry, so their plan is to plug their murder cyborg directly into the brain of an unknowable alien invader?

Rebecca: Seems that way.

Tsuneo: Well, I see absolutely nothing that can go wrong with this.

- > Luckily the enemy's brain was intact.

Dan: It's the little things that get you

- > The brain of the old type was only able to judge "whether to attack or not", a primitive and simple
- > one. In other words and in the end, a type that was put on the front lines.

Tsuneo: Maybe they should get Eagle to relate to that one.

- > "Don't disconnect until it gets really dangerous,"

Tsuneo: Remain at a safe level of probing an alien brain

- > ordered Gate as she sat down on a generator of
- > the wreckage; without hesitation, Every separated Gate's consciousness from her body.

Dan: She can do that?

Rebecca: Oh yeah. She's got a kill switch ready for Gate and everything.

Dan: Wait, what?

- > Gate's head hung and her consciousness was sucked much deeper into their subject.

Rebecca: Type in some fake Linux commands, click the mouse and we're in

Rick: Does this make her a cyberpirate?

- > After that, Eagle asked, "You think it's safe?" and Every shrugged her shoulders and opened her
- > hand, a vague gesture between 'Of course!' and 'Who knows!'

Rebecca: [Every] Either way, it's a data point.

> "While deep in its conscience, we can't even help her," said Simmons, arms crossed,

Dan [Simmons]: By the way, I'm still here

Rick [Every]: Again, nobody cares.

Dan [Simmons]: But it's my introductory chapter...

> with no

> choice but to hypothesize, wait, and see. At that time, Gate's voice came through the mediator's

> speaker, "I can see a corridor...and a path of consciousness.

Tsuneo: [Gate] There's a lot of colours... Now I'm in a bedroom. It's all white and there's a big black monolith.

> Let's go...and monitor."

> For some reason, the voice created by the mediator sounded like that of a little girl. It was Gate's

> "voice of consciousness". She continued down the dark passage, proceeding deeper and deeper

> into the enemy's consciousness.

Rebecca: What does an alien bug monster dream of? Let's find out.

> Actually, where and by whom are these Inbit,

Rick: Huge enemy crabs

> what are they,

Dan: The bad guys in an eighties mecha anime

> and what is their purpose?

Tsuneo: To sell toys

> Without

> knowing anything about them, mankind continues to fight against this formidable enemy. The time

> to exchange greetings draws near.

Rick: Did you bring a present? A box of chocolates would go down well.

> "A storm is coming. Communications are cut off. Satellite field of view is also disabled. For a

> period of time...both enemies and allies...stalled. Fronts will come to a standstill," advised

> Necessary, sensing the near future.

Rebecca [Necessary]: Also I foresee that you will give me a juice box

Dan [Simmons]: Nice try, kid

> With the voice and tone of the doll in her hand. Just then, cold raindrops began to fall.

Rick: But was it blue, blue rain in her soul?

> Continued in Part 2 *mediator - Every's tool for adjusting mediation between consciousnesses.

Tsuneo: As well as a terrorist and a field scientist, Every is a licensed marriage counsellor.

> It's a Breakers' exclusive item

Tsuneo: And scalpers cleaned out the stock in seconds

> used for the purpose of contact with the Inbit.

On that final comment, the big screen turned off, converting the world back to prose format. "And that was the series of robot toy photos that made up the first four chapters of Genesis Breakers," Tsuneo considered. "A story that definitely is doing a thing, even if it doesn't seem to know what it is or where its going with it."

"While it is early days, I think I can wager a guess," Rebecca considered. "I am going to say now that this is an attempt to bring contemporary storytelling and themes to a cheesy 1980s mecha show in an effort to give it a level of depth that it never has and probably doesn't actually need."

"That's what it feels like to me," Tsuneo nodded. "I know that Genesis Climber MOSPEADA isn't that deep of a show, but that's also fine. It's shallow, cheesy fun and it's good at that. This feels a little unnecessary."

"Speaking of unnecessary," Dan considered. "So far, Eagle, Simmons and Necessary haven't really done much of anything beyond show up and be ignored by Gate. I mean, maybe they'll get more exposure and development later, but..."

"Past experiences do not bode well for them," Rebecca finished.

"Just a bit."

"They do feel a little like an afterthought," Tsuneo agreed. "Gate gets a pair of chapters to set up her character and story, sure. Every has had a fair bit since her introduction, enough for us to get to know her. But those three have barely done anything."

"Most of Eagle's airtime was spent on a single shot while Gate and Every directed him," Rebecca noted. "And that's still more than Simmons or Necessary did."

"Beyond that, the story is... functional, I guess?" Tsuneo shrugged. "Its introducing characters and building up the world, and is moving in a logical train towards their objective. And from there, you can see where it's going."

"Which means we're being set up so badly, aren't we?" Dan asked.

"Well..." Rick shrugged. "Yeah, it's kind of like that."

"And there we go," Rebecca sighed. "We've been set up so badly."

"You might say that," the Voice considered. "Because that's the best type, isn't it? When you are kind of sort of enjoying something and think it's going well and then it disappoints you and ends up being an utter mess that's not what you wanted at all."

"You're really enjoying this, aren't you?" Dan asked.

"I might be," the Voice admitted. "Really, who can tell at this point? But you'll need to keep reading to find out."

"Wonderful," Tsuneo shook his head.

"If nothing else, it's short and the chapter length is consistent," Rebecca offered. "Look, I have to find the upside somewhere."

"Yeah, but we have eight more chapters to go," Dan added. "And I'm guessing it's not going to get any easier."

"Well..." Rick shrugged. "Honestly I think the first few chapters were the best ones."

"That's a pretty damning statement."

"It is, isn't it?" The Voice continued. "But now Rick's given you something to look forward to for next time. So until then, toodles."

There was a long silence. "You know, I had considered for a long time what would happen if we read a professional work," Rebecca finally spoke up. "That wasn't Storm Force, I mean. And by that I specifically mean a prose story with some actual meat on it."

"Like this," Tsuneo noted. "And how do you feel now that it's happened?"

"Honestly, I don't know," she finished. "But I imagine I'm going to end up hating it."

Author's notes:

When we started considering what we would do for the Episode 500 celebration, one key idea was to do something special, something that went beyond the usual sort of material that we normally covered. The idea of using Genesis Breakers for that held some appeal as it was something close to my heart in its own way (Genesis Climber MOSPEADA) while being very unusual and unexpected. To give you an idea of how long we've been considering this, we dropped our first reference to Genesis Breakers back in The Newcomer in Episode 473, back in December 2023.

The version of Genesis Breakers we are using here was manually fan-translated and posted online. While obviously there is going to be some issues with any translation, I feel that it's close enough to the original text to convey the intent of the story. Furthermore, it was translated by fans who were familiar with the original material to have context for the world and its terminology.

Next time we probe the unknowable and blow stuff up

Genesis Climber Mospeada: Genesis Breakers written by Hideki Kakinuma

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Translation by Chris Delarmente, Alex Villareal and Boomer Wolf

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Tsuneo Tateao and Dan created by Zogster

Questions? Comments? Complaints? Wolf fangs? Email us at [elmerstudios00 \(at\) gmail.com](mailto:elmerstudios00@gmail.com) and register your Jeff.

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All of Elmer Studios' MSTings, random DELTA Invasion Episode Generator and other stuff in one spot

> "Wait a minute, I've been risking my life traversing the enemy's control zone. Besides..."
> Gate cut off Simmons as he was about to continue, "I'll listen to your tale of bravery later."