

>>SOLO: A Lynx Finds Scorched skies.

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> CHAPTER 1; A Cold Sea.

How long had it been, the deep sea had been so calming. As one slowly sinks into its inky abyss. The fish that show slow curiosity in the sinking white mechanical giant. Fiona... how long had it been since He heard her voice? Rather; how long have they been sinking into that dark abyss that seemed to only bring it down further and further.

How do He even arrive into this inky abyss? The corporations... no the league, sent their assassins against line ark. A mercenary called strayed helped in the fight against Otsdarva and CUBE. While He took out Otsdarva, sinking him at least to the bottom of the ocean; they were taken out by CUBE and soon followed down into that abyss. How long He sat down there, He didn't know, thankfully, the hull didn't breach. Nor did the reactor go down, allowing for them to at least not go cold.

But eventually He heard her voice again, the deep sea fishes, moving on their way as a submersible came and brought the machine up. It was obviously damaged, while not beyond repair it certainly was fair and away out of the hands of Line Ark.

Partially a good thing, while Line Ark was effectively out of the war, He could rest... The last time He had the chance, was after Anatolia fell at the hands of Joshua in the Rayleonard unit. But things in their world went quickly, far too fast. The ORCA brigade, the new war that raged for the arteria facilities. Along with a man that should've died at the bottom of the ocean. Maximilian Thermidor. But with no AC to fight in, besides one that He refused to pilot out of respect or to what He said to be respect, the original White Glint, which was "Reappropriated" from Aspina. He decided He would only pilot it under two conditions. If Strayed Failed, or if they went down the wrong path.

He was but a tired mercenary by this point, the need for a Raven such as themselves had been dwindling day after day. But what came to follow, was more than they could ever imagine...

> CHAPTER 2; A Brilliant Light.

He watched and watched. Seeing a mercenary grow and become a force of nature across the barren earth, slaying the corporate forces and seizing the various Arteria facilities, then one day; a dazzling light pierced the sky, heaven was pierced. Even from the surface, the sheer amount of satellite weapons that were destroyed was an almost beautiful sight. They... No humanity could finally grow, the restraint that was the assault cells, the corporations, finally were a chain that was ripped from humanity.

But then, the cradles fell, one by one, 20 million at a time, came back down to the polluted earth. A new crisis emerged, refugees. Without the influence of the major corporations, various groups which would block the path to humanity showed their faces. He had to go back on his word.

Humanity needed something, a symbol of freedom, one that can be easily passed down from generation to generation, the old name they, the Lynx used to be called before they became Lynx. *Raven*. A simple title for simpler times, now reborn. Taking flight in the original White Glint, a new colony was formed using the name of his previous home. New Anatolia.

He was even able to meet with Strayed again, as an ally; one he could trust to bring humanity further. Which is exactly what they did, times were harsh, food scarce, water even moreso. A truly barren earth, unfit for the millions that roamed its surface. But with an old Rayleonard facility found, one made specifically for the closed plan, made to launch rockets to space. The pathway was clear and after two years of focusing their efforts; rather humanities efforts, the first people began to fly into space again.

> CHAPTER 3; A Ravens Space.

The solar system beginning to become colonized proved to be a massive boon to humanity. But after 3 years, humanity, which had grown exponentially, finally had to send off a group to colonize other worlds. Though the existence of pirates would begin to spring up, this concern was null and void due to the rather strong efforts to crack down on them.

But due to the unknown nature of what may come; he was chosen to lead it. Due to both the unknown of what may happen out in space and the overall possibility of running into an enemy.

They would travel for who knows how long, they were cryogenically frozen, to preserve themselves for the long, arduous trip. The idea being that; if they were out in space long enough. They would either rendezvous with the colonists on the planet and/or regroup with them out in space. Their target planet? A human habitable world, one they hadn't named yet. But would later become known as Rubicon, moreso to the planet of Rubicon-3.

However; their calculations were wrong, initially they had only thought it would take about 20⁺ or so years to reach the planet. But when they finally arrived, many... many more had passed, so many that they truly had no idea when they had actually arrived.

> CHAPTER 4; A Terrifying Future.

Once the crew had all been awoken, the Lynx included, there they saw it, a planet with a scorched sky. An orbital platform. Something had happened here, while they were in transport, however; a lack of fuel meant only one way forwards. Towards Rubicon-3. Along with starting up the AC, the second White Glint, should their landing go wrong.

Which it obviously did. Before they even made it to the surface, the orbital gun platform, the one set up by the PCA. Pierced the ship with its large weapon numerous times, a dazzlingly bright light, as their ship fell through down to the planet, various parts of it separating due to the damage and overall wear from the decades of flight.

Upon actually landing, the part he was on was bust as they landed on Grid-088. Leaving him with whatever equipment he had there. His AC, the "Spare", his weaponry and a transport which could carry a NEXT and all of its parts. Thus... They, rather he was stranded on this planet with a fraction of the crew needed, it brought him back to the days when he was simply the mercenary of Anatolia. A purely independent mercenary. Now he simply has to do what a mercenary does best. Make a name for himself on this desolate planet.

A Purely *UNKNOWN* Mercenary.

A Lynx Takes Flight in Scorched Skies.

Attempting To Make A Better Brighter Future.

They Call Him; *WHITE GLINT*