

by Max Barry



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**Imbrinium**  
Diplomat

Posts: 589  
Founded: Mar 03, 2008  
Ex-Nation

by **Imbrinium** » Tue Feb 10, 2015 4:19 pm

QUOTE

### 45km east of Rock River.

The HMS Milani continued on its mission patrolling, with no way to look behind itself with sonar it had no idea that the unknown sub had just launched its torpedoes, till the first impact on the on the ISS Kong oil tanker offloading and the terminal. The explosion was horrific the tank split in half and dumped its burning oil in the ocean the second torpedo struck the ISS Imbrinium Sea, in the rear of the ship exploding in the engine room and setting the rear of the ship ablaze.

The front half of the ISS Kong pushed forward and ripped the BOOP structure in half, dumping more oil into the ocean. The whole BOOP area was ablaze with the oil and fuel. The crews had little chance of making it off the ships alive.

As the first torpedo hit the ISS Kong the lookouts on the HMS Milani called out explosion to our rear, the crew sprung in action the captain turn and race toward the terminal. As soon as they turned the sonar operator picked up a sonar contact briefly before an explosions lost it the crew raced to condition one and set for ASW work.

Rock River Coast guard station was rocked by the first explosion than the ones after that, the sonar net picked up the sounds of the torpedoes before they hit the tankers but the alarm came too late to warn anyone. The sonar operators couldn't figure out if it was torpedoes or the oil company using stuff underwater.

The base went into high alert and the crews raced toward their boats some attack boat some fire and rescue boats. The call went out to all aircraft and to the rapid response aircraft that a submarine attack was underway. A P-8 sub hunter was 50kms south of the Rock River area and turned in response to there all call. At a small airfield 80kms west of the town of Rock River was where a two flights of navy sub hunter aircraft these where normally bases on naval bases but since the war a lot of aircraft and been moved out to smaller bases to cover all the areas not normally covered in peace time operations.

The hunt was on and the news went all the way to the top within minutes.

**When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of**

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**Imbrinium**  
Diplomat

Posts: 589  
Founded: Mar 03, 2008  
Ex-Nation

by **Imbrinium** » Thu Feb 12, 2015 2:54 am



### **Cormond Imbrinium Capital:**

Within the mighty walls of the king's castle the king and his staff watched and listened to the new break about the attack on Rock River oil platform. With millions of barrels of oil now burning and spreading into the ocean and the coast the future impact on the crown and the environment was going to be costly upon an epic scale.

The Prime minster could see the fire in the kings eyes and knew things had changed, the war had taken a toll on the king and the crown as a whole, riots where becoming daily within the noncitizen population of the crown. The noncitizen in the country had started slowly with longer work hours and the build up to full war production. The blaze came to full on fire storm when plans where leaked about non-citizen drafts for the war as part of the country coming up with more numbers of troops to fight overseas.

But right now this was the crisis of the moment and this needed a response. The king sat his staff down and asked the intelligence and military who was behind this or their best guess with enough to back it up. But the king had his own guess on who it was with rumors of false reports coming from the contract intelligence reports and the buildup of forces in the same sectors as the crown was expanding its reach to fight Stevid. The number of dead prisoners from this country where ranking up there with Stevid troops.

The king was hearing everything from everyone from this and that when the two persons from two different sides of the fence with some of the same sounding intelligence. An officer from the navy and an intelligence report from the IIA where saying the same thing. There it was a possible idea that this was a sneak attack from Morrdh in support of Stevid, a report that stated on one side that the government was more than a little upset that the country had bailed on their support overall. The other report support that from a different source and confirmed it to a sense enough to make sense plus the report stated that operations within the east sphere of the region had notice ships that wasn't being reported leaving the ports some of these ship report where naval ships leaving and not making it on a third party report. There were a number of submarines reported of leaving Morrdh ports and naval bases that were not report on this third party report.

As the news added up to a sense they still needed proof before anything could be nailed down and a response be taken. There was a team responding to Rock River to recover the recording and intelligence from the attack and see if the evidence matches the current theory of who did it.

With the information that was had hand the king and staff decided to make a statement to follow on the threat from the prime minster and the duke of Mordent about Morrdh needs to seek peace or face an all out attack that would leave their nation destroyed.

The king order the Royal air force to load nuclear tipped along with standard Hellion two missiles on its bombers and make runs to the country of Morrdh with recall points this would start as soon as the bombers and support packages could be done. The next order was to the royal navy to flush it SSBNs and SSGNs not in support of other operations to go to their release points for the target packages for the country at hand and standby.

And first the first time in almost ten years the country stepped close to all out war to include nuclear weapons.

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**When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.**



**Morrdh**  
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417  
Founded: Apr 16, 2008  
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Fri Feb 13, 2015 4:30 pm



As the HSS *Odin* worked its way southwards, diving down to a thermal layer to reduce the chance of it being picked up by surface sonar, a high level meeting was taking place on the far side of the region. The meeting took place in the heart of the Commonwealth's capital of Morrdun in a room of Parliament House known as the fabled COBRA Room, a room often used by Her Serenity's Government for crisis meetings. The Commonwealth Intelligence Service had picked up on a recent shift in the Imbrinium military, but had yet to come with answers as to why or what this shift was. A discreet call was put out to the Lamonian, Moka and Stevidian intelligence agencies to see whether they could shed further light on the matter.

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - [Factbook](#)

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



**Imbrinium**  
Diplomat

Posts: 589  
Founded: Mar 03, 2008  
Ex-Nation

by **Imbrinium** » Sat Feb 14, 2015 10:52 pm



On the hunt the naval OPVs (Ocean Patrol Vessels) hurried out of the port the HMS Milani radioed them and said the contact was moving south regain contact and attack. These vessels were well suited for ASW work four of them were already out of the port there was another two still in port awaiting crews to make it from their barracks.

Two ASW helicopters were scrambled from the coast guard base the rest of the helicopters were sent to help in rescue operations at the BOOP. One helicopter started around the area where the Milani had lost the contact the other went further south to use the powerful dipping sonar in the thermals. The thought was the sub would go deep and head south then cut back out to sea to escape. The plan was regain contact and destroy the sub, this would also be helped by the sub hunting aircraft to help drive the sub where needed or destroy whichever came first.

All through the Royal air force orders went out to bomber squadrons and their support air squadrons to load the bombers with a mix of nuclear tipped hellion twos and standard hellion twos. The pilots were briefed on their flight paths to keep them in international waters. A few hours after those crews inspected their aircraft and boarded waiting to take off. Each flight of bombers rolled down the runways and took flight to their turning point.

All around the region EAMs (Emergency action message) went out to the Royal navies SSGNs and SSBNs not already on a mission to report to a possible launch position in the region and circle to await orders to launch or standby for further operations.

**When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.**

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



**Mokastana**  
Ambassador

Posts: 1554  
Founded: Feb 20, 2007  
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Sun Feb 15, 2015 1:14 am



**MNS Panmoka**  
**Type-115, "Anubis" Arsenal Ship**  
**Flagship of the Moka 16th Fleet**  
**On Patrol Route NORTHERN PASSAGE**

Normally the waters North of Castleclose and Morrdh only needed a token presence, for the Morridane Navy could handle most of the patrol needs and very little other than Gholgoth was out this way. Which only a few vessels ever needed to make such a trip and the Moka Navy pitied those who did. This patrol was one of the most basic and uneventful, often used by fleets with new crews and pilots who needed training. Enough to give them a chance to get used to

live exercises and behave like part of the fleet, but keeping them out of the way in case of error.

Things would be different today. The Admiral in charge of the Fleet got an encrypted message from Juventud Island. Orders were to increase patrols and widen radar scan range. Changes in orders like this were common, meant to keep the Admirals and fleets on their toes and ensure that patterns and operations could be carried out. What bothered the admiral was the second encoded message sent immediately after. Though both came on the same burst of data, the second was interpreted by the computers decryption and found it to have a separate key. One that required the Admiral to approve before being unlocked.

Once he did so he read over the report and found out why they would be increasing patrol and anti-air capabilities. They were too keep an eye out for bombers from Imbrinium. If spotted they were to report, intercept and escort. Then activate Emergency wartime network NUMBERS, but continue to transmit by standard encryption until ordered otherwise. In addition, report submarines, especially if identified as SSBNs or other missile variants.

The Admiral did not like the implications of the message, but as typical, the orders were short, direct and left him to execute what he had been practicing for ages.

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**Morrdh**  
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417  
Founded: Apr 16, 2008  
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Sun Feb 15, 2015 7:57 am

[QUOTE](#)

The HSS *Odin* continued its southward voyage, running silent and making use of ocean currents to save precious battery power despite the interior air growing ever stale. The sub's captain was using every single trick he could think to throw off his pursuers, though he was painfully aware that he'd become the hunted soon as the attack had been conducted. It was going to take every trick and effort the crew could muster to get out of this ever closing trap, though determination could only go so far.

There was one more trick up their sleeve.

There was a torpedo that the Royal Morridane Navy processed in its inventory, known by its nickname of 'Wildcard'. It was a modified British 21 inch Mark VIII torpedo with its warhead removed and a timed cut-off for its gyro guidance system coupled to an undulating gear fitted to the torp\*, it was more of a scarecrow than an actual weapon. Its nickname was due to its unpredictable nature when the guidance system cutoff kicked in, effectively allowing the torpedo to run erratically and effectively letting it run wherever it wanted to. The only drawback was that its erratic course was much an nuisance to the vessel that fired it as it was to enemy vessels, there was simply no telling where it would go or pop up. It had been known on occasion to literally leap out of the water much to the concern of whoever was unlucky enough to be in its way, though right now the *Odin's* captain felt like he had nothing to loose.

The torpedo was loaded into one of the aft tubes as the *Odin* drifted, soon as it was fired the *Odin's* captain ordered full speed ahead. The sub's propellers spun up to push it towards a running speed of 17 knots, meanwhile the torpedo ran straight as the cutoff timer counted down and killed the torpedo's guidance system. With no guidance the torpedo ran wild, erratically changing course and depth as it shot through the water (and occasionally out of it) like a feline during its mad minute. It would most probably cause merry hell with the Imbrinium sonar, perhaps some confusion and hopefully enough panic to allow the *Odin* make good its escape.

\*Based on some Royal Navy torpedo experiments at Weymouth in 1956.

~ ~ ~

### (West) Mordent

Having picked up on the ASW efforts by the Imbrinium Royal Navy, a flight of four Canadair CP-107 Argus patrol aircraft were scrambled from RMAF St Ezra near Lindun. They would spread out to cover a large part of the ocean south-east of Mordent, though this was routine when ASW efforts by the navies of other nations came close to Commonwealth shipping lanes and waters. It was viewed as a way of keeping the Argus crews sharp aside from rigorous training, there was nothing like experience earned from near combat conditions. Ships from the Royal Morridane Navy's Mordent Squadron would be conducting their own ASW sweep in conjunction with the patrol aircraft, effectively mirroring the Imbrinium efforts.

Last edited by [Morrdh](#) on Mon Feb 16, 2015 4:30 am, edited 2 times in total.

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - [Factbook](#)

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



**StevId**  
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497  
Founded: Antiquity  
Moralistic Democracy

by [StevId](#) » Mon Feb 16, 2015 12:18 pm



While the ceasefire was largely still holding, neither side (be it those with nations siding with Imbrinium or those sympathetic to the Stevidian cause) was lying down. In Stevidian S. Greal the influx of PMC troops and the ceasefire meant that the PMC could man the frontline without partaking in hostile action – this meant that the beleaguered Stevidian troops could rotate out and get some much needed R&R and the equipment could be fully serviced. The frontlines were heavily strengthened and certain areas were now manned and supplied to such a degree that plans were made for offensives should the ceasefire fall through.

Industrial facilities in the territory and those in Lamoni leased to Stevid began producing the war materials specific to the Greali theatre instead of the naval logistics and replaced so urgently required by the Royal Navy.

As for the Royal Navy, Stevidian and Astratii naval factories and production lines now focused on vessel production. Adaptus Astrates facilities focused mainly on the refitting of vessel with the newer VLS cell modules and electronic systems capable of launching the Titan I missile, the Stevidian factories had vessel replacement as a priority. Twenty aircraft carrier hulls were earmarked for full-scale war production to hasten their delivery, as too were five missile battleships. Several classes of heavy and light cruisers were ditched complete in favour of bringing forward the production of over a hundred of Antares Class cruisers that had proved so efficient at fleet protection. In addition to the hundreds of escorts ships already in production a further three hundred Lemartes Class refits were ordered and an additional 200 Reef class refit frigates. The payment fell under the MoD budget for the war and the orders were deliberate so as to get them in before the war came to end. But by far away the largest expenditure was the domestic and foreign purchase of auxiliary vessels for the logistical fleet. Stevid naval losses had been extremely large but the vast majority had been supply vessels meaning that the Navy could not operate all her Battlefleets at one time in a single unit. The fact that the fleets were operating in scattered task force and echelon units to evade detection and attack actually helped but this was a stroke of good fortune that the current tactics did not conflict with the Navy's logistical nightmares.

Back in the Empire as a whole, the Stevidian Intelligence community were busy at the nearly forgotten Cold War Era techniques of human and direct hands on Intel gathering. The destruction of most of the military satellite grid placed a heavy burden what civilian satellites remained for censored military traffic. Stevidian intelligence sources now had to rely on human sources and Foreign Service 'friends'. Intelligence sourced at home and abroad, together with information provided by their Morridane counterparts suggested that was a dramatic shift in Crown strategic policy. The specifics were not highlighted but given the Crown's extreme actions in the war the

Stevidian intelligence community and government decide to assume the worst but not to raise the domestic threat level to cause public panic. For the first time in over a decade the Stevidia Capita, Keele and Milton 'Walls' were activated. These monolithic, all encompassing fortress-esque walls, erected during the impoverishing and paranoid communist days of the country had not had their primary systems activated since the later months of the Second War of Golden Succession. The Walls alone-allowed Stevid the unique privilege of being able to survive a full scale nuclear Armageddon, although 'survive' was a loose term. The three cities would likely survive complete destruction but the rest of nation would be almost written off. Indeed, Stevid was one of the few nations in the Greater Dienstag region that professed to be one of the most prepared for strategic nuclear war and the ability to continue to fight in such war at a conventional and strategic level. However the public was well versed on the government's initial actions should a war reach the point of nuclear inevitability, the Walls being activated was one of them should it include the raising of blast doors. These door were more walls themselves than doors as the four main motor-highways out of the of the centre of the city that passed through the Wall would literally be raised. During the '5-minute warning' all minor road blast doors would be raised as well.

The public was instead informed that the Walls were activated as a precaution and the roads would not be closed off. This was the safest logical action, as the intelligence didn't actually specify that the enemy was deploying nuclear weapons.

[\[Stevid Embassy Exchange Programme\]](#) | [\[Stevid MoD\]](#) | [\[REANIMATION DIRECTIVE \(Nov. 2014\)\]](#) | [Craxx Archipelago Colonial Signup Thread](#) | [SeaCul - Oil & Gas Exploitation](#) | [SternGuard - Private Military Contractor](#)



**Mokastana**  
Ambassador

Posts: 1554  
Founded: Feb 20, 2007  
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Tue Feb 17, 2015 8:14 am



### Outside The Village of Blaichach Mokan Peacekeeper holding line

Captain Rutillo Sanchez looked over the number of body bags outside the small convenience store that now served as a field hospital. All but two were Conscripts. The two professional soldiers were Capitan Jason Parks(KIA) and Sergeant Major Sebastian Madrid(KIA). The latter killed when his IFV took a rocket in the side and the former by rifle fire. Now both laid with 12 soldiers who had served under their command.

Sanchez knew he would have to get to the bottom of what happened. Mokan radio communications opened with "Blarney two" the Captain's recon squad, claiming they were under fire. Unfortunately, all members of Blarney Two were now KIA by The Kingdom's marines; who also claimed that they were attacked.

He still had photographs from the shootout where Blarney Two had engaged Kingdom forces. Both had casualties who appeared to be taken off guard, both had casualties who were taking cover. The Mokan IFV clearly took out the other vehicle before taking a rocket itself.

Nothing was clear as to fired first. It was odd the the Kingdom's forces would not shoot the officer first, but Mokans avoided identification marks for that very reason. Still, Parks would have identified himself.

The only unbiased witness, the woman in the house was still in shock, probably from watching her husband and son get killed in front of her. Neither side could get her to talk so far. Even then, would her testimony really be unbiased when she came to?

If he had to guess, based on the positions of the bodies and other signs from the skirmish. It was a disagreement gone wrong. Probably over the treatment of civilians. It meant the Mokans had probable cause to shoot first, but Sanchez could not prove they did. Of



course, the Imbriniums could have misinterpreted the Moka's protest to killing civilians as hostile and shot first as well.

He was not looking forward to having to handle this report.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Tue Feb 17, 2015 8:28 am, edited 2 times in total.

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**Imbrinium**  
Diplomat

Posts: 589  
Founded: Mar 03, 2008  
Ex-Nation

by [Imbrinium](#) » Thu Feb 19, 2015 6:17 pm

[QUOTE](#)

### The front lines in Southern Greal.

The soldiers and equipment on the front lines after a long year of pushing west needed a rest the last month had been rough with the major push west to beat ceasefire talks to reach the 23rd grid line. The maintenance issues were starting to slow down operational tempo.

Down south it was a little easier going 1st and 2nd Army Corps moved pretty fast compared to the marine units up north of course besides the few bandits and recon units where keeping eyes on forces moving south and west and blew bridges slowing down the corps. It took awhile to recon and bypassed blown bridges. The army leading with its armor and mechanized units moved fast across the terrain leaving slower units to do the scorched earth work.

The units that made the most movement toward the 23rd grid line was the 3rd corp. and Task Force Pegasus they made it just shy of 70kms from the 23rd before the ceasefire was called. Now with troops and armor digging in and fortifying their positions, trench lines and foxholes were being dug along with battle positions for armor and support sections.

Commander on the frontlines and back the main headquarters on the east coast knew this was just giving the Vids time to regroup and prepare for a counterattack. The commanders had taken troops off the front lines and replaced them with reserve troops. But they also placed a mobile rapid reaction force to help plug any holes in case a counter attack was where to happen.

The time now was to place all intelligence gather personal, sensors and anything else to gauge the Vids intent and actions.

**When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.**

**#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q**



**Imbrinium**  
Diplomat

Posts: 589  
Founded: Mar 03, 2008  
Ex-Nation

by [Imbrinium](#) » Sun Feb 22, 2015 7:44 pm

[QUOTE](#)

After the fleets were being flush from ports with little to no warnings, fleets not attached to other commands were ordered east this left four fleets to link up with the fleets headed to the east for a standoff with Morrdh.

These four fleets were to be added onto too with two other fleets and possibly two more combat fleets. There was a mission but no yet had received orders on what that mission was.

Admiral Candido Greco was the commander of the naval assault fleet thirty, he was to the left of fleets headed east. The fleets had been ordered to radio silent and it was hard to talk using the old Morse coded light signals.

There was no chatter to go on just a grid where all the fleets would to meet and go from there this was a different mission from the Morrdh.

Days later while circling in a huge circle north of North Stom.

After all four naval assault fleets and two other support fleets had joined the mix, still no one with any answers and no ways to know what their mission is, it was hope that this was just a stand too just as a show of force.

Out of nowhere orders came in over the network.

*Secret:*

*To: Task Force Overlord*

*Operation: Outlook*

*Task force Overlord is to move east to within 100kms of the once was nation called Castleclose and await orders set condition two throughout the task force fire to defend yourself.*

*Keep radio silent unless attack report damages and casualties.*

*CentCom out*

That the fleets now a task force moved out with Admiral Candido Greco as the commander still not knowing much more that what was in the alert. So many questions not many answers but time would tell what was up with the secrecy. Rumors now where running wild within the fleet and now the command, some thought that maybe this was a move on Mokastana since the lost of support. Could be another push on Morrdh on a different front, like any big operation that no one knows about there was questions and more questions, and with answers on come with more questions.

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Last edited by [Imbrinium](#) on Sun Feb 22, 2015 7:46 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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**When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.**

**#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q**



**Wanderjar**  
Ambassador

Posts: 1895  
Founded: Feb 17, 2006  
Ex-Nation

by [Wanderjar](#) » Mon Feb 23, 2015 5:01 pm



Operation Focus had not gone precisely as hoped.

While the offensive, the largest in Wanderjarian history, had successfully dislodged the Stevidian forces from the border of what had been Stevidian South Greal, the offensive had relatively shortly ground to a halt. While the Wanderjarian Afrikaner Defense Forces had crushed their opposition and performed with verve, political uncertainty had led to the slowdown.

State President Blair had intended for the massive Army-Group South to push all the way across the region and drive the Stevidians from the region forcefully, many in Parliament had been horrified by the forceful move. Stevid and Wanderjar had always maintained fairly cordial relations, for the most part. Though the occupation of the territory had angered many in the Nationalist camp, most were indifferent at best and preferred to consider other avenues to direct Wanderjarian resources, such as the insurgency waging across the country by disenfranchised black communists.

Funding had been cut almost immediately, leaving the Army-Group in limbo and unable to continue its operations, forcing the million plus Afrikaner soldiers to dig in and allow the Stevidians to regain their strength and bearing. Limited warfare had ensued, with both sides raiding each other incessantly, and intermittent artillery duels leading to a cruel example of modern trench warfare which frustrated the Afrikaner soldiers at best, and crushed their morale at worst.

General De Witt, commanding Army Group South, grew more impatient as weeks and months passed, his forces in limbo and merely staving off a smaller but determined resistance. If only they were turned loose, he frequently bemoaned, they would have this war won in ten days, not the many months since the actual commencement of hostilities. Across the theater of operations, Wanderjar's allies in Lyras and Imbrinium continued their operations and grew impatient with the stalling by Wanderjar's leery and passive congress.

(OOC: I'll explain my most recent disappearance on the region board)



MT

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FT

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**Mokastana**  
Ambassador

Posts: 1554  
Founded: Feb 20, 2007  
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Tue Feb 24, 2015 10:30 am

QUOTE

**Fighter squad 23**  
**Call sign "Raptor Grande"**  
**16th Fleet**  
**People's Federal Navy**  
**On Patrol Route NORTHERN PASSAGE**

"Hive four to Raptor Grande."

"Raptor Grande reporting in."

"Raptor Grande, you are to head to bearing XXX. Radar picked up unidentified aircraft in hold position 300km out. Observe and report. Additional flight teams on route."

"Copy that, heading to bearing XXX, will observe and report."

Captain Emilio Topec did not like that the fleet had switched to generic name schemes, but they did that every now and then to keep everyone on their toes. Unidentified aircraft were not very common out here, but they weren't unheard of either. What was strange was that the unidentified craft was north of his patrol route, not south as usual. Each detail in of itself was minor, but together they painted a different picture.

He turned his F-18 Super Hornet and his five fellow aircraft making up "Raptor Grande" followed suite. It didn't take long before there search radar returned strong signals. Before his computer could identify what they were seeing he already had a good idea based on the size. He had never seen one before, but he knew they were strategic bombers, large and dangerous. Massive aircraft capable of carrying more ordinance than any other in existence he was aware of. When the computer finally returned the name he didn't want to see, it became clear to stay back.

"Raptor Grande to Hive four, unknown aircraft identified as Dragonhawks, maintaining safe distances"

"Copy that Raptor Grande, eight additional squads inbound. Maintain safe distances and report any change in behaviour."

Someone was parking nuclear powered stand off bombers north of Morrdh, and now the Moka navy was bringing up fighters to watch them. No doubt fleet command sent the location report to the Moridane high command. The biggest question now was: what are these bombers carrying?

**Situation Room**  
**Naval and Military Headquarters**  
**Juventud Island**  
**Mokastana**

"Mr. President," first up was Primary Admiral Jesus Consuelo, "we've seem reports of numerous, possibly thousands of ships from the Kingdom of Imbrinium moving into our local waters. I've been making sure we are coordinating with the Air Force's marinetime forces to track the ones entering the Sea of Tranquility and any East of Athnea. They seem to be rallying near Castleclose."

"How many ships?" A voice from around the table asked.

"At least 1500, probably more. The question is, who is their target?"

All eyes turned to Director in Chief Steven Francisco of the MBSA...

"We've been trying to keep track of Imbrinium's intentions here, working with Naval intelligence, observing their subs, and behaviour patterns. In addition to that, our own intelligence gathering points to the Crown having interest in Morrdh, they've been looking to track shipping and Military vessels leaving Morrdh for a while. Even smuggling agents out. "

"Speaking of that Director, how reliable and loyal is the Bureau at the moment?" The President eyed his former co-worker, trying to gauge how much much trouble the Bureau was in. The Director already knew he was under observation, if not investigation, so he spoke truthfully:

"Honestly, the majority is still loyal to us, but I fear the Crown has managed to convince more agents to turn then I am currently aware of. I cannot go into details, but we are purging our ranks of those with mixed loyalty, because of this our assessments may not be as accurate as we want."

"Is it possible the Crown is trying to let us think they are only after Morrdh while prepping an attack on us?"

"I cannot rule that possibility out."

The President sat back in his chair, if the Crown moved on Mokastana, they would be fighting a defensive war, but perhaps the Lyras would finally see the Crown's madness. Still, it would be a safe bet to assume they would be smart enough not to attack Mokastana without Lyras approval.

No, they had to be trying to get a reaction out of the Mokans, if the PUF fired first, then Lyras would more than likely remain neutral. It would be what he would do in their shoes. No one wanted to be the first to start a war between Covenant states, and the Kingdom already had enough black marks on their record. He needed a plan.

"Move us up to DEFCON four, those bombers plus the threat of annihilation against the Commonwealth means we need to be ready. Contact out allies in Lamoni, see if they would be willing to deploy a few fleets off our coast. Recall all naval forces that we reasonably can. If this does turn into something desperate, I want to make sure we are ready."

If the Crown wanted to provoke the PUF, the Federation would at least get ready for the brawl.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Tue Feb 24, 2015 3:39 pm, edited 1 time in total.

[Factbook](#)  
[Montana Inc](#)

Quotes about Mokastana:

**QUOTES**



**Stevид**  
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497  
Founded: Antiquity  
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevид** » Tue Feb 24, 2015 1:35 pm



CODE: **SELECT ALL**

Recipients:  
[Protectorate of Lyras](#)  
[Kingdom of Imbrinium](#)  
[Hapsburg Kingdom of Wanderjar](#)  
[The People's Unified Federation of Mokastana](#)  
[Free Republic of Lamoni](#)  
[The Commonwealth of Morrdh](#)

**OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE OF THE  
KINGDOM AND HOLY EMPIRE OF  
STEVID AND RUBET**

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

This government reiterates that it wishes to pursue a peaceful and diplomatic solution to the conflict. A position it has maintained throughout this conflict, a conflict started unjustly with negligible casus belli by Covenant forces.

However:

The ceasefire, pushed by Covenant nations Lamoni and Lyras – while holding, has prompted events that jeopardise this peace. The Kingdom of Imbrinium, this government believes and is believed by allied states, has solely orchestrated these events.

## END COMMUNIQUE GOD SAVE THE KING GOD SAVE THE EMPIRE

Last edited by [StevId](#) on Tue Feb 24, 2015 1:44 pm, edited 3 times in total.

[\[StevId Embassy Exchange Programme\]](#) | [\[StevId MoD\]](#) | [\[REANIMATION DIRECTIVE \(Nov. 2014\)\]](#) | [Craxx Archipelago Colonial Signup Thread](#) | [SeaCul - Oil & Gas Exploitation](#) | [SternGuard - Private Military Contractor](#)



**Lamoni**  
Game Moderator

Posts: 9045  
Founded: Antiquity  
Inoffensive Centrist  
Democracy

☐ by [Lamoni](#) » Tue Feb 24, 2015 8:30 pm



### **Office of the President of the Free Republic of Lamoni**

#### Addressed to:

Prime Minister Conroy  
The Kingdom and Holy Empire of Stevid and Rubet

Prime Minister Conroy,

After a request for aid from the People's Unified Federation of Mokastana, a full fifty-four Lamonian carrier battlegroups are currently on their way towards Mokastanan waters, as stated in [this](#) news article. We believe that your government will be fully able to read between the lines as to the reasons behind the deployment, though we hope that this deployment will not become a shooting gallery, our ships are fully prepared to defend themselves from any Imbrinium aggression that might arise.

Similarly, we have placed the Commonwealth of Morrdh under the protection of the Lamonian nuclear umbrella, meaning that anyone who uses nuclear weapons against the Commonwealth of Morrdh will face retaliation in kind from the Free Republic. As both of our governments know from our joint inspection teams, the Commonwealth of Morrdh is now a nuclear-free state, and as such, subject to nuclear blackmail. It was the belief of the Lamonian government that placing Morrdh under Lamonian nuclear protection will send a clear message to the Kingdom of Imbrinium that widening the war any further than it has already gotten would have serious negative consequences for Imbrinium, similar as to the message sent by the recent large movement of the Lamonian Navy to Mokastana, with hope for permission to use bases in both Mokastana and Morrdh to stage these ships out of. Thus, it is our hope that the current cease-fire will be maintained, even though our government still hopes for a peaceful resolution to the crisis.

Please let me know if you have any further concerns.

Signed,

Andrew Stinson  
President  
Free Republic of Lamoni

Last edited by **Lamoni** on Tue Feb 24, 2015 8:32 pm, edited 1 time in total.

[National Anthem](#)      [Depressed or Suicidal? M-SAD Assessment My Factbook](#)  
Resides in [Greater](#)      [Lyrans Arms The One Stop Rules Shop](#)  
[Dienstad](#). (Former)      [GHR Page My Moderator Theme Song](#)  
Mayor of [Equilism](#).

**I'm a Senior N&I RP Mentor. Questions? TG me!**

[Quotes](#)

**Part of the Meow family in Gameplay, and a GORRAM GAME MOD! My TGs are NOT for Mod Stuff.**



**Imbrinium**  
Diplomat

Posts: 589  
Founded: Mar 03, 2008  
Ex-Nation

by **Imbrinium** » Thu Feb 26, 2015 12:32 pm



#### **Outside Cormond:**

About 50kms down the coast from the capital and about 25kms from the naval academy sat an old naval base. This naval base was both a mix of old and new it had been around since the turn of the century with new buildings, there were reinforced sub pens left over from the Second World War and dry docks large enough for a carrier. What was based here was the Naval Intelligence Research Unit (NIRU) this unit was the cutting edge in intelligence and research for the navy and naval operations.

Within 24hrs after the attack on Rock River the data gathered by all coast guard and naval units where collected and sent here along with the torpedo that went crazy. The torpedo was being taken apart by the tetchy intelligence guys. The sonar data was sent through a number of different systems to find the sonar signal of the attacking submarine.

After a few hours of playing the data back though the system over and over again to pick-up the best quality of sonar data. Minutes at after running the data through an ID system that's loaded on every sub in the fleet the sub was known along with all of information on the submarine was sent to the MOD and the Crown.

#### **Cormond the War room:**

Deep under the capital the king and the leaders of the MOD and the commanders from all the commands within the sphere of control, along with a few law makers from committees where in the main briefing room, ladies and gentlemen just about a hour ago we received the information we've been awaiting.

As the screen showed the raw data in terms that only a small part of the room could understand. Then it came down the meat of the briefing. The Centbloc North Commander Gen. Monaldo Napoleone took his place behind the podium. Ladies and gentlemen a tragic attack has happened to this nation days ago, and the attack is still going on with the oil destroying our coastline. Even though we never caught the submarine we almost had him, the major problem was not having the forces in the area needed to carry out the attack further. The intelligence was sent to the NIRU and the data has been confirmed that the submarine came from Morrdh. The Submarine was an Oberon class submarine and the name of the sub was the HSS Odin and the commander was Captain Henshaw. So with this proof it is now up to the Crown and our commanders to decide what and where we go next.

**When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.**

**#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q**

by **Imbrinium** » Thu Feb 26, 2015 6:06 pm

**Castle Cormond, Cormond**



**Imbrinium**  
Diplomat

Posts: 589  
Founded: Mar 03, 2008  
Ex-Nation

Deep inside the basement of the castle in a secure section where <sup>QUOTE</sup> only a hand few of personal have the right to go. The king and other secret members of royalty take their seats around an old table that seemed left over from the Middle Ages. These members of royalty make up the outer core and there is an inter-core in which unknown members of the old royal family called the members. The members of what is known as the core are a handed down to the members of the royal family and sometimes those outside the family who have done great things for the Crown.

The day's events and then discuss what the next actions the crown should make. The inter members think things should go ahead as planned and the focus on peace talks with Stevid but make sure that Morrdh pays for harming the homeland. So it was agreed that the plans shouldn't change and should go the way they were setup.

At army bases across Imbrinium orders where handed out and the massive load out to began. A deal had been reached with Wanderjar to place a million troops to cover the possible with drawn of IAF out of southern Greal. These troops would be the back bone to cover the backs of the soldiers who have been at war for over a year and needed a break. The big push was that they were to be on their way within two weeks, this would push everything in the chain to get these troops deployed.

#### **East Mordent Joint Military HQ.**

The alerts went out like normal to gear up and report to stations. Hundreds of soldiers grabbed their kits and reported to their duty stations, such as life on just miles from the border of a hostile nation. This was looking like a full scale multi-service alert, no one ever knew if this was a drill or the real thing till they got to the staging area, sometimes it would lead to war games or mock operations.

In the middle of the night soldiers, aircrews loaded vehicles and aircraft and sailors reported to their coastal ships. This was gearing up to be the biggest alert to date, hundreds of armored vehicles moved toward the border with troop transports. Attack helicopters and transport helicopters took off loaded with their weapons and soldiers, and reported to their forward staging areas. At air force bases live weapons where being hurried onto the pylons and alert aircraft where already in the air and in their staging areas.

The navy's first assault fleets were already at sea but they seemed to know before anyone else about the alert. This huge alert was spreading land sea and air there where hundreds of aircraft in the sky and the carriers where ramping up to launch aircraft. Just little after four hours after the alert went out and it was just about 4a.m. in the morning and everyone was in position and waiting for the return orders. At five minutes to 4a.m. the order was given and the order wasn't to return to the base and barracks. Within minutes missile batteries and artillery batteries opened up landing inside the border of east mordent within minutes hundreds of aircraft crossed the border and attack the border radars and troop station, attack helicopters move quickly in attacking vehicle depots and what armored vehicles where on the road.

The IAF armor rolled over the border engaging West Mordent soldier and Morrdh military wherever it popped up. The fighting was heavy at times, but the there was major movement west. The Morrdh military where caught off guard what aircraft were in the air where destroyed quickly and air fields close to the border where hit with either missile strikes or artillery.

It was only a matter of time before Morrdh military would come back but it would be enough to stop the steamroller headed west.

#### **Off the coast of Castleclose:**

The orders came in a coded action message to conduct operation outlook, and things on TF Overlord shifted into high gear. The carriers

launched strike aircraft to hit any anti-aircraft weapons. The marines reported to their ELVs and AAVs and landing boats and hit the ocean headed for the shore. Helicopters carrying marines headed toward the shore in the cover of night.

Within an hour the first waves of troops where ashore and moving into the first blocks of the city the local airport was taken and being held along with the radio stations. There was some fighting but the militias broke contact quickly and ran. The first tanks and armored vehicles where ashore along with almost first full battalion now ashore conducting combat operations, this was the beginning of operations

#### At sea headed east:

A massive alert message went out to all fleets headed east to the operational area against Morrdh, the mission now where support operation outlook. The ships turned toward Castleclose and made best speed to open another front as soon as they could.

Last edited by [Imbrinium](#) on Sun Mar 01, 2015 2:30 am, edited 1 time in total.

**When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.**

**#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q**



**Mokastana**  
Ambassador

Posts: 1554  
Founded: Feb 20, 2007  
Democratic Socialists

by [Mokastana](#) » Fri Feb 27, 2015 9:20 am



#### Casillas Residence Phoenix, Territory of Tatom Mejico

Ivan Casillas had been a lucky conscript. Eight months ago he had reported for training and didn't fail the health exam. What followed was the typical six months of grueling marches, obstacle courses, rifle training, Military Occupation School and drill instructors raiding the barracks at 2AM to make sure everyone was in the mood for a morning jog. Like many kids sent fresh into conscription, he was sent to another part of the Federation and met kids from areas he had only heard of. Since the Federation recruited conscripts from both sexes, the ratio was about 60/40 in most classes. So naturally he met a girl, one named Ariel.

It had started as a typical conscription hook up, a problem so common the military had to budget for condoms less they lose manpower to pregnancies and STDs. She was Anuien, he was Moka/Yaroslav mix, and the cold Wellovian mountains gave the two tropical blooded lovers enough reasons to stay close. Over time what had been a short affair soon blossomed into something more.

After training they both had been put in the raffle for Active Duty, she got selected, he didn't. She put in a request to be sent to Mokastana Proper, and Ivan was sent back home to serve in public industry and do monthly training. Two weeks went by before he heard from her, but one morning at 4am, he got a phone call. She wanted to let him know she had been assigned to 372th Motor Rifle Division, 4th Army, based west of Saltillo in MejicoNorte. It was still some 800 kilometres to get there, but they were planning a rendezvous soon when she got leave.

So when the phone rang at 4:30AM he answered with a groggy but smiling "hello", thinking it was Ariel, but instead of her tired but equally smiling voice, a cold machine greeted him with the following:

"This is a general order for mobilization for the 2nd District Reserve Guard. Please report to your assigned mobilization center and await further orders. If you are away from your assigned area, contact your local Reserve Guard center for Mobilization. Once again, this is a general Mobilization order for the 2nd..."

The mechanical voice would continue until he hung up the phone. He



knew the Mejican Reserve Guard had a habit of being mobilized, his older brother was mobilized for a few months during the war with Castille, and he said it was a cake walk. Ivan hoped he would have a similar experience. He hoped that Ariel was alright, given.. whatever was happening,

### FCV Honest Dream Civilian fishing vessel

Fishing at night was always a peaceful endeavor for the crew of the *Honest Dream*, the sky was clear as could be. Every star shown brightly, even with Luna showing a full moon tonight. The silence of the ship's engines being off and the low lights attracted a few fish to be captured and brought back to market on a few days.

In the distance, a low whir grew louder, crew looked out to the blackness of the sea, trying to spot what it was that was making the noise.

"Sounds like helicopters."

One of the crew spoke up. It was the only thing any said as the sound began to fade in the distance. The crew was not ignorant of the large military fleets standing off around in the area, but it would take more than a passing helicopter to convince them to return. It was the fourth pass of helicopters before the youngest crew member got a phone call via the satellite phone...

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Fri Feb 27, 2015 2:28 pm, edited 4 times in total.

[Factbook](#)  
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Quotes about Mokastana:

[QUOTES](#)



**The Macabees**  
Senator

Posts: 3870  
Founded: Antiquity  
Anarchy

by [The Macabees](#) » Fri Feb 27, 2015 8:20 pm



### Fedala, Imperial Province

"They attacked without warning! Those assholes! Do they understand the predicament they put us in?" exclaimed Fedor, a wild passion running through his veins as he paced from one side of the lavish room to the other. He had invited his top generals and his most trusted advisers to one of the many conference quarters of the Palace. The topic was the now widely known Imbrinium attack on Morrdh. "We're allied to them, as such we should stand ready to intervene when needed. Still, they really screwed us in the pooch on this one." With a growing distrust between the Golden Throne and United World Order, as well as a supposed rebellion along the southern coast of Theohuanacu, and a host of other threats, His Imperial Majesty did not see the humor in Imbrinium's recent addition to the Empire's responsibilities. There would be more than a handful of 'fucking assholes' thrown around that night.

"No shit," agreed one of the advisors. They were all pretty drunk. Political meetings are pretty boring, so there's nothing like passing around a few blunts and a handle of top shelf *jinhare*, a popular distilled alcohol produced in Theohuanacu.

With that said, Fedor sat deep in thought. Well, let's be honest, he was way too fucked up to think about anything. Especially now, no longer as young as he once was (although, not exact old either — in his mid- or late 30s), the dark fluid of impairment took an especially exacting toll. Older, but still young, the wrinkles that ran across his forehead as he was "deep in thought" (yea, right) were still unnatural. They were the mark of an important man, who had much to worry about throughout his Imperial career, and all too little to enjoy. So, he basically just sat there pretending to be deep in thought, but basically staring off into nothingness while twirling his glass on the table. Finally, he looked up at his generals, his face as

serious as any man's whose just heard bad news. "So, what do we do?"

One of the generals — who hadn't had a drop of booze to drink (people who don't drink when everyone does being considered straight-up bizzaros in the Golden Throne) — stepped up, when he had been silent the entire meeting. "We are a people of honor. We have agreements in place with Imbrinium. It is time to act upon those agreements, the rest of the region and their opinions be damned. There is nothing more sacred on this green planet than to uphold one's word."

Fedor raised a now once-again full glass of *jinhare*m and proclaimed, "To honor!" He lowered his glass, thought about it a little longer — no one dared interrupted His Imperial Majesty when he was thinking — and then followed up with, "What of our allies on the other side of the war? What about our responsibilities elsewhere? This will derail our own priorities."

The same general as before responded, voice dripping resolute confidence, "This is not the time to dally on the difficulties of running an Empire, with a list of responsibilities that grows with every breath. Now is the time to act, to show our allies, on whatever side of the camp they sit on, that we act on our word."

"Bold words," said another military man, who had been silent up to that point. "Or are they the words of a fool? Sometimes boldness and idiocy are indistinguishable." This same man took note of something the first general was lacking and said something to that effect, "Where is your drink, Carles?"

"This is a time for steady, sober thought, not for the words of a drunkard," retorted the first general.

"Careful, young man," said another man, sitting in the depths of a dark shadow cast upon one of the corners of the room. The man who warned the general was none other than the Captain of the Emperor's Guards. But, the young general paid him no true heed.

"Anyways, you are an old man who has lost his taste for war. It's no surprise that you turn your back on our allies, Imbrinium, for the sake of neutrality." He turned to the Emperor, face solemn, words steady, "Neutrality is an easy road to take. But, sometimes, the safe route is not the best. I think this is one of those times." There were some murmurs of agreement from the back of the room, from other generals who had nothing of worth to say, so they attached themselves to the man with the worth to speak up.

There was a pause, but finally a third general came to the forefront. "We have no quarrels with Morrdh, and it *would* be foolish to antagonize Mokastana. Yes, now with relations between our two states so promising, it would be foolish." He looked at the first general with frigid contempt. "Some of us would like the Empire to lunge head-first into a war. To prove our mettle. This is wrongheaded and an error of youth. We must strengthen our international position. How easy is it for other nations to turn against us, in fear for their safety? We are a large Empire and have already gobbled up vast territories. Others think they are next." He turned an unwavering gaze towards Fedor. "How would you feel, Your Imperial Majesty, if you were the leader of a small country, and a large Empire that has not known defeat since anyone can remember were knocking on your doorstep? Surely, you would respond with some hostility."

Yes, the general of the General Throne were quite full of themselves, and of the political and military power of the Empire. Some say hubris will be the cause of the Empire's fall. But, that is a story for another time.

"Hmmm," pondered Fedor as he poured himself another glass of that pirate poison. After another short pause, and a subsequent gulp of that sweet nectar, he came to his decision, "I've had enough of this political maneuvering. Let us drink more. Tonight shall be a night of

festivities, not a night of depression — we shall not too be victims of Imbrinium's warring. Still, we must come to a decision, and I have." The others sat quiet, attuned to the Emperor's every word. "We shall remain neutral...for now. We shall wait to see how others react. Imbrinium is our ally, and we will honor our promises..." He trailed off.

Fedor's eyes moved to a map of Greater Dienstad on the wall. The others' own gazes followed his own, towards the large map. They found his eyes stopping on a series of islands positioned within the south-central seas of the region. Then they turned back to His Imperial Majesty, and he repeated, "Yes...we shall wait to see how others react."

Last edited by [The Macabees](#) on Fri Feb 27, 2015 8:32 pm, edited 2 times in total.

Former Sr. II Roleplaying Mentor | [Factbook](#)

[The Macabees' Guides to Roleplaying, Worldbuilding, and Other Stuff](#)  
(please upvote if you like them!)



**Morrdh**  
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417  
Founded: Apr 16, 2008  
Democratic Socialists

by [Morrdh](#) » Sat Feb 28, 2015 3:01 pm



### West Mordent

The first signs of the Imbrinium attack was when Morridane radar picked the tracks of the first wave of missiles and the approaching aircraft, though the Morridane garrison had been brought to a state of readiness when border OPs reported mass movement in East Mordent. A lot of the border defences remained unmanned since the troops were moved to dispersal points, the Morridane commander preferring to stay cautious and play it by ear. Though when the attack came the alert went out quickly, the sirens throughout West Mordent had just begun their banshee wail as the first few missiles landed and the Morridane Skyguard batteries were brought into action. As fire rained down, West Mordent was screaming from every siren and klaxon.

The main airbase in West Mordent was RMAF Lindun, located far enough west to be hit last during the opening Imbrinium salvo. A few missiles managed to strike home and wreck havoc before the Skyguard and anti-air batteries managed to put up a defence screen, but it was enough to destroy planes and kill personnel. A third of the base's squadron of LY909 Sparrowhawks were put out of action before their pilots scrambled and got airborne, the ones that rocketed into the skies quickly found themselves engaged in a fight for their lives against the Imbrinium fighters in what was their debut in Morridane service. Less than half of the base's F-4 Phantom squadron made it up to help support the Sparrowhawks, the dozen or so Hawker Hunters were a tad luckier being quicker off the mark and staying low. The Hunters were geared more towards being fighter-bombers and would avoid tangling with the Imbrinium fighters as much as possible, their task was to seek out enemy missile and artillery batteries with the intention of silencing them for good. The Hunter pilots would have to use every ounce of their skills and their aircraft's famed agility to bring their bombs and ADEN cannons to bear.

Out to sea things were a bit better for the Commonwealth, the Gulf of Mordent had been mined extensively and submarine defences installed following the outbreak of the Stevidian-Imbrinium conflict. The Royal Morridane Navy's Mordent Squadron would be relatively safe from Imbrinium naval attacks for the time being, thus allowing to lend support to the air defence of West Mordent. Two fleet carriers, HSS *Wiseman* and HSS *Dominion*, were present due to the former suppose to have relieved the latter. The *Dominion* hadn't been due to leave for another day or so following the arrival of her sister ship, it was a rare piece of luck that the Morridanes presently enjoyed. Both carriers had about 24 Blackburn Buccaneers and 28 Phantom FG1s between them, the Phantoms were launched first to support their land based counterparts. Down on the hanger decks as the Phantoms were launched, the Buccaneers were fitted with a pair of ASHMs, a pair of Sidewinder AA missiles and four 1,000lb bombs. There wasn't much of a plan, the Buccaneer crews were simply told to seek out

and attack any Imbrinium naval vessels they could find. Like the Hunters the Buccaneers would be flying low, in this case almost skimming the waves to avoid detection so that they could carry out their own attacks despite effectively flying blind since it was deemed too dangerous to send up either carrier's Gannet AEWs to direct them.

The rest of the Mordent Squadron consisted of a few frigates, destroyers, a pair of cruisers and four [Divinus class](#) subs. The surface ships were mainly concerned with either ASW or, in this particular instance, AA defence to help stem the Imbrinium air attack. Much like the Sparrowhawks, the Divinus class subs were seeing their début as well having been kept in reserve as the tried and tested Oberon class subs went into action. Now the Divinus subs had finally been, admittedly hastily, cleared to enter the fray. In addition there were a pair of nuclear powered [Swiftsure class](#) subs lurking...*somewhere* in the waters round Mordent, for all intent and purpose the 'ghost ships' of the Royal Morridane Navy's already secretive Submarine Service. The RMN had never exactly spoken much about its nuclear subs which had many to doubt that they ever exist, something that was reinforced by their crews being bound by the Official Secrets Act and monitored by Commonwealth Intelligence whenever they went on leave unlike their diesel sub counterparts who enjoyed much greater freedoms.

On land the Morridane Army was being to stir, troops were hurrying to pre-briefed mustering points that had been planned in the chance of a Imbrinium attack that had now become a reality. The Morridanes hadn't been idle since their abortive offensive the previous year, preparations had been undertaken to beef up the defence of West Mordent. Additional Skyguard and Anti-Air had been installed along with a defence in depth, the overall defence plan had been changed from a defensive line to strongpoints backed up by mobile forces. Armoured units now largely consisted of LY6A1 Werewolf Tank Destroyers and LY4A1 Wolfhound MBTs, a noticeable improvement over the Challenger I previously used. The L1A1 SLR still remained the Morridane infantryman's standard weapon, though ATGMs had been replaced by better systems. The Morridane artillery batteries had been firmly placed under an improved anti-air defence umbrella, it was also where the bulk of the Morridane troops were located. The plan was to basically hold position wherever possible to blunt the Imbrinium attack, wear down the Imbrinium before launching localized counter-attacks to steadily push them back as reinforcements arrived and the defensive Anti-Air umbrella was expanded.

It was a simple plan, but time would tell if it worked.

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## Tyland Island

Laying some distance to the north of Greater Dienstad was the Morridane naval outpost of Tyland Island, its role was to act as a waystation for Morridane vessels patrolling the northern waters having been previously used as a whaling station a century earlier. Typically it was only home to a minute population of naval servicemen, but for the past few months its population had swelled since the bulk of the RMN had [moved north](#) under the pretence of naval exercises. Hundreds of canvas tents had been put up to billet the vast force assembled here, an army group for the first time since the Great Border War. It consisted of two field armies, the Morridane 5th Army and the First New Garrack Army, which had been assembled here piece by piece as an 'insurance policy' in the event of a major Imbrinium attack. The soldiers had been growing impatient as the days and months went by, though they were kept busy practising amphibious assaults amongst the rest of the island chain of which Tyland Island was part of. Now they finally had orders to go to combat readiness and prepare to be shipped out, though the destination had yet to be revealed.



**Castille de Italia**  
Minister

Posts: 2314  
Founded: Mar 22, 2012  
Iron Fist Consumerists

by **Castille de Italia** » Sat Feb 28, 2015 5:33 pm



## Cape Kensington, Northern Annexed Castleclose

It was a relatively quiet morning in Cape Kensington. It was one of the northernmost towns in Castleclose, which had been successfully annexed by the Castillian National Socialist State. Castleclose was not quite entirely part of the State, but merely a territory and Castillian law extended out to the very tip of the Viridian Isle. Cape Kensington was a small fishing village home to the Castillian National Army's most important monitoring outpost, given the location between Imbrinium and Morrdh. The State had stated that it would remain neutral in the conflict, but kept a close eye on developing war ever since the Kingdom of Imbrinium had used unconventional weapons against Haize satellites.

The monitoring station, Kensington Station, was staffed by a small battalion of Castillian National Army soldiers, a company of Castillian State Marines, and a Flight Group of the Castillian National Air Force. Stationed at the outpost were five F-15E fighter jets, one MC-12W multi-mission aircraft, and several heavily armored vehicles for ground defense and patrols. The outpost consisted of a takeoff/landing strip, a control tower, several hangars and barracks, and concrete fortifications. The main purpose of the station was to provide radar surveillance and lookout for enemy invasion forces.

The troops running radar was aware of the Imbrinium fleet, but it had initially appeared that they were heading for Morrdh. Although they were suspicious of such a large fleet, they had figured that the Kingdom of Imbrinium was planning to invade Morrdh, as they Castillian intelligence has earlier notified the crew of Kensington Station of the situation in West Mordent, and the Imbrinium offensive there.

It was not until that a small fishing vessel had contacted the station over radio, notifying the Castillian station that the Imbrinium fleet had indeed changed course and were facing south towards Castleclose. A U-2 Reconnaissance plane was sent from Gilbertson Air Force Base towards the border regions of Castleclose to capture more data on the potential invasion fleet.

The spy plane didn't make it in time, instead the Imbrinium fleet had begun their invasion in the coastal city of Ulster. The invasion had taken place about one-hundred and fifty kilometers from Kensington Station, where the Office of the Territorial Governor was situated. Ulster was also the longest and bloodiest part of the campaign to annex Castleclose. Once the IAF had jets bombing strategic positions, a large majority of the small contingent that occupied the city evacuated, leaving some of the Closian militias to give the Imbrinium forces

some casualties. The only Castillian unit that stayed was the twenty-six man troop of Castillian State Marines that were assigned to protect the territorial offices. The other thousand Castillian troops fell back outside the city, laying traps, demolishing buildings, and creating road blocks in order to halt the future Imbrinium advance.

The local airfield housed two C-5 aircraft for airlift purposes, and they were demolished to keep them out of falling into enemy hands. The control tower was also demolished, in an attempt to prevent the Imbrinium troops from fully utilizing the airfield. By this time word had gotten to the High Command in Antietam, and regular and reserve units alike were being mobilized and rushed across the border.

### **Territorial Offices, Ulster**

The Imbrinium offensive had caught Castillian troops by surprise. The regular Army units had retreated to form outside the city and wait for reinforcements from Camp Murray. The troop of Castillian State Marines that stayed was an embassy detail, assigned to guard the Territorial Office in Ulster. It wasn't feasible for the Governor and his staff to leave before burning all of the documents and sensitive equipment, and with Imbrinium forces surrounding the compound, there wasn't any escape.

The Marines had set up on the roof, unknown to the Imbrinium invasion force, anti-air launchers, only to be used in dire circumstances. A Carl Gustav recoilless rifle was set up in the second story overlooking the courtyard, with a view of the main street. Machine gun nests were placed in front and in the back of the office compound. The Standard Eagle was flown upside down as a distress signal, and a makeshift white flag made out of drapes was flown in the hopes that the Imbrinium forces would allow negotiations before they attacked the compound.

Several of the Marines were wearing civilian clothes underneath their combat gear because of the short notice they were given. They had orders to absolutely defend the compound at any cost, and if it were to fall, demolish that building with C-4.

Governor Winters was moved into the basement of the office, which was reinforced with steel beams and ultra-tough concrete, in case the building was hit by artillery or bombs.

The Marines were prepared to die in order to protect this sovereign soil. Hopefully it wouldn't come to that.

### **Camp Murray, Midwestern Castlclose**

Almost half a million troops were assembled at Camp Murray by the end of the day of the



Imbrinium invasion. Mobile infantry and armored units were already heading forward north, in order to meet with Castillian forces holding outside Ulster. Not all of these would be heading to Ulster, more would be sent to other cities to prevent Imbrinium forces from gaining even more of a foothold.

Attached to these units were artillery units that were to set up outside the city and shell it to oblivion. It was unilaterally decided that a declaration of war would make its way shortly to Imbrinium, and that the State would react with the unprovoked invasion with the full force of the Castillian Armed Services.

### The Chancellery, Antietam

The Chancellor's office was absolutely silent. The room was completely crowded, as government officials watched the Chancellor of the Castillian National Socialist State sign into law the declaration of war against Imbrinium. It wasn't even an hour before the National Parliament had approved it and the letter had reached the Chancellor's desk for his approval.

As the inkpen reached the last stroke of the Chancellor's signature, everyone in the room applauded. The letter was then scanned in an adjacent room and sent to the Imbrinium Foreign Office by facsimile. The Castillian National Socialist State was officially at war.

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Last edited by [Castille de Italia](#) on Wed Mar 11, 2015 10:05 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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**Wanderjar**  
Ambassador

Posts: 1895  
Founded: Feb 17, 2006  
Ex-Nation

by **Wanderjar** » Sat Feb 28, 2015 6:07 pm

QUOTE

*Castleclose, Castille*  
*0330hrs*

Lieutenant Piet Kruger had been wearing his rebreather mask for far too long.

From an operational standpoint, the Draeger rig was a fantastic piece of kit, as it gave away no tell-tale cavitation which could expose an operator. Rebreathers were not without their negatives, however. The buildup of pure oxygen in the blood stream, after having been used for several hours, would lead the user to feel incredible migraine headaches. This was a consequence of the rebreather mask's carbon-dioxide scrubber. As the Royal Afrikaner Navy's elite Naval Combat Demolition Unit Team 15, 1st platoon, rode their Swimmer Delivery Vehicle's (SDV) towards the shoreline of Castilian occupied Castleclose, they ditched these machines five miles out and had been swimming ever since. For over five hours he and his twenty-three men had been wearing these diving rigs, pushing both the limits of

their own endurance and the physical limits one could wear them for before causing bodily harm.

As he kicked another stroke forward he smiled to himself. Pushing the limits was just what it meant to be a Wanderjarian Frogman.

As they reached the shore, they silently slipped into the moonlit night in their black combat diver suits, twenty-three shadows on the beach. Each man removed his swimfins and attached them to a lanyard behind their thighs, and removed the wetsuits revealing a woodland camouflage pattern being field tested for wider circulation.

The Lieutenant took a deep breath of fresh air, and almost like magic the migraine dissipated. That small crisis resolved, he motioned for his executive officer, Lieutenant Junior Grade Riaan du Toit, to move forward. He did, taking a knee next to Kruger. Meanwhile, each of the fire teams was advancing the fifty meters to the nearest tree line. Dense forest would provide concealment and security for the platoon while they plotted their next moves.

'Riaan, first squad is going to take the lead. I'll move with them while you move with second squad. We're advancing fifteen kilometers,' he pulled a map from a waterproof pouch on his webgear, 'here, to meet the Imbrinium forces advance.' This was already known to every member of the platoon, they had been briefed thoroughly on their mission days before embarking with the RAN *Leviathan* submarine. They were to link up with the Imbrinium forces and attach themselves to the theater commander, and try to make themselves useful. Along the way they had studied the Castilian presence in Castleclose and were familiar with the local irregular militias likely to be employed by the Castilians. If they encountered any such groups along the way, they were to neutralize them with as much violence of action as necessary, and continue on with their primary objective.

'Hooyah sir,' Riaan replied. 'After you.' He gave thumbs up. With that, Lieutenant Piet stood up and jogged to where his platoon Chief Petty Officer was directing a young Ensign. The CPO nodded. The march formation for such a large NCDU unit would be that each squad would advance in a line formation, with the respective fireteams forming columns fifty meters apart. One hundred meters behind, the other two squads would do the same. This increased security and limited the likelihood that their enemy would know the full strength of the detachment moving through their territory.

The Lieutenant set off through the woods, his twenty-two officers and men following behind.

Last edited by [Wanderjar](#) on Sat Feb 28, 2015 6:19 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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**Mokastana**  
Ambassador

Posts: 1554  
Founded: Feb 20, 2007  
Democratic Socialists

by [Mokastana](#) » Sun Mar 01, 2015 10:28 am



### **Presidential Palace, Mokastana City, Mokastana Proper 2100 Hours**

*Politics is war without bloodshed, War is politics with bloodshed.*

President Henry Milano sat one of the many rooms of the third floor of the Presidential Palace, looking out of the bullet proof window to the night sky. His gauze passed over the courtyard, passed the armed guards patrolling the perimeter and the three meter high wall that formed the perimeter. Hardly a star could be seen, but that was because Mokastana City was a city that never slept. Cruises ships brought their party dazed tourists, and politicians and ambassadors did their various deeds with one another, all while locals and international representatives hit the clubs and danced on the street.

None of it mattered to Henry tonight.

When your allies go to war against one another, what is one suppose to do? Watch as your nation gets torn apart as parties bicker back and forth? Deal with the consequences of goods going short because they have blockaded each other's trade routes? Find new ways to handle the influx of refugees who flock to the only free and safe nation nearby? These questions had plagued his mind for over a year now. He knew the effects and he had seen the troubles caused by the Dienstani Great War. Neutrality would be a slow death for the People's Unified Federation, but they did not have the military presence of Lyras, or the political sway of Lamoni. The PUF had always been considered an equal in the Covenant in all regards, but it didn't take a military strategists to realize the Federation would be the first asking for support if war came to its doorstep.

It had been why conscription was in placed, why the Reserve Guard existed. Ever since manufacturing came to the Mokan Region, they had been producing weapons to maintain their sovereignty. The Natuls of Mejico and the Coztics of Tatom had taught the Mokan people what it means to fight to the last man. Even today when most other indigenous tribes had been scattered to the wind with only cheap membership cards to show who they once were, the Natuls and Coztics held tightly to their native lands and languages. Both prospered so well as to be separate Ethnic groups on the census. They were the inspiration of the Warrior Societies that made up the social ladder off the Army. Many Natuls even held some of the highest ranks in the Warrior Societies.

Yet eve with a gun for every man, woman and child, a tank in every driveway and SAMs around the playgrounds, you could not defend against economic warfare, propaganda, or nuclear devastation. Even if an enemy through enough conventional weapons at it, sooner or later those would fall.

War was coming to the North East, in the President's hands he held various intelligence reports from the Commonwealth, the Free Republic and his old friends in the Bureau of Secret Affairs, things were getting complicated fast. The kingdom had not landed troops in the Commonwealth yet, and they knew the Mokans would respond with troops of their own if they did. All the while the Lyras government was doing its best to keep the Covenant from splitting in two.

Then he had this ridiculous request from Castille de Italia. National Socialist begging for help from an inferior race, offering to repeal their racist ways in exchange for help repelling a (technically) ally of Mokastana. It was the one thing that made Henry chuckle as he flipped through the papers. Castille had started to open up relations again lately, but did that mean Mokastana would have to recognize their claim on Castleclose? What would it mean to keep one dictator propped up if it cost Mokastana her allies? Responding in the Positive would indicate that yes, we acknowledge your claims on your northern neighbor we spent last year supplying with weapons to fight against you.

Of course, responding in the negative would be a silent nod of approval to the Kingdom of Imbrinium, who would no doubt use their position to launch missile strikes at the Commonwealth, if not a full scale invasion. The Kingdom did not respond to war with any less than overwhelming force. Though the fact that they were not sinking everything with a Commonwealth flag was an interesting turn of events. Perhaps another intervention by Lyras, knowing full well that many Mokan civilians would be on board those ships. Still those from Belmotin wanted blood for blood, and with Charles Villa retired the Pro-Imbrinium factions were scattering to the wind. Another report showed threats against New Garrack, all while Stevid was tied up due to cease fire and possible peace treaty.

One thing was certain, the war was getting too close to the Federation. It was easy to play peacekeeper when the war was far off in the land of South Greal, politics could be played and deals

made, but now they were seeing the massive fleets passing domestic shipping lanes, and a key Moka Supply/Trade route was about to be cut off if New Garrack fell. How much more would the People's Unified Federation pay while her allies asked her to stay silent and off to the side?

Henry signed and shuffled the reports, wishing he still trusted himself to drink, but he had given that up when he formally left the Bureau of Secret Affairs. It had been a while since he was a Propaganda Specialist and his skills were rusty. Propaganda operations were easy against a people who were starving and desperate for a solution. Manipulating fellow senators had been a cakewalk when it came to getting bills passed. Even as President his command of Parliament was unmatched when compared to any other President in Moka history. He had lost control when Parliament got scared and passed the anti-trade laws against the Kingdom, but he could at least spin those to his advantage domestically. On the international scene, dealing with multiple nations with their own agendas and goals, things got far more complicated.

Henry flipped to the next report, Lyrans forces are threatening to get involved in Castille de Italia if they attack Kingdom forces, and he began to formulate a plan of action for the Federation. His cloak and dagger background advised him against open and clear moves, preferring instead to keep the opponents in the dark into the true nature of his intentions. Parliament would debate, but the military would understand the importance of having their pieces on the board. In reality, there was no reason not to answer the National Socialist call for help. Moka troops would be in position against the Kingdom if it came to war, and if Castille and Imbrinium traded shots and wiped each other out Moka troops would lead the future of the island continent. Besides he could always request something silly to embarrass and discredit the Chancellor in response.

The wild card was, of course, Lyras. The most powerful state in the entirety of Greater Dienstad was not a wild card to be taken lightly either. Intelligence showed they intended to back the Imbrinium cause in Castleclose if it came to war, which was why, if he moved in support, it was important to get Moka boots on the ground as soon as possible.

Though Moka troops shooting first in defense of a National Socialist would kill any chance the Mokans had at political leverage. No, they needed something to stand on. The Peacekeeper card might still be good for a few uses, and deploying trained professional soldiers instead of conscripts could be excused as trying to avoid another shooting incident like happened in South Greal. After all, veterans knew the true price of a bullet and wouldn't let their emotions get in the way of orders.

Yes, he had his first plan of attack, he would be sending out a message to the affected parties soon. Parliament would have a session soon as well, previously the biggest ticket item was approving Belmont as a full member in the Federation, but now it would be how to respond to the issue at hand. Democracy was such a pain to work with, but luckily Henry had a few tricks up his sleeve.

“

**TO: OPEN MESSAGE TO ALL PARTIES INVOLVED  
FROM: PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION HENRY MILANO, THE  
PEOPLE'S UNIFIED FEDERATION**

The People's Federal Army is deploying veteran forces to the former nation of Castleclose and National Socialist State of Castille de Italia in the interest of peacekeeping and humanitarian operations. Federal troops have been in both nations before and are familiar with cultural and local issues. Due to the proximity and familiarity of both nations to the People's Unified Federation, and the tensions growing, it is in our best interest to act as Peacekeeping force in Castleclose to prevent further war crimes. We ask that nations in

alliance with us avoid conflicts with our troops and to respect our efforts to maintain peace and security in the North East of Greater Dienstad.

Signed

Henry Milano,  
President of the Federation  
People's Unified Federation of Mokastana, Wellovia, Aqua Anu and  
Associated States

### **International Waters between Castleclosse/Castille de Italia and Mokastana Proper 0200 Hours**

AN-225 Cossacks and C-10 Minotaurs roared over the ocean towards the National Socialist State of Castille de Italia, Su-35s escorts remained on high alert just in case. Leading the charge was the combat experienced Paratrooper Divisions of Eight Army, including the now famous 77th Ironheart Paratrooper Division. In the last year alone the 77th had been part of the initial invasion off Castille de Italia, the humanitarian mission to Castleclosse, and deployed to end the coup in Mokastana City This would be the forth combat deployment in just over a year for them. Many joked in the plane about how many frequent flyer miles they were getting and whether or not the third jump into Castille meant they could finally just claim the country and be done with it. Not to mention the oddity in that many had faced death the first time they jumped over Castillian soil, but now the survivors now were being invited back into the country. By the same people who tried to kill them last time no less.

Needless to say many were confused. The Castillians, the fascists bastards they were, now requested their former conquistadors back into their lands. It's not like the Mokans had been too kind the last time they were in country. The continuous reconstruction of Preslaff and Generalissimo Gorbachov's chair collection did serve as a reminder to the Moka Army's concept of warfare. Officially, they were being deployed to maintain public safety and secure key locations in country. However many wondered if they weren't actually being deployed to counter the Imbrinium offensive.

"Gentlemen," The Lieutenant began as the plane continued on, passing through the Sea of Tranquility to avoid missile range of the Kingdom's fleets, "Let me be clear why we are being deployed, this is not about support to the Castillian State, this is because the Kingdom of Imbrinium has chosen to bring their war to our doorstep. They are taking up position to would be advantageous to them if they chose to attack the Commonwealth of Morrdh. We are taking up positions to counter that possible attack if necessary. It just so happened the National Socialist begged us to come to come to their aide, and while we all know the joy off listening to a Nazi beg, high command could care less what happens to them. LET ME BE CLEAR, WE ARE HERE IN SUPPORT OF THE COMMONWEALTH, and our position is here is not to support the Castillians, but to be ready to counter strike a strategic position of the Kingdom should war become the reality. Is that understood?"

The Lieutenant looked over his men, some nodded in understanding, others looked away, not believing they were being deployed to protect the same fascists they shot at just a year ago. There were still a lot of questions, but none that had answers yet, so they stayed silent. They knew what warfare was, and this time they were probably grateful they would at least be able to jump without gunfire and smoke to greet them. Paratrooper support weapons had changed as well since the last time they were here, and no one was quite sure what to make of it yet. It was about as ready as they could be.

"Jump in twenty minutes, make sure everything is ready to do."

**Coastal town of Highland Point**  
**Northern Castleclose**  
**0200 Hours**

Gaspar Malverde sat in a cafe of an occupied town near the coast. Luckily Highland Point had managed to miss becoming target practice when it came to the Imbrinium invasion. Though with the way both pro-Castillian and anti-Castillian militias were being targeted, it meant he would have to lay low and make contact with the Bureau at a safe time. His last shipment had not arrived, and thus was either cancelled because the situation was too hot, or they had been caught. Either way, it meant he was on his own in the North, now behind.... a different nation's.... lines.

The State media had not reported too much on the Kingdom's actions elsewhere, and his handlers in the bureau didn't consider it mission critical evidence, but his routine packages from back home did contain digital articles from the Dienstad News Bureau, where he read up on growing tensions between the Federation and her Covenant allies. He had wondered what the Kingdom's fleet being parked off the coast of Castleclose would mean, and now with Kingdom forces walking the same roads as him, it became clear. They were here for occupation, possibly annexation.

It wouldn't be hard to get Castleclosians to fight against their oppressors in Castille, that was for sure. Perhaps he could make contact with some Imbrinium forces and see if they were willing to supply the dwindling anti-Castilian militias some weapons to continue their fight. After all, an AK knock offs can only get a militia so far, they needed AT mines, rockets and mortars. All had been left in bulk the first time the Mogan Army left, but they could not covertly supply the amount needed for continued operations.

Of course it was also possible the Kingdom's troops would just kill him rather than let armed militias exist in their territory. With the Kingdom's forces in control of the radios and media outlets, he could at least keep a close ear on their propaganda. If they called for militias to contact them, he would, otherwise he would wait and see what they were doing to the Castleclosian people first before trying to get involved. He didn't survive this past year doing covert operations in Castleclose by being reckless.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Sun Mar 01, 2015 10:33 am, edited 3 times in total.

[Factbook](#)  
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Quotes about Mokastana:

**QUOTES**



**Morrdh**  
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417  
Founded: Apr 16, 2008  
Democratic Socialists

by [Morrdh](#) » Thu Mar 05, 2015 7:31 am



**Southwest of Greal**

A lone RMAF Vickers VC10, bound for New Garrack, flew northwards before it entered Greali airspace and turned to the north-east to begin its approach to land in New Garrack. Onboard was Field Marshal Arthur Norwell, one of the Commonwealth's top commanders and having recently [visited](#) Indras for a meeting with the Lamonians over a Morridane troop surge. He was returning to his native country after Commonwealth Intelligence raised some concerns that it was at risk of being attacked, though he'd overseen the defences of the [Wanderjarian border](#) several months earlier. Now he would see what he could do about improving and bolstering those very same defences even further, build upon the defence in depth plan he'd been working on and tweaking based on the latest intelligence reports. His was quite simple really; Make the Imbriniums bleed for every step they took in New Garrack.

He was making full use of natural and manmade obstacles, plus the troops under his command had had six months to construct field fortifications such as trench lines and bunkers. The time had also



been spent sighting artillery and anti-air batteries in addition to barb-wire and minefields, plus mobile reserves dispersed throughout the rear. Only time would tell how effective his plans were.

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - [Factbook](#)

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



**Stevид**  
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497  
Founded: Antiquity  
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevид** » Thu Mar 05, 2015 8:51 am



### Some 300NM SW of the region of Haven

Many decades ago one of the main powerhouse regions of the world was Haven. Populated, and still is, by some of the greatest and well-known nations, its power and influence was felt throughout the world. Known for having a collection of nations that were all closely allied with one another and worked as a kind of family, Haven was exclusive – revered by many and hated by others. Over the years Haven fell into a deep slumber and the waves of influence from the region subsided. Haven was surpassed, yet honoured, by the growing might of regions such as Gholgoth, Nova, Pardes, and of course Greater Dienstad (Then Imperial Armies).

The inherent power of the Havenites was respected and feared by the Holy Empire of Stevid, which was back then a fledging Empire ruled with iron communist discipline. However a several years before the actual fall of communism, the ruling party decided that Stevid would occupy a chain of islands just outside of the Havenites area of interest for purely military strategic purposes. The small collection of islands was nothing short of modern day fortresses that included shipyards and docks/submarine pens, airstrips with underground bunkers, anti-ballistic missile systems, and a garrison of almost 200,000 troops. It was also a place designated to be home to the Stevidian government should it need to go into exile for whatever reason, the Monarchy were to travel to Ganos Lao where they now had royal connections. But this island chain was to be where Stevid would survive.

Its name was Outer Haven.

Since Haven began to fall away from the forefront of regional politics, the immediate necessary for the base was questioned, albeit the points about government in exile were major sticking points in any discussion about the island. However it was hard to justify the presence of such a large amount of military equipment. Eventually, in an amazing quirk of fate, the discussion of stripping the islands of much of their physical and human defences ended with the island being fitted with an ABM system and that garrison to be kept there indefinitely. Points from major military heads and advisors stated that the strength of Haven, while not really a threat or concern anymore, could come around once again. Outer Haven should be Stevid's, and by extension Greater Dienstad's, security presence off Haven.

Haven's defences were not standard or to be underestimated. Submarine radar pickets and patrols stretched hundreds, sometimes thousands of kilometres out on patrol. The island fortresses themselves had missile batteries to counter aircraft and ships. There was extensive land based radar coverage and tracking as well as an over-the-horizon radar. The islands had their own RAF fighter and bomber commands, each with hundreds of aircraft and bombers on station. The Army had 200,000 men plus equipment, including armour and air corps helicopters and other gunships. Navy's 10th Fleet (The fleet responsible for the protection of Stevid's interregional colonies) command here and had harbours able to accommodate super dreadnoughts and a large assortment of fleet carriers and amphibious assault ships/helicopter carriers.

The island received very few visitors; the patrolling navy or air force units out turned all unexpected ones away at sea. The islands were secretive but known to most foreign governments, enough to mean that when Stevidian shipping threatened forced removal, few disobeyed. But today there was going to be a guest at the Haven Primary, the main naval base on the islands a hotly anticipated one despite the news only coming in last week.

Admiral Plato was the commanding officer of the entire military establishment. He was a well-loved hero of the last regional war and sported medals and a knighthood to the effect – he had commanded the generally successful invasion of the Ath Isles in the latter quarter of the Second War of Golden Succession. His posting to Outer Haven was due to Imperial Armies' war fatigue that may have looked inviting enough to invade – perhaps from a then powerful Haven. These days the posting was less stressful though nonetheless busy, the secretive nature of the establishment, particularly in wartime, meant that each day brought with it new challenges – even for him. Day was one of those days, but it was not every day he himself got to meet a member of the Stevidian Submarine Service, rarer still to meet his counterpart in the service.

Admiral Plato was meeting Admiral Fairfax of the Stevidian Submarine Service. Most nation's in the region and world touted how their Service was secret, and by nature submarine services had to be. But the actual depth of secrecy the Stevidian version displayed was something to admire, or distrust. Only the highest echelons of either government or military command had any knowledge whatsoever of submarine numbers, patrol routes or even submarine classes. Stevidian submarine boats were that seldom seen there were some even among the military and certainly the population that postulated whether or not Stevid even 'had' submarines. But Fairfax was one of the men who knew better, and knew much more than would ever let on. Whilst not the 'top dog' of the Service, he knew enough about the capabilities of the Service in order warrant his rank. The two men had met a day before, only

Fairfax knew the full extent of the meeting. Today was the day that a 'Stevidian' submarine would be seen in the flesh and in the full.

The two men, with a platoon of marines and sailors lined the quayside of one of the deep underground submarine pens of the island. The whole cavern was lit by dimmed artificial light and was home to a plethora of industrial equipment meant for servicing and rearming of submarines. Several doors had radioactive warnings symbols, indicative of the weaponry housed on these islands and that installed in Stevidian submarines. These pens were extremely sensitive areas, security was tight, personnel were biometrical screened by security personnel and even slight flaws in security process were ridiculed mercilessly by the island authorities. Other than Camp 4 (another installation nobody knew anything about), Outer Haven's submarine pens were probably the most heavily guard and secure locations in the Empire.

Minutes ticked away and the two Admirals exchanged idle chitchat until a message was relayed to them that a frigate had intercepted a submerged object several miles out of the island's anti-submarine perimeter. A further hour passed until a dark shape slid silently into the pen and stopped at the buffers at the end. One could not mistake the ensign she flew, the white eagle superimposed on a red and blue background – the flag of the Free Republic.

"Lamonian?" Plato asked Fairfax.

"A Lamonian gift." Fairfax corrected. *"This is their newest submarine. A handful is being delivered to us for us to use as a template so we can build more like it. We presume Morrdh is also getting a few. Congratulations Plato, you are amongst only a handful of individuals in power who know we now utilise the Lamonian Xiphos Class."*

The Captain of the submarine was given a fanfare by the Band of Royal Marines and saluted by sword by the Admirals. The gathered personnel and the Lamonian submariners conducted a short handing over ceremony as the Royal Navy ensign was hoisted in place of the Lamonian colours. The crew were to stay for a few days to help with the training and familiarisation of the submarines, Outer Haven was theirs to enjoy – to a point and were assured that their government had preparations in hand for their travel back to the Free Republic.

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Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Thu Mar 05, 2015 5:51 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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**Stevid**  
Chargé d'Affaires

☐ by [Stevid](#) » Thu Mar 05, 2015 3:22 pm



**West Mordent**  
**10th Fleet, 2nd Splinter, TF 25 (West Mordent Monitors)**

Since the outbreak of war and loss of military shipping in the mid-east of the region, the 10th Fleet had been relied on more heavily than before to carry out continued Stevidian token naval presence within areas of the region and world of Stevidian interest – including West Mordent. The 10th Fleet was known in Royal Navy colloquialism as the '*Empire's Fleet*'. It was not a fleet in a literal sense; only in military organisational terms were the echelons and task forces known as being part of a bigger fleet. In essence it was not a fleet but a larger collection of individual ships, echelons and task forces (TF) projecting Stevid influence and protecting her assets and allies abroad. TF 25, otherwise known as the Mordent Monitors, was Stevid's token naval presence around the Morridane territory or Mordent and had been deployed there since before the war and provided security during the initial deployment, and then removal, of the Stevidian Army Group during the opening phases of the current war.

Totalling 17 ships and supplied by the local Morridane Royal Fleet Auxiliary ships and naval bases, the task force was relatively self-sufficient and required little in the way of extra Royal Navy support. It was comprised of a Sanctus Mare super carrier, a Lustria amphibious assault carrier, an Emperor battleship, two Rubet cruisers, three Antares cruisers and nine escorts of Lemartes and Reef class destroyers and frigates respectively. The fleet had a lot of firepower and protection; it hadn't always been this way as it had just been the assault carrier, a single Rubet class cruiser and two Reef class frigates. With the increase of tensions with Imbrinium the task force was beefed up with ships from Kuronan protection duties and Lamoni token assets. Now the task force was capable of handling itself in a small localised war almost single-handed.

The ceasefire hadn't affected the fleet too much. The war in the north, particularly the naval element, had significantly died down as both Imbrinium and Morrdh sorted out their differences. The tensing of relations between the Holy Empire and the Commonwealth over the latter's lack of official support for Stevid meant that TF 25 was due to be withdrawn from Mordent at the war's conclusion. Now with the peace broken by Morridane torpedoes, the Crown and the Commonwealth were now slugging it out. It almost reinforced the point that the war in Stevidian South Greal truly wasn't the concern of the Commonwealth as it was probably expected by Covenant forces that the Empire would strive to keep the ceasefire in place despite a renewal of hostilities in Mordent. The Covenant presumed correctly.

TF 25 had already been tasked to disband and the ships redeployed to other 10th Fleet commitments both around the world and Greater Dienstad. The debate in Parliament had been fierce with the House split on whether or not to assist Morrdh when news broke of the

Crown's attack. TF 25 were already in the area and although the Army Group was no longer in West Mordent, the Lustria Class assault ship *HMS Trident* had 2 Royal Marine battalions plus armour, helicopters and other equipment ready to deploy at a moment's notice. The question of aiding Morrdh was answered by one of the more influential speakers and member of the Conroy Party as the PM gave the floor to him, who replied: *"I quote a film, but one does believe the words to be poignant – particularly now: Tell me, my Right Honourable Friend, why should we ride to the aid of those who did not ride to ours? Bear in mind too, they haven't sought our assistance."* The words struck a chord and Parliament voted, narrowly, to not dissolve the ceasefire and to not aid the Commonwealth of Morrdh – worse yet was that it was a defeat for the Government.

However, TF 25 was saved from disbandment as the vote was solely on actively supporting Morrdh with military stratagems. The Marines would not deploy, neither would the Fleet Air Arm attack Imbrinium aircraft and shipping. But the TF was given the go ahead to begin defensive preparations and to enact protocols to deny Imbrinium valuable assets of Mordent should the Morridane garrison fall.

TF 25 closed reasonably close to Mordent's south western coast and deployed for battle at extended condition red status. Their orders were to monitor the situation and maintain the ceasefire between the Crown and the Empire. They were also log every scrap of information and data gathered during this conflict whilst continuing to patrol the air space and seas to protect the fleet; should Imbrinium military units (or Morridane for that matter) jeopardise the ceasefire agreement or threaten the fleet, TF 25 could defend itself with lethal force and still have the top cover of justified action through the data collected.

Furthermore, the Holy Empire and Morrdh had been in discussion about the restarting of the conflict in Mordent. The Empire's representatives in Morrdh had stressed that the Government supported the Commonwealth's cause and position but Parliament did not. As such, all necessary civil aid and economic aid (if applicable) would be granted. However it was also voiced that the Holy Empire believed that the Commonwealth's position on Mordent was fragile and the garrison difficult to supply and reinforce because of distances and the fact that both Imbrinium and Lyras lay between Mordent and the Morridane homeland. Because of these reasons, Stevid believed that Morrdh would be unable to prevent Imbrinium taking the whole of Mordent and only a full on, well-supplied, well-supported and long conventional war would prevent this.

Because the position was deemed to be fragile, Stevidian diplomats said the risk to the balance of naval and air power in the ocean north of Liberated America would shift and the Empire would have an enemy, not an ally, on the other side of said ocean. For that reason, TF 25 was authorised to assist in Morridane

evacuations of major ports and harbours (should the worst case scenario of losing Mordent actually become a reality) and then destroy them. Completely and utterly and before Imbrinium troops or naval units arrive. TF 25 would have more than advance warning of Imbrinium local shipping movements and the Empire was not about to let friendly ports fall into the hands of the enemy.

Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Thu Mar 05, 2015 3:23 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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