

by Max Barry



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Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

Posts: 7099
Founded: May 30, 2011
Ex-Nation

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Fri Dec 13, 2013 9:15 am



Somewhere in Bvordsha

The Bvordshan government was a mixture of baffled and bemused. The bemused ones were wondering about whether Firmador actually used money, or whether they had forsaken a gold standard for a bread standard; and they would dearly have loved to ask that question but felt it might be impolite and so just about restrained themselves. The baffled ones were still working towards this viewpoint. And all of them were quietly wondering just how Firmador would evade detection by the all-seeing eyes of the Ausitorian Fleet. It was the elephant in the room: and needed a smokescreen to hide behind.

"We cannot force people to buy cotton," said Sir Ian, and paused, before adding "not if they have no money." It was a hint - and might get the point across. He fixed his eyes on the opposite wall while carefully noting their reactions out of the corners of his eyes - a useful trick in any situation. Colonel Sponz nodded approvingly, looking as though he wished he'd said that. Ian continued. "As to the infrastructure, while we are confident that you would wish to provide the most splendid quality" - he added confidently, managing by the skin of his teeth to avoid sounding sarcastic - "it might be more useful for us to arrange these matters directly on our soil, employing and managing your people with your kind assistance."

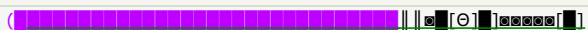
The Colonel nodded once more. Things were going better now. Ian was driving a hard bargain, he could see that. He was hoping that someone would go away to write a treaty so they could get on with it.

Last edited by **Libraria and Ausitoria** on Fri Dec 20, 2013 6:15 am, edited 1 time in total.

The Aestorian Commonwealth - Pax Prosperitas - Gloria in Maere -
([Factbook](#))

Disclaimer: Notwithstanding any mention of their nations, Ausitoria and its canon does **not** exist **nor** impact the canon of many IFC & SACTO & closed-region nations; and it is harassment to presume it does. However in accordance with my open-door policy the converse does **not** apply: they still impact Ausitoria's canon.

[Commonwealth Capital \(Bank\)](#) [Commonwealth Connect \(Bank Treaty\)](#) [SeaScape \(Shipping & Energy\)](#)



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Fri Dec 20, 2013 6:09 am



There are no ends in government, only loose ends. One particular loose end that concerned the new Deputy Prime Minister, Victoria, was the Valnese Coalition.

Hordes of civil servants had been busily making inquiries with Feroxi counterparts after the Imperial Commonwealth had got round to poking its nose in local affairs. The United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth felt no affinity with these 'barbarians' to the North, having developed in isolation from them. NewPanti was about as far as they went, and that was mostly for the beaches. But the consolidation of the United Realms had given them a new power and focus, a power simultaneously derived from and focused on making money.

Escaping the rain after a walk on the lawn in front of the Spring Palace with the Duke Palmerston - who had been trying to find out all her plans - as if she'd tell that reactionary - they had agreed within a mere second on the need to send a deft message to attend the Valmese Coalition Conference, when it happened; and to sign such paperwork as might be necessary. They had agreed, within half a minute, that this was unlikely to be the sort of organization they needed to tie up in red tape; unlike say the World Assembly, which sometimes proceeded with its business with such vehement force that the Commonwealth had been taken aback more than once. They would aim to try to shape the Coalition usefully, they both agreed. There they stopped, each suspecting the other would disagree with any larger design. She could see in the Duke's eyes a wariness of interventionism. There was clearly no confidence in him to try to shape the world for the better anymore.

They nodded to the Desk Secretary as they passed back on the way to their offices. No words needed to be exchanged, and the prepared reply was sent directly to Feroxi.

Pax Prosperitas

By Order of His Imperial Majesty's Government

From: The Government Policy Office, The Ministry of Foreign Affairs, The United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria
To: c/o The High Dominion of Feroxi
Encryption: Confidential

Your Illustrious Majesty Sev Marec, your Excellencies,

In the interests of pursuing shared prosperity, following certain informal discussions between our governments, we would like to express our considerable interest in joining the Valmese Coalition. We understand talks are intended to occur in Cerran City, but would but highly desire an immediate meeting with you beforehand, in particular to discuss the situation in Epraria. We would be delighted if you or your representatives would be able to meet representatives of our government in Chattakang Palace at any time, subject to customary WA rules and regulations on diplomatic persons?

Yours sincerely,
Ms Pempolov,
Permanent Undersecretary of State,
The Government Policy Office,
The United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Fri Dec 27, 2013 8:53 pm, edited 3 times in total.

The Aestorian Commonwealth - Pax Prosperitas - Gloria in Maere -
([Factbook](#))

Disclaimer: Notwithstanding any mention of their nations, Ausitoria and its canon does **not** exist **nor** impact the canon of many IFC & SACTO & closed-region nations; and it is harassment to presume it does. However in accordance with my open-door policy the converse does **not** apply: they still impact Ausitoria's canon.

[Commonwealth Capital \(Bank\)](#) [Commonwealth Connect \(Bank Treaty\)](#) [SeaScape \(Shipping & Energy\)](#)

"Give Me Shelter"

by [Mizrad](#) » Fri Dec 20, 2013 7:22 pm

The "Diamond Line" Defensive Perimeter, 10 Miles Outside Diamante

11:29 Hours, 10/21/13, DAY 8

1st Battalion, 4th Marines

2nd Lieutenant Matt Harlowe

OPERATION SHELTERED DIAMOND

Looking out to the dry, jungle like forest beneath him 2nd Lieutenant Matt Harlowe begins to think about his past as he soars over the land in an MH-60. The twenty three year old Marine had literally just been commissioned as an officer and graduated from the Mizradian Naval Academy only a few months ago. Back home he didn't think life would ever get as heated as it was now, although since the day he could speak; the words "I'm going to be a Marine" were coming out of his mouth. Unfortunately nothing could mentally prepare him for the fact he was about to drop into an active combat zone for the first time in his life. Only now he realizes that he has everything to lose, and just how hard knowing thirty five other Marine's lives depend on his decisions is.

Noticing the dense layers of jungle like territory open up to a gathering of large mountains and hills with a ground made up of reddish brown clay. Passing over the crest of a mountain, he gets a glimpse of what looked like dug in MG nests and trenches. Although that wouldn't last, as the entire garrison here was now under strict orders to camouflage themselves. Now hovering over a valley in the center of three mountains in a triangle like pattern, the MH-60 begins to descend towards a landing pad. On one half of the valley lay a massive military base tasked with being the first line of defense in case of a Rhodesian attack. With tensions high, it was no wonder once dormant bases used by either Loufian forces or against them years ago were now being refitted to meet Mizradian standards. With the majority of the colony's defense forces were busy evacuating the civilians living in the western sections of the land to the newly claimed lands far south east of Diamante, the Mizradian 1st Marine Battalion was tasked creating a defensive line and holding it until the Army could show up.

On the other half of the valley was the only path to bring vehicles in, and unfortunately it has begun to get colder and colder, hardening the ground. Yet to the liking of the Mizradians, the roads were already paved with mines and IED's that would go off if stepped on or detonated. That and with Winter approaching fast, the snow wouldn't mix well with the loose dirt and 70 ton vehicles. To the northeast stood a small village, although it still housed about four hundred people and those lives weren't to be risked.

Setting down on the packed down clay, the chopper lets it's passengers out. Calling out to the other Marines in the chopper, 2nd Lieutenant Harlowe takes control as he yells over the deafening noise of the helicopter and other commotion around the base.

"Alright Marines, dismount and get to your barracks! Briefing's in 0220 Hours, so get settled in quick!"

As the other troops in the helicopter rush off, Harlowe heads over to two approaching figures. Brewing curiosity in Matt's head is the sight of the two unidentified men not wearing any protective gear and the different camo scheme on their fatigues. Getting closer, the Lt. makes out one of the figures as somebody he had already met before hand. It was Agent Donald Richards of the Mizradian Central Intelligence Department's field division, one of the men who operated closely with Matt a few months ago in a joint exercise. The two quickly grew to like each other, although it wasn't training any more and the stakes weren't "Winning or losing", they're life and death. Approaching one another, Don is the first to speak up.

"Good morning Lt. Harlowe, welcome to the Devil's Valley."

Patting each other on the back with a quick hand shake, Harlowe responds.

"Helluva place to get shot at, so what's the issue?"

Smirking, Harlowe and Richards walk away with the other two agents as they board an AM General Dynamics BRV-O and begin driving to the other end of the base. While on the ride, Don begins talking.

"The issue is we've got at least a million Rhodesians, allied with everybody else on this goddamned continent all staring us down from just a few miles away from here. There's multiple other bases like this around here but, we're the biggest and the most strategically important. That's why we've got so much arty here, and the fact we're the only airfield for miles in any direction, you can see why we'd be the first on a list to strike. Fortunately, getting a plane out here to pin point our location and fire on it will be a bitch. Same with any other aerial strike, especially with our AA defenses up. Unfortunately, if they send any infantry attacks we're still venerable. Whether or not we fend the Rhodesians off relies completely on whether or not we can get air support and if our defensive lines will hold. That's where you come in LT, I want you to take your platoon and push out to the crest of Hill 924, you'll be reinforced by the 1st Battalion, 9th Marines when you get there. If you get more than you can take, call in for the F-35's and they'll drop napalm on any fucker that decides to pop his head out. You'll be moving out in an hour from now to relieve 12th Platoon, got it?"

Nodding to the MCID Agent, Harlowe responds.

"Yes sir, anything else I need to know?"

Richards hands Matt a list of average Rhodesian equipment and some satellite pictures of their border movements before speaking.

"Look these over, and don't miss. Everyone of those bastards is heavily dedicated to the cause, I know you find nothing wrong with dying for your country; so make these assholes die for their's."

Pausing before talking again, Richards orders the driver to stop the truck. Grinding to a halt in front of a barracks, Don looks Matt straight in the eye.

"Come home in one piece kid, and don't lose your cool. This place will bring you to your knees if you let it, so try and make your first combat experience end well eh? Good luck."

With nothing else to say, Matt thanks Don and heads off to the barracks. Trudging through the mud and coming up to the door, he kicks the muck off of his boots and steps inside. Placing his ALICE pack down on the table, he looks up to find his platoon all waiting for him. With a relaxed look on his face, the platoon sergeant speaks up.

"What do we have in store Harlowe?"

Matt, in an attempt to hide the fact he is scared for his life speaks up in a stern voice.

"Well Masters, we seem to be expecting a shipment of Rhodesians to hit our shelves. It's our job to make sure they get here pre-cooked, if you have half a brain you'll know what I'm saying. Everybody gear up and follow me, Hill 924 is going to be our new home for the next few days. Any questions?"

The room is silent except, although the terrified looks and some of the Marines' faces made Matt feel like the entire room was filled with screaming children. With no questions, the thirty six Marines pack their gear and begin marching for Hill 924. In an eighteen men on one side of the road fashion, the platoon heads from the barracks to the trails heading to the surrounding hills. Being careful to avoid the kill zones and active mines, the group paces through the mud and cold weather.

Continuing their journey, the silence is repeatedly broken by talking or the screams of jets soaring over and the whirl of chopper blades. Although the sight of something soon to come would assure the talking would stop. Looking ahead, Harlowe spots the Marine platoon he and his unit were tasked to relieve from duty. Walking by them, the experienced Marines were covered in mud and sweat. The look of exhaustion and depression on their faces being more than apparent. This platoon had witnessed the thousands of Mizrad-Rhodesian refugees fleeing through the mountains, and they could do nothing but watch as they struggled. Although Harlowe wouldn't have to deal with that, he'd most likely have to deal with something far, far worse than anybody could imagine.

Finally arriving at the defensive line, full of trenches and pill boxes all well concealed; the Marines settle in. Taking off their bags and storing them away as they lay out sleeping bags, set up their rifles and so on, the true horror of what would soon happen starts to sink in.

"No good decision was ever made in a swivel chair" -George Patton
Proud Member of the [INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM COALITION!](#)

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Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

Posts: 7099
Founded: May 30, 2011
Ex-Nation

☐ by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Fri Dec 20, 2013 8:47 pm

 **QUOTE**

The Spring Palace, Alexandria, Sebvorca

The Prime Minister had been busy, and beamed across his expertly decorated his office to the gathering storm above the Spring Palace while stroking a glass of sherry. What a turn for the history books! He had ordered something to be done, and it had been done, no problem. He felt like an Imperial conqueror of old, one of those that the first line of the Anthem spoke about, and just like the first Emperor Alexander the Great. Far away on a carrier under his command there were soldiers rushing to transport aircraft to go and save some distant land from a foreign tyrant at his behest. The power felt good and warmed him. He raised his glass to the gusts of the Extratropical storm swirling outside the window.

Sir Arnold, the Cabinet Secretary, stood behind him unnoticed, looking at this change with a mixture of surprise, delight, and increasingly, consternation. There, in front of him, was:

1. The transcript of the PM's quick and successful conversation with President Ryan.
2. An order to the Rhodesian Maritime Blockading force to land an armed brigade in Diamante immediately.
3. A press release already published half a minute previously.

A 'friendly surprise goodwill visit' indeed. There would be extremely little goodwill in Rhodesia proper, he was sure. And Lord Palmerston would probably hit the roof at being bypassed like this. Lady Victoria was setting the cat among the pigeons, he was sure.

Off Rhodesia

"Well, it makes a change," said the Admiral of the Blue, Lord Felix Westman, to his counterpart, the Flotilla Marshal of the Purple, Viscount Vickers. The Rear Admiral was his junior, by two ranks; and when they had first been assigned together Lord Felix had suspected that Vickers' appointment to that rank, coming immediately after the New Edom fiasco, was purely political - a vote of confidence in his leadership. But Vickers was now calmly demonstrating an administrative ability more than worthy of his rank as an Armoured Legion took shape under his careful hands within minutes. The Viscount nodded absently as the Admiral leaned over his shoulder.

[Wot the Admiral sor](#)

"Despite the PM's conversation, it would probably be best if some of the air-units were directed directly to the border regions, then Kruger cannot launch an invasion of the outer areas: I will offer that to the Mizradian counterparts with your approval?" the Viscount asked. The Admiral nodded his approval. "The Armoured division meanwhile and 2 of the Artillery Companies will have to come in a second wave: we lack sufficient airlift capacity to manage the lot.

Klaessen gave the aide a look that did not involve a raised eyebrow but inferred that one would be forthcoming if the aide didn't get on with it and explain himself. The aide, very much aware that in this situation he was little

better than an underling, tried to swallow his anxiety and continued, placing the manila folder in front of the Officer, who opened it and began to read, as the aide stammered at him.

"You're supposed to convince the Ghantish Government to..."

"Yes," Klaessen responded, his eyebrow thankfully remaining low. "I can see that."

The aide nodded, hesitant as always. "May I-"

Klaessen nodded, and the aide scurried away. The Officer lightly pressed his finger down onto the intercom;

"Coffee, please, Greta."



Verenigde Provinciën der Nieuwe Lage Landen
Officiële Boodschap
United Provinces of the New Lowlands
Official Communiqué

TO: The Acting Lady Paramount of the Landsraad, Sophia of Dakmoor
FROM: The Officer of External Affairs, Jan Klaessen
SUBJECT: Assurances
ENCRYPTION: **HEAVY**

Dear Madam,

Recently our Government has been making inquiries into the situation of the government and Politics in Ghant, and a most grim picture has emerged of factionalism, revolt, institutional weakness, and general unpleasantness. All of this, of course, can largely be traced to the Emperor's most recent undertaking, which seems to have thrown the entire region into disarray.

It is our Government's opinion that there may be a resolution to this problem by means of a ruse. While Ghant's declarations of non-involvement with the Emperor's recent actions has been made wholly clear to us, it perhaps might not be enough to dissuade certain enterprising imperialist parties, who could come to pose a very serious danger to the continued survival of Ghant. In addition, as long as the Emperor remains absent, the problems with instability in Ghant will continue to accumulate. Hence, it is necessary to simultaneously discourage foreign intervention and to force the Emperor's hand, making him return to Ghant as expediently as possible.

The ruse in question would be a fake invasion of Ghant.

The plan is fairly simple; a contingent of Lowlandian forces, with the foreknowledge of the Landsraad and relevant officials, will be deployed to Ghish to stage an occupation. Government functions will continue as normal, while the contingent will back efforts by law enforcement to maintain order in the Capital. Meanwhile, propaganda efforts directed overseas will present a picture of a war

being fought in Ghant. The Emperor will, presumably on request of yourself and others within the Ghantish government, agree to return to Ghant, whereupon Lowlandian forces will be withdrawn as hastily as possible.

In the interim, other measures can be taken to prevent the outbreak of another conflict. If this proposal seems agreeable, or requires discussion, we will be sending a Colonel Gerard Derraes to Ghish to oversee operations.

Regards,
Jan Klaessen
Officer of External Affairs

Last edited by [The New Lowlands](#) on Mon Dec 23, 2013 3:16 am, edited 1 time in total.



Maverica
Minister

Posts: 2225
Founded: Jun 05, 2012
Ex-Nation

by [Maverica](#) » Mon Dec 23, 2013 10:41 am



Maverica city in Maverica

President Nathaniel was in his office looking at papers about the North Atlantic Boundry War.

Just then a man walked into his office.

"Sorry for intrupting you Sir but I have to tell you something. I have just got word about a war involving Mizrad. It might be our chance to take back land from Mizrad without looking bad."

President Nathainal smiled.

"Send a message to General Henry to attack Mizrad. Now!"

The man ran out of the office and sent the message to General Henry.

Fort Williams near the border of Mizrad.

General Henry was sharpening his knife in his quarters till a soldier ran into the room.

"Sir! I have a message from the President! It says to attack Mizrad!"

Henry laughted.

"Well! It is about time! Order 60 stealth bombers and stealth fighters to bomb all Mizrad bases and airstrips along the border. In the meantime I will march the 1st Division north closer to the border to attack after the airstrike is done."

The soldier ran off in a flash and minutes later planes was taking off.

Along the border of Mizrad

Maverican stealth fighters and bombers quickly flew across the border into Mizradian held Maverica. They then splited up and heavily bombed the area. To hopfully take out many defences and planes. While the bombing was occuring the 1st Division was getting ready to cross the border. If the bombings do not succed Maverican artillery was getting ready to open fire on the Mizrad.

OCC:Tell me if this post is good enough.

Last edited by [Maverica](#) on Mon Dec 23, 2013 1:57 pm, edited 1 time in total.

Philippians 2:14~*Do everything without complaining, or arguing.*

"We need to build a WALL!" ~ Donald Trump



Treneria
Diplomat

Posts: 553
Founded: Oct 12, 2013
Ex-Nation

by [Treneria](#) » Mon Dec 23, 2013 12:26 pm



Trenerian Defense Control Center Building, Treneria Capital. Monday, 07:00 A.M. TCT.

The day had been a normal one with the exception of the weather. Instead of snow or sunshine, it was rainy and mild. This hardly setback any hard working Trenerians. They had work to be done and continued to improve their newly united nation. No one ever thought that that day would be the day things changed once more for the bad.

The Trenerian Defense Control Center (TDCC) is the main defense branch of

Treneria. The TDCC controlled most of the micromanaging that came with keeping Treneria safe. They did a lot; everything from monitoring munitions transfers between military bases, to monitoring and archiving emergency phone calls. The TDCC had an aviation branch which monitored all Trenerian-involved flights as well. They did little surveillance on other nations, but they did some. The TDCC also had monitors in which they watched for national threats; anything from nature emergencies to terrorist attacks.

The TDCC Building housed the entire branch. Located in Treneria's capital, Treneria City, it was a huge and isolated building with plenty of security features. Double barbed wire fences, with a cement wall in between, and numerous guard-shacks were just a mere factor of the building's security. Inside and out, the building was luxurious. It was four-stories tall. The floors were covered either in fine plush carpet, or decorative marble floor. There were fine oak desks in the main lobby, and all other offices. In the monitoring rooms, there were more desks and glass tables for meetings. There were projection screens at these tables. If privacy was needed, there were conference rooms with projection screens. For monitoring both Treneria and foreign nations, there were huge screens that took up the walls with dashboards connected. These dashboards held phones and other technological equipment. There were about four-hundred employees monitoring different districts of Treneria and other parts of the region. The rest of the building held other monitoring rooms, as well as phone-call recording rooms for emergency calls to be archived. A large part of the facility was storage and filing rooms for archived documents regarding police, military, and emergency operations.

The day was just like any other average day. About one-thousand and five hundred employees clocked into work at the TDCC building. Jack Tasco was just another employee doing such. He clocked in and went to his monitoring desk. Tasco's responsibility included of daily monitoring the Mizradian-controlled area of Maverica. Long before Treneria was even a nation, in the days of Tesseria, the two nations had teamed together to combat Maverica. Mizrad had continuously fought Maverica, and eventually gained control of some of their land. This was a monumental victory, one that even Tesseria had celebrated. When the TDCC was formed, it had been declared that they would need to watch the land for threats, figuring that one day Maverica would return for their land. With the recent conflicts involving Mizrad going on, it was that day. Tasco was calmly reclining in his chair, watching the screen. Suddenly, red blips came up on the screen. He grabbed the mouse connected to the dashboard and activated the control task pane to see what the problem was. There were the classic makings of a bombing, and an aerial attack on the pane. Tasco hit the red emergency button, which sent the report to the main control desk. Several officials came over to Tasco's desk. Administering what happened, they made an emergency call to the Senate Building.

Trenerian Senate Building, Treneria City.
Monday, 11:00 A.M. TCT.

The senators and advisers had all been gathered in the conference room of the Senate Building. They had all been alerted of numerous bombings in the Mizradian-controlled Maverica district. None of them were too surprised. It had been waiting to happen, ever since Mizrad gained control of said land. The thing about it was the timing. Treneria had just been formed as a solid nation and didn't need any more warfare.

Fred Tenners, appointed leader of Treneria, entered the room. He was obviously disgruntled. A cigar hung from the corner of his mouth. He looked to the people in the room.

"We got bombers all over occupied-Maverica. What the hell is going on?" A defense adviser stepped up.

"Maverica's striking back. They sent in bombers. We're assuming land troops will follow. Now while usually this could just be Maverica picking a fight with Mizrad to express some anger, it comes at a time too unusual to be just a random attack. It's almost guaranteed that Maverica's going for their land."

Tenners nodded his head. "What do you suggest we do?"

"While a military intervention isn't the most favorable action, it definitely will

be the most effective. We'll force the Maverican's back to their piss-hole of a nation. All the while, we can show that our alliance with Mizrad is still intact. This will also give our troops a chance to get some experience in actual combat and show the world what military capabilities we have."

Tenners considered it for a moment. He finally nodded his head. "Let's go with that. Pick a unit of your choosing and send them in. I'll sign off on it."

The defense adviser nodded his head in response and the meeting dispersed. The adviser contacted the TDCC and had them activate the 7th Cavalry out of Fort Eustace.

Fort Eustace, South East Treneria.
Monday, 2:30 PM TCT.

Fort Eustace was a military base that was home to around sixty-thousand troops. It was a massive institute that was created for housing soldiers, and training them. Of course, these men weren't always bound to the camp. They got off-time so that they could go home to their families at night. Fort Eustace was home to the 7th Cavalry Brigade. The 7th Cavalry was one of the oldest units in the Trenerian Military, their roots dating back to Tesserian times. The 7th Cavalry was part of the 22nd Mechanized Infantry Division.

An alarm and an announcement went off around the camp, calling for the 22nd Mechanized Infantry Division and the 7th Cavalry. These were usually drills that went off at the most inconvenient of times. As of present, the 7th Cavalry were using their downtime usefully. Jeremy Millier and several other APC-operators were in their bunks, grooming themselves. Jeremy himself was preparing to shave. He had applied the cream and was about to use his razor when the alarm went off.

"Don't got time for these fuckin' drills, boys," Millier said aloud. The others mumbled in agreement and continued their activities. Millier again went to shave, when an NCO threw the door to the bunkroom and started shouting at them.

"Round up! Round up! 7th Cavalry, you've been activated!" The 7th Cavalry members looked at the NCO, questioning him. Their doubts were however confirmed when their Captain entered the room, shouting at the top of his lungs.

"Get your fuckin' asses up! This isn't a drill, move move move!" Bodies began to fly as they jumped out of their bunks, came sprinting from the bathrooms, and all other directions. It was as if someone sprayed an anthole with insect killer, they just continued to swarm out. Millier muttered a curse and wiped the shaving cream from his face with a towel. He ran into the bunkroom and grabbed his helmet. He was only in his BDUs and combat boots, with a white undershirt. Millier threw his flak-vest on top of it and buckled in. Strapping on his helmet, he hurried to the garage. Millier and his fellow APC-operators were shocked to not see the camp in dismay. When the alarm had gone off and their superiors had got them out of the bunks, they thought they were under attack. Millier leaned into a fellow soldier and mumbled to him.

"If this turns out to be a drill, I'm going to flip shit." The other operator nodded in response. The 22nd Division and the Cavalry were all standing in the middle of the camp. Their Captains stepped up to the plate and informed them of the situation.

"We're rolling out, boys. Our Mizradian neighbors need us. Maverica decided that they wanted their land back. Now we can't let that happen. Not with the past we have. So let's go and get 'em."

After the brief speech, the 22nd Mechanized Division gathered in their trucks and the APCs. The Cavalry mounted the Bradley APCs they had been issued. Millier himself was the gun-operator of the lead Bradley M2 APC. He was personally honored to be part of the leading APC. Unfortunately, that meant that he had a higher risk of being shot at. But it was worth it, in his mind. It gave him something to do, even. Millier and the loader switched positions from time to time, taking shifts. After about an hour, everyone was mobilized and ready to move. The 22nd Division and the Cavalry rolled out from the camp, tearing up the landscape as they rolled towards the Mizrad-Maverican

border. Being the lead APC, there was Trenerian flag pinned to the front of the APC, showing their national pride.

(OOC: I assure you will regret that, Maverica)

Last edited by **Treneria** on Mon Dec 23, 2013 12:33 pm, edited 2 times in total.

Trouble need not come looking, for I will have already found it.
LEO Supporter.



Maverica
Minister

Posts: 2225
Founded: Jun 05, 2012
Ex-Nation

by **Maverica** » Mon Dec 23, 2013 2:09 pm



On the Mizrad Border

General Henry was sitting in his Humvee and looking at the radar. He then noticed something on the radar was moving towards the border on Mizrad's side. He then looked at pictures taken from the planes bombing Mizrad and seen that Trenerian Armored vehicles were moving to the border.

"Ah! Dang! Looks like they are sending troops to the front quickly. Time to call in some armor now."

Henry sent a message to Fort William where the 5th Cavalry Brigade was stationed to move towards the border to support the maverican invasion. After the message was sent the Maverican planes came back to the maverican side to reload bombs. They then took off again to bomb Mizrad defenses but 5 planes flew towards the Trenerian armor to bomb them.

Over the Tesserian Cavalry

The stealth bombers soon reached the Tesserian Cavalry. One pilot laughed. "Come on boys. Let's blow those Treneria scums out of here."

The Maverican bombers then let a load of bombs down on the Trenerians. After they dropped their load they then flew back to base.

Philippians 2:14~Do everything without complaining, or arguing.

"We need to build a WALL!" ~ Donald Trump



Mizrad
Senator

Posts: 3789
Founded: Jan 02, 2013
Ex-Nation

"Awaken the Dragon"

by **Mizrad** » Mon Dec 23, 2013 2:29 pm



Fort Thomas, Issac River, Mizrad/Maverica
13:30 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 1
9th Domestic Guard Infantry
OPERATION HOME FRONT

Finishing up with some of his paper work, MSDG Platoon sergeant Juan Montez files them away. The thirty-two year old veteran of every Maverican war was taken off active duty due to a leg injury which he had now almost fully recovered from, although he still wasn't considered ready to roll with his boys in the 1st MSDG once more. Thus, why he was paper pushing on what was considered a "Peaceful" zone. Although that would all soon change...

WHAM!

An artillery shell smashes into the ground as the roar of stealth bombers goes about overhead. There had been reports earlier of enemy planes, although Maverica wasn't considered to have a capability to use such large numbers of planes. Immediately grabbing the .45 from his desk, Montez rushes out of his office tent and outside. All around, he sees injured men rushing to cover and burning buildings. In the distance he could hear the scream of civilians in the villages of the Black Desert. With only the thought of rage in his mind, Juan rushes to the barracks for the F-25 pilots.

Sliding under an LAV and diving over the burning wreckage of a Sedan as he sprints past the horrors to his destination. Suddenly, a bomb lands right between Juan and one of the pilot barracks. Losing his footing as he is knocked out for a few seconds, a soldier helps him get up although the savior is killed by a piece of shrapnel to the face. Taking the dead man's dog tags, Juan quickly starts trudging towards the building once more.

Reaching the barracks, the sergeant quickly rips the burning hunk of wood off of the door letting those inside escape. Before passing out once more, a squad of soldiers bring him to safety.

Fortunately, his actions would give the Mizradians an edge. The pilots he freed were trained to fly the F/A-25W Warrior, a fighter plane that the Mavericks literally couldn't touch once it was off the ground. In the history of the Maverican Wars, not a single F-25 had been downed to enemy fire where as enemy planes downed due to the F-25 were off the charts.

Rushing to their planes, the 10th Domestic Guard Air Defense Wing prepares to turn the tables of the fight. Safely hidden away in underground or concrete hangars unlike the other aircraft, the pilots quickly go over their pre-flight checks as their weapons load up and the engines spring to life. Then over the radio, Wing leader Major Jake Walden speaks up.

"All callsigns this is Hawk 1-1, put everything you've got on those bastards until we get in the air. Let's take our country back boys! Ura!"

Pulling out on to the run way, the twenty five F-25's rocket off of the ground and take the sky. Circling around the massive base for a few moments, they head into formation and push up to their flight ceiling of 70,000 Feet with ease. Circling around at a much higher altitude now, they activate all stealth systems soon after reports from an ELINT station miles away come in. Stealth plating, chaff, flares, radar and radio jamming, IR and engine mufflers as well as radio silence are all maintained as the group passively listens and tracks their pray. Spotting the larger bombers on the radar only about a mile away heading for their next target, the 10th Wing rails the gas and speeds to their target. Reaching the tails of the bombers in mere seconds, the group splints into one section of fourteen taking the bombers and their escorts from behind as two groups of five are made with one moving in on each flank. The final F-25 descends about five hundred feet and then speeds up as it rushes past the Mavericks. Causing enough commotion to make himself spotted, the pilot attempts to get the Mavericks to follow him as the other Mizradians patiently wait for their chance to strike.

Meanwhile on the Ground...

All over the radio, screams and requests for fire support come in. The Mavericks were attacking in full force -Something they hadn't done in years. Although if General Amer, the man in charge of Fort Thomas and all Mizradian forces in the area knew one thing, it was Maverican battle tactics. From his command bunker two levels below the HQ at Fort Thomas, Amer orders the 4th Cavalry Division to mount up from Cape Archer only about thirty miles away. Fortunately they had time to prepare for the Maverican air assault and successfully repelled them with only a few casualties, so the 4th Cavalry would be at full capabilities.

At Cape Archer, the drivers and infantry are called from the posts in trenches and AA guns as they already been called to duty due to the Maverican attack on them only about a half hour before. With direct orders coming down from Amer through the base's PA system, they rush to their vehicles. Starting up engines and railing shells into auto-loaders every man in the 4th Division is now on their way to Fort Thomas.

Led by Panther 1A1 MBT's in the front and rear with Luchs tank destroyers and LY219 AMTVs making up the middle of the massive seventy five vehicle group roving across the desert. Overhead, a squadron of F-35 Lightning II's scream by with A-10 Warthogs following close behind. Watching the area in front of him, tank gunner SSgt. Will "Ma Deuce" Milano stands up manning an M2 .50 Caliber HMG aimed at the open plains in front of him. He had seen heavy fighting before, although this would be the first time he would fight in Mizrad or Maverica surprisingly. His tank, the "*Bringer of Peace*" had just recently been repainted to the new camo standards of the region -OD Green. Along with new paint job, the tank had a white peace sign painted on to both sides of the tank next to the name and on the barrel, three tally marks could be seen. Milano hadn't been a fan of war or killing, although he loved his job when he was fighting for the right reasons. This time around, all of the right reasons were in play.

Looking up to the scorching sun mixed with cold winds of the plains, his friend and comrade Cpl. Alfonso Garcia; the tank's loader speaks up.

"What dumbass, didn't your parents ever tell you not to stare at the Sun?"

Will grins and after a few seconds of silence he responds to the loader.

"Look closer you blind Hispanic."

After a few more sarcastic and playful insults, a wing of Mizrad A-10 drilling for a gun run on the valley ahead of them is seen quickly passing through the Sun's light. Garcia then talks once more after a quick period of laughing.

"Fuckin' beautiful, ain't it Deuce?"

The two laugh a bit before the division grinds to a halt. Fort Thomas was two miles south west, and one of the few uncovered sections on the border was the valley only a football field or two in front of Milano and his tank column. This was where the Maverican 5th Cavalry was expected to come from, and where the 4th Division would make their stand. Buttoning down the hatches on the tank, the crew all listens to the radio for any new updates.

"All callsigns this is General Amer, we've got reports of more Maverican bombers on the way along with enemy armor. 4th Cav, I'm tasking you with splitting up and acting as both the QRF for Fort Thomas until the 6th Infantry shows up and defending the valley you currently inhabit. All air wings are to report to their respective sectors and are to attack anything that isn't allied with us. Everybody else, hold down your position and give those bastards everything you've got. Remain on this channel for further updates unless instructed other wise, good luck."

Then the "Bringer of Peace"'s commander and driver, Lieutenant Brody Smith speaks up.

"You heard the man boys, get to your positions and get ready to tear these pieces of shit a new asshole!"

The crew respond in unison.

"Yes sir!"

Outside of their tank, most of the LY219's and a few Luchs' break off and begin making their way towards Fort Thomas as the 6th Infantry Division moves to meet up with them. Up in the sky, more and more F-25's, F-35's, A-10's and various choppers start to show up from other bases as the defensive perimeter is heightened. All across Mizrad, news of the Maverican attack spreads like a wild fire.

Arrengard, Five Minutes Later...

Awakening from his artillery induced slumber, Montez looks around him. He was outside at a makeshift hospital in a town just outside Fort Thomas, all around him are civilians and soldiers alike all injured or dead. Arrengard was now the only "Safe" zone left on the border, thousands of dying or dead people were being brought here to be treated. Only miles away was the front line, and Juan didn't take too kindly to the temptation of avenging him and his comrades. Getting up from his stretcher, he can feel a sharp pain in his right leg. Looking down, he spots a large amount of gauze wrapped over his BDUs around a bloody section of his leg. Doing his best to shrug it off, his adrenaline takes it over as removes his M45A1 from it's holster and begins walking towards an LY219 on the road in front of him.

As a medic rushes up to try and stop him, Juan lets out a stern

"Fuck off!"

And carries on his way.

Reaching the AMTV only about forty or so feet away, the gunner looks at him with a confused yet angered expression.

"What the hell are you doi-"

Then noticing the MSDG badge on Montez's shoulder, the soldier immediately begins correcting himself.

"Oh, uh, sorry sir! What do you need?"

Juan grins for a moment before climbing up on to the back of the armored vehicle.

"Somebody to take me to the front, think you can do that soldier?"

The gunner instantly lets him into the LY219 through the rear ramp and only moments later, the vehicle begins to drive away along with it's convoy. Little did Montez know, this was one of the lead vehicles for the 4th Cavalry Division which was heading straight for Fort Thomas -Right where he wanted to go.

Inside the troop bay, he gets multiple looks from everybody else inside. Then the squad leader finally speaks up.

"S-Sir, what happened to you?"

Juan, strapping on an MOPC that was handed to him moments prior responds.

"The initial Maverican assault, the fuckers caught us off guard and hit us hard. I was helping out a group of pilots when I took shrapnel to my leg, what unit are you boys in?"

The sergeant straightens himself out and begins to get more comfortable speaking as he talks once more.

"4th Cav, we were detached from the MBT's to go and help out Fort Thomas. I heard they got their shit handed to them, so we're on our way to clean up the mess and push those Maverican bastards out of our land."

Montez maintains a straight face before adding on to the conversation.

"I was at Fort Thomas when they hit us"

The sergeant's face turns white as he quickly responds.

"Oh I umm, I di-didn't know I'm sorry."

Juan almost angerly replies.

"Don't be, we'll get those bastards back for what they did."

The sergeant smiles once more.

"You're goddamned right we are sir!"

Standing up from his seat, Montez raises his head through the gunner's hatch. All around him were advancing vehicles from the 4th Cavalry along with thousands of troops from the 6th Infantry. An evil grin quickly replaced the sad emotion on the MSDG operator's face. Not too far from him now was Fort Thomas, where for the second time in a decade one of the greatest defensive battles in Mizrad's history would be fought once more. Montez had personally witnessed and took part in the first battle there, where all around there were burning vehicles and bodies, the walls of the fort had all but collapsed and the Mavericks kept coming. Along with the rest of his fellow surviving Mizradians, they bravely fought off thousands of Maverican troops. Montez was more than ready to do it again.

Last edited by [Mizrad](#) on Mon Dec 23, 2013 7:51 pm, edited 2 times in total.

"No good decision was ever made in a swivel chair" -George Patton
Proud Member of the [INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM COALITION!](#)

Reply with quote



Treneria
Diplomat

Posts: 553
Founded: Oct 12, 2013
Ex-Nation

by [Treneria](#) » Mon Dec 23, 2013 2:50 pm

QUOTE

(OOC: Randomly attacking troops won't get you far in a war trial).
Near the Maverican/Mizradian Border.

The trip to the border had been relatively quick. The soldiers passed time telling stories, chewing tobacco, or trading MREs. One of the most important aspects of their training was how to fight off boredom. If a bullet didn't kill them in a time of warfare, boredom sure would. Most of the soldiers were

native hunters and fishers. They were used to being patient and waiting out extended periods of time. As the mechanized division got near the war-zone, they could see the rising smoke clouds, and the bombers dropping their payloads. A call came from the lead APC to stop.

The whole division stopped in their tracks. The Bradleys were made to fight air-attacks. The APCs were quickly ordered to adjust and give adequate spacing so that the bombs would have less of an impact on the division as a whole. In all, there were twenty-five armored vehicles sitting in the field. A couple of Humvees were there as well, which held the squad leaders. The commander from the lead APC came over the radio, broadcasting to all thirty armored vehicles.

"Prep your Linebackers. We're going Duck Hunting." There was a combined laughter over the radio waves from the operators of the vehicles. Millier got in position in the lead APC to use the M6 Linebacker attachment on the Bradley. Linebackers were great for air defense. Using the same system found in Stinger-missiles, they had the ability to lock onto aircraft that posed a threat to the APC. Most APCs stopped using the Linebacker system, but the TDCC found that their units were too vulnerable to aircraft such as bombers and fighter jets. Fortunately the Linebacker was still an effective tool in taking care of that problem. The term "Duck Hunting" referred to the way that duck hunters prepped their weapons and waited in anticipation for their prey to start flying. That was equivelant to what the 7th Cavalry were doing.

Inside the armored vehicles, the squadron leaders were giving their men instructions on what to do. Due to the open ground the Black Desert gave, their safest point were the following of two options: the APCs, or any hilly area. The plan was to wait for the bombers to get in close and let the Linebackers do their work. Then, the soldiers would empty out from the APCs. Using hand-held Stingers, they would pick off whatever bombers they could. It was expected that Maverican infantry would be there soon. This was no simple bombing, after all. The APCs would serve their purpose, as would the AT troops that served with the 22nd.

Millier, like all other operators, had his Linebacker system revving and ready to go. He waited for the bombers to arrive. "C'mon, you motherfuckers. Come and get some." His heartbeat provided a drum solo for the upcoming attack. It hit a climax when he saw the first hint of black on the Stealth Bomber. There was a beeping activation sound as the Linebacker was locked on. Once he heard the clearance beep, he slammed his finger on the trigger, and then once more. Two Linebacker rockets were released. All around him, other Linebackers did the same. They all locked onto their own respective targets. The doors on the APCs flew open like bats out of hell. Troops began to disperse from the vehicles. A lot of them held Stinger systems. The soldiers took aim at the bombers in the sky and once locked on, took fire. Inside his APC, Millier was having a shitfit. He slammed his hand against the hard-cast steel of the APC and shouted as hell reined around him. It was a true adrenaline rush for him. His loader worked fast to reload the Linebacker system.

Outside on the ground, soldiers were running for cover as bombs and slabs of debris slammed around them. Most hid behind the APCs, as those were what was available. Others ran to a small cluster of hilly terrain. They dropped in between the hills. It wasn't exactly a foxhole, but it was better than flat ground. They worked fast to load their Stingers and get locked onto a target. The loaders were having the most trouble. Treneria's military was fairly new. This meant they weren't exactly "locked-and-loaded" for a huge battle. Two loaders began to shout between each other.

"How many you got?!" One shouted over the sound of warfare that filled their ears.

The other loader waited for a Stinger to be fired off, before responding, "Two!" he screamed, while holding up two of his fingers. The other loader handed the man a Stinger missile. The APCs were having a field day. They continued to fire their Linebackers. In the lead APC, the commander called back to HQ in request for a munitions drop-off. He was declined due to the high air-traffic. Instead, a replenishment unit was promised to catch up to the unit.

The 22nd Division were taking some casualties. While they had done a modest

job in fending against the Mavericks, there was no escaping some of the bombs. One man had been hit directly, and was in several pieces. Others had been hit by shrapnel. The medics were working fiercely to get the wounded under control. This didn't hold back the rest of the unit, however. If anything, it only enraged them more as they prepared to fire more onto the bombers. The unit hadn't forgotten about the possibility of an infantry attack either, they were lying in wait.

Trouble need not come looking, for I will have already found it.
LEO Supporter.



Maverica
Minister

Posts: 2225
Founded: Jun 05, 2012
Ex-Nation

by **Maverica** » Mon Dec 23, 2013 10:20 pm



In The Skies Above Mizrad

Maverican bombers was ordered to pull out of the battle for Maverican fighters to take contral of the skies. But when the bombers started to fly back Trenerian aircraft guns started to take out Maverican planes. The bombers continued to fly back to base but then a Mizrad plane was spotted. The bombers kept flying back to base while a lone fighter plane chased after the Mizrad plane. The fighter soon closed in and opened fire on the enemy plane. After the bombers flew back to base they lost a total of 35 planes.

On the Ground

The Maverican bombers flew overhead towards Fort Williams to switch places with Maverican fighters. As the bombers started flying away Maverican fighter planes flew towards to enemy planes. As that was happening the 1st and 2nd Infantry regiment got in positions to attack. When the troops got in position the order was given to attack. The Maverican infantry advanced quickly towards the enemy while shooting their rifles. General Henry stood on a hill on the Maverican side watching the whole battle. He then ordered the 5th Cavalry Brigade to mount up and attack. The Cavalry rolled along the land with the commander in the lead. As they traveled they found a small valley. The commander looked and seen a path go into the valley and one that went up above the valley. The commander ordered the 5th Cavalry to travel the upper path. In hopes of flanking the enemy.

Philippians 2:14~*Do everything without complaining, or arguing.*

"We need to build a WALL!" ~ Donald Trump



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

Posts: 7099
Founded: May 30, 2011
Ex-Nation

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Tue Dec 24, 2013 4:20 am



Somewhere, far away, Ausitorians were dying.

The Prime Minister could feel it. Indeed, the news reports showed it. The Watch Office had estimated that between 30 and 50 would have been killed in that unprovoked attack upon Mizrad. A humanitarian aerial evacuation was in order. Which, given that Mizrad was on the opposite side of the region, meant that a good deal of diplomatic footwork would be necessary. Although it also meant that the diplomatic footwork would be a good deal easier.

He glanced at the suggested release on his desk from the Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics, fully prepared to read a paragraph of unintelligible gobbledigook, and then looked at it again with greater care. Lord Palmerston, far from deploying extensive delaying tactics, was discharging a 'combined Eprarian' Policy - a name which by now had very little to do with Epraria and far more to do with Mizrad and Rhodesia. Due to his instigation there was now a string of Carrier groups running from south of Zeldakki, to the sea of Zemaria, off Epraria, and through to the Sea of Volvek, and hence small aircraft could be flown almost as far as Mizrad. He was suggesting that rescuing citizens provided the perfect excuse for establishing, in full, the Imperial Commonwealth's Freedom of peaceable Navigation. He was also in favour of issuing an ultimatum against those Mavericks, and had proposed the wording. It was really rather good, and he decided to adopt it as the official response...

Pax Prosperitas

By Order of His Imperial Majesty's Government

From: The Government Policy Office, The United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria
To: The Republic of Maverica
CC: The World
Re: An Official Response to the savage attacks upon the persons within the Republic of Mizrad
Encryption: None, publicly distributed

We have noticed with no little concern and great annoyance the unprovoked attacks upon our citizens and our friends in the Republic of Mizrad. It is estimated that at least two dozen of our citizens are dead, not to mention the general loss of life incurred by the defenders. We will not stand idly by while our citizens are being attacked. Nor we will not stand idly by while our people's interests are being attacked. And we will most certainly not stand idly by while liberty and justice are under attack!

Our citizens, and all those who value proper liberty, are free to roam the universe under the implicit and explicit protection of our state. While we were aware of the possibility of conflict involving Mizrad, we did not expect it to come from such a quarter and with such violent haste. Now however it is clearly evident that there is some need for us to remind those who wish us ill of the extent of the protection of our state.

We hereby issue an ultimatum to Maverica to seek an immediate cease-fire within two hours. Failing a suitable response, we will systematically destroy Maverica's ability to wage wars of aggression against their neighbors. Such action might be taken by any of the following methods: a partial or complete maritime blockade upon Maverica, destruction of Maverica's navy by submarines and surface action, destruction of Maverica's air force by aerial combat and cruise missiles, destruction of Maverica's telecommunications installations by anti-radiation weapons, and destruction of Maverica's mechanized formations by cruise missiles.

We hope the general public will please note that we shall be evacuating our peoples and other innocent parties from Mizrad forthwith by various aircraft of our own and chartered types. These aircraft have varied ranges, and as a result many routes will be required: these aircraft shall schedule with public air traffic authorities to overfly the territories and stop over to refuel in the nations of Zaldakki, Surote, Gussi, Naybra, Pensalum, Epraria, Cquactar, Calarania, Mizrad-Rhodesia, Rhodesia, Gillenor, Gryevich, Communists for the People, Nerod, and Volvek; and to ensure rapid movement of our aircraft we intend to base in-flight refueling squadrons in Zaldakki, Naybra, Cquactar, Calamia, Mizrad-Rhodesia, Communists for the People, and Nerod; with fuel to be purchased from airport authorities.

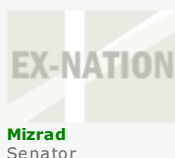
We would like to clarify that this is an exercise of the commonly-held right to freedom of peaceable navigation and a rescue operation to save our citizens from harm, and any attack upon our citizens or attempts to refuse them access are considered a hostile act against the safety of our peoples.

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Sat Jan 11, 2014 10:35 pm, edited 1 time in total.

The Aestorian Commonwealth - Pax Prosperitas - Gloria in Maere -
([Factbook](#))

Disclaimer: Notwithstanding any mention of their nations, Ausitoria and its canon does **not** exist **nor** impact the canon of many IFC & SACTO & closed-region nations; and it is harassment to presume it does. However in accordance with my open-door policy the converse does **not** apply: they still impact Ausitoria's canon.

[Commonwealth Capital \(Bank\)](#) [Commonwealth Connect \(Bank Treaty\)](#) [SeaScape \(Shipping & Energy\)](#)



"Punching the Devil"

by [Mizrad](#) » Tue Dec 24, 2013 3:15 pm

Avery's Valley, Ten Miles North of Fort Thomas, Mizrad
17:20 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 1
4th Cavalry Division
OPERATION HOME FRONT



Eyeing the radar and other intelligence reports inside of his command variant LY219, Major Michael DelPrado spots what looks like a massive buffalo herd charging the valley. Seeming confused for a few moments, he immediately calls up the air wing tasked with defending the area.

"Defender 5-1 this is Cowboy 1-1, requesting a fly by on sector 19 grid 11 how copy?"

50,000 Feet above the 4th Cav, Defender 5-1 and her seven plane squadron all comply with their orders as she calls out over the radio.

"Solid copy Cowboy, conducting fly by. Hey we got some sort of IR signatures popping up there, you got any guys down there?"

His fears were now confirmed, DelPrado starts to realize the battle wouldn't be won so easily. With the knowledge of what was most likely coming next in his mind, the major responds.

"No I do not, can you confirm who those guys are?"

The F-35 sweeps in closer to the passage through the valley at about 35,000 feet. This time, it is confirmed that there is a massive Maverican assault pressing towards the north end of the valley. Almost instantly knowing what to do, Captain Jessica "D-Man" Wildern radios in a request to bomb the passage on the flanking route.

"Command this is Defender 5-1, requesting ability for Class 5 Ordnance strike on Sector 19 Grid 11, over."

A stern voice responds through the radio.

"Copy that 5-1, command authorizing strike on your mark. Confirm ID please, over."

"Understood Command, Authentication Code D123459 over."

"Copy that Ms. Wildern, you are clear to fire."

"Got it, Defender 5-1 out."

Descending to a circling height below radar, the F-35's form up with four planes circling the valley while three perform a strafing run on a road leading up the suspected flanking route. Letting loose with cannon fire, they finish the job by dropping a single JDAM each. With all three "Mountain Mover"s fired on to the road, it surely caused more than enough damage. Then flying away and now integrating once more with the rest of the squadron, they fly about patiently waiting for their next chance to strike.

Back on the ground, the 4th Cavalry Division prepares for a fight. Taking cover behind hills and other terrain irregularities, fighting holes are quickly blasted into the ground with shells taken from the supply trucks in for the MBT's giving them more protection and a smaller silhouette. Fortunately they had a few minutes before the Mavericks got into range, although it wouldn't be enough.

Being fully aware of the threat of infantry crossings to the north, Major DelPrado requests the assistance of the Trenarians already in the area to set up there. With the brunt of the Maverican armor's only path taking them directly into the sights of the Mizradian tanks, the 4th Cavalry nervously waits for the enemy to arrive.

Meanwhile at Fort Thomas...

This was it, the Mavericks were attacking Fort Thomas again. Although this time the Mizradians wouldn't be the victims. They had learned from their losses and victories here before, and they would take that knowledge into account. Before the Mavericks had a chance to arrive and set up, Fort Thomas had already been prepared for an all out infantry attack.

Napalm crates were buried beneath the plains that the Mavericks were now advancing on, and just like Amer predicted they were attacking with an infantry rush. By now the 4th Cavalry's detachment had arrived with their

LY219 AMTVs and Luchs tanks while the 6th Infantry had joined the battle with just over 5,000 troops. It was to be an epic slug fest as the AMTVs let loose with their .50 Caliber HMG's into the advancing Mavericks. Adding to the fire power, is the machine guns on the Luchs' and their 90mm guns. Beside the armor, is the infantry dug into their trenches and fortifications continuously picking off the enemy with well placed rifle fire. Despite the sense of doom the enemy's charge gave, the effects were only emotional as their rifles did nothing compared to the air assault the same force had staged only hours before.

Little did the Maverican 1st and 2nd Regiments know, they were walking into a pre-set kill zone. Just a few miles away, the Mizradian 8th MSR Fleet had their weapons trained on the valley. The blaring noise of cruise missiles and 5" shells rocketing out from their cannons rattles the helmets of everybody within a large radius. Even after only thirty seconds of the salvo, shell casings already littered the deck. It would only take a few seconds for the massive barrage to land on the valley, and only a few more seconds until that impact caused the ignition of the napalm below the fields. It was the perfect storm of all hell erupting beneath the enemy's feet, and it was just what Amer planned.

Over the Border...

After closing in on the bombers that were now crossing the border, the head F-25 dumps it's speed as the enemy fighters close in. The other planes begin to slow down although don't completely whip around. With the retreating F-25 now dumping it's flares, the other planes quickly take the advantage and start letting loose with 25mm cannon fire. If this wasn't enough to shred the Mavericks, AIM-9 Sidewinders were quickly being locked on to the enemy and fired as the Mizradians scream past the enemy squadron.

Breaking off into two groups of seven, the F-25's take up each side flank of their enemy as they kick in the engines and roar to 65,000 feet to stalk their pray.

Liberty Tower, Government Center, New Boston, Mizrad
16:30 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 1
President Ryan West
OPERATION HOME FRONT

Sighing aloud, President Ryan west eyes the men and women at the conference table in front of him. Mizrad was being thrown into turmoil, and it was a miracle that the public didn't know half of the stuff that was going on behind the curtains or the economy would plummet. Unfortunately with the Maverican attack, priorities had to be set. It was time to flip the country around, and West was about to do just that.

"Hello everybody, I called you all here to address a few things. The first being the Maverican attack and the involvement from other nations with this, the issue in Rhodesea and the state of our economy. I will begin by stating the facts with the subject of Maverica. First off, at about 0600 Hours Eastern Standard Time a massive force of Maverican aircraft attacked our borders. We've currently discovered startling numbers of about 6,000 Military and civilian dead, upwards of 50,000 injured, damage is in the billions of dollars and at least a million people have been displaced. I'll open the floor to the next person now. Mr. Douglas, the floor is your's."

The head of the DoD stands up and straightens his uniform out, the fast aging man may have been the military man in the room although it was common for him to do good in almost every field. West always kept him at his side, due to the fact Douglas used to be his platoon leader and was now his mentor and one of his best advisers. As the room goes quiet once more, his stern yet old and soothing voice becomes audible.

"As of this moment, it is our job to fix what's been broken. Although the people want revenge, and there isn't any option that is a win-win here. If we invade, we got our revenge and take out Maverica although that will drain our economy and leave us unprotected. If we sit here and wait things out, it'll only cause us to become weak and venerable. I believe the best option on the table right now is to get another nation to invade them and we can aid them with air support. If we can defend our borders and destroy those bastards at the same time, you've got my support Mr. President. "

The Secretary of the Treasury then speaks up.

"Well how do you plan on doing that without an equally painful blow to our economy?"

Frank Douglas dons an evil grin as he responds.

"Mr. Convern, are you aware of the damage a B-52 can bring to a nation like Maverica?"

The room nods in agreement to the option of continued aerial strikes with only defensive ground maneuvers. With the decision settled, the next issue is brought up. Stating the facts this time around is the Head of Foreign Affairs, Jake Walcroft.

"OK everyone, I'm sure you all know of the problem in Rhodesia. While we were able to secure new land southeast of our former colony, the Rhodesians refuse to let us have Diamond City. I have suggested that we have the city as a "Multination" zone. One owned by nobody, and controlled by a council of Mizradians and Rhodesians. Ideas everyone?"

The Secretary of Education butts in this time around.

"Unfortunately, even I know that's near impossible. How would we school the children? How would we assure everyone's safety due to hate crimes? It's not plausible, although I'm sure there's a better idea out there."

Head of the Treasury, Ben Convern contributes once more.

"What about splitting the city up by economic sections? We would divide everything according to what needs what. If there's a trucking company right next to a manufacturing plant, we obviously wouldn't split them up. Then to satisfy the needs of education, we could do it according to school districts as well. It's been done before, why not again? One side is ours one side is there's. Sound good?"

West, feeling this idea is best orders the next subject be brought up now.

"Alright, now on to our final subject: the state of our economy. Mr. Convern I'm sure you would love to handle this one."

Ben grins.

"I would be honored sir. Alright, currently the Mizradian economy is booming and honestly, I don't know how. Everything but our lumber, retail and arms manufacturing industries are in the shitter. Despite the recent come back of our technology sector, we're still not going to see an increase if we don't clean up our act."

Douglas seems puzzled for a moment as he thinks. A few moments later, he responds to the statement.

"How exactly do you propose we do that?"

Ben, now losing the grin and sighing answers the general.

"By abolishing our welfare program. It will be enough of a shock to wake the people up and a good way to reward those who have jobs by giving them the money instead. This will leave many homeless, although with the war coming I'm positive most will find work."

Almost everybody in the room immediately starts yelling and arguing, then West finally puts his foot down.

"You will all shut up now or you will all lose your jobs!"

The room is shocked with silence, and after an almost awkward moment being quiet Ryan finishes off what he started.

"It seems that right now abolishing the welfare program and lowering minimum wage is all we can do. Once things start getting better, we can recreate what

we once had and put things back in line. Does this sound good enough to you all?"

The room nods in agreement.

"Good, then this meeting is adjourned. As normal, return to your jobs until we bring our reports to congress for further passing and development."

The men and women all file out as President West heads to his office on the 90th floor. With guards by his side, he steps into an elevator and begins ascending to the oval office. Passing through some brief security checks, he finally steps inside and is overcome with the peace and quiet. Taking a seat at his desk, he begins eating the jelly beans he always kept on his desk as he orders his assistant to type up the response message to Libraria and a request for aid to Feroxi. Despite the approaching holiday season, his job wasn't going to become any easier.

TO: The Government Policy Office of the United Realms of Libraria and Ausitoria

FROM: The Desk of President Ryan West, the Republic of Mizrad

ENCRYPTION: Level Zero, None

To whom it may concern,

Hello to our Ausitorian friends! How is the weather down south? I can only hope it is good as a dark and hardship filled future may await us. Anyways let's not bog ourselves down with that, time to get down to business right?

Due to the recent attacks against Mizrad by Maverica, loss of life on a massive scale has occurred. Unfortunately some of your people were confirmed to be on the list of those dead due to the attack. With that being said, I am well aware of your evacuation plan and agree to all terms along with letting you land in overseas Mizradian territories for refueling. Although there is one thing that Mizrad must ask of you. Would you please be so kind as to provide aid to all of those injured? Both Ausitorian, Trenarian and Mizradian alike for all have suffered throughout this time together and all deserve equal treatment. Your help will not go unrewarded though, as future treaties and acts will look at you as a friend of Mizrad and not a foe. Thank you very much for your time.

For A Brighter Future,

President Ryan West, the Republic of Mizrad

TO: The Government of Feroxi

FROM: The Desk of President Ryan West, the Republic of Mizrad

ENCRYPTION LEVEL: Level Three, Medium

To whom it may concern,

Hello there our Feroxi comrades, we here in Mizrad have encountered quite the issue. It is becoming quickly apparent that the nation of Maverica wants nothing more than the utter annihilation of Mizrad and Trenaria. With that being said, I would like to ask of you a favor. If you could lend the nations of Mizrad and Trenaria both medical, infantry and armor support then it would be greatly appreciated. This trio of countries could prosper together with your help! Please don't let this up as we need your help, and if we work together now who knows what good the future may bring us.

For A Brighter Future,

President Ryan West, the Republic of Mizrad

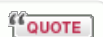
"No good decision was ever made in a swivel chair" -George Patton
Proud Member of the [INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM COALITION!](#)

New 100% Satisfaction Guarantee



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Wed Dec 25, 2013 3:46 am



No sooner had the decision been made to intervene than everything started to happen all at once. There were many ambitious men in the United Realms, a great many of whom did not like Ausitoria. There were the poor and uneducated who saw wealth within their grasp. There were the clever

financiers could make trillions on a falling market and in arms contracts. There were demagogues could be swept into power with civil unrest. Chaos was their trade and agenda, and what looked like a small terrorist attack in Seberia was just what they had been waiting for. Quietly and carefully they started what they had long prepared for: anarchy incarnate.

It was not pretty. And it got worse and worse and worse...

*Excerpt from the New Alexandrian Courante online
version; 8th Augustia, 2014, Assorted Ausitorian
Standard Time
Subsidiary of the ABC*

Anarchy? Not quite.



Anarchy?

It's official. This is without a doubt the worst day ever for the United Realms.

For

foreign readers, I'll recap the catalogue of misfortunes. First it was a relatively minor terrorist attack in Seberia. The stock market tanked. Then it was an unannounced attack upon Mizrad. The stock market fell precipitously. Then there was the marina gate-crash and the shark that got into the oil refinery in Lourland (a small associate state of about a hundred million people on the north-east side of the Cazian strait). The stock market dropped a notch. Then there was the civil unrest and a battle between the Royal East Ausitorian Company and King Gourke's fleet, and Lourland had to be effectively nationalized. The stock market imitated a building riding an earthquake down the side of a volcano as seventy investment companies including the Royal East Ausitorian Company filed for bankruptcy pending a systematic bail-out.

You could be forgiven for thinking that was the end. It wasn't.

Anarchy?

Then there was the escape of the genetic experiments, and the inexplicable aircraft flights which frosted the nation pink, and the widely reported UFO sightings. The stock market went through the floor, large scale looting broke out, and the government declared martial law. And now, to top it all, a Hurricane has swerved and strengthened to hit the Chattakang Archipelago and flatten everything that wasn't built properly and is now heading for what's left of the nation. The whole Commonwealth is reeling in shock and in the course of a few hours we've gone from being the largest economy in Panessos (by a comfortable margin) to the 3rd largest.



But that's not the end of the story either.

Anarchy?

Terrible though all of this was (and still is), it is irresponsible to be hyperbolic. The battle between the Royal East Ausitorian Company and King Gourage's fleet lasted ninety-four seconds. The institution of martial law has left looting limited to deprived areas in the Capitals and in Lourland. The stock markets are recovering slightly as the government restores confidence.

So what next? Unemployment is still running at less than 3% nationwide. It is estimated that about 0.2% of all assets in the Commonwealth have been destroyed, mostly in Lourland. The cost of the incident and ongoing rioting is estimated to run to the range of 0.9-1.8% of annual GDP. To maintain Banking operations, the government has guaranteed to cover at least 75% of the cost of losses and put aside 3 trillion dollars to maintain normal day-to-day bank lending over the next few days, and has announced a 1 trillion dollar general tax refund on top, covered by slimming budgets by 3%, and the central bank has sharply lowered interest rates from 2.5% to 1.5%, and may lower them further.

Normality?

A poll of economists suggests that it is still likely that as a result of this day we will suffer a recession unless general war in the region can be averted. It will take a week to resume what the government calls 'normality', and that was a sliding stock market anyway while growth indicators tracked estimates of regional stability. Unemployment is projected to hit 4-6%, and the cost of a regional war might run up to 5% of GDP, assuming that we don't loose.

So yes, the outlook is grim. We have seen a dreadful glimmer of the abyss. We all face a squeeze in our living standards. But anarchy this is not.

And anarchy it was not. For somewhere, in the deep depths of the government, a group of civil servants found time to reply to President Ryan. He didn't know how lucky he was.


Pax Prosperitas

By Order of His Imperial Majesty's Government

From: The Government Policy Office, The United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria
To: The Desk of President Ryan West, the Republic of Mizrad
Encryption: None, publicly available

Your Excellency,

We have already taken the initiative to fill the aircraft with medical assistance for their outward flights, and we will be very happy to use them to help all injured persons. In addition private aid organizations of ours are already running campaigns to provide humanitarian assistance. We have also decided to dispatch a helicopter carrier with half a dozen escorts to help cover areas where transport links have been effected.

To address the possibility of an immediate cease-fire we have also dispatched military, intelligence and foreign policy advisors from our carrier fleet in Volvek to our embassy in New Boston to discharge our government's Maverican policy. We trust they these delegates will be immediately informed in the event that Maverica offers a cease fire before our ultimatum is up; and trust that they will be permitted to observe negotiations pertaining to such cease-fire or general peace if possible.

We wish you and your people the best in this difficult time and hope that peace may be forthcoming.

Yours,
Sir Henry Taylor,
Prime Minister of the United Realms,
The Government Policy Office,
The United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria


Pax Prosperitas

By Order of His Imperial Majesty's Government

From: The Government Policy Office, The United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria
To: The Desk of President Ryan West, the Republic of Mizrad
Encryption: None, publicly available

Your Excellency,

Having got the official reply out of the way: in addition our delegates would like to discuss plans for combined action in the event of hostilities commencing between Ausitoria and Maverica or in Mizrad-Rhodesia now that your attention is distracted. As you are no doubt aware, we have an overwhelmingly powerful fleet and fleet air arm and little else. What are your current plans for both the ongoing and the possible conflict?

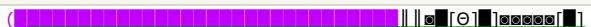
Yours sincerely,
Sir Henry Taylor

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Fri Aug 28, 2015 3:28 pm, edited 9 times in total.

The Aestorian Commonwealth - *Pax Prosperitas* - *Gloria in Maere* - [\(Factbook\)](#)

Disclaimer: Notwithstanding any mention of their nations, Ausitoria and its canon does **not** exist **nor** impact the canon of many IFC & SACTO & closed-region nations; and it is harassment to presume it does. However in accordance with my open-door policy the converse does **not** apply: they still impact Ausitoria's canon.

[◦ Commonwealth Capital \(Bank\)](#) ◦ [◦ Commonwealth Connect \(Bank Treaty\)](#) ◦ [◦ SeaScape \(Shipping & Energy\)](#) ◦



☐ by [Treneria](#) » Wed Dec 25, 2013 3:56 pm

Near the Mizradian/Maverican Border.
22nd Infantry Division, 7th Cavalry Brigade.

As predicted, the Linebackers had done their job with excellent performance. The air squadron sent by Maverica had been crippled. The bombers were forced back, and a fighter formation was coming to replace them. However, the Mizradian Air Force intercepted them. To avoid heavy crossfire and collateral damage the Trenerians stopped using their Linebackers. A dark blob was visible over the slight horizon of the desert in the distance. There was some radio commotion over what it was. The Cavalry brigade put it together that it was Maverica making one more stand. The commander of the lead APC popped out of the hatch. He waved his hand in a circular motion, whilst bellowing into his radio. This was their signal to get moving.

The Mechanized Infantry troops quickly hopped into the back of the APCs, or hitched a ride on the engines. They reloaded their weapons and stashed the Stingers in the APCs. A few calls came in on the radio from their Mizradian ally, requesting they head north to intercept the oncoming troops. This would be a good tactical point as they would be able to block any possible flanking from the Mavericks. If they played their cards right, they'd probably even be able to get the upperhand and actually flank the Maverican cavalry. The Cavalry put their throttles down and began to burn across the Black Desert.

As they tore up the sand and dust of the desert, calls were put in for air support to Air Base "Pinto", about ten miles north-east of Fort Eustace. Air Base Pinto was a simple set-up that held a landing strip, hangars, and helipads. Pinto also held storage for munitions and maintenance capabilities. It was manned by a rough 2,000 civilian workers, and another two hundred military personnel. The base itself housed about twenty-four helicopter pilots and co-pilots, and another sixty-eight F-35 pilots and co-pilots. Pinto was the closest air support-capable base to the Black Desert. As the call came in for air support, an alarm went off on the base calling for the pilots of three Apache helicopters. The pilots and co-pilots rushed out to the birds, jumping in them and starting them up. As they hit the air, the three helicopters traveled in triangle formation. The lead pilot, River Jenkins, spoke over his headset to headquarters back at Pinto.

"Command Central, this is callsign Alpha. We are clear in the air and headed towards the 7th Cavalry. ETA fifteen minutes."

"Confirmed, Alpha, Command Central reads and has relayed all to the Cavalry. Godspeed."

Formation Alpha continued to head for the Black Desert, throttle on maximum speed. The Command Central back at Pinto sent a transmission to the Cavalry, which then relayed it to the Mizradian forces, alerting them of the incoming air-support.

Back at the Black Desert, the 7th Cavalry was hauling ass. Loaders inside the APCs were reloading the cannons with explosive rounds to fight the Mavericks. All the while, the unit continued to press forwards. Within minutes, all APCs called in and reported that they were loaded and ready to go with explosive rounds. The leader of the head Bradley reminded the rest of the unit to watch the crossfire. The unit spread out to compensate for this, so there would be a less chance of friendly fire. As they came within range, the Cavalry opened fire on the Mavericks from afar. They fired their M242 Bushmaster cannons. In the lead Bradley, Millier was firing hard at the blur that was the Maverican formation. He aimed forward in preparation of firing whilst moving. Despite firing at the enemy, the Cavalry unit was still moving. While they continued to move, the sound of choppers filled the sky behind them. Formation Alpha had made its arrival in just under fifteen minutes, as provided ETA. The Apache helicopters flew overhead, passing the moving Cavalry. The choppers moved into a column formation, following each other in the air. They spread out to give each other adequate air. From there, the choppers locked onto the Maverican cavalry. Once their radars were locked on, each helicopter let out two AGM-114 Hellfire missiles on the Mavericks. It was sure to unleash Hell on the Mavericks. Hellfires were a force to be reckoned with. They were deadly accurate and well worth their cost. The Apaches circled in the air, and fired on the Mavericks with their cannons. All the while the Cavalry continued to advance on the Mavericks, before stopping before getting too close. Whilst stopped in the sand, the APC crews manned the TOW anti-tank systems. Locking onto Maverican cavalry, they let loose on the Mavericks. Soldiers hopped out of the APCs once more, taking cover behind both hills and rocks. Some stayed behind the APCs.

Back in mainland Tesseria, Fred Tenners promised to make a press statement about the ongoing events in the Black Desert.

Trouble need not come looking, for I will have already found it.
LEO Supporter.



Asasia
Ambassador

Posts: 1338
Founded: Aug 05, 2012
Ex-Nation

by **Asasia** » Thu Dec 26, 2013 8:42 am



Remeden, Asasia

Chairman Augustus Hedler of Asasia was in good spirits as just last week he had won the Primary elections by a landslide to his competitor which was from the Conservative Monarchist Party. Even the thought of the CMP made him shiver as he adhoumed the CMP, it was the polar opposite of the Communist Worker's Rights Party of Asasia. Hedler made a mental note to send the key leaders of the CMP "To Belize", he had learned the term from a TV show he had recently seen, a favorite of his. Recently on Hedler's mind was the Western Coalition, that was made of the nations of Feroxi, Allinor, The Empire of Necromonger, Terripin, New Panty and Cerrania. The Coalition was ever growing and would soon become a force to be reckon with in the Western Hemisphere of Panessos. With the behavior of the legislation towards the coalition, it was only a matter of time before the Asasian public demanded to be accepted into the Coalition. Hedler decided to write to Feroxi.

Offiziel Dokument Von Der Sozialistische Republik Von Asasia

Sender: Chairman Augustus Hedler, Head of State of the S.R.A

Recipient(s): The High Dominion of Feroxi, Leader of the Western Coalition

Encryption: Medium

To whom it may concern within the Feroxian Government: Let me first begin by saying that Asasia has had little to no relations with the nations in the area, Feroxi included. Asasia has had increasing interest in joining the Coalition, now would be a key time because of the increasing tensions in the East. With another power in the Coalition, we could be that much stronger and we could be much more capable of defending ourselves just in case any of our nations get dragged into the conflicts in the East. I eagerly wait for your reply.

Augustus Hedler, Head of State of the Sovereign Sozialistische Republik Von Asasia

[Asasia Homepage](#)
[Nationstates Tracker](#)

[RPs](#)

[Funny Stuff](#)

[I support thermonuclear warfare. Do you?](#)

Economic Left/Right: -5.00

Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -2.56

I am a Marxist-Leninist Communist



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

Posts: 7099
Founded: May 30, 2011
Ex-Nation

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Thu Dec 26, 2013 8:16 pm



In a nation recovering from a shock a great many things are done unusually decisively.

There are many people in the Ausitorian secret service. The Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics is the fifth great office of state, and by some counts the most powerful, for like only one other departments, all information is passed to it, and from this and the conclusions of every department it draws its own conclusions. These are highly scientific and technical designs which usually bear little resemblance to the political-based conclusions of the Government Policy Office, which serves as the other great exchange and clearinghouse. These departments are always at war on at least one aspect of policy; a war fought with minutes, reports, administrative orders and bureaucratic smoke and mirrors versus must-be-obeyed policy orders and overriding legislation: a battle of minds to control the course of the nation which, when united, reigns supreme. All other departments are specialists, but these departments specialize in omniscience. And their omniscience was both telling them the same thing.

1. The situation around the centre of Panessos, the Regalian sea, was

deplorable.

2. The Imperial Commonwealth required trade like a river requires water.
3. Trade requires peace and the re-establishment of the Pax Prosperitas.
4. The re-establishment of the Pax Prosperitas required further Ausitorian intervention.

Pax Prosperitas

By Order of His Imperial Majesty's Government

From: The Government Policy Office, The United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria
To: The Governments of the Federated Provinces of Pensalum and the Federated States of Epraria
Encryption: Maximum, Confidential

Your Excellencies,

We have noted with no little concern the proliferation of your nation's enemies at home and abroad and the designs that Rhodesea and their allies have upon your nations. We have no wish to see an upset in the regional status quo in favour of General Krugger, and given the current power vacuum we do not believe a purely peaceful solution is possible until a show of force has been provided, as is currently being demonstrated by our 'goodwill' visit to Diamond city in Mizrad-Rhodesea.

To provide you with proper assistance we are dispatching military experts to our embassies in your capitals and would like to discuss how we might best be of assistance. At present we have dispatched no less than four fleets to international waters in the Regalian Sea and Eprarian Gulf and these forces are available for immediate support if you desire it.

Regards,
Sir Henry Taylor,
Prime Minister of the United Realms, *on behalf of*
The Government Policy Office
Lord Palmerston, *on behalf of*
The Ministry of Intelligence, Statistics and Foreign Policy Office

The Aestorian Commonwealth - Pax Prosperitas - Gloria in Maere -
([Factbook](#))

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[Commonwealth Capital \(Bank\)](#) [Commonwealth Connect \(Bank Treaty\)](#) [SeaScape \(Shipping & Energy\)](#)

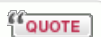


Feroxi
Ambassador

Posts: 1410
Founded: Apr 27, 2013
Ex-Nation

Overtures

by **Feroxi** » Thu Dec 26, 2013 9:51 pm



OOC: Awesome post, Asasia. But Necromongers and Allinor are not apart of the coalition, just to let you know.

The High King swung his blade swiftly, but the guardsman more so. The two gun metal black swords impacted with a thunderous cash, and Sev could've sworn he saw a spark fly. The two strained to break the parry, but to no avail. The King analyzed his opponent with a quick glance, and noticed that the guard had made something along the lines of a fatal error. He had his feet in an unnatural position, he would surely trip if Sev had broken the stalemate. The King slammed his boot into the guardsman's shin, and sent the man tumbling with a hard shove.

The captain dropped his sword mid-fall, and Sev caught the hilt of the sword before it hit the wood covered floor. He grasped both swords, and approached the guardsman who had rolled across the ground.

The young man looked up at the High King, and flashed a scowl. "Apologies, my lord. I've failed you." He stared, his face covered in an ashamed look.

"None sense! On your feet, soldier," he pulled the guardsman up by his forearm. "In this day and age, nearly all of warfare takes place with the firearm. Lucky for you, you have the deadeye shot of a huntsman of the First Age! Keep training with both a blade and gun, and you will perhaps be the captain of the guard one day."

The guard gave a reassured grin, and began putting up the training equipment on their racks and shelves. Sev began sliding on his gloves and gauntlets, then his pair of boots. "I best take my leave, Gheston. Frea tells me I have many letters to reply to, urgently of course." The two gave light chuckles, and the King headed down a long corridor to his office.

Sev pushed open the tall wooden doors to his office, which doubled as a living quarters. He was tired, and sleep was ever so tempting. He sat at his large desk, covered in stacks of files and documents. He leaned back in his leather office chair with a groan, and pressed a button on his forearm plate tactical pad.

He said, "Frea, I'm going to need some frost fang tea please... and a mug of black ale." It was going to be one hell of a long night.

The Desk of High King Marec

To: The Desk of Sophia of Dakmoor
From: The Ferox Dominion
Encryption Level 5 [HIGH]

Greetings, Lady Sophia

I am High King Marec, of the Ferox Dominion and it's clansmen and women. I have been watching Ghant's situation for some time, and it pains me to see a country of such good stock be lost to damnation due to the power hunger of two individuals. I have sold arms and troops to Nathan and Tsuni, but do not mistake this as support of their ideals. In the end, we all just want our country to prosper. I wish to meet you in person. You may bring armed guards if you wish to do so. Be watchful as ever, Lady of Dakmoor. Politics is a dangerous game, especially when your cabinets are plotting your downfall. Both your mind and tongue must be as sharp as the blades your conspirators plan to use to stab you in the back. Koyacyi, Sophia.

The Desk of High King Marec

To: The United Realms of Libraria and Austoria
From: The Ferox Dominion

Dear, Head of the United Realms

The Valmrese Coalition head council has decided (after much consideration) that the United Realms of Libraria and Austoria is approved for entrance into the alliance and shall be treated as a full-fledged member nation. Congratulations, neighbor! Alas, we regret to inform you that the High King will not be able to meet with your head of state any time soon. Instead, we shall send a diplomatic representative and a military official to the Chattakang Palace within the week. Rejoice, friend! We wish you the greatest of luck, and may your hunts and harvests be bountiful.

The Desk of High King Marec

To: The Socialist Republic of Asasia
From: The Ferox Dominion

The Valmrese Coalition head council has agreed on admitting you into the alliance after much evaluation. You are right to join us, dearest friend. The world is against us, and we must stand together in these dark times. We

recommend you begin maintaining your armies, and making sure precautions are in place in the case of hostile invasion. Keep your eyes to the east, Chairman. Good tidings be with you.

The Desk of High King Marec

To: Ryan West of Mizrad
From: High King Sev Marec of Ferox

Greetings, President West

The Maverican administration's unprovoked assault on your nation is both unjustified and laughable. The Dominion will loan you an entire force of naval, ground, and aerial forces. These will be accompanied by a mechanized armored company of heavy siege tanks, which have just been put into frontline production. We will send a commander to your capitol building to rendezvous with your head of defense, and discuss further strategy. But, for now we request that you continue taking out enemy air forces and take the skies. Enemy air craft will surely be the death of our tank brigades, and yours. The army is en route, and shall be there soon. When this is over, I will be expecting this debt repaid mister West. May your people continue to prosper and your harvests bountiful.

"One is to be admired for rebuilding thy self, not judged."
- The Self Proclaimed Master of Forum Chivalry

NationStates' resident knight in not-so shining armor.



Maverica
Minister

Posts: 2225
Founded: Jun 05, 2012
Ex-Nation

by **Maverica** » Fri Dec 27, 2013 8:05 pm



Black Desert In Mizrad-Maverican Border

The 1st and 2nd Infantry regiments were taking heavy damage from the enemy gun fire and bombs. Just then as the Mavericks advanced napalm bombs exploded lighting up the sky. The Maverican 1st and 2nd regiments were all almost wiped out. The remainder of the troops fell back to the rest of the army on the ridge over looking the battle. When news reached General Henry he threw his cigar on the ground and squashed it with his boot.

"Damn! They wiped out two whole regiments!"

General Henry walked up to a survivor of the attack.

"Now boy. Tell me what was it like there?"

"Well the attack was good on the first few minutes. But then bombs and napalm just was everywhere!" Replied the soldier.

"Hmm.... I'll send the 3rd and 4th Regiment to attack with 10 attack Helicopters to support them. Also we will send more fighters in the air."

After he gave the orders the 3rd and 4th regiments started to advance rapidly towards the enemy with 10 attack helicopters shooting missiles and mini guns at the enemy ground troops.

While that was happening Maverican fighters were still fighting in the skies. They were taking hits from Enemy missiles and planes. Finally more Maverican fighters appeared. They flew up 1000 feet And then flew down on top of the enemy planes shooting missiles and heavy caliber machine guns.

Meanwhile at the valley the Maverican 5th Cavalry were taking damage from enemy missiles and other attacks. They soon reached the Mizrad ground troops but the Maverican troops were weary. But when they seen the Mizrad troops they started yelling and cheering. The commander then sent a message to General Henry.

"Sir. The 5th Cavalry has taken damage from enemy aircraft. Could you send a force of infantry to help us?

5th Cavalry over and out!"

After the message was sent The 5th Cavalry started to fire at the Mizrad Cavalry. Cannons flashed, machine guns rattled and missiles flared as the Mavericks advanced towards the Mizrads.

Back at the Maverican camp.

General Henry received the message and read it. He then walked out to the 9th and 10th infantry regiments.

"Everyone! Our cavalry has got into trouble while flanking the enemy. They need troop support now so you are now ordered to march to the 5th cavalry and help them fight a Mizrad cavalry force. Now move!"

The infantry grabbed their weapons and also took 5 cannons pulled by jeeps to

take out tanks. They marched quickly towards the battle in hopes that they are not to late.

Last edited by [Maverica](#) on Fri Dec 27, 2013 8:14 pm, edited 1 time in total.

Philippians 2:14~*Do everything without complaining, or arguing.*

"We need to build a WALL!" ~ Donald Trump



The United Atlantic Region
Spokesperson

Posts: 111
Founded: Jan 02, 2013
Ex-Nation

by [The United Atlantic Region](#) » Sun Dec 29, 2013
4:06 am



9:30AM Worldwide Broadcast Featuring Chieftess Edwards-Charleston Concerning the World

'Good morning, Atlanticonians. I am your Chieftess, Penelope Edwards-Charleston.' Penelope took a moment to allow the members of the house to come to a unanimous hush. Once the room fell completely silent, Penelope continued, *'As many of you may know, some while back now the world has spiraled into a state of depression. Panessos, as we knew it, has been divided, torn even. War has ravaged Panessos, our once brotherly world reduced to savagery and greed. Here in the UAR we have profited plenty off of this uprising, this war. Here in the UAR, we've been brought down to passive-aggressiveness. Waiting. Watching. Hoping. As we waited, an unexpected but familiar enemy has brought a fight to our neighboring countries.'* The room had begun to buzz as men and women began to discuss the current state of the UAR's neighbor-and friend-Mizrad. Penelope allowed the whispers to run its course, and began once the room had settled *'The time to sit on our hands has passed, people. It is no longer our place to wait. We have to..no-no.. we are OBLIGATED to meet this tyrannical monarchy system head on. We are OBLIGATED to help our ailing neighbors. Let the world, and more importantly our new enemies, take notice to this declaration... We shall not rest until order has been restored to Panessos.'* At this point, the entire room had erupted into bouts of applause, cheers, and gasps. The meeting hall had turned into chaos. Penelope stared directly into the camera that zoomed in on her face, her expression blank, *'We return from our hiatus.'* Politicians jumped to their feet to clap as the Chieftess made her way down from the podium, and towards the exit. Her guards followed closely behind her as she exited the chamber, the broadcast cut off soon after her departure.

Propaganda Poster

Captain Clay Stone Factbook

Lieutenant Ellie Lopez Factbook

Director Jessica Anderson Factbook

by [Asasia](#) » Tue Dec 31, 2013 9:18 pm

Der Großstadt von Remeden, Asasia

EX-NATION

Asasia
Ambassador

Posts: 1338
Founded: Aug 05, 2012
Ex-Nation

Augustus was pleased to get such a early reply to the offer, and he was even more happy whenever the S.R.A was accepted into the Valnese Coalition. He was also then aware of Feroxi's warning, which was almost too obvious, but he appreciated it anyways. Hedler knew the urgency of what was going on, and immediately called Generaloberst Viktor Klaus, who had somewhat of a specialization in defensive preparation. Hedler called Viktor Klaus, and ordered the construction of beachheads along the entire Eastern Coast.

Der Großstadt von Wiesbaden, Asasia, Coast of the Sea of Bones

Wiesbaden was one of the poorest in the nation, with crime at a all-time high and a crumbling infrastructure, the city didn't make it's production quotas, and the government put it's back towards the city, it was focused on much more important projects, which went against all that Asasia was about. Heidrun Mallis was a poor girl raised in the city of Wiesbaden. She walked along the shore, the dark gray skies above made the mood feel melancholy. Her father had just died in a mining accident, and her mother went into a shock, and was recluse in her room. It was up to Heidrun to take care of the house, and she was only eleven. Heidrun was walking to the other side of the city to look for work, unfortunately she had been robbed of her bus pass by a illegal immigrant, only putting more strain on her life. As she was walking past, she looked towards the barren ocean, there was no known value of the ocean so therefore no ships set sail on it except for cargo ships heading north, none were in the area as the dock in Wiesbaden had since crumbled and vines and trees were growing in the abandoned dock area. As she walked, barefoot in the soft sand, she saw black liquid rising up onto the sandy shores. At first she avoided it, thinking it was the runoff the the industrial areas in the region, but with how it acted, she became curious. She grabbed a stick and poked the black liquid. It was oil. A shot of excitement ran into her, and she then became very happy, as a policy of the government was that anybody who made a helpful discovery that would benefit the government was greatly rewarded. She was alone on the beach, and ran immediately to report it. Within the next week, the government had rewarded Heidrun and her family, and had also sent research teams to the Sea of Bones to find it there was oil in the ocean and that it just wasn't runoff. They found a open oil reserve and the Asasian government grabbed it as soon as possible. Many other oil reserves were also found, and operations to claim these began as well.

[Asasia Homepage](#)
[Nationstates Tracker](#)

RPs

Funny Stuff

[I support thermonuclear warfare. Do you?](#)

Economic Left/Right: -5.00

Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -2.56

I am a Marxist-Leninist Communist



EX-NATION

Teaurnai
Secretary

Posts: 30
Founded: Apr 25, 2012
Ex-Nation

Declaration of War

by **Teaurnai** » Thu Jan 02, 2014 12:56 pm



Capital City Saurnai, Teaurnai

Klesakos Niis, incumbent president of the Teaurnai'i Hegemony, stewed at his desk. For the majority of the war, Teaurnai had stayed silent, bigger powers than it were fighting in all-out warfare. However, Mizrad-Treneria-Maverica war had greatly threatened the small island colony of Venkai logai near the warfare. Venkai logai had no organised military force, only a few guards to protect the population of two-thousand. It had been decided by the Serene Parliament that a stance of hostility and war had to be taken place against Mizrad and Treneria. Venkai logai would have to be abandoned; there was no doubt that once war began the isle would be invaded and ravaged. While Klesakos Niis did not entirely support the declaration of war, he felt it was necessary to protect his people and keep the peace.



Official Declaration of War From the Democratic Hegemony of Teaurnai
Mizrad-Treneria
ATTENTION

The Democratic Hegemony has declared war upon the Republic of Mizrad and the Republic of Treneria for the causes of:

Territorial Violation
Violent Use of Weaponry Near Teaurnai's Territory, Territory Specified is Venkai Iogai
Forceful taking of territory belonging to the Republic of Maverica

THUS DECLARES WAR against THE REPUBLIC OF MIZRAD and THE REPUBLIC OF TRENERIA.

Another message had been sent to the Republic of Maverica, telling them they had Teaurnai on their side. It would be a brutal war in days to come.



Alliance Request to the Republic of Maverica
ATTENTION

It has come to the attention of high-ranking officials in the Democratic Hegemony that your nation is under siege by the forces of the Republic of Mizrad and the Republic of Treneria, nations who have violated Teaurnai's territory and have committed war crime by law of Teaurnai. This therefore warrants warfare between Mizrad and Treneria. The Hegemony expresses interest in your nation's Just Cause For Defense, and would like to align itself with yours in a joint venture against the two aggressive nations.

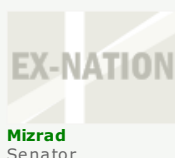
Democratic Hegemony of Teaurnai

Anthem

Teaurnai is a large, democratic socialist nation in Esquarium. It was originally a large nation encompassing most of the continent it was on before a greater power rose up against it and destroyed it. It has overseas colonies in the Great Esquarian Ocean and in the Central Ocean, which are small autonomous communities called *Zweidagon Iogai* (English translation from Teaurnai's: Temple Colony), *Xvasicvai Iogai* (Translation: Far Realm Colony), and *Venkai Iogai* (Translation: Inner Colony).

I am a proud supporter of socialism, green politics, and grassroots democracy.

Economic Left/Right: -8.00
Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -4.62



"Not One Step Back!"

by **Mizrad** » Thu Jan 02, 2014 8:51 pm

Avery's Valley, Ten Miles North of Fort Thomas, Mizrad
18:00 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7
4th Cavalry Division



OPERATION HOME FRONT

Eyeing the advancing Mavericks on the other side of the valley through an enhanced external camera optic, tank gunner SSgt. Will "Deuce" Milano begins to sweat. Despite how nervous he was, Will was now almost breathing the urge to take the life of a Maverican. Ever since he was a boy, he had been told the "Evil men" to the south were one day going to attack. Milano knew it was mostly just propaganda to scare kids like him at the time into joining the military. However he wasn't blind to the fact that Maverica had done terrible things to the Mizradian people, and all his hate was now bubbling over.

All around the armored group, shells were landing with little accuracy. The bullets simply pinged off of the thick armor of the Panthers, AMTVs and Luchs', and the missiles only landed in the dirt piles set up to block incoming shots. Unfortunately, the closer the enemy got the more accurate their shots became. Everything was now landing closer and closer to the tanks until suddenly the ERA systems on one tank deflect an incoming AT Shell. Despite making people a bit more nervous, this was still one accurate shot out of many inaccurate ones. However these "Lucky shot" occurrences begin to become more and more common until one finally lands a hit into a Luchs light tank, knocking out the turret and killing all but one crew member, who would be severely injured. Now, the fight was on.

Fortunately the feeling of being ready to go was mutual, the "Bringer of Peace"'s commander slowly watches the enemy cavalry move into place beyond the valley -Still out of trusted accurate range for both sides. Waiting anxiously, the enemy tanks finally close into the kill zone when over the radio comes the 4th Cavalry's leader yelling

"Fire!"

With a 120mm HEAT shell having already been loaded by Garcia, and Milano having already found his first victim he presses his finger on the trigger. With the Mavericks now become well within range of the Panther 1A1's 120mm smoothbore cannon, the shell rockets out of the barrel and through the sky. Gaining velocity and speed, the round heads straight for the enemy tank it was aimed to hit.

Much like the "Bringer of Peace", the other tanks have already been watching and waiting for their targets to come into range. All across the valley, the 4th Cavalry's tanks fire their cannons straight at the oncoming Maverican armor. Along with them, is the ATGM's of the LY219's and the remaining infantry who hadn't left to Fort Thomas with their small arms fire and AT launchers. Added to the weapons already firing is the guns of the other Luchs light tanks, firing gun launched TOW's and 90mm shells alongside 30mm auto-cannon fire all dumping into the oncoming enemy.

Despite the growing accuracy of the enemy, and losses beginning to pile up with two Panthers, two LY219 and four Luchs light tanks; the morale was only growing. Infantry troops were now beginning to suffer along with the ERA systems on the tanks, although as the Mavericks now crossed the depressed area of the valley, their shots were going up hill and missing. Adding to the hype of the Mizradians was that the Mavericks had not only gone into an ineffective combat zone, they just walked into the MAF's kill zone.

Through his radio in the command LY219, the 4th Cavalry's leader Major Michael DelPrado begins to radio for air support. A squadron of F-35's mixed with A-10 Warthogs were only minutes away, and their importance was about to become earth shatteringly clear. Through the radio, the sound of desperate measures being needed could almost be felt in DelPrado's voice.

"Defender 5-1 this is Cowboy 1-1, requesting immediate high tier ordnance danger close on Sector 19, Grid 10! I repeat, danger close over!"

Hearing another call from the 4th Cavalry, Captain Jessica Wildern radios back.

"Copy that Cowboy 1-1, Defender 5-1 bringing the rain on bearing Sector 19, Grid 10 can you confirm?"

"Confirmed 5-1, you are clear to rain hell on those bastards."

Wildern grins 35,000 feet above the battlefield in her F-35 as she responds.

"Solid copy 1-1, stand by for ordnance drop."

Forming up into a "Combined Arms" style gun run, with three of the F-35's up front with one of them escorting the three other A-10's trailing a thousand feet behind. Beginning to slow down and descend as they approach the valley, the F-35's scream past the Maverican tanks dropping JDAM's on to them as they go. Almost instantly after dropping their payload, the F-35's rocket out of the valley and begin to circle as they start to climb for 50,000 feet. Below them is the A-10's and remaining F-35, which were now all coming in for their gun run. The A-10's soar by with cannon fire and Hellfire missiles strafing the ground with lead and explosions. Close behind was the final F-35 not firing at all and just providing over watch. With the squadron now back into normal flying formation, they begin to head for Fort Thomas as they receive radio contact from DelPrado.

"Good effect on target Defender 5-1, thanks for the assist. Cowboy 1-1 out."

Fort Thomas, Issac River, Mizrad/Maverica
18:10 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 1
6th/9th Domestic Guard Infantry/4th Army Cavalry
OPERATION HOME FRONT

All across the two mile base that was Fort Thomas, men and women alike were all fighting for their lives as the enemy infantry advanced. The rebuilt walls were already destroyed once more and the infantry were taking heavy losses. Out of the 13,000 men in the 6th Infantry and the ones who survived the Maverican air attacks at Fort Thomas, only about 11,500 now remained. In only hours the Mavericks inflicted more damage in this war to Mizrad then almost of the past ones combined. 7,000 troops lay dead altogether, with far more injured and billions in damage had been done. Fortunately those who had been scared were evacuated, and only those who were aching to avenge their fallen comrades remained.

Dumping round after round into the charging Mavericks, the infantry and machine guns on the vehicles let loose hell upon their enemy. Despite the many shots that made contact to Mizradian troops, the sheer suppression power of the combined fire from the Mizradians would overcome it. Unfortunately the enemy helicopters were untouchable, the base's AA systems were utterly destroyed along with the 4th Cavalry's AA vehicles. They were taking more lives than the Maverican infantry, and it was only getting worse.

Then suddenly the roars of jets off in the distance becomes louder than the battlefield. It was Wildern and her squadron along with another squadron of F-25's from Fort Thomas returning from patrol. The fourteen Mizradian planes were about to wreak havoc on the enemy. Slowing down enough to engage the Maverican attack choppers. Unleashing 25mm and 30mm cannon fire added with AIM-9's into the choppers they whip past them and turn back like a whip cracking. This time they were reaping from the advancing infantry. Dropping the remaining JDAM's, Hellfires, TOW's and free-fall bombs onto them mixed in with the strafing 30mm fire of the A-10's, the planes pull off and await further instruction.

With their chance now being here, the western contingent of the Mizradian infantry begin to sweep in on the Mavericks. Slowly advancing cover to cover across the planes with Panther 1A1 tanks leading the way. Crushing the bones of the fallen Mavericks as they advance, survivors were being picked off from every angle as the infantry and cavalry at Fort Thomas split up with half advancing on the east flank while the rest stay and defend the base.

The surviving air craft at the base were now being sent into the sky. With bombing power and fighters being the main concern, the surplus F-18E's and F-22's begin to take the air alongside their equally old B-52M brethren. Unfortunately very few survived, although the F-22's were now heading out with F-25's finally coming in from bases further north in other regions of Mizrad to see what they could do. The F-18E's were now tasked with escorting the B-52M's who were assigned to halting the advance of the Mavericks. Their first stop was Avery's valley and then another desert plain. Soaring up to about 50,000 feet, the carpet bombs in the B-52's were being prepared as the F-18E's hold their JDAM's for other engagements. If DelPrado needed more air support, he'd be in for one of hell of a good surprise.

Mizrad/Maverica border
18:10 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7
10th Domestic Guard Air Defense Wing
OPERATION HOME FRONT

Watching as his squadron's left flank planes become under attack, Hawk 1-1 or Captain James Beasley makes the order to head for 70,000 feet. He was pushing the F-25's flight ceiling and was definitely not in a very safe area. Any mistakes here would be fatal, although fortunately no Maverican aircraft capable of bringing down an F-25 was able to reach 70,000 feet. The F-15's and F-22's of Maverica were now easily outclassed. However in the time it took to reach combat ready positions, an F-25 had gone down. Being destroyed by an air-to-air missile, it was unfortunately too late to save the pilot. Yet it was just the right time to avenge him as another F-25 was taking damage. The right wing squadron's seven F-25's were now barreling down from 70,000 feet to 66,000 feet -Prime air for an F-25 yet completely unsafe for an F-22. Locking on with AIM-9's the F-25's fire their missiles while pounding the enemy with 25mm cannon fire. Coming down behind their tails, the Mizradian planes continue to light up the Mavericks as they close in on both flanks. Despite the fact the Mizradian planes in this dog fight had now dwindled from 14 to 11 with one damaged, there were more than forty reinforcement planes now on the way.

150 Feet Below Fort Thomas, Issac River, Mizrad/Maverica
18:15 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7
Juan Montez/43rd MCID Field Team
Operation "Sucker Punch" Briefing

Descending to the underground quarters of the Fort Thomas complex, 1st Sgt. Juan Montez hastily jogs down to the briefing room. Everything was shaking and many things had fallen to the floor, parts of the ceiling that covered the outer steel rim and electric wires and the back up power was struggling to stay on after the above ground main generators took a hit during the bombings. Some water from the main pipe was leaking into the hallway, and Juan just missed slipping over it as he ran. Aside from the injured, nobody was walking in the place anymore. Every ten or so yards, there was a soldier -or a group of them all injured and being tended to in the halls. Cots had to be put out in the corridors due to the infirmary's overflow of wounded troops. Reaching the door to the briefing room, two tall Domestic Guardsmen in black combat gear with gas masks, FAST helmets and brown, dirty dusters covering them. These men were some of the best Mizrad had, and in some cases even made the MSDG look like children. Although the Domestic Guards High Guards were only used for defensive and guarding purposes. Suddenly one of them, clocking in at 6'6 and about 240 pounds of muscle nods to Juan, barely 6'0 and around 200 pounds and opens the reinforced steel blast door to the room.

Stepping inside, the "Vault" door closes after him. This room was far more kept together and more prepped for long term survival and luxury instead of just being a military base. Inside stood multiple A-SOG operations, MCID Agents Brett Volk, Quint Blackwood and the man in charge; General Arner himself. The general is the first to speak after a quick exchange of salutes.

"I'm sure you're glad to be here rather than the hellish earth that's literally hanging above our heads. Have a seat and we'll wait for the others to arrive."

Juan looks confused for a moment before he speaks up.

"Uhh sir, what others?"

Arner puts on an almost evil grin.

"Welcome to Operation Sucker Punch sergeant."

In Response To...

TO: The Democratic Hegemony of Teaurmai
FROM: President Ryan West, the Republic of Mizrad
ENCRYPTION LEVEL: Level Zero, None

To whom it may concern,
You seem to be horribly wrong, just hope your mistake isn't fatal. If any offensive

action is made towards Mizrad, Trenaria, the UAR or any allies of said nations you, your country and your people will be reduced to ash. Your move.

For A Brighter Future,
President Ryan West, the Republic of Mizrad

TO: The Government of Libraria & Ausitoria
FROM: President Ryan West, the Republic of Mizrad
ENCRYPTION LEVEL: Level Three, Medium

To whom it may concern,
Due to the fact Mizrad is currently a target of multiple nations and most likely being eyed by many more it is felt that sending delegates to us is the best option instead of continued messaging. Considering they have already been sent to New Boston, they will be briefed on the current situation and talks will continue with them. Sorry for the inconveniences, however it may be for the better.

For A Brighter Future,
President Ryan West, the Republic of Mizrad

Last edited by [Mizrad](#) on Mon Jan 06, 2014 2:18 pm, edited 1 time in total.

"No good decision was ever made in a swivel chair" -George Patton
Proud Member of the [INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM COALITION!](#)

Henry Miller (Public Domain)



Ghant
Minister

Posts: 2457
Founded: Feb 11, 2013
Civil Rights Lovefest

Martin and the Rhodeseans

by [Ghant](#) » Thu Jan 02, 2014 10:53 pm

QUOTE

Act IV, Ch. II. "Martin and the Rhodeseans"
Krasnoejeroi, Loufe
Town Hall

The life of Prince Martin of Dakmoor had been one long adventure, from beginning to present. There was never a dull moment in his life- even being locked up in a dungeon for 5 years had a sense of pizzazz to it. That was where he thought his life would come to its end- but it was only a pit stop. Somehow, here he was, in Loufe, walking up to some Town Hall, with four Rhodeseans, two to each side of him, with guns under their coats, ready to kill him at a moment's notice.

The trip from the hotel to this summit was bittersweet. He had no possessions, save the uniform provided to him by the Rhodeseans. He was getting close to going home, he could feel it. Yet, at the same time, the closer he got to the Town Hall, the further away from home he felt. The Rhodeseans told him that as soon as the Summit was done, they would take him to the airport and put him on a plane for Ghant, to any city of his choice. He chose Dakar, his home. He would go straight back to Dakauregia, the great palace of his House. He would have to convince his father that he was Martin, as Malibar was by nature a shrewd and skeptical man, but Martin knew that he could convince him.

Martin expected shenanigans at this summit, but he was alright with that now. Martin thought of himself as a survivor, who endured things that would break or kill a normal man. More importantly, Martin was not a man who started things- he finished them.

What I wouldn't do for a pitcher of tea, Martin thought. Since Martin couldn't talk to anybody at the Summit, he had to find some way to keep himself occupied. The Town Hall was big enough- it had multiple levels, and was on a slope, overlooking the town. The scenery was not lacking in the slightest, and for that much Martin was thankful. His eyes missed the sight of pleasant scenery.

He expected to see someone from Ghant there as well. The Rhodeseans made one critical mistake in that regard. In order to better conceal his identity, the Rhodeseans trimmed his once scraggly beard into a neatly trimmed arrangement of facial hair. Clean shaven, he looked more like his mother, but with facial hair, he thought he looked like his father. Whoever was coming

from Ghant, if they were coming, might look at Martin and see his father. He just hoped that whoever noticed the resemblance didn't just take it for coincidence.

There was a greeter at the door with a list on a table. "Hello, welcome to the Loufian World Summit, hosted here at the Krasnoejeroi Town Hall. What country do you represent?"

The senior most Rhodesean officer in the delegation, Paul, responded. "We are from Rhodesea."

"Can I see your invitation?"

"Certainly." He pulled the paperwork out of his coat, and gave it to the greeter. She was a pretty girl, but looked a bit naive.

"Thank you. Please, come in. There is food and drink on the table to the left."

They all bowed their heads as they walked in. As Martin bowed, he looked at the girl and smiled. She blushed.

As the Rhodesean delegation walked into the town hall, they found it half-full with different kinds of people. He didn't recognize anyone, and nobody seemed to recognize him.

The Rhodeseans stayed behind Martin, and guided him to the refreshment table. It was long and covered the length of the wall. It had many varieties of food and drink, much to Martin's delight. One thing every Ghantman shared in common was a love of food and drink. To be Ghantish was to love eating and drinking, especially with friends and family. He would have to make due with the Rhodeseans.

Martin stood in the corner, acting as inconspicuously as he could, provided the circumstances, with a glass of punch in his hand, sipping slowly, and avoiding eye contact with the other people in the room.

Paul broke the silence softly and quietly. "I would like to know something".

Martin looked at him inquisitively. "Really? In the mood for small talk, are you?" He replied in a similar manner.

"Why did you fight with Gillenor?"

"...Do you want an honest answer to that? You might not like what I have to say?"

"Tell me."

"There was injustice in Rhodesea. I have seen how your people behave. You butcher each other like animals. I didn't want to sit by and do nothing, while innocents suffer. Plus, I wanted an adventure. A way out. The Gillenorian Foreign Legion offered me a way out, and I took it. Look where that got me though."

"You think you are so civilized, don't you? You fought for Gillenor. There is no animal more savage than that."

Martin chuckled. "That is funny, because I have never seen a Gillenorian, or any Regalian for that matter, slaughter innocent and unarmed women and children."

"There is a lot you don't know, then."

Martin smiled coyly. "There was once an Emperor of Ghant named Nathan II. He is famous for having said, 'don't ask questions that you don't want to know the answer to'. My own mother used to tell me that. And besides, I am more concerned with the problem right in front of me, as opposed to the hidden one."

Paul smiled. "Rhodesea has never been the problem. Ghant likes to stick its hands where it doesn't belong, and Gillenor seeks to assimilate the world, one piece at a time. Rhodesea's only crime was standing up and saying no."

Martin laughed. "You Rhodeseans have a good sense of humor. In case you forgot, that's what Rhodesia was doing during the First World War, along with Kravia. The times change, and so does the world. Your kind should learn to leave in peace and harmony with others, and accept people as people, just like you. Instead of fishing for reasons to get aggressive with everybody."

"And what would you know of that, boy?"

"Quite a bit, actually. In Ghant, there was an event called the Burning of the Roses, from the interwar period. Learn more about that, and you should find that my family is not so different."

More diplomats and delegates began to pour in. Martin went back to his drinks and platters, and began to reflect on what his father had once told him about the Burning of the Roses. Martin's father used to tell him that one day, the Roses would bloom once more. *I doubt it..* Martin thought. *How can a rose bloom, that has been cast into the dark for so long?*

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Fri Jan 03, 2014 3:57 pm, edited 2 times in total.



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Commended by [Security Council Resolution #450](#)

Recipient of the [Greater Dienstad Roleplay Reward](#)

"Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!" - Percy Bysshe Shelley,
Ozymandias



Teurnai
Secretary

Posts: 30
Founded: Apr 25, 2012
Ex-Nation

Reactions

☐ by [Teurnai](#) » Fri Jan 03, 2014 6:24 pm

QUOTE

Saurnai, Teurnai

Klesakos Niis read the response to war carefully. He read it again. Then he filed a message to Ryan West.



If you wish to believe that, it is your own opinion.

Do not contact us again. Transmissions will be bounced back. Prepare for war.

END

Venkai logai Airstrip

A single, sleek, white jet, was prepped to fly. A man, covered in equipment embarked into the hold.
He was carrying a parachute.
The plane lifted off, and shot out at Mach 1 to its destination, Fort Thomas.

Zweidagon logai

Zweidagon logai was home to Teurnai's largest seaport. Two massive ships, the *TSS White Dawn* and the *TSS Golden Rose* set sail for Venkai logai, to evacuate all citizens. However, this was not their only mission. Venkai logai was to be drafted into the People's Militia, a paramilitant group belonging to the government but not recognized by it. When they were drafted and outfitted, they would be rigged with bombs and sent to to cause havoc in cities.

The ships treaded up the water behind them, and slithered away through the water.

Saurnai

The public was in an uproar about the war. Then again, the public was always in an uproar about something, but this particular uproar was more uproar-y than the last ones.

An excerpt from the Saurnai Herald read:

TEAURNAI AT WAR?


Skyline of Saurnai, day before Declaration of War

Citizens of Saurnai are in an uproar about the government's recent Declaration of War against Mizrad, Treneria, and the United Atlantic Region. The sides have been divided, 80% of the populace are in favour of the war, 20% are against the war.



Protestors stand in unison in one of Saurnai's seedier districts.

The 20% rioted in the streets yesterday, causing havoc. The People's Law, Riot Division was dispatched to deal with the problem, and the protestors were quickly subdued, but not without resistance. An approximation of two-hundred Molotov cocktails were thrown at riot police, killing two. Suspects were sprayed with mace afterwards.

The government has refused to issue a statement on the riots.

Democratic Hegemony of Teaurnai

Anthem

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I am a proud supporter of socialism, green politics, and grassroots democracy.

Economic Left/Right: -8.00
Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -4.62

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