

by Max Barry



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Ruffled Feathers (Attn: GD)

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Stevid
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

Ruffled Feathers (Attn: GD)

by **Stevid** » Thu Jul 29, 2010 10:45 am



Stevid Capita

The streets around the government buildings of Stevid Capita were their usual quiet selves as dawn broke across the country. The odd double-decker morning bus and taxi cab here and there, a few cars as the shift changes for the Civil Service grew ever nearer- but the dead-lock traffic would no arrive for hours yet for the noisy citizens of the great city had yet to wake from their slumber. But the daylight haziness of the morning sun continued to slowly waken the country and its empire to allow another day of choke bureaucracy to commence.

In the distance, no more than half a mile for the central government offices of Number 65, a clock chimed five times. A flock of pigeons, startled by the sudden booming noise took off in flight across Parliament Square- The home of Stevidian Democracy. A place of reasoned debate, controversy, law and sometimes outright corruption; it was here, in the Stevidian Parliament, where the slow beating heart of an ageing empire continued to thump ponderously through time. Now days it was rare for anything truly major to grace those hallowed halls of history, not since the Great War that flooded the entire region and not since the proposed expansion into former Liberated America to the homeland's North. But this morning was to be different, the lack of direction the Empire had been experience for little under a year was coming to end and finally the cogs of war and diplomacy would soon be turning once more. Prime Minister's Question Time was cancelled with the emergency calling of Parliament at nine o'clock Stevidian Standard Time to discuss a very important Imperial issue that required the House of Commons to vote.

Unbeknownst to most of the population, the Prime Minister, PM Conroy, had been up for much of the night with all of his cabinet ministers going over the final details of his speech to the House which would include important details of Imperial foreign policy regarding the country's standing within the Greater Dienstad region. The midnight oil had been burning brightly in all sectors of central government and the country would be waking up to news that might very well shock the region as well as the Empire. Imperial holdings in the region were beginning to weaken under political and even civilian pressure, too many nation states were contesting Stevidian sovereignty over territories held and/or claimed for years. Great Dienstad was just one example of the pressure the country was under. The old walls of the Empire were slowly beginning to crumble despite years of power and protect, Stevid had been challenged time and time again to defend with force or politics its right to the territory it had. From the ancient colonies in and around Adaptus Astrates and the North Hanover Island Chain to the new acquired lands of Guffingford and Liberated America- Stevid has had to stake its claim time and time again. Only military expansion kept international diplomats in check and the squabbling peasantry of civilians fear and awe of the raw power possessed by the Empire. Yet for all this power it was rarely utilised for any effective gain. But that would change today.

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The details of the speech were circulated to all Members of Parliament and all important members of the Civil Service and local governments. A journalistic press embargo had been enacted and potential leaks were stopped in their tracks due to exemplary work by the Chief Whips of all the major political parties. It was a sheer miracle that the details of the PM's speech hadn't trickled out into the public domain.

The press knew something big was up and the lack of information coming out of Number 65 and other third party MPs suggested that something big was happening and the only thing given to the public was that today at nine o'clock the Prime Minister would deliver a speech to the House of Commons which was of grave importance. Because of the embargo and the water tight security, the PM's ratings and those of his MPs were going steadily up. The faith they had in their leader was now unquestioned otherwise a leak to the public domain would damage Conroy's position, in fact the opposite had happened. Every member of the Conroy Party, including rebellious back benchers, had rallied to the party's call for unity. The Empire was an important part of the Conroy manifesto in each election campaign; membership required 'radical thinking' in regards to Imperial foreign policy and the country's expansionist aims. To this end, the Stevidian press had painted a pretty accurate picture of what the Prime Minister's speech would be about without having any sourced evidence to prove it. For days the news channels and papers had been talking about a 'Fourth Sphere of Expansion'- a term coined for each Imperialist move made by the Stevidian Empire to gain more territory. The papers also talked about moves to be made by the Empire to greatly enhance Stevid's influence over the region, particularly in the East, and also to open and solidify relations with nations from other powerful regions.

Church tower bells all over the city chimed to make 8:30 in the morning. All the streets in central Stevid Capita were now choked with traffic and pedestrians going to work. However the route between Number 65, the Prime Minister's private residence within the capital, the Parliamentary building was littered with police. They looked tooled up for a small war rather than just performing part of a security detail. All were armed with sub-machine guns and tazer side firearms (a rare sight outside of the capital and other major cities). All wore body armour with fluorescent jackets and protective head gear. Several were on horseback and in the distance a helicopter hovered in the air- the drone of its rotors drowned out by the commotion of people going to work. Outside Number 65 and the Cabinet Office sat a cortège of around ten Jaguar salon cars ready to transport the politicians to Parliament. The vehicles were escorted the short distance by police motorbikes and the public were kept well clear while the road itself was closed. No more than twenty minutes later the House of Commons was full to the brim with MPs awaiting the Prime Minister's arrival with the leading member of the opposition. Almost on the dot of nine o'clock, both the front benches of the leading government and the opposition entered the Commons to rapturous applause.

"Order please! Order!" Cried a voice from a great golden 'throne' at the far end of the House. The Speaker of the House was an old man, nearly his eighties now but his voice cut through a crowd of people like a hot knife does butter. *"The House recognises The Right Honourable David Conroy."*

A tall man dressed smartly in a tailored suit with a sky blue tie stood up and took his place before the house in front of his front bench. Prime Minister Conroy, leader of Stevid and its Empire rose to this occasion like all the others that had gone before him and began to deliver his speech with the confidence in himself he was born with.

"Thank you Mister Speaker. May I also thank all members of this House for attending this emergency Parliamentary session. I know you know why we're here, and I'm sure many of you know what I'm going to say. However the speech I'm about to deliver will drastically change the direction that this country's foreign policy is taking us at the moment. This country's power is stagnating, its

influence beginning to dwindle. I have not tried to build this country from the ground up since the dark days of Communism to see all that we have worked for crumble before us due to the howling winds of time. To survive, this Empire, OUR Empire must flourish and expand to attain glory afar. To achieve a name for itself that will echo through the halls of time long after we are gone."

The Conroy Part benches cheered, as to did several members of the opposition.

"However I will admit that my government have let this country fall into a state of neglect. The Empire is being challenged time and time again through no fault other than our own. We're not being taken seriously enough. For too long I have been campaigning for regional peace in the aftermath of the Second War of Golden Succession which saw the biggest loss of life this country and her Empire has had to endure. The spoils of war were thought to solidify our hold on the central portion of the region. This has not been the case. The war in Liberated America is nearly one but has been going on since the last Great War with the Golden Throne; colonies afar like the Hanover Island Chain have been attacked. We have foolishly thought that despite our technical defeat in the war and the spoils we gained from it, Stevid's presence in the region wouldn't be challenged. However the Golden Throne continues to be belligerent, the Eastern fringes of Greater Dienstad continue to squabble endlessly over territory claimed by one another while we and our allies sit uncomfortably by thinking that these problems will just go away. This is going to change.

*"Mister Speaker, I shall be blunt with the House and get straight to the point of this. This government will hereby declare a '**Fourth Sphere of Expansion**' and will take political and military steps to ensure the holdings of the Holy Empire remain secure from foreign invaders and that realms beyond our borders in sectors of the region that are unruly will fall into our control and jurisdiction and will benefit from our Empire's virtues!"*

Throughout the admittance of further territorial expansion the House exploded into a tantrum of jeers from the majority of the opposition but more noticeable, the sounds of cheers from all corners of the House.

"What's the ruddy point!" Cheered an MP of the opposition.

"Mister Speaker..." Conroy pleaded to the leader of the House in a request to quieten the House.

"Order!" The Speaker bellowed but to no avail but Conroy had already heard the remark made to him and pressed his point further.

"Ha Ha! My Right Honourable friend Jonathon Lictor of the quite run down constituency of North Yardley," Conroy mocked much to the laughter of his own Ministers. *"Asks 'what is the ruddy point'? Well I'll tell you Sir, but first let me point out to the opposition that is pro-Empire that they are unilateralist in their ranks! But I'll tell the Right Honourable gentleman that in order for this country to survive on the foundations my government have created. We need to expand to ensure the very survival of this country!"*

"The House still recognises the Prime Minister!" The Speaker said much to a chorus of boos.

"Mister Speaker and members of this esteemed House, if I may." Conroy continued. *"I will outline exactly what we are aiming to achieve here and how we will go about doing it:*

"The first point I must make in defence of this new aggressive policy is that this country must secure its place as one of the dominant super powers in this region of the world. Our position must not stagnate to the point where we are overtaken by other countries. We were taken by surprise by The Macabees' aggressive land grab in the aftermath of the Great War. We may have responded in kind but certainly not in a manner comparable to the Golden Throne. Yet despite our lack of activity, our defence spending has only decreased

10% in the past year- income tax remains at 100% because I feel, and so does this government, that we are still a 'wartime' country. The public has benefited tax cuts in other areas but in order to keep the grind cogs of our war machine moving we need as much money as possible. Not to use it would be a grave danger to our national sovereignty and to our economy."

Cheers echoed from the government bench. The rest of the House remained quiet while the Prime Minister continued.

"Secondly is that this Empire of ours requires a buffer zone to the east. Now the eastern continent of this region has remained largely untouched by this country and largely ignored what with our problem with the Golden Throne. But more to the point, the east in this region is far friendlier to the Holy Empire than the west. Independent Hitmen, our closest and most loyal ally remains our neighbour to the east. Lamoni and Greal also reside there- we have close ties and international defence pacts with both. We maintain neutral or good relations with many of the nations in the east like Lyras and Skibereen but nothing official. But there are swathes of land that are not even claimed by countries over there. We wish to create another colony for the Holy Empire on the Eastern Continent; the very large stretch of land that separates Intelligent Neighbours and Sumer from Greal, Wanderjar and San Castello.

"The potential natural resources that dwell in that territory is not well known but is not really of any consequence- it would merely give us a flimsy legitimate claim to take the land. But I will not sugar coat our desires behind false words and mind games. We want that territory to secure Stevid's position in Greater Dienstad as a major player. For better or worse, regardless of outcome, Stevid will become a serious world power to be reckoned with. Only to brave or foolhardy would dare cross our path again.

"The third and final point is that gaining all or the majority of this land will further give us the ability to launch an armed operation on the island of Setif. This island wields great strategic potential to all naval powers involved in the region. The ability to control the seas on the east coasts of almost all the nations on the east continent is almost literally mouth watering. I won't pretend we haven't been interested in this island before, but now we are prepared to stake our claim in now unclaimed territory."

Conroy paused just for a few seconds to take in everything. His government benches, full of his ministers, were full of smiles. The opposition was more welcoming than he had anticipated. He knew many of them agreed with his policy of Imperial Expansion but they believed in a more diplomatic approach- and approach Stevid had tried before the Great War to no avail other than hostile opposition. Smiles and nodding heads could be seen amongst a large crowd of frowns and snarls. But the Prime Minister continued nonetheless.

"**This Four Sphere of Expansion** has been in the pipe works for a few months now. It is called 'Operation Feather Ruffle'. Quite apt I think for I doubt we'll be met by a friendly welcoming committee once we arrive. A force build-up is already well underway but seeing as the country is still in a wartime ready state, a general purpose fleet of naval vessel will be ready to ship out in only two days, land fall will be in approximately two to three days after that.

"We are also aware that none of the nations on the eastern continent of have credible information regarding our ambitious for that particular continent. If a land grab ensues then we expect, assuming all goes to plan over the first week, to make direct contact with other nations in that area of the disputed zone after we have got a good strategic foothold on the mainland. I'm up-to-date and in regular contact with the heads of the armed services, in that respect I'm also fully aware of the details regarding the invasion. Of course in the interests of national security and the wellbeing of our brave men and women in our frontline services, I'm unable, if not willing, to disclose the particulars of the invasion.

"Thank you Mister Speaker..."

* * *

Stevidian Broadcasting Company News- Morning 10 O'clock News

"Stevid has entered a new Imperialist age as the ruling government proposed a bill to further extend the national borders within the Greater Dienstad region further east. Government lobbied the bill this morning in Parliament an hour ago. The bill was opposed by several ministers of the opposition including the entire opposition front bench. However rumours of a Conroy Party back bench rebellion were all but quashed today with overwhelming support for the Prime Minister's proposal.

"Prime Minister Conroy addressed the House of Commons this morning outlying his ideas about colonising unclaimed swathes of territory on the eastern continent of Greater Dienstad, a move that will surely incur the opposition of several neighbouring nations. However this newly dubbed 'Fourth Sphere of Expansion' included other points that were not included in the general voting and regarded only to issues already raised and voted on in Parliament and are already government policy: The escalation of the occupational war in Liberated America to finally bring it under total Stevidian control; reaching a diplomatic arm out towards the region of Haven; and solidifying the regional defence of the central states including those of Independent Hitmen, Adaptus Astrates and Indras- to which end the development of better relations with Indras as well.

"The Prime Minister had to defend his corner several times but claimed that the necessity to be more aggressive was in the interests of national security and blamed the Macabees' own land grab policy for forcing the Stevidian government to take more hostile measures to expand its influence. If the colonisation of the said land goes ahead, Stevid and the Macabees will create the two largest power blocs in the entire region and both appose each other. Many nations can challenge both to war but the scale of land both would control would make it near possible to completely defeat. It might be because of these strategic gains that this government is enacting a very ambitious new policy..."

*** * ***

Within days of the declaration several ships of the 'Eastern Monitor Force' had set sail towards the eastern continent to act as the vanguard force for the eventual invasion. Orders had been prepared and sent to the commanders of the vessels and told to ignore, pleas, threats or any communication along those lines from foreign nations and their naval assets. The Holy Empire at this point still did not know the general consensus the east continent had in regards to Stevid's actions. However the purpose of the fleet was as show of force, something the Holy Empire could do rather well but as far as fleet went it was fairly unremarkable in its contingent. A *Sanctus Mare Class* super carrier (HMS Kraken), an *Audacious Class* light carrier (HMS Lucia), a *Crusader Class* battlecruiser (HMS Indefatigable), four *Gasforth Class* guided missile cruisers, three *Reef Class* escort frigates, five *Lemartes Class* destroyers, a *Defiler Class* command cruiser (HMS Defiler) and a handful of diesel-electric submarines.

The fleet had split into two with a single carrier in each splinter fleet; the fleet with HMS Kraken had made one port of call at Independent Hitmen before swinging north-easterly and approached the west coast of the unclaimed territory from the north. The other stopped at Adaptus Astrates before approaching the same territory from the south. Both fleets remained close but did not rejoin together. The submarines too remained quiet throughout transit but formed a patrol picket ring around both fleet. The number of submarines in theatre was known only to the commanders of the ships at sea and disclosed to no other person.

The Monitor Force was acting only as a show of force and this action

would probably last no more than a week. After day two, the larger carrier force containing *HMS Kraken* would switch to the east coast of the territory leaving the light carrier *HMS Lucia* and the command vessel *HMS Defiler* to hold the west coast. In this time sorties would be flown and Royal Marines dropped onto dry land. The aircraft would explore the region and the marine would designate possible flashpoints with enemies if they crossed the border, navigate, map and prioritise possible landing zones while searching for any enemy forward positions with orders to engage with lethal force on contact. However the Royal Navy was not acting alone. Two *EP-191B "Aurora"* AWACS aircraft operating from RAF lease airbases in Adaptus Astrates were on station to provide enhanced radar coverage over the territory and would also be equipped with photo-imagers and radar landscaping equipment to accurately map the territory. In conjunction with this would be The Stevidian Space Agency and RAF Missile Command back on the homeland; both these bodies would be sending satellites both military and civilian, over the area to begin further mapping and weather watching.

All the while back in Stevid, the Army and Air Force were preparing for their biggest build up of forces since the last war.

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



Intelligent Neighbors
Lobbyist

Posts: 24
Founded: Jan 12, 2004
Ex-Nation

by **Intelligent Neighbors** » Fri Jul 30, 2010 12:34 am



Many thought that the events that would shake Greater Deinstad from one end of the region to the other began with the decisions of the Macabee Empire many years ago; a war of immeasurable proportions and death on an unprecedented scale. The truth, however, was far more complicated than that. Others may say that it began with the departure of peoples from two nations that created a vacuum of power. They were wrong also. It started, as so many of these things do, with *greed*.

The task of recounting the greed elsewhere in the region had best be left to those with more first hand experience of it than I. For now, be content to hear the story of the greed within the collection of peoples known as 'Intelligent Neighbors', and how it played its part in all that was to follow...

Writings of Marcus Brandt, Emperor
~~~

Three weeks ago.

**Sometimes**, even silence can convey emotion, the feelings of those within it. That day, the silence was expectant. The Emperor, sat upon his black marble throne stared out at the ten men sitting before him. Much to big for his perch, the thin man seemed almost uncomfortable upon it; yet those who had once been certain of his weakness now languished in cells after being thoroughly convinced otherwise.

The ten men before the Emperor represented the nine lords of the provinces, plus the commander in chief of the armed forces, High-Fist Ruul. They watched the Emperor in silence, waiting to see what his move would be. The council had, for the first time since it's inception, contrived to bring about a circumstance in which the Emperor could not impose his will on the situation. Normally, divisions and petty infighting had rendered the council ineffective, wasting their one vote apiece and leaving it to the Emperor's deciding three votes to settle the matter. But not this time.

For weeks now, there had been unease after unfounded rumours had swept through the nation, accusing the bordering nation to the south, Sumer, of building military forces up along the border. Such a notion was nonsense, intelligence clearly showing no such build up. Then, of course, the recent attack upon a nuclear missile bunker in Gildi had everyone's nerves on edge. The Lord of Gildi had confirmed

that indeed Red Iron separatists had been to blame, yet they had failed in this attempt to steal the nuclear warheads they were seeking. The nation was uneasy, the conscripted portions of the armed forces sat unused and itching for a chance to show their worth.

Then today, the Lord of Krakk had put forward a motion titled *In Defense of the Realm*, in which he had set out plans for the continued safety of the nation, and those citizens within it. Plans for military conquest of the wasteland the the North East to relieve Gildi and put it's citizens at ease. More military conquest in the south, bringing under Imperial control the mountainous region between No'gul and Sumer; in order to provide a buffer in the case of the threat materialising after all. Finally, of course, the push all the way along the eastern border of Intelligent Neighbors to the east coast of the continent, thereby creating a coast-to-coast network that would be vital for trade, as well as military force projection eastward.

How could one argue against such a lucrative deal? After all, there were no nations as such occupying the areas, no peoples to fight against besides the local towns and settlements. It would bring safety to the nation, peace, prosperity! All these things accomplished on the surface, yet any fool could see that they would not last should such events come to pass. For one, the situation with Sumer was fragile; any perceived threat to them and they might well invade and topple the Imperium under their tank treads. Another, the claiming of the lucrative east coast could trigger other nations wishing to expand into the area, a conflict for a vital area of land. The truth of the matter was that greed had come into play, why settle for what you have when there is more...

Following the tabling of the motion, the state of Jorma voted 'aye'; the long standing partnership between the Lords was well known. Gildi and No'gul quickly followed suit as they had much to gain from stabilizing the regions around them. Gesselschaft and The Cikae Isles simultaneously voted against the motion, as always opposing the mainland. The High-Fist with a growl of disgust voted 'nay', and brought the votes to 5-3 for. Eyes turned toward the Lords of Iyle and Drakkensburg, brothers who fought and squabbled as only siblings can. Both raised their hands in favour of the motion and thus brought the votes to 7-3.

The Emperor now could not stop the motion, even if he wished. Eyes turned to him and in silence waited. Regarding the men before him Brandt knew the man in which he trusted most, the man who had helped him to power and had stood loyal, uninterested by politics. High-Fist Ruul glowered back at the thin man on the throne from beneath bushy eyebrows, his stare speaking volumes about the foolhardiness of the motion. Yet the Emperor could not afford to lose face in this matter, could not lose, even if he knew this decision was the wrong one.

*Sorry, friend,* he thought to himself as he slowly raised his hand in the affirmative before speaking to those below him. "Very well, I concur that it is indeed in our best interests to pursue this course. Ruul, please begin your preparations immediately to build up forces in the North East and East. I will oversee the Crimson Guard's deployment to the South; the situation is delicate and the terrain tough. They will handle the situation there."

~~~

Now.

The fleet under Admiral Nok was arrayed around Ohia Island, controlling any access to Intelligent Neighbors from the North. Headed by one of the two *Longsword* class super missile ships the fleet sat and watched the approaching Stevid ships wearily. They would have the upper hand in any conflict, but it was all too obvious that more Stevid ships would be on their way.

The third army sat on the far eastern fringes of the Gildi desert, a mass of professional and conscripted soldiers itching to move forward. Airbases throughout the north of Intelligent Neighbors were on high alert, ever mindful that a strike could occur at any moment. The council was in an uproar over the incursion by Stevid, bellowing the fact that they 'had no right' to be making a claim here, demanding action. Yet no motion was passed, the Emperor working overtime on splitting the power blocs there open and voting against the motion. Some saw this as weakness in the great man, but those who knew better smiled and waited to see what his plan was.

Please refer to me as:

MT: The Imperium of Intelligent Neighbors, The Imperium, IN.

FT: The Amnion, The Amnioni.



Skibereen
Minister

Posts: 2724
Founded: Antiquity
Ex-Nation

by **Skibereen** » Tue Aug 03, 2010 3:08 pm



[viewtopic.php?p=2886115#p2886115](#)
Relevant to both threads.

argumentum ad logicam, seriously think about it.

"If Tyranny and Oppression come to this land, it will be in the guise of fighting a foreign enemy."

James Madison

[First in line for the pie in the sky](#)



Independent Hitmen
Bureaucrat

Posts: 41
Founded: Antiquity
Ex-Nation

by **Independent Hitmen** » Sun Aug 08, 2010 5:37 am



Mount Wheeler Presidential Summer Retreat

"Well they did it"

Vice-President Bull slammed his coffee cup down as he watched the Stevidian announcement on TV. The Hitmano administration had been informed of the Stevidian moves sometime before, the President had lobbied for a subtler announcement to maintain the element of surprise but had bowed to the Stevidians wanting to do it their own way. Vice-President Bull, a veteran of the covert world of military intelligence, couldn't believe that they would throw away one of their biggest advantages in this endeavour and he made his feelings known..again. Both men were dressed casually, the President in jeans and a white and black striped polo shirt and the Vice-President in his favourite jeans and a blue t-shirt.

"Simon they can do things their own way. It will probably provide a nice little distraction from our own involvement in this little adventure though." replied the President, calmly placing his own tea cup on its saucer and then onto the coffee table.

"God dam it. They would announce everything to everybody in the world if they could. Except their damn sub's."

"Thats enough Simon. They are our closest allies, we won't have any of that talk. Your boys from military intelligence had better be here on time, I have a feeling the Golden Throne won't take too kindly to this and it will pull more and more Stevidians away from the West if our predictions are right."

"We have more than enough troops to push in to cover for them. Remember we have our entire armed forces sitting around doing diddly squat at the moment."

"As Commander-in-chief I am well aware of the disposition of our military forces and if I hadn't known you for all your life you'd be on a damn charge right now for speaking to me like that. Besides we have other uses for those soldiers."

The President and his Vice-President loved to wind each other up and here in the privacy of the President's personal study they could indulge in that. Only their wives sat in the room with them, Simon's children had been left with their uncle and the Presidents young son was sleeping upstairs. Undoubtedly the Secret Service had microphones and could hear what was being said but in the relaxed environment of the wood panelled room they didn't care. Considering that the two most powerful men in the country were sitting in the room and a major policy shift had just been announced by their closest ally they were remarkably calm. Both men realised that shit happened and in colloquial speak; they had to roll with it as best they could. They had a weekend chocked full of meetings with senior military personnel to discuss their responses and the first reactions of the other regional powers. Some would be expected, others unexpected, but it wouldn't be surprising if the nations that occupied the eastern continent responded militarily. The Stevidian incursion would upset the balance of power even more than the loss of Yanitaria and TPF and would undoubtedly be a flashpoint for the tensions that lingered in the region. The President had decided that the Hitmen would not keep avoiding conflict; he had a massive population yearning for new lands to spread out in. His country could not support its burgeoning population for more than four more years if it continued to grow at its current rate. The people might not want wealth from conquest but they wanted space, they were fed up with over a billion people having to live above ground level in the millions of huge tower blocks that populated the inner belt of most major cities. But the President recognized the problems that it would cause. Even if a million people a year moved from the country then the population would still expand by four instead of five millions. It simply wasn't sustainable.

They had tried internal policies to limit growth, but without damaging the freedoms that the Hitmen held so dear it was nearly impossible and so they needed more space in which to call home. It was a short term solution, but it was a solution nonetheless. There was plenty of free land in the region with the disappearance of countries now seemingly a weekly occurrence. Some just disappeared whilst others descended into chaos as their governments abandoned them for a luxurious exile on pilfered funds. That was how the first phase of IH expansion had begun, the port of Freshwater in the nation formerly known as Courbournne had been the test. Unfortunately it had led to more people becoming IH citizens, but had provided some useful military staging posts and a small let out for several thousand of the most desperate citizens of the main island. But lessons had been learnt, primarily that targets must be identified more clearly and they must be less populated and much much bigger.

The Presidents thoughts were disturbed by a knock on the door. A moment later the door opened and one of the Secret service agents of the Presidential Protection Detail entered the room and after being beckoned by the President approached him in his chair.

"Mr President, Colonel Dawson sends his compliments. The men from Intentions are here to brief you now."

"Thank you David. Would you give us one moment and we will join you in the corridor. I must admit I still don't know the layout of this place yet."

"Of course Mr President." the agent offered the smallest of smiles to the Presidents comment and then retreated out of the room.

As the agent left the President turned back to the ladies and his Vice-President and briefly looked at the television before speaking.

"Right Simon we had better go and listen to our first briefing of many."

"Yessir." replied the Vice President, standing and picking up his mobile phone from the coffee table and slipping it into his jeans pockets. *"Suppose they will brief us on the HK Morddh situation as well won't they?"*

"Only the overall situation, the in depth one is later. Apparently they are worried we can't take too much information at once."

The two men excused themselves from their wives and then made for the door where a pair of agents now waited for them. As one lead the two men off down the corridor so the other informed the command centre of their movements and stood post at the door they had just come out of.

Some time later in the main meeting room.....

President Anderson and Vice-President Bull were seated at the head of a rectangular table whilst the two longer sides were full of officers in uniform from the three services, briefing papers were scattered on the table so each man could see and there was a digital projection of the regional map on the wall behind the empty side of the table. The briefing had been going on for over an hour and that was just the background information that the staff had decided the President needed reminding of. One of the briefing officers was now summarizing the movements of other powers in the region.

".....there have been movements by morrdh, satellite intel has picked up increased activity at bases across the country and it was confirmed a few hours ago that a sizeable fleet is putting to sea from several naval dockyards. Their destination and purpose is unknown at this moment in time, likely thinking is that this will be a powerplay for H&K's lands. The Stevidian announcement appears to have stirred several nations in the east into activity. Satellite passes of IN, Sumer, Wanderjar and southern Greal have showed the early signs of increased military alertness at major bases and frontier posts. The smart money is on one of them nabbing the disputed land before the Stevidians manage to get boots on the ground. Closer to home, coastal defence sites have picked up increased levels of air activity in the international travel lanes to our south and west. Air Force fighters have had visuals of a number of aircraft matching Skibereen designs and descriptions, the majority flying North by Northwest."

"Making their own play for H&K?" this was from the Vice-President.

"It seems unlikely Sir. It's the complete other side of the region for them and the morridanes would hold all the aces. We could be seeing the start of a combined operation which would give Skib bases in the North West of the region in return for assistance. There have been no official communication from their government but we see no signs of hostility and there are fighters up watching them to make sure they stick to the transit lanes."

"Will the H&K situation spiral? What are our intel sources saying about others getting involved?" this came from the President and was answered a different officer to that who had been briefing.

"Mr President it seems likely that others will try and interfere. The Golden Throne lies to the south and they are unlikely to sit by and see one of their allies attacked by a relatively new power even if they do have Skibereen support as seems likely. The Stevidians may yet decide it threatens them and make a move but that would seem unlikely, they are going to have their hands full in the east."

"What you're trying to say is that we might be seeing the start of a lot of regional infighting."

"Exactly Mr President. It has the potential to develop into a regional conflict the like of which we haven't ever seen. A more realistic assessment is that there will be several conflicts isolated from each other as nations rush to fill the power vacuums that have appeared in several key sectors. We cannot discount the notion that this would spread and threaten the interests of the United States."

The briefer continued talking for a while longer as Vice-President Bull leaned in to the President and spoke quietly into his ear.

"What they are saying is they have no fucking clue what's going to happen but they have to cover their arses. Remind me the what is the point of Military Intelligence?"

The President gave him a small chuckle before clearing his throat and speaking.

"Gentlemen it appears that we have limited options at this early stage. I will be in contact with the Stevidians and I will instruct our ambassadors in all the relevant countries to inform their governments that the United States is concerned and worried about the increasing tensions across the eastern continent and that we urge restraint from all parties."

"Instead of concerned and worried perhaps we should say concerned and attentive to" this from the so far silent Head of the Armed Forces Field Marshal Mathew Whitney.

"Arguments?"

There were none.

"Good. I will instruct the secretary of state. I will add in the chance of an international peace conference to keep them distracted from our true intentions. The Vice-President will continue the meeting on the Genesis project whilst I speak with Prime Minister Conroy. Thank you for your time Gentlemen."

The President stood to leave and all those seated in the room sprang up, the military officers standing rigidly to attention until the President had left the room and the door closed behind him. With the Commander-in-Chief gone the Vice-President chaired the meeting.

"Very well. Right let's get down to business I want a full update on the Genesis project that I will present to the President after his phone call. When are the first boats scheduled to leave Rathbourne and Gillen??"

A letter hand delivered by the IH ambassador in each of the following countries to their relevant leaders: The Imperium of Intelligent Neighbours, The Afrikaner Free State of Wanderjar, The Armed Republic of the Isles of Skibereen, The Unified Commonwealth of Morrdh, The Federal Republic of Greal, The Golden Throne of the Macabees, Sumer, The Holy Empire of Stevid.

“

From the President's desk at Mount Wheeler

Dear friends,

It is with great trepidation that we watch the withdrawal of states from this region and great concern that we see the power vacuum that their withdrawal leaves, particularly on the Eastern continent of which all you great nations are resident powers. The United States of Independent Hitmen has a vested interest in regional harmony, as do all of you great powers, over these past few years of peace we have developed more as a region than in a decade of war and strife.

The Stevidians have proposed that they fill the vacuum on your continent to prevent a costly struggle between powers that will end in only death and misery for your people as you fight each other for land. I encourage restraint and calm actions to counter what is a potentially devastating chain of events that may yet force the region into another long dark war. A balance of powers must be maintained to preserve the ways of life we all hold dear, though they may differ they are the ways of our fathers and forefathers

and I do not seek to change that. The Stevidian solution to the problem we are now faced with appears the best solution to avoid mass bloodshed on a scale not seen for years.

I implore you all, as regional allies and friends, to allow peace a chance. The United States is both concerned and attentive to the plight of the Eastern continent and all other areas of the region. It serves none of our interests to have war in the east when so many perils lie in the west. Should it please you all I propose to host a conference to discuss the future of the former Yanitarian lands in my capital city.

I await your replies.

Signed,

A concerned friend,

James W Anderson
President of the United States of Independent Hitmen



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Wed Aug 11, 2010 10:54 am



Morrdun

"Enter!" Prime Minister Edmund Vermillion called out as he heard a knock on his office door and laid down the paperwork he was reading. In response the door creaked opened (*he'd been meaning about getting the hinges oiled....*) and a clerk hurried in with letter in hand. "Priority message sir."

"Very well." Vermillion sighed as he took the letter. "Dismissed."

"Yes sir." The clerk mumbles and leaves the room, gently closing the door behind him as the Prime Minister as he read the newly delivered letter. It seemed the United States of Independent Hitmen were....*concerned* that the region was running headfirst into another war and were proposing a petty peace conference. Conflict was needed to avoid stagnation and even stemmed from stagnation, war was part of the natural cycle of things just like new life was. War Is Hell. That much was true, though the victor always reaped the rewards of victory.

Sighing, he drafts another letter before calling for the clerk again.

“

Dear President James W Anderson,

I am writing to acknowledge your recent message and to offer some reassurances, which I hope will put your mind at ease.

No doubt you are aware of the current 'political situation' that exists between the Unified Commonwealth and our neighbours to the south, Hailandkill. Granted we are conducting military operations along our mutual border, though I stress that it is purely to stabilize the region which has become little more than a lawless haven of scum and villainy. With a lack of a response over the issue from our neighbour we decided to take matters into our own hands, regrettably only armed conflict was the only option available to us. We intend to call a halt at the 51st Parallel which'll put the lawless zones under Morridane authority. If the government of Hailandkill are willing, we're more than happy to talk the matter over.

Signed,

Edmund Vermillion
Prime Minister, Unified Commonwealth of Morrdh



Intelligent Neighbors
Lobbyist

Posts: 24
Founded: Jan 12, 2004
Ex-Nation

by **Intelligent Neighbors** » Wed Aug 11, 2010 11:31 am



Gull Mountain Range, South of IN.

The Crimson Guard forces had moved into this region only a short while ago but already they had been making their presence felt. Amongst the reserve armies, comprised of conscripts with little to no training a bitter feeling abounded. None of the Crimson Guard made do with old equipment, ragtag weapons and clothes that did little to keep out the freezing cold in the high altitude. The Crimson Guard didn't have to walk up the damn mountains, or ride jeeps with no suspension.

Equipped for all eventualities the finest fighting force that Intelligent Neighbors could muster swung into action by air. Thousands of helicopters flew through the mountains now, dropping men and supplies to carefully mapped out positions. Planes swooped through the passes, missiles deployed carefully to block, ruin and sometimes clear pathways. Through the largest passes in the mountains mines were being sown; backed up with tank traps, armoured bunkers and cave systems from which to surprise the enemy. Artillery had been brought up, installed in hidden locations and angled to fire down the major routes. Further back, Hellion missiles were wheeled forward and installed; sure to cause death if ever called upon.

The task was simple in it's idea; yet who knew the volume of forces that Sumer would muster should it awaken. Tanks surely would play a large part; and as such the Guard planned to use the confined spaces and difficult terrain to their advantage.

Wastelands NE of IN

Gunfire raked the small village from several vehicle mounted machine guns. It blew through the thin mudbrick walls and tore chunks from the few stone ones. A loud scream followed by an explosion that left a burning hold in the side of the church announced the beginning of the close quarters assault.

Three men charged the building directly, with another three moving between other buildings to cover. The gunfire from the jeeps let up as the first three reached the Church. The first of the men tossed a grenade into the hole, crouching as it blew then leading through the doorway. Shots rang out across the village before stopping, leaving only the sound of burning and the moans of the nearly dead. The three men emerged, the leader dusting down his top whilst signalling to jump back on the jeeps and move on out.

Easing himself into the jeep and sitting back, Wulfila gripped the rail tightly as the jeep lurched forward and into motion. Another village cleared, another likely hiding place for the rebellious people removed. Wulfila lent back further and drifted off as the jeep swung north. Hours later he woke; stiffness setting into his body. The jeep had stopped, and the men wearily climbed down beside him. They were way north of the rest of the Imperial forces, further north than any point within Intelligent Neighbors. Ahead of them sat a strange hill; all alone in the flat wastelands it sharply rose then flattened at the top to provide a natural plateau. On top sat the walled abbey of St. Christine, presently occupied by Claw special forces in the guise of monks.

They had arrived weeks earlier, silently slipping into the abbey at night and silencing them. Assuming the role had been easy in such a remote location; as it was none were permitted to speak and no outsiders were allowed within the walls. There they were to wait, observing any movements from the north and should the situation arise; disrupting any forces that moved into the area.

Gesturing to his men, Wulfila began the climb up the hill even as the jeep turned and drove back south. He would be the last of the twenty to arrive.

###

“

President Anderson,

You know the Imperium well, you know how we think, in particular, how *I* think. Your letter, your excuses for Stevedian aggression are unnecessary and indeed they are insulting of our intelligence. We have come to conclude that this is little more than a power play, designed to increase the power of Stevid (and by extension yourselves) to the point where they can dictate regional affairs.

The council of Intelligent Neighbors can not, and will not, allow that to happen; they see the threat of aggression from Stevid in the same light as all the other threats from nations of the eastern continent. All they know is how to fight back and that is what they clamour for. It is no secret we covet the lands east of our nation, that moving to the east coast would bring many benefits. Yet for years I have blocked motions to achieve this.

Why? I recognise the implications if our nation stretches from coast to coast. Primarily that the legions of tanks that Sumer is known to possess would have to move directly through us, yet other reasons also exist. Do not forget the separatists within the region, used to their petty freedom and willing to die to preserve it. Now, with the threat of war rearing its ugly head I cannot hold back the council any longer. Imperial forces will be moving into the wastelands north-east of Gildi, moving east to the coast. I suggest that you inform your esteemed allies of our goal, and the lengths to which we shall go to achieve it.

Along with that, tell them that the Imperium could boot them back off this continent, send them sprawling on their asses; should it wish. Not to mention the hordes of others that will be gunning for territory. Alone, Stevid has little chance of securing anything meaningful. However, we could turn a blind eye to your occupation of the area, or perhaps even aid in such an endeavour. Certainly I would rather see Stevid and Independent Hitmen than the unpredictable other nations on our doorstep. Naturally there would be agreements that you in turn would fulfil.

Perhaps, Mr. President, it is time that we spoke in more depth about such things. After all, there is much to play for. Do not, however, make the mistake of assuming that I don't know the real state of affairs.

Emperor Marcus Brandt

Please refer to me as:

MT: The Imperium of Intelligent Neighbors, The Imperium, IN.

FT: The Amnion, The Amnioni.



Independent Hitmen
Bureaucrat

Posts: 41
Founded: Antiquity
Ex-Nation

☐ by **Independent Hitmen** » Thu Aug 12, 2010 8:37 am

QUOTE

Mount Wheeler, The Presidential Summer Retreat

"Surprisingly frank for diplomatic discourse isn't it Simon." the President said to his deputy after finishing reading the communiqué from Emperor Brandt and handing it to the burly Vice-President.

"Well it was asking a lot for them to believe that we weren't just trying to draw a cloak over our own positioning, although it would have been nice to have a little longer to get ourselves sorted before they realise that we are looking at it too."

"Indeed it would have been. But as the saying goes Shit Happens and now we must react. His last words are interesting are they not. Speaking in depth. They would clearly have a power from the centre on their island with a weak position than an expanded power from the north of their own continent. What would they want in return?"

The President's last musing was directed at the Secretary of State, Jon Chandler, who was sitting opposite him on one of the sofa's and had brought the communiqué's to Mount Wheeler where the President was staying to avoid the press as the regional situation deteriorated.

"Sir we have no idea. Probably assistance against Sumer, possibly moving as far as a pact to stem others influence in the area. They are notoriously unstable and unpredictable no matter what his complements might imply about us knowing their mindset. They are tenacious fighters too; an entire airbourne battalion took all day to overrun one of their companies in the Dr_Twist civil war and took severe casualties doing so. We've never faced them in battle."

"We haven't faced many people in battle lately" growled the Vice-President. His comment earned him a glare from the President who was always anxious to preserve peace unless there was no alternative. Lately he had seen that there was little alternative but the Vice-President still half expected him to pull the plug on their planned operations.

"Thank you. Jon is there any way to find out what Brandt is proposing before I speak to him?"

"It seems unlikely Mr President. A direct call would be the easiest way and would probably cut out a layer of...umm...diplomatic red tape."

"Do you mean bullshit Jon?" This again from the Vice President.

"Effectively yes. A private call to renew relations in light of this escalating situation would probably allow you to be both fair and frank with him and I would envisage that the Emperor would be frank in return. I doubt our clumsy subterfuge will have affected their judgement of us but you never know."

"Sometimes appearing clumsy can aid your cause if they expect you to always be clumsy Mr Secretary." The fourth man in the meeting finally spoke. By nature he was quiet but Martyn Rush was director of the civilian arm of the intelligence service and being quiet was a good trait for a professional spy and so he had risen through the ranks to delicately tread the corridors of power and find himself invited to spend the weekend at the Presidential retreat. He continued. *"We know little of their intentions, they lack the internal cohesion to be able to effectively control large swathes of new territory at least they do at the moment. Brandt appears to be the puppet of some of his underlings in the council but the Emperor holds a greater sway than they believe. If Brandt wants something badly enough he usually gets it, divide and conquer works just as well within nations as it does between them. The Emperor will be aware of the discomfort that will come from making proper enemies of ourselves and the Stevidians so I doubt that's the course he will wish to take. The squabbling powers to his north represent far more of a threat to his throne and territory, if he can expand a little northward and make a deal with the Stevidians to form a buffer zone between the northern powers and him so that he can absorb Sumer in relative peace and quiet with his Northern borders secure then that will serve his purpose well. Very well in fact."* he paused to allow the other three to absorb what he told them whilst he looked out of the window and stirred his drink. The gardens here were always very well looked after, one of the privileges of power appeared to be several full time gardeners at each of the properties kept for you.

After a few seconds Vice-President Bull spoke *"Will the Stevidians go for it?"* he looked at the President who was the closest to Prime Minister Conroy.

"I think David would welcome anything to make his plans go a little more smoothly and quickly. Mr Secretary get a call organised with the Emperor, I want to hear what he says. Schedule in the Prime Minister shortly afterwards, I'm sure he will want to know what's going on."

The Secretary made a note on the side of his briefing paper before speaking.

"And what of the communiqué from Prime Minister Vermillion?"

The President thought for a moment, stood and walked to look out of the window at the gardens that Rush had recently been admiring.

"Leave it be for the while. Then send a brief response, heavily lean on the fact that we are not telling him what to do in his own sphere of influence and that we are sure he is well aware of the national security implications of his actions. Don't mention the Golden Throne but I'm sure he will get the gist of the message, if the Macabees comes gunning for him because of the attack on H&K we can't let Morrdh fall to them and have Macabean outposts to the south, west and north. I doubt the Stevidians would be too happy at that either. You can be damned sure that I don't want to put our troops on their beaches to defend them against Nakil's but you can be damned sure if they keep going like this that we might have to bloody well do it. I wouldn't include that last bit though Jon....don't want them thinking they've got carte blanche would we."



Stevид

Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497

Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevид** » Thu Aug 12, 2010 9:04 am

QUOTE

Greater Dienstad- Eastern Continent, Intelligent Neighbours/Disputed Territory West Coast

The Monitor Force on the west coast kept as reasonable a distance from the coastline so as to be in perfect position to counter any threats from either the sea or land. The Carrier HMS Lucia and command ship HMS Defiler had tracked a lot of activity coming from the Imperium of Intelligent Neighbours within hours of arriving on station. A sizable fleet, obviously enough to overwhelm the small Monitor Force sent by the Holy Empire, was certainly not on station as a gesture of good will. In fact the size of the fleet was a direct and unmistakeable affront to the Stevidian presence in the area. But the Holy Empire expected a lot more from the inhabitants of this continent, more a long the lines of open hostility which prompted several captains to talk to the commander in charge of the Monitor Force on the Lucia, Commander Bernard Vaughan, and give their collective views that the territory neighbouring Intelligent Neighbours was not of their greatest concern. In fact the lack of activity and given the Navy the breakthrough it needed. Reports were already in of the new battlefleet in Stevid that had been put together specifically for this campaign. Battlefleet Tempastora was ready for deployment and would be on station in the west within a day of setting sail- in the mean time the Monitor Force was the only Stevidian presence with any real firepower, bar the use of the RAF for reconnaissance efforts.

But in response to the introduction of Intelligent Neighbours' naval units in the western sea theatre the Monitor Fleet did very little in way of provocation. Commander Vaughan order the two splinter fleets to condition yellow and combat air patrols from both the carrier Lucia and Kraken began in earnest. A handful of submarines were also order by the commander to shadow the Imperium's fleet at the safest and least threatening of distances while still able to gather and transmit crucial data to the fleet commander until Battlefleet Tempastora arrived. In wouldn't be long before the nations of the Eastern Continent would truly witness the power of one of the greatest navies in not only the region but the world. But until it did arrive, apposing Imperial ships held the advantage- particularly with the Longsword missile ships. The Monitor Force lacked the Hanover Class electronic warfare cruiser; a ship built specifically to counter waves and waves of missiles that would usually overwhelm a fleet. It is also equipped with not only the worlds most complicated and sophisticated array of sensors and jamming systems but a formidable anti-missile armament as well. The lack of such a vessel would spell doom for the Monitor Force in combat- but the battlefleet en route would be of a proportion that it would be able to tackle any threat it encountered.

Things moved quickly through day two forwards towards day three. The splinter fleet with HMS Kraken was ordered quickly to the east coast and set up an exclusion zone to all other nations' navies and air forces. HMS Lucia's fleet was to begin preliminary landings on the west coast with Royal marines and light vehicles en masse to then meet up with marines already on the ground, set up beachheads to be used once the main force arrives. Royal Engineers with the Marines in both splinter fleets would make do with what resources and equipment the navy could lease to them and construct temporary runways for short take off/landing aircraft.

By five o'clock in the evening, Stevidian troops set foot on the eastern continent but no ceremony took place despite the momentous occasion, which would have to wait until the battlefleet arrived. But nonetheless, Imperial troops had now landed and claimed the territory in the name of the Holy Empire. Landings would continue into day three until the first ships from Battlefleet Tempastora would start arriving. By day four most of the ships would be within hours of the continent and a sizable force of troops and aircraft would be on dry land. It wouldn't till the sixth day that the fleet would be at full strength- but it was anticipated that day six would be the day that force landing from both the east and west coasts would meet in the middle.

* * *

Port Denver Naval Base, Stevidian East Coast

While actions were commencing back on the eastern continent, eight naval bases on the shores of Stevid were a hive of activity. The military units of the ground and the air that would be fighting and occupying the main disputed territory on the east continent were busy being loaded up onto the shipping that would ship them the vast distance. The vanguard and initial invasion force was already en route and would be arriving within hours of their destination, but the massive bulk of addition arms and reinforcements were still in Stevid. Within a day they would be at sea. But such a grand mobilisation at such short notice had cause several delays with the loading procedures. There had been several accidents involving tanks crashing on the decks or artillery pieces falling off cranes because they were not secured properly to name just a few incidents. The only major concern was the growing amount of injuries- breaking equipment was rare but people tripping over each other, bumping into things, breaking bones; it was all far too common. Regardless if Stevid was still operating under war time conditions even this long after the regional war (which would make the whole mobilisation process far quicker), it was still long, hard work. The main invasion force was two days behind the vanguard force which was big enough to hold its own but not against combined opposition on foreign soil. However news was trickling through regarding the news of the small Marine invasion force, three small villages had been captured with no opposition on the east coast and two on the west coast of the disputed zone. No shots had been fired by anyone yet and the people living in the villages were already having to adapt to Stevidian military occupational life as best they could. This news buoyed the mobilisation crews back on the mainland and the general public were receiving the news positively.

Steadily ships began leaving the harbour in their own small fleets, thousands of logistical shipping and littoral combat vessel made their way out into the ocean and towards their first point of call, Independent Hitmen. Most of the assault carriers would skip that leg of the journey and carry on directly to the east continent, particularly those supporting the east coast invasion of the disputed territory. But the most monumental of the ships would be some of the last to leave harbour. Four more Sanctus Mare aircraft carriers two Inquisitor Class dreadnoughts and one Sanguinious Class super capital ship would be arriving throughout the course of the sixth day to provide power projection. Day six would be critical, it would be the point where opposition to Stevidian presence would be hotting up but

it would also be the point where the naval and air forces would be at such large numbers that actually removing Stevidian units from the theatre would be a monumental task. However, that was four days away, and the Empire expected to have complete control over the disputed territory in that time while encountering stiff resistance from its neighbours.

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



Stevid

Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497

Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevid** » Mon Aug 16, 2010 10:09 am

QUOTE

Disputed Zone- North East of Intelligent Neighbours

Thirty thousand feet in the air the sky was clear. Only the few odd clouds dotted the surrounding atmosphere but did nothing but make the view from the patrolling *EP-191B "Aurora"* AWACS aircraft even more beautiful. The metallic fuselage of the great aircraft gleamed in the morning sun as it performed yet another aerial swoop over the disputed zone to report any findings to the ground forces and naval forces of Stevid below.

The day was different to the others, day three of the invasion was proceeding as normal but with the odd twist here and there. Politically the presence of Holy Empire troops on this continent had rattle many cages none least than those of the Imperium of Intelligent Neighbours and those of Wanderjar. But only IN had mobilised properly to counter any Stevidian efforts on the mainland and further still, had started their own campaign in the east of their country to occupy the stretch of contested territory directly to the their east and north east. It was this military build up that the AWACS of the Stevidian Royal Air Force was monitoring now- fighter aircraft and bombers from the Imperium had already begun to start flushing out mild resistance on the ground and were busy caving a path through the mountains to make life for their ground forces easier once they marched into the territory. Equally it could mean making the Stevidian advance, once it came, more difficult. Nonetheless, the Holy Empire had nowhere near the resources yet available to pose too much of a threat to any of the nations on the continent. Only elite infantry of the Royal Marines and the Paratroop Regiment had a significant foothold on both the west and east coast beaches. Light equipment was available for those troops but nothing more than a handful of armoured Land Rovers and a few static artillery pieces airlifted by Chinook helicopters from the Royal Navy carriers. Until now, Intelligent Neighbours had been reasonably quiet throughout the week despite the invasion. In fact they seemed quite uninterested in the Stevidian forces so far with only a fleet shadowing the Royal Navy, a few sporadic attacks in villages to their north and then their aerial campaign to the east and north east. Aside from that, there had been no contact with each other militarily. Still fact remained unchanged as the crew onboard the "Aurora" aircraft followed the low level blips on the radar as the IN air force bombed its way through the mountainside. Other eyes watch similar screens displaying aircraft movement, high, medium and low level, along the Intelligent Neighbours board and further into their airspace. A few fighters and commercial aircraft were lit up but all aircraft local to the AWACS' position were not on an intercept course but the events the east were not going unnoticed.

Similar Stevidian aircraft were up in the sky in other parts of the country but it was the east that was of the most concern. For all the hoo-ha coming from Intelligent Neighbours, it mattered little to the Holy Empire. The major concern was what was happening in Wanderjar. As of yet, no political message had been broadcast regarding the presence of Stevidian troops. Military Intelligence had gathered nothing important or conclusive about troop, armour or aircraft movements in Wanderjar. RAF AWACS had reported little activity along the boarder with Wanderjar, but given past experiences and gut feelings- the Stevidian Government and military leaders had ordered maximum vigilance when patrolling the airspace near to Wanderjar. It was believed that they wouldn't simply sit and

roll over while the Holy Empire marched into their continent. It was only into the first week of fighting, not much was expected to have happened in this time anyway. But beady eyes were trained on both Intelligent Neighbours and Wanderjar while the Stevidian government worked furiously to keep all players in the theatre talking.

Number 65, Stevid Capita

The press gathered behind the iron gates that stood at the top of the Lowland Road cul-de-sac. Rumours were that important figures were en route to have a meeting of the gravest implications with the Prime Minister. No one was sure yet but they were sure that the figures were to do with the Catholic Church. The Home Office leaked like a sieve, rumours were always coming out of their and annoyingly from Prime Minister Conroy they were almost always right.

Conroy sat in the cabinet office with his personal secretary, the Cabinet Secretary, The Foreign Minister and the Minister of Religious Affairs. They sat attentively and spoke quietly while awaiting their guest, one of extreme importance to the nation and one they all admired for his stature. Minutes later he arrived...

There was a knock at the Cabinet Office door.

"Come in please." Conroy acknowledged.

The double doors opened wide and three towering figures walked into the room. They wore jet black and thick military fatigues, but covering their shins, quadriceps, thighs, arms and forearms, torso, back and shoulders were plates of steel armour all in some way connected to each other and the fatigues. Under the actual fatigues was impressively strong ceramic body armour and lighter armour plating. Around the neck shoulders, upper spine and collarbones was a sturdy brace of some sort that allowed the head to fit through a big hole thus allowing the attachment of a helmet. The helmet itself was bulky and somewhat large. The piece where the mouth was supposed to be was replaced by a grill of some kind, the eye slits were made of a form of strengthened glass or plastic and glowed red. Link to the helmet were several wires that led to a computer on the back protected by some more plating which allowed the wearer of the helmet to see computer data and readings on the surroundings through the helmet. But this aside was not the most eye catching but was the most imposing. What truly drew the eye were the tunics the three men all wearing. It covered only the torso and back, went over the shoulders and dangled loosely past the groin at the front and behind by the buttocks down as far as the knees: there emblazoned on the front was the splayed red cross of the Knights Templar.

The three knights sat down in front of the politicians who were trying their best to contain their awe. The Templars twisted their helmets, unlocking them from the neck piece. There was a hiss of air and then they removed the helms from their heads and placed them on the table facing the Prime Minister.

"My name is Justicar Aurelius Kane. These are my aides Brother Copernicus and Brother David. We are happy you called for the Church's assistance in the request you made in regards to your endeavours on the continent to the east."

"Thank you for coming Justicar. It is always a pleasure to meet a member of the Templars. You are familiar with the people sitting here before you- they are only here to further articulate my points if they are vague or to answer any questions you might have."

"Thank you Prime Minister. I'll be blunt. We are honour to take up your request for help in providing safety and security for the peoples in the disputed territory in the east. However we would also like to push for also being the first troops on the ground to be able to secure any religious relics, chapels, churches, monasteries or cathedrals in that region. This war is not a religious one and so persecution is not tolerated and so places of religion should be ones of refuge and not of strategic importance."

"But of course Justicar. The Knights Templar have full religious and military jurisdiction over any and all churches that fall under its manner of guiding light. But the Government of Stevid has one further request."

"What is that sir?"

The politicians looked at each other briefly before Conroy continued.

"The Ordo Malleus..."

"The Inquisition?"

"...yes..." Conroy hesitated. "We feel that the local populace might not take kindly to our presence over there. They may feel more affiliated with Intelligent Neighbours, Wanderjar or even Sumer. Some may wish to be merely independent."

"Instead of embracing the bright future Stevid has for them?"

"Exactly, Justicar. The Inquisition has a 'knack' as it were for dealing with local rebellion. I understand that their primary role is generally focused here in Stevid and not internationally. We are also aware that that compared to many countries and peoples across the world, the territory that we are liberating shows no obvious signs of heresy or corruption... however the presence of the Inquisition will not only bring the people over their into line but also those of our own forces if discipline, or lack thereof, becomes a problem."

"I'll bring up your proposal with Grand Inquisitor Jean-Luc Alfonse. I'm sure he'll agree but one must quiz them on such matters."

"Thank you Justicar. I hope the Grand Master of the Templar's organises his forces much quicker than we are."

"We'll be airlifting our forces into the warzone within days Prime Minister. We'll stay out of the military's way- you won't even notice that we are there."

"Thank you again Sirs." Conroy finished.

They shook hands and the Templars left without another word while replacing their helmets. Conroy and his company looked at each other again before leaving the Cabinet office without a word. But Conroy stopped his personal secretary before he could even rise from his chair.

"Let me see the minutes Peter..."

"Of course Prime Minister." He replied. The Secretary handed over a piece of paper where the minutes of the meeting were written. At the top was the Royal Crest of His Majesty the King and underneath that were the minutes. But instead of words and times, there was nothing. Just a blank piece of paper- the secretary hadn't taken any down.

"Thank you Peter. Keep up the good work. Now we've got to discuss the detail of our trip to Independent Hitmen. I hear James Anderson wants to sit down and talk about the actions both our countries will be taking in the coming weeks."

* * *

Disputed Zone- Plains NE of Intelligent Neighbours- 2 hours from border

Major William Cassidy stood atop a rolling hill overlooking a small village only several kilometres away in front of him. With him were a collection of other officers and several feet behind them was a small observation post with a small tent, signals antenna and an armoured Land Rover. Major Cassidy was the commander and chief of 943 Commando Royal Marines and one of the first on the beaches and the power he commanded, along with the respect, was not one to turn nose up to. But standing atop the hill looking down on the villages he envisaged only death. A rebel enclave that opposed the imperialist march of peace by the Holy Empire had been launching hit and run raids on Stevidian Royal Marine outposts since the landings had begun. Eyewitness and after action reports detailed that it was no more than a thuggish biker gang at best with a centralised 'command structure' that was situated in this small village. It was also said that the village sympathised with the biker gangs and swelled their ranks with addition recruits on a daily basis. Raids would become more frequent, prolonged and bloody with every day around the village and outposts near to it. This would end today however.

The aircraft carrier *HMS Kraken* had been joined by the Royal Fleet Auxiliary (RFA) replenishment tanker *Sir Gwan* and RFA *Sir Bors*. Both carried equipment for the war effort on the ground, sea and air but only *Sir Gwan* carried six main guns and their attached crews and officers of the Royal Artillery. *HMS Kraken* had used her Chinook heavy lift helicopters to transport the 105mm guns and transport trucks to the landing zones several miles inland. From there the artillery pieces had been assembled and then transported (bar one) to the main Stevidian base (GHQ) on the mainland; the other had been airlifted to a major high point in the north-eastern plains of the disputed zone, almost a tiny mountain by comparison to hills. This became known as Forward Operating Base (FOB) Herring with the artillery piece situated on the cliff with several SAMs dotted around the cliff and surrounding base. Both FOB Herring and GHQ would be offering fire support for the Royal Marines' assault on the village with the rebel gang inside.

It was five o'clock in the morning, it had been learned quickly that the raiding gang were not early risers and would be caught completely by surprise. Forward spotter positions had been up all night observing the village and plotting spots on their grid referenced maps for the artillery to use so as to direct a lethal barrage on their targets with an accuracy only God could best.

"Good day for it." The major said taking in a deep breath of air through his nostrils. To his left on a road at the bottom of this giant rolling hill in the valley was a column of APCs sitting idle with their engines off. On the other side of the village there was another column. Only a kilometre or so to the major's right was the Fire Support Group (FSG) which consisted of two 'Mastiff' APC trucks armed with a heavy calibre machine gun and grenade launcher respectively, two *IFV-120 Intruders (MWMIK)* and a single light tank: an *FV-801 Viper*. "Commence operation immediately gentlemen!"

The activity in the tent became louder but no less calm that it had been previously.

"Oscar 2-9 to FOB Herring. Commence fire mission on primary and second targets. Third round barrage per target. Maximum aggression. Fire for effect."

"Oscar 2-9 to General Head Quarters. Please route to Royal Artillery trajectory and engagement command and control... Operation is go, commence fire mission on primary, secondary and tertiary targets. Three round barrage per target. Maximum aggression. Fire for effect."

There was a minute's pause then the gentle rhythmic thumping off to the direct north in the direction of FOB Herring, then more thumping behind them to the west as GHQ opened fire but seconds after the village was pounded by artillery. Ramshackle, primitive barricades into the village as well as hardened defences on the outskirts were targeted first. Entrances to the village nearest to the two columns of APCs were obliterated first in short order; somewhere on the hillside special forces' teams were observing closely and relaying live commentary to the artillery controls advising them to continued hitting the same target or move onto the next.

"Alright get them moving. Get them in there quickly." The major said with almost a smile of anticipation.

"This is Oscar 2-9 to 3 Company and 4 Company. Column advance. Repeat, column advance."

The engines of the APCs roared to life and suddenly the tracked beasts thundered towards the village. Shots rang out as the FSG on the right hand hillside spotted movement and instantly laid down a withering hail of covering fire. But then a huge explosion caused all the commanders to jolt with surprise. A stray artillery shell had slammed into the village's somewhat oversized petroleum garage and had obliterated almost an entire street. Debris rained down on the houses and vehicles below and soon at least a quarter of the village

was engulfed in flames. Figures were running out into the street, many with rifles and if one listened closely could even here to tale-tail rattle of an AK assault rifle being fired. The bombardment finished just as the APCs of both columns entered the village. The FSG ceased firing so as to avoid hitting their brothers in arms who where now splitting off in pairs of vehicles to root out the rebels in the village. Within twenty minutes most opposition had been mopped up on the outskirts but the rebels had valiantly created a last ditch bastion of defence in the town square around some sort of monument. The marines wasted no time in eliminating the rebels. Outflanked and out numbered the marines simply overwhelmed the position in the town square and butchered the surviving rebels still stupid enough to put up a fight. Those willing to surrender were given a savage beating before being dragged to an APC to drive them to GHQ for interrogation by the Military Police.

One marine had been killed. Three had been wounded. Eighty-seven rebels had been killed. Four had been taken prisoner. Twelve innocents had been killed by cross fire. Forty-nine had been wounded including seventeen children. The operation was hailed a success.

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



Gavnia
Civil Servant

Posts: 9
Founded: Jul 16, 2010
Ex-Nation

☐ by **Gavnia** » Tue Aug 17, 2010 11:22 am



First Citizen's Mansion

War. A term that had long been used in the past to describe the conflicts of man. War, an action that had been waged by men of all colors and nations. War was never a simple matter. Whenever a war was fought, death was always there with its great black claws searching for men to drag them into the depths out of the light of life. War was apart of existence but that still did not make it any better. First Citizen Emery Samar thought on these things as he sat in his dimly lit office. Gavnia was different from most communist regimes. There was no Premier here. The man who ruled the people was called the first citizen. The democratic form of communism utilized in Gavnia was centered around a council of ministers. The First Citizen could not declare war without their approval but he had the power to do any internal reform he wished. Most communists called Gavnia a traitor to communism because they did not follow Leninist and Stalinist ideas. Those were not apart of Marx's system but had been introduced by other men.

First Citizen Emery walked to a nearby window and looked out over Emersia. The city had been named after him because of his actions. He had taken an anarchist piece of land ruled by a weak government and forged a nation. He had been able to acquire aid for clean up efforts and now the only advanced system still in place were water filtration plants. Agriculture had been stimulated as environmental cleanup efforts had been introduced. A lot of hydroponics facilities were still being used but already 40% of Gavnia's cultivatable land had been cleaned up and began to grow the first year's crops. It would be some time before the citizens of Gavnia were able to live first world but already conditions were being improved and many lived like second world citizens. An army of fifty thousand men had been raised. There had been enough left over equipment and military factories to equip them. This was once the site of a great war.

Now, the nation of Stevid was expanding into land where they had no business being. Things were going down hill as war commenced. By the end of the year, the Citizen's Navy would have its first large vessels. Four diesel electric submarines built in the United States of Pennsylvania would be delivered. The First Citizen had already overseen the sending of the first payment. Gavnia would not be able to stop the larger nations but it could aid in a force to halt expansion. The First Citizen went to a nearby bookshelf and picked up a piece of paper and pen. This message would be sent out.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

Official Communique from the Republic of Gavnia

To the esteemed leaders of Stevid, Independent Hitmen, Morrdh, and Intelligent Neighbors

The Republic of Gavnia is a new nation and holds very little diplomatic weight here but we beseech you to attempt to resolve this situation peacefully. I have seen the ravages of war in my own lands for quite some time and for the good of the region, a peaceful solution should be found. We offer our capital for negotiation if the parties agree.

First Citizen of Gavnia

Last edited by [Gavnica](#) on Tue Aug 17, 2010 1:10 pm, edited 1 time in total.



United States of PA
Senator

Posts: 4325
Founded: Apr 01, 2009
Ex-Nation

☐ by **United States of PA** » Tue Aug 17, 2010 9:33 pm



Since before anyone could remember, the primary goal of the Pennsylvanian Republic was that of Regional Stability. This goal came before anything else, short of the Republic's own National Security and the security of its allies.

Upon receipt of the news that the Holy Empire of Stevid, a nation residing in the center of the region, was resuming its imperialist activities, the first response from the populace, and, in extension, the government, was to dismiss it as simple rhetoric. However, after the Central Intelligence and National Security Agencies reported the movement of significant numbers of Stevidian Naval Vessels, it began to be taken much more seriously.

The seriousness to which this was taken was enough that Leave for many parts of the armed forces was canceled in its entirety, and the Defense Condition Level was lowered from 5 to 3. In addition, to Damocles Carrier Battle Group, forward Deployed at Ostland Military Reservation, and the similarly based Destroyer Division 45, overall totaling 1 Supercarrier, 3 Cruisers, 13 Destroyers and 21 Frigates, plus associated Supply Ships, sortied from the Naval Base there, heading out to sea, officially to keep tabs on Developments in the area.

Philadelphia, Federal Republic of Pennsylvania, Presidential Mansion, Briefing Room

Meanwhile, thousands of kilometers away, in the Capitol of the Pennsylvanian Republic, the President and some of his Closest Advisors, and, in the case of the military officials, most skilled and trusted friends, sat in the briefing room with him.

"Well Mr. President, all evidence currently points to territorial expansion by the Holy Empire of Stevid. As was to be expected, the populace is extremely upset over this, as too them, as it is too us, Regional Security is a massive priority, both for us, and as it should be for each and every nation in the region. Some of the more vocal groups are calling for direct Military Intervention on the matter, while most others are calling for some sort of Intervention, ranging from supporting some of the other nations in the area who oppose such expansion to other things."

"Ok, what do you propose?"

"I've already ordered the Naval Vessels we have forward deployed at Ostland Military Reservation, Free Republic of Lamoni, The Damocles Battle Group and DesRon 45, totaling 37 Warships and 5 Supply Ships. I've also ordered Submarines from Susquehanna and Wilkes-Barre to head for the Western and Eastern area's of interest, respectively, to provide intelligence."

"Theres also something else you should know sir, regarding some callings from our populace. Some of the more extreme groups are calling for us to use this chance to our advantage and capture some land for ourself. Naturally, this idea seems quite enticing, given the complete lack of knowledge as to the Resources of the area, for all we know, there could be trillions worth of natural resources present in even just a small area of there."

"While I agree on intervention, I don't exactly agree with the idea of using this as a landgrab, but I can see the benefits therein of the

idea. We'll leave that issue for later. I want to avoid a direct declaration of war if possible, so I would like to have this treated as a "conflict" for as long as possible, even though I have no doubt Congress would approve of this action."

"That could prove to be troublesome sir"

"We'll pass it off as "keeping the peace" for now, at least until we need to go to Congress. That should sit well enough with the populace"

"Very well sir, if you wish, I can schedule a press conference for you within the next few hours."

"Do it"

"Yessir, willdo"

--

A few hours later, Presidential Mansion Press Room

"Friends, Brothers, Sisters, and fellow citizens, today I come before you to report on troubling news. Recently, the Holy Empire of Stevid declared its intentions to spread its borders to the Eastern Continent of the Region. In my views, as well as apparently a significant number of people of this nation, that this is a direct threat to Regional Stability and Security, which has always been the First Goal of this Administration. It has therefore been decided by myself and the rest of my administration that it is in our best interests to deploy a group of Surface Ships to monitor any and all developments in the area. However, at present, I cannot tell you what units are being deployed, nor exactly where, for security reasons. That is all, if you have any questions, Secretary of Defense Petraeus will do his best to answer them for you. Good night people."

In other words, conservatives are generous with their own money, and liberals are generous with other peoples money.

"I object and take exception to everyone saying that Obama and Congress are spending money like a drunken sailor. As a former drunken sailor, I quit when I ran out of money." ~ Unknown

"See, it doesn't matter how many people you have, how old your civilization is, or any such tripe. We're still the by-God US of A and we will seriously bitch slap you so hard your ancestors going back millenia will feel it if you piss us off."



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Sat Aug 21, 2010 9:06 pm



0200hrs

Regional Intelligence Center (RIC) of the IIA
Operations Center

The RIC was usually a place of quite operations and a place where the IIA would send its trouble makers and older guys. The only highlights the RIC had seen were the Lamoni nuclear response operation and some security operations in the BC wars. Tonight would be the night that changes everything; the RIC Chief was looking over the overall region intelligence reports when he noticed something very odd. The military chatter was up all across the region as he thumbed over the report of chatter and troop movements and fleets getting ready to move and some that were moving out to sea as he was reading the report.

As the RIC chief thumbed over the report he noticed that the border along the Morrdh and Hailand Kill exploded in fighting. Chief Adalrico Schiavone picked up his phone and called for a meeting of all the sector chiefs into his office. As the sector chiefs took their seats with the latest intelligence on the region. As they told chief Schiavone the new intelligence he knew this wasn't going sit well with the PM or the Crown. As the intelligence was being confirmed and new intelligence being added hour by hour the information was being sent upstairs to put into a package to be sent out to the Crown, PM, and the Military. The IIA director had just arrived called in by the night watch chief of operations. He'd made it up to his office he called for all sector chiefs and he wanted to know how and where all the intelligence came from and was it real enough for action.

0400hrs
IIA Main Briefing Room

As a SUV pulled up to the front gates of the IIA the guards waved it on through. Inside the SUV was the director of the IIA called in, while pulling in Dir. Antonio Barese called for a complete meeting of all region department chiefs and department heads and to bring all intelligence regarding the regional movement of armed forces. About 30 minutes later all of the departments concerning this problem in the region where in the main briefing room. As the meeting start the slides and briefing started the amount of intelligence and the ways it was gathered proved this was real painfully real.

0600hrs

The director sat back in his chair rubbing his head, ok gentlemen what do we tell the Crown and the PM? These actions cannot go on in the region unopposed. The crown needs to let us start operations on our own or support open military actions.

0730

In Cormond

An emergency meeting at the castle Cormond with all the top heads of government attending. During the meeting all of the intelligence was gone through piece by piece. The cabinet was concerned that the region could fall into all out war. The king sitting at the head of the table.

"We all knew this could happen we've planned for it"

"Yes sir we have war plans for this but are you sure you want to pull those?"

The king replied "Yes I'm sure let's pull the plans"

"As you say sir"

As the king said that the call went out to the high command. As the order went out a general and his staff went down to a secret vault deep in an underground command center. The doors slowly opened and the lights turned on behind those doors where hundreds of battle plans and war plans for just about anything that could happen in the world.

That afternoon orders started to go out to all forces. The Imbrinium defense force was placed on high alert. The regional defense force was placed on alert and ordered to mobilize and get ready to move out.

The Royal Imbrinium Air force placed all of its forces on high alert. This meant that all bomber forces would be dispersed though out the country and the fighter CAP was doubled. Mission orders where handed down to load bombers and to go over targets in Morrdh to slow there advance into H&K. The mission was to bomb transportation, command and control, supply and forward operations at the front. Strategic forces were placed on high alert and 3 more command and control aircraft where scrambled.

The Royal Navy was ordered to start ASW operations and screening operations. The naval air wings where ordered start screening operations and anti-surface operations. Subs and frigate forces of the region to start intelligence gathering and anti-surface and sub operations. Two naval assault fleets received orders to head to Morrdh and be prepared for landing.

The Royal army was busy to eight divisions where being prepared for operations inside Morrdh alone there would be a brigade of SAS heading out with the airborne within 12hrs of orders.

While operations seemed too geared toward Morrdh, other operations would need the help of nations in the area. The embassy in Iyras was contacted and given instructions on what was needed to counter the threat south of them. There wasn't an embassy in Wanderjar but

lines of communication where being setup for talks on what was needed.

The combine fleets and ships on the RIN where on high alert and moving to close on what maybe the future enemies of the crown.

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



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