

by Max Barry



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## The War of the Two Empresses (IC, Open, MT, Epic RP)

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**Libraria and Ausitoria**  
Negotiator

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

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Fri Oct 04, 2013 11:31 pm

QUOTE

### The Spring Palace, Alexandria

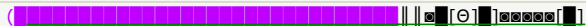
If a low-flying satellite could just about spot a flare, the detonation of a nuclear power plant was rather more obvious to the nuclear watch office. So obvious, and so much heat involved, that for thirty seconds the launch sequences in all nuclear submarines were initiated pending further approval. A flash report was in the news within a further thirty seconds, explaining that there had been an explosion at the Arbeit Nuclear Power Plant, advising the general evacuation and announcing that an Ausitorian carrier group would proceed to the area to provide further assistance.

Even [without the interception of an interesting message](#) - unfortunately the words 'DEMAG' meant nothing - the Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics would have been suspicious. Everything seemed to be blowing up, and the first order of the day was to decode DEMAG, which meant an awfully large number of Ausitorian civil servants were suddenly playing around with words trying to crack it. "Dinosaurs Electro-Magnetic Air Gun"? "Deadly Earth-Mining Anti-(something) Grenade"?

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

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**Ghant**  
Minister

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

by **Ghant** » Sat Oct 05, 2013 1:32 am

QUOTE

### Act I Chapter XVII The Sea of Ghant

Kukavanger saw the whole thing. He was standing on the deck of his flag ship, Might of the West (if one could call that), staring out into the sea. It was a gunboat, but it was the pride of Kukavanger's ragtag offerings. The Sea of Ghant had been calm for most of the day, but it had begun to get rougher as the day drew on. Kukavanger was a physically imposing man- seven feet tall, and powerfully built- but old. He was 60 years old, with short, curly black hair with hints of

grey, a wrinkly weathered face, and pale grey eyes. He had also grown fat with age. The only thing that made him anything special was that he was Kukavanger of the House Vangalesh, Lord of Ice, Lord Paramount of Greycoast, and Warden of Western Ghant. He had many modest ships to his name, and a few good men eager to prove their mettle in their Emperor's pursuit of his Regalian throne.

As he stared out into the sea- he heard his men shouting at him, and then he heard the noise. He looked up and to the west. He never seen anything like what he saw at that moment. A commercial airliner breaking apart in the sky, falling into the sea. *Now there is something that you don't see everyday*, Kukavanger thought. *Another prize for the God of the Sea of Ghant.* He stood still, and stared in awe at the event unfolding right before his eyes.

Once the plane and the corresponding debris was in the water and out of sight, Kukavanger walked at a brisk pace to the ship's bridge, and approached the navigator and pilot of the ship. "We need to go that way", he said, pointing in the direction of the crash site.

The navigator was the first to respond, "That is west, that is away from the rest of the fleet. We all already well enough behind the rest of the fleet."

Kukavanger grunted. "I don't care about that right now. Did you see that? A commercial plane crashed. There might be survivors. We must look for some."

The pilot responded, "The day is growing old, and the Sea is growing rough once more. Anyone fortunate enough to have survived that crash will be dead soon enough anyway. There is no way we would find anyone alive in that!"

Suddenly, one of Kukavanger's lieutenant entered the bridge. "I have urgent news, my lord." The plane was from Mizrad. Mizradian agents were aboard who intend on having an audience with the Emperor. We have reason to believe that they are out there, and alive! The Emperor bids us go and retrieve them, seeing as how we are the closest to the crash site. And we must act in haste- we are not to only ones in search of 'survivors'".

"Who else is looking for them?" Kukavanger said.

"The Librarians and the Imperial Fleet", replied the lieutenant.

Just then, a message had been received. "Ahoy Might of the West, This is Ausitorian Flying Captain Sir Edward Jenkins; we have spotted a Wing in the water and are dropping flares over it. We think we can see bodies hanging onto it. Our helicopters are still nearly half an hour away, so we cannot undertake a rescue operation ourselves. Could you please proceed and investigate?"

Kukavanger send his response. "We are on it, Captain Jenkins. Thank you for the heads-up."

"You see, fools?" Kukavanger said to the pilot and navigator. "I know best. Now lets go before it gets dark out, and find them before these others do."

Might of the West turned in a westward direction. Kukavanger ordered many of his men to come to the deck of the ship with binoculars and flashlights. He also had some technicians patch up the search lights, which had fallen into disrepair. Kukavanger himself stood at the nose of the ship. "Keep your eyes open for men in the water! This is on the Emperor's business!"

As it started to get dark out, one man was found floating face-up in the water. He was not moving. One of Kukavanger's men spotted him, and the men on deck began shouting.

"Pull him up", Kukavanger shouted.

"He looks dead", one man replied.

"I don't give a shit. Pull him up, now."

Four men grabbed a large rope-net and threw it into the water. They caught the man in the rope-net as the ship passed by. They hauled him up.

"Take him to the infirmary. We will see to him later." the four men gathered the man up and took him below deck.

They found nothing besides the unconscious man for the next ten minutes, and it began to grow dark out, and the Sea began to grow violent. It didn't seem like they would find anything else...

A man shouted on deck, "flares!"

Kukavanger looked in that direction, and saw them as well. "Ah, and there they must be!", he signaled the bridge to turn in the direction of the flares.

After a time, evening turned to dark, they found the wing of the plane that had crashed earlier. Kukavanger ordered men to point the search lights and flashlights at the wreckage. Hanging on the wing were 4 men, who had looked like they had seen better days. *The Sea of Ghant has worked these fellows it would seem. They are lucky we found them when we did.* As the ship approached the wing, Kukavanger ordered that nets be made ready. It began to rain, and the waves grew in strength. If he shouted at the four men in the water, chances are they would not hear.

As the ship pulled up alongside the wreckage, the rope-nets were thrown over and into the water. Kukavanger beckoned the four men to come with his hands, and the men were scooped up into the nets, and hauled up.

Once the men were on deck, Kukavanger introduced himself. "Hello men. I am Kukavanger, Lord of Ice in Ghant. Welcome aboard my ship! I have warm food, beds and warm clothes for you." He spoke the Grey-dialect of Ghantish, which was the hardest to understand for a non-Ghantish speaker. They didn't seem to understand. There were no men among Kukavanger's crew that spoke Mizradian.

Kukavanger beckoned the men come with him, and they followed. He took them to his cabin- and extended his hand out towards the beds, the food on the table, and to the clean clothes and blankets layed out for them. *Let it be known that I am a man of great hospitality,* Kukavanger thought to himself. He waved to the four men and left them in his cabin. He went straight to the bridge. He found his captain there. "Tell the Emperor that I found his Mizradian friends", he told the captain.

The captain responded. "My Lord, I have Admiral Sissinick on the line. The Ghantish Coast Guard is nearby, investigating the sea, and he wants to speak with you."

Kukavanger went to the phone, and picked it up. "Hello Admiral."

"Kukavanger, how are things going tonight?" The Admiral replied.

"...Well enough, I suppose. What do you need?"

"We wanted to know if you found anything out there in the water today."

"We didn't find anything."

"I thought you might say something like that. We saw men with parachutes. Did you happen to see anything like that?"

"I cannot say that I have, Admiral."

"Uh-huh. Perhaps, if it is alright with you, maybe we can come aboard and take a look around?"

"Thank you for the offer, Admiral, but I will have to pass."

"Alright iceman, lets cut the shit and get straight to the point. This is a matter of national security. We have intel that suggested that there were Mizradian agents en route to the Emperor's fleet, and meant to rendezvous with the Emperor and Empress. The Prime Minister of Ghant demands these agents. And I think you have them. Why don't you just hand them over, since the Ghantish Government seems to want them badly enough to send the Coast Guard and the Imperial Fleet out here to retrieve them?"

"Tell the Prime Minister he can kiss my fat white ass. I know my rights. I am a private citizen on my own boat, in international water, minding my own business, and I am under the Emperor's protection. I don't want you Imperials coming on my ship and snooping around my stuff. So why don't you go back to Bargon and leave me the hell alone? Unless you want to start an incident with the Emperor by screwing around with my ship, then by all means lets get on with it."

"Alright, smartass. Thank you for your cooperation, and have a nice night." Admiral Sissinick hung up the phone.

Kukavanger then called the Librarians. "We checked out the wing, but we did not find anything. Those 'bodies' that you were referring to ended up being debris. No survivors, as far as we could tell.

Kukavanger looked at the captain. "Contact the Emperor." He turned to the pilot. "Set a course for the south, and lets catch up with the Green Treader."

Within a few minutes, the captain said, "Alright, my lord. The Emperor has been contacted and is aware that we have the Mizradians. We should reach the Green Treader in about 2 hours.

"Good." Kukavanger said, and then he left the bridge and went back to the deck of the ship.

The rain began to grow heavy, and the waves were rough. The Sea of Ghant was always rougher at night. He watched the waves rock the ship, and felt the sea and wind upon his face. Kukavanger had only left Ghant once, and that was during the first Rhodo-Eprarian War. Even though the war began in 1971, Ghant only got involved in 1975. That was Kukavanger was there. He thought of the bombs, the fire, the dying screams of men...

Kukavanger had lost track of time, and before he knew it, they were upon the Green Treader. He went back to the bridge. "The Emperor is one line, my lord", stated the captain. Kukavanger picked up the phone. "Your majesty, we have the Mizradians. What should I do with them."

"Come now, Kuka, just call me Nathan. The Mizradians must be pretty beat up. See that they are well rested and are warm. We shall continue on our course to Gillenor. The Mizradians may join me on the Green Treader when they are ready and able to. Until then, the Green Treader shall remain close, for when that time comes."

"As you wish, Nathan". The Emperor hung up. Kukavanger decided to go down and check on his guests.

---

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Sat Oct 05, 2013 2:19 am, edited 3 times in total.



**Ghant**

**Factbook | RP Resume | IIwiki Admin**

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

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

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





**Libraria and Ausitoria**  
Negotiator

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

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Sat Oct 05, 2013 1:53 am



OOC: Ghant, I said my fighters would be in the area within 15 minutes, and they would certainly have noticed a great big wing within a few minutes. They would also have notified you of its whereabouts, and therefore it would take you less than half an hour to find those men. I wonder if you could please edit your post to incorporate the events described here? IC:

The Ghantish ships that pirouetted and preyed in search of the survivors were observed from the air by arriving Ausitorian fighters - the sort of largish one or two engined fighters that the Ausitorians tended to protect their carriers with. By virtue of their cameras, and teams of analysts in Alexandria, it took only one-hundred-and-twenty seconds to observe a great big wing, and only a further ten seconds for the rescue to be arranged.

"Ahoy *Might of the West*, This is Ausitorian Flying Captain Sir Edward Jenkins; we have spotted a Wing in the water and are dropping flares over it. We think we can see bodies hanging onto it. Our helicopters are still nearly half an hour away, so we cannot undertake a rescue operation ourselves. Could you please proceed and investigate?"

Flares floated down, exploding at 20 foot intervals, from a hovering aircraft, which, along with the other aircraft, watched the scene closely.

**“ Ghant wrote:**

"We checked out the wing, but we did not find anything. Those 'bodies' that you were referring to ended up being debris. No survivors, as far as we could tell."

"Copy that. I could have sworn that those were men that you'd rescued," said the Captain, looking at the camera recordings and knowing perfectly well that *Might of the West* had rescued someone - even if they were totally unprepared to admit it.

The Foreign Office dispatched a prepared message to Mizrad.

To: President Ryan West, The Republic of Mizrad  
From: The Foreign Policy Private Office, The Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria

Dear Sirs/Madams,

We have evidence that some of your special forces have just been picked up from the wing of the crashed airliner. We see no reason to inform the Ghantish Coast Guard if you can provide us with a good reason for their activities within twenty minutes.

Are you consorting with the Ghantish Emperor on purpose to spoil the peace? Surely a nation such as yours should wish to work with us to contain the fall-out and set the region back on the path to prosperity?

Yours,  
The Duke of Palmerston  
On behalf of The Foreign Policy Private Office,  
The Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria

Last edited by **Libraria and Ausitoria** on Sat Oct 05, 2013 8:05 am, edited 3 times in total.

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

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### The Opal Palace, Ardenhelm, Clockenstien

## EX-NATION

**Clockenstien**  
Civil Servant

Posts: 6  
Founded: May 16, 2009  
Ex-Nation

QUOTE

Queen Celeste Suncrest VI of The Crown Confederation of Clockenstien sat at her desk, he legs up on the table. In front of her was a large screen with the map of Panessos on it, in the corner of the screen was a face, it was of the Clockenstinian Prime Minister, Peter Hulf.

"And as you can see, the Gbantish fleet is still in the Sea of Gbant. We have no idea if they are moving this way, however it is probable." The Prime Minister stated.

"And is there a chance our ships in the Sea of Gbant will be near them?" She asked, fiddling with a handgun.

"Almost certainly" He replied.

"Then I want them to open fire as soon as they spot the fleet" She said, not taking her eyes off the Handgun.

"Ma'am?" Asked the Prime Minister in surprise.

"I'm not letting those Gbantish Traitors get here, the Gillenorians may be doing very little but I will be." She said, tightening the grip on the firearms.

### CIN Eltrusia, Sea of Gbant

The CIN Eltrusia smashed through the waves, the cold air battling its way through the various shafts and passages of the war vessel.

"Captain, there something on the starboard side!" Shouted a crew member. Captain Oscar Turing looked up from the controls/

"Are they ships?" He asked. He already knew the answer, they had spotted them a while back on the radar. A large fleet to be exact, heading right towards them.

"Yes ser, flying the flag of Austra Regalia!" Shouted the crewmember over the wind, holding onto a piece metal.

The captain look anxious. "Ready the guns" He said.

Last edited by **Clockenstien** on Sat Oct 05, 2013 3:32 pm, edited 1 time in total.

## EX-NATION

**Libraria and Ausitoria**  
Negotiator

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

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Sat Oct 05, 2013 11:53 am

QUOTE

OOO (apologies, this entire post seems to be a reality check): Clockenstein, do you possess carriers or drones? If so you should have air patrols patrolling at a distance of around 500 km from your fleet. And do you have radar? If so you should really be able to see at least two hundred kilometers. Unless all of your radar is faulty and you are flying without air patrols (in which case heaven help your fleet) you should not be *surprised* to see an enemy fleet on the horizon (a mast the height of 30 m is visible around 100 km away from another mast at a height of 30 m, assuming it's a very clear day).

#### “ Mizrad wrote:

OOO: Libraria, it's surprisingly only uncommon that crashes like the one I described will have no survivors. For example, maybe one or two people will have survived in the forward section of the plane. Oh and sorry for the short post.

You said the engines flared and the plane shot up before crashing, which makes it likely that the aircraft crashed into the ocean well in excess of terminal velocity, like Swissair Flight 111. Fire onboard an aircraft is also particularly likely to disrupt all control over the aircraft, so I fear other survivors would be unlikely. But since it's your aircraft, you choose your deaths: if there are other survivors I will be happy to RP continuing the search for them?



EDIT: And if you're editing your next post:

“ Mizrad wrote:

First things first though, Libraria I think your reality checks are actually great for this RP. I like it when somebody is keeping things in check.

Thanks!

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Wed Jan 01, 2014 6:32 pm, edited 3 times in total.

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

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**Mizrad**  
Senator

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

by **Mizrad** » Sat Oct 05, 2013 12:08 pm

**QUOTE**

Ignore

Last edited by Mizrad on Mon Oct 07, 2013 4:16 pm, edited 1 time in total.

"No good decision was ever made in a swivel chair" -George Patton  
**Proud Member of the INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM COALITION!**



**Clockenstien**  
Civil Servant

Posts: 6  
Founded: May 16, 2009  
Ex-Nation

by **Clockenstien** » Sat Oct 05, 2013 3:30 pm

**QUOTE**

“ Libraria and Ausitoria wrote:

OOC (apologies, this entire post seems to be a reality check): Clockenstein, do you possess carriers or drones? If so you should have air patrols patrolling at a distance of around 500 km from your fleet. And do you have radar? If so you should really be able to see at least two hundred kilometers. Unless all of your radar is faulty and you are flying without air patrols (in which case heaven help your fleet) you should not be *surprised* to see an enemy fleet on the horizon (a mast the height of 30 m is visible around 100 km away from another mast at a height of 30 m, assuming it's a very clear day).

OOC: That's a very good point Libraria, and basically, I fucked up haha. However, I think I can save this by stating that it's only one ship, therefore we have no air patrols. Also we did spot them on the radar, however I figured that I'd add the point about them flying the Austra Regalia Flag for effect.

Last edited by [Clockenstien](#) on Sat Oct 05, 2013 3:30 pm, edited 1 time in total.



**Asia**  
Ambassador

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

☐ by **Asasia** » Sat Oct 05, 2013 7:37 pm

**QUOTE**

### Arbeit Nuclear Power Plant, Fredricks, Asasia

It had been 3 days since the meltdown, and the situation had only proved to be worse. Since the meltdown, 6 brave Firefighters had lost their lives, and it was likely that more would pass due to the hospitalization of 7 others. The radiation had managed to reach Rhodesea, but no damage has been reported. The only people left are the firefighters, PUA, and several scientists sent by the Asasia



Institute for Hazardous Material Containment and Research (AIHMCR).

### Gulf of Asasia

Debris from the crash of the Mizradian Commercial crash has finally arrived on the beaches of Asasia today. The Naval Operations and Logistics Simulator week has started, and 5 of the PUAN's naval fleets are in the Gulf of Asasia.

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**Economic Left/Right: -5.00**

**Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -2.56**

**I am a Marxist-Leninist Communist**



**Rhodesea**

Lobbyist

Posts: 11

Founded: Sep 16, 2013

Inoffensive Centrist

Democracy

☐ by **Rhodesea** » Sat Oct 05, 2013 9:21 pm



### Act 1

### Ch. XX

### Cordia, Rhodesea

Sarel Kruger was a man of vision. Strength. Courage. Anton Zhakav was not.

Zhakav was the last democratically elected President of the Republic of Socialist Rhodesia. A poor, depilated country, corrupt and defeated.

Zhakav lacked the vision and ability to lead Rhodesea into the future. Kruger was a military man, Zhakav was some pansy politician.

Kruger also had Intel. He had received a letter only 2 weeks ago:

**CODE: SELECT ALL**

Dear General Kruger,

I know how much you hate Gillenor, how much you burn for vengeance. Your time has come. I, Laoni of the House Yousloff, plan on overthrowing my sister back in Gillenor and taking the crown that I deserve, with the help of my husband, the Emperor of Ghant. Through me, Rhodesea can be restored to greatness. Cast off you foul and corrupt government! Socialism is the scourge of the world! Help me recreate the world in our image! Return Rhodesea to glory now!

Sincerely,

Laoni Yousloff

Kruger wasted no time. It was easy for him to convince his comrades to overthrow the socialist regime. The military coup happened quickly. Zhakav had no one to protect him. The Rhodesian military was unified in its desire to rid the country of him. And his government.

Almost overnight, the Republic of Socialist Rhodesia was no more. And Rhodesia was now ruled by Sarel Kruger himself- as "acting" president. He among the Generals possessed the most respect- he was a seasoned veteran of all o the Rhodo-Eprarian Wars. And he was still physically imposing. He was tall, thin, muscular, with jet black hair, and one hazel eye. He lost his right eye in the First Rhodo-Eprarian War. A black eyepatch covered where his right eye would have been. Some would call him a military dictator. He definitely looked the part. He fancied himself a liberator, however- and a savior.

The time to act was nigh upon him. A recent nuclear accident in Asasia saw radiation drift into Rhodesea. The negative effects of this occurrence could be somewhat mitigated if the people were distracted. It was time to give them one.

Downtown Cordia was raining. It was in the early afternoon. In the public square, many had gathered to witness the occasion. Kruger

stepped out onto the balcony of the Government Building on the edge of the square. He was wearing his military uniform. Facing the crowd, he spoke:

"Great people of Rhodesea! Your time has come! Today, we cast down this corrupt and ineffective government! I give you freedom, I give you opportunity, I give you revenge! Welcome to the Republic of Rhodesea! And behold, the scoundrel himself!"

Anton Zhakav had his hands tied behind his back. He was dressed in rags, and until now had a burlap sack over his head. It was removed and he was pushed out into the middle of the square. He had been badly beaten, and had a blank expression on his face.

"Witness now, as the fool Zhakav ushers in the new era, with his own blood! We have all bled for the fatherland, now it is his turn!"

The crowd began to shout for his death. Kruger gave the signal.

The closet soldier walked up to Zhakav, and shot him point blank in the forehead. The crowd began to roar with approval.

"Prepare yourselves, Rhodesea. The Golden Age awaits! We shall return the fatherland to greatness! And it begins tonight, when we mobilize our forces! To the world we shall go, and we shall cast all who would seek to oppress us down! And no one will stop us!"

The crowd began to cheer his name. "Kruger! Kruger! Kruger!"

He held his hands high and bowed. And then walked back into the Government Building.

He heard a knock on the door. "Who goes there?"

"General, we have something that might be of interest to you."

"You better. Come in."

Four guards walked into the room with a man in between them. He was dressed in a prison uniform and had a burlap sack over his head.

"General, we recovered this man in the jungle. He was with pirates who obtained him when they raided a vessel en route to Padonia. We killed the pirates and took him. We thought he might be of interest to you."

"Take that sack off of his head. I want to know who he is."

When the sack was removed, Kruger knew who the man was instantly. It had been along time since he had seen that face.

"Alexander Illyich Bakanski. Welcome to Rhodesea."

"Fuck you, Rhodesean. You and your kind are nothing but dogs. I have taken so many of your women like dogs, that I have lost count..."

Kruger walked right up to Bakanski and punched him the face. His nose broke and splattered blood. Kruger then kned him in the gut, and Bakanski fell to the ground. Kruger then kicked him in the ribs not once, twice, but three times.

Kruger took a step back. He shouted. "Get him up". The soldiers jerked him back up on his feet. Blood was running down his face.

"Let me tell you how this is going to work, asshole. You can play along nicely and behave yourself, and act with dignity. Once Loufe knows that you are here, they should cooperate with my plans. And, if they play along and once this is all done, maybe I will send you back to Loufe, footloose and fancy-free. Or, you could be a shithead, in which case I will ship you off to Padonia where you will rot in prison and never see the light of day again."

Bakanski looked Kruger in the eyes. "And what if I play along, and Loufe doesn't?"

Kruger laughed. "I thought you might ask a question like that. They want you back, badly. They will do what I want as a result. And if they don't, then I won't hesitate to cut little pieces of you off and sent them to Louveinia in priority mail packages."

"Fair enough."

"So, what's it going to be, Bakanski?"

Bakanski looked around the office for a moment, and then back at Kruger. "I am rather enjoying the weather here in Rhodesea."

Kruger smiled. "Now you are thinking. Men, remove those shackles and chains." The soldiers freed Bakanski of his restraints.

"Here." Kruger tossed Bakanski a towel. "Clean yourself up, and come have a drink with me. I have some vintage Rhodesean Red for us to drink."

Kruger walked over to the sofa and sat down. He reached over to the coffee table and grabbed the bottle of Rhodesean Red. He poured some into two wine glasses that he pulled out of the cabinet. He grabbed one of the glasses and held it up.

Bakanski held the towel to his face. It was soaked in blood. His nose was broken and would need to be reset. Despite that, he walked over to the other sofa, and sat down across from Kruger. Kruger offered him the other glass. He picked it up with his other hand.

Kruger spoke. "I would like to propose a toast."

"A toast to what?"

Kruger grinned. "To watching the world burn."

The two men clanked their glasses together and drank.

### The End of Act I

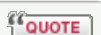
Last edited by [Rhodesea](#) on Sun Oct 06, 2013 9:37 am, edited 2 times in total.



**Libraria and Ausitoria**  
Negotiator

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

☐ by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) » Sun Oct 06, 2013 12:51 am



### Act II - Exposition - Chapter I

***Plan followed plan in quick procession,  
Commanders went, commanders came,  
And telegrams in quick succession  
Arrived to douse or fan the flame***

"Douse, if you please," replied the Ausitorian Prince, Lord Palmerston. "We should consider an invasion of Rhodesia to support the legitimate government," replied the person who had been quoting poetry at him. "I have considered it. What good would it achieve if we were to run amok without legal and political support? I have spoken with Baron Lollipop: then we shall arrange an arrest."

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

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**Government refuses to  
recognize Krugger's  
government: "How dare he**

## think he can execute someone in full public view?"



The Supreme Court, Alexandria

The shocking news that General Krugger has publicly executed the already brutally treated President Anton Zhakav to roaring crowds has seen even the most anti-interventionist commentators horrified. The Supreme Court, having immediately issued a Warrant for General Krugger's arrest on charges of Murder, Brutality, and High Treason to another nation; found itself in the enviable position of not needing to defend its theory of Extra-jurisdictional Supremacy, such was the ire raised against the Rhodesian traitors.

As the nation debates the best course of the action - suggestions ranging from economic sanction to outright annexation on charges of mis-government - the Foreign Secretary, Duke Palmerston, declared that they would be monitoring the situation very closely and would exhaust peaceable options before rushing into war - a first. Normally open to charges of pushing the nation to the brink of war, this time the Duke appears to be pushing the nation away from war and back towards the brink.

The Prime Minister, Sir Henry Taylor, has appealed for calm amongst the population and promised that a vote would be held in Parliament before any further actions were taken. It is understood that the government is divided on how to respond. The Opposition and Social Labour Party are understood to support economic sanctions prior to any further action.

However, with the government continuing to enjoy a comfortable majority and cross-party support, the stock market fell precipitously, with foreign investment fleeing Rhodesia and economic analysts suggesting that the markets is now pricing for war.

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Sun Oct 06, 2013 1:17 am, edited 3 times in total.

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

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

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



The New Lowlands  
Postmaster-General

Posts: 12498  
Founded: Jun 26, 2011  
Ex-Nation

## Act 2, Chapter 2.

by The New Lowlands » Sun Oct 06, 2013 6:45 am



# De Hoofdstad

## Nieuws van een Vrij Volk

ENGELSE UITGEVING - ENGLISH EDITION - 02/Oct/2013

### BATAVIA BASHED

## Royal Troubles Continue

### Trouble envelop Ghant as Emperor sets sail

The elaborate political crisis involving the Ghantish and Gillenorean aristocracy continues, as the Emperor of Ghant's recent marriage to a Gillenorean terrorist with claims to the throne of Gillenor culminated in riots across Ghant. The situation continues to deteriorate as the Emperor of Ghant has set sail for Osserheim, where paramilitary forces are being gathered under the banner of the ancient 'Kingdom of Regalia.' Stadtholder Maria Veldt declared in a statement earlier today that the situation was "extremely worrying."

The Stadtholder urged the Ghantish government to take action against the Emperor, declaring him to be a "definite and obvious threat to the peace and security of the Panessian people." The Office of Defence has reportedly authorized the re-organisation of the Second Expeditionary Division, to be prepared to deploy from Osbaai to parts unknown; Stadtholder Veldt acknowledged rumors that the Lowlandian Government was preparing for the worst. "The situation is highly volatile, and not entirely clear," the Stadtholder stated, "and hence we are preparing for every possibility- even the worst."

The Batavia Brewers have once again failed to live up to their reputation; in a friendly match this Friday against FC Hoogekampen, the Brewers' all-star team scored an impressive 0 goals to Hoogekampen's 3. It seems that Hoogekampen's tactic of creating home-grown teams truly is better than simply signing on stars for money. There were some impressive performances on both sides, however; despite the utter failure of his team to back him up, Batavia player Tim DeGroot attempted two goals in the match. Hoogekampen's Rob Stefanszoon stood out with his impressive two goals in the match against a tenacious- albeit outmatched- defense.

### Serial Killer?

The horrifically-mutilated corpse of a young woman was discovered, tied to a train track eastbound from Nieuw-Amsterdam. The Public is advised to be on the look-out for a caucasian man with a large, dark moustache, bald, around 40ish. May be wearing a top hat and an opera cloak.

## Revolution in Rhodesea

### States-General Bill to Recognize New Government Blocked by Labourer's Party

The Labourer's party has reportedly blocked a States-General resolution to recognize the new 'government' of Rhodesea in accordance with the national policy of 'practical diplomacy' by preventing the Secular-Democrats from gaining the two-thirds majority necessary in the Second House to pass the bill. When asked for comment, Jan Evertsen, the leader of the Labourer's Party, stated; "The acts of the dictator, Sarel Kruger, go against the principles of the Labourer's Party, against the principles of the New Lowlands, and against the principles of civilization itself. We cannot allow ourselves to demonstrate even one iota of support for his brutality and despotism; if this means ceasing to have discourse with Rhodesea, it is a price we are more than willing to pay."

Anthon Geverts, leader of the Secular-Democratic party, refused to provide comment when asked, but Josef De Jong, leader of the Witt Party, had this to say; "Evertsen is stuck in the past. We may not like the new régimes policies, but they are sovereign and should be recognized as such. The Labourer's party needs to learn how to reconcile their idealism and reality."

**Regeringsplein 1, Batavia, Tilpashim, The New Lowlands**  
**Three Days Earlier**  
**The Oblong Office**

Light poured into the Office, a golden reminder of the setting sun which overlooked the city of Batavia; the wind gently stirred the two flags set at the main entrance to the room, multicolored banners to a background of white. The double desk with it's leather padding bore a smattering of papers and cream-colored folders, a paper cup of coffee, and the ceremonial golden seal of the Stadtholder. Jan Klaessen tried his best to see the Stadtholder Veldt's face through the bright backdrop of the setting sun. He could barely make out the graying hair and the thin-lipped frown that characterized her dark-skinned face in any situation.

"And you're certain that this 'Emperor' is serious?" she inquired curtly, dropping the thick morning newspaper onto the desk and reclining into her leather-backed chair.

Klaessen nodded weakly. "It seems to fit his profile. Borderline megalomaniac, opportunist and legalist."

Veldt nodded, picking up one of the folders and leafing through it. "And, in summary, you have a solution ready?"

Klaessen hesitated, if only for a moment, before replying; "Potential solution. If it goes wrong, we might just accelerate events."

The room grew silent with the sound of Veldt's thinking. She picked up a pen, quietly signing one of the documents, then handing him the folder once more. Rising, Klaessen took it, and saluted before leaving.

The Stadtholder picked up the newspaper again.

**CODE: SELECT ALL**

BERICHT  
Hoofdkwartier naar NLS 'Staten Van Tilpashim'

Operatie 'Valk Opgaand' moet in werking gesteld worden.

Gelieve het zo schoon mogelijk houden. Doelwit is ZBP Ghant-Gillenoer, NIET ZBP Ghant.

Als OCF, geef dan BdP op en ontsnap.

**Current**  
**NLS 'De Staten Van Tilpashim'**  
**Sea of Ghant**  
Captain Floriszoon didn't like it.

Of course, to the people who knew him, it would occur that he didn't like most things, but he was wearing a particular hard scowl as he examined the NH EG90 for anything out of order. The MO they had been told to follow meant no lethal force. They were Marines; how could they *not* use lethal force?

Of course, the alternative had been explained. Nonetheless, it didn't sit well with him.

He quietly strapped on his helmet, heading out of the armory and glancing over the rest of his squads. There were twelve of them in all, waiting patiently for the *Tilpashim* to get close enough to the Ghantian fleet for them to start the operation.

They hadn't been noticed so far, the 'clean' shape of the *Tilpashim*, as well as radar-absorbent materials, and strictly maintained radio silence keeping the ship off the radar, both figuratively and literally.

That was about to change, however; while they could sail towards the general position of the Ghantish fleet, the exact location had yet to be determined, and so, for a short while, the *Tilpashim*'s radar lit

up.

Last edited by [The New Lowlands](#) on Sun Oct 06, 2013 10:48 am, edited 3 times in total.



**Asasia**  
Ambassador

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

by [Asasia](#) » Sun Oct 06, 2013 8:42 am



### The Worker's Assembly, Remeden, Asasia

"We can't just barge into Epraria and back up the Laoni Regime! It doesn't work that way!" Said Marcus Redfall of Lushenberg.

"While it wouldn't be wise to take military action, we could also still give assistance, we would still maintain a good relationship with everybody!" Said another Union Representative. Useless babble like this happened for several hours, but this argument was going nowhere. Chairman Hedler was very quiet during the argument. Eventually Hedler heard the end of it.

"Listen, we have already recognized the new regime in Rhodesea, and we already have good relations with Rhodesea. If they are going to be taking militaristic action in Epraria, so will we! We will be supporting the Blood Ravens and the Rhodeseans for the good of our interests and to preserve theirs! Now all of you shut the Hell up and let's vote!" Many of the Representatives were shocked by this unexpected outburst, but they voted. The voted was for Military action in Epraria. The PUAA was mobilized, and prepared for what was to come next.

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

[RPs](#)

[Funny Stuff](#)

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

**Economic Left/Right: -5.00**

**Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -2.56**

**I am a Marxist-Leninist Communist**



**Libraria and Ausitoria**  
Negotiator

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

by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) » Sun Oct 06, 2013 11:41 am



OOO: Rhodesea, I haven't the faintest idea about whether you'd like to fire a missile at my aircraft. If you do, make sure you posses missiles that can fly to a height of 50 km and travel at hypersonic speeds, of you won't catch the aircraft. And even if you do, for RP purposes I'd only let you blow the tail-fin off. IC:

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

## "Are we prepared for War?" Commentators ask



Money Aplenty, Yes; but is that enough?

Following continued disturbances in Panessos as The Gbantish Empire continues to sail towards Gillenor to enforce his claims,



commentators have wondered how The United Realms would cope in the event of war. Two problems are commonly cited: first, the limited ability of the Central Bank to cope with a sudden fall in FDI, and second, the physical loss of cheap imports, from textiles to toys, which would push up prices for Commonwealth consumers even while the military would absorb the export losses in the petrochemicals and manufactured goods sectors.

However, Professor Duncan Smith, a strategy expert at the Royal Military College, told our reporters that external imbalances was just the tip of the iceberg. Trade between the distant provinces of our Realms, which has risen by a whopping 470% since the beginning of the year, is particularly vulnerable. "In past wars, the loss of cargo ships was commonplace for a nation at war. However in the modern world we have so few ships carrying so much cargo with such economies of scale that a submarine fleet inside our waters could play absolute havoc to our internal exports and imports. We cannot hope to protect all the routes between our far-flung territories."

These comments were echoed by the highly-respected Sir Alan Strongarm of The Geostrategy Institute, a private think-tank, who suggested that we ought to be considering becoming more self-sufficient. However, a government spokesperson from the Ministry of Defence, when asked to comment on these matters, replied to these accusations with a strong defence of government policy. "While it is fine to say that we should be self-sufficient, the fact remains that the more developed areas in the Imperial Commonwealth have world-class manufacturers and financial services, and it is much cheaper for other places to make some of the things that we consume. It would be prohibitively expensive and burdensome to try to stop the process of specialization: the free market must be allowed to continue to do what they are best at and so make maximum profits within safety guidelines. In the meantime we are confident in our ability to inflict enough damage against any enemy."

The Exchequer also released a memo, stating that "It is good to integrate into the world's economy: if we were to rely on the innovations of our own population only, ignoring those of the hundreds of billions of the rest of the world, we would never get on."

However, despite these assurances, the Stock Market has continued to fall.

Ian Farqahar, Warrant Officer, The United Imperial Commonwealth Air Force, closed his newspaper and yawned. He was bored.

This was predictable. Although half the country was up in arms over the possibility of war, here, from an altitude of 150,000 feet over international waters, he could read a newspaper without any need to take evasive maneuvers. The computer guidance system was piloting, and he might as well have been a passenger. It was a good aircraft, he thought smugly. Not many 'fighters' did 150,000 feet at a

pinch. But then this particular 'fighter' was called the 'Starfighter', and was brand new, using cunning rocket scramjets to provided a limited capacity to head towards space, and was not designed for real fighting, instead being designed to engage satellites in low earth orbit without needing enormous ballistic missiles.

And it could also look over vast areas below, which was what he was doing: surveillance-snooping in what his lords and masters in the Admiralty assured him was beyond the 24 nautical mile limit of Rhodesea's territorial airspace, practically in low-earth-orbit. And apparently they wouldn't dare shoot: they weren't at war and he had a perfect right to enjoy freedom of navigation. Including apparently the freedom to spy: the Military Intelligence board wanted more data for a more thorough Defence Estimate, so they could adjust their plans - just in case a general war did occur.

All this meant, Ian reflected, was that he had a pretty boring cruise over this despotic country. Very boring in fact, and he thought longingly of the escapades of his youth, and the incident that had ended it a mere three years previously. In a case of corporate espionage, he had been racing his competitors to speeds of over 200 knots on a fairly busy motorway. This was slightly over the speed limit, and when a police car came barreling down the centre-lane to haul him in, he knew he would either have to flee, or stop, and in doing so surrender the business opportunity.

He had chosen the former course, evaded the police by slipping across dozens of lanes of traffic between vehicles, had engaged the wing mechanism, and, heading up one of the side-ramps and into the air - forgetting to ask for air-clearance permission - he had resorted to fancy low-flying in the shadow of the valleys. He had lost his pursuers, although not before they had got his vehicle number.

One successful business mission completed later, he was a million bookmarks the richer, was under arrest, and was hand-picked as an air force pilot. Modern air force flying, they had explained, required people who could think and act at the same time, and if he could evade the air-traffic police he would evidently be more useful working one the side of the law.

Not that the ability to think and act at the same time appeared to be of any use to him at the present moment, he fancied, as defence analysts poured over a plan to insert a few special forces to kidnap the Rhodesean 'President'.

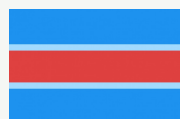
Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Fri Jan 22, 2016 2:26 pm, edited 3 times in total.

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

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

([\[Image\]](#))



**Rhodesea**  
Lobbyist

Posts: 11  
Founded: Sep 16, 2013  
Inoffensive Centrist  
Democracy

by [Rhodesea](#) » Sun Oct 06, 2013 1:16 pm

[QUOTE](#)

**Libraria and Ausitoria wrote:**

OOC: Rhodesea, I haven't the faintest idea about whether you'd like to fire a missile at my aircraft. If you do, make sure you posses missiles that can fly to a height of 50 km and travel at hypersonic speeds, of you won't catch the aircraft. And even if you do, for RP purposes I'd only let you blow the tail-fin off.

I was not planning on it, no. I don't really care what you do with your airplanes.



**Teaurnai**  
Secretary

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

by **Teaurnai** » Mon Oct 07, 2013 10:47 am



## Teaurnai

Teaurai was a barren wasteland of rock. In fact, the only thing desirable was the marble. Teaurnai was a famed area for its marble. However, the nation was a hegemony, specialising in military force. The Pelnav Agreement had thrown a stick in the annexation of Recardian, planned 5 years before. Now, if they acted, they would have nations from all over the world at their throat. The Hegemonial Covenant decreed that Teaurmai may invade and annex a nation, then eventually have it become part of their country.

Irestocles Mejkseyos walked down the streets of bustling Saurmai, the Teaurnish flag waving with its huge banner over the Capitol Tower, broadcasting its image to all the populace of the city. It was an average night for him, he was heading to the Jsenakos Varnai nightclub down on Resligheej Zstreet. It was not the highest-quality nightclub, but it was there that terrible event was to begin.

Irestocles was a covert government agent, determined to annex Recardian through espionage and internal destruction. He was the one who planned the downfall of the entire continent of Hermanius, and all the nations on it. Teaurmai planned to annex not only Recardian, but re-found the Old Taaurnvish Imperium, after it fell when the Kingdom of the Golden Rose marched upon the ancient capital of the realm, Csejkicnai, which was the last holdout before the Empire fell.

This was even before the Old Empire had arisen, before even the first spark of life in the small village of Hermanium. Before the Bird and Anvil had taken up arms, before the first Krayt emperor even was born. Yes, the Taaurnvish Imperium was *old*.

And somebody, just a small, unassuming person, planned to resurrect the greatest Empire of all time.

### Democratic Hegemony of Teaurnai

#### Anthem

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

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

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



**Pensalum**  
Ambassador

Posts: 1331  
Founded: Jul 21, 2012  
Ex-Nation

by **Pensalum** » Mon Oct 07, 2013 1:23 pm



## La Plasō da lās Peuplōs, Albicant

"Por Victoriō! Por Victoriō! Por Victoriō!"

The roar of the crowd shook the plaza, a deafening chant of patriotism. The mob was amassed around a humble stage, set up in the plaza for public events and demonstrations. The crowd undulated, as each patriot shoved his fist into the sky as an act of pride, chanting, yelling. Almost simultaneously, everyone in the mob fell silent, their eyes now focused on the meek looking man who presently cleared his voice.

"People of Pensalum!"

The man's voice echoed through the crowd, carried by large speakers. A momentarily cheer came from the mob, which was stopped by the man with a subtle raise of his hand.

"I am a messenger, a humble courier, carrying the tale of a greater plight. For too long, has corruption seeped into our great nation. This corruption comes in the form of taxes, atheism, homosexuality, but most of all, this corruption is a God-forsaken system called Socialism!"

Applause erupted from the crowd once more. Some vocal members repeated their earlier chant.

"Now friends, I know the struggles we each face, I know the hardships we must overcome. We are accused of being Fascists, sometimes even Nazis. However, we cannot let these blind accusations get in the way of the truth. We are nothing more than God fearing patriots! Now, we emerge, after our government has decided to support this communist Empress in Ghant. We have expressed our support for Laoni Yousloff, but our government ignores us. I don't know about you, friends, but I for one don't want to live in a country where my opinions are ignored."

He continues after another bout of cheering.

"Friends! Let us not forget the recent events that have shook our glorious nation. The attacks of terror, the storms and droughts, our terrible economic troubles! These catastrophes are not a simple coincidence, or the result of global warming, as some lie spewing liberal commies will have you know. No, these events are direct sins of our lord and savior Jesus, telling us to repent our ways. If we do not listen, these liberals will drag our Pensalum into the scornful fires of hell."

He pauses, to let his words sink in.

"Do not be alarmed though, friends. There is still yet time to climb out of this pit of sin. There is still time to remove our "leader" Jōhannō Ātat, the Antichrist, from office. It will not be easy, friends, but I know that together, anything is achievable. And mark my words, I will lead us to a new age, an age of freedom, an age of God. For now however, go home, hug your children, and prepare for the coming dawn. For on that day, we will storm the Chanciel's palace, and forcefully remove him from office!"

Again, shouts of encouragement exploded from the mob.

"We are the people, and we will fight for our rights! These fat cats cannot hold us back, we will rise and we will install a new regime. A regime under the name of the Pensic Front!"

At this, the masses began a new chant, echoing the name of their idol, as if he were a deity.

"Lyle Ferr! Lyle Ferr! Lyle Ferr!"

Lyle Ferr steps away, trembling from his speech. He smiles after the hearing his name repeated, and takes one last look at the mob.

He thrusts his fist into the air, and the crowd repeats the salute.

I read the worst thing ever in a bathrobe of off-white terrycloth



**Loufe**  
Diplomat

Posts: 618  
Founded: Aug 20, 2010  
Ex-Nation

by **Loufe** » Mon Oct 07, 2013 2:52 pm



Wow, I'm really flattered that two of my characters are being used in this RP. Zhakav and Bakanski!

@Rhodesea, don't you treat Bakanski like that! You really are a dog!!!



by **Loufe** » Mon Oct 07, 2013 3:45 pm

OOC: The capital of Loufe is Krasnogerioi, not Luvenia.

## EX-NATION

**Loufe**  
Diplomat

Posts: 618  
Founded: Aug 20, 2010  
Ex-Nation

### Krasnogerói, Krasni Oblast, Loufe

QUOTE

"So the Rhodesians have Bakanski?" asks Zheliz, a.k.a Yuri Nikolaivich.

"Yes, although we don't know much about it." replies Buran, Chief Advisor and Foreign Affairs Secretary. He looks down at his feet, ashamed of not fulfilling his task to the Zheliz Regime. Yuri's face turns bright red,

"Well," he shouts at his staff, "What are you waiting for? Do something about it!" Right then, all 5 of his Chief Executives walk out of the office, scurrying to their cubicles, to work on their mission for the Zheliz.

### Somewhere, Pyatsko Oblast, Loufe

"How do we achieve statehood without entering war with Krasnogerói?" asks the Chief Leader, Kevin Gansburg, of the Democratic Opposition Movement of Loufe,

"There's simply no way, sir," replies Harrison, one of the staff members, "unless we sign a treaty with them, ending our attachment to the other states." Kevin shakes his head,

"No, there's no way that's going to happen." and then, a solution pops into one of the other members, Gavin,

"We could always ally with whoever Loufe's against and have them help us..." he quietly suggests. Kevin, Harrison, and the rest of the Council's eyes flare up, and they all think of the same idea.

"Mizrad," Kevin whispers.



## EX-NATION

**Teurnai**  
Secretary

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

by **Teurnai** » Tue Oct 08, 2013 8:18 am

QUOTE

### Vasjkai, Saurvai Klesvemovai

Irestocles had taken the most un-prestigious airline to get to the most disgusting, rat-filled, crowded, and smoggy city in Teurnai. Vasjkai. Vasjkai was a modern city, built only twenty years ago, but had grown to the largest city in Teurnai, followed by the capital, Saurmai. Vasjkai, in Teurnai'i, meant "Olive City". Vasjkai was famous for the olive exports to most nations in the world.

However, Vasjkai was not all it seemed to be. It was a hellhole of crime, drugs, and un-orderliness. The Yresxjekleos (Hegemonial Guard) had given up trying to quell the city and now it was practically its own city state, kept within the borders of Teurnai.

Why had Irestocles come here? Well, Vasjkai was ruled by a syndicate of cooperative crime organizations, all which could be used to his advantage. His first target: Kle Resmajorneo Xereoilkj (Green Poison).

#### Democratic Hegemony of Teurnai

##### Anthem

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

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

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



by **Epraria** » Tue Oct 08, 2013 8:23 am

### Arastos





**Epraria**

Postmaster of the Fleet

Posts: 20382

Founded: Oct 06, 2012

Ex-Nation

## State of Costrufe

### The Federated states of Epraria



"Who are we sure to gain support from in the coup?" Asked Roberto Elviro

"We are expected to gain support from the Monarchists, fascists, Conservatives, Nazis, the church and the Ghantish emperor and his wife." Replied Juan Couñago the right hand man of Roberto since he joined the blood ravens

"That is good hear and we have the weaponry and supplies to succeed and win a civil war if that problem arrives or am I wrong Juan."

"Yes we have enough supplies, support and weaponry in order to successfully win a possible civil war and your order to put the old royal family on the throne if we succeed in taking control will be done sone sir." Juan said.

Roberto started to smile and knew that his plan was soon to be put in action and hopefully the fall of the corrupt government pigs was going to succeed. All he needed to do was to give the order and plan be one steep ahead of his foes. Finally he said. " Leave now Juan. The coup is to start in a few days, make sure that everything is prepared at that point understood?"

Juan nodded and left the room. Soon the federal government was going to burn.

You can call me Easy-E or Eppie if you want but you can if you are really lazy call me Ep.

I am Spanish so don't ever expect me to have anything close to perfect grammar.

[political compass](#)

[Sig memes](#)

[apartment](#)

#### Founding Member of LAVMEO

My proud anthem: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YQ5dSdxUGLc>



**Bavaria-Saxony**

Bureaucrat

Posts: 65

Founded: Dec 16, 2012

Ex-Nation

## Separatist

by **Bavaria-Saxony** » Tue Oct 08, 2013 12:06 pm



Himker Schunstaffle: *'The Bavarian National Separatist movement will succeed and we will break free of the Saxon dog oppressors.'*

A sinister snarl grew between the Hierarchies.

Himker Schunstaffle: *'Right then, our Militia must attack now, amongst the confusion in Panessos and Bavaria-Saxony there is no better time to strike on the government. Karlos, what is your proposal?'*

General Karlos: *'tomorrow night we shall form a coup in The Bavaro-saxony capital, Hamsterdam and the Bavarian Capital of Breslingham. We shall capture and arrest the Saxon oppressors in parliament. Capture the King and Execute him then transfer all national powers to Bavaria and name you Dictator'*

General Liam: *'We recommend opening an arms network with another government, perhaps the Asasians or Mizradians.'*

General Karlos: *'We should Split our forces up'*

Appointed Propagandist leader: *'what about the Ghantish internal struggles? their imperial ambitions have grown bolder, We will be vulnerable'*

Himker Schunstaffle stroked his chin ripping the few hairs that sat upon his face. He then abruptly said,

Himker Schunstaffle: *'claim what is left of the Bavaro-Saxon army, This Union has had it's day, we must act now. Leave.'*

The inner circle of hierarchies stood up and strolled out carrying confidential files.

Last edited by [Bavaria-Saxony](#) on Tue Oct 08, 2013 1:10 pm, edited 2 times in total.



**Libraria and Ausitoria**  
Negotiator

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

by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) » Tue Oct 08, 2013 1:32 pm



### ***The News Conference Room, The Spring Palace, Alexandria***

Finally it was decided.

Everything had been considered and minutely planned: a sudden blitz of enemy radar installations followed by a rapid amphibious assault, an invasion by paratroopers pretending to be a meteor shower, a fake diplomatic conference, an intelligence insertion of kidnappers posing as tourists/film-makers/businessmen - but all of these had the following problem: Arresting 'General' Krugger was rather impossible as it would either require subterfuge, in which case it might not work, or war, in which case it would be expensive, not to mention quite counterproductive

Therefore in despair the Extra-Judicial Agency agreed to stop directly trying to kidnap General Krugger and haul him before an Ausitorian Judge; and instead to apply sanctions.

Sanctions, in the usual parlance of modern diplomacy, implies that a nation will not be allowed to trade certain goods with or via another. However, this was to be more than a seizure of certain assets. This was to be a full-scale naval blockade (with exceptions for craft carrying basic foodstuffs and medicines, and goods for those not working for General Krugger). Still, better than war, eh?

Lord Palmerston rose to address the hall of reporters, in a speech already being sent to governments around the region and beyond.

"Considering the devious and brutal coup de'tat launched by the illegitimate General Krugger in Rhodesea, which saw such terrible scenes as the summary execution of President Anton Zhakav without an international trial, it is with great regret that The Imperial Commonwealth Realms hereby declares that effective 60 minutes from now, we will establish a *complete exclusion zone covering all craft within the EEZ of Rhodesea*, i.e. all seas within 200 nautical miles and not claimed by another Government. Craft already in the zone should return to the place where they entered this zone forthwith.

All goods and craft found in these areas will be seized or sunk on sight unless they are carrying basic foodstuffs or medicines, or unless the goods are designed to enwealthen only those not working for General Krugger, or the goods are taking a short cut to and from a place outside Rhodesea. Fishing craft and craft supplying persons working on seaborne installations such as oil rigs will also be exempt. Craft designated to handle Environmental Catastrophes such as Oil spills will also be exempt.

Craft will be seized or sunk on sight unless they have *previously* obtained a permit from this government for such exceptions prior to entering the zone.

Ausitorian law and emergency services shall be extended to all craft within the EEZ, so that persons committing acts contrary to Ausitorian Law, such as murder or torture, shall continue to face our arrest; persons in need of urgent medical assistance shall be treated on floating hospitals; and persons in need of fire-fighting services shall be amply supplied with firemen.

I hope that nations of the world will understand that we have chosen this course of action instead of deciding to make war in the hope to avoid a bloody conflict. It remains, however, our hope that General Krugger and his supporters will be seriously inconvenienced by these measures.



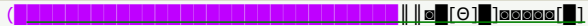
This blockade will continue until power is returned to a legitimate government, or until General Krugger is handed in to our Court or an International Court of repute on the charges of Manslaughter, Contempt of Justice, and Treason. We have 3 carrier strike groups and submarine forces to enforce this exclusion zone. That is all."

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Tue Oct 08, 2013 1:34 pm, edited 2 times in total.

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

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

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

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**Loufe**  
Diplomat

Posts: 618  
Founded: Aug 20, 2010  
Ex-Nation

by [Loufe](#) » Tue Oct 08, 2013 1:52 pm

 **QUOTE**

<http://i.imgur.com/wr16FCC.jpg>

Anti-Rhodesian protests are being held in the Main Square, Krasnogerioi, under government supervision.

"Down with Krugger!"



**Recardian**  
Attaché

Posts: 88  
Founded: Jun 11, 2013  
Ex-Nation

by [Recardian](#) » Tue Oct 08, 2013 1:54 pm

 **QUOTE**

 **Loufe wrote:**

<http://i.imgur.com/wr16FCC.jpg>

Anti-Rhodesian protests are being held in the Main Square, Krasnogerioi, under government supervision.

"Down with Krugger!"

OOC: Why is someone bearing the flag of the Greater Belkan Reich?

**Federation of Recardian**

"Nam Res Prospera!"

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