

by Max Barry



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Stevid

Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497

Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevid** » Fri Dec 13, 2013 1:19 pm

QUOTE

Flagship *HMS Resolute*, Stevidain Fleet east of South Greal, North of Island 'Hammer'

The lull in the naval battle was a welcome reprieve for everyone involved, particularly the pilots. A chance to rotate personnel and rearm aircraft and for the carrier to downscale immediate alert readiness so there aircraft numbers could be replenished from the reserves in Stevidian South Greal. Despite this 'calm' skirmishing continued against Imbrinium and word had already reached Stevidian commanders of additional enemy shipping approaching from the North – their intent known.

The message requesting compassionate ceasefire had been transmitted hours ago but no formal reply had been received; and while a reply was awaited with much anticipation, the fleet continued to run small sorties of attack aircraft against enemy picket destroyers. The intent here was to emulate the annoyance of flies and ignoring the larger ships in the enemy fleet that had already taken a pounding in the previous full scale attack. All the while radar operators scanned the screens that looked far beyond the horizon for any sign of enemy attack.

It was then when it happened. Obvious blips on the fringes of the radar screens. The Chief Radar Operator aboard *HMS Resolute* piped up calmly.

"Sir," he called out drawing the attention of the Duty Watch Officer (DWO). "They're coming about..."

The DWO peered at his own personal console and patched the screen through to what his radar operators was looking at. It was a substantial attack involving heavy surface warship elements with the carriers believed to be further away beyond radar visual. The aircraft wave was also large but of a proportionate size to what intelligence believed the enemy fleet could muster in full with casualties accounted for.

"Here comes the kitchen sink..." The DWO muttered as he called for action stations. He grabbed a nearby phone and thumbed the number for the Admiral on board. "Sir, radar shows a massed naval attack for the enemy. Aircraft and ship number indicate a potential for an all out attack."

"Roger," came the Admiral's crackled static reply. "This is a bold move and I will be up there shortly. In the mean time have several

destroyers break formation and retreat towards South Greal and have our Early Warning and radar extension aircraft bypass and flank the assault. I want to see what's beyond. A full assault makes little sense, there maybe more to this."

All available aircraft were scrambled to confront the enemy attacking aircraft head on with larger surface attackers to pound the escorting ships. The Royal Navy big hitters would open fire with their main missile armaments, some thing that the Admiral had held back from utilising en mass and would now pay off. These missiles were large heavy anti-ship missiles – Gothic and Grail types, modelled after the Sledgehammer II missile in the last regional and designed in principle to bring down hulls from as small and lightly armoured as a cruiser to full size super dreadnoughts. While not as complicated as the Lyran Hellion 2 and housed a similar sized warhead, it was cheap and plentiful with deck armoured penetrator with the ability to choose where on the vessel to strike based on intelligence and design schematics of the enemy vessel – or simple logical targets such as the bridge, main engines or turrets and their barbettes.

It wasn't quite a grand missile wave, but hundreds, perhaps thousands were launched in the initial wave with a further two planned and the fourth left in reserve in case enemy ships got too close.

As the battle was about to commence the Admiral set up a secure comms data link to Stevidian South Greal and informed the Defence team of Vice Admirals, 3 Star Generals and Air Marshals of all three branches involved in the theatre. After a muted discussion lasting only 20 seconds, a Vice admiral rose from behind the table he was sat at and gave his orders:

"You are at liberty to conduct the naval engagement at your discretion. The enemy has ignored our offer for a ceasefire. Continue operations against the enemy on the island. Wipe them out. No mercy, no remorse or pity. No thoughts spared to those on the ground, sea or air. We have shown our willingness to grant the wounded a chance to live and they ignore our offer – they do not grant us the same respect...kill them all."

*** * ***

The main Royal Navy fleet was north of Island 'Hammer' by some two hundred miles. Two squadrons from the Fleet Air Arm travelled south with approximately 50 aircraft of the RAF from Stevidian South Greal made up of a mix of naval attacks and fighter aircraft. All but ten aircraft would assault the Imbrinium ships that were fleeing north towards Lyras with military units from the island.

The other ten aircraft would assault what was left on the island together with a heavy strategic bomber force of twenty aircraft that would bomb whatever remained into oblivion. Upon contact, the aircraft met small and medium anti-air weapons fire from a smattering of patrol boats. All that remained were some Army (or Navy) logistical elements working on one of the docks.

The squadron broke formation and approached with more caution as the leader of the formation dished out his orders.

"You know the game, leave nothing left. The big boys behind us will grind up what's left. Enjoy the target practise."

"But sir, those are hospital ships down there... targets sir?"

"Correct. We gave them the opportunity, but they snubbed us. They wouldn't grant us the same common courtesy if those were our ships... we pray for forgiveness afterwards. But we have our orders, and they're justly ones too. Fire at will."

Scores of missiles arced towards the enemy shipping, including the

hospital ships and harbour facilities. After a few runs involving cannon and missile fire the jets continued on over the island combing around for stragglers that hadn't been evacuated. The bombers behind them were to ruin whatever was left at the harbour and anything the planes found while scouting ahead.

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



Kouralia
Post Marshal

Posts: 15132
Founded: Oct 30, 2011
Democratic Socialists

by **Kouralia** » Sat Dec 21, 2013 2:38 pm



Kouralian Embassy - Epping, Malgrave

The Kouralian Embassy was a relatively grim, a grey stone construction which was only decorated by a few small symbols of its 'Kouralian-ness'. The doors were framed by Doric columns with a Kouralian Flag up on a pole right close to the wall. Not exactly impressive, but then again Kouralians weren't known for being overly ostentatious. Normally, the steps would be overseen by a 'Guardsmen', wearing full Dress uniform, with shoes shinier than some mirrors, a shako with its immaculately shaped and coloured two-tone hackle, and a cloak over his left shoulder. However, the steps today weren't guarded or overseen by the usual chap, instead the heightened security had necessitated different measures. A man stood there in black combats, adorned with small icons of the Kouralian Diplomatic Corps, such as the cap badge on his dark grey beret. At his waist was holstered a compact Anemosian pistol, the standard of said Kouralian paramilitary, and tucked in on top of the multi-use pouches on his webbing was a short, dark wooden truncheon. The Zalantarwood baton was the mainstay of... well, just about every single Kouralian Law Enforcement, crowd control or security unit, following a deal to import tens of thousands of them from the *Great Civilisation of the C'tan*. Each was as tough as, if not tougher than steel, but it was wood. This was deemed to be classier and more appropriate for a Law Enforcement Officer of the Crown.

Since the war had started, the embassy had been inundated with requests by Kouralian tourists and expats about their safety, but so far it hadn't been able to offer much in the way of promises - the only Kouralian force in the region was immediately being tasked to retrieve civilians from the area, but beyond that there was little they could do to ensure security.

Bridge of the RKNV Temeraire

"Set course for Malgrave." Nove-Code said, as he read off their orders direct from Briefing Room A. The Imbrinium fleet had been attacked by, and then attacked the United Kingdom. This was to be a most... *unfortunate* development. The Kouralian force in the region was rather minuscule, and to top it off he'd recently heard that the attack submarine had been damaged in an impact with a submarine of Morrdh. That rather put a damper on any ability to aggressively pursue the hostile forces, however despite Kouralia's 'neutrality' at this stage they wouldn't be taking any chances.

"Bring the Squadron to war-footing. If any Imbrinium vessel or plane starts making eyes at us, give it one warning then send it to Hades." The command went across to the Kouralian vessels, in addition to the Temeraire-Class Light Cruiser, there were two Crookfur-built Amphibious Assault Ships and the Gay-Class RKNV Kurjak, and a small swarm of Frigates, with the Artful being largely out of action.

Kouralia:

[iiWiki Page \(WiP\)](#)
[The Times of Kurton](#)
[Embassy Thread \(Closed, WiP\)](#)
[Defence Tech Exports \(Closed, WiP\)](#)

by **Malgrave** » Sat Dec 21, 2013 3:47 pm

950km North West of Malgrave.



Malgrave
Negotiator

Posts: 5723
Founded: Mar 29, 2011
Democratic Socialists

QUOTE

"So we're going to shoot these bastards down?" Flying Officer Wells said, his voice piercing the tense silence that had formed since the aircraft had left the runway.

"Our mission is rather simple. We have been ordered to clear the skies of all hostile threats" Squadron Leader Fielding replied curtly, the pilots short response killing all chance of future discussion on the subject.

Silence followed as the [Avro Sparrow](#) continued alongside their current heading, the silence yet again interrupted by FO Wells.

"I've got contacts on my screen!" Wells exclaimed, the young Malgravean pilot was going to be the first of his countrymen to engage an enemy aircraft and to say he was excited was an understatement, he and his fellow pilots were all flying Avro Sparrow's, the most numerous aircraft of the Air Force and one that was capable of carrying eleven [air-to-air missiles](#) in its current configuration.

"You've got your orders Flight Officer, engage the enemy!" SL Fielding shouted as she began to turn to engage the enemy aircraft with a quick salvo of three [meteor missiles](#), an action quickly followed by the rest the two squadrons.

Northern Malgrave

Sirens were heard across North Malgrave as the regional civil protection system was finally activated in response to news of the incoming hostile aircraft. In response to the Sirens rather annoyed and tired citizens across the region began to travel to both private and public nuclear shelters that had been constructed during the countries isolation. Yet despite the large rush in construction several years ago, some cities still suffered from a shortage of shelters as the influx of foreign nations, and the temporary arrival of tourists to certain areas took toll. Maldon was one of these cities, measures designed to protect the environment from rapid construction had blocked the recent construction of more shelters and in these cases civilians and tourists alike were supposed to find shelter with what in reality amounted to a deep basement underneath some of the newly constructed hotels.

The Liberty-City Armistice Accords

Preamble: Signed in Liberty-City by the representatives of [Malgrave](#), this treaty represents a resolution to their conflict, and a return to the pre-war status of all relations. With this treaty, the warring parties' claims against each other are hereby considered resolved.

1. The Kingdom of Malgrave shall issue a formal apology to the Kingdom of Imbrinium for commencing hostilities, and likewise the Kingdom of Imbrinium shall issue a formal apology for its use of CBRN weaponry on Malgravean civilian population.
2. The Greater Prussian Empire shall provide the Kingdom of Malgrave with logistical, humanitarian, and financial support via the Greenleaf Crown Charity to help it recover after the CBRN strikes on its civilian population.
3. The parties are to refrain from further violence and consider their dispute resolved hereby.

Signed by:

His Imperial Majesty Alexander Blaken-Kazansky, Emperor of [Greater Prussia](#), [King of Allanea](#), [Reichskamphen](#) and Leipzig Island, Emperor of the Thousand States, Archduke of Dragkon, Liberator of Torontonias, Count of Centreville, Friend of the Elves, General-Secretary of the Confederacy of Sovereign States and the Coalition of Drug-Exporting Nations, President of the

[url=http://forum.nationstates.net/viewtopic.php?f=5&t=19927]CAPINTERN

Heinz von Rath, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Greater Prussia

His Majesty King Marcius A Sobairce III of [Imbrinium](#)
Prime Minister Sir Konstantinos Stephanos of [Imbrinium](#)

HRH Helena Wells, Queen of [Malgrave](#)
Prime Minister Rachel Berry of [Malgrave](#)

[IC Information.](#)



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by [Mokastana](#) » Sun Dec 22, 2013 11:49 am



MNS Reina del Baile

[Assurance Class Freighter](#), 500 Kilometers south of Malgrave
FROM: Lima, Sur Region, Mokastana
TO: Fort Carson: Wormer, Greal

The *MNS Reina del Baile* continued her long journey with supplies for the Moka troops stationed in Greal, knowing full well a major war was underway around her. Behind her approximately another 20 Freighters followed, but only the *Reina del Baile* and one other were Assurance Class vessels. The Assurance Class was an intuitive solution to a problem that never really existed, but solely came to be due to Moka Paranoia. Initially designed to transport high value medical supplies for Montana Incorporated, the idea was to not only dissuade pirates, but to ensure they would cease to be a threat. Though it had proven not cost effective, Montana Inc still keeps some in service for hostile water transport.

Then the Military purchased the Assurance, being one for over protection when it came to shipping. The idea of hiding a few weapons on a convoy was one easily appreciated by the Moka Merchant Navy. So now every military supply convoy now carried a few of these minimally armed freighters simply as a back up the way one might carry a hold out pistol up their sleeve.

However these were designed to fight minimally armed pirates or fend off a cruise missile or two, not get involved in a full scale war, but the route they were taking was one determined days before when leaving port. As the Navy believed the importance of keeping multiple shipping lanes and randomize which one they would use each time. This trip had been given the route commonly referred to as the "Malgrave-Eslovakia Straight Run." Despite its proximity, there had been no incidents between the People's Unified Federation and either of the nations mentioned above.

At least until today.

Hostilities had opened up when they passed Malgrave, and for an intense few hours they heard on radios the various reports of attacks between nations. Stevid and Imbrinium had been spending the better part of a day firing missiles at each other, but what was perhaps most disheartening was the chatter from some poor island withing radio range. Based on the civilian chatter, it sounded like forces from Imbrinium had landed and fortified, only for forces from Stevid to bomb them to hell. Then the radios went silent. There was nothing the Moka convey could do, for the Federation had enough on its plate and had chosen to ignore the issues outside of South Greal for now. They had an submarine escort ready to meet them at a position to the south until they could connect with a Moka Battle group East of Sumer, but until then they had to continue to sneak out of the warzone, hoping no one would mistake them for the wrong flag.

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

Quotes about Mokastana:

[QUOTES](#)



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Tue Dec 31, 2013 4:25 pm



C-10 Minotaur 500 Kilometers from the coast of New Garrack

High Command had not, as the crew of the *MNS Reina del Baile* thought, ignored the situation growing around Greal. Actually, it was a very high concern to those in the External Armed forces. Greal had always been a hot bed of conflict in the past, and only the last few years had brought peace to the people of Greal, for it seemed that the Moka Embassy had not been burned down in nearly five years. However, with South Greal under control by Stevid, and the threat of invasion by Imbrinium, who had already shown their willingness to use chemical weapons, an Emergency deployment was organized.

Once again it would be 8th Army leading the charge, for it was 8th Army who already had 120,000 Moka Soldiers already stationed in Greal, making up the oldest international Moka military installations in use. With threat of collapse again from the nation of Greal and numerous power hungry forces in theatre, the Mokans needed to ensure their pieces were on the board before the game began. With permission to fly over New Garrack, the Moka logistics had cut the trip in half, instead of taking boat around the entire continent, planes could fly over and land in Fort Moka outside of Sasha, unload, refuel and head back home, easy as pie.

Yet, much to Generalissimo Yuri Gorbechov's dismay, he would only receive a handful of 8th Army Divisions to back him up, and the rest would be made up by 'conscript armies'. Still supplied just as well as the External Armed Forces, but they did not have the drive to be Jaguars or Eagles, these were simply kids serving their terms and waiting to go home. Only now they would be deployed halfway across Greater Dienstad as a Moka show of force. In total, nearly a million Mokans were being reassigned to Greal, but that would take weeks even by flying to get them all in place.

But the Mokans were not at war, nor did they plan on it any time soon. As far as they could tell, time was on their side. So the planes continued on course, dropping off and returning home, progressively increasing the Moka presence in Greal.

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

Quotes about Mokastana:

[QUOTES](#)



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Wed Jan 08, 2014 6:32 pm



At military airbases all over southern Imbrinium the largest and only large scale bombing mission in the conflict between the Crown and Malgrave. The toll had been heavy out of eight hundred bombers and two hundred direct support aircraft there had been almost two hundred aircraft where lost and sixty damaged beyond repair. The reports had between fifteen and twenty thousand missiles had been launched with no reports of what damage had been done. Most satellite images showed heavy damage and fires but no know reports on deaths from CBRN weapons.

It wasn't long after the last bomber crew debriefed the word came in that the conflict was over with Malgrave, a peace had been brokered by Allanea a allied nation to the crown. The human count was untold as of yet. There could be up to thousands of dead and dying from some of the worse CBRN weapons in the region. A recon drone mission had been planned and was ready to launch to check on the battle damage within the city.

2km out from Mako (Arastonia).

The HMS Hesperus a SSN slowed up to periscope depth, what they found was hard for the Captain to see much less explain. The burned up wrecks in the harbour of two Hospital ships, the captain order the

ships radar mast up and to move in slowly till they were close enough to surface. The captain also ordered the sub to condition one.

Once the ship was close enough to the island the ship surfaced and prepared zodiac boats to take to shore, fires where still a blaze in some parts of the coastal town.

As the boat crews made it to shore there were bodies all over the shoreline in different stages of decomposing and or eaten from animals. The landing party took video of the horrors and report back over the radio what they were seeing. The captain ordered them to move into the town to try to find anyone still alive whether it would be civilian or military.

The HMS Hesperus moved slowly closer into the harbour the air was heavy with fuel oil and bodies floating along with debris. The captain ordered a quick message to be sent back to fleet command.

Fleet Command:

HMS Hesperus:

Arrival at MAKO no survivors as of time of message, the hospital ships HMS St. Muiredach and HMS St. Cuindid were both destroyed and appears no survivors. Awaiting orders.

Fleet Command headquarters the message was received with anger and heart break. One officer said in the back ground "How could anyone attack Hospital ships?"

The message was forwarded to the citadel where the king had been kept since the beginning of the war. The kings slammed his fist on his desk in the royal meeting room. "How could this be from a people who pride themselves on being better than others, they are no more a kind to slavers! This will not stand this will not stand at all! Order all of our naval vessels to unrestricted warfare on all Stevid shipping and a scorched earth order for all land forces."

Soon after the orders went out along with the battle cry "Remember the two saints of Mako!"

Soon after that a sub southeast of Morrdh about 500kms the HMS Matunak was submerged tracking a Stevid freighter leaving Morrdh when the orders came in to engage all shipping.

EAM EAM EAM

"Radio to Con EAM coming through"

As the head of the watch and the XO confirmed that it was a true message from command the captain read it and then read it aloud to the crew.

"Con, Sonar. Bearing on surface contact?"

"Sonar aye, Con bearing 105 south at speed of 15 knots"

"Con aye, set condition one and load tubes two and four"
"Aye Sir"

"Con, Sonar plot me a track on the contact"
"Sonar aye"

"Con, Weps flood tubes and mark the position of the contact and fire on my command"

"Aye Sir"

"Con, Weps we are ready when you are" "Weps aye" "Con, Weps fire tubes two and four"

"Aye sir fish away"

As the torpedo raced to the target within a minute the explosions could be felt and heard onboard, as the HMS Matunak turned and started her hunt again.

1000km southeast of HMS Matunak the HMS Rasher had been shadowing an oil tanker heavy in the water loaded with oil headed to Stevid. The HMS Rasher took her plots and opened fire with a four torpedoes to make sure she would sink. The orders were not just for the navy but also the air, the order was also for the air force to take out all air traffic.

50km off the coast of Stevid/Southern Greal

With a deafen roar missiles and aircraft were launching, their targets were targets and ships along the Southern Greal/Stevid coast. The main mission was to prep the beach for the invasion and to destroy targets in the area.

The hundreds of aircraft's job where to conquer and control the skies, and take out enemy ground targets. With the report of what happen on Mako everyone was ready for some payback. Since the orders that the ROE be thrown out the window and total unrestricted warfare was the game of the day. Over a million troops were ready to set foot on dry land and get payback.

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



Greal
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 375
Founded: Apr 23, 2007
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

by **Greal** » Thu Jan 09, 2014 12:52 am



Sasha, Greal 11:00PM

Its going to be long long damn week.

President Richard Watson, the most powerful man in Greal, sat in his office chair, was filling out random forms when his phone started buzzing. He turned his attention from the mundane task to the phone.

"What is it, Zimmer?" Zimmer was the head of Palace Security and was temporarily on loan from Section 19, which was Greal's intelligence ministry.

"General Darkover and Minister Leon have arrived, sir." Was the reply. "Good, send them in, I'll see them at once. Thank you."

The door opened, and they entered. General Darkover was in charge of Section 19 and Leon ran the Foreign Affairs ministry.

"Refreshments?"

Both turned it down and Leon immediately went straight to business. "Richard, I only have heresy and rumors at the moment, but we're possibly looking at thousands of casualties because of chemical weapons used." General Darkover winced, but didn't do much else. Richard doubted Darkover or pretty much anyone in the room for that matter, cared much about Malgrave, but every Greali had been educated from childhood to adulthood on the use of WMDs, and everyone despised them. "The ceasefire may be true."

"Alright, Leon, I want you to send Vice-Minister Juster to their embassy and ask them what they need. I can have General Hill send teams in to help with the mess and casualties," ordered Richard, "And, I want you send that message to Ambassador Kelley when you leave this office."

Leon frowned in thought. Ambassador Edward Kelley was the official Greali representative to Stevid. Kelley was also an arrogant bastard, but he was pretty good at what he did. He paused for a second to marshal his thoughts then said, "So, we're going to step in?"

"I'm afraid we don't have a choice. I want to end this before goes to far," replied Richard, "Start rolling out the diplomatic pressure. I doubt it'll do much, but we gotta look good for the press. Where's Admiral Mishkin's naval forces?" The question was shot to Darkover who had remained quiet till now.

"About 250 kilometers away from the conflict zone sir. We've ordered

him to move no closer till further orders." Mishkin was in charge of Task Force 3, otherwise known as "The Hammer", which composed of 320 vessels including 11 James Lawrence class Aircraft carriers. He had earned his stripes serving with distinction in eight conflicts in the last two decades and was also politically reliable, so he was the top and most convenient choice, since other Greali fleets were nowhere near the action, yet.

"Ground forces?"

"We've ordered the 43rd and 17th Armies to the border, sir." That was a good chunk of Greal's active ground forces, noted Richard "They'll be ready to jump in for help, but they'll be pretty far from any potential battlefield. We can also airlift soldiers in, but we'll need clearance from Stevid and airfields. The air force assures me they're ready if Hill decides to move his eight divisions from here" Darkover gestured to the map at Sasha AFB, "We just need to give the go."

"Excellent. Inform General Hill to move to Level 2 Alert on all forces and start a partial mobilization. I'm sure both of you have a lot of work to do." That was the dismissal. Leon and Darkover quickly left the room for their respective departments. President Watson turned back to his desk, deep in thought, he picked up his phone, "Zimmer, tell Jane to be here in an hour."

Jane Scotts headed the Ministry of Public Information which controlled the various "independent" newspapers and blogs that fed the Greali public specific and edited information. Already the newspapers would be calling for action in the morning, as planned.

Greali Embassy, Stevid

Ambassador Kelley took one look at the encrypted dispatch that arrived and immediately ordered his staff to get his transportation ready. He had plenty of discuss with the Stevidians.

“

Message to Kingdom of Imbrinium

The Federal Republic of Greal is saddened by the loss of so many lives in this regrettable conflict and requests an immediate ceasefire. We has no wish to see regional stability upset. If the Kingdom of Imbrinium insists on further destabilizing the region, The Republic of Greal will be forced to intervene to ensure that does not happen.

Minister of Foreign Affairs,
Leon Minds

Last edited by [Greal](#) on Thu Jan 09, 2014 7:24 pm, edited 1 time in total.

DEFCON: 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1

[Greal Embassy Center](#), [Greal News Agency](#),



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

☐ by [Morrdh](#) » Thu Jan 09, 2014 5:33 am



Morrdun, Morrdh

It had been an anxious few days for those in the COBRA room, a semi-permanent cloud of cigarette smoke now lingered by the ceiling and further added to the decades old nicotine stains. The oaken table had more tea stains added to its collection, though as ever a much needed thorough cleaning seemed a remote possibility. But now Sir Gedney Hill read out the report they'd received from the inspection team a scant few hours ago. "Traces of chemical and nerve agents found along with what is strongly suspected to be Varathron Blood Fever."

"Varathron Blood Fever?" Asked Prime Minister Edmund Vermillion. "That doesn't sound good."

"No, it isn't." Replied Sir Gedney. "It is a highly infectious and deadly bioweapon created in Gholgoth, there is also no known cure for it."

"And the Imbriniums have used despite the danger it poses to the region as a whole." Sighed Vermillion. "What madness processed them to commit such an act?"

"I do not know sir, but now it seems our course has been dictated for us." Sir Gedney stated. "We've also recently received word of unrestricted submarine warfare on shipping between us and Stevid."

"The Admiralty has reported a number of sonar contacts coming down from the north in recent days sir." Stated Nathan Hay, the Minister of Defence. "So has RMAF Coastal Command."

"Right." Sighed Vermillion. "How are we with Operation Piper?"

"Undergoing final preparations and briefings as we speak sir." Answered Hay. "The sooner it gets put into motion the better, I'd advise dawn tomorrow as the optimal time for it to begin."

"Very well." Vermillion nodded. "Looks like we have a great of midnight oil to burn gentlemen, I for one will be drafting up a message."

Trans-Mordent Border

When the Stevid-Imbrinium Conflict began the Commonwealth had closed the border it shared with the Imbrinium controlled part of the island of Mordent, then fortified it as part of the Commonwealth's stance of armed neutrality. For many Morridane soldiers it had become a cosy assignment, if a little boring at times, with an almost holiday like atmosphere as many assumed the Commonwealth would remain neutral for the duration of the conflict. However that atmosphere started to change, extra sentries and watches were ordered and now runners were moving up and down the line of trenches with messages for all the officers. Then the NCOs were seeing to their platoons and sections, issuing extra ammo and ordering their men to get as much rest as possible.

Something was up.

Though bizarrely as twilight fell orders were given for a [song](#) to be played along the line and troops encouraged to act as normal, basically as though they were winding down for the night. A quarter pint of rum was issued to every man, though puzzled by this the Morridane soldiers still eagerly accepted this rare treat.

Last edited by [Morrdh](#) on Thu Jan 09, 2014 5:59 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by [Mokastana](#) » Sat Jan 11, 2014 1:28 pm



Presidential Palace, Mokastana City, Mokastana

President Benito Vera sat in the East Wing on a nondescript couch, rubbing his temples and wishing it would all go away. Scarcely had he a few months left of his Presidency and it seemed that fate had yet another curve ball to throw him. His Presidency had been a harsh one, from wars overseas to bombs going off not 10 kilometers from where he sat. He had seen the trouble the Moka People could face and it had taken its toll on him. Even now, war was in full effect in the seas between Malgrave and South Greal, intelligence reports showed possible Gholgothic pathogens had been released in Greater Dienstad. Unrestricted Naval warfare by the Kingdom of Imbrinium, a crime that it seemed even the Holy Empire of Stevid was willing to take part in by murdering hospital ships.

Neither of the major belligerents seemed to be worth supporting, and yet, Moka allies in closer to the conflict were gearing up for war. He had a flight leaving shortly to take him to Juventud Island where the Emergency Council was meeting to go over the intelligence that could not be leaked to Parliament, who was also in session, though not for this particular set of events. After the assassination of Juan Dugal, Speaker of the People(Head of Parliament), the last thing those cowards in Parliament would be willing to do was vote in favor of another war. Perhaps that would be for the best, even if it hurt Moka International Relations. Yet, Generalissimo Gorbechov and Canarias continued to funnel troops into Greal and New Garrack, offering the sign of Moka support if anything was to go wrong. They got away with it by calling it a police action/peace keepers, but Benito already knew the military expected to go to war.

The Ambassadors had already worked out a deal with the Greal government to allow the Peace Keepers in Greal, and as of now they would be flowing towards the Southern Border of Greal. Lord only knew what would happen next, but all he knew was that he was merely the President, and his power was limited in this situation.

"Mr. President, the helicopter is ready."

"Very well, let us go."

Sasha, Greal

Generalissimo Yuri Gorbechov rode in the back of the Humvee from the Military Airport in Fort Moka to the Moka Embassy downtown. It had been nearly a decade since he had been in Sasha, and from what could see so much had changed. Unlike his normal drunken bantering self, he instead sat back, taking it all in. Enjoying the view and would occasionally speak up with a memory or a memory there. At a stop light the Generalissimo looked towards an older apartment building and spoke up:

"We must be close, I remember that building, when the Embassy was attacked, one of the times, I had to escort some of the staff out of the danger zone, just me and Tanya(he said stroking his Thompson Machine gun), and a few other soldiers and some armed staff. We hid behind that apartment as I took shots at some poor bastards who thought they could take me. This was back when we only allowed true Jaguars on Embassy duty. So I knew the troops with me were damn good men. Perhaps after these wars we will have plenty of Jaguars to continue the trend."

"Somewhere else in this country is the body of Alex Franshaw's brother, the original leader of the Bureau of Secret Affairs. He was visiting when they had another rebellion, the building he was in got taken and they put a bullet between his eyes...."

He laid back, closing his eyes and took another sip of something from his flask.

"Yes, lots of Moka Blood has been spilled in this country. I wonder how much more will spill before it is finally over."

The Humvee continued on...

MNS Panama 16th Air Attack Flotilla Some where North of Independent Hitmen

The truth was, ever since the incident with New Tehver, and the invasion of Morrdh by Hailandkill, the Mokans had developed a particular interest in the waters around their ally Morrdh. as of now, total of three Flotillas were actually on patrol in the North West quadrant of Greater Dienstad. The 14th and 16th Air Attack Flotillas, and one of the newer Assault Flotillas, in this case it was the 25th Assault Flotilla. Not to mention any submarine patrols in the area. While no where near enough to rival any maritime powers in the area,

it was nice to see a Moka presence just in case.

Ever since hostilities opened the Moka had been expanding naval patrols, filling the Sea of Tranquility all the way to New Garrack and patrolling the waters around Lamoni and Sumer. Not to mention any assets watching the Malgrave straight. In short, any areas of conflict had soon captured the attention of the Moka Naval Command, and where ever military conflict was taking place, it would not be hard to find a Moka Military presence observing from a good distance away.

Officially the government had remained quiet, but when hostilities of this scale begin, it was only a matter of time before the Mokans entered the conflict.

The question was, who would they be supporting?

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Sat Jan 11, 2014 1:33 pm, edited 2 times in total.

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Wanderjar
Ambassador

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

☐ by [Wanderjar](#) » Sat Jan 11, 2014 4:40 pm



FIFTEEN MONTHS PRIOR TO INITIATION OF HOSTILITIES

Francois Van Steyn sat uncomfortably in the reclining office chair with the peculiar mesh padding, unsure what to make of the odd material which assaulted his skin. He found it to be spongy, yet abrasive, and to make matters worse it would not recline a comfortable distance, instead preferring to give only an almost imperceptible slouch, nearly rigid. He sighed. Having nowhere else to sit, it would have to do.

The conference room was not large. Aside from the large birch wood oval shaped table, a pull down projector display, and an odd palm plant sown in a pot at the room's front right corner, it was fairly spartan. The scenery of the land from the room, which he occasionally allowed himself a glance through the tall windows to view, was spectacular however. The resort was positioned in the bush, allowing sight of the dry savannah and rolling kopje hills. His view was also occasioned by what some would speculate to be exotic wildlife, which he mildly enjoyed.

His attentions were predominately governed by the dull presentation being given to him by an enthusiastic and immaculately dressed prop desk manager. The man was of average height and build, with longish black hair slicked back with gel and a clean shaven face. Of note, he wore an Oxford suit with a double-breasted jacket. Van Steyn was lean, having kept himself in shape, almost religiously following a brutal fitness regimen long after his experience gaining participation as an officer in the Royal Navy. His hair was forever short, his face lean, eyes a pale blue and sharp. His Prussian features were further augmented by the form fitting yet flattering business attire he wore. But beyond the physical prowess was a ruthlessness for business coupled with a shrewdness gained by experience and amplified by extreme intelligence. Needless to say, to all present he was an intimidating man.

"Estimates range into trillions of Rand in value," the man said. Van Steyn's ears perked. "*One trillion Rand, he says?*" Suddenly what was being said interested him much more.

"One trillion pounds of what, exactly?" he asked plainly. "You never specified."

"Well Mr. Van Steyn, sir," the man addressed him with proper respect. Van Steyn was the corporate CEO, and thus the most powerful man in the Wanderjarian Mining Company, and among the most powerful men in the entire country. "I said that it is mostly platinum in this range here," he pointed to one particular string of

mountains, "though copper, zinc, and iron are also in abundance in the region." Van Steyn mentally shrugged, he was the boss and therefore it was forgivable that he could not pay attention and have his subordinates repeat themselves.

"But, this map shows it is in Stevidian territory," Chairman of the Board of Directors Gottfried Hulster said inquisitively. "How precisely do we get at the material?"

"The company would have to negotiate to buy a contract to the site. It could be extraordinarily profitable to do so," the speaker replied.

"The Stevidians would never go for it, you have wasted our time." Francois Van Steyn coldly chastised, shaking his head. "This presentation is over."

"But sir," the man began.

"Shut up." The CEO snarled. The man did just that, fastened the buckles on his briefcase, and hurriedly exited the room.

"Well Francois," Gottfried said after standing up and stretching. "It took thirty minutes for his estimates and figures to reach one solid conclusion: we are not getting to those resources."

"Indeed, Mr. Hulster," the CEO sighed. But then, he had a thought. *"If the resources can't be bought, perhaps they could be taken."* "But what if we could?"

The Chairman laughed, turning to follow the other directors out of the room, "That would be phenomenal! But how? The Stevidians would never sell to us at the expense of their own mining operations."

"We take it."

"Come again?" Gottfried said slowly, turning around in the doorway.

"We take the resources with our might. We drive the Stevidians out of the territory we want, and we force it into our hands."

"Francois, you're talking of starting a war!"

"That, my friend, is exactly what I am talking about." A predatory grin crept across his face that sent chills running down the other man's spine. The Chairman had always found Francois to be a frightening man. Unlike his colleague, he was short, rotund, and had an elegantly trimmed beard, and was aged well into his sixties to Francois' fifty one.

"What would we do?" Hulster asked.

Van Steyn replied with a chuckle, "Leave that to me."

(OOC: Just a brief introduction, I'll have the rest up either later tonight or early tomorrow)

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Wanderjar
Ambassador

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

☐ by **Wanderjar** » Sun Jan 12, 2014 1:35 pm



The President rubbed his chin and contemplated what was being explained to him. Francois van Steyn was charismatic; he had to give the bastard that. Michael Blair had served in the Royal Marines, was a combat veteran, and knew his martial background was far superior to Francois' as a Surface Warfare Officer in the Royal Navy. Knowing this still failed to lessen, in his mind, the imposing demeanor which the man exuded.

'This is all fascinating, Mr. van Steyn, but why have you asked myself and the cabinet to meet to discuss these mountain ranges in, and I can't stress this enough, Stevidian territory?'

'We all know,' he began, 'that our government has been deeply aggravated over the Stevidian invasion of the landmass they're now referring to as 'South Greal.' Well the Wanderjarian Mining Company is equally frustrated. We had a lot of interest in the region, and their occupation has made acquiring those interests more difficult. We want them out and propose a generous royalty payment to the government to acquire them, should it act in our behalf.'

'Why haven't you proposed a deal with the Stevidians? That is entirely within your right to do by the Wanderjarian Constitution.'

'Simply put, the Stevidians show no interest in setting prices we find to be acceptable.'

'So your suggestion is war, instead?' Samantha Abels, the Minister of Education, scoffed. 'This is criminal!'

'Well,' Rupert Buchanan, the Defence Minister, cautioned, 'We have been looking for a means by which to acquire this land from the Stevidians, but have lacked a rationale to do so. Perhaps this is it?'

'That is true, skirmishes with the Stevidians and their movement of armoured forces to the border since that 'incident' a few months back have indeed warranted a response,' President Blair began. 'I'm going to leave this to his Majesty to decide.' A glance down the table to the King of Wanderjar brought a surprised look to everyone at the table.

Kristian von Hapsburg, the King of Wanderjar, was usually disinterested in politics. Before succeeding his father he was a career military man, serving in the Army for nearly thirty years. He attended these meetings out of necessity, but usually gave the Cabinet leeway in actual management. Leaving the final decision for the King was almost unheard of.

'This land is Wanderjarian. I have always believed it to be so, and the Stevidian conquest was unwarranted. Furthermore, these skirmishes need a response. I say let's drive them out. If there's an economic benefit to doing so, so be it.'

'But your Majesty!' Ms. Abels began, 'Surely you cannot make such a rash decision so quickly and without deliberation!'

'I already have. Mr. Buchanan? I hereby give Royal consent to prepare the military. Give it the utmost secrecy and only mobilize when the time is right.' With that, and with unprecedented speed, the planning for a war which would engulf the continent was begun.

0625hrs,

Wanderjarian-Stevidian Border, Army Group South Headquarters

The day was near. Over a year had been spent planning and preparing for it, and finally General Botha would see the execution of the plan he had so lovingly designed. It would be an audacious plan, though still yet quite simple. It would involve the mass movement of Army Group South into Stevidian South Greal at three separate points. The mountainous region of southern Wanderjar made preparation for this conflict difficult, as there were only so much range of movement for maneuver forces to actually attack from. Simultaneously, it was also advantages for it was more difficult to actually watch the gradual movement of these forces taking place.

The Royal Air Force would begin the attack, just before dawn. Flying low to the ground the entire way before climbing high and making their respective attack runs, they would mimic the State of Israel's

attack on Egypt in 1967. It was for this reason that the attack was called 'Operation Focus II.' SEAD (Suppression of Enemy Air Defence) operations would commence first, annihilating the anti-air defence artillery emplacements found across the region, paving the way for the rest of the fighters and bombers to come in and do their work. While this occurred, from beyond visual range, Wanderjarian fighters would systematically engage and destroy the JSTAR and AWACS aircraft on constant patrol along the border. The timing of this aerial dance had to be perfect, for the air defenses had to be killed at the same instant as the AWACS and JSTARs, under the cover of a massive electronic warfare attack, lest the Stevidians quickly realize and react to what was happening.

Immediately after, fighters would move in with bombers and wreak terrible violence upon the various air fields plotted out by the Air Force's intelligence and operations groups. Once these were destroyed, other targets of opportunity included Stevidian armoured maneuver force bases. These were all deep penetration strikes, the borders would remain relatively unmolested as Wanderjarian Long Range Surveillance teams drew beads with laser designators for precision artillery strikes as well as radioing in strikes with more conventional arms onto targets of opportunity. Maximum devastation and violence of action were the goal. As this was happening, Wanderjarian maneuver forces would move into Stevidian territory and seize territory, meeting and engaging Stevidian forces where they were found.

The feint of the attack would come closer to the coast, at that point of the Wanderjarian-Stevidian border. A large mass of the 1st Army, so called the Wanderjarian African Rifles, an Army sized element of black soldiers led by Wanderjarian officers and NCOS, would move in and engage targets found, while attempting to seize what territory they could. This Army was not expected to be particularly successful, but it would hopefully draw forces, enabling greater penetration by the larger elements of the 5th, 12th, and 15th Armies elsewhere. Each of these armies had a corps of Wanderjarian African Rifles, but they were an advance scouting force largely. Additionally, an Army sized element from the Commonwealths of Kaztania and Francaden were also being deployed, bringing the total force contribution for all ground elements to 1,572,864 men. It was among the largest movements of forces the Wanderjarian Royal Armed Forces had ever undertaken.

It was with tremendous interest that the Wanderjarian government watched the unfolding of the conflict with Imbrinium and Stevid. The timing could not have been any more perfect. With Stevidian forces on a heightened state of alert, the chances of discovery were greater, but their minds were focused on threats from the sea. While the Wanderjarrians would no doubt be considered a threat, the forces on the border had been so for the entire duration of the Stevidian occupation of South Greal. While the mass mobilization of them would no doubt be looked upon with terror, this would only happen when the go order was given by the State President and His Majesty, the King. Once spoken, the Royal Air Force would begin it's destruction of air capabilities and begin harassing ground forces spread out throughout the region, and once initiated the massive Army Group South would begin it's march. At that moment, a single word was sent to the General via a highly encrypted signal from the King's War Room. That word, *Oranje*. It was time to go.

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Wanderjarian Kaztania
Civil Servant

by **Wanderjarian Kaztania** » Sun Jan 12, 2014 1:41 pm



2nd Lieutenant Boris Dogan was terrified. A small, gangly kid of twenty-two, he was an unlikely pick for a mechanized infantry officer in the Kaztanian Army's 32nd Dragoons Armoured Cavalry Regiment.

He pushed his thick glasses tighter onto his face and slung his SLR 82 over his shoulder. The air attack had begun thirty minutes ago, and his platoon were on the move. He looked to his platoon sergeant, the thirty four year old Sergeant First Class Ivan Chirkin. He wished he could be like him. He was tall, muscular, grizzled and ruggedly handsome. A permanent grimace was etched across his face. He growled an order at one of the squad leaders, who immediately nodded and hurried off to implement his command. The waning twilight was bringing about the dawn, and SFC Chirkin noticed his platoon leader's attention.

'Aye...sir?' he hissed, adding the 'sir' with embellishment.

'N...nothing sergeant,' Boris stammered. 'Carry on.' The Sergeant didn't acknowledge, merely turned away. He could feel his platoon sergeant's contempt for him with every fibre of his being. Boris was unusual in the Kaztanian Royal Commonwealth Forces. In addition to being cursed with a small, weak, build and with poor vision to boot, he was also a graduate of the Wanderjarian Imperial Military Academy at Suidboch. In the eyes of many for that very reason, he was deemed a posh, untouchable. While superiors viewed him with a nod of respect, his contemporaries viewed him with contempt, as he was of a superior pedigree to many of them. His decision to enter the infantry also brought hatred, as his small figure and education made him something of a peculiarity. He frequently received looks from his colleagues and subordinates which begged the question *'Why are you here?'* In truth, he couldn't always answer them.

However, he loved the infantry lifestyle. He loved the outdoors, the adrenaline, and had always scored well in his section at the Academy. With time, he knew he could be a successful combat commander. All he needed was the opportunity to prove himself...

And that was why he requested a posting to the Kaztanian Expeditionary Corps, Army Group South. It was a matter of time before Wanderjar invaded South Greal. Everyone in the world knew that. The recent war with Imbrinium provided their government with the perfect opportunity to do exactly that, and he was in the middle of it.

Now that he had his opportunity, he was terrified. He was going to war. LY224 Infantry Fighting Vehicles passed by, their impressive size dwarfing him. LY4A2 Main Battle Tanks also roared along the road as his platoon moved as a part of this long column. He would soon be in the middle of a conflict of unprecedented scale. He only hoped he wouldn't let down the men he was surprisingly entrusted to lead...or himself.

Artillery rumbled off in the distance, and while he couldn't see them for the mountains, he could hear the roar of Multiple Launch Rocket Systems firing, targeting unfortunate Stevidian forces. Boris Dogan, Infantry officer, 2nd Lieutenant, 32nd Dragoons, was going to war.

He was not alone. Nearly two hundred fifty thousand Kaztanian troops with the Kaztanian Expeditionary Force Army Group South had similar thoughts that day. Their mission was simple: support the execution of Wanderjarian operations in the Stevidian South Greal theater. Though spread out across three of the Army elements, the 32nd Dragoons found themselves with the 15th Army, striking into the heart of Stevid's occupation. As part of an Armoured Cavalry Regiment, his force was ahead of the other Wanderjarian and Commonwealth elements, a reconnaissance force predominately. They would make contact with Stevidian forces, engage them, and await relief by the rest of their Corps who would annihilate them. After the initial seizure of territory, his particular unit would await new orders pending operational developments to come.



by **Wanderjar** » Sun Jan 12, 2014 4:27 pm



King Kristian apprehensively awaited the first news of the war raging just along his nation's borders. Seated in his chair of the finest leather, in a grand study with book shelves towering high above and

Ambassador

Posts: 1895

Founded: Feb 17, 2006
Ex-Nation

surrounded by works of art by globally renown artists, his favourite was a Rembrandt piece which rested above the redwood door, he anxiously smoked a cigar. Thousands were dying as he puffed, the Royal Family Bible rested open in his lap to Psalm 91.

*Whomever dwells in the shelter of the most high,
will rest in the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the LORD, 'He is my Refuge and my Fortress. My God in whom I trust.'*

*Surely he will save you from the from the Fowler's snare,
from the deadly pestilence,
and under His wings you will find refuge,
His faithfulness will be your shield and rampart,
You will not fear the terror of the night,
nor the arrow that flies by day,
nor the plague which stalks the darkness,
that destroys at mid-day.*

*A thousand may fall to your right,
ten thousand to your left,
but it will not come near you.
You will observe with your eyes and see the punishment of the wicked.*

*If you say 'The LORD is my refuge,'
and you make the Most High your dwelling,
no harm shall come to you,
no disaster shall befall your house,
For He shall command His angels to protect you,
to guard you in all your days.
They will lift you in their hands,
so that your foot shall not strike a stone.
You shall tread upon the lion and cobra,
you will trample the lion and the serpent.*

*'Because he loves me,' says the LORD, 'I will save him.
I will protect him, when he calls for me I shall answer him,
I shall be with him in trouble,
I will deliver and honour him.
With long life I shall grace him, and show him salvation,
for he knows my name.'*

The verse held tremendous meaning to him. It was because of him that this war now involved his people. His aggression, his fire. He brought it upon them. Now they were but another part of what was shaping to be the first truly continental war Dienstad had witnessed in some time. The war was inevitable and was being fought between nations which were at odds over what some perceived as a wrong. And while he had been so very sure at that moment he gave the order all those long months ago, now as the battle raged he began to have doubt.

It was in this verse which he sought solace. His Bible was often where he sought solace, as he had all his long life. Though seemingly a secular and at times, perhaps often, a profane man, those which knew him well also knew he had deep religious convictions as well. He hoped he was on the side of right, in backing Imbrinium in their conflict with Stevid. More importantly, he prayed that God was on his side. Many lives would rest on it.

While this verse was important, it was not of course, the one he had read earlier this year to Midshipmen of the graduating class from his nation's Naval Academy. No, that one asked the question to which all warriors should hope to answer. Isaiah 6:8.

He remembered it clearly. The day was just like this one, but warmer. The sun hang high in the sky, which itself was blue and cloudless. Seated before him, below the stage on white chairs, a sea of faces eyed him. These were the graduating Midshipmen, in their sharp black uniforms, the single gold loop and bar of Ensign adorning their otherwise crisp, fresh, and blank uniforms. He knew this war was coming then, and knew that for many, for those that survived, that

would soon change.

He recalled as though it had happened only minutes before what he said to them. He gripped the podium which had been erected for him, wearing his own uniform which he was proud to still fit into. He was adorned with many ribbons for campaigns and acts of heroism, as well as purely for long service to Wanderjar. He had not expected to ascend the throne, that was always for his brother. A military life is good for a man, but not always good for a King. When his brother was passed over in their father's will, he was suddenly plunged into the most awkward position of being an Army commander in the Wanderjarian Royal Army, as well as being King of Wanderjar. Years later, now speaking to the newest leaders of the Wanderjarian Royal Navy and the Commonwealth graduates among them, he searched for the words to begin, as he never wrote a speech.

"Young men, and women, of Wanderjar. As you know, I am your King. If you didn't, then I must ask what you've been doing for the last four years?" He smiled and the crowd laughed. "But in all seriousness, I too once sat where you sit now. Granted, at the other institution of Military Excellence, but nonetheless we share a kindred spirit through the adversity which we shared. And just like all of you I hated these speeches too, especially since the longest one was from my drole father and nobody likes that." Again the crowd laughed and cheered. "Your nation has called you, and you answered. Whats more, you chose to answer as volunteers. For that, you have the highest commendation, yet the most responsibility. Be good to yourselves. Be good to your men. Do the right thing, not the easy thing, and you will make your country proud, and most importantly be able to take pride in yourselves. I wish to end this with a fitting quote from the Bible. Isaiah 6:8.

Then I heard the sound of the Lord saying, 'Whom shall I send? Who will go for us?'
and I said, 'Here I am. Send me.'

Reflect on that. Your nation, possibly even your God, may call on you. Will you answer? Will you do your duty? Only you can answer that. I hope you all will always make the right choice. Good luck!
With that, King Kristian left the stage.

As he gazed out his window, watching the sun begin it's ascent over the rolling savanna, he smiled at the beauty of the sight. It was strange, he mused inwardly, to think that on such a beautiful day such a terrible thing as war could be waged. Had he made the right decision? Had, in fact, he done the right thing? Time would tell. Even now, the Wanderjarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs was contacting Imbrinium and announcing their comradeship with that nation in their conflict. As the list of enemies grew longer, with Morrdh, Greal, and others siding against them and right on Wanderjar's borders, he grew nervous. Though as of yet the forces assembled along those borders had yet to exchange fire, they were at full readiness to do so if need be. The Foreign Minister was awaiting State President Blair's penned note to these nations for a quiet border, but he had yet to respond. Kristian knew that Blair was biding his time. Sometimes its easier to wait and see what happens than to act, even if that isn't always the easiest thing to do. It was, however, a wise move to make.

The battlegroups of Wanderjarian Royal Navy, and with it no doubt some of the Midshipmen he had seen become Ensigns, were setting sail to fight in the great sea battle which was about to erupt. He prayed for them and their safe return.

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Wanderjar
Ambassador

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

in his mind, considering its deeper meaning. This was not the **PILOTS** calming words to himself, as he soared over the land at mach speeds, mere meters off the earth below. No, it meant so much more than that. Sweat beaded at his brow, and he took another deep breath of oxygen from his mask. The Information Warfare Officer in the two seater Supermarine 'Springbok' FGR.1 reported that they were nearing the target. Soon, they would begin a war which would engulf all of eastern Dienstad.

The aircraft flew low to the ground, often no more than a dozen metres off the ground, hugging it and using the curve of the earth to better conceal themselves from enemy radar facilities no doubt scanning for just such an attack. Dry savannah rushed by, though he couldn't see the ground below. The sky was still a harsh black at four AM, and it would be another hour before the sun even began to extend its golden fingers across the horizon and up to the heavens. This did not matter; so many hours spent preparing for this moment had ensured the choreography of the aerial dance would go as smoothly as any of Marius Petipa's ballets.

Their weapons load-out was mostly consistent of 750kg AIC-50 Cluster Standoff Weapons, as well as a complement of ATAM-98 all aspect IR seeking missiles, and a Type 70 20mm cannon. Their objective: destroy enemy air defences as a precursor to massive aerial assault on airbases and troop formations. The objectives had been prioritized. Cryptographic intelligence of the enemy's radio communications, satellite imagery, and good old fashioned human gathered information from friendly informants on the ground, had provided much of the information necessary for this operation to be a success. The primary targets were obviously airfields and their aircraft complements. Radar facilities and surface to air missile sites meanwhile would be attacked first to ensure the ability of these strike aircraft to make these attacks relatively unmolested. With luck on their side, and the skill of the Wanderjarian Intelligence community's electronic warfare networks, so great would be the confusion of the opposing forces that their ability to effectively react would be greatly reduced. This window of opportunity would last mere minutes, but alas these precious seconds would be all the time needed by the Afrikaner-Hapsburg forces to devastate their opponents.

The pilot allowed himself a moment to reminisce, to remember the past several months of training and preparing for exactly this day, this moment in time. Hours spent in the cockpit of this very aircraft, sweeping low and delivering a payload of similar cluster munitions and not seeing, but mentally visualizing the airburst and the resultant destruction wrought upon those mock air defence sites. The night before, he and his fellow pilots and Information officers had gathered for a prayer, a shot of bourbon, and mental preparation for the long, nerve wracking flight into Suid Wanderjar.

Intelligence had provided satellite photographs of likely sites for surface to air missiles. However, the flights were more or less expected to be a decoy for the strike elements preparing to engage airfields. These were the primary targets for the first run, theirs was a side show. Though incredibly risky, it was the culmination of all of their effort, the fruit of the long hours of preparation for this day. Many anti-aircraft artillerymen would die this day.

Despite feelings to the contrary, an unfortunate but necessary side effect of the strict communications blackout imposed upon the pilots, they were not alone. Hundreds of other aircraft, 'Springbok' fighters and 'Bushman' bombers filled the skies, with thousands more preparing to make the same strike as a part of the second wave. The strictest of radio silence was in observance, there was to be no compromising this mission. Even in the event of an aircraft mechanical failure, the pilot was expected to ditch his aircraft and remain silent until after the mission. There could be no mistakes, everything had to go perfectly.

Electronic Warfare aircraft, jamming enemy systems from their respective formations, continued to mask the location and existence

of the Wanderjarian Royal Air Force fighters. They would protect the strike formations until the very end up this sortie. Emitting a wide bandwidth of frequencies and a large number of such electronic warfare aircraft, the Stevidian radar sites capability to detect signals would be temporarily overloaded. Frequencies changing so rapidly as well, they would be unable to detect any given frequency at a given time, with any efficient speed. This would buy all the time necessary to make this mission successful.

Suddenly, the world erupted into chaotic noise. Klaxons shrieked in shrill tones, warning of radar contact. Somewhere, within his range, a SAM site had been detected. Now it, and all those unfortunate souls who resided within, was going to die. The pilot grinned, and the Information Warfare officer prepared data solutions for him. This was it, he thought to himself. He thumbed the safety upwards, and launched his aircraft's payload.

The missiles would arch away from the aircraft, flying the rest of the thirty kilometres to their intended target destinations. But these would not impact against the site. Instead, as they reached the space above the target in a matter of seconds, they would airburst. Hundreds of bomblets would be carried over an area the size of a football field, detonating violently and destroying anything with the grave misfortune to find itself in that swath of devastation. Men would be cut down by bomb fragments and explosive force alike, their bodies liquidated instantly. Machinery would be torn asunder, metal shredded beyond repair and systems rendered useless.

Hundreds of other flight crews were flying similar missions across the region, and similar destruction would be dealt by their weapons of war. Simultaneously, hundreds of additional aircraft would be striking at airbases and airports, leaving their runways cratered and worthless, and their aircraft littered about the tarmac broken and devastated. Soon too would they begin to attack troop formations, and naval bombers and fighters were preparing to strike ships docked in the harbours, hampering or ridding altogether the Stevidian naval presence in this region.

This day, war had come to the Stevidian occupation of what the Royal Afrikaner Government would soon declare as their rightful territory. The Wanderjarrians would take what was rightfully theirs.

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Lyras
Ambassador

Posts: 1145
Founded: Jul 26, 2004
Iron Fist Consumerists

by **Lyras** » Mon Jan 13, 2014 12:09 am



+++HQ Lyrans 2nd Order+++
+++Dienstadi Grid Reference 0223-0191+++
+++0345h+++

It was, quite literally, the Protectorate's doorstep. Known for a capacity to project considerable force globally, for the first time in years the Protectorate was moving from a firm base. About as firm as it could be, in fact, as it was Lyrans sovereign territory.

Lyrans sovereign territory on the Greali border.

It was a move that was a surprise only in its timing. Order-Marshal Ward had not been privy to Executive Command's deliberations. Had not received independent status updates from Lyrans Intelligence. Had not been cc-ed in on Diplomatic Command communiques. Had not, in fact, been kept in the loop at all about the Protectorate's higher-level policy determinations. But his orders, while unexpected, were of the sort that he, and his 39.6-million strong 2nd Order, had prepared for, in broad terms, for the entirety of their posting to the area.

Stand by to commence the invasion of Greal. If begun, primary

objectives to include securing, controlling or destroying all maritime facilities, and ensuring the acquisition of air supremacy. Also of high importance is maintaining the security of the neighbouring 7th Order's right flank. Enable follow-up forces to move into Stevidian South Greal unopposed, should circumstances require it. Minimise civilian and infrastructure damage. Preserve force strength. Project anti-shipping firepower, by land or air, to neutralise or impede hostile maritime forces within strike range.

Bread and butter, militarily. But very wide ranging in its implication. The 2nd Order was ready to move and, at least by implication, the 7th, under Order-Marshal Lambert, was also. If the 2nd and 7th were ready, then it would stand to reason that that would indicate a general advance into the Federal Republic. Which would mean at least another two more Orders, most likely Order-Marshal Buhallin's 29th, and Howell's 19th. Nearly 160 million combat troops, along a near-thousand-km front. A total of 7,760 divisions, doctrinally. Ward wasn't aware of his nearer neighbours' strengths, but he suspected they'd be ready to go. Lambert was very well-regarded, and Buhallin a veteran of many of Lyrans' anti-slaver campaigns. They knew their stuff. Howell was a bit more of an unknown to Ward, but had a reputation as something of a martinet, and his 19th Order a reputation for ferocity.

Ward was, not for the first time, very glad that his uniform bore a lambda.

+++Lyrans Warship 'Longsword'+++
+++Greater Dienstadi Grid Reference 0204, 0195+++
+++0345h+++

Ward hadn't been the only senior officer to receive communications regarding movements and directives. Fresh out of refit and maintenance after an extended tour of the waters near Castille de Italia, the *Longsword*, and its sister ships *Falchion* and *Unyielding*, were finally free of transport-escort duties. They maintained their own escorts, of course. That was a given, at least for Lyrans. The task now, however, was quite different.

Secure the sea-lanes. Sink anything hostile within 3,500km, if any shooting war begins. Prevent hostile resupply by sea, and interdict enemy air and surface forces within range.

Nothing had started yet. But three *Longswords* and the 12,000 ships that total their consorts are rarely sailed without cause.

The Protectorate was stirring.

Quotes

[Lyrans Arms](#) - [Lambda Financial](#) - [Foreign Holdings](#) - [Tracker](#) - [Photo](#) - [OOC sentiments](#)



Kassaran
Postmaster-General

Posts: 10871
Founded: Jun 16, 2013
Corrupt Dictatorship

by **Kassaran** » Mon Jan 13, 2014 3:31 am



**KCCMV Gulag, Koshovo Class Freighter
Kassarant Merchant Vessel En Route for Stevidian Ports
Intenational Waters, Approximately 300 km from the
Stevid(020, 012)**

[WOLF Kassaran News Broadcasting Station]

In recent news, mass rioting has begun in Kassaran's outskirts, the civilians are beginning to create massive public uproar about their place within the nation, and currently desire for a more heightened role in politics alongside the ability to vote with the citizens. However, strict military police responses have caused most rioting to promptly cease in the core islands.

Also, in a display of faux-camaraderie Prime Minister Mackenzie made a rare public appearance on Federation Television with the following

to say:

[cuts to an image of a young man, maybe in his early thirties standing in front of an antique podium surrounded by the banners of the Kassaran Federation]

"Good Morning my fellow citizens,

It is today that I come to you with news of much horror to the north, as fighting is beginning to hit civilian targets without discrimination, we take the stand of increased disgust towards the actions of so-called "first-world" nations. In a formal declaration of aggressive neutrality, we are moving to stop current indiscriminate submarine warfare along our primary shipping routes in order to allow for our economy to continue its current growth. However, we do state that-"

"Hey Ernie! Shut that shit off! No need to be scaring the young fellas we got on board! Looks like we're moving towards a helluva storm, look at that!" Even as the television was shutting down, the young guys filed out of the room and looked in the direction of their destination. The country of Stevid, while the land should of been visible, it wasn't. Where it should of been instead lay a humongous wall of dark clouds. Several of the sailors cursed in their native tongues at the sight. It indeed looked like a massive tropical typhoon, but one turned and question the grizzled old sailor whom had interrupted them in the first place.

"That isn't smoke, is it Val?"

"You're damned wrong, that there would be what's left of a shipping fleet that had moved through here, the oil they were carrying to be distilled into fuel for the Stevids is still burning. Looks like Hellfire itself. Get comfy men, we're in sub country now, strap on your life-vests and prepare all engines for immediate shutdown if we hit something. We're in for a long night."

With that the sailors gathered at the railing separated and went towards their stations, hundreds of thousands of meters lay between Stevid and the small freighter, and somewhere along the way, there were hostile vessels, slipping in and out of the wreckage, and all the small crew could do was hope that they would be able to elude whatever forces were on patrol. Without a proper Merchant Fleet Convoy from Kassaran, they were open to attack, and anything could be the enemy. Several searchlights activated as the ash began to fall onto the decks of the small vessel. Pieces of human, paper, and other consumable items all expended in the heat of the fires they had escaped, the water was turning into a black muddy mixture, and not the kind from a lack of light, but from an excess of matter gathered at the surface. flaming pieces of wreckage sat, floating at the surface, and throughout the somehow floating hulls of the two or three main freighters, there were the sounds of crackling, the occasional scream, but it was ignored. They couldn't afford to stop, if they got caught by the Stevidian or Inibrium wolf packs, they would be in for a helluva ride.

On the main storage deck, the few crates of munitions they had, for the deck guns they had mounted (pirates are frequently a problem in the waters between Kassaran and the rest of the region), were being sent to "wet" racks for increased precautionary measures. If they were hit the ship would rip itself into two pieces within a matter of seconds, and the crew would more than likely be lost. Though for anti-piracy, the deck-guns were high-caliber. Surplus from an old Kassaran Battlecruiser the Captain of the vessel had acquired, and they could do damage to hold their own. Several crew members began to vomit, as the smell was becoming more and more putrid, the lights on the decks went out, and they now entered the heart of the "storm". A massive cloud of ash was falling here, nothing could be seen further than the length of your own hand, sonar was bogged down and same for radar.

Up on the bridge of the vessel, the Captain stood, arms behind his back, legs shoulder-width apart, and chin held high. He wasn't going to leave that spot, he was the ship's captain and needed to be here for this. Having not slept for the past three days, he was running on

completely overhauled stimulants and two gallons of hot coffee in a dispenser off to the side. Looking over their workstation a young sailor by the name of Dobbes spoke up, "Whatever these vessels had been carrying, it was a helluva lot more than simple oil, look at the size of the ash!"

Just then, a slight jolt, the engines were cut and the crew sat silent, alarm lights went off yet no clanging of klaxons accompanied. Whatever they had struck, it hadn't pierced the hull, so they spun up the engines again, and carried on, moving along what appeared to be the river Styx itself.

Notable Quotes

Beware: Walls of Text Generally appear Above this Sig.



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Mon Jan 13, 2014 7:48 pm



The planes came in at night civilian airbus 380Ds with no markings just tail numbers, they landed in East Mordent international airport and taxied to a little use area of the airport under military police escort. Once there they unloaded what looked like civilians but a closer look would see military style haircuts. The quickly loaded onto buses and whisked away to parts unknown.

As the buses pulled on to a cross between an old military base left over from Morrdh days and a modern up to date base they unloaded into a huge gym where they were briefed and broke into groups and shown their new home.

In the morning the once civilian dressed people were now dressed in military BDUs. They wore the unit crest of the 135th Regiment a foot and the 90th Kings own royal dragoons; these two new regiments were from East Mordent and swore allegiance to the King of Imbrinium. They'd finished their training weeks ago and where awaiting a grand review from the king when orders came in for them to move to their base in East Mordent. Their officers were still in training and they were being lead by Imbrinium officers. Their day would start by unpacking their gear and getting ready to head to the border and start their new job, protecting their homeland.

There were still flights coming in and buses showing up with more personal but not from Mordent these people had a dark tan and most had black hair and there was a lot of them they had a patch and crest only a few have ever seen in Greater Dienstad they were from an protectorate of the Crown a chain of Islands called Philotas, and they where the 2nd and the 8th Philotasian regiments a foot.

Early in the evening buses started showing up again and these very tough but shy looking soldiers didn't say much to each other they got off grabbed their personal gear and went into barracks behind a walled compound. Rumors flew about who they were but no one came close because these soldiers were the shadows of shadows they were from the order of Oculeum, the 2nd Oculeum knight's battalion. The Crown had thought they may need the best of the best to help out the SAS on missions if the war came too.

Eastern Mordent

Intelligence gathered from the DMZ that separated the border between east and west Mordent had picked up a lot of chatter coming and going on the west mordent side of the border. Aerostats and ELINT aircraft had been picking up more and more chatter come down to line units on the west mordent side. Cameras had been picking up a lot of movement also this could have been anything but the MOD thought Morrdh might fall in line with Stevid and the other nations against the crown.

Northern Lyras

The first wave of bombers had just made it into Lyras airspace.
"This is Jackal lead to Lyras command ATC over"
"Jackal leads to Jackal flight we are now feet dry"
The mission was still the same attack and support the landing by

bombing of bridges and bases to destroy Stevid's military units from attacking or counterattacking the landings.

100km from Stevid's 5th fleet.

As TF Tiger charged ahead in their attack on the Stevid fleet with missiles and aircraft headed toward the fleet with orders to destroy or be destroyed. The main radar on the Longsword had been hit and knocked out but backup radars had taken up the slack to help with targeting and coordinating attacks. The longsword flagship had enough systems to keep up the attack and coordinate attacks on Stevid's fleet.

East coast of Stevid/Southern Greal

As the shells and missiles hit the beach head and the surrounding ground behind the beach head, the first wave was on its way to the beach with the OLST, these ships where to hit the beach and unload the first armor to clear beach obstacles with UGVs and manned engineer vehicles. The OLSTs had twin 5" inch guns, along with MICLICKS and Metal storm systems and Crew weapons to hammer and support landing forces in the first landings. Right behind the OLST would be the tracked land vehicles and other landing craft from HLCMs to LCACs.

The smoke and explosions where hitting along a forty mile beach chopped up in five zones or beaches those beach names are RED, ORANGE, BLUE, GREEN, YELLOW beaches.

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



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Tue Jan 14, 2014 7:32 am



Derry, Capital of New Garrack, 0620 Local Time

Long before the present Stevidian-Imbinium conflict the Commonwealth had used the Realm of New Garrack as a hub for intelligence gathering in the eastern part of Greater Dienstag, not surprising with the ongoing conflict that intelligence gathering effort had been focused on Stevidian South Greal and the contested waters off Malgrave. New Garrack's intelligence agency, the Security Bureau, had been responsible for relying reports of the chemical attacks on Malgrave and later the findings of the Commonwealth inspectors sent to investigate.

Now it had picked up developments more closer to home.

Soon as it came the information was relaid directly to New Garrack's premier, Prime Minister Sarah Gibson, who'd barely had time to wake up as she was given the reports. So as she sleepily glanced at the freshly typed words, she asked. "Any chance of a summary?"

"Yes mam." Answered an aide. "Wanderjarian have launched an invasion across the border into Stevidian South Greal, there are also unconfirmed reports that the Lyrans have invaded Greal from the north."

"Hm, that leaves us in bit of an awkward position." Mused Gibson. "Alright, pass these reports onto Morrdun and strengthen our border positions."

"Yes mam."

Morrdun, Capital of Morrdh, 0440 Local Time

Prime Minister Edmund Vermillion had just finished writing his speech, to be broadcasted later that day, and was ready to get a few hours' precious sleep when there came a knock on his door. Sighing he called out, "Enter!"

"Pardon the late hour sir but we've had an urgent message from New Garrack." Answered an aide as they entered the room with a telegram.

"Pass it here." Vermillion replied as he took the telegram and read it, then was silent for a moment before he finally spoke. "Assemble the cabinet, they're to meet me in the COBRA Room in the next ten minutes."

~

COBRA Room, 15 Minutes Later

"So the Lyrans have entered the war." Said Nathan Hay, the Minister of Defence. "There's a bowel-loosening thought for anyone."

"Quite." Agreed Vermillion. "But their intentions are as of yet unknown, given its timing with the Wanderjarian invasion of Stevidian South Greal we may have to fear the worse."

"We've enjoyed good relations with the Lyrans thus far, so chances are that they'll probably leave us alone." Stated Sir Gedney Hill, the Foreign Secretary. "Though I'll get in contact with my counterpart in Lyrans once we're done here."

"Does this effect Operation Piper?" Asked Hay.

"Doubtful." Answered Sir Gedney. "We've noted some Imbrinium troop movements in East Mordent, but they appear to be fairly routine....no doubt shifting their reserves to free up their more elite troops for service elsewhere."

"Good, so unless something major happens within the next hour Operation Piper will be going ahead." Said Vermillion. "I'd advise catching what sleep you can gentlemen, I know I'll at least try to. Dismissed."

Mordent, 0530 Hours Local Time

Cruising close to its service ceiling was a [Short Belfast](#) in the colours of Commonwealth Airways flying towards New Empire on the first leg of its long journey to Lamoni, on-board it was carrying a cargo of industrial equipment for a Morridane own whaling company based in the Free Republic. Unofficially there was also a team of Morridane SAS and Royal Reconnaissance Service soldiers who'd been briefed to perform a HALO jump into East Mordent just ahead of the start of Operation Piper, once on the ground they were to guide in the follow-up parachute units and relay back intelligence. Within minutes of reaching the drop they were out of the aircraft and in free-fall with the transport plane continuing onwards towards New Empire.

Eastern Morrdh, 0545 Hours Local Time

Across dozens of Royal Morridane Air Force airfields grounds were finishing bombing up and preparing dozens of squadrons of Hawker Hunters, Blackburn Buccaneers and their Brigands fighter kin. Phantom II and English Electric Lightning squadrons were also being brought up to readiness for a mass Quick Reaction Alert launch when the need arose. Getting airborne was a few Avro Shackleton AEW aircraft and CAC [Seeker](#) electronic warfare aircraft, each would have its own role to in either directing aircraft to their targets or getting them through enemy air defences.

Trans-Mordent Border, 0559 Hours Local Time

Most of the soldiers had been roused about half hour ago, told to eat cold rations and then stand to on the trench line. The dawn was still grey and misty with a bit of a chill and drizzle in the air, even the birds still seemed asleep at this hour as the only sounds seemed to be the quiet howl of the wind and idle chatter amongst the soldiers. NCOs and officers were moving up and down the line, checking to see that the soldiers under their command were ready for whatever was coming. There was anxiety in the air that even the odd joke couldn't budge, but now finally the soldiers were being briefed on what alid ahead in the coming hours. War, it seemed, with the Imbriniums after they'd used chemical weapons in an attack on a neutral country elsewhere in the region. The government wouldn't stand for it, nor the conflict raging on and so had decided to take action by launching an invasion into East Mordent to recapture it after it'd been lost a few years earlier.

As this sunk in, somewhere somebody cried out. "*Order, commence FIRING!*"

Almost at once the earth shook as dozens of artillery batteries opened up along the entire line, a thundering roar that broke the pre-dawn silence and signalled the Commonwealth's entry into the conflict. There was another much quieter roar, that of the engines of numerous tanks and other armoured vehicles as they started up and began to clank their way across the border. In the trenches NCOs blew whistles as their sections climbed up out of their dugouts and went over the top as Hunters and Buccaneers flew low overhead in an orgy of noise.

War had come again to Mordent.

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

☐ by **Morrdh** » Tue Jan 14, 2014 8:53 am



Northern East Mordent Coastline, 0615 Hours Local Time

Not long after the Army had opened up with it's artillery the Navy opened up with the big guns of its warships, though in this case they were being used to bombard landing beaches as a combined Morridane Army and Royal Morridane Marines forces came in aboard several landing craft. The assault force's task was to land, secure the beachhead and then hold it as reinforcements and tanks in heavier landing craft were brought ashore. A similar force with a similar role was landing on beaches on East Mordent's southern coast, both were about tens of miles from the Trans-Mordent Border to allow the main Morridane force to link up with them fairly quickly.

Skies Over Mordent, 0620 Local Time

Escorted by a screen of Phantom II fighters, a flight of four Avro Vulcan bombers were bound for the main airport in East Mordent with the smaller airfields being left to the attention of the Buccaneers and Hunters. The Vulcans themselves each carried a single 22,000 lb [Grand Slam](#) earthquake bomb, mainly to render the airport useless and severely damage any underground structures that may had been constructed. Main objective was making the runway unusable by dropping a Grand Slam on it's mid-point and thus create a [camouflet](#) beneath it. Denying the Imbriniums airbases on Mordent was the top priority and the RMAF was putting every single effort into achieving this.

Not far behind the Vulcans was another flight of aircraft, this time paratrooper laden transports bringing in the first wave of the Morridane air drop and being guided in by the SAS team that was dropped earlier. The paratroopers had been briefed to seize points across East Mordent and hold them long enough for the bulk of the Morridane forces to reach and relieve them, these soldiers probably would face the toughest fighting with only the weapons they carried with them that would be on hand. Some armoured units, mostly CVR(T)s like FV101 Scorpions and FV107 Scimitars, had orders to force a breakthrough and reach the paratroopers as quickly as possible to ensure they had some armour support. A lot of the paratroopers' fire support would come from the ground attack aircraft of the RMAF such as the Hunter.

Morrdun, 0825 Hours Local Time

With an hour's sleep at best, Prime Minister Edmund Vermillion made his way to where some MBC microphones and cameras had been setup ready for his broadcast, he seated himself down at the desk that had been provided and quickly reread his speech one final time. Finally somebody counted down the remaining time until they were on air, Vermillion took a deep breath and began to read his speech out aloud. "As most of you may have heard, a few days ago the Kingdom of Imbrinium launched a chemical attack on the United Kingdom of Malgrave which had been caught in the crossfire in the ongoing conflict between Imbrinium and the Holy Empire of Stevid."

"A Commonwealth inspection team was dispatched to Malgrave and confirmed that chemical *and* biological weapons had indeed been used. Though we counted the Imbriniums as a friend and an ally, the use of such weapons is something that we do not expect or approve of. Given the growing fears over the conflict's escalation as it spreads further across our fair region the Government has reluctantly decided that we cannot stand idle any more, consequently this country is at war with Imbrinium."

"The Government have made plans under which it will be possible to carry on the work of the nation in the days of stress and strain that may be ahead. But these plans need your help. You may be taking your part in the fighting services or as a volunteer in one of the branches of Civil Defence. If so you will report for duty in accordance with the instructions you have received. You may be engaged in work essential to the prosecution of war for the maintenance of the life of the people - in factories, in transport, in public utility concerns, or in the supply of other necessities of life. If so, it is of vital importance that you should carry on with your jobs."

"It is my hope that this conflict will soon reach its conclusion without no much loss of life, but good luck to us all."

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Wanderjarian Francaden
Civilian

Posts: 1
Founded: Feb 25, 2011
Ex-Nation

by **Wanderjarian Francaden** » Tue Jan 14, 2014 2:20 pm



*0630 hrs,
3rd Battalion Headquarters, 51st Royal Francaden Highlands Fusiliers
Wanderjarian-Greali Border*

Lieutenant Colonel Callum Donaghy had only moments prior awoken from a precious few hours sleep when his executive officer (XO) Major James MacArthur frantically pulled the flap over his tent entryway and yelled 'Sir! We've got a fucking situation!'

'Good morning to you too James,' he said with a groggy smile while rising from his bedside. The XO didn't look amused. 'Aye?' the CO

acknowledged, sliding on his uniform pants. 'What might that be?'

'Wanderjar entered the war an hour ago. Made a surprise attack on Stevid. No results as to its effectiveness but the entire fucking Army Group South has mobilized.'

'Okay, calm down,' he said after finishing to tie up his boots. He walked over to his makeshift closet and pulled a battle dress uniform jacket and slid it on. Turning back to the XO he said, 'What are our orders? Anything from Bloemfontein or Dalwhinnie?'

'Nothing sir. I only heard that the attack was made.'

'Okay. Then we keep battalion on alert. It'll be alright mate,' he said calmly. 'Make us a pot of tea would you? Then we'll walk over to Regimental Operations and see what Major MacDonald has for us.'

'Aye sir, I'll get on it.' With that, the Major turned and left the tent, leaving the big Francaden CO to his dark tent. He wasn't happy that the Wanderjarians were dragging their Francaden cousins into this conflict. Of course he knew it was coming. With the Lyrans itching for an enemy to crush, the Imbrinium conflict with Stevid, and Wanderjar's desire to gain what they called *Suid Wanderjar*, it was only a matter of time before they got into a war which he feared was more than bargained for.

All of Greater Dienstad was going to get into this war. He knew that history books were going to call this the Great Dienstadi War, and before it was all said and done millions of lives would be lost. He could only hope that he was wrong and that in the end cooler heads would prevail. Sadly, he shook his head, he knew they wouldn't.

He finished dressing and left the tent just as the Major returned with a cup of tea. It was warm, and tasted decently. Getting good tea in the field wasn't easy, but he took what he could get. He nodded thanks and they walked towards the Operations Centre. On either side of him were tents. Many were communal for a squad of soldiers, though others served differing functions. Supply tents, hospital tents, recreation, and the largest of all was the mess tent where hundreds of soldiers could eat. Each of these tents turned the battalion encampment into a shade of dark brown, blending well with the dry savannah they called home.

The OC was a large tent in its own right, separate from the rest of the encampment. Barbed wire surrounded it, and guards were positioned by its entrance. No infiltrators would be able to get into the Regimental Operations Centre, at least not easily. They showed identification to the guards and walked in. Inside, the room was somewhat lit with maps of their current Area of Operations adorning every available surface. Computers lined the walls, with intelligence analysts and cryptographers studying the data, while officers watched, awaiting any developments.

Major MacDonald, a smallish man who's slight appearance was certainly not matched by his aggressive demeanor, studied a particular map with interest, looked over and saw that his CO had entered and nodded.

'Sir,' he began, 'I know what you're wondering, and no I don't have any information for you.'

'I hate it when you do that George,' the Colonel said. 'Its creepy.'

'You've been my CO for almost two years. I've learned.' They both laughed.

'Mornin' George,' James said. 'What's that map you were looking at all intensely?'

'Well,' he began, 'I'm just watching what our satellite and surveillance teams say about Greali dispositions in our AO.'

'And?' Colonel Donaghy asked.

'Some new forces moving in, nothing serious. Seems like they're waiting to see what happens.'

'And I hope it stays that way.'

'And if it doesn't?' James asked curiously.

Donaghy smiled. 'We annihilate them.'



Kinsgard
Bureaucrat

Posts: 42
Founded: Dec 18, 2012
Ex-Nation

by **Kinsgard** » Wed Jan 15, 2014 8:47 pm



Given the sensitive nature of the situation at hand, and our desire to remain as separate from this preposterous war as possible, we've deigned to warn all participants that a sizeable coalition of private soldiers and raiders are assembling their naval assets off our coast with the explicit intent of joining any conflict that takes place. These are our citizens and they are free to do as they wish, though the likelihood of an international incident necessitates the following declaration.

They are NOT acting on our behalf, nor do they have our blessing in any way, shape or form. They will follow their path, and we will follow ours. For now, those two paths go in very different directions.

We're not about to tell them that they can't go forth and seek plunder and glory, especially when so much of both will be offered by carnage and slaughter on this magnitude.

Normally we would back them fully, as they are citizens of our nation and we look after our own. However, at least one potential participant in this confrontation has already used biowarfare agents and we will not risk the primary mandate of our state - securing the existence of our people and a future for our children - to see these people protected from the consequences of their actions.

There is also the looming threat of Lyras to consider, and the potential apocalypse they could unleash on our people, our nation and our culture if they so chose.

As of yet, the coalition of private interests has not declared any allegiance. Their intent is to, 'climb the ladder of chaos and claim as much plunder and glory as we can, and to drink the heartsblood of our fallen enemies, bringing honour to our venerated ancestors.' Their words, not ours.

Good luck with your war, ladies and gentlemen. If you see our boys in the field, either fight, or run. They rarely take prisoners.

Last edited by **Kinsgard** on Wed Jan 15, 2014 8:48 pm, edited 2 times in total.



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Thu Jan 16, 2014 10:19 pm



“

TO: The United Kingdom of Malgrave
FROM: Foreign Ministry, The People's Unified Federation of Mokastana

We have heard warnings of a deadly biological entity released by Imbrinium in your nation. As such we would request permission to sent humanitarian aid from the Socialist Worker's Relief Fund(our version of Red Cross). I have discussed the situation with leaders from both the SWRF and Montana Incorporated and we would like to supply your affected areas with top rate doctors and the pharmaceuticals required to ensure the contagion does not spread further.

With Haste

Charles Villa, Foreign Minister
People's Unified Federation

**Auntie's back yard,
we have to take the car to get there.**

This is so cool. Auntie has a garden to play in and me and my sister Ariel love the garden. We even got new dolls to play with. I want to have a tea party but Ariel said no. She is mean. Sometimes. We played in the back yard all morning. We found a bug. I thought it was gross but Ariel said it was pretty. I think she likes icky things. When Mommy called us for lunch we went back to Aunties house. I was covered in mud and so was Ariel. Mommy said it was good we kept our dolls at Autnies house or they might be muddy too. We took a bath and ated sandwiches. They were fish with the sauce that only auntie knows how to make. Mommy keeps asking to show her how to make the sauce but Autie says no. She is like Ariel. I know because Mommy and Auntie are sisters too!

When we finished eated our sandwiches, we heard a loud noise. Like a loud woosh! But it kept going, and got louder and louder. Mommy didn't like the sound. Neither did Auntie. They made us go inside but I wanted to go back outside. Mommy turned on the TV and watched it with Auntie. It was boring news channels, not cartoons. On the TV there were boats and helicopters and funny looking guys in green clothes. I giggled at the clothes but Mommy make the shhh noise at me. Out the window the noise kept being louder and louder. I looked up and saw helicopters in the sky.

"LOOK MOMMY! THEY ARE HERE TOO!"

I think Mommy gave me a hug after that. Some grumpy guy on the TV said we should stay inside and not go outside. I asked Mommy why and she said because the people in green clothes might not like it. I asked why, but she said it was for our safety. On the TV the funny people drove funny cars and had funny things on them.

"Mommy, why don't they make the cars pretty? They only put red stars on them, why?"

**Port de Sudberdun,
Former nation of Istegium**

Not many nations paid particular attention to the Far East of Greater Dienstag, and those that did would have seen nothing out of the ordinary along the Mokan Shipping lanes that ran down the entirety of Greater Dienstag, for the Mokans had been fighting a drug war for almost a year now. Their naval power had increased and cycled along that shipping lane for months. It was not uncommon to see a Marine Transport Flotilla move from the Mainland to Aqua Anu, or to reverse that trend when it was time to cycle fleets and soldiers. At any given moment hundreds of Mokan vessels would be coasting up and down the Eastern lanes, moving supplies for the war effort and bringing back armies to redeploy or fresh troops for the front.

North in the Sur region, the drug war had even gone quiet for the most part. The first few families who resisted got to taste the fire of Mokan Agriculture based warfare. They may have been rich Hacienda families, but they were still families on Haciendas with little to no industrial capacity. They could use their private armies to fight (and lose) against government forces, or surrender the illegal cash crops and walk away still rich. Most made the smart business decision and quietly went legit again. Occasionally the National Investigation Bureau would send in a team somewhere and take out some family Patriarch, but that was to ensure complete compliance with the Sur region families. The government had their shock and awe, and now a quiet police state fell over the Sur Region. Those that stayed loyal would be rewarded with the chance to live, and those that betrayed

would see nothing more than the inside of a black bag.

It was harsh, but it was what was needed.

This had happened quietly, and minus the battle of Bogota months ago and the occasional car bomb, nothing more had happened in Sur. Thus military forces were freed up. Three Million Active Duty personnel remained, but the Reserve Guard was finally able to demobilize.

As such, with freed up resources, the Mokans finally turned their attention south. At 1100 hours Thursday. A Moka Marine Transport Flotilla turned from its original route to Aqua Anu and aimed towards the coast of Istegium. Within hours Moka troops were on the ground securing ports and airfields. Though the Marines had only a division on the ground, they were the spearhead. Behind them the 11th Army led by Generalissimo Gabriel Franshaw would be making landfall, reinforcing their position and securing Moka interests on the coast. Air defenses were set up and the navy parked the 4th Air Attack Flotilla and the 28th Assault Flotilla off the coast. Though it was safe to say a total of seven flotillas were within striking distance in the event something went wrong.

As such the Mokans, the brokers of peace for Istegium, had become the first occupy their claims. The question now was how would the region respond? Or more correctly, how could the region respond?

**Government Meeting office,
Moka Naval Military Headquarters,
Juventud Island**

President Vera felt defeated; the Navy was moving to take portions of Istegium as per previous agreements, the Army had deployed to Greal and New Garrack fearing the worst, the Commonwealth of Morrdh had declared war on Imbrinium, which would no doubt drag the Mokans into their combat. Wanderjar had invaded South Greal, and now the Lyrans were stirring to life, but intelligence was pointing to the possibility the Lyrans might be fighting alongside Imbrinium, if that was the case this war was about to take a terrible turn. The first to speak was Charles Villa, Foreign Minister.

"Mr. President, the Foreign Ministry has spent the better part of the day meeting with various delegates and overall it seems that most nations involved in this conflict, minus Stevid and Imbrinium, are considered close in their relations with us. However both of those nations are close with those who consider themselves close to us.

The Federal Republic of Greal is maintaining it's borders; however the Commonwealth of Morrdh and New Garrack have declared formal war against Imbrinium after independent research showed biological attacks on the United Kingdom of Malgrave. In short, we have the world going to hell, and while the military is in position to make a difference, we still have no reason to get involved."

"Good, Primary Admiral Consuelo, would you kindly tell me why we are occupying Istegium now?"

The President turned towards the Navy Green uniformed man across the table from him, the older gentlemen merely opened a folder and began to speak, ignoring the displeasure coming from the President.

"As you know, Mr. President, the following territories voted in favor of becoming Moka territories, the surrounding ones did not. Since we cannot merely annex these three towns, we are securing a sizable portion of area around them. The move was made quickly seeing as Army Intelligence and the MBSA both came to the conclusion Haishan and Coltarin will be making moves soon given that the majority of the Region is at war."

"Aren't we allies with Coltarin now?"

Eyes turned to the newly seated Mr. William Bodega, Moka representative to the Commonwealth Colonial Authority. Unlike his fellow Mokans in the military, he showed some signs of being visibly nervous, seeing as his position had now allowed him to sit in on these particular meetings.

"Technically yes and no, while the CCA has open trade agreements there is no clause that states we have to support each other in war, nor how independent states will handle conflict. The most we got when pressing them was that they were planning on making a move soon. Something they have been saying for almost half a year now. Honestly, I cannot say one way or another what they plan on doing."

The President signed once more: "Very well gentlemen, let's keep an eye on our own back yard for now. I trust the Navy and Army will wait until Parliament has met to decide whether or not to start shooting someone?"

Generalissimo Ivan Canarias answered first: "Generalissimo Gorbechov is in charge of Moka Operations in Greal, and I assure you he will be waiting for someone to invade Greal and will use those soldiers to defend it. It was a Peace keeping mission since we expected the collapse of the Greal government. That did not happen and now we have to trust Yuri not to start trouble."

For those that knew Yuri Gorbechov, it was not a question of if, but when he would start some.

"The Navy is still doing routine patrols, albeit we have deployed nearly all fleets to sea and have significant forces in all major theatres, when the shooting does start. We will be making serious contributions to the war effort."

"Am I the only one hoping for a peaceful resolution?" The President asked aloud. The looks around the table told him all he needed to know.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Fri Jan 17, 2014 7:35 am, edited 2 times in total.

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Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by [Imbrinium](#) » Fri Jan 17, 2014 2:23 pm



0500 Trans-Mordent border.

As alarm clocks went off and the guys woke their comrades they shit, showered, and shaved and were off to morning chow. Meanwhile a few kilometers away on the border the night shift was enjoying their morning tea and getting their gear ready to head back to their barracks and get some rest.

The border was jokingly called the Vermillion line due to the reason Mordent came into the hands of the crown and IAF. In bunkers along the line the controllers of the AEROSTAT balloons started picking up movement on the Mordent side of the line nothing out of the ordinary.

35,000 ft

Call sign Vandy a AWACS aircraft on its figure eight patrol looking and watching deep into West Mordent the radar only had civilian traffic on normal flight paths, the radars showed the same just about every day and night.

0559 CONTACT!!

The first to know were not the thousands of troops on the Vermillion line it was the radar operators on the counter batteries and the AEROSTAT operators.

By the time the first warnings went out were also the first rounds on target. Troops on the front hit their assigned bunkers and ran to their vehicles.

KLAXON, KLAXON, KLAXON

The counter battery artillery ran to their gun and missile launchers, prepping the guns to fire. Not all of the shells made it through the anti-round guns. The sky lit up from the intercept from the hundreds of round being shot at and hitting shells coming it.

The counter batteries started to fire back in force with artillery and missiles from MLRS. The Cavalry troopers ran to their armoured vehicles and moved out to standby for ground forces. Kilometres away the armoured division's personal where getting ready to move out and take up positions to repel the attack.

In the skies the alert had its on challenges; there was about fifty aircraft in the sky on patrol. These aircraft where loaded both for air to air and air to ground operations. More aircraft on the ground at their bases and where prepping to take to the skies, along with helicopters and support aircraft.

Radar's on the ground and airborne noticed aircraft coming in fast the air defence network went into action as the sky guard and air guard systems went active and as targets where locked the missiles launched to intercept the incoming aircraft.

Even though everything seemed to be going as planned to counter an attack there was still panic and disbelief that Morrdh could do such a thing.

The RIN where rushing to put to sea and to see where and who they could engage, a few SSKs where caught in port they would be the last to leave port. The East Mordent command was rushing everything they could to get underground to the command bunkers. The command and control, where still up and running pretty good even though this was all by surprise, at last report the Vermillion line could see the first Morrdh troops and tanks. The reaction force where almost sixty percent ready and moving this was ahead of the reaction plan to such an attack.

Last edited by [Imbrinium](#) on Fri Jan 17, 2014 2:34 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Coltarin
Senator

Posts: 4221
Founded: Mar 26, 2011
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

by [Coltarin](#) » Fri Jan 17, 2014 3:01 pm



Border Post-A13, Coltarin-Istegium Border 2330 Hours

Nine months, for nine months advanced elements of the 121st armored division had sat on its hands waiting for this day. The radio inside the LY219 bleated on about fashion for the coming spring season. After an excruciating 3 minutes the news finally came on. *Good evening this is the Coltarin Broadcast Company. This morning The Commonwealth of Morrdh declared war against The Kingdom of Imbrinium, after use of Chemical and biological weapons against the Malgrave. This marks the third nation to do so in what some experts are calling the Great Dienstag War...* Every ear along the border had their ears tuned even as the actual news stopped and speculation began. Finally towards the end of the news report a message came through. *Now before we sign off for the night we have a tribute for our troops out on the front and across the world...* As soon as the song began the air was filled this the revving of engines and the lifting of the border gate. At this moment over 500,000 members of the Coltarian Army crossed the border into the former nation of Istegium.

Northeast Coast of Istegium

5th Fleet

As soon as the broadcast had ended the landing craft were deployed. The goal of the Marines embarked on them was to secure the coast against and hostile actions from Haishan should they see fit to challenge them. Currently there were 300,000 Marines on route to various landing sites around the northeast coast. The Fleet was made up of two task forces each with two super carriers and two super dreadnaughts apiece along with various destroyers, smaller carriers and escorts. The fleet commander Vice Admiral Vincent Tanner looked over the map laid out in the CIC the looked over the landing sites. He picked up one of the phones next to him and held it to his ear. "Task Force Deacon this is Fleet what is your status over?" he asked

"Fleet this is Deacon, we have no contact and are detecting nominal movement on the Haishan coast over."

"Copy Deacon, keep eyes up, last thing we need right now is an intrusion into the beachhead over."

"Aye aye sir, Deacon out"

Tanner hung the phone back on it's mount and walked to one of the consoles where there was a technician monitoring a satellite feed of the Haishan coastline.

"Nothing to report sir." the technician replied without being asked

"Alright then fire up tubes five through nine we have some satellites to kill" he responded

The sound of the klaxon echoed through the ship as four RIM-161 ASAT missiles shot out of their tubes and into the upper atmosphere.

Coltarin (AKA Colt)

Paintis Bulpupis

Show Spoiler



Malgrave
Negotiator

Posts: 5723
Founded: Mar 29, 2011
Democratic Socialists

by **Malgrave** » Sun Jan 19, 2014 1:01 pm

QUOTE

Government Sector - Epping - United Kingdom of Malgrave

Earlier attempts by the government to censor all information related to the nature and size of the attack on the city of Maldon had failed spectacularly a few hours ago, as disorganised military checkpoints and the governments own arrogant disregard for the efficiency of social and foreign media outlets quickly led to the informational black-hole becoming filled by foolhardy reporters willing to infiltrate the rapidly installed blockade to circulate the news to a hungry audience. Initial outrage against the usage of such horrific weapons soon turned to anger against the ruling government when national media outlets reported that the government had recently signed a peace deal with the Kingdom of Imbrinium.

In response to the growing crisis opposition parties quickly rallied supporters into action against the government to capitalised on the news, an action that forced the Progressive-Unity Party to respond by activating its own supporters and attempt to shift the anger surrounding the treaty away from the current government and towards the meddling actions of foreigners and the size of the immediate threat posed to the Malgravean military. The combined support of several major parties meant that in mere hours Ascension Square had been transformed from a bustling public square to the capital of a nationwide protest movement, complete with areas for sleeping, eating, cleaning and giving political and musical performances to the crowd below. It was not yet known how the protest would change over the next few days but after moments of inaction the public news broadcaster was finally kicking into action towing the usual government line and highlighting the involvement of the opposition in the declaration of war and the peace deal.

Official Communique of United Kingdom of Malgrave

To: Foreign Ministry, The People's Unified Federation of Mokastana

Subject: International Assistance

Encryption: **None**

Comrade Villa,

We are saddened to confirm reports that both chemical and biological weapons were deployed against civilian assets in the country, an action confirmed by independent inspectors from the Commonwealth of Morrdh and the Royal Union of Kouralia, however the situation is not as grave as it would appear as within moments of the horrific attack both government and military officials from within the blast radius alerted both local health authorities and the regional military commander about the nature of the weapons utilised. We have since then dispatched specialised units from both the Territorial Defence Force and the Army to establish secure cordons and have quarantined the immediate area in order to ensure that the contagion shall not spread beyond the initial infection point.

In the spirit of international cooperation and brotherhood assistance from the Socialist Workers Fund shall be gladly accepted by our government and dispersed to those in need however all qualified doctors and pharmaceutical products shall need to be inspected by the Ministry of Health in order to ensure the validity of qualifications and the efficiency of these drugs as is required by current immigration and import regulation

with warm regards,



IC Information.



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