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by Max Barry





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QUOTE



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

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Mizrad

Posts: 3789 Founded: Jan 02, 2013

Ex-Nation

"Sucker Punch"

□by **Mizrad** » Mon Mar 24, 2014 1:30 pm

Southwestern Coast of Mizrad 02:05 HOURS, 10/23/13, DAY 8

7th Mizradian Strike Response Fleet OPERATION HOME FRONT

Noticing that the 7th is slowly becoming converged on from an L formation by a combined force of Maverican and Loufian ships, Admiral Santos makes radio contact with the Loufians once more.

"You know Commander Jovic, I could offer you and your family a place in Mizrad. Same thing goes for the rest of your crew. Imagine you're wherever you wish to be in a sunny and beautiful land where everybody helps one another and you can provide those you love a life impossible to create in Loufe. I know you'll love it Mr. Jovic, we'll give you some time to consider it. Remember this isn't your war, why do you and your men need to die?"

Switching the radio channel to the one set up for speaking with the Mavericans, the line was near silent as expected. The station had been set up years prior to speak between nations in times of emergency and to the 7th Fleet, this constituted as an emergency.

"Maverican ships, this is the 7th Mizradian Strike Response Fleet. I have tens of thousands of sailors on board right now that are begging to fire on you. I advise you state your purpose or turn back immediately or I will let them carry out their desires. Do you copy, over?"

Flicking the radio off of transmit, Santos turns to the men in the bridge and begins calling out orders.

"OK ladies and gentlemen, I have an odd feeling we're about to get into one hell of a firefight. Fortunately the Loufians and Mavericans aren't used to fighting with each other and probably won't be able to operate as a one as well as we do with the Trenerians and Ausitorians. I want somebody requesting aid from the Ausitorian blockade right now, and everybody else is to prepare to fire. Prepare to rain hell on their communication equipment, air defense systems and radar arrays with everything except our heavier weapons. Most of them should be packed tightly together so let's just hope that will happen easily. I want all heavy anti-ship missiles and high caliber guns to focus on the bridges of the ships. Once we take out all of that, our fighters will be free to spit lead and explosives on the bastards. If we can remove their ability to communicate with each ship through radio they'll become a disorganized force reduced to flag waving and yelling to try and talk."

As the admiral finishes barking orders, everybody in the fleet immediately

gets to work. The weapons are coordinated, the radar reports come in and the fighters begin to soar off the decks of the carriers. All the while a transmission for help is sent to the Ausitorian blockade.

"Ausitorian fleet, this is the 7th Mizradian Strike Response Fleet. We are currently in a stand off with a force of Maverican and Loufian ships, requesting immediate assistance at our position over."

Suddenly a hail of shells come raining down upon the 7th Fleet. Faster than the shells had arrived, the CIWS guns and other defense systems whip into action and begin tearing the threats out of the sky. Unfortunately the first wave wasn't as expected, and almost instantly a frigate begins to go under as a few other ships suffer heavy damage. As the Earth seems as if it's no longer moving, things go into slow motion as machine gunner Wyatt Hayes jumps into action after coming out of a gun fire-induced haze. Jumping on his M242 Bushmaster, he and the others around him begin fighting back against incoming projectiles and fighters.

Now it was Mizrad's turn to throw a punch, and one hell of a punch would they throw. Following orders, most of the submarines dive deep and form a defensive perimeter around the ships as two ballistic missile submarines surface between the protection of the surface ships. With multiple targets locked on, the missiles are prepared to fire as the confirmation code is entered

'0-2-1-3-5-4-9, rain inbound!"

Moments later, a massive salvo of near twenty massive non-nuclear anti-ship missiles soar high into the atmosphere. In only seconds, the missiles capable of shattering entire super carriers with one hit would scatter down upon the Maverican carriers and battleships. With pin-point accuracy, the guided missiles begin their descent as the Mizradians can now only hope they impact their foes.

Meanwhile, the rest of the ships open up. Bursts from 5" guns and auto cannons rip towards the enemy fleet as hundreds of anti-ship missiles and rockets take flight for their targets. Torpedoes and other underwater weapons also propel out of the submarines from below the surface as every Mizradian in the 7th fleet makes a desperate attempt to bring down the outnumbered Mavericans. There would be no letting up in the non-stop volley from the Mizradians as they aim for the anti-aircraft and radar capabilities of the ships as well as the bridges in attempt to render them defenseless from the air.

Maverican Border Checkpoint, Maverica 06:45 HOURS, 10/23/13, DAY 8 Joint Task Force 41, 1st Recon Unit OPERATION SUCKER PUNCH

Pulling the ranger up to the border guard, Drake stops the truck. Fortunately Hispanic and Caucasian were two of the three biggest races in the demographic of the surrounding area. Speaking up with his best Hispanic accent, Juan Montez tries to talk his way past the guards.

"Hell of a day eh boys? We were trying to visit some friends up by Avery's Valley and shit just started raining from the sky. After the shooting stopped we tried to haul ass back home but there was still fighting on the short way back so we took the long way and ended up here. Please man, we're just trying to get home do you think you can let us pass?"

Despite not immediately jumping to violence, Drake still had his finger on the .45 under his seat and his foot resting above the gas. If need be, he'd shoot the guards by their post and then run over the others in front of him before getting out to mop up. Yet the pair both hoped that wouldn't be needed as they wait for a response.

Krasnoejeroi, Loufe 12:40 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7 Joint Mizradian Special Detachment Group/MCID Operation OPERATION INFERNO RISING

Looking to the men behind him, Turner yells out over the gun fire.

"Everybody strap in and grab on to something!"

Picking up his radio, John then frantically comes up with a plan before calling it out to Greene.

"Allen, hit the brakes now!"

Putting his radio down, he then orders his driver to do the same. Simultaneously Allen stops his car and the Loufian van comes grinding to a halt before smashing into it. With the van now stopped Turner and his unit exit their van and surround the Loufians. With the Librarian chopper acting as their guardian angel above, Greene steps out of the sedan and tries to wave it off. While Allen does that, Turner and the nine other operators stack up around the van. Tossing in a flashbang, the rear doors of the van burst open and a few of the kidnappers come turnbling out in a blinding and deafening daze. Wrestling them to the ground, the MSDG team secures them and drags them into an alleyway as they quickly document them with notes and pictures. Stepping into the van, Turner puts a bullet in the head of the driver attempting to reach for his gun. John grins as he quietly mumbles to himself.

"Eighty three and counting"

Holstering his pistol, John picks up the man with a bag over his head and carries him out. Reaching to take it off, a hail of gun fire begins coming in from multiple directions. Grabbing Turner by the shoulder, Greene screams into his face.

"We'll figure out who he is later, pick him up and follow me. WE ARE LEAVING!"

With suppressing fire from the rest of the team, Turner tosses the unconscious hostage over the fence to the airport and begins climbing it. The rest of the group follows their comrade as they vault the barrier. Sprinting across the tarmac towards their plane, bullets begin nipping away at their legs. It was the Loufian police, and there was no way in hell the MSDG was going to slow down for them. As the other Mizradians pick up their dead and wounded the small platoon quickly boards the plane under fire. Staying behind to provide cover, Turner begins picking off the pursuing guards. With everybody else now on board he begins a mad dash for the plane. Seeing Greene's hand extend from the side door he jumps out to grab it. Doing so with a tight grip Allen pulls his friend into the plane as the door closes up. Seconds later, the small liner takes flight.

As the group of thirty or so special operations troops take their seats and relax, Turner walks over to the rescued man. Removing the bag over his head, John looks him in the eye. Slapping him lightly a bit in an attempt to wake the unknown man up, Turner finally gives it up. At this point, the man had to be knocked out pretty hard or even in a minor coma. Grabbing a water John quickly chugs it down as he begins replenishing his equipment along with most of the other operators. The odds of either being shot down or going off course in northern Loufe were too high to risk being caught unprepared.

Unfortunately the MSDG would be on the wrong side of those statistics. A loud ringing is heard for a few seconds before the pilot's horrified voice becomes audible.

"Shit! Incoming missiles, hold on we're going in har-"

The sound of his voice is overpowered by the grinding and shearing of aircraft aluminum as the missile from a Loufian fighter impacts hard in the center of the fuselage. With a few operators dying from the impact, the plane then begins to split apart with a secondary explosion. However the pilot is quick to try and bring the plane down. Yet his attempts barely help the group as the tip of a mountain guts the plane ripping it into two sections. The largest portion, the front, carrying most of the group along with Greene barrels down the mountain before coming a grinding stop about half way down. The rear section, holding a few MSDG operators, Turner and the prince breaks off and begins rolling down the side of the mountain.

Grabbing the unknown man and clinging to a chair with the other two survivors the wreckage finally comes down off the mountain only to spit out Turner and the prince into a river. Despite the fact this would soften their landing, the two are whipped around in the rapids and quickly sent far away from the crash

site down stream.

Regaining consciousness, Turner reaches the surface and gasps for air. Dodging rock after rock and slamming into a few, he looks around for other people. Spotting the lifeless body of the hostage, John attempts to use the current to slingshot him over. Successfully reaching the man, John grabs hold of him and begins swimming towards the shore line with the current. With the adrenaline still pumping, he drags himself and the unknown man on to the shore before taking a few breaths and passing out from the pain. Little did John know, he was now trapped in the wilderness with the key to stopping the War of the Two Empresses.

All Over the Mizrad/Maverican Border, Mizrad 07:00 HOURS, 10/23/13, DAY 8 Mizradian Forces OPERATION SUCKER PUNCH

Circling over the border like a hawk, multiple drones closely watch the battlefield. Everything from large scale areas like entire mountain ranges to a lone gunman by the river could be seen by these eyes in the sky. This time around, they were tasked with confirming what most Mizradians already expected to happen. The Mavericans were preparing for another attack, yet this time it would be an all out invasion. They were going to arrive *en masse*. However the Mizradians weren't going to just sit by with their new found information and watch their demise, they were going to do something about it. Only minutes after the information was passed by General Arner, the order to begin a massive bombardment of the border is given.

With every asset available, the Mizradians being preparing to launch long range strikes into Maverica. All sorts of artillery calculate their targets and load up shells while other missile systems take a bit longer for confirmation. Although a multiple hour long volley of artillery would do enough on it's own. With M142's, mortars, field artillery, M270's and Haudegen SPG's all ready to fire, the order comes in to send one massive punch into any military targets near and even many miles away from the border. Yet this time around the Mizradians knew not to directly fire on civilian targets unless absolutely necessary. It wasn't necessary yet, but everybody knew within the days to come it soon probably would be.

Within seconds, the line begins taking turns firing. With everybody coordinated through radioes and communications systems all with real time reports from satellites and other means of recon coming in, an accurate blanket of explosives can be laid down constantly. As one half of the force fires while the other reloads, an endless wave of pain would ensue on their targets. All around the border, supply trucks ferrying ammunition back and forth from all over the border kick into overdrive as the need for ammo sky rockets.

Not too long into the bombardment, the all clear is given for ballistic and tactical missiles to be used. None of them were nuclear or chemical weapons, but they could cause just as much damage as one. Rolling into place along the border, SS-26's begin locking in their targets. Places like Fort Williams and Dandy along with suspected troop formations in the Isaac mountains would all be on the list to hit. Joining the mobile missiles is Mizrad's vast arsenal of stationary ballistic missiles as well as older models of tactical launchers like SCUD's and specialized missiles for the M270's. After a relatively short time of setting up, the missiles take flight all at once to overload the Maverican defense network.

After the first volley of missiles is launched, new targets are locked in to fire on. This time, the Isaac mountains would be the main priority. It was well known there was a lot of militia groups in the mountain range even before the war, and now that the patriotic fighters now had a reason to be patriotic their numbers would most likely have even tripled in size. Just enough to make a missile attack on the villages filled with fighters and civilians alike legal by WA standards. However it would be a bit until the missiles were loaded and ready to go again, but Mizrad had a way to compensate for that as well.

Despite suffering a heavy blow during the initial Maverican attack, the Mizradian Air Force had already recovered by sending more assets to assist border operations. Almost fifty B-52H's, fifteen B-2 Sprits and almost a hundred F-25's would now be available to use against Maverica. However it

would be impossible to send everything up at one time, so after a quick briefing and mentioning of targets the planes split up into groups. Two waves would go at a time, each one to a different target. The first two groups consist of ten F-25's and five B-2's, both would be tasked with hitting either Fort Williams or Fort Dandy and getting out in time to not be shot down. While they began returning, a third wave of ten B-52's and a squadron of F-25's would be sent up to hit targets along with Isaac mountains with guidance from satellites and radar. Once the first and second groups returned, a fourth group would be sent out consisting of the same number of planes utilized by the third group as the third group would head back. The same process would continue over and over with the B-52 and F-25 bomber groups until every wing had returned home and landed safely. Then the Trenerians would take their turn in the air all while the Mizradian artillery and missile strikes would continue.

Kicking off the "Party", the first two bomber groups take flight in a short amount of time. The first would head for Fort Williams while the second would make it's way to Fort Dandy over the Isaac mountains. Despite going to different areas, both groups had a few things in common. They all had gone completely dark and utilized stealth systems to minimize their radar presence to the lowest it could be. They also both carried JDAM's, carpet bombs, laser guided munitions and the biggest of all, one B-2 Spirit had been modified to carry a single GBU-43 Massive Ordnance Air Blast bomb. The last being more commonly known as the "MOAB" or the second largest conventional explosive ever created. The "MOAB" was designed to strike fear into the hearts of any enemy it was laid down upon, and had a lethal blast radius of 150 yards. Travelling towards their targets, the two groups of fifteen planes begin their attack.

Ranger Mountain Government Facility, Northern Mizrad 07:00 HOURS, 10/23/13, DAY 8 1st Aerial Reconnaissance Group OPERATION HOMEFRONT

Sifting through reports from the last satellite recon mission, Major David Bradley comes across something startling. For some reason, near abandoned rail and supply lines between Firmador and Maverica were now being used in full swing transporting unknown material. The only thing the satellites could confirm was that something was going down, but couldn't specify as to what it was. The rest of the Air Force pilots and analysts around Bradley join him in confusion as they look at the videos, notes and photographs. Only minutes later, another satellite would report the same findings. Something was going down and the Mizradians needed to figure out what it was and fast.

Carefully storing away his findings into a manila folder, Major Bradley heads down the hallway to the TOC. Entering the room filled with enough equipment to look like something out of Star Wars, David enters General Frank Douglas' office. Before he can speak, Frank tells him to take a seat and asks what he needs. Plopping the folder down on his desk, Dave begins explaining the situation.

"A recon mission over the Firmadorian and Maverican border. For some reason we have yet to figure out there's thousands of tons of supplies being shipped in from Firmador. I'm sure you know just as well as I do what it probably is but we can't act on it until we confirm that it's military aid. Once we do however, L&A will be required to join us due to the Firmadorians violating their blockade."

Frank slaps on a grin as he replies.

"Tell me what you need son."

Bradley responds in a serious tone.

"An SR-75M, any ground surveillance assets the MCID can muster and the preparation of a long range bombing run. If any military supplies are being moved in we should bomb them to high hell before they even get the chance to assemble."

Douglas nods in agreement before he speaks.

"I agree, I give you permission to utilize what equipment you deem necessary to figure out what's going. I'll try and pass the word on to the guys in New

Boston but until then it's up to you to figure out what's going on."

The two nod to each other as Dave than gets up and exits the room. Behind him he could already hear Douglas contacting the MCID headquarters. This would be the first time in two years that the updated SR-71 known as the SR-75M would be used in an actual recon role. Stepping back into the ARG's main office, the major stands up on a table and begins pitching the operation.

"Ladies and gentlemen, today we have thrown a sucker punch right into the jaw of our enemies across the globe. However there may just be more issues than we previously thought. Early reports indicate that Firmador is moving support into Maverica for what we believe will soon become a joint all out invasion. Although time is on our side. While they must hastily shove their forces in trains and across the border, we can bear down on them with everything we have. Yet first we just need proof of what they're doing. I want an SR-75M prepared to go with a flight course over the satellite's recon locations in 0200 Hours. Good luck people."

With that, the groups set off to work. All around Mizrad people began to band together in this modern "Dark Age". However a massive boost to morale was about to come in as the nation of Mizrad winds up to throw yet another massive blow to Maverica. For they would do what had been done to them with one gargantuan metaphorical sucker punch.

"No good decision was ever made in a swivel chair" -George Patton

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Terripin Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 366 Founded: Dec 17, 2010 Ex-Nation □by **Terripin** » Tue Mar 25, 2014 4:53 pm

"QUOTE

OOC: Short post, ik, but more to come later when I catch up. Global Summit, Loufe

Tristan was surprised when after the plane landed that a series of crates were being unloaded one after another. He was confused at what they could be.

"Why would we need so many crates?" he asked.

"Why? You can never be too careful," replied one of the expeditionaries. This time, his face was grim rather than joyful on the plane.

The premise of the summit had been explained to Tristan: Negotiate as a peacemaker and reduce tensions in the current state of events. He had expected a gridlock and lots of standoffs, but was pleasantly surprised at the amount of cooperation going around.

The summit had gone on for no longer than an hour when a deafening boom was heard near the entrance. Then the world descended into darkness. In less than a second the lights went flickered and went out. Tristan was frozen in fear as the expeditionaries dragged him across the room to safety.

In what seemed like hours there was scrambling and yelling across the darkened room. But within minutes the lights came back up, showing piles of papers scattered across the floor. Weapons were drawn as he was slowly evacuated. But Tristan could no longer speak. The fact that he was in the hands of the commoners now, nothing but dirt compared to tall, beautiful flowers frightened him. His aristocratic upbringing and pampered childhood had ill-prepared him for the real world. And this mixture of fear and epiphany silenced him.

"The Rhodesean delegate has gone missing! We are now evacuating all delegates to a safer location!" the intercom blared.

"I want to go home," Tristan whispered to himself. "I'll never leave Terripin again. I was wrong, somebody get me out of here!"

The yelling and hushed whispers in the room continued to intensify.

National Info

Storefronts



Treneria Diplomat

Posts: 553 Founded: Oct 12, 2013

□by **Treneria** » Tue Mar 25, 2014 5:55 pm

Trenerian People's Guard. Outpost #121. 10:00 AM, TCT.

The cross-hairs of a scope lined up perfectly with a far away, round object. The cross-hairs then raised above the target. There was an intake of air before the trigger was pressed in and the shot was fired. Binocular scopes to the immediate right of the rifle scope administered the target. A shocked expression of "Whoa" was heard as the .300 round impacted the target, and fragments of the round object flew into the air. Mike Turismo grinned over at his fellow guard and current spotter. The TPG had been preparing for months on marksmanship and sniping abilities. Needless to say vocally, they were making immense progress.

QUOTE

"That's a little over seven-hundred vards, holy shit," Mike's spotter noted. The two went back to their shooting activities, firing at different objects downrange. Around them, other guards were practicing their shooting drills as well. On the rest of the Outpost, things were in full-throttle. The nation-wide TPG had been informed to start gearing up defenses in expectation for the upcoming warfare. It was as if a civil-war had torn in between the region of Hemithea. Several nations were gearing for warfare and it wasn't looking good. President Fred Tenners had riled the nation of Treneria up to put the throttle down for preparation of the upcoming conflict. Munitions were being produced at exceedingly massive rates. By one of the many equipment shacks, a TPG soldier was taking inventory. Dressed in woodland-camo BDU pants and an OD green t-shirt, accompanied by black combat boots, the man held a clipboard with a sheet. He marked off on the ammunition that was sitting outside the shack, covered by an overhead roof that extended from the building. The soldier ensured that they had the appropriate number of each type of ammunition remaining. It was a tedious task for every post involved with the Trenerian military, as the ammunition numbers were always changing.

The rest of the base was performing defense-preparation duties as well. They were putting up fortifications. Large diesel trucks moved cannons, howitzers, and other guns around the woodlands that wrapped tightly around the outpost. Administrative equipment such as cameras and motion sensors were hooked up to be monitored 24/7 at the main bases. Fencing and locked gates were placed in a square formation around the defensive arms. They were to be saved for a rainy day.

Trenerian Air Bases. 6:00 TCT. Trenerian Air Force.

The pilots laced up their standard issue boots and zipped up their g-suits. They strapped on their helmets and gloves. They each nodded to one another and gave a thumbs up to each other. Pushing up their visors, they group of extremely trained pilots ushered through the locker room to the airstrip where their stealth bombers were waiting. Once they hit the pavement of the airfield, they began to jog to their respective bombers. The pilots nation-wide loaded into their planes and locked down the hatches. They ensured their aircraft were ready to go. The guns were loaded and the tanks were full of fuel. After a final checking between the squadrons to control tower, they were given permission to take off. The pilots kicked on the thrusters and threw down their throttles. They put the hammer down lightly, building up to a climax as they hit the air. The squadrons careened through Trenerian airspace, headed for the border.

Their mission was clear and simple. The Mizradians were conducting an air operation shortly after they departed Trenerian airbases. The operation conducted by the Mizradians would bring the pressure down on the Mavericans, as well as kill a shit-ton of gear they had sitting around, as well as men. Working in a brilliant master-mind plan, the Mizradian officials had suggested that the Trenerians get the jump on the Mavericans whilst the Mizradians were reloading and refueling. At the time they had left, they should have been arriving to the battlefield shortly after the Mizradians had left. There was a small time window in between the bombings; just enough to get the Maverican's defenses down without giving them enough time to book ass out.

Mizradian-Maverican Borders. 7:46 TCT.

Trenerian Air Force.

Several squadrons of F-117 Nighthawks flew overhead in the night sky, officially bypassing the border and entering the middle-ground that served as a battlefield. Despite their height, reminiscent from the previous battles were still visible in the aircraft. The bombs they were using were non-nuclear and were of a ballistic variety. Some JDAMs were mixed in with the bunch as well. The planes really had been stocked with whatever heavy munitions that could be found. Anything to leave an impact and light up the ground. Several radio calls came in as the squadrons flew over where the Mizradians had previously lit up. Using the thermal imagery targeting systems that were installed on the F-117s, the co-pilots lit up several new targets. The squadrons dispersed to take care of the targets.

Travis Clayborn was one such co-pilot. The thermal imagery system provided a dark light against his visor as he sat in the cockpit of the F-117. From his younger years he had had a passion for flight. Wanting to serve his nation well and prove his parents proud, he joined the Trenerian Air Force at the ripe age of 17. He provided logistics duties to the Air Force until he was able to get his pilots license and pass all required tests. From that spot on he began target practice and learned how to operate basic fighters. He continued to excel in his training until he was one of the best assets the Air Force had. He was pretty much the perfect definition of what the AF was looking for.

Travis smiled as he designated a few new targets and waited for the right moment. As his plane etched across the sky, he was finally lined up with the right position. He suddenly shouted to the pilot of the plane.

"Drop'em! Drop'em! Drop'em!" in a firm voice, he called. The same happened in the cockpits of the birds in the sky around him, as well as in the planes that belonged to other squadrons. About a dozen F-117s were bombs that were over 2,000 pounds. BLU-109s and Paveways were among the mix. The large ballistic missiles would prove devastating to whatever they hit. Whether it be the intended target or just ground, the bombs would create craters or destroy whatever was in the way and then create some earth-holes. Most of the targets were tanks and vehicles used by the Mavericans. Others were just looking for tight bundles of troops to diminish the Maverican numbers. Hell on earth would most likely be overtaking the ground.

After all squadrons had expelled their munitions and were forced to head home, the planes immediately did a U-turn and headed for the home direction. Their aircraft sped away into the night after the hit-and-run bombings.

All around the homeland. Treneria.

All around the Trenerian nation, the guard continued to get aerial defenses up. SAM batteries were set up. The Trenerian People's Guard increased their patrols and garrison posts. All standard for when Treneria was in a state of war.

Highborn Docks, Eastern Treneria.

Admiral John Bastion stood at the helm of his main battleship. Around him, sailors were conducting functionary jobs required for operating and maintaining the ship. This included but wasn't limited to mopping the decks, cleaning the guns, and checking the munitions. Other sailors that were on break either ate their daily lunch, conversed with other sailors, or played makeshift games. John Bastion's fleet had left Highborn Docks out of Treneria only an hour or so previous. His fleet was headed for the Maverican waters, where the Mizradians had already posted up their own fleet and were reported to be engaged in combat, as documented by several drones and satellites that were keeping surveillance on the ever-lasting conflicts. These drones and satellites reported directly back to the Trenerian Intelligence Agency.

The fleet was on their way to back up the Mizradian effort on the oceans. The fleet consisted of warships, battleships, destroyers, and submarines. One aircraft carrier with a few F-35s was also accompanying the fleet. A couple of

UH-60 Blackhawk helicopters also sat on the deck of the destroyers. To top it off, a single missile carrier was brought along with only ballistics missiles. The fleet continued on it's way towards the Mizradian's location.

ORBAT

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



Firmador Minister

Posts: 2691 Founded: Dec 11, 2012

Ex-Nation

□by **Firmador** » Tue Mar 25, 2014 9:54 pm



O

Autentico Airbase, Northern Firmador

"General, we've got reports from one..." Another series of beeps come in as someone speaks to the communication staff officer, it took longer than the General was used to, "Make that two electronic warfare units and one ground-based anti-stealth RADAR platform, the Winao. 'E-dub-us say it doesn't look like shit the Mavericans have, their LADAR is picking up something, lucky for us it wasn't a bad day or the clouds would have shorten their range tremendously. Either Trenerian or Mizradian. We have no air-based assets inside of Maverica, besides the ones that are being hidden, but we have a loose string of ground RADAR and AA/AAA target acquisition stations. They have much shorter range against stealth on the ground, being not the size of a stealth dedicated ground site such as Winao, but maybe one is in range."

"Couldn't have been those Austorians, they haven't declared war on Maverica or Loufe."

"Do you want me to move another fighter into the area, we've got one but he's been on patrol for a while and his fuel is low. We can get a pair in a couple minutes and a squadron in ten."

"How far out?"

"Supercruise, two hundred kilometers from the border, two hundred fifteen from our nearest Edubus, two hundred four from Winao and two hundred twenty from the other Edubus."

"Do the Mavericans know about this?"

"No due."

"High Command is too fucking busy establishing comms. with forward observers and NCOs with the guys fighting in the north. I hear it's apeshit up there "

"Yea, last we heard they got hit pretty bad from a recent air offensive."

"Okay, send the co-ordinates to the Mavericans. Tell them it's high priority. Task two Illusions, if he closes to fifty kilometers order his withdrawal. If he tries to cross, shoot him down."

"Wait," The staff officer raises his hand, "We've got intelligence from disrupted Maverican television and phone connection to their satellite receivers."

SIC:

Sandino, Firmador

"Treneria is obviously going first."

"Yes, but our fleet?"

"She's inside Maverican waters, some two hundred eighty kilometers from the Mizradian invading fleet. Our communications taskeforce with the Maverican units in combat is proving very helpful. We're lucky we trade so much with them, their language is the fourth most common spoken in the country. The Luvejans, however, are an all around different basket of bolts."

"So, we fire?"

"I would suggest against it, this is not how we'll gain the momentum. What is a dozen ships?"

"True, our readiness?"

"We've got five thousand live ones. About two hundred forty all together."

"How do we start the war?"

"We wait, the Trenerians will be all tastier in a weeks time or so. For now, let us guarantee the independence of Maverica. It seems they have an interest in sending some aircraft near our borders. Perhaps they're trying to get us to declare war on them. We will not fall into their obvious trap." Gregor 'the Bloody' sat in the elephant leather chair sipping his Jimmy Bean bourbon, the glass hanging from his thumb and middle finger, limb stretched over the chair's arm after he took his drink. The ices' bite wasn't there at the top of the class, the chilled liquor delicious. Though, he could go for some old country moonshine for his next drink. But, that was all too hard to find with so many being deported as Farmers. Only the loggers in Batis and the East held the trade and they liked their secret family traditions. Germans.

CODE: SELECT ALL

To: World

From: The House of External Affairs (Firmadores)

The Commonwealth-at-Arms of Firmador hereby guarantees the independence of Maverica, re-affirming their stance as a member of the Socialist Coalition. If any nation wishes to take advantage of Maverica as she fights her war with the Mzadians they will be met by not only Firmadores soldiers, but Luvejans, Bavaria-Saxons, and Communists for the People. Firmador is now moving troops into the southern half of Maverica. If the war continues further into Maverica, as deep as the half-way point of the nation, Firmador will force bilateral peace talks even if it means the South of Maverica need be occupied by Firmador to bring Maverican and Mzradian diplomats to the table. Firmador states the Austorian blockade of Maverica to be illegal, and while sea trade is limited

Last edited by Firmador on Tue Mar 25, 2014 10:02 pm, edited 4 times in total.

Homo Homini Lupus: A Hemithean Production

Official Wiki of Firmador

Denouement: The Progressive Assemblage (RP)

QUOTE

"

Gallia- wrote:

The difference between stupidity and bravery is often the outcome.



Libraria and Ausitoria Negotiator

Posts: 7099

Founded: May 30, 2011

Ex-Nation

_by Libraria and Ausitoria » Thu Mar 27, 2014 9:54 am

The Watch Office Alexandria, Sebvorsca

The atmosphere was unusually grave in the Watch Office, which immediately started sending all the emergency messages and alerts which were the prelude to general war. There was a file, Operation Jago, which had been written by civil servants for just such an eventuality: there was always a file ready. But never before had something quite so drastic actually been needed. International flights abroad were being quietly cancelled. Air patrols where they had never previously been necessary were being sent up. And a fleet far away, looking after some special forces, was quietly maneouvering for the first strike.

"I think," remarked the Duke of Palmerston to the cabinet around him, "that we are going to war." He paused. Nobody spoke: everybody was far too afraid. The Prime Minister made as if to say something, but changed his mind.

The Duke continued. "It is a war limited to the seas, but a war nonetheless. Parliament has already indicated their approval of our policy to ensure a cease fire. The Maverican fleet has broken the cease fire. Maverica must have their fleet confiscated, surrendered. They will probably not agree. In which case we will sink their fleet. Subsequently we will make it very clear we will do nothing more unless they try to take retributive action: what goes on on land is less concern of ours."

"Fifteen minutes to surrender their fleet?" the Cabinet Secretary asked, having just broken off a conversation with the Watch Officer, who was thanking every deity he cared about that he was not in the Cabinet.

"Fifteen minutes before war?" the Prime Minister asked.

"Only if they choose it," darified the Cabinet Secretary.

"The text is very reasonable," said the Duke, referring to the ultimatum. And it was.

The Prime Minister looked unhappily at it. "But they probably won't accept."

"In which case we sink their fleet," replied the Duke.

"These are people we're talking about." The Prime Minister said plaintively.

"So are the Mizradians," countered the Duke.

It had become a battle of minds, but the interesting thing was that the battle was going on in both of their minds: which was the correct course of action?

There was, in the far-off future, an Ausitorian starship that developed sentience and questioned this particular dilemma to great length until it went insane and eventually decided to fill an entire Galaxy with flowers in protest. It was a very beautiful galaxy and became an Ausitorian memorial dedicated to this unfortunate Cabinet that found itself having to decide the basic question: who should live or die?

"War is coming," Victoria, the Deputy Prime Minister said, looking at the Prime Minister, hanging on the balance of indecision. "An armed peace is unfortunately required."

The Duke looked at her: was she really happy to take moral responsibility for deciding the Prime Minister's mind?

And the Prime Minister nodded his agreement. Just hopefully, reasonable minds would prevail.

From The Cabinet Policy, Intelligence, and Statistics Committee, the Imperial Commonwealth Libraria and Ausitoria

To: Maverica

Encryption: None

We have noted with no little concern your outrageous unilateral decision to end the cease-fire. We therefore require the surrender of your fleet to us for safekeeping within the next fifteen minutes.

If you agree, we will guarantee the safety of your coast and all your maritime trade if you decide to return to the cease-fire agreement and provide damages.

If you do not agree or prevaricate, we will regretfully be forced to take further actions.

On a general note to fellow members of the community, if Maverica refuses this request; then any attempts to reinforce Maverica by sea without applying for our permission will be met by our nation's utmost ire.

I have the honour to remain, Sir Isaac White Sent on behalf of the aforesaid CPISC Committee

It was short and unusually terse for an Ausitorian ultimatum: there were only four diplomatic niceties. It was also accompanied by the responses to the, er...., refreshingly unorthodox statement of intent from Firmador.

From The Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics To: Firmador

Encryption: None

While we do commonly maintain blockades on countries that have disregarded international diplomatic standards, we have not blockaded Maverica within the last ten years, and we cannot remember how many times we blockaded them before then. The matter was discussed, but Maverica decided to agree to a cease-fire instead.

From The Foreign Policy Office, Maverican Affairs To: Firmador Encryption: None

Your Excellencies,

We would like to assure you that for as long as your friend Maverica is at peace with her neighbors, we will join you in protecting Maverica from harm, and fully support the proper independence of Maverica.

We wonder whether you have noticed that your friend Maverica has decided to break the cease-fire agreement we previously brokered. No doubt you have no wish to support this sort of behaviour! We urge you to advise your friends to resume the cease-fire agreement.

You are welcome to patrol Maverican waters, unless Maverica chooses to continue war against Mizrad, in which case we must respectfully require that you withdraw to International waters.

And then, for all at the watch office, as they waited for a reply from Maverica: it was back to events in Loufe. While you might try to wave off an Ausitorian helicopter, an Ausitorian helicopter is a curious inquisitive beast. It was not for nothing that they were often given a bluejay code signal.

The helicopter watched, from a high altitude, as the Mavericans made it to their plane, and the watch office noted with approval that there were no casualties lying on the runway to worry about rescuing. The plane would be tracked, of course, by the helicopter's radar, until the air patrol had it on theirs...

HMS OUTRAGEOUS

250 km from the Mizrad-Maverican incident.

"T minus 12 minutes," said the controller to Wing Commodore Andy Fitzmarks, and everybody else on the wavelength. It was the time until Maverica could surrender. It was hard for them all to believe it, but as aircraft scrambled into the air behind him as fast as they could, this was a full-blown carrier strike operation underway. So much for the cease-fire the diplomats had so carefully brokered.

In the corner of Andy's eye he studied the live feed from the drone which had observed the Maverican fleet suddenly open fire upon the Mizradians. What were the Mavericans playing at, he wondered, as his plane flew itself? There had been intelligence reports he had read of, suggesting a reformation of the old socialist coalition - which hinted at all sorts of shifting alliances: Nathan had dearly let the cat out of the bag. Evidently the Admiral thought so too - which explained why he was keeping three squadrons back from the strike; leaving only seventy fighters for this particular operation. It explained why he was steaming away from the scene as fast as possible to get out of range of potential land-based anti-carrier missiles - or ship-based missiles for that matter. It explained why the watch office traffic had already directed another carrier fleet to reinforce them. That force would arrive in about sixteen hours - by which time who knew what else would have happened? They might all be dead. He might be dead. It was such a pity that peace always seemed to need a navy.

"T minus 11 minutes," said the controller, as he continued to vector fighters and drones up from the eleven carriers in a whirl. Even the helicopter carriers had their drones to contribute.

Andy jumped as the jammers of the air force came on: they were entering radar range. The Mavericans would know something was up... he looked to the right, as the giant Commmand/EW aircraft adopted a holding pattern, and grinned. Everybody else within five hundred kilometers would be hearing white noise on their radio sets... and seeing millions of specks on their radar-screens the size of an Ausitorian fighter... there was nothing quite like a well-moneyed air force. His smile grew wider. Hopefully the Maverican Admiral of the Fleet was terrified enough to surrender. Then they might be able to get back to the status-quo again. Why did some people hate the status quo so much?

Last edited by Libraria and Ausitoria on Sat Mar 29, 2014 9:53 am, edited 1 time in total.

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

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





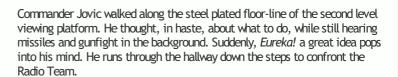
Loufe Diplomat

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

The Favor

□by **Loufe** » Fri Mar 28, 2014 3:34 am

The Naval Crisis, Somewhere in the Mizradian Ocean



"I need a secure conversation with the Miz-Ships now!" he says to them, "Pronto!" The Radio Team give him the seat,

"It's all yours, they just called a minute ago." they say, they recall what the Mizradians told them. Jovic takes the seat, shuffles himself into a comfortable position, and begins talking.

"Mizrad." he says, "As much as I would love it if I could get a break from war, and take a break in a foreign nation, I can't abandon my mission. Let us go, peacefully, as we intend to do no harm to you, and we only wish to secure a passage of food and supplies to Maverica. If you start shooting at my ships, you will be met with hostilities from all members of the Socialist Coalition, Firmador, CTFP, Maverica, and Bavaria-Saxony. We were sent here in the mind set to help our comrades, the Mavericans, with not only their fight for independence but their need for help economically and socially. The Luvejan Government wanted only to help the Mavericans by donating a fair sum of money, food, and tools for them to use, but nothing that would help them in the war against the Mizradian Government. By stopping us, and by hurting us, you would be violating the international law. Please leave us, and let us do our duty." Jovic leaves the radio room. He walks down the hallway, silently, down the steps and looks out across the ocean. He sees a glimpse of something, but cannot make out what, and he ponders. Quietly.



Millister

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

Love's Labor Lost

□by **Ghant** » Wed May 07, 2014 6:37 pm

QUOTE

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QUOTE



Part II, Act I, Ch. I "Love's Labor Lost" Town Hall Krasnoejeroi, Loufe

Prince Martin of Dakmoor stood there by the punch stand, bored, yet still on edge. He knew something was going to happen. He could smell it. *In the air*.

He watched them all pour in, one after the other. He didn't recognize any of them, men or women. *Just a bunch of people I don't know.* He thought.

Then he saw Simeon Brignac. He knew his face- some politician from Ghant. He was half tempted to approach him, or to say something to him. Then he decided against it. What good would talking to him be, if I would die for it? Besides, he never cared much for Ghantish politicians anway.

He turned away and faced the punch stand once again, to avoid being noticed by any of the Ghantish group. He did try to tune in his ears to listen to what they were saying. All those years spent in a dark cell made his hearing stronger. When life gives you lemons, might as well squeeze some juice.

"The...Emperor...idiot." Was all he heard. Typical.

His Rhodesean handlers were growing stiff and tense as well. Perhaps that was part of the act, although Martin could not tell. The Rhodeseans were sure to be the pariah's of this summit, and so he had to play the part of some reclusive Rhodesean diplomat, meant to give off the appearance of not wanting to be there, and wanting to get out as soon as possible. At least part of that is true.

He availed himself to the punch and food, to the extent to where people were avoiding talking to him, either on the account of him behaving greedily at the punch table, or because his face was consistently full with something. He didn't mind though, as everything tasted magnificently. Better then the mush they served me in that dungeon, or the occasional rat.

Just then, he needed to take a piss. He walked over and nudged one of his Rhodesean handlers, and off they went to the bathroom. He cut through the clusters of people almost impatiently, and arrived in a bathroom that had many people in it. One Rhodesean followed him inside. I can't even be alone while pissing.

As he stood at the urinal relieving himself, another man took up the urinal next to his. He looked over at him, and said something in Rhodesean. Martin did not speak good Rhodesean at all, and didn't understand what the man was saying. So all he could hope to do was give the man an evil gaze. That seemed to have done the trick.

When he emerged from the bathroom, it was getting more crowded in the Hall. *More people, more problems*.

More people were coming in, and soon the commotion was such that he could not hear anything over the chatter. Despite his better judgment, he looked at the front entrance, turning his head around to take a look.

That was when he saw her. No, it cannot be. Could it have been Selena of Heilanor? There is no way.

But the way she looked, the way she walked, her smile...Perhaps it is her, after all. I must find out.

How to go about that was the real question, however. I must know, but how?

That was when Martin did something incredibly stupid. He darted off into the crowds of people. *Gods help me. The things I do for love*.

He bobbed and weaved through the crowd, without looking back. There were enough people now to where he could get lost amongst them, for a time. He needed to find a place to hide. Quickly.

And eventually he did, in a dark comer behind some statues, where nobody would care to look for him. His heart was pounding as he squeezed his way behind them. And now I must wait for Selena to draw near.

And so he waited. He never saw the Rhodeseans. Martin could not tell if that was a good thing or a bad thing.

Then he saw the lady again. She was dressed in some kind of uniform, surrounded by guards. Her hair was dark. Selena's hair is supposed to be red.

He had to find out. He emerged from his hiding spot, and approached the lady. "Hello, $\,$ my lady."

The woman was caught off guard. She spoke Zathalonian. "You must be the Rhodesean diplomat. What do you want?"

I can speak Zathalonian too. "Is there an area where we can speak privately, just you and me? Perhaps over there." He gestured to the isolated area behind him.

"And why would I do that? Why should I trust you?"

"It is urgent. I swear that no harm shall come to you. Give me but five minutes. Please."

She gestured to her guards. "Stay here. I will speak with the Rhodesean privately."

He lead the way, and she followed. Before long, they were in private.

She was the first to speak. "Now, what is so important that you need to talk to the Empress of Heilanor alone?"

The Empress of Heilanor? That can't be right. "I thought Armand was the Emperor of Heilanor."

She seemed unamused. "He was, for a brief time, after our mother died. Then I succeeded him, as his oldest sibling. You would know that if you were a Rhodesean diplomat. Who are you, really?"

Gods be good, it is her after all. Martin grew weak, and trembled slightly. He did not know what he should say. "Selena, it is...Martin."

Selena's faced turned white as a ghost, and she trembled. "That...is impossible. Martin is dead. I saw him die, years ago. Is this some sick joke?"

"No, Selena. I didn't die. The Rhodeseans captured me..."

She grew enraged. "You Rhodeseans are all sick and twisted, aren't you? Playing head games with the Empress of Heilanor!" She turned to walk away.

Martin reached out and grabbed her arm. "No."

She got angry, and slapped him. "Let go of me, before I summon my guards."

I only have one chance. He remembered something he said to her, what seemed like a lifetime ago, deep in the heart of the jungle one night. "I'll take

you to Nightstar, and show you the world from the tallest spire. And I will bring you an Amaryllis flower, because it reminds me of you, elegant with red hair". Then he smiled as he stared into her red eyes.

Selena's demeanor changed almost immediately. She nearly fainted, and fell into him, and began to weep. "No, no, no, you are dead. You are dead. I saw you die, Martin. I watched you die!" She pounded her fists on his chest.

The sight of her sobbing into his chest made him feel great sorrow. "After that bunker collapsed, I woke up in a torture room. They did things to me, until they discovered who I really was. Then the imprisoned me, fearing that Ghant would retaliate against Rhodesea for their treatment of me."

She wasn't listening. "I loved you, and you never came back to me."

"I saved your life. I was willing to die, so that you might live."

"I hoped that you were alive. I prayed every night. I could not wait forever. So live I did. I married another."

That felt like a dagger twisting in his ribs. "Who is he?"

"Her cries became mixed with a laugh. "It is a she. Princess Alisa of Kravia."

Martin laughed. "I knew you could never love another man after me. I was right."

"I can't believe you. I am the Empress of Heilanor!"

"You will always be my Amaryllis flower. Everyday I sat in that dungeon cell, I thought of you. The hope that I would one day hold you in my arms again is what kept me alive. I will always love you, Empress or not."

Selena was clearly emotional and distraught. "I...cannot be away for too long. I am sorry, Martin."

"Wait, before you go." He pulled her into him, and held her chin up. She seemed in a daze still. Then he kissed her. Deeply and passionately, without really even thinking about it. The taste of her was the greatest thing in the world, in that moment.

She kissed him back, for a few seconds. Those few seconds felt like a lifetime. Then she pushed him away. Without saying a word, she just ran away from him, sobbing.

There were so many questions he wanted to ask her, so many things he wanted to know. But that opportunity passed him by. He just stood there, and stared off into the distance, letting the encounter soak in.

There was little time before the Luvejan Minister came up and started giving a speech about the dangers of war, and the importance of peace.

Oh boy, here we go with the sermon. He stood there and listened to the Minister prattle about war and peace.

Then he felt something cold and hard press into his back. He froze in place and tensed up. He knew who and what that was.

They found me. Now I am fucked. Indeed, one of the Rhodeseans pressed the gun hard into his back, and leaned close to his ear. In heavy Rhodesean, the man spoke. "You fucked up, boy. Told you not to go running off, told you what the consequences would be. Let's go."

He was pushed, and the Rhodeseans followed behind him. Nobody saw the small gun concealed by the Rhodesean's jacket. They made their way slowly to the entrance of the Town Hall, along the length of the wall on the outside of the crowd.

The Minister was still going on and on by the time they reached the front entrance. Martin spotted some Loufians. The Rhodeseans did too.

The same Rhodesean spoke. "Any last words, you little shit?"

"Fuck you, assholes."

The Rhodesean laughed. "No, Prince Martin of Dakmoor, fuck you."

Then there was an explosion.

Empress Selena of Heilanor pushed her way through the crowds, quivering and in tears. She was scared and confused. *I am going crazy. I am losing my mind.* She convinced herself that Martin was dead. *There was no way he could have survived that. How can he still be alive?*

But it was him. No other man in all the world would have been able to repeat word for word what he said to her. The first time he said that, they were alone, together in the jungle, with only the moon and each other's embrace.

She remembered how she felt that night. She was happy then. She was without the trappings of a crown, free to do as she pleased. She missed those days. And she missed Martin.

But she also loved Alisa, and missed her as well. She was safe in Kravia, she knew, but yearned for her all the same. And she felt wrong, because at the same time, she yearned for Martin, for a brief moment.

She was angry at first when he kissed her. Then when she tasted his lips, she remembered how much she wanted him. A part of her wanted to be with him, to be consumed by passion and heat of the moment. But she could not succumb to such base desires. She was an Empress, and certain conduct was expected of her.

Hence the dissonance, which lead her to escape to the balcony of the Town Hall. It was overlooking a cliff, down into the woods below. It was a beautiful sight, and made her feel somewhat at ease. A breeze came in, and it went through her hair. She welcomed it. *A most necessary distraction*.

Then came another distraction. Martina Tangerine, Prime Minister of Heilanor, pushed her way though the door and out to the balcony, where it was only the two of them.

Martina spoke first. "Good evening, your majesty."

"Same to you, Mrs. Prime Minister."

"You are missing the speech."

"I know. I need some time to think, and gather my thoughts."

"Certainly. Is everything alright?"

"Yes. Everything is...fine."

"I saw you with the Rhodesean. May I ask...what you were...talking about?"

Why does that matter? She could not be rude to the Prime Minister though. "He was asking me what the Heilanorian people think about the situation in Rhodesea."

"...Why didn't he ask me?"

"Because he saw me. He didn't see you."

"How convenient."

Selena thought that the Prime Minister was behaving strangely. It was unsettling. It seemed as though she was *waiting for something/* But what?

"Mrs. Prime Minister, I am sorry. There is...so much going on right now, it is hard to think straight."

"Oh, I know. Trust me, I know."

The speech was underway. The Luvejan Minister was going on his speal about war and peace.

Selena tried to listen, but her mind was elsewhere. She was thinking about Martin, despite her better judgment. Why was he here? Why is he pretending to be a Rhodesean? What is going on?

She felt as though something was wrong. Something was not as appeared. *I must help him!*

She was about to turn around and find him again, to find out what was going on. And then there was an explosion, the noise was deafening. The balcony shook.

She turned around wide eyed, only to find Prime Minister Tangerine standing right behind her. Nobody else was around.

Tangerine had a blank expression her face, that gave Selena pause. "What was that? What is happening."

Tangerine grabbed her by the collar of her uniform. She leaned in close. "What has happened, is that you are dead. Long live Empress Lara."

Before Selena had the chance to scream, or cry out for harm, Tangerine gave her a shove. Selena went over the railing, and down she fell. As she fell, she could only think of Martin. *I am sorry, my love*. Then she came crashing to the ground below, and everything faded to black...

Martin was sure he was dead. All there was a blur, a white light. And memories. Memories of his life.

He was back in Dakmoor, at Dakauregia Palace in Dakar, overlooking the Sea from the cliffs above. He was a little boy, running around the Palace, causing trouble. He would run away from his mother and hide, making her look for her in her frantic state. She would shout after him, trying to make him come out, but to no avail.

He saw his sister Sophia bottle feeding their little brother Michael. He would often tease her and make fun of her, and she would get flustered. Sometimes he helped mother with the baby too, although he hated changing dirty diapers.

He was running through the Palace, and he turned a corner, running into his father. Malibar of Dakmoor was not a man to play games with. He grabbed Martin by the back of his shirt. "What are you doing, son?"

"Running away from mother. I did something bad, and she will punish me."

His father was stoic. "I doubt she was going to punish you. But she will punish you for running away."

Martin was sad. "But why? I just wanted to avoid punishment."

"That is the point, son. The true measure of a man is not in running away, or trying to escape punishment. A real man accepts the consequences of his actions, and deals with them. Real men don't run away."

His mother came walking around the corner. Her face was a blur, but he remembered that she was tall, elegant, with long flowing dark hair and blue eyes. She was always a bit somber, though.

"Malibar, thank you. Give him over to me."

"Elizabeth, what did he do this time?"

"He broke one of my china figurines whilst playing with a ball."

Malibar was calm, and patient. "Is this true, son?"

"Yes father. I am sorry."

"You should apologize to your mother, then."

"I am sorry, mom. I didn't mean to, it wasn't my intention."

Malibar looked his son in the eyes. "Sometimes, son, things happen that we don't intend. Things break when we don't mean for them to break. Once something is broken, it cannot be brought back the way it was. But, we can try to put it back together, and fix it."

Martin looked at his mother. "Can I help you fix it mom? Can I help you put it back together?"

She leaned over and picked him up, and kissed him on the cheek. "That is your punishment, Martin. You will help me fix it...

...You will help fix that which has been broken."

...The white light came again, and all was gone from sight. And then he saw another memory...

He was a few years older now. He was with Sophia, Michael, Prince Nathan, and some local boys, playing on one of the lower cliffs of Dakar, overlooking the sea. Nathan and Sophia were often playing games and holding hands, and laughing together. Martin and Michael thought that was funny, and would tease them

"Nathan and Sophia sitting in a tree...k.i.s.s.i.n.g."

Sophia would get mad and yell. "Stop it, that is not funny."

One of the older boys from the city who was older and bigger, stepped out of the mob of children and grabbed the Prince by the back of his neck. Nathan was a small, skinny, puny boy, and flailed under the larger boy's grasp.

"So, the Crown Prince of Ghant thinks he can make off with my Sophia, huh?"

Sophia yelled after the boy. "Put him down, Bonan! Put him down this instant, or I will tell my father!"

Bonan laughed. "You like this little runt Prince? If you like him so much, go get him then." And with that, Bonan pushed Nathan towards the edge of the cliff, and then threw him over the edge, down into the Sea of Ghant below.

Princess Sophia turned white as a ghost, and just stood there, silent. The other children did the same. Except for Martin. He jumped off the cliff.

He hit the water, and sunk down into the depths below. He could fee the water all around him, and in his throat. It was so lifelike. He came up to the surface., and looked around. He found the Crown Prince, struggling to swim, flailing against the current.

Martin swam over to him and grabbed him, and then he swam with him over to a rock sticking out of the water. It was getting dark out, and the currents were strong, so Martin held him there for a time.

After awhile, a boat came around the side. His father was there, and he got the boys onto the boat. He was angry. "What happened?"

Nathan was too delirious and battered to respond Martin answered instead. "He fell off the cliff, father."

"He fell off the cliff? Are you sure somebody didn't push him off?"

"Yes."

Malibar looked disappointed. "Martin, I know a boy pushed Nathan off the cliff. I heard it said by the other children. Why would you lie to me?"

"Because I knew the boy would be punished. He is a stupid, ignorant boy. He should be forgiven."

"And release him of his responsibility? The boy did something wrong, and he

should suffer the consequences for his actions. I know that what you tried to do for him was noble, but it is not your place to oppose the truth. The truth is absolute. Let the truth be known, and let things fall as they may."

"And what, father, is the truth, then?"

"Truth is absolute. In the end, son, the truth shall always be revealed. And the truth shall set you free. Learn to stand on the side of truth, and all things shall come to a good end."

"And what about Nathan, father? I jumped in after him, to save him. Is it not more important that he was saved, as opposed to punishing the boy that pushed him in?"

"Good things and bad things each deserve their own reward, son. And besides, if you didn't save Nathan, who else would have..."

...Everything went white, and then there was another vision...

It was of Elizabeth again. She was older now, and so was Martin. He embraced his mother in the Great Hall of Dakauregia Palace.

"Martin, think about what you are doing. Going off to war, to fight in some god forsaken jungle? Don't. I don't want you to die."

"Mother, it is the right thing to do..."

"No, its not. Why go fight in someone else's war? You are needed here. I need you, Sophia needs you, your father needs you. Even Michael needs you. God forbid something should happen to you, do you think Michael can take your place?"

"Mother, you used to tell me about fixing things that are broken. It is within my power to do something to improve the world we live in. I have a responsibility to do something!"

His mother was sad. "No, Martin. You cannot fix the world. You cannot do everything, solve every problem. You should learn to be a regular person. Learn to laugh, love, play and have fun. Your crusade against the world, it will get you killed."

"The world is more important..."

Elizabeth began to cry. "More important then your family, your friends? Then your mother?"

"...Mom."

"Don't mom me. If you want to go be the hero that saves the world, go. Just go..."

His mother turned around to walk away, and as she did she turned into a silhouette. Martin shouted after her, but to no avail. The world once again turned white, and began to fade away.

He heard a voice...

"Martin, the world is not done with you yet..." It was his mother's voice.

"Mother, I am sorry. I should have listened. Its too late."

"...Its not too late, Martin. Its never too late..."

The white faded away, and suddenly, the world came into view. Martin was lying on some shore along a river. It was dark out. His clothes were wet, and he was bleeding. He started coughing up water from his lungs.

He looked over, and some a man he did not recognize lying on the shore. Martin looked down, and saw a sack lying on the ground, roughly the size of his head. But that didn't matter now. Martin was alive. And Martin was free.

Ghant

Factbook | RP Resume | IIwiki Admin

Commended by Security Council Resolution #450
Recipient of the Greater Dienstad Roleplay Reward

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

Ozymandias





Posts: 3789 Founded: Jan 02, 2013 Ex-Nation "The Key"

by **Mizrad** » Sat May 24, 2014 6:58 pm

QUOTE

OOC: Sorry for the crappy writing and shortness, I just needed to make sure this thread would stay alive after being revived.

Northern Loufe Wilderness 13:30 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7 Captain John Turner OPERATION INFERNO RISING

"I'm not leaving without you!"

"You don't have a choice! Run and don't look back!"

"NO! I'm NOT leaving you here!"

"DO IT OR I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF! RUN AND SURVIVE YOU MOTHERFUCKER!"

Horrible, horrible memories were rushing back and forth in the mind of Captain John Turner. Like the Ghish prince, he too had blacked out upon washing up on shore. What he was remembering now was the last time he had been tasked with rescuing somebody, and the last time he had lost somebody very close to him. Drifting in and out of deep thought he was now remembering the events right before his friend was killed.

Prior to the yelling, the helicopter John, his friend and their unit had been on was shot down and slammed into the forest canopy outside of an Achroniuman military prison. Out of the group of six, John and Captain Victor Torino were the only survivors. Despite both of their bodies suffering heavy and serious wounds, John could still run where as Victor's right leg was shattered and he had broken almost all of his ribs. Turner on the other hand had broken his left arm, hand and cracked some of his ribs. Yet the two were still kicking and kicking hard. Bailing out of the burning wreck seconds before the gasoline leak had ignited they moved over to the cover of a massive fallen tree propped up on a boulder. Slapping ammo into their weapons, the two began fighting for their lives. Watching as their enemies dropped like flies Torino began trying to use his radio to call for help as the hostile troops began to surround them. Managing to make a call, a Mizradian helicopter with the other squad was en route. The bad news was that it would take a few minutes to reach them and the pair had only a fraction of that time. Despite his best efforts to suppress the oncoming troops, Turner takes a bullet to the right side of his face slicing the side of his head open and knocking him back as another round clipped his helmet. Torino then jumped up with his machine gun and started to make up for the loss in fire. The long bursts of fire combined with deadly pin point accuracy and an endless rage caused the enemy platoon to rush for cover. Yet this didn't stop the troops coming from their flanks.

"Torino get dow-"

John was cut off by the blast of a grenade landing behind them. He was too late to save Torino from taking the brunt of the explosion and could only watch as Torino began coughing blood. Rushing over with his near-crippled body Turner hands a pistol to his friend and tightly grasps down on his vest dragging him to another position. Raising his submachine gun, Turner dumps ammo into the men seeming to crawl out from everywhere in the forest. Diving down into a small creek full of rushing water due to the storm overhead, rounds in the helicopter began to cook off and fire in every direction giving the two cover to their rear and leaving them to focus on the hostiles coming from their east side. Making an attempt to patch up the open wound in Torino's torso John alternates between acting as a makeshift doctor and a soldier trying to hold the perimeter. Taking a round to the back, John's vest fortunately slowed

the bullet but it still knocked him down. Looking over to Victor's near lifeless body, the captain raises what's left of his right hand in a pointing motion. A Mizradian helicopter was now circling overhead as a squadron of jets whipped by. Razing the ground with accurate 12.7mm fire from a minigun, the chopper begins to level out and provide cover for the two as the move down the creek. Coming up to a rock good for cover they set up again with their air support in close proximity. It was now that Torino began to yell for John to run as he turned over on to his stomach, lying down and firing at the oncoming enemy. With Victor's dog tags and a note to his daughter John props himself against the rock. Leaving his rifle for Torino to use, he pulls back the slide on his pistol and begins to get up. Both men were now near unrecognizable, caked with blood, ash and dirt they had held a staggering number of men off their backs for longer than they could have ever imagined. Looking over to Victor for the last time, John yells the last words Victor will ever hear.

"It was an honor sir!"

Victor then spoke for the last time.

"Likewise, now get moving or we'll both die here!"

Propelling himself of the rock and down through the forest John maintains an all out sprint under enemy fire as the helicopter over head began trailing behind him to the shore line. Coming out on to the open beach John spots the MH-46 with it's rear ramp down and begans hauling himself towards it. The rear gunner in the helicopter was furiously spraying the enemy troops coming out on to the beach with his machine gun as Turner dived up into the chopper right as it began to pull off. Feeling the metal fuselage on his skin John begins to cry as a crew chief pulls him into his arms.

"Gunery Sergeant John Turner, is this your name!?"

John looked up with wide eyes, deaf to the words before the man repeated them

"Yes! Yes!"

Behind them the gunner was propping himself against the wall as the island behind them began to light up with anti-aircraft fire. Mizradian forces were now invading it full force and the prison burned off in the distance. The rainy night sky was a bright yellow orange near the land and the water reflected the vision. The crew chief then began to yell again.

"Are you OK captain!?"

John shook his head, his eyes still wide open as he cried.

"Yes! Yes! I'm alive! I'M ALIVE!"

Suddenly he was ripped from the memory as he shot up on the Loufian river's shoreline screaming those same words.

"I'M ALIVE! I'M ALIVE!"

Looking around with the same expression he had used all those years ago, John begins to crawl up away from the water. Lying down against the cold ground once more, he grips tightly on to the loose sand and clenches it in his fists, feeling it through his ripped up gloves he begins to smile. Now he was quietly saying the same phrase.

"I'm alive, I'm alive."

Before suddenly stopping and remembering he had dragged somebody else out of the river too. Turning to his left, the man was looking right at him with a look John could only describe as confused and scared. Pulling himself on to his knees and then attempting to stand, Turner staggers before finally regaining his balance. Walking towards the man John began to talk.

"They tried to stop us. They shot at us, they stabbed at us and they threw themselves infront of us before launching a missile at us and tearing our plane out of the sky."

John trips in the sand but catches himself before falling. Blood dripped from a large slice in his gas mask across his right cheek, the wound he had suffered at the prison had been reopened much like the rage he felt so long ago. Yet his face still wasn't revealed, not like that mattered for few people knew his true identity aside from royals, officers, officials, those he had fought with and very close friends. Little did he know the man he was now approaching was a royal and had in fact fought in a war John had gotten himself into as well. John starts speaking again.

"So if you're so goddamn important then I'm going to need to know what's going on."

In a matter of a second, John would answer his own question. Before he deployed to Rhodesia, every special forces operator was handed a panflit on high value targets and allies. A face on that panflit matched the face of the man laying in front of him yet he still couldn't remember his name. All John did know was that this man may just be a key part of stopping the world from plummetting into a nuclear wasteland.

"But fortunately we've got time and maybe just the key we need to this world's fucked up lock, you know why?"

Now John began to remove his ripped gas mask and smashed up helmet. Undipping the buttons and locks the head gear falls from his head revealing his face. A wide grin, covered in blood and dirt matched with dark blue eyes and the source of the blood, the scar on his right cheek showed clearly through the glistening sun and water.

"Because they forgot about us"

"No good decision was ever made in a swivel chair" -George Patton

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QUOTE



Mizrad Senator

Posts: 3789 Founded: Jan 02, 2013

Ex-Nation

"Revelations"

__by Mizrad » Sun Jun 08, 2014 5:15 pm

Martin listened to the man speak, as he walked over to him.

"They tried to stop us. They shot at us, they stabbed at us and they threw themselves infront of us before launching a missile at us and tearing our plane out of the sky."..."So if you're so goddamn important then I'm going to need to know what's going on."..."But fortunately we've got time and maybe just the key we need to this world's fucked up lock, you know why?"..."Because they forgot about us"

 \dots Martin knew the language. It was English. He knew it enough to understand it, and speak it simply...

"Who are you?"

John held on to his grin, despite it kind of depressed him that nobody knew him that well got to him sometimes but the "Silent Warrior" mentality was something that stuck with every Mizradian soldier. Looking the man in the eyes and extending a hand to help him get up John begins explaining who he is

"Well, it's not like you're going to be a threat to national security out here and I'm positive you're on my side at this point. You ever heard of a nation called Mizrad?"

"Yes, I am familiar. Mizrad is very far away."

John would move forward to help the man to his feet, hoping that his legs weren; t broken from the crash. Acknowledging the answer he continues on.

"Far away, but yet so close. That plane crash by the Emperor's Fleet? I was one of the survivors. Simple rescue operation? Very far from the truth. The guys that fought off Lowlandian forces from the fleet? I was one of them. The man who rescued you? You're looking at him. For the past week and God knows how much longer I've been tracking down Nathan, Sophia and so on trying to stop a world war from breaking out. Unfortunately I don't think that's going to happen now. I'm what the rest of the world only refers to in whispers as the "Unknown

ones". Anything else you need to know?"

"Wait...what the hell are you talking about?"

John laughs,

"You could be a little more specific. What have you been living under a rock?"

"The Emperor, and Sophia? What about them?"

"Do they not have any form of news in whatever godforsaken place you crawled out of to reach Loufe?"

Martin sighed.

"My name is Prince Martin of Dakmoor. My father is the Lord Paramount of Dakmoor, and Lord Paramount of Ghant. I fought in the Third Rhodo-Eprarian War on the side of Epraria. I was detained by the Rhodeseans after getting captured, presumed dead by the rest of the world. I was locked away in a dark, dank dungeon for years, and Kruger set me free and promised me freedom if I play some stupid game of pretend. So I did that, but it clearly was a ploy of some kind. The Emperor is my childhood friend, and Sophia is my sister. So please, can you tell me what the fuck is going on?"

John's look fled his face, and shock crawled over him. A slight stutter would begin his sentence.

"Holy shit, you really are what I needed. You've missed quite a bit son, the world is on fire."

"Tell me what happened."

"A few years ago, in the third war you claim to have fought in Mizrad intervened with it's own intentions in an attempt to help Leanore. Mizradian forces swept through the land and reached Epraria, making an agreement that we could use it as a "Highway" per se as long as we compensated them. That highway led straight to Loufian territory and with 250,000 Mizradian Marines breathing down their necks, they got scared and backed off. Mizrad then made a puppet state out of a half of Rhodesia and the other half was given back to the rightful owners of the land. Then Kruger took over by force and made things interesting. While you were away, Mizradian and Rhodesian tensions have gotten pretty bad and Nathan has created a massive fleet with intentions to destroy Gillenor and everything they stand for. Your sister was thought to be the only thing capable of stopping him if my team couldn't in person."

"So we won? And you took their land? Bad idea."

"A country ruled by sectarian terrorists isn't a good idea either. Why do you think what we did was worse?"

"Nothing is worse then a Rhodesean with a chip on his shoulder."

"Solid point."

"Wait so Nathan did what? The Nathan I know would never do something stupid like that."

"Then the man you claim to know very well got fucked up somewhere along the path. Not too long ago he married some dumb bitch named Laoni, and man she is dedicated to watching everything bow down for her. I fear she is getting to him, ever heard of her?"

"Laoni, as in...Tsuni's sister?"

"Oh look we got a fucking winner, 100 points to the man in the ragged clothes. How do you know her?"

"I fought with Tsuni in the Rhodo-Eprarian War. We were...very close."

"Yeah well remember to tell her that her sister she see a doctor, because it seems like she's been on her period for months now and it doesn't sound very healthy." Joked John, being sarcastic as he always was regardless of the

situation. "So I've got to ask you something then."

"Anything."

"I assume you know more than I do about Sophia and Nathan, and I can provide up to date info on the current status of the world. So working together won't be a problem but I need to know something. How in the hell are we going to stop Laoni?"

"Get me to Nathan, and I can bring an end to this shit. My sister loves him, she always has. And he loves her too. This is all my fault. I drove a wedge between them. And I ran away from everything, instead of facing it. I can't run away anymore."

John looks off into the smoke ascending into the sky miles and miles away. The howls of wolves in the distance however divert his attention.

"Well Martin, looks like we've got quite a few things in common."

"You love my sister too?" He laughed.

John grins, using the usual expression he flashed in the rare times he was happy about something.

"Not quite, just that I've been running from some shit a little too long as well. If I can get you out of this mess, are you sure you'll be able to take Nathan with just the two of us?"

"Taking might be a bit hard. He is stubborn, and easily manipulated by women. This Laoni sounds dangerous. She would kill me if she knew who I was."

"Kill who? Right now everybody has confirmed that you have been dead for half a decade and nobody aside from the men in that plane wreck, a couple of drug addicts in downtown New Boston too stoned to remember my name and the head general of the Mizradian military know I ever even existed. Most of them will deny I was even here to begin with let alone in that crash, hell I technically don't even exist. Nobody will see us coming, and when they do it will be too late."

John looks away from the tree line to stare Martin straight in the face with a very serious look.

"Mr. Dakmoor I don't think you get it, to the rest of the world we're ghosts. Yet most of all we're unstoppable."

"All I am saying is that we need to separate Nathan from Laoni. That is going to be very hard to do, and I would rather do that in a way that doesn't get either of us killed. What does my sister have planned? My father?"

"Your father seems to have fallen off the face of the Earth last time I checked. All I know is that Sophia has pretty much taken control and is having trouble with some bastard in your home country whose name I can't seem to remember. However she is completely opposed to Nathan going to war and when I met with Nathan I could tell he would be easily shaken from the idea of controling Gillenor. What I'm more worried about though is Laoni."

"My father is the most powerful man in Ghant. He is doing something, trust me...my sister is having trouble, with who?"

"That's the problem, I don't know. I've been kept in the dark about most of this stuff but if we can get out of this forest it'll be more than easy for me to figure out everything. But what I do know is that Laoni is probably already being hunted by many countries and Mizrad will soon join in. If we can get to her first though we'll have the advantage. Don't worry, I've gotten with an arms length of her before and I can do it again. I also saved the Emperor's like and he'll be the first to welcome me back to society. All you have to do is distract him will I figure out where his bitch is hiding and I'll finish the job. As I said before, nobody knows who I am and upon the touch of a button I can have the media cover it up as an assasination by a rogue follower."

"You don't think somebody has already tried an assassination? Nathan would

never forgive me for that. I cannot take part in killing his wife."

"Somebody has, it's just that they failed and more will fail unless we step in. We don't even have to kill her, we just have to distance them and if it comes down to it I'll take the responsibility and end her. Another thing you'll have to trust me on though is the fact she is crazy, and using Nathan. I'm sorry but he's just too blind to see what's going on and we need to be his mended eyes.

"Where is he now?"

"Probably somewhere around Oceanus, I met him when he began his journey though but I doubt much has changed in his mind aside from growing doubt."

"That is a long ways away. You are wounded, and I am tired. We best worry about staying alive. Besides, if the Loufians wanted me dead, they might be looking for us."

"I guess you're right, but I've grown up in conditions far worse than what we're in now and been fine tuned for exactly this situation and wounds will heal. What I'm getting worried about is if you know what to do here or not. Have any prior experience with this type of shit?"

"Yes. I rode as a lawbringer in the north of Ghant. That involved some pretty fucked up shit."

"Then we'll share some stories around a camp fire. For now we just have to make one though. What do you have on you now?"

John asked as he took inventory of his remaining items. Everything was however soaked. His rifle was lost, but his sidearm was still perfectly intact. A pair of lightly tom up black BDUs, a Dragonskin vest with a large and visible rip along with a smashed helmet and useless gas mask. What John did have though, was plenty of operational tools and even water purification tablets along with his porcental first aid kit. It would be useless for

purification tablets along with his personal first aid kit. It would be useless for major injuries and not very helpful to share between two people but at least getting some medical supplies would be sure to help.

"Right now all I have is rags."

Turner sighs and looks up to the sun.

"Well fuck, on two accounts. Experience is a weapon but you not having anything isn't a big help. On another note we're running out of day light. Assuming this place has the same sort of weather the rest of Hemithea, it's going to get dark in a few hours."

"I have my hands, that should be enough. We need to get as far away from that Godforsaken Townhall as possible."

John nods and points to the treeline.

"See that big ass rock through the woods over there? That's where we're going to set up camp."

"Good. A big ass rock sounds like paradise, compared to what I am used to."

Walking with a noticeable limp towards his destination John pulls the slide back on his Colt M45A1 and pushes on towards the boulder. Looking around on the rocky shore line, Turner spots multiple large pieces of washed up drift wood.

"Fantastic, we'll call it home for a while until I get an idea on what to do next. Want to do me a favor and grab those pieces of wood?"

"Certainly."

Pushing on towards the rock John pays little attention to where Martin goes as he yells back to him.

"I'll start clearing out whatever is on the ground and set the place up, those logs will be sure to help though."

Martin gathers the logs. "What has happened in my home country? What about my mother?"

Turner manages to walk and reach the boulder, which he was now realizing had been fairly concealed by the tree line despite actually laying only feet behind it. Sitting down and using his hands to push leaves, snow and other debris out of the way he calls back to his new found friend.

"Honestly I haven't heard much about your mother but I do know what's going on in Ghant. As I said, some bastard is giving Sophia trouble in taking control and demanding he gets control after starting plenty of riots. The New Lowlands however respond by dropping a huge military task force right in their path. I have confidence Sophia won't have trouble keeping that son of a bitch at bay with the help of her new friends."

"I need to know who he is. If any harm comes to her I will hunt him through the Seven Hells."

Finishing with pushing the things out of the way, Turner motions for Martin to dump the sticks and logs next to him. Using his combat knife to prick four small holes into the cold ground. Pushing two sticks into the ground two inches across from each other and the doing the same a few feet down horizontally. Picking up a few logs he places them in between the sticks quickly creating a three foot tall wall.

"As a matter of fact give me a moment, I think I can remember this rat bastard's name. It was like, Albat. No nobody names their child that. Is there a man with power that goes by the name Albert in your country?"

"Yes. The Emperor's Unde. I was fostered at court while he was regent for Nathan. A cruel, ignorant man. But he loved my mother. I think he means well, in his own misguided way."

"Well if he's the man you say he is he's acting awfully funny. Anything else you need to know?"

"These Rhodeseans, I know what motivates them, I know what they want. They be can turned from foe to friend."

"And how can we use this? You said the Rhodesians captured you and my job is to kill their chain of command frop the top down, what help will they give?"

Asked John, clearly puzzled

"Killing them will make no difference. Kill one, and two more will emerge. Best thing to do is use them. Turn them against your enemies. The Rhodeseans are hungry for justice and revenge. Help them achieve it, and they will drink your piss and call it wine."

John shrugged upon hearing Martin's words. Repeating the same wall building process a few feet symetrically away from the one constructed previously he digs the holes and places the sticks.

"I hope that was a metaphor, but how do you suppose we do that?"

"Simple. Form an alliance with them, give them their land back, on the condition that you get to use it for whatever economic purposes you see fit, and that you can use it for whatever military purposes you see fit. Then Rhodesea will do your bidding, and that will be one less foe to fight. And if things keep going the way they seem, we could use all the friends we can get."

"I'm sure I could accomplish that, but there's only once place I know where we can go to sneak inside Mizrad-Rhodesea because it's locked down like a tight virgin with God fearing parents."

John stops constructing their shelter for a moment to look at Martin.

"Unfortunately that place is probably thousands of miles from here and crawling with insurgency. Once we get out of this place we'll have to reach Destinado Tierra."

"What's there? Just another godforsaken jungle."

Turner laughs upon hearing the prince speak.

"You're correct on one degree, that place is hell but there's something not a lot of people like you realize. When you live a life like mine you make a lot of powerful friends, some of which obtain said power through less legit ways and they all hide in Destinado. I know a man who can get us in and give us protection as long as you're cool with being the friend of a murdering thief and owner of a crime syndicate."

"And how would that help us? I would much rather go Zathalon and put an end to this business, or return to Ghant and try to rally support."

John continues on with his work this time.

"Because, you said the Rhodeseans will kiss our asses and in the five years you've been gone you have no idea how much things have changed. Trust me, we'll need their help. Heading to Zathalon right now, just like going to Ghant would fuck us over. The only reason we have any leverage right now is because it will be impossible to see us coming and if you head to Ghant preaching about how the war needs to stop just like a million other jobless fuckers we'll lose that leverage instantly."

"Fair enough."

"Now you're starting to get it. I think it's my turn to ask some questions though. What should I know before setting off on this mission with you?" Asks John as he finishes with the second wall and pushes the rest of the leaves and sticks into a pile leaving only dirt between the two wooden barriers.

"That this better work. Because shit is going to be getting really fucked up."

"I take it you're not a fan of watching the world burn either. Who else do you think will get in our way though?"

"Anybody that finds out I am alive and on the move. And that would be Kruger."

The special forces operator removes his bullet proof vest and sits down ripping out the weaved ropes and strings to use to create the roof of the shelter. Tying four large logs down to the tops of the walls he then places the remaining smaller sticks and logs on top for a roof. Using the rest of the leaves, he uses them as make shift insulation for the roof.

"Will he fuck off if Mizrad gives him the land back?"

"Yes, he would."

Taking a few moments to finish patching the roof John then speaks up once again.

"That's why we need to stay low and gain their trust. Once I reach the capital building in Mizrad-Rhodesea I can convince the governor to pull his head out of his ass and give Kruger what's his."

"And then we can turn Kruger against Laoni."

"Well look who has reached 200 points, I'm sure the Rhodesean military will be more than a match for what remains of Laoni's paramilitaries after they have to face Gillenorian forces."

"Tsuni told me that her sister Sepuki was working on some secret project. I wonder if that has anything to do with what is going on?"

John stops to think for a minute.

"Would that project happen to be of biological proportions?"

"Not sure. Perhaps."

"Then I think I may know what you're talking about, but that's not entirely the reason for this. All I know about that project is it's got some very, very bad

intentions and has been linked to a nuclear power plant explosion if I recall correctly. However I still feel that there is something far deeper than we can know that's driving Laoni, and she's backed by Sepuki too."

"We have to stop them before its too late."

Hearing the cries of wolves become ever closer John removes most of his tattered gear and reaches for his pistol. Having a bit of trouble propping himself up to a standing position he finally gets up and scans the perimeter with Martin behind him.

"Sorry to change the subject but if you could watch my back while you tell me why that's so important that would be good."

"It is clear that Laoni is power hungry, and manipulative. Do you want a WMD of unparalleled power falling into her hands?"

He explains, with his Colt raised and eyes on the area in front of him. John had been fairly injured, and Martin had undoubtedly suffered a wound or two himself and there was no denying the wolves would smell it and home in like a missile. Listening to Martin John keeps his eyes forward while replying.

"I can't say I do, but how can we stop that WMD from getting into her hands?"

"By bringing her down."

"Yeah but how will we do that without killing her? We could lock her away but look how much good that has done Kruger with you. You're contradicting yourself here brother unless you can think of another option."

"I don't know. Everything is happening so fast. Its hard to keep up."

"Well you've got time to think, because right now we need to worry about something else."

"Eating."

Turner finally spots what he had been fearing. Through the trees he spots a large group of wolves converging on their position.

"Wrong, get back to the shoreline now."

"I am from Ghant, John. Give me a knife, and this will be over quickly."

Slowly backing up with his pistol raised John steadily paces out of the tree line with an eye on his opponents. Waiting to fire he starts counting out his opposition. Finally deciding upon which one to attack first he makes a target of the wolf. With a round chambered John looks through his sights training them for a clean shot in the center mass of the wolf. Feeling the cold metal trigger touch his finger, he squeezes down upon it forcing a bullet into the atmosphere it quickly reaches the wolf and bores into it's skull killing it instantly.

"That's a horrible idea, I don't care who you are wait for them to come to us. Taking on a pack alone with a knife is a good way to get yourself killed."

John unsheathes his combat knife and tosses it to Martin.

"Like I said, wait for them to come to us."

Martin backed up after he caught the knife.

"So be it."

Hastily picking another target Turner looks for a sweet spot in his next enemy as it rushes out towards the beach. Quickly pulling the trigger twice the first round would go low and hit the ground beneath the wild animal's feet. The second would tear into it's chest and bring it down but not yet kill it. Now the wolves were in a frenzy and rushing for the two men at full speed.

"Two down, at least ten to go."

Not wasting any more time John snaps on to another wolf and dumps yet another two rounds into it's body, this time both connect and send a shockwave through the animal's body while ripping two holes into it. Confirming the dog had fallen he then moves on to the next wolf.

"I said let them come to you, not sit there and screw around!"

Martin smirked. He jumped from wolf to wolf, driving the knife into each one's neck. He bobbed and weaved around their maws, and taunted them as they lunged at him, falling onto his blade.

Grinning upon learning Martin wasn't the usual pampered, royal prick John began to show off as well. Walking forward he would send bullet after bullet into the skulls of the wolves before eventually the remains of the pack ran off. Slapping another magazine into his pistol Turner looks towards Martin in surprise.

"Where the hell did you learn to fight like that?"

"The North of Ghant. Where its cold as hell, everything wants to kill you, and you spend days without seeing anything remotely resembling civilization."

"Reminds me of a place I once called home. So tell me, what unit did you serve with in the Rhodo-Eprarian War?

Asked John as he used large folding knife to kill the wolves that were to wounded to run yet still alive.

"The Helinorian foreign legion."

"So out of curiosity, what was it like? What did they specialize in? Any interesting equipment? As a man of the same trade I like to hear what other branches of the military are like and we've got nothing but time."

"My unit was integrated into the Heilinorian Contingent. I don't know the names of all the shit they strapped me up with, I only knew how to use it. Where I am from, we use swords. Only use guns if we have to."

"That explains quite a bit. What were you doing when you were over there? When I was deployed nobody let us know what the Ghish were doing only that they had been there and weren't officially on our side but also wouldn't shoot us on sight. Not much information to go on there really."

"Ghant wasn't involved. Anybody that wanted to fight had to join a foreign legion. I was on the defensive perimeter. We got ambushed by the Rhodeseans, and they blew up the bunker that I was in."

"That's right, they said you were all paramilitaries now that I remember. So that's how you were captured?"

"Yes. I was knocked unconscious by the explosion, and when I woke up, I was in a dark room. They tortured me, until they found out who I was. They knew that my father would punish them for torturing me, so they tucked me away and went with the story that I was dead."

"I may not have been locked up as long as you were but I've run into the same situation a few times before, except it was because nobody would admit who I was and whenever they got somebody to they still couldn't figure out who I fought for. Being a prisoner is like nothing else in this world, I'm sure you know what I mean all too well. What made you motivated? Everybody has something to live for in times like that."

"The thought that there were still people out there that believed that I was still alive."

"C'mon there's somebody more specific than that. Who was it?"

"My family. My mother, father, sister and brother. Nathan, even. And Tsuni."

"I can see the family part, but I thought Tsuni was swinging for the same team?"

"Apparently so, but only because she could never love another man after me."

Martin laughed.

John grins back at Martin.

"I could see that one coming. You know how to skin a wolf?"

"Does a bear shit in the woods?"

"Then keep the knife and drag them further down the beach before cutting them up. Hang the skin on some trees, we can use that later. Any meat you find drag it back on this."

John tosses the remnants of his vest to him to use to carry the meat. He had asked for the wolves to be gutted elsewhere for if they weren't, larger predators were sure to come around.

"I will take care of it."

"Sounds good, make sure to wash out the furs in the river though because I don't want wolf herpes. I'll work on starting a fire and making sure we don't freeze to death."

Says John as he takes some dry leaves and lays them out on to the dirt to use as bedding and a way to avoid getting the heat sucked out of their bodies.

"I know what needs to be done."

Searching around the area a bit longer, John pulls some more branches covered in pine needles and leaves to use as insulation and camouflage for their little shelter. With the boulder providing one wall, and the logs providing two others with the open side soon to be the location of their fire the shelter would prove quite nice if anything. Sharpening a stick quickly, John then drills it into the ground and uses a flat rock as a shovel.

Turner walks back to the shoreline and gathers more stones to encircle the pit. Looking into his pile of extra debris and items, John picks out some dry sticks and leaves before placing them in the pit and piling everything up. Pondering how to start the fire, John reaches into his personal first aid kit and removes a small piece of gauze. Dousing it in a smaller tin of vaseline, John then quickly and repeatedly strikes his knife against the stone making a spark fall on to the gauze. Suddenly it bursts into flames. With a grin on his face John looks up to the sky as the fire grows larger.

"Seems a lot like the world right now."

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

QUOTE



Ghant Minister

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

Arrival

__by **Ghant** » Thu Jun 12, 2014 5:17 pm

"Arrival" Bay of Letople Letople, Heilenor

The *Green Treader* came within sight of Letople, the ancient crown jewel of Zathalon. The spires towered over the water, under a full moon. The moon loomed large and blue. *A sign of good fortune*, Nathan thought.

He marveled at the sight of the city. They were beset by storms, battleships, everything the Gods could muster. But now they were finally here. *It took long enough.*

Nathan stood on the deck of the ship, looking out at the moon, as the fleet of ships approached the city. He could tell that the City knew that they were coming.

Lara had told him that the people were prepared to embrace them- to an extent. It was rumored that terrorists and insurrectionists had been hard at work preparing for their arrival, and would begin their "coup" in anticipation

of their arrival.

Something told the Emperor that it had already begun. There were no interceptors, nothing coming out to stop them. The only thing separating the Emperor from the throne was some water.

As he stood on the deck and looked beyond at the moon, Rodrigo Viseu approached him from behind, silently. "Good evening, your majesty."

Nathan turned around, white as a ghost. "You scared the shit out of me, priest."

"My apologies. I came to see you before we...arrive at our destination."

"Indeed. Thank you for coming."

"I was hoping you would pray with me."

"Pray for what? Victory? Glory?"

"No. Pray for the souls of those who are sure to suffer, and die."

The Emperor thought about that for a moment. He was still sick, pale and puny from the voyage. I am the one that needs those prayers, lest I suffer, and die.

"Certainly. I shall pray with you, Priest."

There, on the front of the ship, they kneeled, and clasped their hands as they knelt their heads down.

The priest lead the prayer:

"Almighty and eternal God, those who take refuge in you will be glad and forever will shout for joy.

Protect the people as they face the upcoming storm.

Protect them with the shield of your strength and keep them safe from all evil and harm.

May the power of your love enable them to return home in safety, that with all who love them, they may ever praise you for your loving care.

We ask this through Christ our Lord. Amen."

"Amen." The Emperor got back to his feet. He felt strange after saying that prayer. It made him feel dirty, as if what he was doing was wrong. Perhaps it was. Those who were fickle about the Old Laws certainly felt that way.

The Emperor was curious enough to pick Viseu's brain. "What do you think is going to happen, priest?"

"People will rise, while others fall. As will nations, which are merely organized groups of people. Such is the way of things."

"Speaking cryptically as usual I see. Please, be specific. The time is nigh, as I am sure you can tell." $\,$

"It is funny really. Those who tend to change fate come from the most unexpected places. Whether the result of the most bizarre twists of fate in existence or someone so average you would never give him a second thought, either way, one would never guess that they would be the ones to change the world."

"Fate. Such is oft said in Ghant, that the lives of men are decided by the will of the Gods. My will is my own. I won't bow to fate."

Viseu contorted his mouth. "As you say, your majesty." And then he turned around and walked away.

Nathan only had a few moments to contemplate the meaning of Viseu's words, before Marlow came rushing over. "Nathan, there is another ship approaching."

"Oh, so Heilanor finally decided to give us battle?"

Marlow swallowed dryly. "Not Heilanor. Ghant."

Nathan thought about that for a moment. "Elaborate."

"Ghant has sent a Leviathan. It is on an intercept course."

"Shit. We need to get to the bridge, post haste." With that, Nathan ran up to the bridge. Hemlock was not too far behind him.

On the bridge awaited Lara, Sula, Hemloc and the bridge command. They were scrambling around, this way and that.

Nathan was anxious. "What the hell is going on? Can someone tell me?"

A man on the bridge handling communications responded. "We are being hailed by the vessel."

"Respond. Ask them what they want."

The communications office replied with that message. After a few more moments, he responded again. "They want to speak to the Emperor. On screen."

"Ok then, let us do that, then." Nathan sat down at the table facing the communications screen. "Patch them through.

The image that came up on the screen sent chills down his spine. "Hello, Great Unde Louis."

Admiral Louis, otherwise known as the Grand Duke Louis, nodded his head. "Hello, Great Nephew. You know what this is about?"

"You are here to stop me?"

"Yes. This has gone on long enough. The Acting Ghantish government requests that all your ships return. If you do so, there will be no reprisal. These are the orders."

"Who's orders, specifically?"

"Sophia of Dakmoor. Brignac is dead, killed a the Loufe Conference, and Borlidoc has been imprisoned in Letople. Come home now, son. Your nation needs you. She needs you."

It was only then, in that moment, that Nathan finally realized that she did truly love him. Nathan slumped back into his seat and began to become faint, with cold sweating and shivers. They are right. She does love me. How could I have been so blind? What have I done? It is not to late.

Tears began streaming down Nathan's face. He then meekly responded. "Understood. Turn this fleet arou..."

Lara shoved Nathan out of his seat, and he went crashing to the floor, hitting his head on the floor. Lara took the comms. "Fuck you" was all she said, and then she cut the feed. "Engage".

And then there was the sound of booms.

Nathan was out cold. For the first time in a while, he could recall that night on the lake in Lurberdea, long ago.

The moment was awkward and all was still One moment they were laughing and then silence prevailed. Their eyes met, but he grew afraid—Quickly he blushed and looked the other way. But she just smiled at him and took his hand—He hated it that she always seemed to understand him.

And even more when she smiled and blushed at him.

She looked at him like that and logic just disappeared

He got weak in the knees, his hands began to shake
He wondered if anyone ever compared love to an earthquake?
If not, he would have to say that's how it made him feel
He had to sit down or he could not deal
And she just laughed at him as she sat him down
Safely, he sat upon the ground...

But she still looked at him strange... Was his secret out? Did she feel the same way? But what if she didn't, had he thought too much? And there's no secret meaning behind her touch?

He hated it when he did that It was the reason why he never did well at math...

Maybe if he said something—what is this? She touched his lips with her fingertips! Did she know what he was going to say, what was on his mind? Oh no! Maybe she wanted to say she would never be his...

Maybe if he used his puppy dog eyes? No...that would have been bad. She might have been forced to lie.

She was shaking her head. That could have been bad. She promised she would never make him sad!

Then she looked away...he would just pretend That he was looking at the grass and not her! Brilliant! She would never suspect a thing Well of course just as long as he didn't start to sing.

Love songs were all he knew; it might look weird To serenade the grass—it was like picturing grandfather in a dress.

Wait, he did have a dress...

Great! He was giggling and she was looking at him again Quick! Quick! Think! Pretend! Ah yes, that was a lovely blade of grass Really, he thought it showed a lot of class...

He didn't think she was buying his act Thank you, Captain Obvious, for that fact...

So he sighed because he just couldn't believe How silly this whole thing had came to be. Then those emotions were just growing way too strong If he hung around, he wouldn't be able to move on...

Why did this sort of thing always happen to him? Wasn't love supposed to set one free?

"I just can't do this," He heard her say
His eyes widened. Was she really going to walk away?
No! What had he done?
Had his feelings officially ruined all the fun?

"What?" That's right. He would just play dumb.

But she grinned at him. She knew he couldn't resist... Then she leaned forward...

He just had his first kiss, and hers too.

He blinked a few times, and she blinked too And that's when he got careless... He blurted out "I love you." And he would never forget what she said next "I know. I've always loved you too"

So they kissed again...

Nathan came to in a bed, in a dark room. He could hear gunfire and screaming coming from outside.

"What the fuck?" Was all he could muster to say.

Zara was in the room, watching him. "Careful, your majesty. You are hurt."

"What are you talking about, Zara?"

"You cracked your head on the floor when Lara pushed you out of that seat. You have been unconscious for a while now."

"How long? What happened?"

"About 10 hours. We engaged the *Executor*, and it was an even fight for awhile. Then some ships from Heilanor showed up and they helped us out. Then we landed, and we found the city already in chaos, between supporters of Selena and Lara. Fortunately for us, the government showed up and helped us. Now, Selena is the Empress and you the Emperor. The City is yours, congratulations."

"Don't congratulate me yet, sounds like there is still some fighting."

"Well, we hear that Selena loyalists are in control of the southern parts of the country still, and many of the military forces are under their command as well."

"Civil War, wonderful. I suppose the real War of the Two Empresses is on, then."

"So it would seem, your majesty."

Nathan got out of bed. His head hurt, and he had a bandage wrapped around it. "Where is Lara?"

"In the throne room."

"Take me there."

"But..."

"Please, Zara."

Zara sighed, and helped him along. She lead him to the Throne room of the Palace of Letople.

There was blood everywhere, wounded, and bodies. It made Nathan feel remorse. Eventually, they came upon the throne room, which was well lit and consisted of white marble and a red carpet running its length. Perched atop Leto's throne was Lara, all smiles.

She narrowed her eyes at the sight of the Emperor. "Well, there it is. The throne is mine, the city is mine. And soon the whole continent. It was easier then I thought it would be. So easy. Tangerine was loyal to me! I told you I had friends in Heilanor! I told you!"

Nathan was unemotional. "I see."

Lara was vexed. "You see? I delivered you the city, the throne, and the crown! This place has been a museum for God knows how long, forgotten and marginalized. Now it is restored to its rightful status. The seat of an Empire. The Empire of Zathalon!"

"What happened to my Great Uncle?"

"We don't know. The ship went under."

"Tis a shame. He was a good man and true. And my kin."

"Aye, he may have been, but he was an enemy, and an obstacle that had to be dealt with. I did what had to be done."

"Now what? This city sounds like its been through hell."

"We bide our time. All those who refuse to acknowledge m..us, will be executed, and that starts with this city. Then we move to reunite the realms of Zathalon to the north, and then we shall return to Letople, and move south to secure Oshastad. Archbishop Callixtus will be here tomorrow to anoint us. Rest easy until then, for the rest shall be smooth sailing."

"If you don't mind, I would like to sit upon my throne now."

"Your throne? While you were asleep in bed, I took the city. This throne is mine."

"No, it isn't. Get down from there. Now."

Lara became red faced, but ultimately she stepped down from it, as Nathan climbed the steps and took a seat upon Leto's throne. He looked out into the room, and saw blood and bodies strewn this way and that. It made him feel sad.

Lara, meanwhile smirked. "There is other news. As you may have heard, at the Loufe Conference, Ghantish Deputy Prime Minister Simon Brignac was killed by some stray bullets. And my dear sister Selena had an unfortunate fall from balcony of the town hall, and went tumbling down a diff. I suspect she is dead, as dead as Brignac. And I have Prime Minister Ormond Borlidoc here, in chains."

"...l see."

"But wait, there is more. I have also received word from Ghant. I am sorry about what happened in Ghish, while you were unconscious."

Nathan's face turned to one of horror. "What..."

"Ghish. Your Uncle Albert, and sweet Sophia, such a shame..."

Nathan got up from his seat, and walked down to Lara. "What?"

"They have been dealt with." She smirked.

Nathan backhanded her across the face, and then staggered forward a bit more, before falling to his knees. He began to cry.

Lara was angry once again, and shouted. "You have what you wanted. You have the city, the throne. What more do you want?"

Sophia. I would give it all back if I could hold her once more. Gods, what have I done?. He began wailing in anguish.

"Look at you, you are pathetic. Do you think everything was going to work out perfectly? Sacrifices had to be made. People had to die. It hurts, but it is necessary."

"...No...I don't want this. I don't want to live with this."

"Did you build high walls around you only to sit within them and indulge in self-pity?"

Nathan could only think about what might have happened in Ghish, and the thought of Sophia being dead made him feel dead inside. If she was dead, he wanted to be dead too. He collapsed on the floor in a mess of blood, sweat, and tears.

Lara dimbed the throne again. "Take him back to his room. The hour is late, and the future is upon us. Everything is going according to plan, and working

out exceedingly well."

As Lara's men picked up the Emperor and hauled him away, all he could think about was arriving in Letople, and what it had cost him. *Arrival...but at what cost...forgive me*. All he could do now was wonder what had happened in Ghish...

Last edited by Ghant on Thu Jun 12, 2014 5:17 pm, edited 1 time in total.



<u>Factbook</u> | <u>RP Resume</u> | <u>IIwiki Admin</u> Commended by <u>Security Council Resolution #450</u>

Recipient of the Greater Dienstad Roleplay Reward

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





Libraria and Ausitoria Negotiator

Posts: 7099 Founded: May 30, 2011 Ex-Nation □by Libraria and Ausitoria » Fri Jun 13, 2014 12:00 pm

QUOTE

Alexanis, Sebvorsca

Another situation report, another meeting. The work of a naval superpower was never done.

- 1. Diamante City. Check. There was an Ausitorian fleet in full control of the situation.
- 2. Mizrad-Maverica. Check. The Peace Treaty would proceed, and then a peace would either be enforced or it wouldn't. Either way, Ausitoria would be fine with it
- 3. Heilenor-Zathalon. Utterly atrocious.

"Didn't the MIS estimate say that complete collapse of the regime was - I quote - 'highly unlikely?" asked the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Taylor, with a severe voice which rather suited him, as he peered over the top of his papers with his glasses perched low down on his nose. This gave the Foreign Secretary the impression of an owl peering at him, which distracted him from replying.

The Minister responsible - the relatively young Alice - squirmed slightly along with her officials. They had indeed said it was unlikely, and Alice was the minister responsible. She was not entirely sure of what to say, and none of her officials felt like facing up to the Prime Minister either.

She was rescued by Arnold, the Cabinet Secretary, who was worried that he was rather fond of Alice, which he felt might affect him somehow. "They said that given what knowledge was available to us that it seemed unlikely," he explained. "The sudden collapse of their government was indeed extremely unexpected. But unexpected things do sometimes happen," he finished defensively.

"So now we're left up the creek without a paddle?" asked the Prime Minister, who thought it was about time that the Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics had finally made a mistake. Their egos seemed to directly match the tonnage predictions for the Ausitorian fleet, and neither had been low to start with.

"No, not entirely," replied the Foreign Secretary, who had finished studying the birdlife and was himself evidently revelling in his new title as the Archduke of Kazpia. And the Archduke was still the only politician who seemed to have managed to get beyond conventional dress sense. With power comes responsibility, and with extreme power comes confidence, for when you are very difficult to remove, you can do almost everything you like, and the Archduke liked not to wear business suits.

However, the Prime Minister had finally got the measure of the Foreign Secretary, and didn't like to wait for the Foreign Secretary to expand.

"What do we do then?"

Ah! That shut the Foreign Secretary up, and he looked shocked, resentful, and hurt for a moment. Then he shrugged - a casual shrug that irked the Prime Minister horribly. And then he delivered his devastatingly simple reply.

"Start a war if we can't frighten them off," he recommended.

Everybody stared at him. What, go to war? It was less than a day since they had reached the same conclusion about the Mizrad-Maverican war. And what a catastrophe that had been with the crazy ultimatum! Yes, they had just about managed to wing a U-turn; yes, the had diplomatically outmaneouvered Firmador; but in the world of superpower politics, where the rule was self-preservation, it sounded like dancing with death. Again.

So the Prime Minister put on his best possible sort of voice that he used for these occasions, and, with the sort of terrifying gravity that Lady Bracknell might have used to say "A handbag?", asked, "A War?"

But even as he said it, he knew instinctively that it was the only sane conclusion, and knew, by an equally subtle instinct that the whole table felt it too. Since the Loufe Conference, Ausitoria had acquired power: real power, of the sort it could throw around. And - most importantly - someone else could do all the actual fighting for them. It would be very easy for Ausitoria to pick up the hill.

With extreme power comes confidence. Ausitoria had one again gained the confidence to act unilaterally.

"Frankly, I suppose I agree," the Prime Minister replied, having taken less than a second. "It seems utilitarianism is back in. At his rate we'll be no better than our enemies."

And with that sour remark, and resigned nods from around the table, the Ausitorian government got to work. At least they didn't think they were there yet.

Enter: Borethnia, a small de-facto associate state on the continent of Zathlon, still arguing with Ausitorian lawyers about whether it had actually signed up to be an associate state or not, and now suddenly rather wanting the protection of the Imperial Commonwealth.

Arconium, Borethnia

In a well-lit room, comfortable, stuffed with various rotund politicians and old paintings, a dark weedy man with dark weedy moustaches was in a state of agitation. Ever since Borethnia had joined the Chattakang Alliance a hundred years previously - for trade - it had always been tied to the Isles of Aria, as they referred to the southern archipelago. And now, with the apparatus of that alliance firmly in Ausitorian hands, they had spent months arguing over their relationship, with the power of the Ausitorian central government growing exponentially as they slowly but surely established their complete control over the southern islands.

And now, everybody was worrying to death about the situation in Heilanor, and the potential loss of the sea lanes, and isolation and encirclement, and everybody wanted to know whether the Ausitorian navy was available for them, and nobody knew, and the diminutive man was talking far too fast as a result.

"We must act, we are already probably too late. My god! Our fleet is tiny we are surrounded by enemies, we have no money, we are unprotected, we are short on everything, what will we do?"

The excited little man in question was the Deputy Prime Minister, a Sir Henri Fairfox, and like most continentals, he was proving rather irritating to the Prime Minister, a Sir Richard Morgan, who had just returned to his cabinet meeting.

"Read this," he said, brandishing the diplomatic communique that he had been called away to receive.

The bobbing man read it, and his eyebrows raised into his hair, and his face glowed. "We are not alone! The Ausitorian fleet is on its way! We are saved!"

The Prime Minister just managed to resist rolling his eyes - boy, it was a close thing - and nodded. "They have seen fit to provide us with the support needed to establish what we shall of course call a naval peacekeeping force. The Ministry of War is preparing plans to provide support to the souther government before the end of day in conjunction with the Ausitorian war office."

There was a pause. A devastating pause, as the minds turned to the inevitable contemplation of that most foul activity - waging war.

"Must we fight?"

It was the Foreign Secretary, Sir Alan Grey. The Prime Minister nodded forlornly. For they had power, but only enough power to be responsible.

"If we do not fight, the wrong people will get power. We have all heard of what Empress Lara is doing and plotting. If we do not act, we consign ourselves to irrelevance and Zathalon to tyranny. For there to be peace, we seem to have no alternative but to interfere; and that will certainly mean fighting. Now I must prepared to go to the House and get their backing. Ladies and gentlemen, we must meet again in two hours."

Last edited by Libraria and Ausitoria on Fri Jun 27, 2014 1:30 pm, edited 4 times in total.

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

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

 $\underline{\circ \ Commonwealth \ Capital \ (Bank) \ \circ \ o \ Commonwealth \ Connect \ (Bank \ Treaty) \ \circ \ o}}$ SeaScape (Shipping & Energy) o



Ezein Diplomat

Posts: 579

Founded: May 30, 2014

Ex-Nation

□by **Ezein** » Fri Jun 13, 2014 12:01 pm

QUOTE

OOC: Man, I'm going to read Game of Thrones now. Thanks for the motivation!

Jon, the Wolf of Ezein, the Mad Dictator.



Ghant Minister

Founded: Feb 11, 2013 Civil Rights Lovefest

by **Ghant** » Fri Jun 13, 2014 12:03 pm



Ezein wrote:

OOC: Man, I'mgoing to read Game of Thrones now. Thanks for the motivation!

(OOC: this thread is purely IC. For OOC commentary, questions or discussion, please post in the OOC thread:

viewtopic.php?f=5&t=266231&p=20292361#p20292361

Thank you.)

Last edited by Ghant on Fri Jun 13, 2014 12:04 pm, edited 1 time in total.



 $\underline{\textbf{Factbook}} \ | \ \underline{\textbf{RP Resume}} \ | \ \underline{\textbf{IIwiki Admin}}$

Recipient of the **Greater Dienstad Roleplay Reward** "Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!" - Percy Bysshe Shelley, Ozvmandias



□by **Ghant** » Fri Jun 13, 2014 7:13 pm



OOC Warning

Oscar was scared shitless. He actually did shit himself, and piss himself too, upon being discovered by Silverworm and the Lord Protector. Those were dangerous men, and the thought of being captured by them made him tremble in fear.

QUOTE

He had been lost in the tunnels of the Undercity, for longer then he would care to keep track. He was tired, and hungry, and thirsty, but he was alive, and safe for the time being. Nobody had found him down there, which was a relief.

But it was also very wet, and stinky. *Gods*, *the stench*, he thought. At times he was able to walk, but other times he had to crawl, and his nose was down in the filth. *The shit of ancient kings*, he thought. The thought almost made him laugh.

And then there was the darkness. The pitch black. And the silence, aside from the drip, drip, drip, and the scurrying of rats. At first he was annoyed by it, but then he welcomed it, amongst the void.

He had to keep going. He had to reach Sophia, before whatever was going to happen, happened. That much was certain.

As he crawled through the gunk, in the darkness, his mind was racing over what he had overheard, what he had seen in the throne room. Then he fell. Down a shaft he went, tumbling down, down, down. Then he splashed into water.

He hit is head on the way down, and felt disoriented. Still, he meekly paddled in one direction, dinging to a stone protruding from something. Then he heard a voice.

"Did you hear that, Shri? A big ol splash."

"Yeah, I heard it. How much you wanna bet it was one of those dumfuck protestors snoopn round where they shouldn't be?"

"Could be. Could be one of those fuckn northern bastards too, lookn for trouble."

"Lets find out."

A flashlight shined on Oscar, and there was the click of a gun along with it. "Would you look at that, Dabi? Some lil cheesdick kid. Told ya it was a protestor."

Dabi grinned. "You were right indeed." He approached Oscar, who was shunning the light whilst dinging to the rock. "Whatcha doin all the way down here, boy? Find yourself far from home, did you? Bad luck for you. Its about to get worse."

"Please, don't." He murmured. "Its important."

Shri cocked his head. "What you talkn bout, boy? What's important?"

"Silverworm...the Lord Protector...its happening...soon."

Dabi pulled out his knife. "I am tired of listening to this idiot. I say we cut his throat and take what he's got." He moved forward with knife in hand.

Shri sighed, and grabbed Dabi's arm. "No. I think we should take him to the Boss."

Dabi snorted. "Take this little faggot to the Boss? You think he wants to bothered with this little faggot, with all the shit that is going on up there?"



Ghant Minister

Posts: 2457 Founded: Feb 11, 2013 Civil Rights Lovefest "Yes. He mentioned Silverworm. How many punk ass kids up there know about...him? Not a one, you can bet on that. He knows something. And the Boss will want to know too."

"Bugger that." He tried to push Shri out of the way.

Shri punched Dabi square in the nose. Dabi fell back, and before he got back up, Shri drew his dagger across his right hand. "I invoke Odolzin."

Dabi spat. "You are going to pull that Old Law shit on me? Damnit. I'm going to tell him about this."

"Fair enough. Now, we are taking this kid to the Boss. Lets go."

Dabi and Shri grabbed Oscar, and began to pull him through the darkness of the Undercity.

After a several minutes went by, they came to a door, and pushed it open. They hauled in Oscar, and dropped him on the floor. A few more minutes went by, and Oscar was beginning to come to, and in front of him stood a tall dark man in ragged brown clothes. He grabbed an old chair, and flung it down in front of him, backwards facing. He then sat down on it.

The man spoke first. "Hello, boy. A most curious thing to find you down here. What is your name, perchance?"

"...Oscar...Talax."

"...How do you know that?"

"I know everything that goes on in the city. It is my job to know. There is power and money to be made in dealing with information. I know that you are familiar with Silverwom as well. How so?"

"He came to the Palace to meet with the Lord Protector, and offer him his services."

The man hummed. "That isn't good. That isn't good at all."

"I need to get to Sophia of Dakmoor and warn her of what is about to happen. They have plans, and she can stop them."

"Oh, I am sure they do. I will help you, boy. And pardon my...colleagues. While there is no honor among thieves, I don't condone murder. We are thieves, not killers."

"Why would you help me? Who are you?"

The man laughed. "The guys down here call me the Boss. You might know me as the Prince of Thieves."

As Oscar sat there on the floor, he began shaking his head. "The Thieves Guild doesn't exist, nor does the Prince of Thieves. Those are tales. And if all that ever did exist, it ceased existing a long time ago."

"So you would think. But we provide...essential services. Someone needs something stolen, or needs information, they can come to us, and we provide that service. We are...merely a function of supply and demand. And nobody knows we are down here in the Undercity, and nobody thinks to come looking, because most people don't even know we exist."

That made Oscar jolt back to full alertness. "That cannot be. I know the Emperor's uncles. I don't recognize you."

"Naturally. I am the previous Emperor's bastard son, you see. After Caroline was born in 1970, Crown Prince Albert and Grace became estranged. Both began to see other people, discreetly of course. And it was on one of those hot summer nights in 1977, that he fucked some whore with the surname of Vuel in uptown, and poof, there I was, little James Vuel. My identity was kept secret, naturally, as bastards are seen as a stain, regrettably. I live a normal life with my mother, until she died. Then I was on my own, but looked after by Albert, because by then he was Emperor. It was during that phase of my life, working that 9-5 bullshit job in some posh office in downtown Ghish, that the Emperor died. Well, the next Albert, who was Nathan's regent, found out about me, and had me summoned to court. I did what I was told. When I got there, I was beaten and tortured, by my own brother, and cast down into this very Undercity. The people down here took me in, and showed me the way. I could either live my life as a nobody, a forgotten bastard with some throwaway office job, wasting away, or I could be somebody. Me, a bastard of the Obsidian Throne, rising amongst the thieves to become the Prince of Thieves, the Boss. Imagine that."

"Why are you telling me all this?"

James laughed. "Because I want to shit all over Albert's parade, that is why. You are my opportunity to get back at my brother for ruining my life. And maybe I can respond to this Silverworm too."

"What do you know about Silverworm?"

"Only that he operates in the shadows. But not like we do. He is dangerous, he has no code, no scruples, no reservations. He will do whatever it takes to get what he wants."

"And what does he want?"

"I don't know, but I would bet it has something to do with this War of the Two Empresses. Without a doubt. Now here is the deal. I can't get you into the Government Palace. You can get down to here from there, but you cannot get up into there from here. The closest I can get you to there is the City Square, which has a manhole that goes straight down to this one spot that I can show you."

"Thank you, James. I hope to thank you again the next time I see you."

"Sadly, you won't see me again- no one does, and no one must. But before you go, we need to change your clothes. We can't have you going before the great Sophia of Dakmoor reeking of shit, piss and rodents, no can we? Oh, and one other thing. If I help you get to where you need to go, please remember not to say anything to anyone about me or anything else down here. I would have to kill you, and I wouldn't want to have to do that."

"...But I thought you said you are thieves, not killers."

"Aye, I did say that. But you should never trust a thief..."

The City Square was packed with people, standing shoulder to shoulder. There was pushing, shoving, arguing. The northerners were out in full force, standing around with their swords, axes and halberds, dressed in raggedy fur cloaks and rough jerkins. And then there were the protesters, the students, and common people, many wearing merely jeans and khaki pants, many with guns.

One such University student was standing unknowingly on top of a manhole, which began to shift beneath his feet.

"What the hell?" He shouted as he felt the ground beneath his feet begin to shift. So he stepped aside, and watched as the manhole was pushed up and aside. Other people nearby noticed as well, and they all looked.

Oscar emerged wearing a black tunic. Once he emerged, he put the manhole cover back into place. He looked up and noticed that the sky was orange, as the sun was beginning to set. He looked around and saw throngs of people swarming the City Square. The Government Palace was on the other side, and all he had to do to get there was press his way through the crowds.

The student looked at him. "Dude...what the hell, man?"

Oscar was surprised. "Sorry about that...long story. What is going on?"

"Dude, the Lord Protector is about to come out and give a speech. Some shit went down, and he is going to address it."

Oh Gods no. Oscar thought. Please tell me I am not too late.

Then there was a voice from behind. "You there. Boy. In the Tunic. Don't think I didn't see you come out of that manhole."

Oscar turned around, and saw a short, skinny blond haired woman, who looked to be middle aged. She wore her hair in a braided bun like they do in the west. "And who might you be, my lady?"

"My name is Yula Zimya, Member of Parliament from Draconis. Socialist Party too. This Lord Protector is scum, I know what he is all about. He is going to try something, I know it. And if he does, there are several armed men in the city to answer his challenge."

"My Lady, I need to get to the Government Palace, it is a matter of urgency. I have information that Sophia needs to know." $^{\prime\prime}$

"Oh, and what is this information?"

"You are right. Albert is in league with this Silverworm fellow. They mean to exploit the War of the Two Empresses for their own benefit. We must stop them!"

"Alright, boy. Fine. We will get you as close as we can to the Palace. Follow me."

They had several other people with them as they pushed their way through the crowds. After a few minutes of pushing through the crowds, they came upon a line of northerners, lining the way diagonally between the Government Palace and the Imperial Palace."

Oscar rose his voice over the crowds to speak to the northerners. "Let me through. I serve the Jauneketxea, and I have urgent business with Sophia of Dakmoor."

One of the guards laughed, and poked him with the butt of his halberd. "You are a funny little shit, aren't you? Got business with that Dakmoor bitch, do you? We all do. Get bent."

Zimya responded. "You don't understand..."

"Shut up, bitch."

She grew red faced. "How dare you. I am a Member of Parliament! You will let this man through at once!"

She was about to speak again, before a loud horn was blown. It bellowed across the City Square, and the noise and commotion of the people died. From the side of the Imperial Palace rode Albert, the Lord Protector of Ghant, on his black horse. On his head was the Iron Crown of the Lord Protector, and beside him and behind him rode his knights and retainers. To his left rode Toregg Demonyo, otherwise known as the Knight of Skulls, in full armor, and upon his head was a highly omate helmet, In the guise of a skull, with horns protruding from its sides.

The men of Albert pushed the crowds away, and he rode up to the middle

nearest the fountain, where there was an elevated platform. He rode up on it still atop his horse, without dismounting it.

The men serving him took positions around the platform. Toregg took a position close to Oscar and Yula. From far away he looked big. Up close he looked gigantic. Roughly 8 feet tall, and he had a double bladed battleaxe on his back. He pulled it loose with one hand, and brought it before him, clutching it with two hands. Under his skull helmet, there was only a scowl.

Albert's horse trotted up to the microphone on the platform. Albert gave it a flick, and the noise echoed. Then he spoke into it.

Ladies and Gentlemen, people of Ghant. Hear my words. The world is changing, and it is changing fast. I bring you news of the world. The Emperor and his Heilanorian bride have taken Letople, and they now control the city. Deputy Prime Minister Simon Brignac is dead, killed at the Loufe Conference by stray fire from Loufian thugs. Prime Minister Ormond Borlidoc is in Letople, in chains. Sarel Kruger and his Rhodesean dogs march upon Alblicant with Lyle Ferr. And here in this country, Gaemarian scum beholden to Lara and her thugs in Zathalon plot against us to seize our nation and deliver it into the hands of Lara.

I saw no, to hell with all that. This is Ghant! We are strong, and we are the rock of the world. We will not change, or falter, or succumb to intimidation, or threats. The rest of the world mocks us, ridicules us. They call us primitive, they call us controversial, they call us polarizing. Damn straight, and we wouldn't have it any other way!

Your Emperor thinks that Ghant isn't good enough! He would rather have Zathalon! Well, let him have it. Leave Ghant to us. What we need is strong leadership with a vision. I can give Ghant what it needs. I can make our enemies kneel before us. I can make those that mock us burn. I can make those that cross us regret. Together, we can punish all those that have wronged us! I will have them all. Each and every one of them, I will have their heads on spikes!

And to give you what you deserve, oh people of Ghant, I dismiss Parliament! The Legebiltzarra will have new elections! And in the meantime, I appoint Maeson Margela to serve as acting Prime Minister. A good, conservative man with Ghant's best interests at heart.

Oh, but wait, there is more. It is known that Sophia of Dakmoor has been handed the reigns of government by Borlidoc and her father. And what has she done with that power? Nothing! She has let the world burn, and Ghant descend into chaos, while her Dakmoor sits high and mighty. She has even invited scum from the New Lowlands to coup the government and deliver it into the clutches of foreigners. It is for that reason that I plan on having her arrested and charged with treason. And if her father wants to come rescue her with the power of Dakmoor behind him, he is more then welcome to try. I will not suffer him, or anyone else that does not have the best interests of Ghant at heart

So join me now! Support me, and you shall know triumph and prosperity. They call it the War of the Two Empresses? I call it the War of the Two Heilanorians. Let us not get sucked into their mess. Let us...

It happened quickly. There was a gunshot from somewhere in the crowd. And then Albert was cut off as the bullet punched him in the chest. He went flying off the back of his horse, and went rolling awkwardly down the platform.

Oscar saw the Knight of Skulls pull the battleaxe behind him, as he lunged forward into the crowd. The boy standing next to Oscar just stood there and watched, frozen in place, as the battleaxe came down right on his head. It bit down into his head, and sunk through his body all the way to the bottom, cutting him in half. The men forming a line between the two palaces drew their swords, axes and halberds, and began cutting down the people in front of them.

One swing almost hit Oscat, before Yula pulled him back. She tugged at his tunic. "We have to get out of here, now." She said.

He could barely hear her over the sounds of screaming and gunshots. Albert's

men were cutting down all who stood in their way. People frantically tried to get away as they were cut down without mercy. Others had guns, and were shooting them at Albert's men. It was absolute chaos, a motley of blood, gore, and the screams of the panicked and dying.

"I must reach Sophia. I have to!"

"Its too late for that. There is no way. Come with me if you want to live."

They pushed their way though the mobs, some running away in panic, others going in the opposite direction with guns and swords.

Sophia was wearing her finest dress, purple silk, showing most of her back, which her long dark hair brushed up against. She stood at the edge of the balcony, with her hands on the rail, looking at the City Square. There was a breeze that tugged at her hair, as Albert gave his speech down below.

As she listened, she couldn't help be feel a sense of horror. I failed. I couldn't stop them, and now Zathalon is plunged into chaos. And so shall Ghant as well, it would seem.

Then she heard the gunshot, and saw Albert fly off the back of his horse, and fall down the platform. Her face turned to one of horror when she saw Albert's men unleash their weapons on the crowds.

Common people, women and children, University students, it made no difference. It was a slaughter. People getting cut down like animals. It was carnage, and the sight of it made Sophia feel sick, and weak.

She knew what had to be done. She had the communications device that the Lowlanders and equipped her with. All she had to do was give the order. She pulled the device close to her face. "Brigadier Demaes, execute your plans. I repeat, Brigadier Demaes, execute your plans..."

Sophia felt a hard tug from behind. Someone grabbed her hair roughly. She screamed as a knife was put to her throat.

She could feel breathing from behind her ear, as a face was pressed up against it. "Don't scream, Lady Dakmoor. Don't do it again, or you will regret it."

She did scream again though. "Stupid bitch" the man said, as he turned her around and threw her into the office. She hit the table hard.

He put a hand over her mouth and pressed up hard against her back. "Sweet, sweet Princess, they all said you were so very smart. How smart can you be? Your turned this city into a warzone, and now Albert's thugs are slaughtering innocents, and are fighting with the Gods only know who. Republicans, Lowlanders, punk ass kids, whoever. Should make it easier for me and my friends to take the city- and give it to Lara."

At that point, Sophia was spun around roughly, to face the man. It was Marius, and he had her pinned against the table, restrained from moving.

"You remember me, you know who I am. Marius Calien, Prince of Gaemar. Remember how you insulted me to my face at that meeting of the Jauneketxea? Insult me now, bitch. Taunt me now. You think you are so strong, so sexy, so smart. You are just another whore. Don't act like I don't know."

Marius punched her in the face a few times, and then he picked her up and threw her against the wall. He walked over to her, grabbed her by the hair, and slammed her against the wall as he pressed up against her, pinning her to it. "Dakmoor has always acted like they are better then everyone else. Always pushing everyone around, acting like King Shits. Your family is all but finished. Your brothers are dead, and your father is dying too. That's right, your father is on his deathbed as we speak."

Marius kicked out Sophia's legs from beneath her, and dragged her across the floor by her hair, before slamming her into the opposite wall. "We are keeping him alive though. Oh, yes, we don't want him to die just yet. Do you know

why? Its because I want him to be alive to open a little box with your pretty head in it. I am going to cut your fucking head off and send it to your father, just like we did to that Prince, when we sent his head to the Bastard Emperor and that Vjaarland bitch back in the Civil War."

He picked her up by her hair and slammed her onto the table. He leaned in really close, pressing himself against her. "Cutting your head off right away would be such a waste though, don't you think? No, I am going to enjoy you first. I am going to fuck you hard and long. I have always wanted that. My father asked your father to match us. Think about that for a moment- the Caliens and Dakmarans, ancient enemies, reconciled in marriage, binding the houses and ending the conflict. Your father rejected it. We are not good enough, huh? By the time I am done with you, you will understand. Lara sends her regards."

She struggled against him, but he started beating her once more.

"I thought you liked that, don't you? The White Rose of Dakmoor, so sweet and pure. Don't act like I don't know the truth. You are a whore. My sister was in Ghish for that ball, and saw the too of you. How you threw yourself at him, so willing and hungry. You will enjoy this. Prepare yourself for the longest night."

Marius began tearing at her dress, ripping it off of her. It was all happening so fast. She was terrified. But also she was exhausted. Every part of her body ached with pain, and she was delirious.

He held her down with one hand as he began undressing. And it was in that moment that she remembered the dagger that Silverworm gave her. It was strapped to her left leg.

With every once of strength that remained to her, she jerked her left hand free, and reached under her dress for the dagger. She found it, and grasped it.

She started laughing. Marius backhanded her across the face several times, but she still laughed. "What is so funny, whore?"

"...Every rose has its thom." She said as she pulled the dagger out from underneath her dress and slammed it between his ribs.

Marius screamed in pain, as he staggered back. "You bitch! I am going to kill you right here, right now for that! I will enjoy your corpse."

Sophia fell to the floor, and crawled towards the front door. Marius recovered quickly, and grabbed her by the ankle.

She kicked him in the face as hard as she could, and then got up. She began limping towards the door, with Marius screaming behind her.

He grabbed her by the hair again, and tugged at it. Next to the door was a small table with a lit oil lamp sitting on it. She reached out and grabbed it with her left hand, and with all the strength she could muster, she turned around and smashed it against the side of his head.

He screamed in horror as his face burned. He clutched at it with both hands, clumps of Sophia's hair still in them, and fell to the floor, flailing. Sophia opened the door and shut it behind her. Then she ran as fast as she could down the hallway.

Every step burned with pain. She ran as far and as fast as she could, up the stairs, higher and higher, until she reached the top. In a room in the hallway just beneath the helipad, she collapsed. The room was empty, aside from some boxes and crates. She closed the door behind her, and blocked it off with some of the things inside the room. Then she slumped over against the wall.

She was swollen and bleeding, with her dress torn to shreds, her chest bare. She keeled over, and began to cry. She pounded her fists against the floor, before finally passing out due to exhaustion, a midst the sounds of screams and sirens. Her last thoughts were of Ghish, and how it would be in for the longest night.



Factbook | RP Resume | IIwiki Admin

Commended by Security Council Resolution #450
Recipient of the Greater Dienstad Roleplay Reward

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

Ozymandias





Terripin Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 366 Founded: Dec 17, 2010 Ex-Nation ■by **Terripin** » Sat Jun 14, 2014 5:36 pm

QUOTE

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New Ostia, Terripin

The room was well lit and cool, a surprising contrast to most meeting rooms of the state. The early summer heat was starting to seep into the city of New Ostia. Looking down, the asphalt burned, making a hellish walk for anyone out in the open at this time. But inside, the afternoon sunlight seeped into the meeting room with its sleek and modern look.

A large screen was in the front of the room, streaming live updates of important intelligence reports and news broadcasts. A flurry of reports of chaos in Ghant and Zathalon were coming in.

"Military lockdown in Ghant, meanwhile in Heilanor, it appears that the city is currently under the control of Nathan of Ghant. We have unconfirmed reports of soldiers firing into the crowd and the deaths or capture of many major Ghantish officials..." the reporter droned on in the background.

"Shit, this thing went out of hand way faster that it should've," said Higgen Welsh. "The Terripean economy has big assets in Ghant and Heilanor. We can't please them both at once and I'm not sure if they'll keep the same business policies for us. This god-damn nationalism has swept the entire world." The High Consul was not in a good mood. Hour after hour each report was worse. He strongly disliked it when he was the one being pushed to the defensive. He had expected tensions, but not the threat of having billions of Terripean sems being lost in a single day. Months of negotiations with the Feroxi and hundreds of changes in the treaty had landed him here. He had overcomplicated things far too much and taken their time while the world was beginning to burn.

"It's time," muttered one of his intelligence advisers. "The Chairman of the Council or whatever his title is here. Just sign the damn thing already and we might be able to fix this. The more pressure we can exert, the better off we can minimize losses in those assets."

"This isn't going to end here." Higgen mumbled back. Picking up the pen, he signed the thick stack of papers with a deep, fluid signature and slowly dropped the pen. "It is done," quickly he muttered the Oath of Treaties, "Under the power vested in me as High Consul of the Republic, I do solemnly swear that I am acting on behalf of the people and the Senate, for the benefit of the Republic. The will of the Republic shall be done."

Crieg Treaty of Mutual Aid and Cooperation

The Parties to this treaty recognize the dire situation of the modern world in glabal security and express desire to support the well-being of each other. They pledge to collectively defend and strengthen the interests of its people. Being united in a history of bloodshed and seeking to establish peace, the respective Parties do adhere to the following:

Article I.

The Parties undertake to avoid the use of force in international disputes and attempt to settle disputes through diplomacy.

Article II.

The Parties do agree to assist each other economically, such as through the elimination or reduction of trade barriers and the development of infrastructure. In the event of crises and disasters, the Parties agree to assist one another through humanitarian aid.

Article III.

To fulfill the purposes of this treaty, the Parties to this treaty, both collectively and individually, will maintain and further develop their capability to defend

themselves against other threats.

Article IV

The Parties shall consult each other if collective or individual security of the respective Parties is threatened.

Article V.

The Parties to this treaty agree that an attack against any nation of the treaty is an attack on all nations of the treaty. The Parties to aid each other in these circumstances and with permission of the nation being attacked, consider the use of armed force.

Article VI.

The Parties establish a organization, known as the High Dominion of Crieg (a.k.a. the Crieg Dominion), for the purpose of executing the will of the respective Parties in the treaty. The organization shall be split into two parts, one for administrative purposes and development of respective nations and the other for the matters of defense and disputes. The former shall be known as the High Dominion Council, lead by the Chairman of the High Council, and the latter shall be known as the High Dominion Military Command. The Dominion shall be able to create subsidiary bodies as they see fit.

Article VII.

The Parties to this treaty shall be permitted to admit any nation that applies, providing that said nation is committed to the ideals of this treaty and is approved by a simply majority.

Article VIII.

The Parties to this treaty establish a shared currency used and accepted by Parties of the treaty. Said currency shall be regulated and distributed through a subsidiary body otherwise known as the Crieg Dominion Treasury. Parties to this treaty shall be allowed to not adopt said currency if their intent was stated so during their approval into the Dominion.

Article IX.

The Parties shall be able to amend and review the treaty under the Dominion Coalition Council, provided that a 2/3rds majority agrees to the amendments.

National Info

Storefronts



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

Sustenance

__by **Rhodesea** » Mon Jun 16, 2014 7:49 pm

"Sustenance" Albicant, Pensalum

General Sarel Kruger sat an office with his feet up on the desk, like he often did when he felt a sense of accomplishment, be it false or true.

QUOTE

He was in his uniform, freshly drycleaned, with his pantlegs tucked into his boots. He had his signature eyepatch on, and a fat cigar in his mouth. He took a long, deep puff of it, sucking in all the goodness that the cigar had to offer. Then he exhaled a thick cloud of smoke.

The smoke drifted across the room as it caressed the face of Chancieler \hat{J} ōhannō \bar{A} tat of Pensalum, who was seated quietly on the couch. Although, nobody really knew what Atat was these days. The banners of the Pensic Front flew in Albicant, alongside the flag of Rhodesea. Lyle Ferr was off catering to the masses, while Kruger kept Atat company in the office, with several armed guards, of course.

The Pensic Front was acting to secure their possession of the city, with the help of Rhodeseans. Kruger and his subordinates felt a sense of pride and accomplishment at having eliminated one enemy, and gaining a friend in the process. *The best way to eliminate your enemies is to make them your friends*, Kruger thought. The thought of Pensalum being that enemy turned friend made him laugh.

Pensalum under Atat was a not a friend of Rhodesea, or to Lara Yaraslov. Ferr

and the Pensic Front were, though. Kruger still offered a drink to Atat though, as any gentlemen ought to do.

The radio was on in the office when one of his subordinates entered the room. The song that was playing on the radio was fitting for the situation at hand: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wp2Hwi9qM48&feature=kp

Kruger looked up at the subordinate as he entered the office. It was spacious and accommodating, without a doubt. Kruger was loathe to turn the radio down, as he enjoyed that song.

"Mr. General, sir, we have word from Heilanor and Ghant."

"It better be good news, soldier."

"Indeed. Lara and Nathan have taken Letople, and already half of the country has flocked to them. The northern half that shares her...political and religious tastes. And Selena had an...unfortunate accident in Loufe, and is in critical condition. She will be dead soon enough."

"Good. And what about Ghant?"

"Ghish is in chaos, sir. Albert the Younger was shot, his men went nuts and unleashed their wrath upon the populace, and Sophia of Dakmoor is MIA. The country is in the hands of Mason Margela, who was appointed acting Prime Minister of Albert not long before he was shot."

"How convenient. Seems like everything is going according to plan, then. I am sure that myself and Ferr will get along quite well with Margela, if what I have heard about him is true." Kruger laughed.

"Mr. General, sir, there is...something else you should be...aware of."

Kruger didn't like the sound of that. "What?"

"Prince Martin of Dakmoor is unaccounted for, sir. The men sent with him were killed, and Martin...disappeared."

Kruger picked up the bottle of wine on the desk and threw it against the wall. "You have got to be fucking kidding me! They let him get away? Goddamnit! He could fuck everything up for us. God forbid he gets back to Ghant. Find him and kill him. Get some men on it. Now. That is all."

"Sir yes sir." The soldier said as he scurried away.

Jesus fucking Christ, he got away. I should have killed him when I had the chance, Kruger thought. He was greatly annoyed.

He got up from the desk and turned around. He saw men of the Pensic Front and Rhodesean soldiers marching through the streets, and smoke in the distance. Kruger knew that could not linger there for too long, the Rhodeseans would have to move on to their next target, like a swarm of locusts moves from one field to another, searching for sustenance.

War is what sustained Kruger. Death, chaos, destruction. Wanton vengeance and getting back at those who have wronged him. Kruger would have them all before he was done, and he was already well on his way.

That reminded him. He made an offer to Governor Dylan Quintero that it was now time to make good on. So he got to work on his message to him, as a smirk slowly crept across his face.

CODE: SELECT ALL			

TO: Governor Dylan Quintero FROM: General Kruger, Rhodesea ENCRYPTION LEVEL: Level Three, Medium

Hello again, Mr. Quintero. We still have plenty to discuss, but, I can understand if you do not consider me a trustworthy man.

I am a man of my word, I can assure you. I can offer proof of this. Remember when I said that I would invite you to meet me with me personally in Albicant, once the Pensic Front is in possession of the city, and the country?

Well, here I am, Mr. Quintero. Rhodesean banners fly alongside the banners of the Pensic Front right here in scenic Albicant. Don't worry, we are treating

After sending off that message, Kruger sighed heavily. He wondered what was going to happen next. If Mizrad was unable to be reasonable with him, then all of this was for naught. Kruger could not end up empty handed.

He worried too much. He worried about things that shouldn't bother him. He felt as though he shouldn't be worried about Martin. How long would he last in Loufe, in his condition? The Loufians are probably hunting him like dogs too, thinking he is some renegade Rhodesean. He will be dead soon enough. And with Margela in Ghant, Ferr in Pensalum, and Lara working in Zathalon, the world was finally aligning itself just the way he liked.

They tried to tell me that Rhodesea needs to change to better suit the world. Well, looks like the world is changing to better suit Rhodesea. The thought made Kruger laugh, and made him want to have another drink, since the last bottle of wine was dripping down the wall, and laid shattered on the floor. Such nice carpet. Too bad its all fucked up now, he thought as he examined the red wine stain on the carpet. It almost looked like blood.

Sustenance, he thought, as he walked over to the shelf and uncorked another bottle of Rhodesean Red. He took it back to his seat. Once he reassumed his seat, he let out a sigh and turned the radio back on. He stared at the bottle for a moment. Then he drank long and deep from it. The taste was good. Almost as good as war.

Torrocca

Postmaster of the Fleet

Posts: 27703 Founded: Dec 01, 2011 Democratic Socialists

□by **Torrocca** » Mon Jun 16, 2014 9:36 pm

Preparations Luriav, Torrocca

"Tell me, General, how long has this conflict been going on for, again?" Vasili Petrov, Premier of Torrocca and High Lord of Luriav, questioned, using a small lamp to illuminate his watch so he could see the time. "About two months, I believe, sir," the General, still standing at attention, answered, keeping his eye on the Premier. "About enough time for everyone besides us to whittle away at their opposite's numbers, eh? Drain morale on most sides, keep everyone locked in a struggle with the next fool that decided to forget about us and fight in a petty conflict between two sisters. Anyone with half a brain would know we'd eventually show up, and anyone with a brain would've avoided conflict entirely. If they aren't expecting us, like the Romianei whom we'll attack soon enough, they we may well have the chance to take as we please," Petrov stated, pulling his sleeve back over the watch and finally turning his focus to the General. "Indeed, sir," the General replied, nodding in agreement, "if we align ourselves with Empress Tsuni, we may very well crush all of them once those that oppose them are dealt with.

The Premier thought this over for a moment. Yes, Tsuni was more aligned with Socialists, like Torroccans, and would probably never suspect a betrayal. However, her sister, Laoni seemed to have a host of advantages, advantages which would prove disastrous to Torrocca's military intervention if not dealt with right away. It was only natural they sided with Tsuni, and stab her in the back later, when the opposition was too weak to continue waging war. "Very well, General. I've considered it, and I agree. We should side with Tsuni, and crush the mewling fools that have decided to try and take her, the rightful ruler of Gillenor, from her throne. After all, us oppressed Socialists must look after each other in this world, no?" The General tried to say something, but was instead cut off by the Premier, who added, "tell Generals Anatoly and Gregor, as well as Admiral Rostov, to make ready their forces. I'd rather have them go and deal with this issue. Dismissed, General." The officer simply

QUOTE

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"Aye, Alexei! Alexei!" a soldier cried out, running over to another, who was on the firing range, cutting apart a wooden target with bullet after bullet. He stopped, finally, when the soldier was nearly in his face, saying his name repeatedly, until he was stopped with a swift punch to the gut. "What the hell do you want, Tukov? You're wasting my time," Alexei said, helping his friend up onto his feet. "Ugh... anyways, Alexei, they're saying we're going off to war!" "War? Really?" "Yes!" "When?!" "Two days from now! Lieutenant Sarkov said so!" Alexei sighed, put down his rifle after removing the magazine and emptying the chamber, then said, "well, I suppose it'd be best to call the wife and kids, let them know that we're shipping out in a few days. My parents too, of course." "Of course!" Tukov replied, still a bit eccentric, "I'll go and tell the rest of the platoon, then go and tell my own parents and sister!" Tukov, without saying another word, took off to inform the rest of his friends about this impending war.

Alexei found a telephone after a brief walk from the range to the barracks, and quickly dialed a number. "Hey, Tanya, babe? I have... some bad news. Yeah... we're shipping off two days from now. Tukov told me. N-no, I doubt it'll be long. Knowing the wars we get into, they're usually over soon after we show up. Don't worry, babe, I'll keep in contact. Tell the kids I said I love them, and I love you too. Goodbye." He put the phone back in it's place after a moment, then turned away. He turned back, took the phone again, and called his parents.

Tukov was zipping through the base, informing everyone about the war they were being sent off to fight. He wanted everyone to know, as they simply deserved to know about it. They were going to - assumed by Tukov and several others - fight another proxy war that would probably end in total victory for them. Not many were overjoyed by this news, but showed hope that they'd be home before the end of the year. Tukov showed that same hope, but also had some slight doubts about them just going off to fight a proxy war. After all, two army groups were being rallied for this operation, rather than just a corps or a division, which was more common for the average Torroccan proxy war. None of them could be certain about anything, though.

"You really believe this war's going to last longer than a few months, Androvich?" Lieutenant Sarkov asked, leaning back on the arm of the sofa she was rested on, her legs slightly crossed and her arms behind her head, practically carefree and unprofessional for an officer. Androvich nodded, removed his cigar from his mouth and said, "yes, I do. No nation committed to a proxy war would send nearly five million soldiers to fight it, unless it wasn't a proxy war." "Maybe they just have a larger military force?" she argued, turning her head and facing the Sergeant, who took a moment to consider that. "Well... yes, but even then we wouldn't need so many soldiers for a simple proxy war. A Corps or two at most, not a whole two Army Groups, plus an entire fleet. You remember that last war, Lieutenant? We only sent a few cruisers, one carrier, and some transports, with a single Corps, to a nation of millions, including a few million soldiers of their own. Who won that, again?" She sighed, and answered, "us, of course." "Exactly," he replied, "we only needed a few hundred thousand to defeat millions. The quality of an army doesn't drastically change in the course of a few months." "Well, they were poorly trained, Androvich. It varies from nation to nation. The people we're squaring off against are probably much more well trained than the last group... can we continue this later? I wanna relax before we leave. And get out of here with that cigar, before I shove it so far up your..." she angrily launched a storm of vulgarities at the Sergeant as he left the building, putting out the cigar on the pavement outside.

"Hey, Lieutenant!" A marine called out from the deck of a ship, down below to the docks, where Lieutenant Boris Detrov stood, inspecting some arms. "Yes, what do you want, Private?" he questioned, a sense of vile arrogance barely noticeable in the man's voice. The Private answered, "some of your men seem a bit glum about this upcoming war! Hows about you come up here and inspire them, and I'll take over inspection!" The Lieutenant snarled at the man, but replied, "alright. You get down here right away! Move!" he waited for the

Private to meet him on the docks, and gave him a dipboard as well as a pen. "Check off what you find, then report back to me! Sharpish!" he stormed up the steps and onto the ship, headed towards the aft section, where his men were at. The Private turned to the silent inspector that accompanied the Lieutenant, and asked, "what the hell's wrong with him, comrade?" "I don't know, but something tells me a bullet's going to find its way into his head. Or his ass, maybe." The two shared a quick chuckle, and quickly went back to work. What they didn't know is that the man was entirely correct, that a month later Detrov's Division would be sent to Romianium, and Detrov would be dead before the end of the first battle.

Last edited by Torrocca on Wed Jun 18, 2014 5:47 pm, edited 1 time in total.

They call me Torra, but you can call me... anytime ($\Box \vdash \blacksquare _\blacksquare$) \Box

NOTICE 1: Anything depicted IC on this nation does NOT reflect my IRL views or values, and is not endorsed by me.

NOTICE 2: Most RP and every OOC post by me prior to 2023 are no longer endorsed nor tolerated by me. I've since put on my adult pants!



Souriya Al-Assad Minister

Posts: 3280 Founded: Aug 26, 2013 Corrupt Dictatorship □by **Souriya Al-Assad** » Mon Jun 16, 2014 10:41 pm





"Allah, Souriya, Bilad ash-Sham, Hizb al-Ba'ath al-Arabi al-Ishtiraki al-Souri, Jaysh Arabi Souri, Hizb al-Shuyuu'i al-Souri, Ḥizb al-Souri al-Qawmi al-'Ijtimaa'i, Moqawama, Intifada, Bashar Che Al-Assad w bas!"

OFFICIAL DIPLOMATIC COMMUNIQUE TELEGRAPH CABLE OF BILAD ASH-SHAM: DECLARATION OF INTENT. LETTER OF SOLIDARITY

The Arab People's Revolutionary Resistance Republic of Syria Al-Assad & Bilad ash-Sham Soviet Union (Al-Jamahiriya Al-Arabiyah Al-Shabi Al-Moqawama Al-Intifada As-Souriya Al-Assad e-Sovietiyya al-Ittih ad As-Bilad Ash-Sham)

Encryption: Maximised Secrecy Subject: Bilad ash-Sham Soviet Union Assistance to Brethren in the conflict in question Addressee: Tsuni's loyalist-leftist supporters

We officially wish to prodaim in search our support for your great movement, chiglorious brethren in arms, against the other forces of reactionary thought. We will deliver via several merchant vessels utilising Machaestar flags as well as well-forced commercial papers, to smuggle these weapours in, as well as some 500 Bilad ach Sham Shubet al-Mikhabarat al-Askariyyya (Military Intelligence Directorate) operatives all armed with Ak-12s to train, advise as well as help you on the ground. Their uniforms shalt not have any Syrian identification on them, thus no one will know their origins. Furthermore, they were instructed to swallow cyanice in case of capture.

The Aid for your movement to utilise

O.r. Military Intelligence Directorate personnel shalt be smuggled in grates along with this shipment as well, which shalt be designated on official documents as being "PP15 Corp. Fishing Industrial Deliveries". Rease take note, recognise these documents whence the merchant ships arrive, whilst captains on board grovide those identification documents. We need your permission before we actually send the ships off. Pease respond as soon as possible. We also hope the aid in question shalt be enough for you to eventually forma force of 360 000 fresh guerillas-partisans readied to fight a great war of resistance.

Cordially yours,

Grdally yours,

- Carrack El-Cammadente Bishar Che Al-Assad, Brotherly Revolutionary Craiman of all Bilad ash-Sram, Regional-President of Suring Al-Assad Soviet Regional Republic within Bilad ash-Sram, Sureme Soviet Ceneralissim of Resistance, Seand Saladin, Anointed One, Gloriaus Che, Gangerar Wham Smites Sectorianism Wilst Oditerates Neonperialism, Unifying Lian of the Reoples, Seeker of Truth, Easser of the Conspiracies, Saviour of Humankind

- Armack Republis Revolutionary Premier Aisha Al-Ordraft (in 2022)

- Sureme Resident of The Arab Republis Demaratic Revolutionary Resistance Republic of Esypt, Carrack Abadel Hakim Alada Nasser, now Regional President Elect of the Masr (Esypt) Soviet Regional Republic within Bilad Sah-Sram

- Unimm of the Republis Demaratic Republic of Al Jazair (Algeria) Gomack Abadelazis Buttefflika, now Regional President Elect of the Al Jazair (Algeria) Soviet Regional Republic within Bilad Sah-Sram

- Carrack Seyeld Hassan Nasrallah, Regional-Premier of the Lebanan Soviet Regional Republic within Bilad Sah-Sram

- Carrack Alumin Harmaneh, Chaiman of the Lebanan Soviet Regional Republic within Bilad Sah-Sram

- Carrack Alumin Harmaneh, Chaiman of the Jordanian Peaples Resistance National Front Cadition Box (cansists of his Carmanian Barty), Jordan, of Carrack Akamad-Harsis Arab Socialist Bidatis Party, of Carrack Akamad-Harsis Arab Socialist Bidatis Party, of Carrack Alumin Harmaneh, Chaiman Demaratic Republic within Bilad Sah-Sram

- Carrack Alumin Harmaneh, Chaiman of the Progressive Party of Working Republic Arabinian Demaratic Republic Alumin Demaratic Republic Alumin Bida Sah-Sram

- Carrack Alumin Harmaneh, Chaiman Alumin Demaratic Republic Regional President of the Carriol Soviet Regional Republic Within Bilad Sah-Sram

- Carrack Alumin Martar Al-Khatib, Jeacher of the Sixth French Republic Party, Graman of the National Saladis Republic Within Bilad Sah-Sram

- Carrack Alumin Martar Al-Khatib, Jeacher of the Sixth French Republic of Sarah, assists of Carrack Alumin Martar Al

Garriade Sheikh Ali Salman, Chairman of the Democratic People's Islamic Anti-Zionist Republic of

Barrain - Canrade Hossan Ali, Premier of the Demogratic People's Islamic Anti-Zionist Republic of Bahrain - Canrade Hossan Madan, People's Canmissar of Foreign & Expatriate Affairs of the Demogratic People's Islamic Anti-Zionist Republic of Bahrain

Hasta La Victoria Siempre!

Last edited by Souriya Al-Assad on Mon Jun 23, 2014 12:56 pm, edited 4 times in

The Arab People's Republic of Souriya Al-Assad | SAA&Co defending Syria against FSA&Co

Allah, Souriya, Bashar w bas! - EPIC

Show Spoiler

Basically, this. Our form of gov..

NS wars: <u>1/1/1/1</u>.

USSR/Yugo HDIs 1992 - Haters are going to hate EPIC 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 Hezbollah Compass TRUTH

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Libraria and Ausitoria Negotiator

Founded: May 30, 2011

_by Libraria and Ausitoria » Tue Jun 17, 2014 1:18 pm

QUOTE

We have all met the Ausitorian Watch Office. Anything unexpected, important, and urgent can be and often is dealt with by it. Terrorist incidents, intelligence incidents, or humanitarian incidents all fall under its watchful eye. And when it decides to act quickly, it is the perfect example of that most unusual sort of bureaucracies: quick.

403.42 km South West of Ghish

Within ten seconds of the news reaching local television networks, Harry Pochan, was flipping his plane from the previous peaceful flight path of a routine combat patrol towards the sea at Mach 2 under orders direct from the Watch Office, switching off his active radar and radio. To think was to act, and to act was to obey orders, and he levelled out to a height of a hundred meters above sea level - the sort of height at which the computer had to take control.

"There's a humanitarian incident in Ghish," he heard over the radio, as an operator on the carrier passed on the news. "You're heading for the main square in Ghish to stop some terrorists from shooting up civilians."

And that explained it. He was not alone, he noted: his flight, which had been spaced at distances of 100 km, was already vectoring in behind him; behind them was another flight airborne, behind them was another flight of tankers, so they could refuel; and behind them on the carrier there was an improvized squadron being scrambled. But he was at the front, and as he shot passed the invisible boundary marking the edge of Ghant's EEZ, he started to take it all in.

A humanitarian incident. So he knew that everything was going by the book: the handbook for pilots said, in the opening chapter on Ausitorian strategy, that 'Ausitoria was no respecter of sovereignty when it came to the responsibility to protect civilians'. And he was proud of this statement too, and felt privileged to be a part of it. In some parts of the world, he knew, pilots obeyed dubious orders without question; but he was thankful that an operator had found time to remind him that he was going to battle for the best of reasons.

That thought helped him to remain calm as he started to contemplate the problems that lay ahead. 'Expect the Unexpected' was a sound motto, but it was public knowledge that the Ghantish Air power was far superior to a single undersized Ausitorian carrier group operating at the edge of its range, and even with a coup going on, there was undoubtedly a fair chance of trouble ahead.

He knew that he was flying a modern 5th generation aircraft - that was also a comfortable thought. Indeed the carrier-variants were designed to be particularly stealthy, with no fins and improved thrust vectoring instead. It made the plane even more expensive, but when you couldn't fit many aircraft in a single carrier it was good to have the best, and he was proud to be among the best.

He turned to contemplate his armament. Chaff, flares, expendable fuel tanks, anti-air missiles. At least Combat Air Patrols were routinely equipped with the right sort of payload for missiles and enemy fighters. However, once the fun of evading Ghant's air defences had been managed - and he had good hope that he was invisible to enemy radar - how precisely should one approach the square? He had no ability to hover, he would be almost out of fuel and so have no more than two minutes, he had no bombs, and the only weapon that he could really use was his gun, which meant he would have to point his aircraft, probably from a height of about a thousand feet at a minimum air speed of thirty meters per second, to hit a crowd of terrorists who would take up perhaps ten meters and be situated in the midst of a crowd of injured civilians.

That would give him about 2 degrees to play with. He hoped the civilians would have the sense to scatter.

He checked his passive radar system, noting with approval the trailing tankers two hundred kilometers behind him. It was going to be tight thing... and the trouble with the tankers was that they were decidedly obvious to enemy radar. Anybody with half a brain would be able to put two and two together and conclude that there might be Ausitorian fighters sneaking in at sea level...

Last edited by Libraria and Ausitoria on Sat Jul 05, 2014 2:04 am, edited 2 times in total.

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

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





The New Lowlands
Postmaster-General

Posts: 12498 Founded: Jun 26, 2011 Ex-Nation _by The New Lowlands » Wed Jun 18, 2014 3:56 pm

QUOTE

Government Palace, Ghish, Ghant - 17:26:31 Local Time

Pertiwi and his soldiers watched from the windows of the Government Building as a Ghantish VIP- the Lord Protector, he remembered in time- marched his way up, still on horseback, onto a podium set out in the square. The second lieutenant had ordered his men to take positions in the building; their relative lack of numbers meant that the cover would be highly necessary if anything happened.

The Lord Protector began to speak, his rambling, guttural language incomprehensible to Pertiwi as he listened, his back pressed to the wall. Boxes of munitions had been brought in from the Bunzings, along with a pair of GPMGs which had been set up facing out onto the square from behind the glass of front windows; the building's staff gave them various glances, ranging between fear and suspicion, but the soldiers kept to their cover, checking their weapons.

The sniper's shot rang out across the square, a thunderous note of discord interrupting the static noise of the crowd, and thrust the city into chaos. Pertiwi's men took cover as shots rang out across the square from Albert's men, the Northerners firing wildly into the crowd, careless, enraged. The glass of the windows was shattered as the platoon brought their own fire to bear, with the repeated pops of semiautomatic rifle fire and the buzzing sound of machine-guns being emptied onto Albert's men as the civilians either fell or scattered.

Pertiwi cursed under his breath, grabbing his radio and throwing his map onto the floor. Poring over it with a gloved hand, he held down the transmit key, and spoke; "Commander, this is Pertiwi. Fire support needed; Long Arms, high explosive, precision ten. Coordinates to follow."

Pertiwi's hand drifted to his bag, and he pulled out his binoculars, pressing them to his eye and marking the main concentration of the late Albert's forces in his mind. Pressing the transmit key on his radio once more, reciting the coordinates

Pertiwi glanced up and called over Sergeant Witt. "Soldaat," he began. "I need you to get to Dakmoor, and fast. Tell her we'll need to evac her as soon as possible."

The soldier nodded, clutching his rifle and scrambling across the marble floor towards the stairs, Corporal Lurr following closely alongside him, as they scrambled their way to the upper floors of the building, towards Sophia's office. What they found there startled them both, a naked man with his body badly burnt; Witt poked the corpse with his foot, and Lurr turned away, unsure on his feet, and almost retched.

There was no time to linger; they drifted onwards, upwards, rifles in hand and scanning the path ahead warily as they made their way up, towards the roof-side helipad. Eventually, Lurr had the bright idea to shout Dakmoor's name, his thick Lowlandian accent rendering the title barely comprehensible as they searched the upper floors.

F.O.B. Godesvall, Ghish District, Ghant - 17:27:45 Local Time "Brigadier Demaes, execute your plans. I repeat, Brigadier Demaes, execute your plans..."

Demaes grimaced as he heard the Ghantwoman's voice, and quickly relayed the go-word, turning to look out the window of his mobile headquarters. He watched curiously as in the middle distance, the four Long Arm 155mm howitzers turned their guns skyward, pointing southeast.

"Commander?" one of his men asked, and Demaes blinked, turning to him. "Pertiwi's platoon is requesting fire support on the main square."

"Well," Demaes replied, thoughtful. "Give it to them."

The loud thud thundered across the base as the four guns fired in unison, electrical motors humming as they lowered their guns to fire again, and once more. Multiple rounds, simultaneous impact, all directed towards government plaza; although each gun was limited to three rounds by the heights of the city and the small volume of fire required, the concept still stood, and the twelve rounds would presumably land in the square at the same time- a short time from now.

"How much time do we have to wait until the airports are secured?" Demaes asked, redining in his seat.

"We have a platoon each on site, sir," one of his officers replied. "Should take about two minutes, tops, with reinforcements on the way."

Demaes nodded quietly, watching as the procession of vehicles rumbled out of camp, some headed West to reinforce the airfield, but the large majority moving to the south-east and towards the city's higher-class suburbs. The plan was functional enough; as it stood, none of the relevant armies held sway over a majority of Ghish. Half of the brigade- stationed at a compound near Haribec airport- was to quickly and aggressively commence assaults against hostile concentrations in the surrounding area, with an eye to first securing the Western bank of the Eastern fork of the river Ghish, followed by gradually

pushing the enemy out of the Eastern half of the city. At the same time, forces from Godesvall and G.I.A. would secure footholds in the Western half of the city, putting minimal pressure on the enemy so as to not encourage them to split their forces; when the contingent from Haribec had secured the West bank, their assault would begin in earnest, particularly against the south, launching a pincer movement to trap enemy forces in the North and giving them a path to flee the city- an option they would be more inclined to take.

Demaes only hoped it would work.

-wip-

EX-NATION

Zerinfriom Ambassador

Posts: 1817 Founded: May 30, 2014 _by **Zerinfriom** » Wed Jun 18, 2014 7:29 pm

QUOTE

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Zerinopolis Capital of the Zerinite Imperium, The New Imperial Palace Year of the Unity Eagle: 512 Year of the Other's recordings AD: 2013 Year of the recordings of history AD: 2026

The halls of "immortal marble" as it is called where filled with silence, awful...awful silence it was the anniversary of the past emperor's death at such a young age for a Zerinite he would be considered still a teenager. At age 25 his death was sudden, mysterious, and very, very destructive. Some say it was a treacherous military leader, a vile terrorist, or his best friend. However this day was something else then mourning across the empire. Tonight there was yelling across the seemingly empty palace, tonight there was only two people in it's massive corridors, and magnificent ballrooms, and throne room. We now enter into a different story about one man's secret greed, and a woman's persistence too make sure it doesn't happen. And it's eventual involvement with a nation it doesn't truly know.

"Why in the great name of Takario must you continue too be persistent Blake? Why do you constantly want too have the nation spend money on your idiotic exploits? Arughhh why do you always seem too smile in serious times?" Yelled the woman

This beautiful woman was the newest ruler over 1.15 Billion citizens her name, Tiavara Chima Kanis, Empress over the Zerinite holdings on, and off the empire's shores. The man smiling was Fleet Captain Blake Vinz Takario, former Captain of the Guard, and of the original Imperial Blood.

"I smile in order too stay calm my dear lady, and you should know this, it's not like I kept your bed warm for you when I was still the Captain..." Blake said with a terrible grin.

Tiavara slapped him across the face, this was not the first time this night.

"Your perverted remarks must also end I summoned you here for a reason, we are not too continue too argue, and yell of topic, and the is an Imperial decree. "Blake became silent and prepared to listen. "As you know I wanted too restore the Empire too to be better than before my brother died, but our involvements in pointless conflicts are extremely idiotic, and you exploits just as stupid. You must understand that with your current rank brings responsibility, and you cannot continue too be a child." Blake attempted too speak, but Tiavara interrupted him. "You must also understand that you are in the presence of a Empress, not a play thing, you must know that I am more than capable too run a multi-Ethnic, National Empire, and that I don't need you breathing down my neck all ti.." she saw that a smile began too rise on his face, and smacked him again this time causing him too rub his hand up and down his check. "OK now that we are done here go report too your post at the 5th fleet we are done for now... People are beginning too ask questions about why you are always near me, now go." Tiavara turned around and waited for Blake too leave.

Blake then got up in his high class manor and turned too Tiavara as she looked at his reflection in the mirror looking into his blood red eyes.

"I am going your majesty." He said with a slight bow, "And make sure you read those papers I left in your office on how too fix the taxes, and economy...and remember that I smile too keep myself from crying." He said with slight emotion as he leaned back up and did a military about-face and left through the door while placing his uniform's 17th century like hat on a small hat holder

right next too the doorway.

She listened too his steps as they got quieter, and quieter and wondered if she just lost one of two things, either a lover, or a traitor. She eventually heard the massive doors of the front entrance shut. and closed her room's curtains, and dimbed into her bed slowly and prepared too go too sleep, when she wakes up in 10 hours she would have too go too the Imperial Capital Building, and would have too put some policies into action, make sure the public is happy, and listen too another idiotic Imperial Court meeting, then a clustered Senate meeting, then a rushed Congress meeting, then listen too the spoiled voices in a Royal Court meeting, then see if she would have too send more young men too their deaths at the end of the day. Sometimes she thinks that what if Veraintius didn't die. What if he is just wondering the planet like a lost ghost like many other leaders, and even nations.

Last edited by Zerinfriom on Wed Jun 18, 2014 7:30 pm, edited 1 time in total.

OOC Information

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Aliases Utilized by this account for different tech groups

Show Spoiler

Proud Member of the INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM COALITION!



Pensalum Ambassador

Posts: 1331 Founded: Jul 21, 2012 Ex-Nation □by **Pensalum** » Thu Jun 19, 2014 5:31 pm

QUOTE

Ātat stared grimly through the pane of glass at the Albicant city-scape. It was no longer his city. The offensive red black and white banners flew everywhere. It was surprising how subtle a thing changed the entire atmosphere of the city. The country that had once been his home was now a totalitarian dictatorship, something out of a dystopian movie.

The country that had once been his.

It was apparent that this nation was no longer Pensalum. Sure, it may still be hidden behind the name *Pensalum*, but that was a facade. Pensalum was the facade and Ātat was the puppet, manipulated by the strings of Sarel Kruger and Lyle Ferr. Though, it was not truly his fault. Any sane man would've made the exact same decision, *right*?

Ātat convinced himself that surrendering his authority to the Pensic Front and Rhodesea was for the good of Pensalum and her people. It's ironic how closely the name "Pensic Front" matches its function. Ferr's organization was merely a front for Kruger and Rhodesea. The riots in the streets of Albicant were getting worse and worse. More and more weak minds were corrupted by the charismatic Ferr, even some of Ātat's most trusted advisors submitted to the eloquent fervor of the short little man. Towards the end, Ferr amassed his "militia of the people" outside of the capitol building in Albicant. For nearly three weeks they protested, chanted, rioted. Ātat hid in the building, looking out at the crowd in dismay.

It's funny how sometimes things go the worst possible route. A soldier fired into the crowd of protesters, and they fired back. Such a simple thing spawned a continuing struggle, a series of small revolutions, uprisings and riots. A country fighting against itself. Ātat watched through his window for days, he saw so many young men and women die. Eventually he couldn't watch anymore bloodshed, he relented.

Kruger and Ferr marched into his office, he made a deal. He would still be chancellor, but the title was meaningless. He was a marionette. Everyday from then on, soldiers marched into his office and held him at gunpoint. They forced him to sign laws he wasn't even allowed to read.

He had hurt Pensalum more than he had helped her.

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



Battle Lines Drawn

□by **Zathalon** » Fri Jun 20, 2014 8:44 am

"Battle Lines Drawn" Oshastad, Heilanor QUOTE

Posts: 3 Founded: May 03, 2014 New York Times Democracy Constantine Yaraslan was not a man who enjoyed leadership, or the spotlight. He enjoyed sandy beaches, good ale and beautiful women. That was his life, and that was what he knew.

He was also the youngest of five children born the late Empress. First there was the noble Amadeus, a good man and true, who died a tragic death. Then there was Selena, fair and beautiful with a strong heart, in critical condition and near death from the Loufe Conference. Then there was Lara, a typical middle child, cunning and devious- just a straight up bitch, as Constantine described her. Then there was Sula, who was intelligent but also deranged, and in the service of Lara.

Last but not least was Constantine. And here he was, in Oshastad, pretending to be a leader. Pretending to care. Not because he wanted to, but because he had to. There was no one else.

Lara's agents acted swiftly. They were hard at work in Heilanor well before she arrived with her northern dogs. Protests, terrorists attacks, riots. It was all happening already. In the north, where the conservative, religious types hold sway, it was all but decided that they would throw their weight behind her when she arrived. And that was exactly what they did.

What no one saw coming is that the government did too. Tangerine ordered her men to stand down from Lara and yield to her, to aid her. Many did. Many more refused.

So here we are. Constantine was casual. He wore a very light suit, with his light brown hair cut short, chewing on peanuts as he sat in his sister's palace.

Then there was a knock. "Sir, I come bearing a message."

"Come in then, lets see what you got."

The messenger walked in. "Sir, I bring urgent news from Ghant. Agents of your sister are in Ghish, fighting men loyal to Albert, the Lord Protector. Innocent people are caught in between. The Lowlanders and others are trying to keep the peace. Meanwhile, acting Prime Minister Mason Margela descends upon the city with the Imperial Legion, while Sophia of Dakmoor is MIA."

Constantine looked unconcerned as he chewed. "That is all very exciting, isn't it? The Ghantish have such a knack for...violence and intrigue. Their women must be fantastic in bed."

"Sir, what should we do?"

"Nothing. Let them kill each other. Isn't that what they usually do anyway? And besides, what gets me is the fact that my crazy sister has half of the country under her control, she is amassing men, weapons and military equipment, and is about to lead a blitzkrieg operation to conquer the fucking continent. And everyone is concerned about Ghant. How fucked up is that? This is where all the action is."

"Also, Pensalum has fallen to the Pensic Front and Kruger. They are now consolidating their power base on their continent as well."

"Great, just what I wanted to hear. Tell me, can anything get any worse?"

"Well, I do have some good news."

"Thank God."

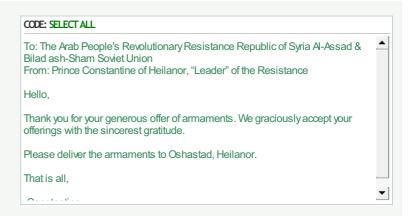
"This message, from the Arab People's Revolutionary Resistance Republic of Syria Al-Assad & Bilad ash-Sham Soviet Union." viewtopic.php? f=5&t=263293&p=20589907#p20549764

"Oh look, somebody who gives a damn. Imagine that."

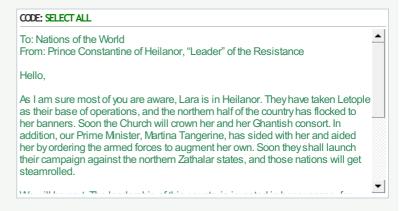
"That is all, sir."

"Good. Take it easy."

As soon as the messenger left, Constantine tasked himself with replying.



As he leaned back at his desk and popped a few more peanuts, he figured he would compose another message.



He slumped back into his seat, chewing on the peanuts as he stared blankly at the wall in front of him. *This sucks. Hopefully we can hang on with the battle lines drawn.*

QUOTE

Last edited by Zathalon on Fri Jun 20, 2014 8:45 am, edited 1 time in total.

_by Souriya Al-Assad » Fri Jun 20, 2014 2:45 pm



Posts: 3280 Founded: Aug 26, 2013 Corrupt Dictatorship



"Allah, Souriya, Bilad ash-Sham, Hizb al-Ba'ath al-Arabi al-Ishtiraki al-Souri, Jaysh Arabi Souri, Hizb al-Shuyuu'i al-Souri, Ḥizb al-Souri al-Qawmi al-'Ijtimaa'i, Moqawama, Intifada, Bashar Che Al-Assad w bas!"

OFFICIAL DIPLOMATIC COMMUNIQUE TELEGRAPH CABLE OF BILAD ASH-SHAM; DECLARATION OF INTENT, LETTER OF SOLIDARITY

Encryption: Maximised Secrecy Subject: Bilad ash-Sham Assistance to Fellow Brethren Elsewhere Addressee: Constantine Yaraslan

We officially thank you for accepting our aid, we shalt commence sending our armaments to Oshastad, Helianor. May God be on your side, till victory or honourable martyrdom in the struggle against injustice. Orristian, Jewish, Muslim, Budhist, Hindu anmost other religions derics in our lands have also passed a joint holy degree on their own will as we have been informed. Mout 350 000 civilian volunteers of all ethnicities dereigions throughout the lands of Biladash-Shamhave joined ranks, trained themselves into disciplined guerillas, moreover are readied to ship off as the "Great Arab People's Mujahideen of Solidarity with Suni's Gause." All of this with the aid shalt arrive under false Omani papers to disguise our origins to make sure our nation is spared from reprisal by our enemies. Once you see ships flying Omani flags upside down, thou shalt down it is our detivery.

Our own reinforcements

Cordially yours,

Gordally yours,

- Carrade El-Cammadente Bishar Che Al-Assad, Brotherly Revolutionary Craiman of all Billad ash-Sam, Regional-Resident of Sarria, Al-Assad Sovet Regional Republic within Billad ash-Sam, Sureme Sovet Ceneralissimo of Resistance, Seand Saladin, Anointed Che, Gorjaus Che, Gangeror Wann Sirtes Sectarianism Writst Chiterates No-Imperialism, Unifying Lian of the Repoles, Seeker of Truth, Exoser of the Conspiracies, Saviour of Humarkind

- Carrade Repoles Revolutionary Mereira Aisha Al-Cartafi (in 2022)

- Sureme President of The Arab Repoles Demaratic Revolutionary Resistance Republic of Egypt, Soviet Regional Republic within Bilad ash-Sam

- Orniman of the Repoles Demaratic Republic of Al Juzzir (Algeria) Carrade Abdelaziz Butefflika, now Regional-President Elect of the Al Juzzir (Algeria) Soviet Regional Republic within Bilad ash-Sam

- Carrade Sevel Hassan Nasrallah, Regional-Premier of the Lebanan Soviet Regional Republic within Bilad ash-Sam

- Carrade Satih Muslim Mahammed, Founder Secretary Ceneral & Chaiman of the PhD, Regional-President of the Rojana-Kurdistanive Soviet Regional Republic within Bilad ash-Sam

- Carrade Munir Hamameh, Graiman of the Jordanian Repoles Resistance National Front Cadition Bloc (carsists of his Carminis Party), Jordan, of Carmade Akramal-Hamis Arab Sovietis Biothist Ardy Carmae Munir Hamameh, Graiman of the Jordanian Demaratic Papular Unity Party, of Carmade Republic within Biladash-Sam

- Carmade Andros Kurgianau, Scaretary-Ceneral Republic within Biladash-Sam

- Carmade Andros Kurgiana Hamish-Besident Graiman of the Republic Progressive Brath Regional President of the Samaliana Asso del Regional Republic within Biladash-Sam

- Carmade Andros Kurgiana Sama, in elect

Bahrain - Carrade Sheikh Ali Salman, Chairman of the Democratic People's Islamic Anti-Zionist Republic of Bahrain - Carrade Hassan Ali, Premier of the Democratic People's Islamic Anti-Zionist Republic of Bahrain - Carrade Hassan Madan, People's Carmissar of Foreign & Expatriate Affairs of the Democratic People's Islamic Anti-Zionist Republic of Bahrain

Hasta La Victoria Siempre!

GAPMSTC soldiers parading

Algiers Harbour, Algiers Algiers Wilaya (Province)

People's Democratic Republic of Al-Jazair (Algeria) Soviet Regional Republic

Bilad ash-Sham Soviet Union | Theme Song: We Are Coming

In the harbours of Algiers locals cheered on a massive parade of a new civilian militia that was marching down the streets to head for war in a foreign nation. Besides them were lorries loaded with weapons, equipment, helmets, combat suits, ammunitions, foods, clothing, spring water bottles, tents amongst other aid promised to Tsuni's Résistance as well as civilians living in their areas. Some of the Great Arab People's Mujahideen of Solidarity with Tsuni's Cause's (GAPMSTC) 350 000 guerillas were riding down the streets in rolling organised columns of VPK-3927 Volk tactical high-mobility multipurpose armoured vehicles armed with either Kord heavy machine guns, SPG-9 recoilless rifles, or ZPU-23-2 anti-aircraft cannons which were recently manufactured in Algerian defence industry factories to provide these militia lions in addition to lionesses with. The guerillas of this force GAPMSTC came from all corners of Bilad ash-Sham, from all its nationalities, all its ethnicities, all its religions/sects, including atheists & agnostics whom wanted to help fight against injustice. From all walks of the utopian society that was Bilad ash-Sham, people had come to join the GAPMSTC militia to enter the merchant vessels alongside the aid Bilad ash-Sham's government had promised to Tsuni's popular struggle against the reactionaries. "Allah, Souriya, Al-Jazair, Sahrawiya, Lubnan, Masr, Jordaniyya, Bahrainiya, Cypriya, Somaliya, Somaliland, as-Sudaniyya, al-Jamahiriya, Bilad ash-Sham, Bashar Al-Assad w basss!" the guerilla warriors roared whilst goose stepping down the streets.

The commander of those volunteers willing to go overseas to assist Tsuni's followers, Alina Surayya El-Hashem, People's General elected by the popular military committees of the new military organisation for her qualities, commenced to make a speech to both her warriors, as well as to locals in addition to the rest of Bilad ash-Sham at large. The twenty-two year old woman appeared on television in front of an OTV Lebanese television journalist crew. "Comrades, Brothers in addition to Sisters! Today we shalt march together against the forces of reactionaries abroad! We shalt stand with Comrade Tsuni, as well as Comrade Constantine Yaraslan in the glorious struggle against the injustices that be! It is our most sacred, holiest duty, regardless of your religion or irreligious, regardless of ethnicity or nationality. to join together hand in hand to fight evil wherever it stands! We are all equal before heaven, we are all here prepared to die, to march, to draw our swords, to fight till victory or martyrdom, for the great cause of Comrade Tsuni in addition to her ideals! We shalt march, as the mujahideen, the true mujahideen, Christians, Jewish, Muslims, Druze etcetera, all religions & ethnicities, including our atheists & agnostic ranks, together as one, unified for the struggle in the name of honour, glory, justice, equality, fratemity, résistance against the neo-colonialist cabal, in the name of proletarianpeasant solidarity, in the name of the Greater Good! We shalt stand thence fight till the bitter end! We are Lions & Lionesses!"

Whilst the warriors of the Great Arab People's Mujahideen of Solidarity with Tsuni's Cause's (GAPMSTC) marched on alongside the civilian sailors of the merchant vessels, they stomped their boots on the ground in their goose stepping, they roared "URA!", whilst furthermore thumped their fists on their chests in overwhelming in addition to mind-blowing zeal. The Lions & Lionesses of Bilad ash-Sham were once more marching to war, they were under the moral obligation to stand for those whom are facing injustices. As the old saying goes, "Wherever there is injustice that becomes law, Résistance becomes duty." There was also another saying, a Hezbollah Lebanese one, "Whomever thinks he is a Pharaoh moreover so long as he walks this Earth, we shalt break his hand". Indeed, those whom were attempting to crush Tsuni's Résistance movement, would soon rue that very day whence they thought they were going to win against her loyalist supporters. The Lions as well as Lionesses of Bilad ash-Sham, clad in their Russian made Ratnik armoured combat suits & helmets, wielding their divine weapons of Résistance whilst also penultimate struggle, were marching off to fight another most humble, noble, honourable struggle overseas. If the Führer of NATO-EU's Reich were watching Bilad ash-Sham's Lions march off right now, said Führer would have gone in rage-quits a billion times. It did not matter to Bilad ash-Sham however, for Résistance against the interests of imperialistreactionaries was their highest prioritisation.

Whence all had been loaded aboard, they set off for Oshastad, Heilanor, setting sail aboard fleets of merchant vessels in several waves, all of whom would be utilising flags in addition to identification from Oman to disguise the origins of all of this delivery. On board the vessels the mood was a good one. The soldiers in addition to merchant vessels' personnel were in a jubilant mood. Furthermore about five hundred Shubat al-Mukhabarat al-Askariyya (SMA) (Military Intelligence Directorate, MID) personnel were also aboard the merchant vessels to arrive for the purposes of advising in addition to training any recruits over at the destination that would wish to join Tsuni's ranks whilst furthermore utilise the weapons Bilad ash-Sham were delivering to them. People's General Alina Surayya El-Hashem was in her quarters on one of the ships reviewing maps, as well as rosters containing lists of the many names of the Bilad ash-Sham persons whom enlisted to go overseas with her to

join Comrade Tsuni's loyalists in the sacred struggle ahead of them. On board the ships during the voyage soldiers were dancing to dabke tunes of their local traditional, patriotic, revolutionary résistance songs within Bilad ash-Sham. Men in addition to women were all participating in these dabke in addition to furthermore karaokes of famous Bashar Al-Assad solidarity songs. On the decks of the merchant ships some of the soldiers shot assault rifles in the air in excitement. "Allah, Bilad ash-Sham, Bashar w basss!" was the prevailing chant at this point. Thence so the sailing also continued...

Oshastad Heilanor Operation People's Fist of Justice Theme Song I | Theme Song II

At last, after a good period of time at sea, including several stops in friendly ports to resupply, the vessels had arrived in the harbours of Oshastad, Heilanor to deliver their reinforcements of aid. The weapons as well as humanitarian aid promised to Tsuni's loyalists were the first things that were being unloaded. The second grouping being unloaded were the many VPK-3927 Volk tactical high-mobility multi-purpose armoured vehicles armed with either Kord heavy machine guns, SPG-9 recoilless rifles, or ZPU-23-2 anti-aircraft cannons that were transporting part of the Great Arab People's Mujahideen of Solidarity with Tsuni's Cause's (GAPMSTC) soldiers. The rest, the majority of the troops were landing afterwards with their many officers including the People's General herself from the merchant vessels in several waves through dinghies headed ashore. Their banners fluttered in fullest glory whilst they marched down the streets to reinforce the cause of Comrade Tsuni which was led by Constantine Yaraslan. The five hundred SMA/MID intelligence operatives were soon parachuted onto the docks of the harbour by the one or two An-225 "Miriya" strategic airlifting transport aircraft which Bilad ash-Sham had smuggled into some of the merchant vessels. Whence the unloading was done People's General Alina Surayya El-Hashem soon arrived ashore as well, whilst typing on her satellite tablet phone device via secure line a broadcast to let Constantine know that the "deliveries" had arrived. The merchant ships in the meantime were dosing up their doors. Capitans were on the ground with their "Omani papers" to show them to Tsuni's forces.

Last edited by Souriya Al-Assad on Fri Jun 20, 2014 7:38 pm, edited 4 times in

The Arab People's Republic of Souriya Al-Assad | SAA&Co defending Syria against FSA&Co

Allah, Souriya, Bashar w bas! - EPIC

Show Spoiler

Basically, this. Our form of gov. NS wars: 1/1/1/1.

USSR/Yugo HDIs 1992 - Haters are going to hate EPIC 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 Hezbollah Compass TRUTH



Libraria and Ausitoria Negotiator

Posts: 7099 Founded: May 30, 2011

Ex-Nation

by Libraria and Ausitoria » Tue Jun 24, 2014 11:38

QUOTE

0

1000 feet above and to the south of City Square, Ghish

This was silly, though Harry Pochan, Flight Ensign, Chattakang Air Force, as he approached the square on minimum power at stalling speed. The minimum power served two purposes: first, to conserve fuel, which he was dangerously short of, and second, to try to avoid giving extra warning to ground forces. But it did take a great amount of concentration.

The journey in had been easier than he expected, with no opposition at all, giving him plenty of time to prepare his move - and allowing him to pop up to a 300 m altitude to pick up final orders a full hundred kilometers from the scene, where he had been informed that there were Lowlandian forces operating in the area with similar intent, who had been told that he was on his way. His task was now to assist them against the other two sides who were now killing each other in the square.

'Assist them', he murmured to himself, sceptically. I.e. attack anyone with a weapon who wasn't Lowlandian. The trouble was, it wasn't exactly easy to tell who was who from this height, and even if he could tell, an aircraft was not exactly the stablest of firing platforms at such low speeds with explosions

going on all over the place. The strain was building up - adrenaline, excitement, fear - but would he let it stop him from doing his best? No.

He tilted his nose down as he revved his engines, thanked God for Ausitorian thrust vectoring and computer stabilization, and studied the scene carefully through the magnified image on his HUD as he pointed the aircraft at possible targets. He started by opening fire at one group that was rallying around a silly pink dragon flag. He observed some people from that group - and from others nearby - fall dead, although there was so much chaos on the ground and so many people dying anyway that he could not tell whether he had been the active cause of it.

His eyes continued scanning for another target without interruption. There was a group with what looked a silly wolf flag, and he shot at them, and the same thing happened. Then another at what looked like another pink dragon. But again there was so much shooting on the ground that he could hardly tell whether he was making any difference. Were those Lowlandians on his right?

And then his eyes saw a flicker of what looked liked the barrel of an anti-aircraft missile launcher, and he automatically took evasive action, fired off a pillar of chaff, and was half a mile away in the blink of an eye, and there was still no sign of a missile anywhere. Perhaps there had been one which had exploded in the chaff.

He turned his aircraft around again. This was going to be a long five minutes: the pass had taken perhaps 15 seconds. He checked his fuel gauge and started to head back for another pass.

Pax Prosperitas

By Order

To: Nations of the Paneslyian Community

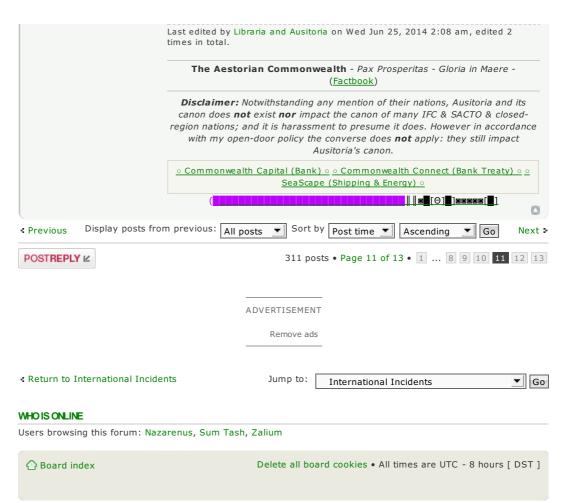
General Statement of Intent

In light of the coup de'tat provoked by the so-called Empress Lara against our ally Heilanor, the Ausitorian government calls upon the Panelysian Senate to immediately create a Peacekeeping Corps to dispatch to Heilanor to confound, curtail, encircle, and defeat the barbarians, aggressors, and traitors as they launch unprovoked invasions against their neighbouring nations, of which the Imperial Commonwealth is included. We have responded to this unwarranted challenge by dispatching appropriate forces.

Seen in the light of events in Zathalon, in light of the similar unrest and attempted coup de'tat within Ghant, and the subsequent chaotic massacre of civilians in the Ghish City Square, the Ausitorian government is currently operating in southern Ghant to assist with Lowlandian efforts to re-establish order, the legitimate government, and to protect civilian rights as part of our wider responsibility to protect doctrine.

We know that unity is not achieved by fire and sword but by peace and prosperity, and we are utterly opposed to these recent events. We shall look forward to discussing further co-operative measures we can take with fellow Senate nations.

We have the honour to remain, Sir Henry Taylor, Prime Minister, The Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria



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