

by Max Barry



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The Thin Line Between Bondage and Freedom

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The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3859
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by **The Macabees** » Fri Aug 19, 2022 12:36 pm

QUOTE

MAGECASTLE, THE ICE STATES

He took the copy of the hastily drafted treaty text and read it thoroughly. Then, he looked up and said, "It reads well. My only recommendation is to strike out the text concerning our blockade evasion efforts, meaning the diversion of trade through Nicaro. Best that this remains secret. When the blockade has ended, this provision will be unnecessary since you will be able to directly import and export again, as the text itself suggests. When that is amended, I have the authorization from His Imperial Majesty to sign the treaty on the terms defined within."

The agreement was somewhat of a gamble. First, it put the Federal Republic in a tight situation. Although the Golden Throne considered the FRCP to be the aggressor, its aggression against the Ice States was not condemnable. In fact, the Golden Throne was the author and signatory of the [Freedom and Liberty Act](#), the GDRC bill that banned the slave trade within the region of Greater Dienstad. Outside of the FRCP's actions against imperial trade, its bellicosity towards TIS was considered 'legal' and justified. Furthermore, because the shooting war between the two states had been directly provoked by TIS, the FRCP would likely ask for some sort of concession or spoil before agreeing to withdraw. With a fresh mutual defense agreement signed with the Golden Throne, TIS would have very little incentive to give in to such a demand. This heightened the risk of war between the FRCP and the Golden Throne, right as the likelihood of war was finally beginning to draw down. Second, there was still quite a bit of uncertainty on whether the 5-year provision for the full emancipation of Icean slaves would satisfy international parties, international parties who were preparing to intervene against TIS themselves. If there wasn't buy-in, all this effort would be

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for naught and the Golden Throne would be in an awkward position, half-allied with TIS but unwilling to defend it from states whose friendship it considered to be older, more solid, and more important at the moment. Third, Derego was signing it on behalf of His Imperial Majesty without first passing the treaty text to Fedala for inspection.

But, events were quickly spiraling and Derego felt that this was a 'now or never' moment. So he decided to throw the dice.

MANAGUA, SOUTHERN NICARO

Managua, capital of the Nicaroan south, was teeming with Macabéan soldiers. This was true on a usual day, and these were not usual days. If there were always a lot of occupiers in Managua, their numbers had at least doubled in the past week.

Gunfire sounded in some jungle battlefield out east of Managua. If the city was firmly under imperial control, the outlying countryside had to be constantly patrolled to keep it pacified. That didn't stop the mayors from being car bombed or the teachers from being gunned down; every 'good citizen' was liable to be turned into an example of what happened to someone who 'worked for the imperialists.' It did mean that every city, town, and village was billeted with its own garrison of limikari, the policing forces of the Ejermacht. Macabéan money was everywhere now, and the average southern Nicaroan dealt with it in small change as they sold to the soldiers or earned wages from the military. And that day-to-day interaction had multiplied in the past week.

Although Nicaro already based a significant garrison of regulares, the imperial field army, this force was still small compared to the garrisons elsewhere. In anticipation of a deployment to the Ice States in the near future, the Fuermak branches cooperated to bring in additional ground units. Transport aircraft by the hundreds flew into the various military airfields throughout the satrapy laden with troops, who were then taken south by train. Some of their equipment also came by air, much of it by ship. The port cities were seeing a burgeoning additional demand for docking space. From all over Nicaro, personnel and material converged from several entry points toward what the Golden Throne knew as the Nicaroan Frontier — the international borders with the Ice States and Motokata.

Moving these forces and their equipment through southern Nicaro required secure supply lines, so the Limikari was unleashed on a hastily organized offensive. Against the village of San Rabatí, where good HUMINT warned of a significant rebel presence, two mechanized infantry battalions conducted a particularly efficient cordon-and-sweep. Without warning, an infantry company entered and started door-to-door searches of homes and businesses from one end of the town to the other while

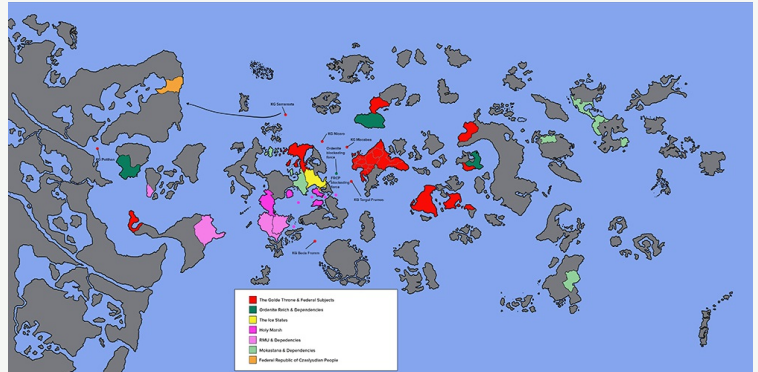
the cordon progressively tightened its perimeter. (It would later be found out that most of the rebel force had somehow slipped out through the cordon.) This was repeated through hundreds of villages and towns as the limikari applied pressure. If ground forces scoured southern Nicaro in search of militants, the air was crawling with helicopters, fixed-wing aircraft, but especially drones. Outside the border town of Luyucamaya, a drone was tasked with launching a cruise missile at the wedding of Guillermo Mendez, a known guerrilla operative leader who at the moment of his death out fishing with his two sons. All three of them were killed. The objective of this combined offensive was to overwhelm and constrain, to protect strategic road- and railways.

Across the streets of Managua, the locals walked around with their eyes on the ground. It seemed as if every corner was protected by two or three Macabéan soldiers. Many of these soldiers were Guffingfordi or from the Zeeland Prefecture in Theohuanacu, most were from the provinces and were themselves a varied group. Sarcanzans often looked and spoke differently to Frommians, likewise with Ruskans, Frumians, and Dienstadis. These soldiers were foreigners, they were occupiers. In the morning, the cafés were a little bit more empty than usual, as people preferred to drink coffee at home these days. And, at night, the city was dead, as a curfew was imposed from 1000 to 0600 — a curfew imposed on Managua and everywhere in the south.

In the towns and villages, the weekly markets were once again dead. They were banned, as all food and essentials were to be sold through militarily-sanctioned local vendors. The intent was to reduce the local sale of food to the guerrillas to starve the latter into giving themselves up. In the cities, where there were many more people and feeding them was a more complicated affair, this technique was less effective. But, the guerrillas rarely entered the big cities. Big cities were the domain of the empire, and the insurgency's home ground was the jungle.

All of this just meant that life was a little bit more drab than usual for the average Nicaroan in the south. They saw more imperial occupiers on the street and interacted with them a little bit more than average. The strict curfews were back. If you were out in the country, your home was liable to be raided. It was much like the first days of the occupation or 'liberation,' as the Macabéans liked to call it. 'Liberation' from civil war and Ordenite influence, according to the occupiers. Most Nicaroans didn't think much of it one way or another. They just wanted to make a living, put food on the table, and hopefully give their children a better life. If the empire could help them do that where their previous governments had failed, so be it. That didn't mean the Macabéans weren't occupiers and that didn't mean that the locals had to like the consequences of the military buildup in the south.

If all went according to plan, most of these new troops would be out of the way in a few weeks. They were the earmarked forward deployment into the Ice States in the event of a mutual defense pact being agreed to between the two countries.



Participants in the conflict + known naval deployments.

KRÍERGRUP 'SAMARASTA'

'Samarasta' had delayed entry into the North Vanguat Sea for some days in order to allow the international situation to clarify. Between the agreement with TIS and the anticipation of talks with the FRCP, 'Samarasta' was finally cleared to enter the North Vanguat Sea and continue its journey to Eitoan. The fleet group did so by first moving in a screen of raid eskúadras deployed to provide an advance screening force, with the rest of the fleet group moving in behind it. As more of 'Samarasta's' assets moved into the North Vanguat, the picketts organized along the northern and northwestern screening layers were gradually strengthened with additional forces fanning out over the vast blue ocean. Although the decision to maintain battle order might send conflicting signals to governments like the FRCP's, the Kriermada considered this the wisest choice after the ambush of the Stevidian 5th Splinter Fleet by the supposed neutral Lyras almost a decade ago during the Great Díenstadi War. If all went according to plan and the situation between the FRCP and the Golden Throne continued to deescalate, 'Samarasta' would not be in the North Vanguat for long, anyway.

Eitoan was alerted of 'Samarastas' vector toward their country. Only a single carrier eskúadra was to dock in Eitoan for a brief three-day visit. Then, the kríergrup would be back on its journey south, west, then south again. The intention was to pass through the strait into the sea just south of the Great Inner Sea, where Kriiergrup 'Potthan' had recently deployed in to close exit and entry into the Greater Inner Sea in case of a war. From there, 'Samarasta' would continue down south to the country from which it took its name.

Elsewhere, Kriergrup 'Beda Fromm' sailed into the sea just northwest of Deamonopolis, with the intention of guarding exit out of the Sea of Faith in case of a war. Kriergrup 'Targul Frumos,' far to the northeast, was to do the same in its area. 'Targul Frumos' was also tasked with screening the southern perimeter of the Ordenite blockading force. To the north, between Nicaro and the imperial mainland, 'Nicaro' and 'Macabea' guarded the northern perimeter of the Ordenite blockading force. Although the Reich and the Golden Throne had so far avoided using the situation to escalate their own antagonism, the presence of a significant Ordenite fleet just off the coastline of the provinces was not exactly a source of comfort. Sensible, then, for the Kriermada to deploy significant assets to contain and isolate the Ordenites ships in case of a greater conflict.

Former Sr. II Roleplaying Mentor | [Factbook](#)

[The Macabees' Guides to Roleplaying, Worldbuilding, and Other Stuff](#)
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Mahdah
Ambassador

Posts: 1604
Founded: Apr 24, 2011
Corrupt Dictatorship

by **Mahdah** » Fri Aug 19, 2022 3:47 pm



Sea of Faith

TO: Theocratic Matriarchy Armed Forces

FROM: National Defense Ministry of the People's Revolutionary Republic of Mahdah

The People's Revolutionary Republic of Mahdah in accordance of good faith and cooperation with the Theocratic Matriarchy and it's Armed Forces have through the proper channels within the Central Military Commission have begun the mobilization and deployment of elements of the Faith Sea Fleet of the People's Liberation Army Navy for OPERATION TIN HAWK. The following ORBAT is what will join the Theocratic Matriarchy Navy in it's operations in and around the Sea of Faith.

Operation: Tin Hawk
27th, 30th, 56th Operational Fleets
46th, 87th, 60th Tactical Submarine Forces
12th, 4th, 15th, 21st Maritime Defense Squadrons
Organized under Rear Admiral Arman Hatami under the Faith Sea Fleet of the PLAN.



The Ice States
Ambassador

Posts: 1021
Founded: Jun 23, 2022
Corporate Police State

by **The Ice States** » Fri Aug 19, 2022 5:45 pm



At Magecastle, The Ice States

The Duke replied, "I would honestly prefer keeping the clause in the treaty, but specifically mandate it as secret."

“

Ice goods and wares transferred to Nicaro but where Nicaro is not their final destination are to be flagged as originating from The Golden Throne, and may not be indicated as originating from The Ice States, when in international waters. The Golden Throne is to strive to have these goods and wares arrive via Macabean vessels at their intended destination port as speedily as possible. This provision and its contents are to be kept confidential, and may not

be only revealed to those entities inside The Golden Throne and The Ice States responsible for its enforcement.

The Divine Scribe then added, "Klyprer gives his blessing to this treaty, and urges us to sign it." Once the treaty was signed by representatives of both nations, the Duke told the Macabean diplomat: "Thanks for the productive talks. We will indeed commence our compliance with this new treaty immediately." After a session of farewells and handshakes, the diplomats left the room that afternoon. Phew!

At Wintercourt, The Ice States

A new Ice Herald article was published by Duke Nicholas Lucier himself _

Treaty Of Liberation Announced

Written by Duke Nicholas Lucier

Following a long session of negotiations with The Empire of the Golden Throne, the "Treaty of Liberation" has been signed by representatives from both The Ice States and The Golden Throne, and received the full blessing of Klyprer. This represents significant growth from the previous relations between the nations, which began with the establishment of the Treater Of Cooperation Along the Ice Frontier, wherein we would support The Golden Throne's sovereignty over Nicaro in exchange for promotion of the Order of Klyprer and support for our growing imprisonment program. The Treaty of Liberation effectively ensures that The Golden Throne provide maximal assistance to The Ice States during these difficult times in exchange for commencing a process to eventually end slavery.

The Treaty of Liberation

The Ice States is now entering compliance, having ceased the enslavement of all further persons and proscribed the sale or purchase of slaves to other nations, and has in fact commenced a program to allow all slaveowners to sell their slaves to the nation at a substantial price. The training program remains in the process of being started, and on the website "www.endingslavery.tis", one can order the sale of their slaves. However, services to directly send couriers to collect sold slaves remain in progress, and will be completed by mid-August. Those who register to have their slaves sold earlier will receive a greater price.

In addition, bureaucrats are currently working to lift all extant restrictions on free capital flow between The Ice States and The Golden Throne; while the neighbouring imperial nation works on the same.

While assistance from The Golden Throne to fight off the blockade is certainly important, in addition to the natural benefits of free capital flow and the intelligence-based assistance, questions still remain unanswered. The Ice States is commencing this process as this represents a mutually beneficial deal with a friendly nation, not as a result of coercion from the blockade, and whether the FRCP, Ordenite Reich, or Holy Marsh would withdraw from the blockade still leaves a giant question mark. If, in particular, the FRCP remains in the blockade, it would merely be a show of hypocrisy and bad faith, as the blockade does not actually help bring about the end of slavery -- and in fact, is more likely to hinder the process, as resources are focused on opposing the FRCP rather than ending slavery -- in which case it would seem that the FRCP's only aim would be to virtue-signal opposition to slavery, rather than to actually end it. Should they, they will continue to be met with deadly force, and we will not give into their coercion.

[List of factbooks](#) · [24x World Assembly Author](#) · [Immigration Officer, Greater Dienstad](#) · [Festering Snakepit Wiki](#) · [Quincentenary Archive](#)

[How to automatically send telegram campaigns using the API](#)
The Kraven Corporation's posts should not have been removed.



Holy Marsh
Negotiator

Posts: 5616
Founded: Nov 09, 2007
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

by **Holy Marsh** » Sat Aug 20, 2022 12:27 am



Khaska, Northeast Holy Marsh Vehicle of a Pissed Off Church Official

It was a busy day as the terms of the agreement were delivered to parties near and far. The Theocracy received it and the response was- not swift, honestly. And when the response came, it came not from the Arch-Bishop. Instead, it was Lead-Sensaca of the Religious Compliance Office, a small but situational powerful office and body within the Church. Their job was to ensure that all treaties and agreements signed were in compliance with the faith. The Sensaca was a diplomat-negotiator within the department, and it was Lead-Sensaca Sabastian Sterisusha who was tasked with delivering the Marshite response.

He did so with a phone call with Jogornos Naxos of the Golden Throne. A meeting would have been preferred, but time was of the essence. The required arrangements were made and Mr. Sterisusha called Jogornos Naxos from a car, the sounds of the busy Khaskan miltraffic forcing the windows up.

"Jogornos Naxos, a pleasure. We have reviewed this treaty. I will cut to the important part so you do not have to fret about the current situation: Despite some grave misgivings and an open dislike of several elements, the Arch-Bishop approves of this and will be issuing the Mer'cia Extrema tonight during her speech. Having said that," he said as he took a breath, loosening himself in the backseat as he placed his coffee into a holder.

"This treaty of yours allows the sinner to continue to profit from her sin! The only appropriate answer is for them to be punished. Marshism demands punishment for this sin to a greater extent than it demands even the emancipation of those held in bondage. The idea that they may profit one final time is absurd and sickening. The state does not even suffer from this near-final participation in the sin, as your government will cover any of its financial losses. The blood, the sweat, and the soul of the chained is once more bartered at no *cost* to the slavers. Simply dreadful and immoral to the extreme. It is our sincere hope that every former slave master, every member of their government who participates, and every member of the clergy of their so-called religion that approves of this or the slave trade dies screaming. They may now separate themselves from the great sin of slavery, but they will continue to profit from it. They may escape justice for now but rest assured that all sinners face judgement someday," he started, his face growing more and more crimson as he spoke. He was doing his best to keep cool, but he knew that his emotion was leaking through. And how could it not? Never before had the Arch-Bishop agreed to deliver the Mer'cia Extrema over the objections of the Lead-Sensaca As far as he was concerned they should be carpet bombing the Ice States, not granting them mercy.

"We find these multi-year training courses themselves to be thinly veiled proto-slavery institutions. The state owns them still, does it not? And then for a period of three to five years, they are expected to be 'trained'. In what? Where? How? Does every job in their nation require three to five years of training? We think not. It seems all the more likely to us that these people are still essentially enslaved, denied their basic human freedom to travel and find their own work or path in life while being made to work at the whims of the state. What does this training look like? How does it not turn into extreme hours of work for a poverty wage? They will have a poverty wage but will be for all intents and purposes slaves of the state! Perhaps even worse than before, as they will now be expected to work to earn

their basic necessities. How many of them may come to view the new put-upon stresses of their 'freedoms' to be less preferable than the 'kindly whip'? Veiled slavery is still slavery as far as Marshites are concerned," he continued, looking over the provisions of the treaty and shaking his head. Of the seventeen officials who had taken to the vote, eleven had rejected the treaty, including the two Lead-Sansacas. It was seen as the start of a negotiation, not the end result. It was hard to stomach the damn thing being accepted in the state it was.

"And once they do finish these programs, they are simply released to find a job. Except there are no programs in place to enforce non-discrimination. It is a tale as old as time: Former slaves are freed, but the newly freed slaves can't find work as they are discriminated against. The training will only help them so much as the same education can be found elsewhere. And so what will these slaves become? They will remain an underclass not by merit but by design. A slavemaster who remains unpunished remains unrepentant about their superiority over the enslaved. A slaver society that skates away unscathed will never truly view their former slaves as citizens, but as differently shaped cogs in the same machine as before. Gristle and bone, gristle and bone," he seethed, taking the phone away from his mouth for a few moments so he could snap off a quick curse and then compose himself. When the Arch-Bishop had informed them of her desire to issue the Mer'cia Extrema despite the objections lodged, he had asked for the findings and analysis to be resent. He had hoped that there had been a miscommunication. Truth be told, he still hoped there was.

"With this loan, the Golden Throne finds itself directly supporting the sinners. How many of your sons and daughters are spinning in their graves, having died fighting slavery, at the provisions found herein? That you will provide a loan to help the slavers themselves offset the fictional financial burden of freeing their slaves? That you are willing to join hands with them in military concert? Your very blood cries out from the tombs and graveyards in existential horror at these revelations. Pray that the Ice States finds itself greater than our fears for if it does not you have betrayed your own war dead," he finished, venting his own personal shock that the Golden Throne would abide their debasement, no matter how slight, by their involvement in the matter. Pragmatism was always a weak reason for action.

He took a deep breath.

"Having said all that, the Arch-Bishop will be issuing the Mer'cia Extrema, and we will be working to bring peace to all parties. We ask to be made members of the mission, so we can observe their tight adherence to this treaty. That will satisfy the conditions," he said, his voice having lost its growing momentum. It was the least that could be done to soothe many of those who had voted against the agreement, in any case.

Sterisusha would continue the phone call with the Ambassador as long as the representative wanted, but at least his rueful job was done.

The Mer'cia Extrema, Holy Marsh Airwaves

When the Arch-Bishop made her appearance it was simply one of many. She held daily services nationally and often took time to speak for the Faith to the Chosen. Her appearance would start off as normal, with a few minutes of prayer, than a passage from the Fourth Scripture. It detailed the relations between multiple tribal peoples in Pushania, the ancient homeland of the Marshite people, from a time when Marshism was dominant but not alone in that land. Another tribe, an enemy that had been dispatched readily centuries earlier, returned to the land. Marshites prepared to fight them for this ancient tribe had been known for its participation in slave raids. They instead came to the Marshites, pleading for aid. Their people had fallen on rough times and were nearing extinction. Their Gods had

failed them and on their last kegs they turned to the Holy Marsh to provide for them. They had stopped taking slaves or using them, and sought mercy and succor

Most Marshites demanded their destruction for their historical transgressions. Yet the Arca-Karda, the old Pushanian term for the Arch-Bishop, took pity on them. At that time however, there existed no way of reversing the war-state against the slavers. Therefore, the Arca-Karda and the tribal chief searched for the Fourth Prophet, who had recently started Revealing in the deep jungles. There they were given the Word: All save the Chosen were equal before the Holy Marsh, and it was within the Arca-Karda's right as the Sincere Voice of the Faith to look into the hearts of their fellow sapientes and see within them the repentance and quality necessary for their sins to be forgiven. To forgive a whole people of a great sin and to remove their intended punishment was indeed within the Arca-Karda's right, but should she err in his decision in granting it would be her soul as well that would pay the debt.

The Arca-Karda did issue the Mer'cia Extrema- the Mercy of the Extremes- to that tribe, who would over the great eons become as Marshite as any other. The potential price of failure was heavy, and rarely did the decree get issued. The Mer'cia Extrema of the Yghana (1800 BLW), Unstalar (1100 BLW), Yanman (650 BLW), Julii (643 BLW) had proven successful. The failure of the Mer'cia Extrema of the Testaslan (210 BLW) however had seen the practice fall almost entirely out of favor, as it was blamed for weakening the Marshite people in the years leading up to the Long War. It would be twelve centuries before it was attempted again (Resilav, 950 ALW), and the dual failure of the Shanstani and Schandrack Mer'cia Extremas (1345 and 1347 ALW) had seen the practice nearly forgotten. Marshites had indeed pulled the dogs of war off of a slave state when it said it was rescinding the trade, but a Mer'cia Extrema was more powerful for it dictated that such a state was to be considered one of many instead of a sinful state in declining cruelty.

Which led her to the point of tonight's speech.

"Hear now the following words, as they are the words of the Holy Marsh Herself as spoken by me into law and fact.

The Slaver-Empire of the Ice States has agreed to unshackle itself from the Great Sin that came to be its main characterization and will no longer be supporting this most damnable of trades. As such, I, as the representative of Her Divine Will and given the Divine Authority to execute the aims and desires as I understand them, am issuing the Mer'cia Extrema at this time," she said sternly, allowing her softer image to decline as the seriousness of her speech broke through. The meaning of the term would be found at the bottom of the various screens or links to academic analysis would enable Marshites to follow along. It was a term very few would be familiar with, after all.

"With this decree, we remove the Ice States from the state of war that exists with all slavers and shall now start to entreat them as we would other nations. No longer are their vessels and aircraft viable targets of opportunity for the military; no longer are their citizens and diplomats considered legal for direct violent action to be taken. There shall exist no sanctioned, direct violence between our peoples now. With this decree I lift from them all military action taken against them due to their slave-making ways," she leaned in ever slightly, her voice coming down as she understood that many would find great issue with her words.

"Many of you will no doubt be upset that this has not been the result of military action directed at the sinners who have profited from the slave trade. It is just and righteous for you to be angered by this, for the sin of slavery cries out for punishment. However, the Mer'cia Extrema has been issued and as long as the Ice States abide by the proper steps it shall remain in effect. There remains many other slaver states that demand spiritual reprimand, and we shall do so with our customary righteous violence. Let us now discuss these states, and in what ways you may aid in their destruction..."

Movements of a Military Nature

The Arch-Bishop continued to speak but right after she finished issuing the decree, the following message would be delivered to the embassies of nations involved, transmitted where possible to pertinent military commands where such options were available, or allowed to be transmitted to the important actors of involved nations with whom the Theocracy shared no relations. While transmitted to many nations it was highly encrypted and safeguarded:

"THIS COMMUNIQUE IS AUTHORIZED FOR DELIVERY BY THE THEOCRATIC MATRIARCHY ARMED FORCES BY WORD OF THE ARCH-BISHOP NOTICE OF MOVEMENT AND INTENT

The Sea of Faith will be closed off to all non-Romani Mar'si Union traffic regardless of nationality or intent. Vessels of the Ice State naval forces and other military branches may return to their port of call unmolested or basing unharmed. Vessels of the FRCP may take their honored places in Marshite ports, where we are willing to offer repair and recovery services. Until such a time as both nations are at peace, no vessel or aircraft may enter or remain in the Sea of Faith without the strict permission of the Theocratic Matriarchy of the Holy Marsh or the Imperial Federated States of Romandeos. There are no exceptions. Nations will be given twelve hours to reach port or communicate their intentions with us so as to try and receive permissions or otherwise communicate intent to adhere to this notice. Vessels that are not in compliance will be considered targets for attacks from sea and air, as well as boarding actions, regardless of nationality.

In the North Vanguat Sea, Marshite forces have been ordered to escort vessels of both the Golden Throne and the FCRP to ensure compliance with the peace process. These escorts will be done at a distance and with no intent to deviate or disrupt their path, but simply instead to protect them.

It is the policy of the Theocracy that with the Mercy of the Extremes given to the Ice States that no military action currently be undertaken against them, unless they fall short of their obligations. It is the policy of the Theocracy that the honored nation of the FRCP be allowed to retire from its militancy on this issue in peace. It is the policy of the Theocracy that the Sona Emperor's Own be uncontested in their legal movements, economic or military alike. It is the policy of the Theocracy that attempts to impede any of these elements will be responded to with force and will be treated as a localized breach rather than an open rejection of the wider notice being given.

You have been notified."

Friend of Kraven, 2005-2023

18 years of stories deleted

Kraven Prevails!



Greater Ordena
Bureaucrat

Posts: 55
Founded: Nov 06, 2021
Psychotic Dictatorship

by Greater Ordena » Sat Aug 20, 2022 9:59 am



OFFICIAL STATEMENT FROM THE ORDENITE REICHSCHANCELLERY

Due to developments within The Ice States and the publication of the Treaty of Liberation which announces the end of slavery and the process of emancipation of all slaves residing in TIS. The Greater Ordenite Reich has decided that it's blockade set upon the Ice States be lifted and that all commerce traveling to and from The Ice States be not impeded by naval vessels of the Ordenite Kriegsmarine. Therefore the Greater Ordenite Reich also formally recognizes The Ice

States as a sovereign nation state within Greater Dienstad. Aside from this the Kriegsmarine Flotille that had been enforcing the blockade upon The Ice States will continue operations in the sea separating The Ice States and the Macabean mainland with freedom of navigation in mind. This is by no way an attempt at unnecessary provocation of the Golden Throne as both the Greater Ordenite Reich and The Golden Throne of Macabees adhere to the established armistice between our two nations.

IC Population: 22.714 billion
IC Nation Name(s): Greater Ordenite Reich(Official), Ordenite Reich(unofficial), Fourth Reich(Unofficial).
Previously known as "'United World Order"
[Maintenance Thread](#)
[Condemned by the World Assembly, December 25th, 2018.](#)



Agar-Na
Lobbyist

Posts: 11
Founded: May 04, 2022
Iron Fist Consumerists

by **Agar-Na** » Sun Aug 21, 2022 11:37 am



The Royal Palace Agar, Princiality of Agar-Na

Prime Minister Bezalel Shapira chatted briefly with Count Abarvanel, the Foreign Minister ten minutes before Shapira's weekly meeting with Prince Harold. The two were more or less compatible, but the Count clearly more at ease with overseas matters, as to be expected. Perhaps the Count's noble rank made him seem more at ease in The Palace. Regardless, the two were going over the fine points of the Eitoan proposal. Shapira quizzed Abravanel over the points Prince Harold was most likely to note of concern with the proposal.

"Now, have you reached out to the FRCP at all about this visit? I know they are expecting a Foreign Minister level attendance for the Northwest Mutual Assistance Agreement signing, but this raises the stakes a bit. After all, the Tarasyuk visit here went well, but we still haven't hosted Silarz yet. Should The Prince have any concerns about protocol? And he may be a bit rusty on etiquette. After all, we're used to hosting continental heads of state, but we've never, at least since Ralkovia fell, seen a major world power in Agar. Would we need to suggest coaching, gently? Do you have estimates about attendance at The Castle? We may need to limit delegation size, or hold the signing off site. Maybe the Opera House, or at the University of Nitra. We have to consider Prince Harold's choice of venue here." Shapira inquired.

Abravanel reassured Shapira on all points. Tensions seemed to be easing in the Northern Vanguat, the Czaslyudians were fully aware that NMAA accession was a fait accompli, and a suitable location for hosting The Emperor would be obtained. The Royal Chamberlain motioned the two to approach The Prince. Shapira led the way from the anteroom to the large throne room, with Abravanel in tow. Both bowed curtly.

The Prince, sitting at the ornately carved oak table before the throne, seemed distracted. He was gingerly gripping the rare Rakavsky-Gare 1895 revolver, prize of the royal collection of firearms adorning the south wall of the throne room. He liked the look and feel, and the heft of the weapon, and planned to take it shooting over the weekend. Looking up at the chamberlain's announcement of the prime minister, he placed it carefully back in the glass case on his right and closed the lid. He nodded to the Prime Minister, and Shapira approached. Abravanel remained at the doorway. Harold nodded again. Shapira took his seat across from The Prince. Shapira looked up before opening business. It was a habit he acquired since his liberation from prison following his liberation from prison in The First Ralkovian War and reinstatement as Prime Minister. Shapira began.

"Your Highness, we have a request from Eitoan, from Foreign Affairs Secretary Falkowski. This requires your attention. Secretary Falkowski informs us that Emperor Fedor has expressed interest in attending the treaty signature. He further informs us that The Emperor will be joined by President Shrdlu. Only you can give assent to this request, since this raises attendance to the head of state level."

Prince Harold, still distracted, thought for a moment. "Well, this is a surprise. Of course it would be a pleasure to have The Emperor as a guest. Would we host him in The Palace? Will all NMAA heads of state attend? And what of the Czaslyudians? Aren't they at war with Fedor?"

Shapira cleared his throat. "No, your highness. The Golden Throne and the FRCP are not in a state of war. It appears that tensions around The Ice States have eased a bit, or at least, there is not fighting in the Northern Vanguat. In fact, a Golden Throne squadron is visiting Berwyn, and we haven't heard of any incident. At this point President Shrdlu and Emperor Fedor will be in attendance. We haven't heard from The Timocratic Republic or Palmyron. I think we will be fine with hosting The Emperor at the palace. We may have to go offsite for the signing."

"Will the Tupiocans attend?" the Prince asked.

Shapira chuckled. "No your highness, King Harold won't be here. Just NMAA delegations."

"Well, very well then. We can go ahead with Fedor and Shrdlu. No King Harold, so nobody can get us confused. That's always good for a laugh, though" the Prince said.

Office of SJM Accounting Firm Agar Principality of Agar-Na

Pavol Kollár welcomed his visitor to his spacious office. SJM was the principality's third largest accounting firm, and he looked forward to these meetings with foreign investors. Lori Mitchell, a partner at the Kelso law firm or Roper, Elroy, Bartak and Dunlay greeted Pavol, and had a seat. Roper Elroy handled much foreign business in Eitoan, and Lori had the biggest accounts, like the Lomongo interests on the continent, so Pavol was expecting some juicy business. And he wasn't disappointed.

"Pavol, to get down to business, I have a number of requests from some clients overseas, in this case, Fedala. In a nutshell, here's what they're looking for:

- Díenbank: This client would be interested in either buying out an existing investment bank in the principality, or having its own local investment bank chartered. We're going to need some guidance on the feasibility of such a purchase, or barring that, in navigation of the chartering process through the Royal Bank of Agar-Na.
- Navitek: They are want to invest in some large scale construction and infrastructure development projects. What can your people put together here? I have information that The Smolek concern in Agar is looking for a partner in expanding the Bruszek Industrial Park. What stage in the Myslava harbor upgrade? Is this an opportunity?
- Pythia: They're looking to enter the continental smart phone and appliance market, and think Agar-Na would be a good opportunity. Can your people give us a good assessment of prospects here?

Pavol stared back at Lori. He'd expected some business, possibly from The Kresse Corporation looking for additional PVC facilities, or Stalnev Motors, just existing Eitoan clients. But this was quite a demand,

particularly the possibility of getting in on the ground floor of a new investment bank, one backed by assets that could not be matched anywhere in the inland sea basin. And these could boost SJM revenues way beyond it's #3 position among Agarese accountants, well north of current #2 Suhadolnik. Pavol smiled.

"Yes, Lori, let's discuss this further. I'm sure we can help you out."

Last edited by [Agar-Na](#) on Mon Feb 13, 2023 8:15 am, edited 2 times in total.



Czaslyudian Peoples
Lobbyist

Posts: 24
Founded: Apr 14, 2022
Corporate Police State

by [Czaslyudian Peoples](#) » Mon Aug 22, 2022 12:04 pm



Golden Throne Embassy
06:47 CESTZ
Vladarsik, Eitoan

The night seemed to stretch out for eternity. Even after hours, the Czaslyudian embassy remained a subtle hum of activity as Ambassador Morozov no doubt rearranged every detail of the building to ensure their safety. Lysiak had to hand it to him for his thoroughness, undoing the lobby at the time that neither the nightlife of Vladarsik nor the early-rising laborers stirred. To the Czaslyudian view, embassies and consulates were not treated unlike the compounds used by the enigmatic intelligence services of the FRCP. Rather than a place of trust, the Department of Foreign Relations scrutinized every detail of their diplomatic exclaves, taking great pains to ensure its security against espionage, bad actors, and the like. Indeed, there was a general rumor that the Department of Foreign Relations had been wholly taken over by either the military's Intelligence and Security Directorate or the Department of Internal Security; who had the upper hand depended on who told the story; but most of the behaviors of the DoFR could be explained away by the characteristic paranoia of the Czaslyudians.

It was paranoia that kept the Macabeans waiting, even for just a minute. The response had resulted in the abrupt waking of the now eleven-person diplomatic team, reinforced upon Morozov's request by four of the embassy's retainer of plainclothes security lackeys, who then were shuffled to the motor pool to discover that there were not enough spaces for all of them. Again upon Morozov's request, the security personnel displaced part of their group, leaving Lysiak and a FoRel official to wait for the next ride. By the time she arrived, the sun had peaked brilliantly over the skyline of Vladarsik, and the security types were content with the assessment that the meeting was not, in fact, an ambush.

Being taken in through anything but the main entrance felt like an insult, but then again, Lysiak had learned at this point to have thicker skin. The others either seemed to get the necessity of their discreet entry or they allowed a frown to imperceptibly tug at the corners of their mouths. Lysiak had never seen their kind before—Macabeans, or Nicaroans, or whatever nationality they were before the Emperor subsumed them—so the ex-Marshall could not stop her tired, curious gaze from traveling over the interior's features, its lavish decorations, and irksome neatness and cleanliness. The few people she saw, auxiliaries of the embassy or even brief glimpses of those who would sit across from them, left Lysiak with the impression of a kind of facade: good-natured talk and socially correct behavior, but something green and ugly underneath.

The offer of food and the casual tone set by their hosts caught the Czaslyudians off-guard— they clustered amongst themselves like a pack of uniformed and suited wallflowers, too suspicious of the food offered by their adversaries to wander over to the table. The outsiders were forced to interact with the perimeter, as Avramenko at the center continued hushed conversations with the Foreign Relations advisors; Lysiak, her rusty Stevidian just barely considered conversational, managed to hold threads of a shaky conversation over absolutely nothing. The offer of the whiskey, however, was received well with nearly all the guests who were no strangers to

drinking so early in the morning– Lysiak abstained, toying with a gold-plated coin in her pocket.

"Thank you for meeting at our embassy on such short notice," Filero started. "I believe this is the first formal discussion between our two governments. While perhaps circumstances could have been better, alas, they are what they are. For the sake of providing a simple agenda for today, I think there are three main topics. First, the precarious situation in the North Vanguat Sea. Second, the end goal regarding the Ice States and the ongoing negotiations between TIS and TGT, on which I will have to fill you in. Third, your war with TIS. I separate two and three because our diplomats in TIS are keen on the successful conclusion to the current negotiation process. I am sure that you have heard TIS' announcement of the end of their participation in the international slave trade, as well as the immediate freezing of their domestic slave trade. This is the first step in a larger plan to abolish the institution of slavery in TIS altogether. If this arrangement is concluded successfully, the open question is will the FRCP agree to a ceasefire with TIS?"

Avramenko set down their glass of water with a clatter; the time for indulgences was over. "The Federal Republic recognizes this embassy's *flexibility* in hosting this meeting, and the willingness of your Majesty's government to sit down so readily despite the—" she paused, "state of affairs. I believe my government concurs that those three topics are, in fact, separate; I should make clear that our government's outrage has come not from your dealings with that nation, but with their actions against us. For our sake, I suggest we begin by sorting out our little spat in the Vanguat.

"It is our government's position that it has neither tried to provoke or harm the state of international trade, only that it has tried to enforce measures, to the end goal of stopping human trafficking, that are far milder than most. The FRCP does, however, recognize the friction experienced between more undisciplined actors within our Border Patrol and Sea Forces, and the FRCP can give you an official assurance that those incidents will not be repeated. We should warn, however, that Golden Throne vessels traversing the Vanguat Sea should strive to make themselves plainly visible and identifiable, as well as keeping distance to any ships flagged under the Ice States, to avert any fatal errors. In return, we expect the total embargo of Czaslyudian ships through the international waters you claim your own to be struck down: it is an unnecessary escalation."

	FRCPN Serhij Korzh, 3rd Surface Action Group
<u>Knocking At Your Back Door</u>	10:07 hours, Iskra time
	Sea of Faith, South of the Ice States

The *Korzh* and its escorts were phantoms against the dark, churning sea, except for the bare minimum of illumination. The roar of turboshaft engines followed the silhouette of an aircraft, which attentively used the automated commands flashed at their pilot to make a careful landing. The captain stood at ease on the flight deck, the air displaced from the helicopter's blades whipping at the folds of their dress uniform. The ship gently rocked, causing the incoming helicopter to delay just for a second before touching down; then, the side doors slid open and revealed the Counter-Admiral.

"Sir!" The captain saluted, his voice drowned out by the noise but the intent was seen nonetheless. Yurchenko returned the gesture, but motioned for the pair, flanked by armed naval infantrymen, to enter the holds of the ship. The inside of the vessel was a relief compared to the moisture and heat of the outside air. The *Korzh*, a member of the *Petrov*-Class of amphibious assault ships, was meant

to be the kingpin of an amphibious assault; not only were the vessel's capabilities crucial to any operation of that kind, but it also served as an important command post for the Naval Infantry, and the Land Forces that followed. As such, it was entitled to a comparatively spacious boardroom.

Yurchenko took a seat opposite to the captain. "Captain Husak, is there anything to report?"

Husak nodded. "We received a message from COMNETCOM thirty minutes ago that showed strong evidence of a buildup along the southern shores. They estimated around thirty ships— larger than the first attack. That, combined with vessels known to be in the Sea of Faith, brings them around four times our numbers."

Yurchenko took in the information in quiet contemplation. The news of overwhelming numbers did not particularly trouble the admiral; as Yurchenko had time to review the battle, which had occurred just hours ago, and felt much more secure in his position. The Ice States' navy was one based on harassment, if anything. Their missiles and aircraft were still something to be wary of, but their ships were more easily dispatched.

"I understand. Do you determine there to be any threat to our position here?"

"Land-based cruise missiles are still reasonably within striking distance; however, our early-warning radars would give us plenty of time to respond. I would say we have a secure position, so long as we keep their ships distant."

Yurchenko, eyes distant, nodded his agreement. Distance had been one of the ultimate upper hands of his fleet during the battle; in the comparatively cramped space of the Sinboro Strait, nearly every vessel was part of combat without coming close to danger. Further, their submarine escorts had capitalized on this advantage by combining their stealth with their striking range in leaving several Ice air bases as smoking ruins. It had come at a cost, though. The SAG and its escorts had spent upwards of three-hundred eighty guided munitions; ten SAMs for an estimated seven air kills, 21 ASHMs for an expected seventeen sinkings, and three hundred fifty-some missiles spent on liberally covering Ice military installations. Their three [Ryasnyy-M](#) logistical support ships each carried about 800 guided munitions in their stores, of various types, but it took time to replenish the magazines of their ships— never mind their submarines.

The 3rd Surface Action Group had initially withdrawn, without giving way in their footing as part of the now-dissolving blockade on the Ice States, to preserve themselves and to wait for orders other than their self-protection; and piped to them from an encrypted communications satellite hundreds of miles overhead came those very orders.

FROM: COMSURFVAN
TO: CTR ADM YURCHENKO

INFO: ESTFLTCOM

SUBJECT: CMBT ORDERS

MESSAGE START
===

EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY BEGIN UNRESTRICTED COMBAT OPERATIONS AGAINST
(1) NAVAL VESSELS
(2) MILITARY FACILITIES
(3) SURFACE TARGETS AS SEEN FIT

SUBMARINE FORCES NO LONGER UNDER YOUR CMD, TO BEGIN INDEPENDENT
WEAPONS FREE ON SUSPECTED SLAMING SHIPS.

3RD SAG TO BE REINFORCED: 1ST STRIKE TASK FORCE, EST ARRIVAL TIME 1800

GOOD HUNTING

===
MESSAGE END

Yurchenko had to read it twice. What the message consisted of was giving the Counter Admiral a license to kill two-hundred seventy kilometers away from enemy soil. And what of it? Yurchenko thought. It had been exactly what he had been bucking for just a night ago. The Icers caught them unawares, and killed those under his command— *his* command— and he felt every bone in his body call for retribution. Something about it being on paper— scrawled in the lifeless calligraphy of machines, worded in the detached phrasing common to the military— sent a wave of doubt through Yurchenko. Was this what he wanted? In the weeks it took for the reinforcements to arrive, he would either be dead or his hands caked in blood from the first foreign conflict of his new nation. Thankfully, it was not up to Yurchenko. He washed his proverbial hands of the matter. He was an officer in the Czaslyudian Sea Forces, and a disciplined one. Yurchenko would follow the orders he was given.

The 3rd Surface Action Group revved to life. ASW helicopters began making their rounds along the perimeter of their respective squadrons, and those that bore the plate-like REF-81 radar moved their positions northward to spot any surface or air targets. The logistical ships were moved to the rear, where they could be better protected. Medium and low-frequency sonars shrieked across the deep, their senders vigilantly listening for the returns.

At 08:21 hours, the command ship of the SAG issued a brief transmission which could doubtlessly be overheard by the nearby Marshite landmass.

TO HOLY MARSH ARMED FORCES

FRCP FRIGATE "NIDE", WITH ESCORT "ISTERYKA", WILL RENDEZVOUS AT NEARBY

FRCP SEA FORCES WILL REMAIN IN OPERATING AREA UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

THESE ARE OUR INTENTIONS IN THESE INTERNATIONAL WATERS

CONSULT THIRD FEDERAL REPUBLIC ON THIS DECISION, PENDING PERMISSION

Just minutes later, the first plumes of smoke rose from the decks of ships across the 3rd SAG, signaling the start of their counterattack.

The Czaslyudians had learned their lesson; there would be no more of the sloppy tactics that got them out of their first fix. At an average distance of seventy-four nautical miles from the landmass, the 3rd maintained the ability to hit targets all the way to Southport City; and with the deck-loads of munitions they bore, they would make certain that the Icers knew it.

<u>Screaming for Vengeance</u>	EXSUBRON 3 10:34 hours, Iskra time Sea of Faith, South of the Ice States
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The ink had dried on the page. Across the waters that stretched between their enemy and those they were supposed to protect and escort, the towed radio buoys that put their owners in touch with the surface world received their own orders. The sub drivers, as their captains were so casually called, interpreted their orders through a needlessly prerequisite layer of encryption that ensured that they were the proper, and only, recipients. Combat orders, transmitted from COMSUBVAN in Korf, were concise but with enough nuance to warrant two or three re-readings.

EXSUBRON 3, or Expeditionary Submarine Squadron 3, was a ten-submarine-strong force consisting of the *Fyodor Sergeyev*-Class of nuclear-powered submarines. The *Sergeyev* was envisioned to completely replace the mobility and stealth of a nuclear attack sub while filling the gap in firepower between the submarine forces and an arsenal ship. As it evolved, it was discovered that it was also a mutually valuable tool when used in conjunction with a nearby surface complement: the attack/cruise missile submarines could project the firepower and threat of a surface action group without being as vulnerable, giving the surface ships distance and protection; and could also be made difficult to prosecute from anti-submarine operations due to the standoff ranges of the surface ships, warding off naval vessels and aircraft. EXSUBRON 3 was in such a setup now; with seventy nautical miles of hunting grounds between the 3rd SAG and them, they could be protected from nosy aircraft while they hunted surface ships or engaged targets well on the mainland.

And now, each member of the submarine squadron had more or less received a blank check to engage targets of the Ice States. Oh-eight-thirty-four hours Iskra time marked the time. The seas were smooth like plates of glass, contributing to their sonar's strength at picking out targets. Failing that, the swells were mild enough that any daring submariner could use their periscopes or ESM masts to quickly sweep their surroundings should uncertainty occur. The *Viktor Babenko*, *Denys Chornyj*, and *Marshal Panas Kryvenko* remained silent as their silos were emptied prior, preferring to use their guided torpedoes when wise. The *Aizat Udalenko* and *Vladyslav Hrytsaj* were ordered to do otherwise; they used the same strategy against the port facilities of Southport City and the remaining airbase at Emerstead (reported via intelligence to be still operational judging by visible damage and observations of continued aircraft presences) respectively. The *Fyodor Sergeyev*, *Taras Bodnar*, and *Yurij Mischenko*, the remaining submarines at the front of the formation, would detect, pursue, and attempt to destroy any Ice surface ships without any second consideration. To the Counter Admiral, the second Battle of the Sinboro Strait had started; to the submarine forces of the Czaslyudian navy, it might as well have been another simulated hunt.

Last edited by [Czaslyudian Peoples](#) on Mon Aug 22, 2022 12:39 pm, edited 1 time in total.

Factbooks

Favorite Quote

"Вечнась для Czaslyudiya!"

A corrupt, Post-Soviet anocracy whose de facto third branch of government is an arms manufacturer.
[Sponsoring this signature](#)



Holy Marsh
Negotiator

Posts: 5616
Founded: Nov 09, 2007
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

by **Holy Marsh** » Mon Aug 22, 2022 8:46 pm



Communications in the Sea of Faith

TO: National Defense Ministry of the People's Revolutionary Republic of Mahdah

FROM: Theocratic Matriarchy Armed Forces

The PLAN forces assigned under Rear-Admiral Arman Hatami are authorized for operations in the Sea of Faith as a supporting element in Operation Tin Hawk. Rear Admiral Hatami will be given communication access to Admiral-Mistress Aldun for deployment and operational discussions. May you walk in the light of Marshism.

Task Force Ahastan and Damaa were the first to respond to the messages sent by the 3rd SAG. It fit within established parameters and thus a response was swiftly delivered:

TO: 3RD SAG FRCP NAVAL FORCES

FROM: ADMIRAL-MISTRESS ALDUN, TMN 3RD STRATEGIC FLEET

Previously given notice is still in effect. Frigate "NIDE" and escort "ISTERYKA" are given docking privileges. All other FRCP vessels are advised to adhere to the previous notice: Leave the Sea of Faith, dock in Marshite ports, receive authorization from the Theocracy to remain in operational condition, or communicate and act on intent to leave the Sea of Faith before the given time expires. No vessels have at this time been authorized to remain in an operational condition. Failure to do so will see vessels of the 3rd SAG marked as targets for air and sea attacks until compliance is forced. Our orders are absolute as to enforcement conditions after the deadline. Discussions between governments ongoing; keep aware of these facts as you conduct operations.

Privately, the Admiral-Mistress was happy to allow the Federals to launch their attacks against Icer targets. They were slavers until what felt like moments ago and had been the ones to fire first. She hoped the FRCP sent tens of thousands of them screaming straight to whatever blasted afterlife awaited them and their false god. Having said that, her orders were clear. Her task forces were to assume at this moment that all vessels would be non-compliant and it would need to be forced. They would make the appropriate moves in preparation for enforcement. The aid of PLAN forces would certainly come in handy. At the moment, Aldun wanted to hold them back as the first active reserve, capable of responding to any issue and crisis.

**Sevyich, FRCP
08:20 CESTZ**

[Ambassador-Brother Freadun Ackala](#) marched quickly to his meeting with . The Ambassadorial staff in this new land was relatively small and he was not expected to have had too much on his plate. Marshism has not yet really made any inroads and with so much happening the Theocratic Matriarchy had little cause for concern regarding the Federal Republic. Yet they had made a major move that had seen their perception in the homeland skyrocket, even if it's enthusiasm for righteous conduct saw it inch closer to foolish disaster than many would like. They inched in equal measures further away from a dark outcome while embracing its nucleus with every moment. That was why he found himself hurried to this meeting, one his office had been pushing to get for some time but now demanded due to the encroaching time limit.

The Federal Republic did not yet know the Marshites. The notice that had been given was absolute. After twelve hours, unless vessels had been given explicit permission, had indicated their intent to adhere, or were in fact adhering to the notice, they would be targeted. It wouldn't be seen as an act of war or even as a sign of a deeper conflict, but merely the enforcement of a holy mandate. That held infinitely more power than any international law or treaty. As such, his office had sent a message to the relevant FRCP officials.

From the Desk of Ambassador Ackala:
Regarding: Sea of Faith

Friends,

It is of the utmost importance that I meet with you. At the end of the given time limit, the Theocracy will target and destroy vessels and aircraft that are not in adherence. Your vessels, if they do not receive explicit permission by that time, must be docked, out of the Sea of Faith, or moving out of it or they will be destroyed. Time is of the essence for us to reach an understanding or there will be needless loss of life and capability.

With Concern,
Ambassador Ackal

Thought for the Day: Faith's Counsel is Evertrue

In Sevyich, the news of war broke disagreeably. Despite the administration's best efforts, the word had travelled through foreign third-party sources and into the mainstream. Though politically still many steps away, to the layman it was official: the FRCP was at war. The state media tried desperately to play down the conflict, or at least spin it with propagandistic zeal, but due to the new system put in place after the Civil War, Czaslyudians were, unfortunately, able to make up their own minds on the matter. The downtown of Sevyich was struck by a flurry of protests, each with varying central aims or appeals; the cry *Not Our Sons and Not Our Daughters– Not Again* was recited nearly as much as the crude sermons demanding blood, fire, and a receipt for those two items. Military presence around the Sevyich FAZ was tripled, and police maintained watch and relative order in face of the popular action.

The foreign situation did not get much better than the domestic one. The Department of Foreign Relations juggled maintaining its diplomatic stance, condemning and calling for punishment on the Ice States, and trying to deescalate through down-low talks in the Vanguat with an international power that made a dwarf of them. Pavlo Tarasyuk, Chairman-Minister of the Federal Republic, had served diligently as the ambassador-at-large of the FRCP for months. And what else was there to do; most knew that a job at the DoFR would never lead to the office of Principle Chairman. Tarasyuk was not particularly bothered by this: at eighty-four, he had no specific ambition other than retiring comfortably in a year or so and spending it with his children and grandchildren.

But for now, the situation at hand took precedence. Tarasyuk sat in the Nikolay Nikolayovich Baratov Boardroom, where most meetings of importance took place in the Department of Foreign Relations' main structure. It was a wide, open space with fairly plain, but lavishly and reliably constructed furniture, and four broad windows formed the backdrop of the room, letting in an amount of natural light not often found in Czaslyudian architecture. It served as the Chairman-Minister's office in lieu of a personal one: this was to Tarasyuk some nonsense about the humbleness, and to counterintuitively showcase the high principles on which the Czaslyudians rely, but to Tarasyuk it simply felt emasculating.

The Chairman-Minister scratched his white goatee idly as he reread the communique he had been relayed from the Marshite embassy

across town. As with their secretive negotiations with the Macabéans and the war with the Ice States, the Federal Republic was dancing on the edge of a knife with the Holy Marsh. And Tarasyuk did not consider himself much of a gambler, so without delay, he had adjutants of the DoFR reach out and accept the Ambassador's request for a meeting.

The Ambassador entered, taking a deep breath before doing so. He had to get this going and going fast. Chairman-Minister, a pleasure to meet you. I wish it were under better circumstances, nonetheless." Glancing up at the newcomer, Tarasyuk put on a smile and motioned to a chair opposite to him.

"Likewise, *tovarysh*, likewise. Please, sit." The Chairman said in practiced Stevidian. "I understand your government is-- locking down, if that's the phrase-- the Sea of Faith? I hope you understand the predicament that puts us in, especially with..." Tarasyuk exhaled, "the slaver state."

"I can appreciate the bind it puts you, Chairman," Ackala said as he sat down, the Stevidian common at least providing a stable platform of communication. "You well understand I am sure that we support you morally, and the current counter-attacks being launched are of course justified due to the Ice States' previous actions. We have no intention of intervening at this moment. Indeed, were it not for their announcement regarding the liberation of the chained then the forces being gathered would likely be joining you in striking them. However, the notice we gave is the official, hard policy of the Theocracy. With the Mer'cia Extrema being issued, we now view current engagements as being meritless outside of your justified current response.

Therefore, I must inform you that permission is not authorized to continue operations past the expiration of the time limit. Vessels must either be docked, out of the Sea of Faith, moving to dock, or moving out of the Sea of Faith. All others will be found in violation. However, what I can give you is this: Because your current actions are seen as a response to provocation, we are willing to give you the full time allotted," he continued before putting on a weary smile.

"Considering the capability gathered, that should give you the time to punish those that have committed violence against you. Forces in the area will be told to not enforce the notice until those twelve hours are up. At that stage, your vessels may begin movements to port or out of the Sea and will be found in compliance and therefore considered friendly."

Tarasyuk nodded slowly. "With all due respect, Ambassador Ackala, I first must question the legality of Holy Marsh enforcing such a cordon, particularly when our vessels are firmly operating in the recognized boundaries for international waters, even at war. Beginning with the unjust strikes upon our Sea Forces in these waters, and now with the Holy Marsh acting-- well, there's no better way of putting it-- like a bartender at closing time..." He took a pained breath. "Surely you can see our problems with that. Second, I must inform you that the Federal Republic views the attacks on our vessels in the Sinboro Strait as nothing but an invitation to end slavery within the borders of the Ice States all but peacefully; regardless of the declarations and other noise the Ice States have made, we view the swift and immediate emancipation of slaves within the Ice States to be our obligation. If nothing else, the military pressure will force the Ice States to play along to that Macabeán treaty to the letter. But all that takes not twelve hours, but weeks.

"Give us time, Ambassador. If you truly morally back us, or us you, then you know that the job will not be finished in twelve hours, or by some single piece of paper." The Czaslyudian finished.

"The Theocracy has never acknowledged international waters as worthy of any special legal protections and is a party to no treaty or law that says such. This is especially true of the waters that buttress our holdings as closely as the current conflict near Ixana does. We recognize the Sea of Faith as our dominion; we are simply

exercising our control over it now," he allowed the topic to breathe a few seconds. "I understand this stance will make it difficult for you, but I must inform you that it is unmoving and unbending in that understanding.

As for your second point, we have two thoughts. The first is that with the Mer'cia Extrema issued, we are giving the Ice States a chance. A chance to put their proverbial money where their mouth is. I am understanding that a mission is to be commissioned and headed by the Golden Throne that will oversee this progress. The FRCP could very well join this mission, we believe. If the Ice States does follow the path that it has laid out, then it is the great honor of the FRCP that it was able to remove this sin from a nation without starting a wider war that may draw in the Golden Throne. If it does not follow the path, then when the time comes for an invasion of the Ice States you will do so alongside the Theocracy and her partners in the Romani-Mar'si Union and beyond- even the Golden Throne, in our belief.

Therefore, you are given multiple avenues of success, all of which will free the chained and cover you in glory. The only way you can fail is by resisting it," he continued before one of his aides started to unpack a small manila folder.

"Our second thought is that the threat of violence, implied if not openly carried, will do wonders to back up the treaty. By agreeing to dock in our ports your forces will be safe from reprisal and capable of striking should the need for violence grow. Indeed, I have been authorized to offer basing for your military on the islands themselves. You can therefore maintain a military posture in the Sea of Faith should they be found negligent.

Such a basing agreement can be the start of a great many other things, but it must start with respect being given to the Notice in the Sea of Faith. Twelve hours in modern warfare may not be enough for your naval forces in the area to wipe away any and all enemy forces, but more than enough to wound them and give them something to consider in the future if they ponder shattering their agreements."

The Chairman-Minister sighed and leaned back into his chair. As much as Tarasyuk would love arguing on the importance of international law to his guest, he was on a timetable-- a rather important one. "Ambassador," Pavlo began, wetting his lips, "I don't want to argue minutiae with you. But it is the position of my government that military operations will continue against the Ice States until unconditional surrender or total and immediate emancipation. I am no expert in military sciences or strategy, but as I understand it, pausing a campaign in progress will do nothing to further the gains we made; and leaving our ships in the hospitality of your ports would kill their operational mobility, and thus a part of their defense. If the Holy Marsh is dead set on this 'peace' with the slavers, what guarantee does the Federal Republic have that it would protect our sailors and material from another cowardly attack by the Icers?" He asked. "But," Tarasyuk added, leaning forward in thought, "here I am again arguing minutiae. I must say that your offers, with basing and a joint operation against the Icers, are tempting, and I will most certainly bring them up for consideration with the Principle Chairman. But, for the sake of hypothesis, as is the limit of my office, say we abided by your cordon: for a limited time. Eventually, I suspect that the Ice States will grow complacent with the lax emancipation, and even try to undermine it.

[6:06 PM]

Meanwhile, our military gains will vanish as they recuperate, repairing their airfields and stiffening their resolve; but what better time to remind them that their ill deeds-- their *sins*-- are still known?

"I am allowed to tell you certain things, Ambassador, and that is that the Federal Republic is already in the process of moving forces to finish the war. I cannot tell you when they will arrive or their composition, but it is already in motion-- another definite position of my government. We *will* finish this fight," The Chairman emphasized, "and the Ice States will no longer harbor something as ugly as slavery. I can also tell you that the Federal Republic is interested in

concluding the rivalry between them and the Golden Throne, and through that, clarify this muddled situation. I say again, Ambassador, we cannot finish this in twelve hours, nor can we put it off indefinitely: but we *may have the ability* to pause, for a short while. A hiatus, if you will. Of course, for this course of action to materialize, we would need guarantees: that our ships docked in your ports will be able to protect themselves or have some kind of meaningful safeguard against Ice attack; that when the time comes, we will be allowed to finish the job— I say this with certainty because surely, you must know as well as I that the so-called Treaty of Liberation is nothing but a pretty facade, and the paper does nothing to actually bring a just society. Sometimes, particularly with children and their equivalents, force is the answer.”

Ambassador Ackal knew that they were both operating with certain restrictions. At the start of this, he had asked for more time. He could not grant that time. The Chairman was now asking for certain military permissions pertaining to the future, but Ackal could not grant that either. “If the Ice States grows complacent or undermines the treaty, it will be the final mistake it makes as a nation-state. If it attacks your vessels while they are in a Marshite port, it will be the final mistake it makes as a nation-state. These are not promises or threats to anyone involved, they are statements of fact. You can be assured readily that if your naval forces are docked under our protection that any violent action will be seen as an action taken against us, and the result shall be the complete annihilation of the target,” he said, hoping that it would set the Chairman at ease before he said the following. Indeed, if they were to violate the very treaty they signed then the FRCP would not be alone in turning that empire into a blood harvest.

“As for your future military actions, I cannot speak to them. My goal here is to ensure that the notice that has been given is adhered to. I will say, however, that you tread upon dangerous ground. The Golden Throne has no need to war with you but if it means securing its border in Nicaro it may very well in time conclude a treaty that will give the Ice States security guarantees. If you and the Throne in the course of these events find yourself in open conflict, our alliance with the Sona Emperor and its vast and bloody history of anti-slaver action will see us oppose you. At this moment your government can claim to have forced an end to slavery and to have stood its ground under immense pressure. Should it persist too much longer, however?” The Ambassador shook his head. He hoped the Chairman, and indeed the noble FRCP, would see how narrow the possibilities for further success were becoming.

“Be wary, Chairman. We are willing to host forces, and should the Mer'cia Extrema be lifted we could easily authorize offensive operations from the Sea of Faith. But that is the future. The situation is developing rapidly and it would be foolhardy to discuss any offensive operational concerns at this time. Let us concern ourselves with the immediacy that is the notice and how best to ensure that your naval forces are in compliance when the time runs out. The meaning behind the compliance— a true pullback seeking peace or an operational pause as part of your grander strategic ambitions— concern us less than the fact that your forces are in compliance. If they are not, they will be targeted.”

The Chairman-Minister scratched his jaw with a distant smile on his face, mulling over his options. “Ambassador Ackala, thank you for your reassurances. You speak of conflict between the Federal Republic and the Golden Throne as a certainty— but try to understand that the Federal Republic, as it stands, is averse to taking on more than one war at once. We will make peace with the Golden Throne: perhaps that will allay your fears.” Tarasyuk lifted himself from his seat. “Well. You have given me a lot to think about; but as the humble representative of my government, I will have to run most of these decisions up the flagpole, so to speak. You are welcome to wait here or in the lobby, however, I must go.”

Last edited by [Holy Marsh](#) on Mon Aug 22, 2022 8:46 pm, edited 1 time in total.



The Macabees

Senator

Posts: 3859

Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by The Macabees » Tue Aug 23, 2022 11:50 am



NICAROAN FRONTIER: INTERNATIONAL BORDER WITH TIS

The column of tanks, armored vehicles, and trucks went as far back as the human eye could see. Thousands upon thousands of vehicles followed one another as the Macabéan army, Ejermacht in the Dienstadi language, rolled into the Ice States.

Two mechanized infantry corps, or some 240,000 troops, were ordered to march into the Ice States and occupy several bases that the Iceans had accommodated for them. IFVs and APCs laden with their full crew complements and transported infantry were followed by dozens of trucks carrying fuel, ammunition, food, and other supplies. Air defense systems of all sorts traveled with them, from short-range air defense systems mounted on the chassis of a Nakil to large, long long-range SAMs packaged inside truck-towed launcher trailers. RADAR-carrying or -towing vehicles were interspersed with them. Self-propelled mortars growled down the highway as well, along with ambulances, command vehicles of myriad stripes, and self-propelled artillery of both the wheeled and tracked variety. It was an army well-equipped to defend its bases and combat-deployed units, but it was just the beginning.

At least initially, the Ice States needed a shored-up strategic air defense system. It was a decision the Fuermak, the Macabéan armed forces, had come to, given the dubious results of the Icean naval offensive against the blockade. Additional independent air defense units rolled into the Icean empire behind the mechanized corps and dispersed throughout the country to create an anti-air umbrella that could reinforce Macabéan ground forces' organic air defenses as well as help to protect the major Icean cities from aerial bombardment.

In Nicaro, a very visible military buildup was taking place. Since the end of the last war against the Reich, the imperial garrison in Nicaro had been bolstered to some 20 million regulares, the name of the Ejermacht's conventional field army. Although the satrapy had been spared a major invasion, there had been a sustained fear during the war that the then-limited garrisoning forces could be easily overrun. With soldiers returning from Gholgoth, the Fuermak sought to quickly correct this oversight. Now, it was decided to double this force.

A sleek, dark dray Lu-45 fighter aircraft screamed overhead. The Laerihans, or Macabéan air force, was ordered to extend their combat air patrols south all the way to the southern Icean shores. While they were to stay clear of ongoing fighting between TIS and

the FRCP, the Laerihans was clearly preparing to join the battle if the FRCP did not agree to a ceasefire. Nevertheless, land-based aerial cover was quite light with respect to what the Golden Throne's air force was typically accustomed to, but with four kriergrups already earmarked to assist in the war, it was believed that existing carrier-based aircraft were sufficient to protect Icean air space. Still, the presence of friendly stealth fighters reassured the Macabéan ground forces as they made their way into TIS.

In their homes, the empire's people were treated to an official televised announcement of the deployment. On television screens from the frigid northeastern corner of New Empire to the humid city of Tongolosi in Samarasta, and from Killia in the north to Holy Panooly in the south, the Macabéan army in TIS was on full display. A man's voice boldly narrated what everyone was seeing:

His Imperial Majesty Fedor I claimed another success today as an agreement to end slavery in the Ice States was struck.

Jogornos' Derego Frogeder and Hiram Jelelope negotiated the treaty with Emperor Sotolo II, who agreed to immediately end the Ice States' participation in the international slave trade. Icean Sotolo II also agreed to abolish the domestic slave trade with an immediate ban on new enslaves or the domestic sale of slaves, except to the government which is conducting a purchase-for-freedom program with the intention of training freed slaves for alternative job markets. Finally, the Iceans agree to fully emancipate all slaves within 5 years, with most emancipated earlier than that.

To assist in the liberation process and to help defend a country that is showing good faith behavior, His Imperial Majesty Fedor I agreed to a mutual defense agreement with the country. Tens of thousands of our men and women have crossed into the Ice States under His orders. They represent our glorious empire and its traditions of freedom. The Fuermak announced that it will hire exclusively freed-slave labor for on-base construction and other contracting opportunities, using its own funding to participate in the purchase-for-freedom program. Through this method, the Golden Throne hopes to contribute greatly to the acceleration of the emancipation process. "If we can shorten it from 5 to 4 or 3 years, all the better," His Imperial Majesty told the Kríerlord Kuncil according to the official minutes.

This great accomplishment for humankind, the furthering of liberty in the region of Greater Dienstad, has been attained no thanks to the nefarious attitudes of the Federal Republic of the Czaslyudian People or the FRCP. The FRCP traded diplomacy for hostility and war, with nothing to show for it. Despite FRCP harassment of our trade ships in the North Vanguat Sea, ships laden with goods destined

for the liberated Federal Ralkovia, the Golden Throne never put aside its responsibility to the furtherance of human freedom. His Imperial Majesty Fedor I has shown once again the power of diplomacy to bring errant states into the light and fast-track them into the ranks of Greater Díenstad's upstanding governments. Let it be remembered that we succeeded, even as the FRCP toiled to undermine the liberation process.

Peaceful integration of the Ice States with the circle of virtuous Greater Díenstadi states promises great economic rewards. As part of the overall agreement, the Golden Throne has promised to extend low-cost credit to the Ice States to help fund the purchase-for-freedom program. Trade volume between the empires has also increased since TOICAF, but is now destined to grow by leaps and bounds. The small fishing town of Quitiruzú has been turned into a city, as imperial authorities oversee the construction of a vast commercial port intending to capture the bulk of freight inbound to southern Nicaro and the northern Ice States. These trade benefits will accrue to all participants in the international trade system, certain much, much more than what would have been had the Ice States been pummeled by a vicious war.

Thanks to His Imperial Majesty and the Golden Throne, the Icean slaves will finally be unchained without facing the prospect of death, starvation, or illness that invariably comes with war. They will benefit from ample government aid, thanks to the financial support of the empire. And, their prospects for respectful integration into the free labor market of the Ice States will now be made easier thanks to the protection of this labor market from the chaos of invasion.

To ensure timely progress, the emancipation process will be overseen by the Macabéan-led International Commission for Icean Slave Emancipation (INCISE). Due to their strategic importance in the Sea of Faith, as well as their friendliness toward the Golden Throne, the Marshites have been invited to participate in INCISE. INCISE will be responsible for documenting all aspects of the emancipation process and making transparent statistics available online. The commission will also have some oversight on the imports and exports of TIS, namely access to container data for anomaly analysis...

The narrator went on as the screen showed more images of the mechanized columns, then some shots of their bases in the Ice States, the picture transitioning to match the context of his words. Soon, within that same hour, independent news sources were reporting their own version of events. Some newspapers followed the official line closely, repeating much of the same propaganda. Other media was more neutral, while some papers and stations — like the hostile Beda Fromm Chronicle — were more negative. But, the Imperial government made sure to put out its

own story first, and it was this story that would set the baseline for how the Macabéan peoples saw the garrisoning of the Ice States, the mutual defense agreement, and the empire's role in abolishing slavery in yet another Greater Dienstadi state.

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The Ice States
Ambassador

Posts: 1021
Founded: Jun 23, 2022
Corporate Police State

by [The Ice States](#) » Wed Aug 24, 2022 6:26 pm



At the Sinboro Strait



A soldier turned on his radio, and directly addressed his Unit Commander. "This is Private Krogstad, sir. There is an explosion at the FRCP ships. They seem to be targetting our ships."

The Unit Commander replied tersely, "Thank you." The Commander then addressed the Division Commander by his radio. "This is Unit Commander Smith. The FRCP Ships are beginning to launch missiles on our ships. Permission to fire?"

"Yes." After a brief ostensible hesitation, the Division Commander added, "The AI aircraft will send the coordinates of the Czaslyudian attack to each Unit Commander. Order the Land units to fire upon the FRCP ships." He then contacted the Commander of the Naval Division. "Hello, this is Commander McKinley. I would encourage you to order the Naval divisions to directly fire upon the FRCP ships -- the AI aircraft will send the coordinates of the Czaslyudian attack shortly." After an affirmative reply was received, the Division Commander then contacted the Air division commander, "This is Commander McKinley. As you may have noticed, there is a Czaslyudian attack on the Ice ships. Please order the AI aircraft to send the coordinates of the attacking ships to the Ice Naval and Land Division Commanders, and each of the aircraft to shoot down the FRCP missiles as they arrive."

After the Commander received an affirmative reply, the Unit Commanders each received the coordinates. We were then contacted by our Unit Commander.

"Unit 12 of Land Force Division 162, fire one missile 30 degrees up at

a bearing of 170 degrees, and await further orders. I repeat, Unit 12 of Land Force Division 162 fire one missile 30 degrees up at a bearing of 170 degrees, and await further orders. If you see a wild boar, trap it with your equipment tray and sacrifice it down to the sea."

The Division Commander had also contacted the commander of Division 163, "This is Commander McKinley. Please ask your military units to shoot down the FRCP missiles as they come. Coordinates of the missiles will be provided by the AI aircraft as they arrive." An affirmative reply was received.



And I arranged the missile, just as a wild boar entered the area. I pulled the missile handle, and so it went. I then followed the order to trap the boar. I opened a can of pungent bovine meat, laid it on the tray, and arranged the walls to be able to trap. The boar eventually came and entered the cage, when I shot the door. I then pulled the cage, turned it, and placed it on the edge of the cliff. I removed the trapping door, and let the boar out. It remained in the cage, until I shot right outside of the cage, scaring the boar away.

Meanwhile, ships were burning. Ships were sinking. The Air Force and Division 163 were each working on shooting down the missiles, and the AI aircraft had shot down most of them, while the others shot them down too. The aircraft were arranged in arrowhead formation, surrounding the area being targetted, and of the 14 Czaslyudian missiles fired, one had already hit a ship, and the battle was just starting.

The Ice States, of course, was also returning fire. Each deployed Naval unit and Land soldier of the revenge units had fired one missile at the Czaslyudian ships, and from where I was, I could easily observe hundreds of Ice missiles coming from the ships, some hitting, some completely missing their target -- one deployed from land even burning down a friendly Ice ship -- and some being shot down, as well as hundreds of missiles too deployed by Division 163 to shoot down the Czaslyudian attacks.

Of course, a new, deadlier stream of Czaslyudian missiles came along. Now, rather than a measley 14, it was 57 more. Fifty seven. Now, it was 6 ships burnt to the ground just by this new stream -- 8 total ships lost already. But that also meant 42 operating ships still. 42 ships that could be used to fight for Klyprer, Conquest, and Riches...

We then received another order from our Unit Commander. "All Units of Division 163, focus entirely on shooting down any Czaslyudian missiles approaching." After about half an hour of watching the chaos

occurring in the sea and land and air -- another ship was burnt down -- a white and red streak flew through the sky right towards where I was. I pulled the handle of the missile, and ran off for a few metres. I watched the missile go up, and directly hit the Czaslyudian missile. Wow! It fell straight to the ground, and the ship it was going to hit remained unharmed. However, now I had only one missile left, and I had to be wise in its use. For some reason, few missiles actually came towards me after this, and those that did were all shot down, except for one. Just after I fired upon it, however, it already fell to a ship, and incinerated it to the blue. It was now 11 Ice ships destroyed.

As this happened, it seemed that I was not alone in missiles having run out. Airplanes and helicopters from Emerstead were on their way to deliver further missiles and equipment, but they were still one hour behind...

Last edited by [The Ice States](#) on Thu Aug 25, 2022 1:41 am, edited 3 times in total.

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[How to automatically send telegram campaigns using the API](#)
The Kraven Corporation's posts should not have been removed.



The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3859
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by [The Macabees](#) » Tue Aug 30, 2022 1:36 pm



VLADARSIK, EITOAN

Antonio gazed coolly at the Czaslyudian ambassador. His words had a bittersweetness to them that caught the Macabean off guard and it was right away clear that the underlying tone of the discussion was to be mutually suspicious at best.

It was true that the situation was precarious for both sides and that any misstep could prove costly. The situation around TIS had evolved rapidly. Between Antonio inviting the Czaslyudian representatives to the embassy and the actual discussion taking place, TIS had ended the slave trade and was at an advanced point in the negotiations surrounding emancipation. Imperial ambassadors had met with the Marshites and Eitoanis and, although reports were not fully positive, there was strong enough belief in a commitment to conclude these troubles in the Golden Throne's favor. Indeed, as long as the Golden Throne could prove TIS' commitment to the total elimination of slavery in their country, the Marshites were willing to close down other states' operations in the Sea of Faith. That would effectively end the Czaslyudian war against the Ice States. Although this was a source of confidence for Antonio, it was also true that it was as of yet unknown where the Marshites would be satisfied by the ultimate TIS emancipation offer. The Iceans wanted to set an end date to slavery five years into the future; the empire had warned them that the best solution would be to end slavery unconditionally. But, religion had dictated the term of five years, and so it was.

After mulling over the Czaslyudian's words, Antonio replied, "Any cargo ship, tanker, fishing, and just any commercial ship overall must emit an identifier. That identifier has been standardized for a long time in the imperial federation. The data is available

online, for free, in a database that has invested in its accessibility. This system is used by a considerable fraction of all commercial shipping in the region, given that we are one of the largest open economies in said region and thanks to our central location between its two halves. My point is that there's little excuse for being confused about who our ships belong to. But we'll give you the benefit of the doubt. Now you know. I will have my people forward your people information on this system and how to access it. If pirates can figure it out, I'm sure you can as well."

"I'm ultimately glad we can come to this agreement regarding imperial trade in the North Vanguat," he continued. "Although the initial actions against our ships were infringements on universal private commercial trading rights in international waters, issued by Justice Herself, most especially because we are convinced that you don't have a single shroud of evidence of any supposed Golden Throne-sponsored participation in the international trade war. Because there is no evidence. TOCAIF was a purely border-security-related matter."

He smiled briefly. "Anyway, the bigger picture seems to be working itself out. The Ice States has agreed to the immediate abolition of the slave trade, both domestic and international, and it looks like a broader emancipation plan will be rolled out soon. And the Golden Throne has gained itself a trade ally directly across the sea from it. And that brings us to a sticky situation. Your war with the Ice States threatens the long-term viability of the emancipation agreement."

"So I return to my question," he concluded. "What does a ceasefire scenario look like to you?"

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Eitoan
Envoy

Posts: 258
Founded: Jan 04, 2018
Anarchy

by **Eitoan** » Mon Sep 05, 2022 5:33 pm



Vladarsik, Eitoan 7:PM Day of the Negotiations

Grill 40, a converted private club near Embassy Row, but off the B'Rav Boulevard main drag was seeing the start of a normal night, in a normal week. The bar, a popular hangout for Free Democrat politicians in the Capital had seen it's fortunes wane and wax with the party's success at the polls, and in the last five years since President Shrdlu's election business was very good. Regular patrons included the occasional Dasheznik, taking a break after the sessions of the lower house, and a steady parade of party functionaries and various hangers on. The bar was a favorite of Agricultural Secretary Richard Buck Jo. The place was a favorite of Libete Bay expats, pleading their case against slavery for well before Shrdlu came to power, attracted by a ready supply of wine and rum from that area even under the worst of circumstances back home, and often a stopping off point for popular Ammaite crooners on tour. Tonight's entertainment was the house jazz orchestra. Of course, along with being a designated watering hole of the ruling party came the useal flock of diplomats on break from the day's tasks, unburdening their

woes and wooing any big shot politician they could buttonhole. These were mostly foreign service officers, sometimes attaches, and it was the current favorite of some of the more chatty ambassadors. And, of course, in addition to the place's bouncers, a presence of the Vladarsik Police Diplomatic Protection Detail, both inside and outside of the premises. Grill 40, true to its more exclusive predecessor maintained a large main floor, with many four seater tables, at as close a distance as deemed wise by the management to provide a semblance of privacy, dominated by two long bars on either side of the portal to the more richly decorated formal area, hosting the entertainment and allowing for larger parties. The color pattern throughout was dark green and white, with elegant black trim. The mezanine above the latter contained a few more tables along the railing, and several semi private rooms. The neighborhood, fashionable Logan Square was part legacy to the capital's colonial days, part home to worker bees in government agencies. The trendy shopping and truly first class eateries adjoined B'Rav. Intersecting thoroughfares, like Menro Street on which Grill 40 stood guard was where politicians gathered, each a stronghold to its own tribe. Jimmy's, bastion of the Civic Platforms conservatives was further south on Menro by two blocks. It faced off across the street from The Rathkrev, where the Socialist champions of the working man gathered and devised strategy.

By 7 traffic in Vladarsik had ebbed, as weary commuters came to the end of their journey home. Logan Square didn't have much of a rush hour: those that could afford the mortgage or rent found it's proximity to embassy row convenient, if pricey. The night life was good, not great. A lot of the trendier places had gravitated to the Near West Side in the last couple of years, but the bars in the neighborhood had their stalwarts. And they paid, too, if not for the drinks as such but for the access. The B'rav places filled up first, grabbing prime spots in the big parking garages. Bigwigs - legislators, visiting cabinet members, foreign dignitaries had their own reserved, and protected parking spots. All the rest, hoi polloi, gape jawed tourists shuffled in on foot.

Louise, Stelev, chief foreign correspondent for The Berwyn Observer strolled breezily into Cafe 40. A regular since her promotion at the news source, Louise provided insight and gossip for The Observer, the second city's leading left leaning journal. She loved her work, a challenge at every step. Short, but not petite, delicate but confident, she made her way to the usual table close to the bar on the right, smiling, dressed smartly in a white and black patterned blouse and businesslike gray skirt, her shoulder length blonde hair well coiffed. Her looks were not drawback, but she was also damn smart. And persistent. She was soon joined by a familiar group, a Free Democrat Dashez candidate from Vladarsik's west side, reporters from Project Liberty's Western Greater Dienstad operation and Eitoan One, a woman and a man respectively, and a diplomatic attache from Cartoonia. It was a cozy group, very convivial, and they slipped into an easy conversation. Leon Mayer entered the room. Visitors might expect ponderous, threatening music, a hush throughout the crowd, perhaps a scene at the arrival of the head Nazi in charge in town, the Ordenite ambassador. There was nothing of the sort. A rather pleasant man, long posted to Vladarsik, Leon was about the only Ordenite representative that Foreign Affairs could stomach, after treating Eitoan and Eitomen with contempt as mongrel Ralkovians since independence. He was one of the few that had integrated somewhat into Eitoan society, starting with service in Vladarsik as a foreign service officer, then as an attache, before finally winning the post as chief emissary of a widely distrusted regime. He spoke Standard Eitoan Dienstadi well, and was easy to get along with. And he was the beneficiary of Richtofen's change of policy toward the Republic.

Leon took his usual place on the right side bar, second from the end. He liked it there, little room for crowding, a bit away from the limelight. At her table the Eitoan One newshound was droning on about the upcoming football season. She was a big Harvel Marvels fan. Siting her quarry Stelev excused herself and sauntered up to Mayer. They had chatted before frequently, both at Cafe 40 and

various Foreign Affairs functions. She hadn't gotten much from get togethers at the Ordenite Chancery, a place that always left her cold. Mayer was enjoying his first quaff of his usual, a tall stein of Schimmel Amber Lager, imported from Berlina.

"May I join you, Herr Mayer" chirped Stelev, smiling pleasantly.

"Yes, of course Miss Stelev, have a seat. May I offer you a drink?" he responded.

Stelev too the seat at the end of the bar. It was more private that way. She brushed her hair back gently, smiled at the ambassador. The bartender appeared, at Mayer's beckoning. "Gimlet, please. Belvradere" she ordered. She always liked Eitoan's premier vodka.

Her drink appeared. Smiling, she toasted "Well, thank you very much. And how has your day gone?"

Mayer, still smiling, took a moment. He didn't have lot on his plate, mostly routine matters. Of course, he had a steady flow of information at the office; Gestapo, military intelligence, diplomatic surveillance, and especially the SS staff. There wasn't much cloak and dagger stuff, mostly what they could pick up in the wind on embassy row. "Why, Louise, not much. Are you really that interested in farm equipment export licenses?"

"Why, no, of course not!" she teased. "But I do hear some of your neighbors are partying more lately. Anything you can give me?"

Mayer Oh, please, you know I can't...

Stelev Aw, come on Leon, everyone knows the Krierlord is in town. He's already met with Falkowski. You can't tell me he's sticking around for his health!

Mayer scowled. He took a hearty draught from his beer. "Why not? I love Vladarsik in the late summer."

Stelev Yes, of course. Everyone loves Vladarsik in the late summer. It's the Stickney of the upper Ruzek, without all the stink. What do you hear?

Louise browbeat poor Leon again and again. What did he hear from Fustery? The Reich was getting mucho bad press about that place. Maybe he'd drop his guard. He drank further. She took ladylike sips from her gimlet. She pestered him further. He ordered another beer. More and more the questions came: who's really in charge at the Istoloan mission? Is the Reich making good on it's rumored Ordenization of Ralkovian immigrants? What did he have to say about the NMAA expansion? What did he plan to say to Foreign Affairs about the Ice States blockade? Did he have contacts with the FRCP embassy informally. She wore him down.

Mayer cracked. "Well, it looks like our friends from up north have a lot of tourists on Pearl Street today. Perhaps Silarz is looking for quiet place for a drink, say, maybe here. One of my attaches noted a few more Cazzys on holiday lately".

"Well, what can you tell me about that?" said Stelev.

After a few more evasions, it came out. Several more visitors at the FRCP embassy down the street from the Ordenites. They seemed to have pretty heavy security. A few late night and early morning comings and goings. Neighbors saying a caravan ending up at The Golden Throne embassy. Not much other traffic from the FRCP offices. Leon had said too much. He knew it. A thin man, gray flannel, white shirt and blue tie, pencil thin moustache and greasy brown hair sat glumly at a table about 40 yards away from the conversation. Leon and Louise gabbed on, then left. The guy at the table paid his check and left.

Next Morning

Berwyn Observer Vladarsik Bureau, 17th Street, 4th Floor

Louise Stelev was eager to get into work. She greeted the dawn with her scoop. No names, of course, but a pretty big fish in any event. Her boss would be glad. Eitoan would be glad. Greater Dienstad would be glad. There would be hopes for an end to the Northern Vanguat standoff. As the morning wore on, she reviewed the piece, reviewed it again and sent it on to her boss.

George S'gav, veteran bureau chief of thirteen years reviewed it. At first, he was pleased. But then he ran it through the sensitivity filter software. It came back with an orange flag. The orange flag was Foreign Affairs bafflegab for "we need to talk". That's "we need to talk" as in his wife announcing, "we need to talk". This was not good.

An hour and a half later Gerry Martin appeared at George's office. Martin was the weasel that had tailed Louise last night, and inspector with the Office of the National Intelligence Organization diplomatic surveillance, posted at Foreign Affairs. He slithered into a seat across from George. The two had a frank discussion. The story would not be published. Louise Stelev was summonsed to his office.

"Lou, I can't do this. This is very delicate matter", George started.

Stelev Why? I thought you'd be thrilled!

S'gav Thrilled, yes, but there are other considerations.

Stelev This needs to get out! It's important!

George nodded toward Martin.

Martin spoke up, unctuously. "My dear Miss Stelev, Foreign Affairs just can't let this go forward. It's a matter of very delicate negotiaiton"

Louise bristled "Since when does The Observer take orders from paper pushers like you?"

Martin smiled sickeningly. "Let us just say, it's our request, Miss Stelev. Perhaps your friendship is a little too personal with Ambassador Mayer."

Louise turned bright red. Fists clenched, she rose.

"Or, perhaps you have heard the phrase, disinformation? It is perhaps quite a delicacy of the Gestapo."

S'gav shrugged helplessly.

"Oh, and it wouldn't do to have the leading journal of progressive thought be seen to have been played by the agents of the Reich, would it now?", Martin added.

An angered Louise Stelev rose up and stormed out of the office. "Damn, I could use about twenty more pounds and five more inches" she imagined feverishly, thinking only of decking the flatfoot.

She left the building. She sat down at the coffee shop across the street. She accessed her AccelaFeed.

"Error -503: Account Not available" was the response.

Angered, she tried the help function.

"Account disabled" was the response.



The Macabees
Senator

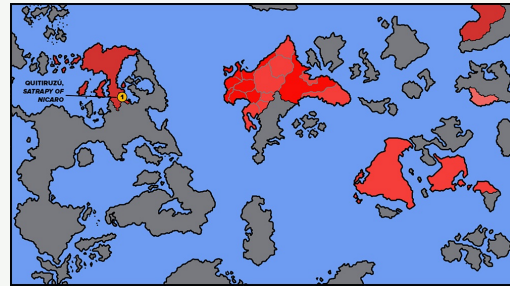
Posts: 3859
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by **The Macabees** » Thu Sep 08, 2022 1:51 pm



1. QUITIRUZÚ, SATRAPY OF NICARO

Co-written with *The Ice States*, part I of V.



On an early summer morning, as the golden sun intensified its brilliance, the town of Quitiruzú received two of the most important guests it had ever hosted in history. One was Duke Jeramy Vliet and the other the Divine Scribe, the two most important people in the Ice States except the emperor himself. Their spacious airliner landed on a hastily paved airstrip that belonged to the Laerihans, the imperial air forces, and was located just outside of the town itself.

Theirs wasn't the only aircraft making a landing that day. The airfield was quite large, huge even. It had clearly been undergoing expansion during the past weeks, as the tractors and work crews were still out there on the margins of the base continuing their work. Several other landing strips joined the one that the two Iceans landed on, and these were all perpetually occupied by transport and combat aircraft flying in and out. Things had gotten even busier than they already had in recent days, as demand for the airfield increased with the inbound waves of men and matériel flew in and then made their way south. In fact, the base was more than just an airfield now, hosting its own vehicle pool to accommodate the needs of the Ejermacht, which was responsible for moving everything coming in to their endpoints.

Days ago, the Ice States declared an end to their slave trade, the abolition of their domestic institutions of slavery, and a 5-year plan to emancipate all slaves. They had agreed to this in return for several concessions from the Golden Throne, of which the most significant was a mutual defense agreement. To meet these responsibilities, the Fuermak — the imperial armed forces — launched OPERATION FAITH, an emergency deployment of a number of mobile army units already garrisoning Nicaro. The initial deployment saw roughly 200,000 soldiers march southward and occupy bases prepared for them by the Iceans. This force would swell to around one million in the coming weeks, and the much, much larger garrison in Nicaro would itself be significantly reinforced. The Fuermak could move more soldiers into the Ice States down from Nicaro at a moment's notice if necessary,

the stream opened and cut like a faucet. Why this all mattered to Quitiruzú and its people was simply that Quitiruzú had transformed from a fishing town to a minor city in what was a few weeks' time, and what seemed like an instant.

Most immediately, Quitiruzú's population exploded just by virtue of the arrival of tens of thousands of Macabéan military personnel, including and most especially logistical personnel responsible for the arrival, organization, distribution, and supply of inbound combat units. This number soon grew to over a hundred thousand directly living in Quitiruzú or in the vicinity. With these people came their needs for food, local entertainment, and other pleasures of consumption. More soldiers also meant more contractors working for them and more business owners receiving Macabéan patronage, including on- and off-base restaurants, strip clubs and pleasure houses, commissaries, and a litany of other establishments which, in turn, needed staff. The most obvious source for this staff was the surrounding area, prompting *hundreds of thousands* of local Nicaroans to flock to the town-turned-city in search of work, higher wages, and a better life. Quitiruzú started the month a town of no more than 20,000 people and would end it a city of more than one million. This transformation would be ongoing for quite some time, as the city would be turned into the most important commercial port in the Sea of Taragento.

Thus it was not a small town but a large city that the Icean Duke and Divine Scribe saw as they landed at the military airfield that summer morning. They were met at their destination by the two diplomats Derego Frogeder and Hiram Jelelope, as well as two suited security guards who were undoubtedly armed below their well-cut attire. The two parties made their greetings with some mixed-in small talk, as all of them knew each other quite well by now, and quickly got into the black limousine that had been parked just behind them on the tarmac.

Inside, the four of them were sitting alone inside the cabin of the limousine. One bodyguard was driving and the other was in the co-pilot seat up front, and both were separated from the rest of them by a thick piece of black glass. As soon as the vehicle got moving, Derego opened up one of the compartments under the middle table. Unlike most limousines, this one had two short couches opposite of each other with a black marble-top table in between. He took out a bottle of whiskey, showed them all the label, and then poured four lowball glasses. Passing out three of the glasses, one to each of the other men, he said, "You gentlemen are going to enjoy the trip to the HIMS *Kemorro*, the Bay of Taragento is beautiful this time of the year. We just need to meet our helicopter at the naval base in the city."

After a pause, he added, "This city, the locals call it Quitiruzú, was very small a few weeks

ago. But it has grown by leaps and bounds very quickly. First came the construction contractors hired to dredge the harbor and turn the fishing wharf into two industrial-sized military and commercial ports. Through this port, Macabéan trade to and from the Ice States will flow. They say that this city is projected to be the most important in southern Nicaro, even more so than the landlocked Matagalpa. If so, it will be as a testament to what cooperation between our two states can make possible for the common man on both sides of the international border."

"I imagine that Deephedge will benefit greatly," Derego continued. "The lines of commercial supply will run through Deephedge and then on to the rest of the country. What does the state of your rail lines and highways look like, out of curiosity?"

"Well, there was a tsunami last year that destroyed part of our rail lines, but they are now in a state of good repair," replied the Duke. "Indeed, we do expect this new treaty to be highly beneficial for both of us — and remains the strongest alliance that The Ice States is participating in," the prophet added too, before throwing a chuckle, "Of course, based on the divine approval it received, it would not be particularly surprising the benefits it has granted to both of our nations."

Nodding, Derego said, to the Divine Scribe, "Of course." The religious concept wasn't too distant from the imperial cult's idea of being Willed. The jogornos didn't quite believe in those things himself, but he recognized their power.

"To Klyprer," said Hiram, raising his glass in a toast. It was the first thing he had said in the limousine so far.

Derego turned to the Duke. "Excellent to hear that your rail lines have recovered since the tsunami. I wonder if there is an opportunity to expand them, perhaps directly link Quitiruzú with the major cities of the Icean Empire. Likewise, I'm curious if there are opportunities to improve the highway infrastructure in your country. Those are projects that many companies in the Golden Throne would rush to bid for, each more cheaply than the next. Actually, on this topic and now that I remember, there is broad support within the imperial government to take on some of the costs of this infrastructure if the contracts were awarded to Macabéan companies. The government could require these companies to participate in the purchase-for-freedom program, while it also subsidized the costs through tax write-offs, to hire lower-tier employees who do most of the manual labor. It would save your government the cost of having to pay for those emancipated slaves as we'd take it on, it'll give freed people jobs and that will look good to the international public, and it will gain your country extended transportation infrastructure that will last for decades to come. They will be the veins through which commerce between the Golden

Throne and the Ice States flows. If there are any opportunities, that is."

The royal Ice figure replied, "While I do not necessarily speak for the Emperor, I do not see why railway lines for trading would at all be objectionable. I believe it would also be fine to have Macabean companies establish themselves in The Ice States to provide greater employment opportunities, but the jobs would have to be based in The Ice States, due to regulations on guest work."

"That is workable. I think upper management would have to come from the existing stock of employees, for the most part, since these companies will want the local projects run by people who know their business well. Otherwise, I don't see why these companies shouldn't be required to hire TIS labor for everything else, which will be the bulk of the jobs anyway." Then, the Macabéan diplomat asked, "What do you think of the proposal to buy slaves from slaveowners so that we can employ them for lower-level jobs?"

"That would likely depend on how burdensome the purchase of slaves is on our finances. Slaveowners would have to choose freely whether they wish to sell their slaves to The Ice States or The Golden Throne. Alternatively, slaves could be sold to The Golden Throne depending on ease of emancipation, so that slaves that would pass the training program slower would be sold over to The Golden Throne."

Derego nodded. "That could work. Of course, slaveowners would be free to choose whether to sell or not. The ultimate goal is to accelerate the rate of emancipation, so we'd be looking to complement your own purchase-for-freedom program, not supplement or compete with it. But hiring former slaves as free labor for Macabéan companies willing to pay them rates close to the competitive market, would look very good for us all in the wider world. I know that there is an urge to forego the opinion of the wider world and, to a considerable degree, I agree with that sentiment because ultimately a sovereign state must exercise its independence. But we also live in a precarious world where crusader states are willing to sacrifice it all toward the calling of human liberty. Our treaty agreement, and the broader agreement with Holy Marsh, is an incredible accomplishment that we should be proud of. All the same, every ounce of effort should go into proving our commitment to its terms. Building that image of the Ice States will make its ascension in Greater Dienstadi politics more rapid and secure. If Macabéan companies can purchase slaves from willing slaveowners and employ them as free labor, it would go a long way in speeding up the process of emancipation in a productive way. Slaveowners will be compensated according to the terms set by the TIS government and the former slaves will be given formal jobs for many years to come that will help integrate them into the broader world. The Golden Throne probably wouldn't even

have to subsidize these companies through tax write-offs, they'd likely save more money on the labor."

"Well, I think leaving the option up to slaveowners would be okay," replied the Duke. "There's no harm in giving them the economic freedom to decide who to sell their slaves to. Getting rid of some burden to compensate slaves would be helpful, and more important programs too can be funded easier by the nation."

They left the topic at that as the party arrived at the southwestern outer gate of Krierstatón 'Quitiruzú.' Construction cranes crowded the skyline, not just at the military port but also throughout the harbor as one looked at the commercial docks and beyond. Forklifts were going one way, trucks another, and even muffled by the car's windows one could hear the buzz of construction. Quitiruzú's harbor expansion was just in its infancy, and so neither of the four men witnessed the city's upcoming glory for what it truly was, but even the scale of it all was impressive. After a quick stop at the gate, they were waved through and the limousine continued toward one of the corners of the base almost at the very edge of the bay. A helicopter was waiting for them on the tarmac, its rotors already beating the air, *swoop, swoop*.

As soon as the vehicle stopped, one of the helicopter pilots opened the passenger door to let the vehicle's guests out. The Duke and Divine Scribe exited first, the two ambassadors behind them. All four boarded the helicopter, a lean transport that at other times would have carried armed and armored men. The chopper rose up as soon as everyone was secure inside, lifting towards the clouds and forward out to sea. Below them, land quickly gave way to the expanse of the bay and they were soon swallowed by infinite blue.

Although it was narrow relative to certain geographic standards, the Bay of Taragento was nevertheless several hundred kilometers wide across at some points and much of it was limitless to the human eye. The hot, yellow sun was out and the waters were calm and below a whale surfaced for a minute to let out a great spray of water before submerging before the waves once again. It wasn't long before they saw the occasional dry cargo ship, support ships, and other replenishment vessels either headed deeper into the bay or back to Quitiruzú.

Rotor blades continued cutting through the air as they flew further into the bay. Soon gleaming warships of silver and gray, at first cruisers, destroyers, and other ships assigned to the perimeter defense of an imperial carrier squadron, popped into view. Two GLI-34 fighters pierced through the heavens, their wings and bodies tilted as the two aircraft turned in unison to skirt the edge of their air patrol perimeter. After some time, in the center of the formation was the HIMS *Kemorro*, an *Industruktabre* class aircraft

carrier that sparkled more than any warship out at sea. While they were still several dozen kilometers out, more fighter jets roared off the angled runway, one after the other, and screamed their way through the sky before turning and getting lost somewhere behind the clouds.

The *Kemorro* rocked gently, largely undisturbed by the light sway of the waters beneath it, as they landed. A marshal waved his orange baton at them in instruction. When the helicopter finally touched down on land, Hiram let go of his deathly grip on Derego's arm. The Jogornos of Nicaro thought his comrade must have been afraid of flying, but brought no attention to it then. It'd be something to poke fun at him later. "Excuse me," said Hiram, before exiting the helicopter behind the duke and the divine scribe.

Waiting for them was the ship's commander, Admiránt Karlos Ioanes, and a small honor guard. The admiral greeted his guests all in the right way and the group exchanged pleasantries. Around them the noisy hubbub of an aircraft carrier roared in continuance, the carrier and its squadron undertaking all the normal activities even while being visited by VIPs. A few minutes later, the admiral led them up a short staircase and through an open hatch that led inside the island. From there, the group went on a short tour of the hangars beneath the deck. Several GLI-34s were dressed up for the presentation, each of them with a metallic staircase that took them to a platform from which they could see the inside of the cockpits. The admiral narrated all the while, sharing the history of the *Kemorro*, including tours in Holy Panooly, Indras, New Empire, Gholgoth, and Nicaro. Admiral Ioanes gave an especially proud account of the *Kemorro's* involvement in the fleet group dispatched to intercept a Ralkovian fleet sailing southeast into eastern or central Greater Dienstad. He gave them a detailed account of the GLI-34, its features, and how it had served as the mainstay of the Kriermada's — the imperial navy's — carrier-based fighter for over a decade now. The admiral was obviously quite proud of his service and what his ship had accomplished, and he took on the task of celebrating the military success of the Golden Throne rather well. It was more than what either Derego or Hiram could have asked for.

The better part of two hours was taken up by the tour, during which they had a light lunch. They talked very little of official business, any conversations having more to do with life on the ship, the battle in the Sea of Faith, and other military matters. For their part, the two diplomats were largely silent. It was a discussion that they had very little to offer, being peacemakers and not warriors. Finally, thirty minutes after their meal, the conversation between the admiral and the two Iceans seemed to come to a close.

Hiram said, "Thank you for being such a gracious host, Admiral Ioanes. But, we have a long flight ahead of us and we should get

going. Is our aircraft ready?" Derego nodded in agreement.

"Yes," answered the admiral. "Let me see to any final preparations it needs and you all can be on your way. It was a pleasure." He bowed slightly and then left the mess hall, which was empty but for all of them.

As they waited, Derego turned to the Duke, and said, "The *Kemorro* and its squadron are in the Taragento for just a few days, for rest and resupply. The squadron is attached to Kríergrup 'Nicaro,' which currently sits in the Sea of Klaurenschal. As you know, 'Nicaro' is one of four fleet groups that His Imperial Majesty ordered deployed to cover all the exits from the Sea of Faith. In the event of a war with the FRCP, they are positioned to cut the Czaslyudian blockading force from resupply and escape. And in one fell swoop, we'd have neutralized the blockading force, because a force is not a force at all if it can't be resupplied with ordnance, personnel, and all of their needs. That's why I think it would be madness for the Czaslyudians to refuse to a ceasefire. They stand to lose a rather large fleet."

"You were talking of the battle in the Sea of Faith earlier, with the admiral," he continued. "I suppose that the Marshite closure of the Sea of Faith to fleets other than their own will do more to end the Czaslyudian operation than anything else. What are your thoughts on that matter? And on the war with the Federal Republic in general? I guess what I'm asking is given that the Marshites have terminated the war, what are your thoughts with how the situation with the Czaslyudians should proceed?"

The Duke replied, "Currently divisions remain stationed in our domestic waters to remove the still-ongoing attacks on our ships and airbases by the ostensibly non-compliant FRCP. I have authorised all necessary steps to end Czaslyudian hostilities, and to that end, Ice ships will remain stationed in our territorial waters, and will only discontinue hostilities against the FRCP should their hostilities against us not cease. However, Ice ships will avoid entering international waters in the Sea of Faith to avoid non-compliance."

"A sensible policy," replied Derego. "I hope the Czaslyudians are equally as reasonable. Sadly, our present experience does not reflect well upon them in that regard and so I am afraid that they might make some kind of demand. And rather than blockade you in the Sea of Faith, they may decide to simply enforce the blockade from outside of the Sea of Faith. In which case we would need to take the battle to them. The Golden Throne would join in that naval campaign against the Federal Republic per the terms of our treaty, and the prospects of victory are strong. It would be a fast war, wouldn't it? Or, would it? Suppose the Golden Throne joins the war against the Czaslyudians, then the FRCP's aggression against our commerce will recommence in the Vanguat and

an objective of the war must necessarily be the liberation of the Vanguat from FRCP piracy. Suddenly, the war's strategic core is in the FRCP's home court and it becomes much more difficult to win. I think it's a war the Golden Throne would win in the end. We are currently at peace with all external governments, so the bulk of our military resources are available for this war. The question is: for what gain? Perhaps by offering the Czaslyudians some sort of way out, some sort of offer that would satisfy whatever hunger drove them to commit to this mess in the first place, we can achieve what we want much sooner and less costly than otherwise. I don't know what that offer ought to be, but I would bet ríokmarks on that being exactly what my comrades in Eitoan are trying to figure out in their negotiations. Food for thought, anyway."

An admiral's adjutant came to fetch them then. "Your aircraft is ready, your excellencies."

"Great, thank you," replied Hiram, as Derego waved them all to follow him out the hatch, down the stairs, and back onto the broad, angled flight deck of the *Kemorro*.

A medium-sized transport aircraft was waiting for them. Derego turned to the others, and said, "You don't see too many of these take off from aircraft carriers, but we needed something capable of flying us all the way to Macabea." Pointing to the refueling nozzle at the back of the aircraft, he added, "We'll just need to get a little help along the way, it's a long flight to the old capital."

All four of them walked up a small staircase that had been pulled up to the front hatch of the transport and took a seat inside. The aircraft had obviously been modified for the sake of improving the comfort of its guests, and so they had well padded lounging chairs, sofas on which to recline, and tables at which to sit. A civilian aircrew was waiting for them, one even standing by a bar. It was to be a long flight to the province of Díenstad, but the Golden Throne's diplomatic corps made sure everything was in place to make it as enjoyable as possible. Within minutes, the engines on their transport rumbled to life and the plane rocketed down the runway, off the deck, and into the blue sky above. Behind them, Quitiruzú disappeared into the distance as a waning sun silently gave way to the moons.

To be continued...

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by [Czaslyudian Peoples](#) » Tue Nov 22, 2022 3:31 pm



“ The Ice States wrote:

...

Shot in the Dark	3rd Surface Action Group
	08:52 hours, Iskra time
	Sea of Faith, South of the Ice States

The 3rd SAG had begun to draw blood– the sharp angles and infrared hotspots of the Ice patrol vessels made for easy targets to the anti-ship missiles, thwarted only by land-based surface-to-air missiles, which struggled to find the stealthy sea-hugging missiles among the waves in time to protect their flock. The Czaslyudian admiral grimaced as he realized the munition expenditure they were undertaking– more so when the holds of the long-range SAMs of their [Harsk-Class](#) frigate escorts were released to counter the supporting and oncoming Ice aircraft, who were targeted even before they had reached the shore.

The onslaught seemed to be senseless; while the Czaslyudians in the Sea of Faith had their objectives, what were the Icers up to? Admiral Yurchenko had briefly gotten an overview of the Ice States' characteristics, and remembered the extremely decentralized command structure– could there be no overarching plan for them to dislodge the Czaslyudian blockaders?

Before the last of the first volley had even reached their targets, another was launched, consisting of stealthy "Marzanna" anti-ship missiles suited for butchering smaller warships, the larger and faster "Sokyra" cruise missiles, and the even larger (and faster still, albeit older) "Strilets", whose arcing supersonic trajectory sought out the land-based firing positions of their enemy to politely deliver three hundred kilos of explosives. Despite so many advanced guided munitions being thrown around, the Icers had done a fairly good job protecting their warships– even if the missiles were the least of their problems.

Expeditionary Submarine Squadron 3 had begun to attack with zeal. The eight that were dedicated to this front, despite the shallow waters, were in their element. The computers of the separate submarines were able to vaguely discern their companions from their foes in the dark morning waters, and each began to seek out their prey. The [Fyodor Sergeyev](#) had thirty-five torpedoes, and thirty-five opportunities to kill their opponents– and it was very difficult to fool such a torpedo considering the development Czaslyudians put into their submarines, as well as having a skeptical weps officer guide the torpedo in by a wire. Soft launches and *Vidlunnya* active decoys kept the positions of the submarines a well-held secret, while submarine skippers, for most of them their first time in real combat, got to demonstrate Czaslyudian naval subsurface effectiveness.

A hundred clicks south of the Ice States' mainland, the FRCPN *VasyI Ivashchenko* was at full alert. Alarms filled the hull of the destroyer, while on the bridge a carefully contained chaos was unleashed. The captain of the *Ivashchenko* leaned on a nearby railing, their white knuckles visible. They were in the midst of prosecuting an Ice submarine that had escaped or missed the first attacks, some forty kilometers away and nearly dead ahead. It was a simple matter of ordering an anti-submarine torpedo to be launched when an additional blaring alarm was added to the cacophony; this time, it was a missile alert. Unsure whether it was truly the right thing to do or not, the captain and his inferiors nevertheless relied on their training and their drills, and the action within the *Ivashchenko* translated to its exterior. A [thin rocket](#) was thrust from amidships, accompanied by chaff rockets which spread thousands of metal strips to streak across the air. The combined CIWS systems attached to the *Ivashchenko* began their ritual of actively defending the ship from the oncoming missiles, launching first their light seeker missiles while the gatling turrets readied themselves along the trajectories of the

threats. The ship rocked as the main gun fired off shell after shell, blanketing the side aspect of the *Vasyl Ivashchenko* with vast clouds of IR-smoke. The eclectic mix of protection was a staple of Czaslyudian surface warships, and it worked to great effect. Numerous Ice missiles were put off target before any active countermeasures had to go into effect. When they did, such as a high-flying missile overlooking the countermeasures, the air was filled with fat streaks of thirty-millimeter rounds and the violent bursts of **EF-CHE** shells, tearing holes into the fragile skins of their foes. The final shock to the crew of the *Ivashchenko*, however, was when a single missile slipped through too late to be deterred by their countermeasures, and found itself a target of the EW suite of the *Ivashchenko*-- this missile splashed harmlessly (as far as high-explosive detonations go) fifty meters off the stern of their ship.

FRCPN *Isteryka*
09:23 hours, Iskra time
Sea of Faith, Marshite waters

Dozens of kilometers more to the south, the *Isteryka* was followed closely by a crippled FRCPN *Nide*. The hull of the *Nide* was a scarred and mangled mess; the bow was crumpled, and some parts of the pockmarked hull exposed the inner bulkheads of the ship they had nearly destroyed. It was a miracle the frigate had survived, and not joined the far more strongly-constructed *Natalia Denisov* in the deep.

The *Isteryka*, this time, was relaying a message to transmit to the Marshites.

FROM: FRCP DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN RELATIONS
TO: MARSHITE FOREIGN RELATIONS

MESSAGE START
== =

FROM OFFICE OF CHAIRMAN-MINISTER PAVLO TARASYUK REGARDING M

FRCP FORMALLY REQUESTS GRACE PERIOD OF TWO WEEKS FOR SEA
(1) FRCP COMBAT OPERATIONS WILL CONTINUE AGAINST SLAVER STATE
(2) FORCES WILL HAVE UNRESTRICTED ACCESS TO INTL'Y RECOGNIZED

DE ESCALATION OF RELATIONS WITH GOLDEN THRONE IMMINENT

IN RETURN, THE MARSHITE UNION WILL RECEIVE FAIR BENEFITS:
(1) TARIFFS ON *ALL* MARSHITE IMPORTS REDUCED TO 0.24%
(2) FRCP WILL FOOT COSTS OF PREVIOUS AND FUTURE MUNITION EXPEN
(3) MARSHITE UNION WILL HAVE STATUS OF 'PRIVILEGED TRADE PARTNE

ABOVE BENEFITS SPAN AT MINIMUM FOUR YEARS IF GRACE PERIOD IS

PLEASE RELAY FURTHER MESSAGES TO CZASLYUDIAN SHIP ISTERYKA
== =
MESSAGE END

Under close watch by the Marshite authorities, the *Isteryka* and its floating liability entered their hosts' waters, steaming towards the nearest port at six knots.

FRCPN *Ulyana Tsymbal*
09:37 hours, Iskra time
Sea of Faith, South of the Ice States

The whirr of cooling fans and muffled footsteps served as the only disruption to the quiet that had invaded the bridge of the FRCPN *Ulyana Tsymbal*. The ship's deckplates and numerous expensive

furnishings were nearly factory-fresh, and although spick-and-span clean, gave the air an acrid streak. Quiet operations had been the name of the game since their arrival on position in the Sea of Faith, serving as rearguard to the vulnerable surface formation up above the waves.

But the *Tsymbal* could do nothing to help their submersible comrades to the north. By order of the Eastern Fleet Command, she and her companion *Mykola Yanchuk* were to avoid enemy contact, sailing south from their positions on the perimeter of the 3rd Surface Action Group before surfacing to await further orders piped in from the exosphere some 600 kilometers south-by-southeast.

It was not a terribly long distance; particularly when the submarines ran to deeper water and could steam upwards of twenty knots with their towed arrays keeping vigilant watch; but the skipper could not fathom why they were making such a senseless maneuver. Previously, though a boring assignment, they were in screening positions for the surface ships to which they were attached. But moving too far away, or simply detaching altogether, would be leaving the naval group's southern flank vulnerable.

As always, the skipper followed their orders, though giving lip to every single one of them under his breath. Twenty knots pushed the sleek silhouette of the *Tsymbal* through dark water, as it began its course south-by-southeast.

Factbooks

Favorite Quote

"Вечнась для Czaslyudiya!"

A corrupt, Post-Soviet anocracy whose de facto third branch of government is an arms manufacturer.
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The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3859
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by **The Macabees** » Thu Nov 24, 2022 11:06 am

QUOTE

OFF THE COAST OF EITOAN

A single carrier eskúadra sat off the coast of Eitoan, elements periodically breaking off to make calls at the allied port. A single aircraft carrier sat at the core, escorted by six cruisers, five destroyers, and four frigates. It carried some sixty GLI-76 strike fighters and an assortment of other aircraft, including six AWACS, eight EW aircraft based on the GLI-76, and twenty-five helicopters. This one also carried two photoreconnaissance UAVs and three additional ELINT UAVs.

Each of these UAVs prowled the North Vanguat Sea at different vectors. They scouted out beyond the combat air patrol around the squadron, distant from the fighter squadrons that pierced through the envelope to patrol the skies beyond. The fighters occupied themselves with making a presence, primarily by occasionally flying at visual range from Czaslyudian commercial and military vessels. Beyond seeking to intimidate, it was all part of a bigger scheme to scout out the potential enemy's disposition off their coastline. While the fighters provoked the opposition into responding, the UAVs detected, monitored, and reported what they 'saw.' Sometimes the evidence was visual, but mostly it was electronic. Although the press had been told the eskúadra would stay at Eitoan for three days, an announcement was made on the third that the carrier strike group was to extend its stay in the area for at least another week.

In the Bay of Libète, another carrier eskúadra

operated some off the coasts of Aman and Dunferm. Their intention: to close exit and entry into the Great Inland Sea. It was backed up by three strike eskúadras and an additional carrier eskúadra at the ready, sitting off of Kríerstatón Potthan. According to the official channels, the five naval squadrons — belonging to two different fleet groups, Kríergrups 'Potthan' and 'Samarasta' — were conducting a military exercise intending to rehearse the closing of the bay in the event of a war with the Ordenite Reich over Fustera. In truth, these elements were placed to participate in the potential naval war against the Federal Republic. They'd seek to block whatever warships the Czaslydians had in the Great Inland Sea and prohibit ships on the outside to access ports on the inside.

The rest of Kríergrup 'Samarasta' continued on until they reached Tongolosi proper, the capital of Samarasta the country. It and 'Potthan' constituted the maritime combat power of the Kríermada in the far west, and the bulk of what would be relied on if war with the Federal Republic broke out.

For now, it was just the carrier eskúadra in the North Vanguat directly probing the Czaslydians. Together with SSNs acting independently, as well as the thousands of imperial commercial ships sailing the sea on a daily basis, analysts in Arras put together a picture of what the Federal Republic's military power in the area looked like so that if push came to shove they would be ready to allocate sufficient forces to achieving maritime superiority in the North Vanguat and guarantee the safety of imperial and neutral trade vessels in the same.

In the meantime, trade vessels with imperial ports of origin began to avoid the area between New Tupioca and the Federal Republic. Shipping continued to Eitoan and south, to Relica. To Federal Ralkovia, more and more trade volume was diverted up the River Dykk as opposed to the far north. Ships that did take the northerly route headed in that direction on the far side of Tupioca, cutting across the Northern Vanguat Sea only at its northern extreme. The eastern extreme of this approach was guarded by a carrier eskúadra and an expeditionary eskúadra belonging to Kríergrup 'Nicaro,' which was being stretched roughly from New Tupioca to Devonía. These two naval squadrons were poised to reinforce operations in the Northern Vanguat in the event of war until they could be relieved by reinforcing squadrons from 'Potthan' and 'Samarasta.'

Embassies in Eitoan, Relica, Agar-Na, Aman, Shekana, Potthan, Tupioca, Federal Ralkovia, Kassaran, and Lynion were warned that hostilities might commence as early as within the week. Allies with trade interests in the northwest, namely Arcaenia, were also given advanced warning of the impending naval conflict. The northernmost route skirting the northern margins of Greater Dienstag was the recommended one for shipping to Federal

Ralkovia.

Elsewhere, Kríergrups 'Beda Fromm' and 'Targul Frumos' settled in just outside the eastern and southern exit routes from the Sea of Faith. At the call of war, the Czaslyudians would be unable to resupply their blockading fleet inside the Sea of Faith and would need to risk a breakout, or otherwise be forced into Marshite ports where they'd be unable to join the wider war. These two kríergrups could count on elements of 'Macabea' and 'Nicaro' for reinforcements, although these were prioritizing the defense of the Ordena Sea.

Whether these deployments would be adequate only time and the war could tell. The Kríermada could reinforce with additional assets if need be, but four fleet groups along with two reserve fleet groups gathered considerable naval firepower. They represented some eighteen hundred warships altogether. Of these, around seven or eight hundred were in the far west and the rest were organized around the Icer battlefield in the Sea of Faith or in the Sea of Ordena. Their objectives were to eliminate the Czaslyudian fleets in the Sea of Faith, whether physically, logistically, or politically, and to open the Northern Vanguat Sea to international commercial trade. An invasion of the Federal Republic was not considered feasible. The Czaslyudians would have to be choked and strangled into peace by way of a naval blockade if they were unable to come to reason by the end of the seven-day period the imperial government in Fedala had informally extended to them.

All that stood between war and peace were Jogornos Antonio Filero and Ambassador Nadiya Avramenko. The results of their talks were still unknown. If they failed to come to terms, Fortune favored the warrior and shunned the merchant.

Hopes for peace, truth be told, were not high.

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The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3859
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by **The Macabees** » Sat Nov 26, 2022 9:00 pm



VLADARSIK, EITOAN

Continued from [here](#).

Nadiya Avramenko murmured to herself indistinctively, as she stirred in her seat. "Comrade Ambassador, there is no question of your commercial vessels' transparency— it is merely that our sailors and soldiers have the ability to reason; our weapons do not, or at least not in the same respect.

"CASMiNVaS, and our actions in the Sea of Faith, are now shown to be perfectly justified. A hasty ceasefire with the slavers is unthinkable after the offense of their recent attack, and my government is left with no choice but to pursue the conflict and diminish the Ice States' military capability, so as to

reduce the threat to Czaslyudiya in the future from this irrational actor. Though the Golden Throne might have made their own deal with the Icers, the Icers have signed one with my government and it carries a far different weight than yours. Ceasefire will be considered, perhaps, in weeks once the threat has been eliminated, and hand-in-hand with emancipation that takes months, not years, to achieve."

Antonio, seated in the chair at the head of the table, found that vexing. "I think you will find that the war will accomplish the opposite of what you intend. Our intention is to equip the Ice States with needed state-of-the-art military equipment and ordnance, including long-range rockets and missiles, as well as submarines capable of defending their shipping lanes. We don't have to debate who will win the war, because it seems to me to be a lose-lose for you. Even if you win, the Ice States will have a stronger military than they started with. And, that will be true as long as the Sea of Faith and the Klaurenschal" — the sea between the Ice States and the Golden Throne — "are closed to you and you have no direct access to your enemy. To make matters worse," he continued, "we are now obligated by treaty to defend the Ice States and so, if the war goes on, that means all the progress our two governments have made in walking the line back towards peace will have been undone. You must already be aware that our troops have crossed the border into the country. Even if we have any inclination toward delaying our entry into war for as long as possible, we still cannot lift the trade embargo through central Greater Díenstad because we'd look like fools if we had to reimpose it. I think it behooves you to think of terms that will make your government look good back home, while undoing this mess. You've already virtually won the only big naval battle of the war. What greater symbol of victory do you need for your propaganda?"

"First and foremost," Avramenko began, dropping the formality in return, "the Federal Republic does not use propaganda. It needs none, in any case— the situation is clear. The sovereignty of our government has been questioned, and we must respond. Sovereignty, as you might be able to glean, is important, Ambassador. My government's respect for your nation's sovereignty has permitted your insolent sailors to go on their way unscathed. What might happen if, in international waters, Czaslyudian ships fired unprovoked onto your own? Would you not retaliate as you saw fit as well?"

"These bastard treaties you have with the Icers— I'm familiar with them— are nothing short of escalations to an environment you apparently seek to diminish. My colleagues and I came here to negotiate in good faith; but what your government seems intent on doing is coercing us away from the policies of the Czaslyudian government! Surely your propaganda mouthpieces— or *news outlets*— could not have deluded the diplomats of Fedor

I into thinking that twisting arms is any way to reach a compromise? In any case, we will not be bullied. Without some kind of understanding between our governments, there is no motivation for Sevyich to lay off from CASMiNVaS, and certainly none to limit or reduce our security operation in the Ice States." Avramenko was not fond of playing this card— it was risky, but the negotiations had gone sour nearly by the first exchange. Surely, Avramenko thought, the Macabeans could see their situation; they could not be that puffed up to ignore the mutually agreeable solution she was going to suggest in favor of hegemonic politics?

"Here is our offer:" Avramenko returned severely, "allow us to search merely two Golden Throne ships without hindrance in the Vanguat, and we will let the rest go unmolested in perpetuity, under what should be understood as a good faith system— you may even have this in writing, if you please. That wraps up the Vanguat, an entanglement which we agree should never have happened. Meanwhile, in regards to our nation's defense in the Sea of Faith, I am able to offer some assurances in exchange for your government's cooperation. If the government of Fedor I wishes, the Department of War will keep our war with the Ice States contained to the Southern territories, and limited to military targets if our Macabean colleagues wish us to refrain from attacking the institution of slavery. This will greatly reduce the humanitarian burden of a full-scale war, and keep agricultural and civilian infrastructure intact; it will also keep in line with my government's justified retaliation against the Icers. What the Golden Throne will get from this is a restrained war, which will work in conjunction with your diplomatic efforts towards emancipation, but only if our two peoples recognize that the FRCP's retaliation against the Ice States is outside the purview of your treaty. We came here to resolve conflict before it started, but neither a treaty nor our meeting will put the stops in the ongoing conflict— need I remind you the conflict your new ally started. It would make a bad precedent for nations to ally themselves with belligerent states in the midst of their internal wars, would it not? I can think of certain actors in Nicaro, Krasnova, and other parts of Imperial territory that would benefit too much from such a sly tactic. But words aside, my government's actions are clear— we will attempt to reduce the military power of the Ice States in retaliation for their attack on us. The Federal Republic has no imperial ambition, nor does it loot and pillage like a throng of savages. This is merely justice; for a breach of honor, for the lives lost in an act of infamy, and a demonstration to slavers anytime and anywhere— to whichever putrid quagmires they crawl from. Our retaliation will be measured and will eventually run its course; the FRCP has no quarrel with the Golden Throne, and it is out of respect we sit down to compromise, but to deny a sovereign state the right to defend itself, and bring yourselves into useless conflict with Czaslyudiya will only serve

to force us to escalate to the highest degree.

"Our offer is that, Ambassador." Avramenko finished.

Mulling the Czaslyudian's words, Antonio gave a pensive look but did not respond right away. There was much to unpack in the offer. Although ultimately it was an offer that the jogornos could not accept, he would take it to his superiors for reporting purposes. He understood where Nadiya was coming from and now better grasped that the Czaslyudians would never agree to an immediate end to the conflict. If they felt that by doing so they would be prostrating themselves before a hegemon, they would have to be submitted into that position. That would require the war to go on. Would it require the Golden Throne to intervene? There was a hint that the Czaslyudians didn't fear the option. If he had understood Nadiya correctly, she had even threatened the imperial position in Nicaro, Krasnova, and elsewhere. Maybe they believed they had some leverage in those areas. A lot to unpack, indeed. Most significantly, Antonio momentarily felt that they were closer to escalating the war than before.

The jogornos was not about to give up so quickly, though. After a brief moment of silence, and ignoring what he thought were veiled threats, he asked, "You said 'contained to the Southern territories.' What are the geographic limits to this area? How do you plan to operate when the Sea of Faith is closed to all non-Marshite naval forces? I'm not meaning to delve into your military strategy. I suppose we don't see eye to eye on the Federation's ability to operate in the area immediately off the coasts of the Ice States. I'd like to understand you, to better report on the feasibility of such an arrangement, if we were inclined to agree."

After a short pause, Avramenko replied. "Our area of operations will be focused, I am told, in regions of the southern Ice States where the slave populations are low, but military targets are high— this will make the rural northern regions, where most slaves are concentrated, relatively safe. This will not undermine our plans for retaliation, and in fact will cooperate with your attempts at emancipation. As for how our military forces will proceed, that is a matter for our own defense officials and strategists, as well as the conclusion of ongoing discussions with the Marshites.

"Let me make it perfectly clear, Ambassador, that with your nation's armies moving into the very territory we are performing strikes on, time is of the essence. We must reach an understanding today if we are to assuredly avoid conflict between our peoples." Avramenko ended.

Antonio again responded with immediate silence. This time, the pause was longer than before. Then, "I will take your offer to my superiors. At the moment, there is no agreement. Maybe His Imperial Majesty and his

advisors will think differently to me but I suspect not. While I think it was an error for the Ice States to open fire on your fleet and would consider enforcing war reparations on them, I have to be frank and also admit that I believe your government to be completely delusional. I also believe you were in error to ever include us in this situation, an error that you are now paying the price for committing. The Sea of Faith is closed to you. You will not be able to move supplies and reinforcements in and out. If your fleet tries to continue the war your fleet will be sunk. That is not a threat. At least, not a Macabéan threat. Those are the terms of the Marshite ultimatum. Do and act as you see fit, but at the moment there is no compelling reason to entertain your offer. The leverage you think you have, I don't think exists and I suspect my superiors will agree with me. All that being said, I can guarantee a minimum of one week of neutrality. If our forces are not fired upon, and our ships left unsearched, you have one week to wrap up your business in the Sea of Faith. I hope for your sake you don't drag the Marshites in the war against you, too. Anyway, if that is all you have, I will take my leave now."

The jogornos rose from his seat. His Czaslyudian counterpart barely paid him mind as he was escorted out. His last words had not landed well. Antonio wondered if he had been crude or vulgar, but he felt as if there was an obvious gulf in the expected outcome. Large, costly wars were often the product of these sorts of calculations. Regardless, given the military and political agreement signed with the Ice States, the Marshite ultimatum in the Sea of Faith, and home court advantage in the Klaurenschal, had Antonio agreed to the Czaslyudian terms it probably would have cost him his job — and the Imperial Bureaucracy would have found a way to walk the line back on it. There was simply no way the Golden Throne could throw the Ice States under the bus after having gotten the concessions it had, and after promising to defend their empire from attack if the Federal Republic could not be persuaded to deescalate the situation. Clearly, the diplomatic persuasion had failed. Now it remained to be seen whether an all out naval war between the Golden Throne and the Federal Republic broke out, or whether the three parties explored another means toward deescalation. The only known quantity was that if the strikes on the Ice States did not end within seven days, the Golden Throne would enter the war on its side.

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Holy Marsh
Negotiator

Posts: 5616

by **Holy Marsh** » Fri Dec 02, 2022 9:39 pm

QUOTE

To: FRCP DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN RELATIONS
From: The Desk of Saijar Druscana, Mistress of Militant Affairs,
Co-Signed by M-SAD

Your proposal has been considered. Your proposal has been rejected. The Mer'icia Extrema has been issued. As such, combat operations against the Empire of the Ice States for cause of their

slavery is no longer authorized from the Sea of Faith. Their slave institutions shall be thrown down now, and this is in great part thanks to your actions. Your noble lives have been sacrificed on the altar of sentient freedom. To go any further, however, risks that legacy being lost.

The notice's time period remains in effect and the time draws close. Your previous instructions and options remain open. If you choose to remain in the Sea of Faith in active operations past that timeframe, military action will commence in order to compel you to vacate the Sea of Faith. The Theocratic Matriarchy Navy has offered the available basing arrangements for the entirety of your vessels in the Sea of Faith as well as long-term basing possibilities. You are given the full allotment of time in order to launch your counter-attacks. Regardless of what is decided to do with that time, when that notice ends your vessels must cease operations and move to exit the Sea of Faith or move to the basing that has been made available. Once this has been accomplished, M-SAD and the Arch-Bishop are mulling opportunities that will be offered. Any discussion regarding those opportunities will come only after compliance with the notice.

The FRCPN ISTERYKA and FRCPN Nide were given the same information- docking allowances at Naval Base Ahastan, Annex 44. The destroyers TMN Sykana, Jules, and Washar were tasked with escort and aid. The Sykana would relay the damages to Annex 44, who would prepare to repair and refit the vessels as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, all three destroyers would use their helicopters to ferry wounded crewmembers if needed as well as anything else required to keep the FRCPN vessels afloat that were within the capacity of the Marshites to provide. In the extreme, the Maestro-Captain of the Washar offered crew berthing on his ship in the event that either foreign vessel required scuttling.

Sevyich, FRCP

Ambassador-Brother Ackala hadn't even bothered changing his dress or trying to work on other agenda items after his previous meeting. Not that he should have; the prospect of war demanded attention. But it was somewhat vexing that he couldn't even put on his makeup when several AI-secured calls came through. Afterwards, he sent a request for another meeting with his FRCP counterpart...

Last edited by [Holy Marsh](#) on Fri Dec 02, 2022 9:39 pm, edited 2 times in total.

Friend of Kraven, 2005-2023

18 years of stories deleted

Kraven Prevails!



The Ice States
Ambassador

Posts: 1021
Founded: Jun 23, 2022
Corporate Police State

by [The Ice States](#) » Sun Dec 11, 2022 4:40 pm



[Diamond Dogs.](#)

Stonegrad, The Ice States

The Emperor had called an emergency meeting with the Divine Scribe and General of the Ice military when the Golden Throne's meeting with the FRCP had concluded, with fleets already having been sent to support the Golden Throne's blockade of the FRCP.

"So, I will begin." spoke the Emperor. "The FRCP have elected to provide no peaceful ending to the conflict, even between them and the Golden Throne. To that end, we have, per our obligations under the Treaty of Liberation, sent fleets to support the Golden Throne in their blockade of the Ice States". The General nodded in confirmation as the Emperor continued. "However, I believe that this is still unlikely to be sufficient to protect our national security."

"We had spoken about this a while ago, but I believe that now is the time."

"Due to the risk of espionage they pose, as well as the potential propaganda value of Czaslyudians posing as Icers opposing the

blockade on their actual homeland, we need to take action to remove all Czaslyudians from the Ice States."

The Emperor revealed a paper document, which had been signed by the General, Emperor, and Divine Scribe earlier, and placed it on the table before continuing.

"I had written a document about this matter a while ago. Yet, such removal should occur by executing all known Czaslyudians present in the Ice States. To locate all Czaslyudians, we will first note all known immigrants to the Ice States from the FRCP. We will target them, as well as all descendants thereof, for removal."

"Secondly, we would need to establish a secret police-like body to infiltrate society. This secret body would locate all individuals who practice Czaslyudian culture, speak of the FRCP, or similar. All individuals found by this body to be Czaslyudians shall be removed from the Ice States, along with their descendants."

"This body would be run by the General. We have already met to discuss this, so there is little in the name of the plan that would need to be altered. However, I reiterate that this must be fully secret -- only those who need to know shall know of this genocide."

"Now, I order that the removal begin. Take it from here, General."

General Lionel Burkes rose to speak. "I will identify all individuals known to be Czaslyudian immigrants or descendants thereof. All individuals will be required to update their passports in a military vehicle -- non-Czaslyudians shall genuinely have their passports updated, while Czaslyudians shall be taken to black sites for execution."

The Emperor then added, turning to the Divine Scribe. "Any inquiries? Don't even sign for Klyprer."

"This isn't government, this is genocide. Necessary genocide."

Cruxhampton, The Ice States; three days later

Helen Greenhaw had just moved out of home, having been married to Anthony Greenhaw last year. It was ostensibly a regular morning; Helen had cooked and served breakfast for Anthony. That was when she received the call from the Ice government.

"Hello?"

"This is James Harrison from the Duchy of Valhaven. We would like to update your passport -- your review is scheduled at 11:35 AM. Please travel without anyone else in a Duchy of Valhaven vehicle which will arrive at 11:30 at your residence."

"What? Can it be tomorrow?"

"No, it must be at 11:45 AM today. This is required."

Helen replied in a mocking tone, "I will be present at 11:45 AM." and hung up.



As the bus drove in, she entered without a word. The bus

promptly drove off, carrying various other individuals -- who noticeably were all Czaslyudian. After about 15 minutes, the bus arrived at what was apparently an office of the Duchy of Valhaven. The bus driver then ordered those present off, and escorted them to the lobby -- at the front was a door to the office.

The driver then spoke from the door. "Please line up behind the office in an orderly fashion. I will let you in once the meeting of each is complete. When your meeting is complete, please exit the office through the out door at the back and make sure you are back at the bus at 12:50 PM. James Green, please enter."

After about 10 meetings, the driver called, "Helen Greenhaw". Helen entered and was about to sit at the desk. Before she could do so, the man sat on the other end of the desk rose and grabbed Helen right by the neck, such that she could not even speak. The man was not a man, but rather, an automated machine. A mannequin. A Diamond Dog.

The conscience-free machine broke Helen's neck like folding a piece of paper. Helen was then dropped through what was ostensibly the chimney at the back of the room. The underground pile of bodies grew by one. Then another one, another two, another three...

The first stage of Operation Diamond Dog was complete.

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The Kraven Corporation's posts should not have been removed.



Czaslyudian Peoples
Lobbyist

Posts: 24
Founded: Apr 14, 2022
Corporate Police State

by **Czaslyudian Peoples** » Sat Jan 28, 2023 3:27 pm

QUOTE

**Sevyich Federal
Administrative Zone
In the early morning
Sevyich, FRCP**

A door swung open, bringing light into a dark room. Fluorescent lights flicked on, revealing the nonunique office of the Principle Chairman, with its fine leather and oak-backed furnishings filling the space upon the scarlet rug. A figure staggered through the threshold, extricating themselves from a long raincoat that bristled with the cold rains of central Czaslyudiya and hanging it without fanfare on the nearest rack.

At least they had the decency of heating the room, thought the

figure.

A good night's sleep seemed like a distant memory for Anzelm Silarz— as the old official sunk into the nearest easy chair, ignoring the high-backed one intended for the head of state— but in the extended periods of wakefulness he had hardly the time to dwell in his own thoughts. It certainly was not easy being the Principle Chairman. The position was still built for a political strongmen, like Bezukhov, and though due to his character it might not have been so difficult for him, Silarz was finding it exhausting to be both the leader, a just one, and an effective one all at the same time.

From the squat three-story structure of the building, one could look beyond the outer perimeter of the Administrative Zone and out towards the urban developments of Sevyich and the steppes beyond; but at this time, although the summer sun had begun to warm the faraway horizon, the view was mostly dominated by the electric-lit silhouettes of the city.

The old man couldn't help but grimace to himself. This work was so frustrating; how could it have been allowed to come to this point? Being the man in the chair was not as empowering as it seemed— instead, with his waning patience, Silarz had to set aside his plans and goals just to appease interest groups. Was this it? Was this the new government— a hodgepodge of lobbyists, war hawks, and slack-jawed economic concerns? Where were the ideas? And the idealists? After loosening the government's grip on the throat of the Czaslyudian people, Silarz had reckoned they would have something to say, and not be trampled by these spineless institutions after gaining so much upward momentum.

'His' policies had taken the back seat while war took the wheel. *And a war for what?* Silarz fumed. There was no doubt that the Ice States needed to be taught a lesson, but there are certainly defter tools than bombardment. But there was very little Silarz could do. Unquestionably, Silarz had the most power to shape the outcome of the situation— but the situation required more than executive authority to solve.

Like tossing instruments clumsily into a junk drawer, Silarz neatly wrapped up his thoughts as his first appointment of the day came to pass. Knocking first on the threshold of the open door, the Premier and an attachment of half-conscious attendants streamed into the room, taking up their positions in a well-rehearsed manner that comes with a career in government service.

Ilya Markov nodded and smiled, exchanged all the basic pleasantries one has the ability to share at that hour of the morning, and, puzzled for a moment, took a seat beside the Principle Chairman rather than one across. With some effort, the Premier brought their bad leg to cross its companion.

"Comrade Principle Chairman, I'm glad to see you're faring better at this early hour than I am," Markov lied. "I barely had time to get something in me before I left my dacha."

"Thank you, Iliushen'ka Afanasovych, old friend. Liquor and black bread keeps the body young— but my bones remain just as heavy, and the brain just as fried as yours." Silarz replied tiredly.

"Still, perhaps I should not have given up my old drinking habits, eh? Better than this imported coffee stuff we bring into my house."

"I almost forgot to ask, how is Alina?"

"She's well. Well, she's funny. Doesn't want to spend any money that isn't hers— she refuses to spend a single cent of mine, despite it being her income as well! I have to hire someone to make sure we have enough from the grocer's." Markov trailed off, then smacked their lips. "But you have a busy schedule, *tovarysh*. I won't bore you with details of my life."

Silarz frowned, but nodded. Business always came first. "I'd like to hear what you think about the security situation. Have you written that memo yet?" Silarz prompted.

A slight shuffle of the Premier's entourage presented Markov with the papers. "Yes, the Internal Security Memo- No. 15, if I'm not mistaken. I still have to polish it up for the National Assembly presentation tomorrow, but the meat of it's there." Markov said, scanning over a folder chock full of ruled papers. Beginning again in a more delicate tone, Markov elaborated, "Your concerns about military overreach are justified. What with half the National Assembly being composed of ex-military members it's very easy for the military to draw their sympathies, leaving you and I in the middle of their manipulations. That all won't be in the final version of the report I deliver tomorrow, but I'm able to inform you that we're still investigating and monitoring that angle. More importantly, there have also been several cases of probing towards agents of the Department of Internal Security."

"Probing?" Silarz asked, sitting forward.

"There are probably better words for it. But there have been cases of people in military intelligence reaching out for favors, or forming buddy-buddy ties, with Internal Security offices and agents. In short, they're trying to get access to intelligence that falls outside the purview of purely military intelligence."

"They're trying to probe the government, is what you're saying." Silarz said softly.

Markov made a face, as if uncomfortable with the idea. "From my position, without knowing who the agitators are in all this, I would tell you that the facts would lend to the idea of an incoming coup. But reading the details, my friend, which I can not tell you now, there is a degree of restraint in whoever the perpetrators are. If they're planning to overthrow the government, they don't have an idea of who'll take its place yet. Until then, it's just talk."

"Not even Davydenko?" The Principle Chairman breathed.

"Davydenko would have been the natural choice, perhaps as a figurehead, but his chance passed him by when Bezukhov's letter of confirmation indicated you. Since the opportunity has passed, they have the freedom to elevate whoever they want- and between you and me, Davydenko isn't as radical as some would like."

"In your days, *tovarysh*, have you met people who would fit that criteria?" Silarz questioned.

"I was a junior officer. You would know, Comrade Principle Chairman. The sort I mingled with were the salt of the earth, thinking only in the short term- bread, ammunition, and fresh undergarments. I'll be damned if any of those folk are opinionated enough to be behind something like this." Markov tilted his head. "No, I would look to the officer class- I mean the *apparatchiks* Davydenko brought in- but even then, that's an ocean to sift through. Deputy-this, Admiral-that. If there were a way to measure political ambition, I would have been able to sort this out by now, but alas." He finished with a wave of the hand.

The two were silent, as if in thought- but that thread of conversation had been exhausted, bound for nothing but rumination. Shifting his legs, Markov continued.

"There are also the other, less interesting issues I've come to talk to you about," Markov remarked, passing back Internal Security Memo No. 15 in a game of classified document telephone. "For example, that which falls more within my purview. The infrastructure reconstruction has many sectors of the economy responding well."

"And?" Silarz hesitantly pursued.

"We are approaching what looks to be a shortage of concrete." Markov winced.

Silarz heard the door shut behind the last of Markov's entourage and he slumped back into his chair. He rubbed his ashen, cleanshaven face that carried some invisible weight above the brow. The job had seemed much easier when Bezukhov had been in charge. In all fairness, there was a clear decisiveness about the man— a sort of forward posture, an impression of momentum every time he spoke. But there was also the flip side of the coin— Bezukhov was a rash, unscrupulous leader. He would not think twice about what his administration did so long as it got the desired effect— effects which were primarily focused to his administration's benefit. Perhaps that was the dilemma every leader faced— suffer and make the right decision or turn short-sighted action into a virtue and spend fuck all considering anything else. Silarz himself was witness to the latter.

The people called for blood. At least, a solid faction of them did. The rest were moderately opposed; not quite enough to cause a back-breaking amount of political pressure, but still enough to make the war an unsustainable option. Not that Silarz had any intentions to prolong the fiasco indefinitely, nor did he have much say in it either. The pro-war faction not only consisted of a very vocal part of the population, but had a supermajority of the National Assembly in its grips, as well. Dropping the war now would lose him popularity very quickly, risking him a suspension under the pretexts like hindering the progress of the state. And still, there were deadlines falling all around him— he could not risk another war. He needed more time to fix this.

Silarz groggily made a quick note to the Department of Foreign Relations. They would need to sort this out.

"Principle Chairman?"

He blinked. A mist filled his mind— the short rest did not clear it, neither did coffee— and it was as if every thought was gasping for fresh air. Silarz adjusted himself against the plastic felt-padded armrests of the chair, not yet warmed enough by his old bones to be comfortable.

"Yes, Chairman?" Silarz droned.

Davydenko cleared his throat uncomfortably. Looking at the general, Silarz imagined a dozen different responses: *Principle Chairman, you seemed distant. Principle Chairman, can you hear us? Principle Chairman, this is important. Wake up. Principle Chairman...* Davydenko said none of these things.

"Continue." The Principle Chairman said after a while.

The attention of the board room now focusing on the far side of the room, the analyst swallowed and began again.

"-- and despite the qualitative advantage our forces enjoy, there is still a high degree of vulnerability. The 3rd SAG has the lower seas locked out, but if their egress were to be cut off by whatever means, it would mean the effective loss of all surface vessels, not to mention the ramifications of our inability to recover or destroy salvageable equipment.

"However, for the time being, the 3rd has operational mobility in the theater that the Icers do not. This, combined with their sufficiently higher mass, gives them freedom of movement into what should be easily contested waters. To this end, at your request my colleagues and I have prepared plans for comprehensive punitive actions in both one-week and two-week timeframes. With the intention of backing the national objectives outlined earlier, Operation 'Growler' will transition to Operation 'Bare Teeth'. Mentioned operation's goals will

attempt to produce an environment conducive to favorable political outcomes, achieved through inflicting a series of quick successful engagements; this brought on by adequate intelligence and sufficient tactical mobility of deployed forces.

“‘Bare Teeth’ will also lead up to further operations, which fall outside the jurisdiction of this inquiry. But, to summarize, ‘Bare Teeth’ will ideally serve to fortify Federal presence in the Sea of Faith within the Marshite deadline for future maneuvers with the 1st Strike Task Force.”

As the analyst droned on in precise, sterile words, Silarz felt the mist hide the display before him once again. The Principle Chairman’s empty stomach churned. ‘Punitive actions.’ ‘National objectives.’ ‘Mobility’, ‘maneuvers’, and ‘outcomes’. Silarz felt a heat rise in his chest as he listened in on how the speaker turned words of academia to cover up a pitch for cruelty. Perverting his mother tongue to tie up and nicely show off bloodshed. Silarz stared unblinkingly at the analyst’s mannerisms– the mechanical hand gestures, crisp posture, and the shit-eating half-smile he fell into every time he sold another point to the shit-eating meatheads around him. The subject of discussion had changed and all Silarz could do was grind over his thoughts again and again. What was this all for? National security? Entertainment? Justice?

Now there was a thought.

Justice– for whom? Certainly, it was wrong that they were attacked. But now here they were, analyzing how best to cut the beast, what tools to use, what portions would resist their blades, and what to do with the carcass. Those that wronged them were receiving a punishment too far unfit for their crime. And here before him was the institutionalized practice injustice; punishment to enemies and little benefit to friends.

“Principle Chairman, can you hear me?” Davydenko said. Silarz had the sense it was not the first time he had heard that. Silarz blinked away that train of thoughts and looked over to the general. Davydenko’s lips were pressed into an annoyed line below his nose, and he scratched his knee impatiently.

“This is a time sensitive target, is it not?” Silarz asked brusquely. On the screen, its presenter now changed to a scrappy aviator, the silhouettes of a pair of cargo ships were photographed in stormy waters. Annotations layed over the photo marked them as belonging to the Ice States; a shrunk map of the region and a single red point marked them as just south of the Vanguat Sea. Civilian ships. Outside of their ‘mission’ in the area. A risky maneuver but could pay off in political leverage. Cost effective with only a single aircraft and tanker support. High expected success probability.

In a gravelly, slow tone, Davydenko responded, “Yes, Principle Chairman. The strike window is closing. What is your answer?”

Silarz sighed and looked across the people he shared the room with: all blank expressions, or those with practiced interest, with their unblinking gaze fixed on him. The idea of these suits in some context where they were actually human flashed across his mind. He scoffed.

“Call it off.”

Nikolay Nikolayovich Baratov Boardroom Mid-afternoon Sevyich, FRCP

Its source unknown, a cold draft cut across the room. The FoRel building was fairly old and hastily constructed at that, so it was not entirely unexpected. It was, however, inconvenient for the time being as Pavlo Tarasyuk called off his afternoon meetings for an add-on. The warmth the wooden furnishings were supposed to put off

was undermined by this intrusion from the exterior; if one's fingers were not put to work they would chill to the bone.

Thankfully, he would have an ample amount of work. Jotting down personal additions and revisions to the notes compiled by his assistants, Tarasyuk threw together the basic necessities to the next rendezvous between the FRCP and the Theocracy. Tarasyuk was unsure what could be achieved, but those were the orders. The Marshites were adamant about their policies– admirable qualities, in any other case– and the FRCP was no longer asserting itself like it should, and instead begging for more time for some obscure goal. It was a mess. Hopefully, one way or another, they would be able to clear it up. A knock on the door shook him from his thoughts as the ambassador entered the boardroom once again.

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