

by Max Barry



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Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Tue Dec 08, 2015 9:50 am

QUOTE

Since the atomic destruction of Lindun the various surviving units of the Morridane Army had dug in where they'd reached during the post-GodRod offensive, some had advanced far enough to be able to glimpse the city of Fort Bainsbury in the distance. Even with the ceasefire there had been troop movements, firstly to reinforce the line in case the Imbriniums rejected the ceasefire and secondly pre-planned amphibious landings along the coastlines of East Mordent still went ahead but with the intent of securing beachheads to land emergency supplies and medical aid which had been declared as such by the Morridane government. The beachheads would also serve as places to land relief supplies from a Commonwealth convoy that was be escorted by Lyran and Lamonian warships, port facilities in Mordent having been damaged during the fighting.

The convoy itself consisted of Commonwealth Atomic Research Establishment (CARE) personnel, Royal Observer Corps (ROC) volunteers, medical staff and various pieces of equipment that included the [Hughes Type 01 Portable Preservation Shelter](#). A *Centaur*-class 'Commando Carrier' had also been despatched along with its normal air group of Westland Wessex helicopters and a handful of Chinooks, plus a number of hospital ships. The CARE and ROC personnel were to monitor the fallout from the nuclear blast as well as radiation levels to allow the former group to advise the Morridane Ministry of Reclamation as it took on administrative responsibilities for Mordent. A large RMAF ground party was also on the convoy, their job mainly to service the helicopters taking part in the relief operations and also establish an airfield in a 'safe' area for maritime patrol aircraft there were to enforce the [Nuclear Exclusion Zone](#) round Mordent.

In Northern Imbrinium the Morridane soldiers dug in there were getting ready to move out after first exchanging the odd shot and then a more massive amount of insults with their Imbrinium counterparts. Lyran and Lamonian soldiers were taking over the trenches and relieving the Morridanes who'd had dug and then lived in them during the short campaign, the joint Lyran-Lamonian force was protection against possible Imbrinium attacks on the Morridanes who were now withdrawing. A number of sappers of the Royal Morridane Engineers would be staying a little while longer to assist with clearing Morridane minefields, the rest would either be heading home or to Mordent if they'd volunteered to do so. Though it would probably take days for the bulk of the Morridane force to leave it would be weeks before the last Morridane soldier finally left as the foresaid minefields were cleared and the last pieces of equipment shipped out.

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Foreign Secretary Sir Gedney Hill was no stranger to war, having first done a tour in Mordent with the Army during his two year National Service when he was a much younger man and then later, admittedly on the diplomatic side, the various other conflicts the Commonwealth had been involved in. Though taking place in a more refined setting compared to a muddy field, peace talks were considered as just another battlefield where words were the weapon of choice. So here he was attending the Mogan hosted peace talks, at least there was two allies of the Commonwealth that he hoped he could count on for support even if relations were somewhat...*sour* in light of recent events. He had a list of proposals from Her Serenity's Government, though he was curious what the Imbriniums would be demanding considering their various actions over the last few months.

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Fires were banned on duty for tactical reasons; even though there was a ceasefire that had held remarkably well, the enemy were likely close and watching for patterns of life and movement. Fires did much to give away positions and force composition. All cooking took place slightly away from the frontlines in a few old buildings - although soldiers lucky enough to still have small propane gas canisters for mini camping gas cookers were allowed to use them when in their shell

scrapes. Ferris had managed to snaffle himself a small well-used gas canister that he only used for boiling water, and now he reaped the benefits although there were many soldiers in his battalion, let alone his company, that had no such luxuries. The fact he was a Senior NCO meant very little on Stevidian frontlines when it came to treatment. His experience and rank served him well in combat, but for the bare necessities of life he was in the same boat as every lowly private, NCO and field officer.

Ferris sipped his coffee and grimaced at the temperature, and above all the taste, before setting it down in the 'kitchen'; this was in fact a small square extension of the shell scrape, barely a few inches wide that he had dug to store cooking equipment and cooked food. He took his binoculars and scoured the snowy emptiness of No-Mans-Land. This wasn't a World War One sight - it was a very modern urban conflict picture. The ruins of shops and other buildings were depressing, multiple sniping positions, craters and debris littered everywhere. Every building with a hole or window was a hiding place. On odd occasions Ferris spotted an enemy Imbrinium soldier and had to write down a full description and assessments of his movements and possible orders. It was boring, incredibly boring and often found himself wishing there would be an end to the cease-fire so fighting could resume. Not today however, not on Christmas Eve. He checked his watch and saw it was 2340 hours, twenty minutes before he would miss yet another Christmas with his wife and five year old daughter. He hadn't written in days, he hadn't received a letter in days; the overall circumstances prevented such luxuries. Soldiers manning the local FOB would be getting letters, care packages, a decent Christmas dinner put on by the Army chefs. He would be eating something much less glamorous or Christmassy. Upon checking his daysack he saw his main meal was beef ravioli, which was his favourite but the realisation of eating it cold (especially in this weather) was very much depressing.

He repressed thoughts of home as best he could and relaxed back into his shell scrape - calling it a night. The stag positions were manned twenty-four seven by lower ranks, he didn't have to stay up all night watching, the joys of being a Senior NCO in the field. He peered behind his tarpaulin and saw the primary reason as to why it was so cold, a cloudless sky with it displaying unto the world a fabulous starry canopy. He noted the North Star, a faint smudge tracing across the sky as one of the spiral arms of the Milky Way, and a few other constellations. It was unquantifiable beautiful to Sgt Ferris who loved watching the stars this time of year, but doing so again reminded him of home, doing the same thing with his daughter teaching her about the planets, which ones you could see, the constellations and what they looked like.

Then he heard something through the cold crisp air. He bolted upright and heard

neighbours in their shell scrapes doing the same, grabbing their weapons. Ferris listened intently for the noise again and he heard it. It was soft and constant and he recognised noise immediately. It was flute; a small wooden one owned by one of the privates in a sister company of 1 CADIA. Ferris waited for the music to stop abruptly as he imagined a jumped up replacement officer eager to show his authority lambasting the lowly private for breaking silence on the frontline. But it didn't, it continued. The short overture finished and the soldier began playing his musical piece. To Ferris' surprise he heard nearby Stevidian soldiers, only two or three at first, begin to sing in tune with the music.

It was the '*First Noel*'.

Moved, Ferris found himself mouthing the words. Most Stevidians knew the words; a very devout country had a preference for older hymns at Mass and Christmas was no different. The Old English traditional Christmas Carol was a much-loved favourite of Stevidian parishes across the Empire. By the start of the chorus most of the Stevidian frontline had begun to sing in hushed tone, Ferris included, as they rounded off: "*Born is the King, of Israel!*"

Sgt Ferris checked his watch and saw it was 0003 hours. Christmas Day. He unzipped a chest pocket on his smock and pulled out a tattered, battered photograph of his wife and daughter and allowed a tear to fall down his cheek and whispered, "*Merry Christmas, darlings.*"

* * *

*"Villains who twirl their moustaches are easy to spot.
Those who clothe themselves in good deeds are well
camouflaged.
[Someone like this], will always be with us. Waiting for
the right climate in which to flourish,
spreading fear in the name of righteousness."*

*- Picard, then coined by PM
Conroy on describing the Lyran Protectorate*

Stevidian Parliament

Stevid Capita

9 Jan

"*The Prime Minister!*" Cried the Speaker of the House. This was followed by the usual torrent of political expletives, cheers, taunts and other crude and loud noises. Although "Where have you been?" was repeated by many members of the opposition party in reference to the Prime Minister being seldom seen at all these days.

"*Thank you Mister Speaker!*" Conroy bellowed above the din. He continued once the commotion and emotional House became settled. "*And a Happy Christmas and New Year to you all following the opening of Parliament again after the festive season. Though it is no longer Christmas I still do bring tidings of comfort and joy to this House and nation following the break of Parliament regarding*

this Parliamentary session and the war against Imbrinium and her selected Covenant allies.

"Mister Speaker, members of the House. I am pleased to report to you all that our dignitary representing the Holy Empire in talks with Imbrinium, hosted by the Golden Throne, has told me that a peace settlement is likely to be signed between all the warring parties at those discussions."

Loud cheers greeted the news.

"Whilst I cannot disclose full details publically here, for the treaty has yet to be signed, the Empire's territorial integrity looks to be secure minus possible further talks with the nation-state of Wanderjar.

"However I do also bring the house tidings of ill news. I do not look upon Imbrinium with much kindness, nor do many here or in the Empire – but I do feel that there is an existential threat far greater than the Crown Kingdom of Imbrinium is to the Holy Empire. I refer to the Protectorate of Lyras. This is not news to anyone here; the threat from Lyras upon our sphere of influence is very real. The power the Protectorate has over many in the region is unchallenged, the many nation's under its sway of economic and military influence, be it through treaties, mirrored policies or Lyran Arms is almost unquantifiable. To that end, Lyran hard and soft power is something this government takes extremely seriously.

"But the actions the Protectorate has made in this war has done much to further our international cause against a military state that can not and should not be allow to wield the power it does over less capable independent states. Collateral damage on civilian shipping, literally and economical in terms of profit damages to companies, due to the blockade is likely to rise to hundreds of thousands of lives and untold billions of dollars. Their support of a vicious enemy hell bent on breaking our steely resolve abroad in Stevidian South Greal, and the unwillingness to prevent the use of weapons of mass destruction by the ally is beyond belief. But it is this very issue that calls me to this esteemed chamber of the House... the use of weapons of mass destruction."

Conroy paused and an eerie silence engulfed the chamber, a rare thing in Parliament.

"Our Morridane cousins deployed what is known as God Rod projectiles on Imbrinium forces in Mordent. The casualties and damage caused is beyond reckoning. In response the Crown Kingdom deployed two large nuclear devices upon the Morridanes, including the Mordent capital city. The loss of civilian life is too, beyond reckoning. But this government is of the opinion that despite the use of biological weapons without provocation early on in the conflict, Imbrinium forces were subjected to an attack by a weapon of mass destruction. The Holy Empire of Stevid empathises with Morridane use of the weapon but so too with Imbrinium's response. When discussing the strategies for using WMDs, an eye-for-an-eye is sometimes an appropriate response. But

cometh the hour, cometh to the Protectorate!
"A nation, happy to let the region's single most devastating humanitarian crisis grow worse in Stevidian South Greal and encourage their allies in their methods of the ground with their scorched earth policy, steps in with a proposal.

"This government was invited to the discussions together with several other nations. It was this government that coined the term 'Peace Invasion' for the Lyrans plans to occupy the nations of Imbrinium and Morrdh to prevent the escalation of nuclear conflict. Policing, military affairs, all would be controlled by the Lyrans troops. The details I give to the House are not in full; a document revealing the talks will be published. However, the plans were met with great opposition that could further destabilise a very delicate position held by Lyrans. In the end, it is Imbrinium that sees foreign troops on its soil... allied troops... willing to turn their weapons on their 'friends' so as to prevent war. War, to prevent war... in the name of peace. Members of the House, the irony is plain to see.

"They talk about the good they are doing. The work they will conduct to prevent war that could have been prevented by them over two years ago by keeping their allies on the leash. Dare I say it, members of the House, that the enemy is not so much Imbrinium – but solely the Protectorate; a cold and calculating Protectorate.

"Villains, such as Imbrinium, who twirl their moustaches are easy to spot. But those who clothe themselves in good deeds are well camouflaged. They will always be with us. Waiting for the right climate in which to flourish, spreading fear in the name of righteousness."

There was a deafening cheer, incredibly, from both sides of the House. Conroy allowed himself to beam a little with pride. It can be too long since he stood in the chamber, and now here he stood again to thunderous cheer and applause.

"Imbrinium is now the subjugated. If not by foreign political control but in the sense that they can no longer conduct themselves wholly independent from the Protectorate that runs an alliance of loosely applied principles that are interpreted different depending on the circumstances... or enemy. War is terrible, but Imbrinium should be free from fear that its foreign policy will be met with Lyrans opposition via gun barrel. I have long said that the Protectorate are far from the shrewdest negotiators, they are too accustomed to this doctrine of full spectrum overload. Imbrinium will do as it's told, or else. There is a time and a place for that sort of talk, and in truth that threat should be given to the Crown Kingdom – but via an 'invasion'? They had no choice either way? The decision is made for them – is that what allies, friends, kindred-spirits do?"

Conroy stopped. Not intentionally, in fact as an acclaimed public speaker he could hold an audience and usually had something to say. There was never a cause to pause. Yet

somehow a flash from is past called him to stop. Something he was taught long ago whilst at private school; he was barely ten years old at the time. An old teacher who looked as if he had seen far too many hardships in his long life, taught him something incredibly humbling and wise – a warning too. Freedom, to live one's life; to have a choice and make the wrong one if need be, is a God given right that should not be toyed with. He remembered, and applied it to this international problem. But then he realised he had been silent too long and so decided to impart his tutor's words upon not just those in the house, but also the country... and the region of Greater Dienstad.

"My old teacher told me something as a boy that I will never forget: 'With the first link, a chain is forged. The first speech censored, the first thought forbidden, the first freedom denied, chains us all irrevocably. The first time any man's freedom is trodden on, we're all damaged'... and damned."

The House hinged on every word.

"To allow the Protectorate of Lyras to swan across the region invading nations under this auspice of 'peace' may sound righteous, but is sin. To impose your will on a people you are supposed to protect and consider friends is tyranny. To allow it to occur is the fault of every single nation in Greater Dienstad, especially those with the power to stop it. The Protectorate has done nothing in this war for us to trust their word.

"For all our differences, our hatred, our misgivings and our own transgressions against them, The Holy Empire of Stevid and Rubet, her dominions and territories, prays and empathises with the Crown Kingdom of Imbrinium against the misfortune and betrayal that has befallen her."

Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Mon Jan 11, 2016 2:38 am, edited 3 times in total.

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Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

☐ by [Imbrinium](#) » Fri Jan 15, 2016 5:47 pm



Part 1 **Grid 16H FD 56483-37842 Corps resupply base north**

The forward recon units reported no Morridane forces within fifty kilometers, the forces where at the corps resupply base a regrouping base to rearm and resupply forward forces before moving out again.

The advance recon and armored units where making their last PCI and PCCs before moving out to move toward Lindun. There hasn't been a seen or known Morridane forces in 24hrs, not even an ambush or a sniper shot fired. The troubled the commanders and the command back at HQ, either forces had been pulled back toward Lindun to make one last stand or a counterstrike or something else what was still unknown.

Shortly after 00:00hrs the first units moved out to find the enemy these units where recon companies followed closely by armor companies, by 0300 most of the frontline units where well west of the corps resupply base and looking for the enemy. There was an engagement here and there but nothing more than the recon units

could handle.

The brigades that lead the way the before where still in the corps resupply area resting they would catch up later in the day, the dismounts where sleeping catching up on weeks of lost sleep being on the move day and night, the armored crews worked to keep vehicles serviced and running.

By 0600 the FLOT was some 100kms from the CRB the enemy has melted away and the IAFM was moving at high speed west toward Lindun. The commanders were starting to worry about the FLOT being so far out ahead of the main body of force. The commanders called it and the forces where to stop at 125kms from the CRB and wait till everyone caught up the southern advance was seeing the same advance even though the roads where narrower and harder to move heavy equipment on but the speed in which forces where moving hadn't been seen since WW2.

0800 Imbrinium air defense command central Imbrinium:

The command monitored both the skies and space for anything coming close to Imbrinium or its forces deployed abroad. A blimp popped up on the space grid from a Morridane satellite that the CCA was known to be having been working on later in the weeks before. The technician looked and confirmed that this was an alert and there was multiple objects leaving the satellite at a high speed.

"I have a high degree of an attack in progress, I have and tracking fast moving objects leaving a CAA satellite headed to downward toward us."

The alarms started as more people showed up at their stations and started working the new tracks.

"I need to know where these things are headed and I need to know now" said a commander

"Sir they are heading toward us at this time trying to figure point of impact still working it"

"Alert the Mod and the Crown and let's get the intercept ball rolling"

In the capital city of Cormond the royal family was sitting down for breakfast and the king just finished his morning briefing, the watch desk at castle Cormond sprang to life the phone rang first with the security office then the alarm went off the body guards ran in to grab the royal family and rushed them to inner part of the castle and called for the royal helicopter to pick the family up. The uniform officers shut the castle doors and closed off the streets leading around the castle. Within minutes the royal helicopter was making its final approach with armed gunships.

The king wondered why they were taking a helicopter and not heading down to the train to the underground bunker. He was shut off quick as the heavily armed guards rushed them into the helicopter and then the engines throttled up and they were off quickly turning toward the outskirts of the city to the international airport and air force base next to it.

Within five minutes they were on the final approach at high speed to the awaiting royal flying command aircraft designed for the king and family to use if they left the country or in a national emergency.

They landed hard and where rushed with a guard carrying the youngest princess in his arms as the engines that where at an idol spring to life, as soon as everyone was aboard the stairs mounted on a truck drove off quickly the plane started to move still strapping the crew and everyone in. The air base was on high alert and the aircraft never stopped moving as it turned and the engines throttled up and took off and looked to be headed straight up with fighter escorts closely behind.

Within minutes the aircraft was twenty thousand feet and still

climbing, by then the king was informed about the target tracks inbound toward either Imbrinium or Eastern Mordent. By this time they had impacted central Mordent on top of IAFM there. The joint air defense force had tried to track and engage the tracks and launched ground based ABM systems along with the medium range ABM and even short range ABM systems in East Mordent.

The king was upset and pissed he was informed that six rods launched from a Morrdh/CCA satellite had impacted with devastating results on IAFM personal, the damage was unknown at this time but they struck with the force of a low to mid force of a kiloton nuclear weapon.

On the ground impact zone central Mordent, the devastation was straight forward the dead and dying where everywhere radios calls for help where heard and aircraft were alerted to head that way the CRB was hit killed hundreds if not thousands of soldiers and cutting off the northern and southern forces from the rest of the Imbrinium force. The other four had hit the front lines and supply ad command centers on the base of the attack instantly killing thousands of soldier and wounding thousands more.

The center command of all IAFM forces in Mordent where in shock as the first reports of the devastation and bloodshed in front of them, a division commander in the rear for a combatant commanders meeting had a heart attack in the command center when reports that he had lost most if not all of his division.

Help was on its way but it would be time and take time to get help there and find the wound in the amount of dead and twisted metal that once was a modern army. Frontline hospitals where quickly overwhelm with surgeries being conducted by medics outside in the morning cool air to try and save the lives of their fellow soldiers. Body parts and vehicle parts where everywhere the smoke and dust everywhere there was a huge crater in the ground that once held thousands of soldiers. The flanking corps commanders told their commands to halt their movement west and setup a defense ring to fight where stood if needed but do not return back to the CRBs. Eastern Mordent air raid sirens where going off and police and military police closed down the roads and the marine divisions were alerted and told to mobilize and move on the outer roads to the old border and setup a defensive line and wait.

The king wanted answers on his men and was pissed this had happened the MOD had taken its top commanders and done the same placed them in the air along with key leadership of the country. The Pope was also taken and placed in a plane and was now airborne. Military bases all over the kingdom where now on high alert and the strategic command ordered the missiles on high alert. The air force had scrambled its bombers, fuelers, and command and control aircraft.

Two hours post impact, the command aircraft where getting reports of the causality numbers and they were not looking good tens of thousands of soldiers now dead or dying and wounded in the field and in hospitals around Mordent. The king was mad, upset and wanted action and turned to his advisors for answers on want can and should be done. The king didn't like want was being said from his advisors so he made the decision to launch a nuclear strike on eastern Mordent and Morrdh it's self. The parliament quickly shot down the nuking of Morrdh its self to kill the key leadership of Morrdh. But approved a limited nuclear attack on eastern Mordent mainly the seat of power of eastern Mordent the city of Lindun.

OOO: This a recap with more details and to refresh my thoughts of catching up

Last edited by [Imbrinium](#) on Fri Jan 15, 2016 5:50 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by Mokastana » Sat Jan 23, 2016 8:56 am



ORLOV Colonial Command Center Host to the Imb-Morrdrh Peace Talks Outside Volograd, Lenton Island People'e Unified Federation

The peace talks begin...

Many delegates arrived and most spend the night in their respective quarters, allowing the local army staff to clean up the conference room and maintain the halls. A few requested food delivered to their room, which was provided for that night. The accommodations were more like a 3 star hotel than an average military barracks, but the base was a fallout shelter first. Still, the beds were comfortable and the sheets clean, each room had its own temperature controls. The food was nothing to write home about, but the chefs were imported from Government staff in Mokastana City, and they brought their spices and supplies with them.

As the morning came and round one of peace talks was scheduled to begin, President Milano brought his staff to the room early, to finish setup and be there to greet every delegate as they came in. Here everyone would be able to list off their grievances, demands, and ideally come to some sort of conclusion. Milano and Franshaw had been up for a good portion of the night going over intelligence and coming to conclusions about the goals of the various nations. The biggest concern would be that the Kingdom of Imbrinium would want all of Mordent, and neither Milano or Franshaw knew if the Commonwealth was willing to give that up. Milano hated not knowing, it meant there was something outside of his control. At the very least, they knew that the Commonwealth would require some sort of compensation for the Colony, assuming they were willing to part with it. Of course, if they were, that would mean even more refugees would flee from the nation to avoid becoming subjects of the Kingdom.

Speaking of refugees, the first delegate to arrive, of course too early, was Father Moreno, representative of the Moka Orthopraxis Church which had been leading the Refugee efforts across the Federation. The Church followed the beliefs of a "Liberation Theology" mindset, focusing on aiding those in need and maintain relationships locally. Though originally Catholic, the Moka Orthopraxis Church formerly broke their relationship after the fall of Communism in Suria. Out of the many branches of Christianity, this one was probably the most socialist leaning organized Church in all of Greater Dienstad.

"Father Moreno, pleasure to see you, I assume you are here to help find a path for the refugees in Isla Alma?"

Milano asked the question though he already knew the answer, though not a religious man himself, he appreciated the value of the Church, and its ways to bring people closer to socialism. After all, the Christian Socialist voting block was a large percentage of his own Political Party.

"It is also a pleasure to meet you again, President of the Federation Milano, I am honoured to be here, and yes, I will hopefully be able to meet with a few delegates to discuss additional international aid to those affected by this war. Though many have made it to our shores, I fear for those less fortunate as well."

"As we all do, which is why we must do what we can to prevent more bloodshed. Please, have a seat Father."

As time went on the other Delegates began to arrive: Foriegn Secretary Sir Gedney Hill from the Commonwealth was given a warm greeting and firm handshake. High Marshal Wallins was given a similar greeting, though he was requested to ensure his firearm was

unloaded, ammo left in his quarters, before coming to the conference room. The Mokans were less disturbed by firearms being present at peace talks than other nations, but as hosts it was their duty to ensure all guests felt welcome enough to voice their concerns. Foreign Minister Tanya Ley was the third Foriegner to arrive, welcomed by Milano and Franshaw, and seated next to Father Moreno who thanked her for her government's assistance in dealing with the refugee crisis. As the rest of the delegates made it with their various papers and computers for the talks, President Milano allowed them all time to set up everything as they needed. Staff came around and offered them coffee and tea, with a side of 'biscuits' of the Morridane variety. Finally, the President stood up before everyone else and began speaking:

"I would like to welcome you all to the Peace talks surrounding the Mordent Conflict between Illuminatus Kingdom of Imbrinium and The Commonwealth of Morrdh. First to speak will be Foriegn Secretary Sir Gedney Hill, at which point the representatives from the Kingdom will be given a chance to respond. If anyone would like to add commentary between discussion, raise your hand and I will yield the floor to you(OOC: Post whenever you see fit, assume your delegate was given the floor). Please remember our goal here is to end the bloodshed and prevent further loss of life or escalation. Sir Gedney Hill, you have the floor."

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

Quotes about Mokastana:

QUOTES



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Sat Jan 23, 2016 2:04 pm

QUOTE

"Thank you." Sir Gedney Hill nodded as he got to his feet and addressed the assembled delegates. "And thank you to everyone who has come, be it to offer support or to help work out an agreement."

"Thus far the ceasefire seems to be holding as relief operations get under way, no small thanks to the Free Republic and the Lyran Protectorate respectively." Sir Gedney continued. "The situation in Mordent is gradually stabilizing and the first batch of casualties are being shipped out for treatment in hospitals in Morrdh itself, though an exclusion zone is being enforced round Mordent due to the fallout from the bombing of Lindun. In addition joint Lamonian-Lyran peacekeepers are overseeing the withdrawal of Morridane forces from Northern Imbrinium. The question now is what happens next."

"In an ideal world Her Serenity's Government would *like* to see the entirety of Mordent returned to the fold of the Commonwealth, that is despite the present situation there. It is doubtful that the Kingdom of Imbrinium would agree to this even on light of the stronger links Mordent has to the Commonwealth." Sir Gedney paused briefly to sip some water. "Her Serenity's Government remains hopeful that someday Mordent will be returned to full Commonwealth but remains realistic and so has drawn up a list of proposals."

"It is proposed that a joint Imbrinium-Morridane civilian administration is setup to rule over much of East Mordent, the local population there are to be allowed to hold passports from either country or both if they so desire. Fort Bainsbury, the capital of East Mordent, will remain under complete Imbrinium control alas as part of a ninety-nine year long lease that has the possibility of renewal. The Royal Mordent Constabulary and the East Mordent Police are to be allowed to have cross-jurisdiction with liaison officers at the HQ of both forces to help with this, mainly to deal with criminals who try to hop the border."

"In addition it is proposed that a non-aggression pact is drawn up between the Commonwealth and the Kingdom of Imbrinium, though if either breaks it then they would be fair game for the Protectorate of Lyras. Military control of the Joint Administration Zone under Lyran and/or Lamonian control, the respective forces of the Kingdom and the Commonwealth will NOT be allowed into the JAZ under permitted

to so do by Lyras and Lamoni. Likewise the Imbrinium and Morridane military presence are to be limited to division sized garrison with support units, the exact strength and structure of said forces are to be made known to all parties that are concerned. The details of the proposed Morridane garrison should be on everyone's table."

"It has to be stated that the proposal was drafted prior to...*certain* events and in light of said events Her Serenity's Government has a couple more demands to add. The first is the payment of compensation by the Kingdom of Imbrinium for the destruction of the city of Lindun, mainly to help cover the cost of the relief efforts and cleanup operations. Secondly Her Serenity's Government *demands* a reduction of both the Kingdom's stockpile of WMDs and the ability to use them, the reduction is to be overseen and verified by neutral third parties."

"Unless there are any questions I shall now hand over to the next delegate."

~ ~ ~

Proposed Morridane Garrison

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Thu Jan 28, 2016 6:08 pm



ORLOV Colonial Command Center Outside Volgograd, Lenton Island People's Unified Federation

The foreign minister Tertius Claudius was late to the talks after high level meetings with the crown and its leadership about what is to be done with West Mordent and the Morridane's. Talks between the crown and Stevid where going well but these would be different these would be a fight almost as hard as the ones with bullets. Foreign minister Claudius walked into the hall in which the other delegates were seated, he didn't say a word just sat down and started to review the notes from his aid. Claudius thought to himself these demands are outrages there is nothing that could make us do what the Morridane's want.

Claudius stood up and took the floor.

"I've been instructed by the King Marcius A Sobairce III and the parliament to ask the Morridane's as of now most of their forces are cut off of what is left of Western Mordent by what's left of our army in central Mordent. The crown is requesting the complete surrender of all forces in Mordent immediately. Thus the crown will not open the east to any forces other than the forces of the crown and the East Mordent defense forces."

"There will be no foreign power of military on the border between East and West Mordent, as soon as possible the IAFM will move back to the borders of the original treaty before the Morridane's broke it. The East Mordent defense forces will take over control of border operation as with the border police, thus all IAFM will move back to their bases and will remain unless threatened by Morridane forces. The East Mordent government is loyal to the Crown and under the Crown it will stay."

"The Morridane government can have what is left of west mordent can and will stay under Morridane control and the Crown will not pay any compensation to either West Mordent or the Morridane people. Nor will agree to a set number of troops in east mordent the forces at the beginning of the conflict will remain in East Mordent."

"The talk of reducing or enforcing a reduction of the crowns weapons of mass destruction will only see this war out. The only way the crown would even reduce our WMDs would be the complete

disarming of all CCA vessels and the combat arm of the CCA."

"Furthermore there will not be an open city or open borders for some time nor join ownership or control of any sector of East Mordent, those that wish to leave East Mordent are welcome to do so."

"The Crown will not be bullied by either its larger friends or enemies to submit our country to their will no matter what, either by peace invasion or total war we will stand fast."

And with that the Claudius sat down and took his chair and looked and the wide eye looks from the other delegates, knowing he just ruffled some feathers.

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Fri Jan 29, 2016 1:48 pm



Heavy handed, not entirely unexpected. Sir Gedney thought to himself as he sipped some water before clearing his throat. "Thank you for that Minister."

"Before we continue I do wish to make one point perfectly clear." Said Sir Gedney. "There seems to be confusion between the CCA and the Royal Space Force, understandable given the two are closely related. The Royal Space Force is a branch of the Morridane Armed Forces, one that supplies vessels and manpower for alot of CCA missions. Think of it more as a military supplying resources to a civilian organisation."

"As a segway, the demand for the disarming of the Commonwealth's 'space assets'." Continued Sir Gedney. "This simply isn't practical for two reasons, the first is that our vessels need to be able to defend themselves as they push out into the unknown regions of space. The second reason is that any such major changes to the CCA has to be agreed and voted on by ALL members of the organisation. That said the motion can be brought forth by any member of the CCA, but its passing is another question all together."

"Her Serenity's Government prefers that a neutral third party assumes control of the Trans-Mordent Border, if anything to reduce the chances of conflict in the future. Likewise we've offered to reduce our standing military in Mordent, but only if the Kingdom is prepared to make the same commitment and match the reduction. Surrender is out of the question, you'll have to make do with the withdrawal of our forces from Northern Lochconnon and the internationally backed ceasefire."

"We could sit here for forever and a day slinging demands back and froth, but that would be to nobody's benefit. Is there any offers you're prepared to make?"

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

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Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Fri Feb 05, 2016 4:01 pm



**ORLOV Colonial Command Center
Outside Volgograd, Lenton Island
People's Unified Federation**

Claudius listened to what Gedney had to say, taking notes on every word he had to say making sure to get the points he was saying. Then after Gedney was done Claudius spoke again hoping Gedney was listening this time.

"I see the difference between the CCA and royal space command but the crown will only agree on a reduction of WMDs if they both disarm they are a current and present danger to the regional security and the crown."

"The crown will agree to having Macabean or Lyran advisors attached to the East Mordent Defense Force to watch them on border patrols and operations to keep the peace, and the crown will reduce the number of troops in East Mordent by pulling out the independent units not stationed there, but those forces attached to commands stationed in East Mordent will remain. Air force fighter numbers will stay the same with a promise not to station bombers on East Mordent soil."

"I would like to remind everyone here that the Queen forsaken the people of West Mordent, and the chances of peace. The crown time and time again offered peace or war many times and had many ceasefires with the Morridane government, it's only the Morridane government that changed that and brought this war to where we are now. And it's all over greed, greed of what belongs to the people of Mordent we have handed the freedom to the people of East Mordent and they are grateful and will to fight and die for that in which we have given them."

"I also would like to remind the Morridane government you aren't here on the winning side and hold no advantage over the crown or East Mordent. The only reason we are here is the threat of all out war between the crown and Lamoni and Lyras, mainly the pressure of the government of Lamoni in their liberal ways forcing Lyras to step up and force by force to the peace table. The crown is here by overwhelming pressure from its friends in the Covenant by threat of force of invasion, by the largest stakeholders in the Covenant. But I will remind you Gedney you are not here with a force of any power over the Crown kingdom. There will be no join government in East Mordent nor will we take a lesser stand against out stand in East Mordent. If the people of West Mordent want to move to East Mordent that's fine we will allow that but the Crown kingdom will hold to the treaty already agree upon by both governments when we split the country into two different countries. You will hold on to West Mordent and the Crown will hold on to East Mordent and that's as far as the Crown Kingdom will be will to agree to."

Claudius sat back down and hoped that Gedney got the point that the Crown wasn't here on a losing side but here cause it was force upon them, and the Morrdh government had no leeway to demand anything more than what was already handed to them even if it meant the crown would be forced to leave the Covenant or worse all out war with Lamoni and Lyras to insure it's freedom as a government with right over its own future.

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Sun Feb 07, 2016 1:27 pm



Gedney arched an eyebrow at the 'current and present danger to the regional security' comment and sipped some water before he replied.

"A single action against a military target is considered a 'danger' to regional security?" Gedney asked. "Yet the sinking of a passenger liner, actions against neutral parties, a massed ASAT strike and the release of a highly dangerous virus isn't? Yes the Commonwealth broke ceasefires in this past conflict, this is because the Commonwealth felt it had no other choice but to do so. In all truth I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if others share our view that the Imbrinium government has proven time and again to be dangerous and reckless. As you said yourself, you're here due to threat of invasion by the rest of the Covenant."

"If the people of East Mordent are grateful as you say they are then why are there frequent reports of the Commonwealth Jack being flown in East Mordent and protest against Imbrinium occupation? Are they still as grateful as you claim considering many in East Mordent had loved ones in Lindun?" Continued Gedney. "You sure you can handle the Mordentish with their blood up?"

"You got the best offer that Her Serenity's Government is prepared to offer, don't dismiss it out of hand."

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

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Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Tue Feb 09, 2016 8:23 pm

QUOTE

Claudius let Gedney finish his rant about how the East Mordent people didn't like their new government the ones they voted into office. Claudius waited and listens to the short speech from Gedney and when he was finished Claudius stood up again.

"The people of East Mordent voted for the government they have and we do not hold against those who still hold on to their old ways, even if the Queen and government of Morrdh forsaken them time and time again."

"The Morridane government has already signed the only piece of paper that counts to the crown and the only piece of paper that the crown will sign or enforce. The peace treaty was signed by both governments when we handed over West Mordent to Morrdh. The Crown Kingdom doesn't care how many troops you place in West Mordent or who guards the border between East and West, but I can tell you who will be on the border on the East. The treaty sign in March, of 2012 is the only agreement that we will see put back in place. Morridane forces will be either ordered or forced to leave the East and move back across the 15th parallel and allow the East Mordent Defense force and border protection take back over and we will do the same."

"This is a hand out from neither your government nor the crown but a treaty already that was working; this is the only offer on the table."

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Thu Feb 11, 2016 3:23 am

QUOTE

"Just one question if you will." Said Sir Gedney. "When you say *forced* to leave the eastern half of Mordent what scope of action would that entail?"

"I ask simply because we have numerous personnel scattered throughout the entirety of Mordent including but not exclusively limited to personnel monitoring radiation levels, medics in field hospitals that are treating some of your own soldiers and Morridane soldiers engaged in relief operations." Sir Gedney explained. "I wish to know whether you are threatening their safety."

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Imbrinium
Diplomat

by **Imbrinium** » Thu Feb 11, 2016 4:12 am

QUOTE

Lord Cluadius, kindly responded with a normal tone in his voice unlike the show of force tone he had been using to get the crown kingdom's point across.

"Sir Gedney your forces treating IAFM personal will be able to hand

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

off those personal to IAFM, while all other support operations like monitoring radiation inside the eastern zones east of the 15th parallel are not needed our forces along with East Mordent defense force CBRN units can handle that work."

"We will offer to help your injured personal by flying them either to awaiting Morridane naval ships or to West Mordent if wanted or needed, but the Crown Kingdom and the government of East Mordent wants all Morridane forces out and west of the 15th parallel."

"We as in the Crown wants peace and have pushed for peace since the start of the war with Stevid, the crown understands standing behind your allies but we want this ugliness behind us."

Last edited by [Imbrinium](#) on Thu Feb 11, 2016 6:12 am, edited 1 time in total.

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by [Morrdh](#) » Thu Feb 11, 2016 9:44 am



"Minister..." Sighed Sir Gedney. "You haven't really answered my question; what scope of actions are we talking about when you talk about *forcing* Morridane units to leave the eastern half of Mordent?"

"We gave you the opportunity to open up peace dialogue [months ago](#), so if you pardon the phrase '*the ball's been in your court for quite some time*'."

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

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Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by [Imbrinium](#) » Sat Feb 13, 2016 12:04 pm



Cluadius answered Gedney's questions a little harsher than before not understanding how he could miss the point that was trying to be made here.

"Gedney dear fellow I don't see how you cannot understand what I'm laying before you here, if your forces do not stop operations and move to the west of the 15th parallel we will unleash the full power of our conventional forces to force you out. We have forces yet to see combat and a marine force able that of the 2nd army in which was attacked, you are cut off from the western side of your forces left in West Mordent, but we will grant you safe passage back across those lines if you move now and don't push your luck here."

"You offered peace after invading our country as we have offered you peace before then and yet you drove on with this war in which you cannot win here, it would take a force equal to ours or larger to counter invade us in Mordent to secure you a victory. You are not here because you won you are here because you can't win, we are here cause we where forced to be here by larger nations wishing their will over our people and our government. We will either finish this with a wider, darker war or with peace the choice is yours right here right now up hold the treaty you signed before and move out of East Mordent or face the destruction of both our nations along with those other nations that wish to involve themselves in business that is not theirs to begin with."

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q

by [Morrdh](#) » Sat Feb 13, 2016 4:15 pm

"No." Sir Gedney said simply. "Hump it or like it, no."



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

QUOTE

"Our forces in the eastern half of Mordent will stay until either our relief efforts have seen the local situation stabilized or until a new agreement is reached." Stated Sir Gedney. "Any action taken against our forces would be considered a violation of the *internationally* backed ceasefire, a ceasefire that we agreed to on the condition that any violation would be met by a harsh penalty in form of the violator being fair game to the likes of Lyras and Lamoni amongst others. Consider it an incentive to make sure the ceasefire has weight to it."

"A return to the status quo as you want has proven that it will not do, it is therefore clear that the previous treaty needs to be replaced. The Commonwealth will be not be bullied, so you better put your ego to one side and actually help hash out a new treaty."

Mordent

After the GodRod strike and then the atomic destruction of Lindun the people of Mordent were in a state of shock, aimlessly surviving on a day to day basis as they slowly took stock of what had befallen their island. A fair few became mentally broken by what they had witnesses, either constantly weeping or becoming withdrawn and effectively Human automatons that required round the clock attention. Shock eventually gave way to resentment and then grew into anger, an anger against those deemed responsible for all the death and destruction that had been wrought upon Mordent. A lot of it was resentment that was already present, resentment against the Imbrinium occupiers and what was viewed as their puppet government. There was some resentment directed at the Morridanes, but the vast majority of it was directed at the Imbriniums.

Prior to the recent conflict there was defiance in the form of 'IMBS OUT!' spraypainted onto various walls and many houses proudly sporting the Commonwealth Jack flag, but the most serious anti-Imbrinium actions had been undertaken by the various [militant groups](#) that had plagued Mordent for decades. Sniper attacks, bombings and murders of lone soldiers gave the Imbriniums a taste of what the Morridanes had endured for forty odd years and there was no let up as civil unrest grew even in light of recent events. If anything the destruction of Lindun threw more fuel on the fire by the gallon load, particularly since the militants had bolstered their arsenals with captured Morridane and Imbrinium equipment.

Things finally came to a head during a mass protest outside the seat of Imbrinium governance in Fort Bainsbury when a gunshot rang out, though nobody was sure whether it was a Imbrinium soldier attempting to disperse the crowd or some militant but chaos soon reigned. The crowd panicked, some tried to flee whilst others became enraged and tried to swarm the Imbrinium soldiers. Soon afterwards Imbrinium patrols and bases suffered projectiles in the form of stones and the odd Molotov Cocktail as the beginnings of a riot broke out, reports of clashes all over Fort Bainsbury and beyond started to pour in.

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

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QUOTE



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Sat Feb 13, 2016 5:01 pm

President Milano stood up, taking control of the floor before speaking, much like a school teacher, began:

"Gentlemen, we are here to discuss peace and ending the war. You are both representatives of important and powerful governments but are squabbling like schoolchildren. We are not here to assign blame, nor to partake in name calling, such as a 'threat to regional stability' or any other such slurs aimed to cause anger. We are here to decide the future of a nation and its people. As of now, no one is moving

their troops anywhere. As long as there is a ceasefire, the lines are stable for the moment. We are here to determine where those lines will be afterwards.

"Lord Cladius, I believe you wish to see a return to the status quo. Same border as before, is that correct? In addition, I believe you said you would support a reduction in forces, no longer station bombers, and allow Macabean or Lyran troops to monitor the Crown's actions in East Mordent, is that correct?"

"Sir Gedney, This has been a tough war, but I must ask the Commonwealth to offer some successions as well. For now, I must ask that we all take a small recess and let tempers cool before coming back to the table. In addition, I would like to meet with both of you in private, separately, of course.

Thank you, we will continue in one hour."

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Sat Feb 13, 2016 5:03 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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

Quotes about Mokastana:

[QUOTES](#)



Stevид
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by [Stevид](#) » Thu Feb 18, 2016 9:13 am



ORLOV Colonial Command Center
Outside Volgograd, Lenton Island
People's Unified Federation

Big doors swung open and out spilled a chorus of people in very distinct groups into the foyer. The meeting between the warring nations seemed to be adjourned for now as first Morridanes, then Mokans, then Imbrinum exited the conference room. Service staff of the host nation and aides of the visitors immediately set out their business and the hush tranquillity of the building gave way to a rabble of conversations as the parties went their separate ways.

These peace talks were exclusively between Morrdh and Imbrinum with Mokastanna as the mediator, the lack of an official Stevidian presence was of no surprise as Morrdh had made it quiet clear early on in the conflict that their agendas, whilst aligned with the Empire's, were nonetheless a separate affair. However, one could be forgiven for not dismissing a Stevidian presence at the talks in an 'unofficial' capacity out of hand; in fact it was more than likely. Furthermore, every nation with a vested interest in these talks, for better or worse, would like an inkling as to how they were progressing - the Holy Empire was no different. In a similar fashion to the talks held by the CCA months ago, Stevid's Secret Intelligence Service (SIS) had deployed a handful of agents to Mokastanna to monitor the talks. Negotiations as important as these require very large retinues from the respective nations and Stevidian cultural ties to Morrdh stood her in good stead to slip agents into areas under the guise of a Morridane aide with a decent cover story, decent enough to be left alone. As it was, the SIS had smuggled four agents into the Colonial Command Centre as Morridane aides. To actually get one into the talks themselves was impossible; security was rigid as the PUF knew that foreign intelligence agencies were likely to be operating at the talks. The fact that Stevidians and Morridanes have a common shared ancestry was enough for the Stevidian agents to pass the vetting process together with their cover story.

All the team members had miniature microphones and speakers in their ear and an array of espionage gadgetry in the phones. Far from the cold war James Bond-esque gadgets like laser watches and tazer phones, their smart phones contained imagers directional microphones and remote hacking software. The team members were dotted around the main foyer looking non-descript amongst the bustle. The team leader was a tall, dashing man, well dressed in a slim fitting grey suit sporting a modern office looking hair cut but known in the operation as Black Knight whispered to himself, enough

for the noise he was make to register with the microphone; eying the Morridane delegation as he did so.

"The 'Danes' look none too happy, must've ended awkwardly. White Rook to intercept."

There was no acknowledgement and to any ordinary observer nothing untoward happened. However a slender blonde female, also sporting standard office dress whipped out her phone and began to make a phone call. She walked somewhat parallel to the Morridane delegation with the phone held to her ear that faced the congregation. Her phone's directional microphone began recording and the encrypted phone signal transmitted the visuals and audio back to the Holy Empire. She talked as if on the phone and greeted any perverted glances towards her with a coy smile but all the while she could hear what was being discussed by members of the Morridane delegation.

"White Bishop to the Moks, White Queen on the Imps."

The team leader also took out his phone and thumbed it on. He started to walk out of the building outside, flashing his pass to any security he encountered on the way out. On his phone he brought up the floor plan of the building and studied it again. It listed where the heads of the debating delegates were staying during their time at the Colonial Command Centre. As Morridane aides they could only truly remain incognito around their 'fellow countrymen'. Eavesdropping on either the Mokans or Imbrinium whilst too far away from the Morridanes without a really good excuse was nigh impossible. Moka security staff had done well enough to keep all the parties as far apart as possible outside the negotiating room and meals were likely no different.

He sighed then took a deep breath of fresh air. He thumbed a number into phone, calling back to Stevid.

"Hello, it's me. I think we're unlikely to get much beyond what the Morridanes will be discussing without giving ourselves away. Perhaps informing our counterparts in Morrdh of our presence and intent should be on the cards? ... Yes of course, I will keep it subtle to them Sir."

He ended the call abruptly and made his way back inside. He spotted White Rook and then the Morridanes and moved towards them. As he did he heard a whisper in his ear.

"What are you doing Black Knight?"

"Standby."

Almost as soon as he uttered the word he stood before a rather perplexed looking Sir Gedney.

"Do I know you?" He asked rather taken aback by the abrupt intrusion into his personal space by one of his aides who, likely as not, didn't look even the slightest bit familiar to him. Black Knight leaned in a little closer to Sir Gedney so as not to raise his voice or draw any more attention than necessary.

"David Carter," He said using his cover name. *"Stevidian Intelligence. We need to talk."*

Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Fri Feb 19, 2016 2:39 am, edited 3 times in total.

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



Morrdh
Powerbroker

by [Morrdh](#) » Fri Mar 04, 2016 1:26 pm



Sir Gedney was almost glad when the Moka president called for a recess after things got a little...*heated*. The Imbriniums clearly did not want to be there and made demands that were virtually impossible, giving little in the way of concessions. It wouldn't be at

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

all surprising if the talks ended up being deadlock before long, a eventuality that the Commonwealth was already making plans for. It was possible that Milano would convince the Imbriniums to come to some sort of deal, but nobody in the Morridane government believed that this was a possibility and so Sir Gedney had instructions to stall things if the Imbriniums remained stubborn.

He had long left the conference room when a man stepped in front of him, catching Sir Gedney somewhat off guard as the man abruptly invaded his personal space. Sir Gedney had noticed the man milling amongst his aides, though he didn't recognize him and had noticed his staff had grown a little since their arrival. First thought was that they were Moka staff assigned to help out his own, but he quickly discounted that idea when he realized that they clearly did not look like Mokans. The other possibility, the more plausible one, was that they were likely to be agents of one or more power in Greater Dienstad which wouldn't have been all that surprising. Though chancing it, Sir Gedney asked. "Do I know you?"

"David Carter," The man answered. "Stevidian Intelligence. We need to talk."

"Yes, I suppose we do." Replied Sir Gedney. "Follow me."

A short walk later they arrived back at Sir Gedney's quarters, where the Morridane diplomat proceeded to the drinks cabinet. "Drink?"

"I suspected that I'd run into somebody's pet spook here." Said Sir Gedney as he poured a couple of glasses. "Not all that surprised to see it was one of our cousins, though I hazard this isn't a social call is it?"

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

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Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Thu Mar 10, 2016 4:56 pm



Just outside the hall where the peace talks were being held the royal guard known as the DSS was standing by awaiting for lord Claudius and the rest of his party to exit the hall. Agent Milano which was the head of the protection detail told his agents to be ready when the lord came out. The team had a lot of high tech undercover equipment in play here, most of it would make most nations envy. The team had a ad-hock command post setup in another room of the many great halls open here. They were all on encrypted radios, phones, they wore cell and radio jamming systems on themselves.

A radio message came over from the CIC.

"Rampart to Blackbeard info packet coming through needs your attention"

"Roger"

Milano pulled out his phone/PDA and looked and he information coming over from the OAH and his higher.

//ATTENTION SOURCES HAVE CONFIRMED THAT STEVID INTELLIGENCE AGENTS ARE ON THE GROUND ACTIONS UNKNOWN. PLEASE ADVISE AND REPORT IF SEEN.//

Milano paused what the hell would Stevid intelligence be doing here? Surely they could get their intelligence from the Morridane intelligence agency.

Milano keyed up on his radio.

"OK heads up team we have possible wolves in the hen house let me know if you see anything out of place and personal that look out of place, take pictures of everyone in front of the hall"

Just then the doors open again and lord Claudius and his team walked out to the agents as they blocked the way from anyone taking

picture or picking up anything of importance.

The team rushed the lord and his team to a secure office where he could be briefed and a secure scrambled phone could be used after the office was scanned for bugs.

Lord Claudius was upset at the fact that the Morridanes did not see themselves as the losers in this war but the opposite. He picked up the phone and called the crown who wanted updates as soon as they were known.

"Sir the Morridanes will not come off that the old treaty is what we want, they sit hold fast to the count that the Iyrans and Iamonians placed us here by force and are will to push as thou they are the victors here"

"Lord Claudius I see that will have to come full circle before they will learn they are not going to win in this war, they have lost so much but still haven't learned anything. I want you Claudius to push back from the peace table and walk away once the talks resume, we here and in Mordent will make them understand that the war isn't over and that they have not won"

"Yes sir I will do as you ask"

Cormond castle, Imbrinium;

Marcus sat back in his office chair and thought for a moment, then called his aid in to setup a emergency meeting with key members of parliament and the ministry of defense. His thoughts were to force a peace even by the blood of the Morridane people. Within an hour the people at be who can make the proper plan where all in the king's office sitting the king at the head of the table told them of that had been reported at the peace talks and that action was needed.

"Ladies and Gentlemen we are here to end a ceasefire and end a war, but I need a plan of action one that is quick bloody and violent in action."

A status board was brought up showing the forces in numbers in and around Mordent. The fleets and aircraft and the best guess of what was left of the now trapped Morridane forces stuck in the middle.

The generals worked to find a plan that could work, there was still a lot of combat strength left in the IAFM even after the god rod attack and now reinforced by the marines stationed there and the 1st fleet's marines on standby this could be more troops than what was used in offensive at its start.

There were a lot of details to work out and quickly, the royal navy would be doing dual duty of attacking the Morridane navy fleets and landing marine and supporting them in their operations for a short point of time. The royal naval submarines most already in the area will be cleared to attack their targets closest to them.

The royal air force will use their tactical and fighter aircraft to destroy as many targets on the ground and air. The bomber force will send some 1500 heavy bombers to pound ground targets as the ground forces move in.

As soon as the operation was final the plan was set in to motion it was sent out to the combative commanders and the commands. Time will tell if this operation will force the Morridanes to agree to the treaty already enforced or face losing it all in Mordent.

Last edited by [Imbrinium](#) on Thu Mar 10, 2016 4:57 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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



Lamoni
Game Moderator

Posts: 9045
Founded: Antiquity
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

by **Lamoni** » Sat Mar 12, 2016 12:26 am

QUOTE

Following the Mokans on their way out of the room, the Lamonian Foreign Minister waited until they were fully outside of the room, and into the corridors of the facility before getting the attention of Mokan President Milano.

"President Milano, i'm sure that you know who I am by now, but i'll introduce myself anyway. I am the Lamonian Foreign Minister, Tanya Ley. I was sent to these peace talks not only to observe them, but also to make sure that Morrdh got the fairest deal possible. What the other delegations don't know, is that i'm also here to ask you about what joint Lamonian/Mokan options might be available if Imbrinium were to restart the fighting in Mordent. Is there somewhere that we can talk before the recess concludes? I doubt that we'd want the others to hear about this topic of discussion before we even know what we'll come up with."

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[Dienstad](#). (Former) [GHR Page](#) [My Moderator Theme Song](#)
Mayor of [Equilism](#).
I'm a Senior N&I RP Mentor. Questions? TG me!

Quotes

Part of the Meow family in Gameplay, and a GORRAM GAME MOD! My TGs are NOT for Mod Stuff.



Stevied
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevied** » Sun Mar 20, 2016 7:30 am

QUOTE

Carter was relieved that Sir Gedney realised exactly who he was, what he represented and that he wouldn't have approached the diplomat without very good reason. The quick exchange of words between the two had been calm and likely unobserved. All parties at the talks were going to their respective rooms for the brief recess as called by the Mokans, the Morridane delegation taking the majority of their personnel too would be no different and unsuspecting.

In the room Sir Gedney made way to the drinks cabinet and pulled two glasses.

"Drink?"

"I'm a single malt man myself, Sir." Carter replied accepting the drink. A bit of friendly talking with a drink to diffuse any possible tension certainly wouldn't hurt; in fact the fact that Sir Gedney automatically took two glasses instead of one solely for himself was all the proof the Stevidian agent need to know he was among friends - of a sort.

"I suspected that I'd run into somebody's pet spook here. Not all that surprised to see it was one of our cousins, though I hazard this isn't a social call is it?"

"Sir Gedney, I wouldn't be surprised if one in three people out there was an operative of sorts. We know the Crown, the Mokans and yourselves have people here; the Free Republic probably does too. But my goal was not to worry about them but rather the content of the talks. We all know the subject of them but the Empire does not have an ear in them here. So you're right, this isn't a social call... thank you."

Carter took the glass of whiskey and took a sip. Wasn't the best so certainly not either Morridane or Stevidian distilled - but it was good enough to enjoy. Both men took seats on the room's communal sofas but while this was happening he thumbed his smart phone on and activated the application for remote hacking. If Sir Gedney had a mobile phone of any sort of variety on him the geeks at General Military Communications & Intelligence Headquarters (GMIC HQ - or 'Gimmick') try and work their magic and try and get access to the device - solely to use it to hear what was happening in the talks.

The software was not nearly sophisticated enough to control the whole phone, only enough to use the microphone and cellular service. But again, success was far from guaranteed.

"Sir Gedney, this sort of conversation isn't really my forté but my government believes it's the only way to put our issues to you here without delay. We cannot stress to you, or your government, enough as to how important these talks are for all nations involved, our relationship and the region. I don't know how well the talks are progressing but gauging for the faces of everyone leaving there's a deadlock."

He sighed, *"It's my duty to in form, neigh, remind you and your government that should the talks fall through and the war resumes with the current political set up, Stevid will not support the Commonwealth and will use the Task Force of the south-west coast of Mordent to destroy all ports and harbours in West Mordent to prevent them falling into enemy hands."*

"I don't know your government wishes to proceed in these talks, but the Empire has an alternative to war and the effective end of Stevidian-Morridane relations. We have intelligence, although far from concrete at the moment, that Imbrinium may restart the conflict if these talks fall through; you've probably reached this conclusion yourself. The Empire can see only two options acceptable to us:

"Firstly, you accept their terms and end this conflict. It may be a loss of face but the threat from Lyras to invade Mordent to prevent the war escalating is very real, or;

"Secondly, we work together and force the enemy's position to unravel properly as the true aggressors in this conflict. We currently fight the same enemy in two separate conflicts. My government wishes for Morrdh to commit fully to this war and deploy actual Morridane forces to Stevidian South Greal to fight Imbrinium, Lyras and Wanderjar. This lack of commitment at the beginning of the war is what has seriously damaged relations between our countries... but that can change. Tell Imbrinium to accept the treaty on your terms, with the odd concession here or there, but promise that Morrdh will fully join the war with Stevid across the region in our efforts against Covenant forces – align our agendas, as allies. In return, Stevid will pledge to defend Morrdh and your territory in New Garrak and Mordent."

Carter sipped his whiskey again. *"Neither side makes any moves at redeployment of resources so as not to provoke the enemy. But tell the Imb delegation that if they don't settle for peace and instead decide to attack Mordent, this scenario will come to pass regardless of Lyras threats. My government believes that Imbrinium aggression maybe the last straw for the Covenant and Lamoni. As Morrdh is clearly the aggrieved, Lamoni is likely to side with us and the Lyras position of defending Imbrinium actions becomes untenable. What do you think?"*

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



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Thu Mar 24, 2016 5:10 am



"We suspected going into these peace talks that the Imbriniums may take more...*direct* action regarding Mordent." Answered Sir Gedney.
"It is clear that they do not want to be here."

"So we've made preparations in case the Imbriniums do decide to renew hostilities, we'll make damn sure that it won't be a walkover for them and we haven't lost yet." Sir Gedney continued. "That said there is still some small measure of hope that a new treaty for Mordent can be agreed upon, though we may not be able to currently end the Imbriniums' occupation we might just be able to neuter their military power in Mordent. After all, they're certainly not amongst friends here."

"Though I must confess that the Morridane government has been

considering the possibility of officially committing to Stevidian South Greal, though the ceasefire there and the Macabeen hosted peace talks has left an air of uncertainty regarding the whole situation there. Regardless we still have a sizeable force in New Garrack, mostly from a build-up on the Wanderjarian border to try and draw some of their forces north. But the New Garrack force is rearing to go and eager for combat, they've spent a fair few months stuck doing drill and PT in dusty conditions."

"If hostilities are renewed with the Imbriniums just how far is your government willing to take it? The obvious answer is to drive them out of Mordent and Stevidian South Greal, but then what? They'll be smarting for a while and they'll still have nukes, plus they're willing to use said nukes. That fact alone is a huge factor in our plans and how we deal with the Imbriniums in the future."

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Thu Mar 24, 2016 8:05 am

QUOTE

Lamoni wrote:

"President Milano, i'm sure that you know who I am by now, but i'll introduce myself anyway. I am the Lamonian Foreign Minister, Tanya Ley. I was sent to these peace talks not only to observe them, but also to make sure that Morrdh got the fairest deal possible. What the other delegations don't know, is that i'm also here to ask you about what joint Lamonian/Mokan options might be available if Imbrinium were to restart the fighting in Mordent. Is there somewhere that we can talk before the recess concludes? I doubt that we'd want the others to hear about this topic of discussion before we even know what we'll come up with."

President Milano did a quick look around before responding. Getting in close to the Foreign Minister he quietly responded:

"Speak to Sergeant Ivanov, he will lead you to my office, I'll be there in 10 minutes."

He pointed to the guard standing by one of the doors, a tall man of Belmotin decent. It was always hard identifying one Federal soldier from another due to the fact they normally hid their identifying marks, but this was their home base. Inside the base their velco flaps were down, allowing the sergeant to be identified easily. Milano wished her well and continued to his mission. Had he the capacity, he would have felt bad for lying and abandoning the Lamonian Foreign Minister, but he had other priorities.

Instead, working with Foreign Minister Franshaw, he thought they could negotiate some sort of peace between the two powers behind the scene. Then both private conversations began to go badly. It was becoming more clear that peace was simply something neither was willing to compromise on. The initial drafted treaty was bogged down in pointless details such as troop count while neither could agree on a post war Mordent. The Lyras had been quiet on the matter.

Based on private meetings and his intelligence operations working around the base. The biggest hurdle was that the government of Imbrinium wanted a return to status quo, not a bad deal in Milano's opinion. However, Morrdh had invested and lost too much to accept that. Technically they were on the advance when the Lyrans called for peace, and the nuking required compensation. They wanted compensation, access to the East, and to hold onto their advances. Sure, they would be willing to negotiate on some of those, but the Kingdom was having none of it. Based on their responses, it was return to status quo or return to war.

Having an impromptu meeting in the office set aside for Elizabeth

Franshaw(since Henry was avoiding his own) they figured out their next move.

"Elizabeth, I need you to find the Lyrans, explain the situation to them and figure out what the hell they plan on doing about it. This peace meeting is only due to their threats. They better be ready to act on them. I've half a mind to tell the Kingdom and Morrdh to keep fighting in Mordent until someone voluntarily comes to the table."

Maybe peace was still an option, but it would be up to the Lyrans to make it so. The break was almost up, and delegates would be moving back into the hall soon. It was possible that the Lamoni Foreign Minister was still in his office, but she would not be happy to have been left far longer than he said. Heading back to his office some 40 minutes after the ten minute Mark, he began(assuming she stayed):

"My most sincere apologies, what should have been a short update ended up with needing a lot more attention. We had to stage a photo or two so the press would still believe we were in the city having these talks. Now, we have a few minutes before the talks continue. How may I help you?"

"The Imbrinium question is something, that divides us deeply. On one hand, their actions have cost us more lives and grief than I care to admit. From Varathon Blood Fever breaking out, in this very nation, to the very real threat of invasion of Morrdh and Federal lives lost in their, mostly legitimate, attacks. We've already kicked their forces out of Mokastana Proper, but on the other hand, I don't want to risk PUF positions in the West and being more destruction home over two allies' disputing claims on an far away island. We are doing our best to negotiate with the Kingdom to prevent them from going 'all out' on Morrdh, but it's up to Parliament if we commit further."

Elsewhere in the base Father Moreno looked for and found the representative from the Golden Throne.

"Greetings, my name is Father Talaxca Moreno, I need to speak with you. May we go somewhere private?"

Assuming the delegate agreed, Moreno would begin:

"I do not know the extent of the Golden Thrones influence over the decisions of the Kingdom of Inbrinium, but I know that the President, as do I, wish to prevent a war with them. However, there is strong pressure within the public and parliament to engage in war against Imbrinium due to the number of Federal Civilians killed in this war. An attack in the Morridane homeland may be just the thing they need to push our parliament to join our northern neighbour in battle. The church believed the government may have promised to defend the Mirror and homeland if needed.

I know President Milano is doing his best, along with the Foreign Minister, but these talks may be the last line of defense against bringing the insanity of the great war to our shores.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Thu Mar 24, 2016 12:41 pm, edited 2 times in total.

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Quotes about Mokastana:

[QUOTES](#)



The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3870
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

☐ by [The Macabees](#) » Fri Mar 25, 2016 10:28 am

QUOTE

Jaso Barenka's mission in Volograd was a welcomed respite from the [tension in New Empire](#). Besides, it wasn't as if he had much to do there to begin with, given his orders to observe the senior *krierlords* there. So it felt good to finally have something to do, even though so far his involvement in the peace talks between Morrdh and Imbrinium had been effectively nil. Ah well, best to look at the bright side of things, although what the bright side was in all of this was yet to be determined. The talks had been pointless. The Imbriniumians had stormed out after failing to temper the Morridane's unbelievable

arrogance — they truly believed themselves to hold advantage! — and war had as good as renewed. A shame really, all this effort.

Truthfully, Barenka never had much hope for the talks anyways. They had been forced upon both warring parties by a Lyran government that did not seem to understand how its influence was perhaps exacerbating the conflict. The young *Krierlord* liked to bring up the analogy of two dogs fighting at the park. Forcing either one to back off and withdraw only motivates their aggression, and this was exactly what was going on in the Morridane-Imbriniumian conflict. Better to leave them to rough it out on their own; better to allow them to achieve a decisive conclusion to the war. Otherwise, the present state of affairs threatened to carry on for a long, long time, for as long as any party required to work out a friction that hadn't been allowed to be ironed out. That was Barenka's opinion anyways, and it was not one that mattered in any practical sense — nobody had asked him anyways.

Walking down the hall, his mind already setting focus on his impending return to New Empire. While he was away in Belmontin the New Imperial State Senate had reconvened under the guidance of the *krierlord* team led by Migalo Kor. He would have to catch up with events there and re-insert himself into the grind that was the constant travel and politicking, which meant doing much of the busy work that the other *krierlords* caused. It was not something to look forward to, which is why he was pleasantly surprised when one of the Moka delegates called out for him in the hallway.

"Greetings, my name is Father Talaxca Moreno, I need to speak with you. May we go somewhere private?" A somewhat ominous beginning, but Barenka dipped his head in assent and the two found an empty room down one of the tributary passageways. It was sufficiently far away from the other delegates, and the *krierlord* hadn't seen anyone who had noticed them leaving that main corridor.

Once there, the *krierlord* gestured to himself and said, "Father Talaxca, *Krierlord* Jaso Barenka. Please, just call me Jaso." He did like the sound of *krierlord*, but he'd have the rest of his life to hear others use it — which was something that gave him immense pleasure.

The Father more-or-less ignored him and immediately sought the point of the conversation. Imbriniumian behavior was difficult to predict and, if they attacked the Morridane homeland, the Moka hand may be forced into intervention. That was quite the predicament, because the Golden Throne had chosen to involve itself in an unstable web of alliances. Imbrinium was vital for the war effort against the Scandinavians, but so were the Mokans. Indeed, *Kriermak Gholgoth* was amassing right off Mokastana's eastern shoreline, the bikini-clad girls and golden beaches visible from the decks of the great, grey-toned warships. And so the Golden Throne's arms were outstretched, with her allies in each hand and the Empire struggling to balance its various responsibilities to its allies. Imbrinium, as was its nature, was tipping the scales again — but, that one expected when they aligned themselves with the Imbriniumian people.

Barenka nodded. "I do believe it would be a mistake for Mokastana to involve itself in this war. I am no strategic, I am a mere *krierlord*, but the more others involve themselves in the conflict, the more it will stagnate. The people of Mokastana will not enjoy their men dying on the field and in the trenches, whether by conventional means or due to nuclear strike. As you imply, the Imbriniumians are an unpredictable bunch. Is that the kind of enemy Mokastana wants? The longer this war continues, and the more nations that involve themselves, the worse the outcome will be for all of us." He sighed, and went on, "Nevertheless, I do sympathize, and indeed empathize, with your concerns. I will pass them on to His Imperial Majesty Fedor and the diplomatic corps in Fedala. The last thing Greater Dienstad needs is more chaos, and it would pain us greatly to see our two allies go to war against each other, especially at a time when the region ought to be united against those Gothic slavers."

"Thank you for approaching me," Barenka finished. "Your words will not fall on deaf ears."

The young *krierlord* sensed a revival of his excitement. There was opportunity in this — an opportunity to prove his value to the senior *krierlords* and, more importantly, to Fedor.

Barenka and the Father gave each other some parting words. Once the Moka had left, the *krierlord* fished his cell out, unlocked it, and proceeded to furiously type out a short message with his right thumb. Seconds later, Lord Tertius Claudius would receive a message requesting time for a short meeting between the two. Putting the phone away, Barenka smiled. It looked as if his role in Volograd was about to evolve.

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

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

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

by **Imbrinium** » Fri Apr 01, 2016 8:06 pm



Lord Tertius Claudius looked down at his phone as it started to beep. The number wasn't one he knew he opened the message and read it. *"My name is Jaso Barenka, I need to meet with you. We have lots to talk about that would help both our countries."*

Lord Claudius didn't like getting messages from people he didn't know much less on a secure phone that means they either hacked the phone or the number was given to them. Claudius texted a message back to Mr. Jaso Barenka.

"Mr. Jaso Barenka I will meet with but only if you come to my office where my bodyguards can watch you."

Claudius awaited Mr.Barenka's answer.

Palace of Nipotas Fedala

The PM Stephanos looked down at the large envelope, not wanting to give this valuable information that was in it. The king had order that dates and troop withdrawn numbers for the pull out of Southern Greal is handed over to the Stevid delegates. This wasn't the way peace talks where normally done but the Crown wanted to rush the peace before something more happened to end the ceasefire. There was also another smaller envelope inside the larger one but it was written by the King only to be open by leader of Stevid the contents unknown.

Stephanos handed over the large envelope to the Stevid delegates and asked for another break so the Stevidian delegation could review the contents.

18J GV48582-56849 Southern Greal Outpost 215

Sergeant Pisani sat in bunker 6 along with some of his troops they were inside his company area. They were spread pretty thin these day where there was once a brigade protecting a sector now there was a brigade to 2 sectors. The same amount of trucks came in and left everyday but they were empty.

He'd been in Southern Greal since they landed some 2yrs ago and now it was just bored that killed, killed the nerves of the soldiers, a break every 2weeks back in the rear was nice but it was nothing like home. The front was about 50 to 100kms deep the only thing allowed in to the dead space was recon teams and drones so no one on the front besides those in the need to know knew what was happening on the other side.

It was cool outside in the night air it was a lot like home this time of the year warm days and cool nights. The stars were out in full force

tonight the only sounds where from soldiers moving around and the hum of a drone every now and then, the quite would last in the middle of the night trucks could be heard pulling up which wasn't normal this time of night. The out of nowhere the door flew open and a soldier walked in and said to break everything down and pack your shit.

"What in the hell is going on?"

"We're moving out so shut your face and move!"

Everyone packed their gear and grabbed their kit a loaded on the trucks as APCs moved out of their battle positions along with the tanks. Everyone was working fast and no one knew what was going on.

Within an hour everybody was loaded and lined up with light armored vehicles and tanks in the front and some mixed in the middle and some in the back, still no one knew what was going on. The convoy moved out.

What the soldiers on the front line didn't know they had been ordered back about 75miles to the rear to another set of bunkers and battle positions. Behind the convoy Combat and Special operations engineers closed the road behind them with mines.

All along the thousand or more front lines the same thing was happening, in between was maybe the largest mine field every placed, and behind the new line of fight positions sat another mine field. The plan was to place as many mines of all kinds along the front.

The plan was to move forces back covered by mine fields filled with millions upon millions of mines.

Pisani had noticed less and less of front line troops coming back over the last month, but no one ever said where everyone had gone. The bases that everyone had went to after their two weeks on the front was now busy with the new troops arriving and the troops manning the line where now moving back. Sgt. Pisani found the commander and asked him what was going on.

"Sgt. Pisani we have orders to hold this line and in a couple of days we will moved back to another line we are pulling back and pulling out of Southern Greal"

So this was it a secret withdraw no one expected it just the way the commanders had wanted it.

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q

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