

by Max Barry



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Firmador
Minister

Posts: 2691
Founded: Dec 11, 2012
Ex-Nation

by **Firmador** » Sat Nov 09, 2013 10:43 pm

QUOTE

Colonel Sponz's Current War Office, Bvordsha

Gregor the Bloody entered the room, his bones whistled with pain and dread. He took this as an omen, as he looked at many of the unnecessary men packed into this supposedly secret meeting. The two bodyguards didn't re-assure him either, they looked extremely unimposing and could be taken out easily by one man. He wanted to ask Colonel Sponz to switch room, but he was already seated and that could have made Sponz jumpy. He could have thought Gregor was going to execute him, perhaps on one of his underling's behest. No, he had to sit and grunt. He leaned forward toward the Colonel closely, clearing invading a personal space that Firmadores culture held dearly. Gregor paused, he couldn't get the thought of finally ridding his country of the dirty *campesinos*, over three hundred million of them deported on 'hell ships' to the small cluster of islands they now had sovereignty over next to Noxerra. On the journey half of them would die from mostly disease and lack of food. It was a quiet genocide, officially of negligence (as in paper burning), but unofficially premeditated. Nonetheless, over twenty thousand rural Firmadores were killed extrajudicially by reservemen, militias, police, military and civilians in a year prior to the mass deportation. None of these cases have been followed up on, besides several military and police matters.

In a hushed tone Gregor spoke, though an audio-amplified device would easily detect his voice he was old fashioned and would be scanning the room for anyone overly interested. "I can give you more than security. But this is a delicate matter. You see, we can directly subsidise your industries, exclude tariffs on textile and heavy manufacturing imports from Bvordsha. We can flood your cities and rural hamlets with doctors, fill your warehouses to the brim with material orders for further urban development. In ten years we can erect the first of a series of vertical farms inside of your major cities. We can help you make sure each child has a laptop for school, that each child has access to pre-school and nursery, that each rural child is paid a wage based on their grade performance (to keep them out of the fields but their families still fed), that the urbanites receive a lower compensation for inflation purposes. A brand new oil refinery plant on your major coastal port will mean you can import crude oil and create the demand for high-end jobs domestically. All the while cutting private business import/input and internal transport costs with efficiency. The most immediate step, however, is a total general strike. In absolutely every industry, in solidarity."

Gregor exhaled heavily, his breath stank of rot. "How does one

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accomplish this?" He smiled, "With gold. We have a Vonverian company, a nation friendly to us, establish a private equity fund based on 100,000,000\$ in gold, most of which was purchased inside of Vonver and the rest imported from many lands. They use this wealth to leverage their capital to one billion dollars, a political contribution from our civilian sympathetic friends in Vonver. The 900,000,000 will be bankrupted, but to prevent an economic collapse the Vonverian government will step in (at secret Firmadores cost) and bail out these troubled investors. Once we have one billion dollars in capital, funnelled threw Vonver, you can use that to actually *pay* people to strike," He popped his head up away from the Colonel's face, looking around. His spine tingled again. He looked around, some of the workers had left new ones had come. They seem mostly disinterested. He kept an eye on one blonde haired member however.

"See the number one issue here the lack of indepedence. What better way to say you want your independence than by refusing to work when any of your wage goes to a foreign power unwilling from you. Symbolically, they will be saying that they'd rather starve than fund the force that occupies them. But now, we can say all that, with a guarantee that all strikers (or those in industries more sensitive for Austoria) will have bread in their stomachs. The money, however, will be somewhat useless until stores open (or black markets?). So we could trade in goods like wood, milk, cotton, silver or fish. The fish will be at the cost of our own Homeland. You see, we have had an acute food shortage since the end of our civil war in 2007. Nothing wealth, and especially our booming logging industry (Bowasas rainforest, second largest after the Amazon in America) which has kept housing costs down making shelter (with subsidies) down to 14% of after-tax wages. Our only mass source of domestic food are the fish especially from the Gulf of Fonesca and the pacific. On a side note, for this sacrifice, we ask your new country signs an exclusive cotton-purchase agreement with Firmador promising 50% (after-tax) profit margins for private cotton producers. Supply can be outsourced if Firmador cannot meet your national demand."

Gregor leaned in closer, "And lastly comes the very serious problem of CCTV monitors. We must seize the electrical station and hold it hostage for national liberation. If they storm the building, forcing our elite troops to blow it and give themselves to National Martyrdom then the population of Bvordsha should love you. It will, obviously, polarise political relations with Commonwealth dependents but we can guarantee you open *preferential* markets to one billion people each. Al-Assad, Vonver, Firmador, Aloristan and RoulNIK. That's five billion, probably upwards to nine billion consumers rapidly chomping at the bit for your goods. Obviously each nation has their own domestic markets that should also receive as compared to global prices a lower rate. But these can be lifted or introduced independently, Firmador will be open to your most important national industries. We would also like to introduce a new in, as fast as possible. Probably the easiest of all industries. Ammunition factories. We can provide technical and material support if necessary."

Gregor looked around, the blonde had gone away. The shuffle of workers was constant. He whispered, almost impossibly hard to hear even with a luckily angled amplifier. "If you can declare your Independence and Self-Determination (even without Havograd) Firmador, Al-Assad, Vonver, Aloristan and RoulNIK will immediately recognise you and build embassies. Firmador, and likely Al-Assad, will begin troop deployments to supplement your National Defence Forces... From there, what do you know of Treneria, this Borneo based uprising?"

Last edited by [Firmador](#) on Sat Nov 09, 2013 10:59 pm, edited 6 times in total.

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“

Gallia- wrote:

The difference between stupidity and bravery is often the outcome.





Ghant
Minister

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

by Ghant » Sat Nov 09, 2013 11:32 pm



Chapter IX "Uncle Albert" The Government Palace Ghish, Ghant

Sophia awaited the arrival of the CFTP ambassador- nervously as always. Sophia was a woman who took this business very seriously- she knew that everything that she said and did reflected on her country. Any mistake or error could carry serious consequences. With the world at stake, she was not about to take any chances.

As a lady of noble birth, she knew all the rules of hospitality- and wasted no time in preparing for the ambassador. Everything had to be conducive towards a productive meeting. She was wearing a white one piece dress with a purple sash wrapped around it. Her hair fell loosely about her shoulders. She was fully prepared for the meeting- she had everything looking good, and had brought out the tea and crumpets, and the cookies and milk.

It was not too long before the ambassador was brought into the private conference room. The walls were lined with bookshelves, there were couches and coffee tables, a table beside the door with all the treats on it, and a desk in front of a large window, overlooking the City Square.

Sophia greeted the ambassador standing, and with a big smile.

"Hello, ambassador. I hope that your travels went well. Please, make yourself comfortable."

Major Derrik removed his hat and said to Sophia, "The plane ride here was quite comfortable, but let's cut the chit-chat, does your empire intend to overthrow the Empire of Gillenor?"

I see he is not much of one for niceties, is he? Sophia thought to herself. She was not about to let the meeting get off to a poor start.

"I am glad to hear it, Major Derrik. And no, the Empire of Ghant has no intentions of overthrowing the Empire of Gillenor. To the contrary, the Empire wishes to prevent any such an outcome from occurring."

Derrik nodded, "Do you have any knowledge of Gillenor's intentions?"

"No I do not. All I can offer are ideas as to what they might be. I am somewhat surprised. They have not attacked the fleet outright. They are acting somewhat complacent for the time being. I suspect that they are waiting to see who casts their lot in with Laoni, so that they might have a better idea of who their friends and enemies are. I believe that will try to benefit from the situation as much as they can, believing the threat to be...not great."

"Asasia has declared war on Pensalum. Will Ghant be getting involved in the conflict?"

"I am afraid not. Ghant is not a nation that gets drawn into wars needlessly, and without just cause."

"What does Ghant plan to do if war breaks out?"

The million dollar question. "I...try not to think about that. We will be prepared for whatever happens, and we will cross that bridge when we get to it. Rest assured that in any case, we will stand for freedom, liberty, and ultimately what is right."

"Well in that case we support you fully." "Would the Empire of Ghant be interested in an alliance with Communists for the people?" Derrick asked.

"Why yes, good sir. We are interested in an alliance with your fair nation. In these troubled times, friends are hard to come by. May we work together, for the preservation of peace in Panessos."

"Thank you." Derrick said, "now please excuse me for a moment, I must notify Premier Churchill. He will be most pleased with the news."

"Very good, ambassador. I am pleased that our nations can work together to pursue the cause of peace."

After the meeting, Sophia breathed a sigh of relief. *That was alot easier then I thought it would be*, she thought. She awarded herself with some milk and cookies.

Not long after the ambassador from CFTP left, the ambassador from Naybra arrived.

"Hello, ambassador. I hope that your flight from Naybra went well. Please, make yourself comfortable, and help yourself to these treats that have been prepared for you." She gestured to the tea and crumpets, and the cookies and milk layed out on the table by the door of the conference room.

Markus Peterson sat down adjacent from Acting Prime Minister of Ghant, Sophia of Dakmoor. He graciously placed two crumpets on a small platter and took a small sip of the tea. He set the tea and platter on a table beside his seat. "What an honor it is to meet you Sophia of Dakmoor. I do hope you excuse my lack of self restraint with the crumpets. The flight was a long one and I've always had a fondness for Ghantish tea and crumpets." he said with a wink and a smile.

Sophia laughed, and with a smile she said, "All is well, Mr. Peterson. I am glad you find our tea and crumpets so...appealing. You are quite the charmer, aren't you?"

"I would be if I didn't have the stress of politics weighing me down." he replied, again with his friendly smile. "Though, to be honest, I'm glad to get out of my office. If it wasn't for the Loufe Global Submit, Mike Wallace would be here, and I'd still... "

"My father once told me that when the world weighs down on a man, he need only say, 'more weight'."

"But one can only carry so much weight before they crumple, even with the positive attitude of your father." Markus replied, in a somber tone. He quickly relieved his negatively and tried to liven up the mood, "Say, why is your father, Lord Paramount of the Landsraad, not here as well? I've heard much about him and Dakmoor."

My father returned to Dakmoor, to help keep the peace there. Of all the provinces of Ghant opposed to the Emperor, Dakmoor's opposition is fiercest. He told me that he had to go back to keep the province from rebelling openly against the Empire. As long as he is there, defending the Empire, the people and the many Lords there will hesitate to rebel. My father was very outspoken against the Emperor, but he is still loyal to the Empire.

"That I do not question." Markus responded cautiously as of not to worsen the mood. He was not good at directing conversation, though he tried to push towards the more pressing matter. "It seems the provinces of Ghant aren't the only one's opposed to Emperor Nathan's judgement. This opposition is the reason I'm here today." Markus continued. Inside, he was hitting himself for swinging the tone of the meeting from one of fun and friendliness to one of seriousness and business. He could only imagine how repetitive the Emperor's actions were to Sophia and how many times she's been forced to deal with them.

"Naturally, Mr. Peterson. The Emperor is not a man easily swayed once he is...committed to something. I have known the Emperor my whole life, and I know him...better than most. This has more to do with Laoni than with Nathan."

"I've heard Laoni is the...puppet master behind this. I've seen reports nicknaming her 'The Pink Dragon.' Even though I'm not as close to the Emperor as you, Acting Prime Minister Sophia, it doesn't take long to relieve that this was not Emperor Nathan's original idea. I fear he's being.. manipulated, as most others fear as well."

"That is a very keen observation. You are a very intelligent man, Mr. Peterson. Naybra will be served by you quite well, I believe."

Markus had a brief smirk. "I appreciate the compliment," he said in his friendly tone, "but it doesn't take a genius to tell what's going on in the realms of Panessos. Civil Wars are starting, violence is being unleashed, and soon Nathan will be invading the Regalian States, and I fear Laoni will lay her talons on more destructive weaponry. After that, I fear there is not much Naybra, nor Ghant can do to stop them."

"Nathan will never tolerate the proliferation of super-weapons, not while he has the power to stop it. Even if Laoni insists on it, Nathan will never agree to it."

"I'm afraid Laoni has her ways," Markus responded.

"Indeed. However, as devious and cunning as she may be, as long as Nathan has his men about him, Nathan's prerogative should be...indisputable by Laoni."

Markus had almost forgotten about his tea and crumpets. He pause, repeating the phrase slowly in his mind, "Nathan will never tolerate the proliferation of super-weapons; Nathan's prerogative should be...indisputable by Laoni," he took a sip of the cold tea. She was defending the Emperor from the verbal stabs Peterson was making at him. He heard Sophia was close to Nathan, but now he saw to what extent. "I can see that you never like Laoni." Markus said with a grin, taking a nibble of his crumpet.

"...Laoni is poison, Mr. Peterson. My greatest fear is that she will use Nathan for as long as it suits her purposes. After that...I don't know." She grew uneasy.

"As you explained, Emperor Nathan will never put up with her more than he has to. He is a strong, cunning man, whether or not he made an emotional error or two."

"I have always believed that. However, he is very insecure. He holds himself in worse regard than the rest of us do. This makes him easy to take advantage of. I worry about him, and what Laoni has in store for him."

Peterson could clearly see the 'Conflict-in-interest" here. That was not always a bad thing though. Sometimes a personal connection was needed to get the job done.

"I have a plan to end this quickly, Mr. Peterson. I mean to give Nathan no other viable option, but to come back."

"And what might this be Ms. Sophia?" Markus responded.

"Its top secret. If I told you, you would have to keep secret, because if they found out, then we are all doomed."

"I'll leave the judgment up to you, but if you were to inform me, I promise it will be kept secret in the highest regard."

"Nathan's next stop is Hermael. He has not made this information public, but I know him well enough to know that he intends on stopping there, so he can take a tour of the city of Hermanium. There will be an assassin waiting there. This assassin will board the

ship, disguised as someone serving one of his Lords. This assassin will then kill Laoni, swiftly and discreetly. Nathan will come back if Laoni is dead."

Markus was shocked. He did not expect to here this from Sophia, that was sure. He set his tea and crumpets back on the table. "And what if this fails...Emperor Nathan might think this assassin was aimed for him. If things go wrong, Laoni can easily swing this in her favor, like she does with most things."

"When the weight of the world falls upon you, Mr. Peterson, you must be prepared to make difficult decisions, and assume both the risk and the responsibility of those actions. I don't know if this plan will succeed or fail, but I feel as though it was what had to be done."

"Very well. I'll keep it a secret as promised. Your already becoming quite the leader. Sometimes leaders have to make those tough choices and I commend you for taking the risks."

Markus pulled out a file from his bag and placed it on the table. He took out his reading glasses and slipped them on. He fingered through some documents picking up a few to bring them closer to his eyes. He set them down and removed his glasses. "President Malonk wanted me to inform you that he sends his greetings. He is an old man, and could not make the flight personally. However he wished me to ask how Naybra can be of assistance. And now, learning of your plan," Markus said with a wink, "the answer might be different then he expected."

"Please tell President Malonk that I said hello, and that I wish him good health and many more years. I believe that Naybra must stand ready. If the world continues to...go south, and assuming this...plan of mine does not work, then we will need the help of every able nation to work towards peace. I believe that Naybra will be instrumental towards that end."

"I will tell him," Markus said before continuing, "Naybra will always stand for peace and justice, as we have shown through various situations, most notably the GNI Colony Crisis. Fear not. And if you need us to be there for the Regalian states, are close proximity would make us the ideal candidate."

"Indeed. May Naybra and Ghant stand together then, for peace and justice."

"If I had a glass of wine I'd 'klink' it with you right now Ms. Sophia" Markus said with a grin.

Sophia smiled. "If only." She got up and walked over to the cabinet. She pulled out two wine glasses, and some golden wine. "Care to klink it with me, Mr. Peterson?"

Now Markus laughed. "I wouldn't mind at all," he said as he gulped down the remainder of tea. If there was one thing he enjoyed more than Ghish tea is was Ghish wine.

"Very good." Sophia poured some of the Ghish Gold into each glass, and sat back down next to Markus. "Cheers then, to the preservation of peace and justice."

"To the preservation of peace and justice." Klink!

Sophia lingered in the conference room for a time. She had been working on many things pertinent to her present political station. Surprisingly, Borlidoc had been applauded by the media, fellow politicians and the general populace by his decision to give Sophia

the reigns of government. She became widely popular for her soft-spoken, yet firm stance on the current state of affairs involving the Emperor, her willingness to compromise, and her approachability and accessibility. She also was an advocate of progressive politics and change- in a way that most people could agree would be reasonable. She proposed that the national age of consent be raised from 14 to 15, and that bill was making its round in the Storting.

Suddenly, she could hear shouting coming from outside, behind her desk. She had not looked outside in a few hours. She turned around from her desk and looked outside. Sophia gasped. The City Square was swarmed with people, shouting at each other. *Oh God, he is here, isn't he?*

If anything could undo everything that Sophia of Dakmoor had worked hard to achieve in her short time, it would be the Grand Duke Albert. A loud-mouthed, bad tempered and bigoted ideologue, he was very unpopular with the people, to say the least. Sophia suspected that he was here- how else would 10,000 armed men be swarming the City Square?

Sophia wanted a better view. She ran out of the Conference room and down the hall. She went upstairs and to a large the balcony. It was dusk- the sky was orange. She leaned against the marble railing of the balcony, and looked out into the Square. The wind was blowing, and her hair was being blown about recklessly.

The Square was filled with protesters, many of them University students- some of whom she might have known. They were being pushed aside by riot police, to create a open path to the Imperial Palace. From the open path emerged a column of armed men marching, some on horseback. Many of these men were armed with spears, halberds and tridents that stuck up into the air.

Sophia wanted to greet "Uncle Albert", as he was often referred to, as he arrived in the Palace. She had heard some very disturbing things about him on the news- things he had done during his long march south to Ghish. It was being reported that people had been killed by his men while en route, many of them being Rosea. She had to know the truth of this- they would have severe consequences if they were true.

She went down to the main floor, and received an escort to the City Square. She took a side entrance into the Imperial Palace. She wandered through some of the many passageways, until finally arriving at the side entrance to the throne hall.

She was greeted by a monstrous man. She gasped when she saw him. Over 7 feet tall, and exceptionally muscular, he was covered from head to toe in furs and thick leather armor. He held a massive two-handed maul in hands, which had some blood stains on it from recent use. He wore a helmet with horns on the side, and on his shoulders and around his neck were skulls with metallic horns on them.

He spoke. "Forgive me, my lady. This area is off-limits. I suggest you turn around."

Sophia was taken back by the man's bluntness. "Good sir, I am Sophia of Dakmoor, Acting Lord Paramount of the Landsraad and Prime Minister of Ghant. I need to speak with the Grand Duke."

"I am sure you do, my lady. I am following orders. No one is allowed in, not even some uppity Dakish Princess."

Sophia was not used to be insulted to her face. *Who does he think he is!*, she thought. "Why, I ought to..."

A voice bellowed from the throne room. "Toregg, let her in. I better not have found out that you insulted the lady Sophia, or I will take one of those demon skulls from you as a punishment."

Toregg grunted obnoxiously, and stepped aside. As Sophia walked past him into the throne hall, she continued to stare at the maul. There were strands of pink hair in the blood...

The Grand Duke touched Sophia lightly on the arm. "Hello, little girl. It is very good to see you. I apologize for not appearing...more presentable. I am afraid the road south has been...rough."

Albert looked like he had seen better days. He had multiple cuts and bruises on his face and some scruff from going unshaven. Besides that, he looked mostly the same as he always did, except with some sagging jowls. He was still tall, with pale skin, a few freckles, a large mouth with fat pink lips that looked like worms, and short, thin black hair on his head, revealing a bald spot in the middle. He still had those cold, light blue eyes.

Sophia knew royal protocol. She bowed to one knee in front of him. "It is an...honor to have you here, my Lord. How fares your wife and son?"

Albert helped her to her feet, and kissed her hand, delicately. "...Yes, I am your Lord, aren't I? My wife is ill, and has been for a while now. Doctors don't know what it is, but she yet lives. My son is well. He grows tall, and is quite intelligent. He remains in Wildigot, to represent me while I am here in Ghish. I am tired of having to come to Ghish in order to represent the imperial mantle. Many have forgotten my status as heir to the throne of Ghant. Many have assaulted me during my march. I was very generous and sparing."

"May I speak freely, my lord?"

"Always, my lady."

"I have heard of some...despicable acts committed by your men while en route here. I need to know the truth of the matter."

"Certainly. I let them throw bricks, rocks and shit at me. Most of this...harassment was committed by Rosea in Gaemar. They have always hated me, because I make no secret of my...distaste for Gaemarian tomfoolery, and for their sense of "pink hair primacy". Only when one Rosea bitch tried to stab me did I respond with...deadly force."

"To be fair, my Lord, some of the men in your company look...eager for bloodshed. Toregg in particular frightens me. If any of the rest of your 10,000 men are like him, then I believe there to be some cause for concern."

"Ah yes, Toregg Demonyo. My most valuable champion. He may be a little rough around the edges, but there is not a man that I would want by my side as much as him. Do you know how he earned his surname?"

"No, but I can only imagine."

Albert laughed. "hundreds of years ago, the horned demon raiders came to the Greycoasts. They attacked the fishing villages along the coast. Not a man in any village stood up to fight- they offered the horned demons everything- their meat rations, gold, whatever they could spare. For these despicable demons, that wasn't good enough. They demanded human flesh- from the men, women and children. Not one was spared! The Ice lords despaired, and called upon the Wedge for help. A thousand knights rode forth and waited for the horned demons to strike again. The demons were taken by surprise and slain. Toregg's ancestor was said to have killed dozens of them himself with his maul. And for each one he killed, he cut off their disgusting heads and boiled them down to the bone, and he made armor from it. For his valor in battle, he was made a knight and given a name, and his descendants have been in service to the Lord of Wildigot ever since."

"That is an...enchanted story, my lord. But, you do realize that these 'horned demon raiders' don't actually exist? They are stories

made to scare children, just like vampires, werewolves, and the cave people."

Albert leaned in close. "Don't tell Toregg that. He would take that in...very bad taste."

"...I am sure."

Albert beckoned Sophia. "Come now, walk with me to the throne. I have not sat down upon it yet. Its high time that I ought to."

Sophia began walking side beside the Grand Duke. They turned left and looked ahead to the Obsidian Throne.

"What do you mean to do, once you sit there, my lord?"

"I mean to be named Lord Protector of the Realm, as is befitting my current rank and situation. A shame really, for I have always been a victim of circumstance. Always called upon to serve the realm, because of my nephew. Either he was too young and needed a regent, or because he was off to conquer pinkyland."

"No man is truly a victim of circumstance. Every opportunity offers a chance to do things differently."

Albert's usual blank expression twisted into a smirk. "And what do you suggest I do differently, little girl? The throne beckons my name. I am responsible enough to wield imperial power. Who else besides me?"

"Power attracts the corrupt like a light attracts the moth."

Albert laughed. "Ah, Sophia, you are very funny. Tell me, do you think I am corrupt?"

Absolutely, she thought. She wasn't going to say that to him though. "I don't know, my lord. I was hoping you would tell me."

Albert frowned. "My only concern is the preservation of the country, and to protect it from all enemies, foreign and domestic. Ghant is in a rough spot, and it is more vulnerable then it has been a long time."

"Indeed it is. But we can make the world a better place, if we only prepare ourselves now."

Albert reached the base of the steps leading up to the Obsidian Throne. He started walking up the steps, slowly. Without looking back, he said, "That is foolish talk. The world is about to go completely to shit. I suspect bad things will be occurring soon, and I am preparing for the worst. Ghant has outlived every other ancient nation, empire and power by hunkering down and hiding from the chaos. In the north they say that the ice preserves. You would do well to remember that." He then turned around and sat down upon the throne, and gave a heavy sigh.

"...And on what do you base that on?"

Albert spoke in a concerned voice. "Before my march south to Ghish, I sought out a woods witch from the Reach to provide me with some insight. I went to her and asked her for a...vision of the future. Although I take everything some heathen witch tells me with a grain of salt, I find a certain degree of...wisdom in their visions."

Sophia was intrigued. "And what did this woods witch tell you, my lord?"

Albert looked down at her from the throne with a bewildered face. "She boiled a bunch of random shit in some black water. She stared into it for a time, chanting all the while. Then she looked up at me and said,"

"The Soldiers shall be scattered like smoke, and the Lords shall succumb to madness. The Sword shall be drawn too late, the

Eagle shall bathe in its own blood, the Wolf shall fall into its shadow,
the Dragon shall with two heads devour its children,
the Leopard shall witness a miracle,
the Bleeding Roses shall bloom once more,
and the Dark One shall bring forth the night upon entering the world.
A thousand lands shall be rent with fire, and even the Immortals
shall tremble, for there will be no haven but the night, no safety
without fury, no peace until the ashes grow cold."

Sophia shivered at the thought of those words. "That is...quite deep. I should pray that the musings of this woods witch are nothing more than superstition. Although, the bleeding roses bit is interesting...that is the sigil of my house."

"Indeed it is. I wonder exactly what that bit means. And as far as praying...that would be most wise, little girl. Pray for our enemies. If God was cruel, he would have made the oldest son of my father. Had I been Emperor, I would make our enemies suffer. I would eradicate any possibility of this filthy vision from coming to fruition."

These Rosea that your men have been killing, were they enemies?"

Albert chewed on his lip. "That again. The media makes me out to be such a bad guy. I am the good guy here, and they are the bad guys! Yes they were enemies. Marius is a cunning bastard. Fendulias can't hold a candle to his son. Marius believed that by sending Rosea in his service to assault me as I passed through Gaemar on my way to Ghish, that it would provoke a war between Gillenor and Ghant as a whole. That would help his father and the Emperor in their campaign. It would be alot easier for them to succeed if Gillenor had to fight the whole of Ghant, in all of its imperial splendor. I was not going to give him the satisfaction, not until they grew desperate enough make attempts on my life. Then I decided to teach them a lesson."

"I don't think Gillenor would mind much if you killed a few Rosea out of "self-defense."

Albert laughed. "I know you are not so naive. Never forget, little girl, that Regalians are the most arrogant, self-conceited and racist assholes on the face of the planet. If a Rosea were to kill a bread and butter Ghantman, they would not even think twice about it. But, God forbid a Ghantman killed a Rosea, then suddenly that same Ghantman would get dragged off by their secret police, and strung up for some bullshit hate crime. They honestly believe that they are superior to us, little girl. We are nothing but mongrels to them, beast-men meant to be enslaved, fucked and exploited."

"But..."

"Don't but me, little girl. Are you referring to some treaties that some long dead Ghantish King signed with Regalia, or with Gillenor? Give them to me, so that I might wipe my ass with them. These are perilous times we live in. This is a man's game that you are playing. I pray every night that Nathan tears these Regalian states apart- and let these sisters fight over the scraps like curs. I say we sit back and watch- with popcorn. Besides, we have our own problems to deal with. Marius and his Rosea friends want to see this country burn and torn asunder, so that they can rule us. That is all these Rosea fuckers are- a bunch of self-entitled imperialist bigots. I will kill every one of them, if it means the preservation of our great nation!"

He can't actually mean that. Sophia looked down. "Forgive me, my lord."

"There is no need to be sorry." He cocked his head. "You remind me very much of your mother. You are a very dangerous woman, Sophia. You have the beauty, charisma and humility of your mother, and the shrewd, calculating and deliberate...nature of your father. Borlidoc was wise to recognize your abilities."

"...Thank you."

"Your mother was an...exceptional woman. No man mourned her death more than I. When I attended her funeral, I wept like a babe."

"I remember hearing that you attended the funeral at a private hour. Although, my father mourned her greatly as well. He loved her more than anything."

"Oh, I am sure he did." Albert's mouth twisted. "Although I suspect that he loved her money more."

Sophia was angered by that. "How dare you. How could you say that? He loved her genuinely, and she loved him."

Albert grew red as a beet. "How dare I? Little girl, you forget yourself. Let me tell you some facts. Your mother, Elizabeth, wanted my older brother, the Crown Prince. She wanted that Crown, chased it like a cat chases a mouse. She wasted no opportunity to seduce him at every turn. He liked her a lot, and was half-tempted to propose to her, but our father had a strong dislike and distrust of her father, Balthazar. Those Mutu's are a treacherous lot. They would sell out Ghant to make a quick buck. They have more money tied up in Anthorp than they even know what to do with, and they make a lot of money from dealing with Gillenor, and licking its ass. So our father discouraged the match, and he went off and married that Whitefort bitch instead. As for me, well I genuinely had affection for your mother, and nobody seemed to object to the idea of me marrying her. So I proposed to her instead. You know what she did? She said no. Not only that, but she made it a point to embarrass and humiliate me at the same time. I was not good enough for her, and she went out of her way to remind me of that. So she ran off with Malibar, and became the wife of a Lord Paramount, and helped the bleeding roses grow even stronger...and prouder. You should remember your place."

"...My Mother was always a good judge of character."

Albert was enraged. "The insolence of you Daks is astounding. I think the prophecy indicates that you and your family have designs to usurp the throne from me, and to sell us out to Gillenor and all the rest! This brother of yours, Martin, he died fighting for Gillenor, against Rhodesea! Where are your loyalties?"

This is ridiculous. "My loyalties are to Ghant. And Gillenor is not as bad as you think. We have prospered together, as friends and equals."

"Don't be so stupid. Gillenor uses us like some scoundrel uses a five dollar whore. How do you think my brother died? There was not a man more outspoken against Gillenor than my dear brother John. He publicly denounced their imperialism, and the inherent racism of the Rosea. And, he died in a plane crash. How convenient. I think that Gillenor could not deal with the Emperor being so outspoken against their twisted and demented agenda. Oh, and let's not forget that they readily abduct our citizens and do experiments on them, and brainwash them. I bet they brag about it during private meetings, and think it's funny. I am going to put an end to all of that soon. Once I am declared Lord Protector of Ghant, I will finish my brother's work. His mistake was running his mouth and letting the world know of his intentions. I learned to keep my mouth shut. They won't touch me, because they don't see me coming. And the time to act is soon. And therein lies your choice, Sophia of Dakmoor. Join me, and serve Ghant, or be labeled an enemy. I know you will choose right, because it would be an awful shame to have that pretty little face of yours...compromised."

What a prick, Sophia thought. She suddenly remembered something her father told her once about Albert. *He is not to be trusted. The man is dangerous, conniving, xenophobic and paranoid. A man twisted by bitterness and jealousy.* "I will not be threatened or intimidated by you, Albert. You may be the Lord Protector of Ghant, but so long as I am the acting Lord Paramount of the Landsraad, and the acting Prime Minister, I will demand respect. Any harm done to

me will be met with severe consequences. And therein lies your choice."

Albert snarled. "So its true, then. Every rose has its thorn! I thought you were more like your mother, but clearly you are Malibar's daughter. Now get out of my sight."

"Gladly." Sophia turned around and walked away. Toregg Demonyo and some other brutish Wedge Knight tried to grab her roughly by the arms. "I will see myself out. Don't touch me." The men obliged, but walked closely behind her.

Once she was outside the Imperial Palace, the men stopped following her. Toregg shouted after her, "Don't return unless you are called for."

"I don't plan on it."

As she walked back into the Government Palace, she took note of the thousands of rough looking northerners in the City Square. They were shouting and pointing their weapons at the protesters, and riot police were keeping them separated. *This is not going to end well, is it?* She thought. *I can feel the world weighing down on me. I must remain strong. More weight.*



[Factbook](#) | [RP Resume](#) | [IIwiki Admin](#)

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

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

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



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) » Sun Nov 10, 2013 2:36 am



Colonel Sponz's War Office, Bvordsha

Gregor would undoubtedly have noticed, in his sweeps of the room, that many people present were overly interested. There were Ministers standing in an arch around the Colonel, there were secretaries beside them, and in alcoves, passing notes; and there were messengers delivering messages around and people receiving computer reports and the propaganda department was listening to news reports and preparing possible responses. At least two thirds of those present were in regular contact with the central government, hedging their bets.

Sir Ian Douglas-Smith was undoubtedly one of the persons Gregor had noticed, as he was not the sort of person you would expect to be a spy, if you knew what spies were usually like: the sort of people who have trouble catching a waiter's eye. There were plenty of those scattered around the building. No, he was the Permanent Secretary of the Bvordshan Exchequer, and as such he was diligently making notes beside his Minister and well within earshot. One way to infiltrate an organization is to make yourself utterly indispensable to it, and given that Bvordsha was still technically a part of the Imperial Commonwealth he carried on all sorts of normal day-to-day business perfectly normally, and rather enjoyed the variety of administrating all the less ordinary requests of a revolutionary organization. So when he raised his eyebrows at the leverage plan, and scribbled one particular memo to his Minister, the Minister withdrew into an alcove with the Minister of Culture and the Minister of the Interior, leaving the Minister of War, the Minister of Propoganda, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of Intelligence - his little 'group' of allies in Colonel Sponz' cabinet - and showed them the memo. They raised their eyebrows and the Minister of the Interior gave a nod of agreement while they carefully continued to listen to Gregor's words. After the mention of 50% guaranteed profit another memo went to the Minister. They nodded together, a 'let's tell the Colonel' nod, and drew closer around their leader again.

Memo 1:

Given an average wage of \$20,000 and 25 million people in Industry, it would cost more than \$1 billion per day to guarantee their wages. His offer is not enough, even assuming they manage to get that leverage.

Memo 2:

Cotton production accounts for about 9% of GDP; if we loose 3% on that for Firmador profit, that would cost us \$60 billion per year. That would give them a profit of \$59 billion!

Sir Ian Douglas-Smith sat frowning internally in thought. Perhaps this was the solution to Ausitoria's problem? If they financed the revolution's debt they could very quietly make a profit to cover their lost investment. Capital investment was safe relative to physical investment. He felt that this would be a good basis for TPC-BVI-8. This thought ran parallel to his smooth practiced note-taking while Gregor, evidently THE Bloody of Firmador, reached the end of his speech, to which Sir Ian listened even more closely, although Gregor was annoyingly whispering, which meant he would need confirmation of the countries. No doubt the Ausitorian government would find out soon enough via the nascent Bvordshan Foreign Office.

"Very little, I am afraid," Colonel Sponz was replying, and he then nodded to Sir Ian Douglas-Smith, who waved his hand and tea and biscuits arrived on coffee tables, which the Colonel indicated and everybody obediently drifted towards, The Minister of Finance slipping the Colonel the memos, which the Colonel read rapidly before slipping them into his pocket.

"Gregor," said the Colonel, as he sat on one of the many sofas arranged in this corner of the room, and as a tea-lady offered Gregor a cup of tea, "your suggestions intrigue me greatly and your help would be most invaluable, although I fear if we held the electrical stations hostage they would call our bluff: we would have to systematically disconnect their CCTV network. But what you must realize is that your offer put us in a precarious financial position: you're asking for at least 50 billion per year in terms of cotton contracts and offering only 1 billion: and for us to carry out a revolution, we would need about 2 billion per day. Be reasonable! We could eventually get a better deal from The Accursed Commonwealth: at the end of the day they are reasonable people and when given the choice between principle and money they usually choose money on their own principles. They're anxious to cut their losses. Perhaps that secret Treasury document Sir Ian here got for us will explain their opinion and our position?"

And Sir Ian nodded and handed to Gregor from his briefcase TPC-BVI-4, which Sir Ian had 'stolen' when last reporting to the Treasury in Havograd, while The Colonel was helped to a cup a tea.

The Colonel continued with the admission "I suppose if we declare independence we must be recognized and militarily supported by foreign governments and the people, but the Commonwealth is unlikely to want to fight if it comes to it, and with you providing that at such enormous cost: it is not worth us imperiling our relationship with Alexandrian money! Unless you propose to provide us with the support needed to return our territorial boundaries to where they were? And that would mean, at the least, defeating the Ausitorian Air Force."

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Tue Nov 12, 2013 10:21 am, edited 3 times in total.

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

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

[◦ Commonwealth Capital \(Bank\)](#) ◦ [◦ Commonwealth Connect \(Bank Treaty\)](#) ◦ ◦



Firmador
Minister

Posts: 2691
Founded: Dec 11, 2012
Ex-Nation

by **Firmador** » Sun Nov 10, 2013 8:34 am

QUOTE

Colonel Sponz's War Office, Bvordsha

Gregor laughed slightly at the note, "I surely hope these aren't from your economics department*. Let me repeat myself, 'with a guarantee that all strikers (or those in industries more sensitive for Austoria) will have bread in their stomachs. The money, however, will be somewhat useless until stores open (or black markets?). So we could trade in goods like wood, milk, cotton, silver or fish.', bread will be the relatively expensive import but food also only makes up a portion a total gross expenditure. Adding on to the fact that we can purchase in large bulk, cutting measures. It is true, however, that after a week or two (which should hopefully be enough) if your domestic agriculture producers are not supportive could make the fund run out of money. Firmador is a producer of gold, but ours is engraved for identification and makes it easy to track back to us. We could expand our assistance, but I would need to talk to my *companeros*. If anything, we could reserve trade in kind for wood, cotton and silver in exchange for your domestic farmers' goods to be given to the striking urbanites."

Gregor angrily shooed away any other ministers that tried to impede on their meeting, if the Chancellor couldn't relay to them what was explain he would prove to be a poor leader regardless. "The point is for them to call the bluff, so that it forces our hand to shut down their CCTV surveillance with a miniaturised public backlash. But, it would also have a disastrous affect in the short term, though your men could likely be raised in the maelstrom."

Gregor leaned back, "Cotton in exchange for education. For refineries? For hospitals? For manufacturing jobs? For open capital markets? For preferential markets twice the size of the Austorian Commonwealth? I don't see this as an uneven exchange, frankly, but perhaps I can do better. We can hand over six de-commissioned destroyers, two medium cruisers and eighteen coastal patrol boats along with one hundred MiG-35s for your as yet non-existent Air Force? As for your 'return', well. We could never actively support you until a declaration of independence is made, but after your declaration is made we would be more than happy to assist you in expansion. It would need to be tempered by international opinion, we don't want your state to become a Pariah out of the gate, but with so much going on it does leave openings."

Gregor sighed, he understood the practical difference of long-term return on hospitals and schools and even the slow construction of a refinery and the quick cash needed for any war, he then smiled. "Firmador can grant you unlimited capital access, once you declare independence, in terms of unilateral payment transfers or for directly funding your purchase of goods from other countries. This would obviously require a Foreign Financial Office (FFO) but the limits on your ability to fund an army will be largely taken off. We can also tell you we'd be willing to take a haircut of 30% on all bonds directly associated with any conflict, so long as you don't purchase these bonds solely for resale on the international markets for profit." The issue of cotton was obviously a recurring theme, but what more was politics besides compromise?

OOC:

edit

*= "Clearly importations of your domestic textile industry's needs (cotton) would not bar compensation from selling your cotton internationally. Firmador is willing to take a 40% profit margin on our exclusive Bvordshan domestic demand to set up a yearly fund to subsidise export transportation costs of the raw material cotton."



Gallia- wrote:

The difference between stupidity and bravery is often the outcome.



Loufe
Diplomat

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

by **Loufe** » Sun Nov 10, 2013 11:16 am



Krasnoejeroi Town Hall, Krasnoejeroi, Ivanovsburg-Krasnoe Oblast, Loufe

Lieutenant Markovski approached the building with his two bodyguards at his side. The front of the building was adorned with symbols of Marxist reign in Loufe. Red stars were around the door, as well as a hammer and sickle on the archway leading to the main hallway. Markovski walked along the tiled floors of the hallway, his footsteps echoing in the room. A pair of guards were stationed at the door leading to the main area, they opened it up for him on command. The interior of the Meeting Area was all ready for the Global Summit that would occur in a few hours. Tables already had tags on them, reading, "Representative from Rhodesea", "Representative from Gillenor", to read a few.

The summit would begin, now.



New Panti
Minister

Posts: 2094
Founded: Nov 28, 2012
Ex-Nation

by **New Panti** » Sun Nov 10, 2013 3:32 pm



Capitol Building, Kemtatus, New Panti

President James Farragut sat in his office as the sun set behind the neon-lit city in the windows behind him. He was tired and weary of the trouble plaguing the nation. Intervention in South Rothinzil was draining the military's resources and war weariness was starting to show in the large cities, with protests and one riot already having taken place. One lamp lit the dim room as a knock on the door drew him out of his trance.

"Come in, please."

One of the guards by the door opened it and in walked Colonel Baxter Darklit, leader of the Air Force.

"Ah Colonel, how can I help you?" James asked.

"You look tired sir, we could talk tomorrow, if you would like." Darklit said.

"No, I'm fine. Now, what is it?"

"Well sir, as you know, diplomatic relations throughout Panessos have been souring for some time now, and we in the military fear that we will soon become involved in the coming war." Baxter explained.

"And?" Farragut inquired.

"General James and I would like to begin readying the Domestic Defense Force and begin deploying troops into large cities, such as Kemtatus and New Chelmsford."

"Is that all?"

"We would also like to run drone recon flights above nearby countries to ensure none are plotting against us or anything of the like."

James sighed. "The people aren't gonna like this, the nation already is protesting against our involvement in South Rothinzil."

"Sir, with all due respect, ignoring our situation in Panessos would be suicide for New Panti as a whole. Whether the people want us to or not, we need to do this to ensure the safety of the nation."

"Alright, I'll allow it." James replied. He leaned over his desk towards Baxter. "But don't make me regret my decision."

"Thank you, sir."

With that said, Baxter got up and walked towards the door. He opened it and walked out.

James stood up and stretched his back before sitting back down and opening his laptop.

In gladio et in tenebris.

Proud member of the [Transversal Red Cross](#) and [Blue Shield Security Council](#).

[Factbook and Tracker](#)

[DEFCON](#)



Silverfield
Attaché

Posts: 89
Founded: Jul 07, 2013
Ex-Nation

by Silverfield » Sun Nov 10, 2013 4:36 pm



Bonus Chapter: A Simple Man
The Office of Prime Minister Nathan J. Olander the Third
Bundestag Building, Hassenburg, Silverfield
02:43 Local Time

It was late, even by his standards, but something was on Olander's mind once more. He was a cynical man at times but the reality was that he just cared too much for his own good. He had spent the last 3 hours in his office reading newspapers and reports across the country. International news was limited at times due to the highly xenophobic nature that started making strides in the land. Olander knew that it was mostly his own fathers fault for that line of thinking when he ordered complete neutrality in several conflicts in the region of Winterfell and the outside world.

Olander sighed as he looked over several reports in the region of Panesso. Things were heating up rather quickly and in only the past week it was starting to really boil. Political marriage, military coups, it was the making of another Great War. Olander was wondering what would happen if everything continued as such, would WMD's be exchanged, would more revolts and possibly more psychotic folk try and take the reins, dragging more into the conflict? That was what he pondered. Deep in though he had not noticed the door to his office open. From the hallway, his aide walked in.

"Nathan, Elizabeth is calling." her honeyed voice was hinted with exhaustion as well, which was evident by how she looked too. Her military dress uniform was unbutton slightly and wrinkled from the constant work she had been doing most of the night. She would never have thought that taking a desk job was harder then actual military duty, but working for the Prime Minister was no easy feat. He was a very demanding man. Controlling and coordinating everything from the foreign policy to the lunch menus of the schools he was overworked. He had some opponents in the House of Commons, but the people loved him for all he and his family did.

"I'm sorry, tell her that I will be home as soon as I can." Olander replied rather unenthusiastic. The aide could tell that Olander was stressed, for he had that same "*the whole world is on my shoulders*" look anytime conflict arose, which was every few days it seemed anymore

"Sir, I know that you feel obligated to playing the White Knight, but if you would please go home and tend to your wife." the aide said walking briskly behind the desk and putting her hands on Olander's shoulders. One thing she knew about her boss was that he always needed a bit of a push to get him moving, "I'll get things in order for you when you come in later today."

Olander turned and looked up at her, "Elena, if not for the fact I was a happily married man."

"I know," she said taking a step back allowing him to scoot his chair out and stand up. ", but then I would be keeping you from the love of your life."

"Sounds rather childish when you say it like that." Olander says with a chuckle. His tired eyes brighten once more, allowing Elena to smile a bit wider. He takes his coat from the back of his chair and grabs his keys from this desk drawer. "I want you to get me Hauptmann Karl Krekoff of the 202nd Spezialeinheit Regiment, Großadmiral Ellis Vanhouser and his Oberstabsbootsmann Nastasja Dietrich, and the lads from 5th Grenadiers Regiment. I want them in my office at 16:00 hours. Parliament mustn't catch wind of this, I don't want anything fowling up before I can cover bases." taking a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, he turns back around toward Elena.

"Anyone else? Should I get anyone else? Like the men from the 101st? they are personally loyal to you as well?" Elena says, moving closer to Olander pulls a cigarette from the pack, pulling out a lighter

from her pocket. She flicks it twice until a flame emits from the lighter.

"Yes, but that is all for now." he says sticking the end in the flames, allowing his cigarette to light. He takes a couple puffs and turns to the door.

"Goodnight Elena." he walks toward the open door, ready for the short drive back home.

"Good**MORNING** Nathan." she says in a rather singsong tone. He waves his hand in goodbye and out the door he went.

Political Compass

Economic **Left**/Right: -4.25

Social **Libertarian**/Authoritarian: -1.49

My Response:yup that's what I was afraid of.... words and numbers. Don't let a statistic judge who you are just keep doing what feels right for yourself and your country...unless its to bomb mine, go find something else to do, like play Russian Roulette with a harpoon gun or listen to Justin Bieber, they both will kill you.



Feroxi
Ambassador

Posts: 1410
Founded: Apr 27, 2013
Ex-Nation

Small-Talk

by **Feroxi** » Sun Nov 10, 2013 5:24 pm



Enceri (Feroxi Capital)

Downtown

POV: High King Sev Marec

High King Sev Marec walked the streets of down-town Enceri, like any other normal Feroxi civilian enjoying his or her weekend. He wore a simple outfit consisting of faded blue jeans, solid black combat boots, a short sleeved shirt, and a dark grey kevlar jacket. He strolled past several businesses, the shopkeepers greeting him like a well-cherished family friend. The High King had no guards with him, no secret service, for no true Feroxi would dare try to assassinate him in cold-blood. It was not his people's way to deceive their own, they were blunt with each other; if someone wanted to challenge his rule, he would know. Furthermore, though the High King was a highly cherished position, the Feroxi could live just fine without one. The only reason they made such a position was for morale purposes, and to help coordinate war efforts- that, and to keep the clans from bickering amongst themselves.

Sev made his usual rounds, browsing some merchant's wares, and then set off for his favorite cantina, the Tihaar. The Tihaar was the oldest cantina in Ferox, and was known to be the informal meeting place of many esteemed Feroxi such as clan leaders and corporate big-wigs. He approached the ancient establishment, and inhaled the savory aroma of herbs and spices. He walked through the wooden double doors, and was immediately called over to a large round table by a familiar voice.

At the table sat Jun Hoka (CEO of Aranov Armories), Sintas Vel (Feroxi Colonel), and Varrick Skirata, (Chieftain of Clan Skirata). As Sev took a seat, Varrick gave him a strong pat on the back and said, "How are you, son? Jun has some interesting news he wanted to tell 'ya." Sev gave a light grin and said, "I've been doing well- and he does, does he? Let's hope this news is in our favor, eh?" Jun nodded, "Oh, it damn well is! We're receiving quite the steady flow of income from that Gbantish boy- Nathan, was it?" Sintas piped in, "Anyway, we're getting quite the build up of Credits, what the hell are we going to do with them?"

Sev thought for a minute, "Well, we could use a boost to our defense budget. Are you up to bringing out some new products, Jun?" Jun nodded, "Always." Sintas then said, "There's also another problem..." Varrick rolled his eyes, "There's always a negative with you." She let that snide comment slide, "Even though this cash flow is great, what if Nathan becomes too powerful? We are giving him a lot of things- things that are usually normally don't have the restraint to use rationally." Sev chuckled, "You think I haven't thought of that? We'll observe, and if we feel he's getting a little off his rocker, we pull out.

Simple enough." **Sev knew it wasn't as simple as that, and that these were dark, troubling times for Panessos. But he had to reassure his people- and himself.**

Last edited by [Feroxi](#) on Sun Nov 10, 2013 9:12 pm, edited 2 times in total.

"One is to be admired for rebuilding thy self, not judged."
- The Self Proclaimed Master of Forum Chivalry

NationStates' resident knight in not-so shining armor.



Mizrad
Senator

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

☐ by [Mizrad](#) » Mon Nov 11, 2013 9:41 am



Liberty Square, New Boston, Mizrad
DAY 7, 09:30 HOURS, 10/19/13
President Ryan West
"Rise to the Cause" Speech

Walking down a long corridor to the balcony where he will make his speech, President Ryan West eyes the paintings of former Mizradian leaders as he thinks of what his lead intelligence agent had told him about what had happened in Loufe. The talks of how Mizrad was a dictatorship and how the country was unjust, Ryan was about to prove those talks wrong. Arriving at the end of the hallway to see a painting of himself, he grins. Pushing open the doors to an awaiting balcony with microphones set up right alongside other government officials, he steps up to the microphones and clears his throat. Something that had rarely ever happened before in a Mizradian presidential speech was an all-out, right on the spot make up of what to say. Fortunately, Ryan's amazing ability to do such a thing is what helped put him in office. Now, he was going to use it again to not only save his presidency, but all of Mizrad. With silence all around and nobody really cheering him on, he begins just that much more motivated.

"My fellow Mizradians, I'm sure you may not all like the choices my cabinet and I have made in the past. Decisions to do things such as intervene in Xong Pong or raise the taxes to place money in the spiritual sector have angered you all and done so for good reason. Good ahead and vote me out of office if you would like, if I'm not fit to be your president then so be it. Though before you do that, hear me; this isn't me coming to you begging for votes, it's me coming to you with information of the coming storm and how to prepare for it. This storm consists of all of Mizrad collapsing beneath us!"

This was something everybody in the crowd didn't expect but, Ryan would use that anger and confusion to get his flow going and turn those emotions into pride and thoughts of avenging Mizrad.

"Last night, Loufe held their annual Slavic Union March. Here, they called us a "Dictatorship" and spoke about how they would rule Panessos! In the Sea of Ghant, many fleets of ships have begun attacks on each other with our own ships in the area! To the south in Trenaria, former Tesseria has collapsed and turned into a single state of the former country trying to pick up the pieces! Over in Mizrad-Rhodesea, revolts run rampant throughout the surrounding countries! The Emperor of Ghant himself is on his way to invade Gillenor, whilst his country is destroyed at home! All of this, will one day lead up to violence in Mizrad! Sure, we may live and ride it out although at what cost!? How simple would it be for some nation to steam roll over us in our current state! Our nation is divided, why!? Why must neighbor draw blood upon his neighbor when they could be working together to make Mizrad a better place! We were once the diamond of this world yet look where we are now! Maybe it was because of me, or was it you? Or was it all of us choosing to do something for ourselves instead of something for everybody! To regain our status as the power of the region, we must become one instead of many!"

By now, the massive crowd was growing. Nobody had begun to cheer or anything yet, although questions were rising as to whether or not he was right. To Ryan's pride, the most common answer was yes.

"Most of you say this government is run by the "Elites" for the corporations, do you really think that is true? Maybe it's YOU! You and your fellow workers choosing to be so stubborn as to strike! You and your families refusing to support us for past mistakes that could be fixed with your help! You and your companies choosing to outsource work instead of handing it the Mizradian people! We must tear these stereotypes from our appearance and throw them to the dogs! Let the past go and move on! If we all put something in, I can promise you we will become the jewel of the planet once more! As a wise man once said *"Do not ask what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country"*!

This time, the people roared in approval. Unlike the usual failures of speeches aimed at the people to step up due to the country's very low amount of patriotism, this one hit home. Whenever something directly threatened Mizrad, the entire population would put past differences aside to help their fellow man and throw a punch at the common enemy. That was exactly what West had planned to exploit, and just like he had planned it worked. Now, all of Mizrad was crying for war against those who dared touch the free and democratic nation. Across the country, production rates would steadily grow and numbers of companies outsourcing work would near instantly drop. Finally after all the years of despair, Mizrad was finally starting to act like Mizrad again.

Southern Borneo, Trenaria
DAY 6, 15:34 HOURS, 10/18/13
Joint Mizradian/CLI PMC Operation
OPERATION SOUTHERN TROUBLE

Only immediately after the words came out of his mouth did Greg realize how much of an ass he sounded like. Awaiting Penton to finish up speaking, the ambassador near instantly steps in with a response.

"My sincere apologies for sounding a bit too offensive there, I realized to late I sounded too rude and wrong. Although I can agree you are on the right track and may soon be a very fine country, we can help speed that process up. With our help you may grow into a super power far faster than you would think. I can assure you that with the support of our military specialists willing to train you and a hefty amount of money, Borneo will soon be the equivalent of any other first world nation out there."

MNS *Harry Michael Ryte*, 150 Miles Off the Coast of Gillenor
DAY 7, 01:05 HOURS, 10/19/13
1st Mizradian Special Detachment Group
OPERATION INFERNO RISING

Pulling the slide back on his M45A1 as he cleans the now exposed internals of the weapon with a cloth, John Turner recites the Eminem's *Infinite* aloud in a rather quiet tone in his cabin room on the *Harry Michael Ryte*. Despite his attempts for nobody to really hear him, Greene could tell what he was doing from across the hall in his room. Opening the door, Allen heads over to see what John is up to. Turning to his right, he can tell that Greene is coming. Letting go of the slide, the steel slides forward with an audible "Clack" as it locks into place. Placing the pistol down on his bed, John awaits Allen to say something.

"That's the fourth time you cleaned and checked everything you have on this ship in the past few hours alone, get some sleep for God's sake."

Turner grins, not only because Allen knew he was agnostic and made as much religious references as possible but also because they were both aware of one thing: John near never slept until he was 100% positive everything is ready to go in the morning. So with these thoughts on their minds, Turner responds.

"You know I don't sleep Greene, especially with what's going on right now."

Something reached out of the darkness and struck him in the face. "You will speak. Or I will make things very painful for you."

Martin didn't say anything for awhile, not wanting to give them any information. He was beaten, and they pulled out all of his finger and toe nails. He didn't know how long that went on, but it seemed like awhile.

Another voice emerged from the darkness. "Enough. Cut this shit out." The voice then turned to Martin. "I will cut you a deal, boy. Just tell me your name, and this will be put to an end."

Martin spoke Regalian poorly, but he tried anyway. "My name is Martin".

The voice of the torturer went out to the other man. "Shit, he isn't Regalian, is he?"

"No, you idiot, he clearly is not. I bet he is Ghantish."

"Ghantish? But they didn't join this war..."

"Look at him. I bet he is Ghantish. Check out his eyes."

A small flashlight came on. There was a man, clean shaven with slicked back hair, in uniform. He opened Martin's right eye, and put the flashlight close, and looked into his eye. He turned off the flashlight, and darkness took over again.

He pulled back and yelled at the other man. "Holy shit, that is the deepest shade of blue I have ever seen."

"I told you, dumbass, he is Ghantish. Don't hurt him...too bad. He might be valuable."

The voice focused on Martin again. "Ok, boy, tell us who you are. No more harm will come to you."

Martin trusted this voice. "My name is Martin, Prince of Dakmoor, son of Malibar, Lord Paramount of Dakmoor."

The voice lashed out at the torturer. "You fucking idiot! You just spent 3 days torturing a Prince of Ghant! I should have you whipped and put in chains, dumbass."

"How was I supposed to know, General?"

"Hmm, he is tall with dark hair, deep blue eyes and pale skin. Typical Ghantman. God you are so stupid. But it does not matter now. The world cannot know that we did this to him. Ghant will make us burn for this. They think he is dead. Let's keep it that way."

Martin hollered. "Don't kill me, please!"

The voice replied. "Oh, we won't kill you, boy. You are much to valuable for that. We will keep you alive, while the rest of the world thinks you dead."

The same voice barked an order. "Take him to the Catacombs. Nobody will go looking for him down there."

And so it was, that Prince Martin of Dakmoor spent every day of five years in the Catacombs of Cordia. They brought him food and drink daily for awhile, and then it became every other day, then a few times a week, then once a week. It seemed like they would only check to see if he was still alive. The days eventually ran together, it was one long string of darkness. Martin lost track of time, and his mind. He thought about ending his life everyday. He cried, clawed at himself, ate rats raw, and pulled out his own hair.

He replayed memories in his head, in an attempt to stay sane. He remembered everything. All the bedtime stories his mother told him

growing up, playing with his older sister Sophia and younger brother Michael, climbing the highest spire in Nightstar, and staring at the stars and night, and watching the mist float off of the mountains. The sound of the Waterfalls in Dakar. Riding through the Reach as a volunteer lawman, bringing justice to criminals and thugs attempting to escape justice in the wildest parts of Ghant. Playing games with Emperor Nathan, his best friend...

The memories that he relieved the most were the ones involving Tsuni Yousloff. They didn't like each other at first. Martin teased her and treated her like girl, and she didn't like that- at first. Every Ghantish gentleman knows how to treat a lady, and all ladies get treated the same, even the proud Gillenorians. One night, without really thinking about it, it just kind of happened. She was so beautiful, he realized that night. He reached for the kiss and took it. The rest was history.

The thought that she might be out there somewhere, waiting for him, and not believing that he was dead, made him fight on, and resist the abyss that sucked at him every moment of every day.

He remembered his argument with Nathan, the one that made him decide to join the Gillenorian Foreign Legion in the first place. One night, he found Sophia crying in a room of the Palace of Dakar. "Sophia, what is wrong? Why do you cry?"

"Martin, I am sorry. I carry such a great burden. I did something that I regret sorely."

"What did you do, sister. You can tell me."

"Nathan...I..."

"What?"

"...I...slept with him."

Martin was furious. "What? Have you told anyone else?"

"I attended the royal ball for celebration of his 10 year anniversary of ascending the throne, and we danced. We were talking, and drinking, and then...it happened. Nobody else knows besides you."

"Did he take advantage of you, Sophia? Tell me now."

"I let him, Martin. I have always had feelings for him. I want to be with him. But I don't know how, Martin. I don't know how to love him."

"What are you talking about, sister?"

"I am not ready for it all. I am not ready to be Empress. I can't handle the pressure, the spotlight, the responsibility. He even asked me to be his Empress. I got so scared, that I ran away from him. I didn't even look back. I am too young. I want to enjoy my life, but I want to be with him too. I don't know what to do." She was sobbing.

"Sophia, don't worry about a thing. Nobody is making you do anything. If anything, the Nathan is madly in love with you. If you are truly worth it to him, then he will wait for you, for when you are ready to accept the Empress's crown. There is no need to rush. Maybe you should see other people too. There are plenty of fish in the sea."

"Martin, you are right. I will do that. Thank you."

Martin drove to Ghish later that night. He marched straight into the Imperial Palace, he was on the list of people who could come and go as they pleased. He walked to Nathan's personal quarters. "Nathan, its Martin. I need to talk to you, now."

Nathan didn't look so good. "Hey Martin, what's up?"

"...Sophia told me what happened the other night."

Nathan grew wide-eyed. "I am sorry, Martin. I couldn't help myself."

"You better be sorry. She was crying, Nathan. I can't believe you. That is my sister!"

"It was...consensual."

"Consensual? You took advantage of her! I thought you were my friend, you are like a brother to me."

"Martin, I love Sophia, more than anything. I want to be with her, and I want her to be my Empress. I thought that she felt the same way. The opportunity presented itself for me to express my feelings for her, and I...took it. The fact that she doesn't feel the same way...crushes me."

Martin grabbed Nathan and pinned him against the wall. "You don't love her, Nathan. You merely want to use her, for your own selfish reasons. Let her live her life. She is going through University and all. There are things that she wants to do with her life. Let her go."

Nathan pushed him away. "Fuck you, Martin. You don't want her to be with me! She is confused. The pressure is great, I am sure. You cannot handle me overshadowing you, can you?"

"Are you kidding me? Nathan, you are so insecure..."

Nathan was screaming. "You always get the things in life that I want, that I deserve! You get off on that, don't you? That's why you turned her away from me!"

"No, you turned her away yourself, Nathan. You are bitter, self-entitled, and possessive."

Nathan began to cry, but he did his best to hold it back. "What do I have to do, Martin? Am I not good enough for her, am I unworthy of her love? What must I do? I would do anything, Martin. Must I conquer the world, for her to love me?"

"No Nathan. Just walk a day in someone else's shoes. She has needs too, thoughts and feelings. Instead of asking what you must do, ask what she wants, needs and deserves."

"I don't know what she wants, Martin. I don't know what anybody wants. I need your help."

"No, I am done helping you. I have become your crutch. As usual, I have to clean up the messes you leave behind. I'm done, Nathan. I don't want to deal with this shit anymore."

"You can't leave. I need you!"

"No you don't. You need to figure shit out, Nathan. I am leaving for Gillenor in a few days, to join their Foreign Legion. People suffer and die in the world, and I mean to do something about it. Not waste away here and wipe your ass for you."

Martin turned and walked away. "Fine, go. Don't come back, asshole." Was all he heard Nathan say, as his voice faded away.

All of these memories haunted him, like ghosts from his past. There were many things he wished he could have done differently, things he could have said, but didn't. Those were the things that hurt him the most.

The day Kruger and his friend came for him, he thought it was time for him to die. That was all he wanted, a release. When Kruger offered him a way out, to freedom, he took it, still thinking it was a dream.

The first time he had seen the light- it blinded him. He could not see in it. He had not bathed in five years, so the first thing the Rhodeseans did was give him a long, hot bath. And then he got to brush his teeth for the first time in 5 years. They didn't look good- the sight of them was horrifying. He had such nice teeth too.

He used to be tall, healthy, strong and handsome. There was still a glimmer of that now. The catacombs had been rough on him, but overall, he thought he still looked good. He believed that he could get back to his old form in time.

They offered him a lot of water. He drank it all. Then came the steak and potatoes. It was the best thing he had ever eaten. It was gone in an instant. He got a chance to walk around and get adjusted to life again, although nobody answered any of his questions. He slept in a bed that night. It was hard for him at first, since he was so used to sleeping on the ground.

The next day was more or less the same. So was the day after that. Then, on the fourth day, it was time to go to the plane, behind the palace. He slept most of the flight. When he woke up, they were entering Loufe.

His thoughts wandered back to the present. The door of the plane was open, and the Rhodesean bodyguards assigned to him began to stir. "Its time. Lets go." The Rhodesean bodyguard said. Martin got up. He was wearing his Rhodesean uniform, and grabbed his briefcase.

The Rhodesean bodyguard spoke again. "Remember, don't talk. I will do all the talking. When we get to the limo, keep your mouth shut. When we get to the hotel, keep your mouth shut. When we get to the Conference, keep your mouth shut. No talking, understood?"

Martin nodded his head. "Yes."

Martin couldn't talk, but he could think. He realized that by talking, people could tell that the was not Rhodesean. Whatever scheme was taking place involved everything believing Martin was Rhodesean. Martin remembered what the General said in that dark room 5 years ago- "The world cannot know that we did this to him. Ghant will make us burn for this. They think he is dead. Let's keep it that way." Martin wondered what changed between then and now. He wondered if he was actually going to go home, back to Ghant. He wondered how it was different, how everyone was doing.

He figured that he would find out at this conference- the thought was exciting. Nathan was probably married now, with children- maybe to Sophia, or maybe someone else. He hoped that Sophia had found happiness- maybe she was married to someone that she deserved, and had children. His mother and father were probably enjoying growing older together. Maybe Alexander was Emperor of Gillenor by now, and Tsuni was happy, wherever she was, and whoever she was with. The world would be at peace, and everyone would be happy. In any case, he would find out soon. The thought made Martin smile.

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Tue Nov 12, 2013 2:56 pm, edited 2 times in total.

—  —
Ghant
—  —

Factbook | RP Resume | IIwiki Admin

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

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

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



by [Loufe](#) » Tue Nov 12, 2013 5:39 pm

Somewhere, Pyatsko Oblast, Loufe

EX-NATION

Loufe

Diplomat

Posts: 618

Founded: Aug 20, 2010
Ex-Nation

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

QUOTE

To: Whom It May Concern, Mizradian Federal Govt.
From: Unknown

This will be an act of trust. We are leaking valuable information to you. The Loufenian Govt. is planning to murder 3 of the members of intl. govt. coming to the Global Summit. Do what you want with this information.

Once you succeed in stopping the foul play of the communists, we will meet you outside the building.

EX-NATION

Feroxi

Ambassador

Posts: 1410

Founded: Apr 27, 2013
Ex-Nation

Reformations

by **Feroxi** » Wed Nov 13, 2013 5:39 pm

QUOTE

Enceri (Feroxi Capital)
Victory Square (Downtown)
POV: High King Sev Marec

Here goes nothing. High King Marec began walking towards a set of blood-red curtains. He could hear the roar of voices from behind the two crimson pieces of cloth, some Feroxi chanting his name to the heavens, other's cursing it to the flaming depths of hell. Sev began speed up his pace, and practically charged head on through the pair of curtains like a bull, triumphantly appearing on the other side. As soon as he set foot on the balcony, the roar of thousands of Feroxi slammed into his ear drum with the force of a ground shattering earth quake. On the balcony beside him were his two top advisors, and the chieftain's of the six largest clans. He stood proudly in the middle of the group, and then took a step forward and took his place at the podium.

"Welcome, my fellow son's and daughter's of Ferox! I stand before you today for one reason, and one reason only... to tell you that change is on the horizon! Outside of our borders, the other nation's of Panessos spill each other's blood in the name of expansion. Country's are collapsing one by one, and larger empire's are beginning to take their place in the world. Tell me, my fellow Feroxi, what is keeping our nation from falling to stagnation? From falling to the boot's of another country? From falling to the fiery depths of hell of itself? I'll tell you what is; our people! We Feroxi are strong-willed, our souls filled with the strength, intellect, and courage of our warrior ancestor's! Yet, though our people are strong, our central government is weak. The clans constantly squabble over the tiniest of things, and our home armada's are slowly crumbling into raggedy local militia's- is this what you want? We must unite our clans, into a single collective empire! We will stand as one! Son's and daughter's of Ferox, welcome to a new, united age!"

The crowd of thousands upon thousands roared with approval, and began to chant together, "Kote Feroxi!" They were saying proudly, "Glory to the people!" This, Sev believed, was the true sound of progress.

To: Mizrad Government
From: Ferox Dominion
Encryption: L5 (HIGH)

Greetings, Mizrad.

The newly unified Ferox Dominion would like to propose a mutual alliance, to aid both of our people in these dark times. What do you say, would you like to be the light in the darkness with us?

NOTE: REPLY FOR MORE DETAILS

Last edited by **Feroxi** on Wed Nov 13, 2013 5:47 pm, edited 1 time in total.

"One is to be admired for rebuilding thy self, not judged."
- The Self Proclaimed Master of Forum Chivalry

NationStates' resident knight in not-so shining armor.

EX-NATION

Asasia

Ambassador

Posts: 1338

Founded: Aug 05, 2012
Ex-Nation

by **Asasia** » Thu Nov 14, 2013 6:46 pm

QUOTE

Heidleburgh, Asasia-Pensic Border

The Rhodesean forces made it to the Headquarters in Heidelburgh. Generalfeldmarschall Westfahl was waiting at Fort Hansard for the General of the Rhodesean Forces.

Westfahl was sitting down in his private war room. Several officers lined the walls, on one wall; the large black, red, and white flag of Asasia with the the Black Hawk in the middle, it stared down at the inhabitants of the room. In the middle of the room was a 5x5 meter table with the map of Asasia and Pensalum pinned to it. Little markers littered the map. In the distance, the constant sound of artillery was echoing through the valleys of Western Asasia.

Westfahl eagerly waited for the General, as they had to discuss their battle plans for Pensalum.

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

RPs

Funny Stuff

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

Economic Left/Right: -5.00

Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -2.56

I am a Marxist-Leninist Communist



EX-NATION

Silverfield

Attaché

Posts: 89

Founded: Jul 07, 2013
Ex-Nation

by **Silverfield** » Fri Nov 15, 2013 1:04 am

QUOTE

Bonus Chapter 2: Assembling the Forces

The Home of Ellis Vanhouser

1328 S. Chairman Ave , Hassenburg, Silverfield

03:09 Local Time

The dreams that filled the mind of the over 73 year old Großadmiral were ones that were that of nightmares. He had witnessed many things in his years in the service of the Grand Republic, but one thing was for sure. He was stuck in a state of misery. His tenure as the Head of the Navy's 1st Task Force and for the most part leader of the Maritime Naval Association made him a very important figurehead. The issue for him was that despite his claims, he longed for the days of being a simple Captain on SRN Kessler, a Silverfield-Class Multipurpose Destroyer. He captained that ship for 6 years before it was retired from naval service, but it was his ship. Now his flagship was that of the Olander-Class Nuclear Aircraft Carrier, the SRN Stolz. But that was beside the point, this moment in his dreamscape was devoted to one thing, opening fire on a civilian ship.

"Sir, the radicals are demanding that we pull off." a now faceless uniformed sailor said to Ellis, looking in his prime of 45. They had moved within a thousand meters of the ship, keeping pace very easily.

"They have our people on board so no matter what, we hold." he remarked sternly, his gravely voice he was renowned for echoed on the command deck.

"Your orders Captain?" the sailor operating the radio said in confusion.

"We wait for an opening and send in the MSK and board it." he responded matter-factly

The ship that had been captured by a radical group of Silverfieldian Royalists that longed for the day of the old Royal Silverfield Empire, captured the cruise liner SRC. Tallman along with over 500 passengers of Silverfieldian nationality as well as hundreds of other international persons. For the past 7 hours the ship was under their command, and it was not going to be much longer till the situation was back under control. That was when the nightmare began in earnest.

"Sir! I'm getting reports of gunfire fr....." before anything could be said a large blast shattered the viewing ports on the bridge, ripping

into the superstructure and tossing many of the faceless sailors about the steel floor. Ellis is knocked backwards, finding himself lying prone. His second in command rushes over and attempts to pull him upright as quickly as possible.

"They hit us with a bloody rocket!"

"I can see that!" Ellis screamed, the ringing in his ears causing him pain, but also keeping himself

"How the hell did we not have any Intel on them having heavy ordinance let alone shoulder-fired weapons!" he yells as another rocket impacts the bow of the ship, rocking slightly from the impact.

"Look I don't care! Just get us some distance for gods sake!" Ellis screams back, trying to regain his footing. As his hearing returns he realizes that small arms fire is being exchanged between the radicals and his own crewman. That's when he heard it. Someone opened up with the main gun. The 155mm cannon roared to life, ripping a hole directly into the side of the cruise ship. As if time slowed, the explosion from the shell reacted with something else that was stored on the ship and the rest of it was wrought in two by the resulting series of explosions. Ellis watched as the remaining crew on the bridge attempted to stop the attack, but in under a minute the ship was sank.

"In the name of God happened?" Ellis said in shock, looking over the wreckage of the bridge.

"Threat neutralized, I repeat threat neutralized." one of the radio operators said a tone of happiness in his voice. Ellis was in shock still, but the dream began to distort, sparing him the rest of that grisly scene. He stirred to the sounds of a phone ringing. In a hushed tone he thank whatever being decided to wake him from that nightmare. He reached and took the phone from the receiver, "Vanhouster residence." he said with a bit of yawn in his voice.

"This is Elena, aide of Prime Minister Olander." she said as professionally as possible for it being after 3:00 in the morning.

"Dear I said this before," Ellis said slightly laughing as he continued "anytime after 2000 hours I stop giving a shit about decorum and protocol, out with it."

"Oh...um...Nathan wants you and your Oberstabsbootsmann in his office at 1600 hours."

"For what reason this time?" he replied in a rather tired tone, realizing what idiocy was already in store for him.

"Well, he doesn't want the Parliament to know..." Elena said rather nervously.

"I get it," he said with a sigh, "I'll be sure to be there on time."

"Good, well then I have to make other calls." Elena says with a sigh of relief.

"Other calls?" this time Ellis was genuinely confused. *What was Olander planning this time?* he thought.

Elena's tone change right back to nervous again, "Oh yes, I need to contact several others to inform of the meeting."

"I swear if he plans to invade a Korean Side dish again, I'll kill him." Ellis said gruffer at the thought of another horrible idea of trying to make a name for the Republic as well as break the isolationist policy that were set in place.

Taken aback along with her voice shaking slightly she replied, "Don't you mean the Kimchi Island incident?"

"Goodnight Elena." he said, guff tone with a slight bit more annoyance in his voice.

"Good morning Großadmiral." she said quickly and hung up the phone.

"Smartass." Ellis said as he place the phone back on the hook. Try as he might, but sleep was something that he was not going to be getting any of for the rest of the morning.

**Fort Springfield, 5th Grenadiers
A205 Barracks, Dressden, Silverfield
04:56 Local Time**

It was the start of a new day....for some. In one groups case it was the end of one long night of carousing, of merriment, and finally a court marshal if they were found out.

"Just keep quite and they wont notice we left the base." one man wearing Hawaiian shirt says. He was nervous all right and his shaking baritone voice was evident of that very quickly.

"Then stop talking already!" the other man retorted, he himself was in all but a pair of dirty shorts and a gray undershirt. Where his shoes where, not even he could say.

"Shhhh!" the other, a not so memorably different young man quietly. They were slowly moving toward the far fence where they constantly sneak out ever few night to catch a drink and a movie. It had just been another of those nights, but this time it lasted just a bit too long. With dawn approaching and inspections looming on the horizon they had to hurry. That is if not for the fact that a particular tall and indifferent looking Oberstleutnant waiting patiently for there imminent return.

"Verdammt noch mal! " the three of them respond.

"Unteroffizier Rommel, Gefreiter Olmaus and Helmut?" the Oberstleutnant ask very coldly as they approached.

"Yes Sir, I'm Unteroffizier Rommel, Sir." the man in the Hawaiian shirt replied, all the while he and the rest of the men had instinctively snapped to attention. The Oberstleutnant paced around the three, slowing examining them, while nervously they awaited his reprimand and what else was in store for his actions.

Just the Oberstleutnant stare was enough to freeze even the devil himself into a solid ice statue, but he handed Rommel a piece of paper in an envelope, "you have a long trip to Hassenburg, your orders are in the envelope."

Rommel, confused as hell, looked blankly at the officer, "um, Sir its only 3 hours from here, Sir."

"By car.....is it not." this time however, the Oberstleutnant stare was accompanied by a creeping smile.

"...um yes Sir." Rommel replied, his body stiffening. the smile on the Oberstleutnant face broaden, as if he was contemplating where to bury the bodies.

"Who said anything about you driving?" the officer walked up to Rommel, placing his hands on his shoulders. The smile on his face peaked, finally bearing teeth, his focus solely on Rommel. With a quick movement he turns Rommel around and pushes him gently to get him moving, "besides, no drinking and driving allowed."

The three men ran as if on the Wings of Mercury westward toward the coastal capital of the country, the whole time Rommel his mind continued to repeat the following sentence, *the bringer of darkness is among us!*

**District Highway 84, 15 miles Outside Dressden
Dressden, Silverfield
07:06 Local Time**

Rolling down the highway at over 65 miles an hour goes one of the Silverfield Heer's Mowag Eagle. It was in standard Military drab-green, but the most distinctive feature on the vehicle was that it was marked with the 101st's distinctive Wolf's Head emblem, the badge of the affectionately nicknamed the "Big Bad Wolves." This particular vehicles purpose was to take a small group of men from that same regiment out to the city of Hassenburg for a high level meeting with the Prime Minister.

"So what did the Kompaniechef say about the orders?" Gefreiter Kinsmen asked, his youth betrayed by the sing-song tone of his rather high pitched voice. Turning his head to the passenger beside him as he drove.

The man in charge of the 4 men was Gruppenführer Whittler, a rather unassuming man, but was a vocal man when it came to his Gruppe, "We are to meet with the Prime Minister at his office at 1600 hours."

"So, what are we going to be doing till then?" Soldat 1st Class Torgison asked, his voice muffled slightly by the re-breather he seemed to always wear.

"That means we have R&R, correct Whittler?" the last of the group, Soldat 1st Class Perri asked nudging his friend and squad leader in the arm.

"Sounds like a good idea....wait." Kinsmen said, confusion in his tone caused each of the fellow squad mates to perk up. The young Gefreiter's attention was on something ahead of them.

"Whats wrong?" Whittler asked, concern tone in his voice raising.

"Um, I think I see the guys from the 5th just up the road." Torgison answered, binoculars out and staring down the road ahead of them.

"You sure its them?" Perri responded, attempting to move closer from his back seat position to get a better view.

"For that matter how can you tell?" Perri says scratching his head.

"Its the Hawaiian shirt isn't it?

As the drive closer, the three man team that from the 5th Grenadiers comes ever closer into view, "Yep that's them all right." Whittler says, sighing at the end of his remark.

As if on Que, Rommel, Olmaus and Helmut begin to wave them down, hoping for a pickup to Hassenburg a little over an hour and a half away, by car that is.

"Might as well be nice, if anything they are in the same boat as us." Whittler said with a sigh.

"Roger that." Kinsman says as he slows up and pulls off to the shoulder. In moments of coming to a complete stop. The exhausted forms of Rommel, Olmaus, and Helmut collapse in the back of the Mowag. Not a second later the Mowag start rolling again.

Whittler turns around and raises an eyebrow at the disheveled appearance of the three men, "So, ran all the way?"

"....Yeah." Helmut responded first, his body lying limp in the cramp cargo area.

"fucking devil...."Rommel seconded

"I actually liked the run." Olmaus said, painting slightly.

Whittler shook his head as the other moaned in annoyance, "Well I

take it your headed to Hassenburg?"

"A meeting with the Prime Minister." Olmaus replies

"Yeah, orders our here if you want to confirm." Rommel says holding up the opened envelope.

"And this is why we have security breaches." Torgison says under his breath, which only exacerbated the already difficult time it took to understand him.

Whitter turned his head slightly to look directly at Torgison and glared, "Can it, lets just get driving."

**Office of Elena Kirkpatrick, Head Secretary
Bundestag Building, Hassenburg, Silverfield
09:14 Local Time**

"You've reached the voice mail of Karl Kerkoff, leave your name and number and I will return your call as soon as I can."
the automated message says, moments later a audible beep emits signaling that phone was recording a message.

Without pause Elena begins, "Hello this it a call from the Office of Prime Minister Olander. The Prime Minister has request that you appear for a meeting at 1600 hours today at Parliament . Please make sure to attend, but if you can please contact the office back to confirm that the message is received, please do so. Thank you." finishing quickly.

That was the last person that she had to make sure got the message. With a sigh she leans backwards in her chair. Her own desk clutter with books full of contact numbers and files on each of the people attending. Medical, background, all the standard fair, but the thing that was also on the desk were court-marshal papers for them as well. She knew that it was just in cause whatever was being planed could not backfire on the country, and sadly the people that she contacted probably will realize this pretty early. She rolls her chair out and stands straight up, now it was her turn to leave. She had just about pulled a 24 hour shift again, for the 3rd time this week, but it felt good to know she was able to get some sleep before the meeting.

"This is going to be interesting!" she thought to herself, walking briskly out of her office and down the hall to the exit.

Political Compass

Economic **Left**/Right: -4.25

Social **Libertarian**/Authoritarian: -1.49

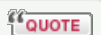
My Response:yup that's what I was afraid of.... words and numbers. Don't let a statistic judge who you are just keep doing what feels right for yourself and your country...unless its to bomb mine, go find something else to do, like play Russian Roulette with a harpoon gun or listen to Justin Bieber, they both will kill you.



Epraria
Postmaster of the Fleet

Posts: 20382
Founded: Oct 06, 2012
Ex-Nation

by **Epraria** » Fri Nov 15, 2013 7:37 am



outside of Berja

Hernan blinked as the artillery fired at the Raven's positions at the other side of the river. He and the rest of his unit where part of the Operation to try and cross the Morilla river and attack the Raven's forces from the rear and hopefully surround Berja making an victory in the city itself easier. He was glad he didn't need to fight the enemy up front like the MBT's, APC's and Infantry had to do. No Hernan's job was simple to blow up as much enemy forces as possible from his safe distance. Of course the enemy could return fire but Hernan felt safer than the Infantry at least.

Hernan and his company soon fired another volley though and to Hernan's annoyance he missed his designated target as it moved out of the way of the artillery shell. He could soon see that his allies on the Front line had managed to get a foothold on the other side of the

river and where engaging any hostile's with moderate success.

Soon however luck went against him and the last thing he saw was an missile headed his way before it hit his artillery truck destroying it and killing Hernan.

In south Epraria the Government is launching Operation Matador. Its goal is to capture most of the blood ravens forces in south Epraria so that an invasion of Vellize can take place. Currently over the other fronts heavy fighting is around Berja, Sagrario and Posadas for control of the cities and Guerrilla attacks are becoming more and more common.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

TO: Premier Churchill's office, New London Capital Building
From: President Pedro Gonzales's Office, Arastos.
Encryption: Very High.

Epraria would be thankful if we gained the support from such an honorable nation as your's and we hope that with your support that the Fascist rebels will be defeated and order restored to Epraria.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: Unidentified nation.
FROM: Roberto Elviro leader of Los Cuervos de Sangre.
Encryption: Very High.

I would love to talk with you about strategic joint objectives in our nation. I will not be able to attend to a meeting though and i will want the meeting to take place in Villasilos though. I hope that this meeting can bring forth an cooperation between us for the better good of Panessos.

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

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

[political compass](#) [Sig memes](#) [apartment](#)

Founding Member of LAVMEO

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



Cquactar
Secretary

Posts: 32
Founded: Nov 05, 2013
Ex-Nation

Change in the Mist

by **Cquactar** » Fri Nov 15, 2013 2:17 pm

QUOTE

Chimeran Palace Hanland, Cquactar

Silence. Statues silently stood, rays of light pierced the skylights, the marble floors shun and the flags of Cquactar lined the hallway, each bearing the personal mark of the kings past and present. Nothing stirred. The solace of silence was broken by the echoing of footsteps, resonating in the lonely hallways.

King Tiber anxiously sat at his mahogany table, awaiting the arrival of the military entourage. His son, the rightful heir to the throne; 19 year old Quintus Tiber sat by him. The King sat in silence with his hands on his chin, while his son to his great annoyance tapped his fingers on the table. The King brought up his silk napkin, coughing violently into it; Quintus spied the blood dotted on the napkin and sighed. "Father you'r sick, for the gods sake you must visit the doctor." King Tiber calmly folded up the napkin and placed it back into his side pocket "its nothing son, only a mild cold."

The stubbornness of his father was something to hate, and admire. Quintus loved his father, no doubt about it; yet he hated the way his father ruled. For years he made Cquactar lay still, not making a move; lazily watching Panessos as time went by, not daring to make a move, or to become involved in a affair. The great Lion lay in his cave, hiding from the world, shutting his ears and eyes from whats going on; a coward? maybe. However Quintus had other pursuits, the

bedtime stories his mother or father told him, of great heroes such as Marian Tiber or the Gold Knight; from the conquests of King Uriel Tiber to the discoveries of Raynaes Wellington these stories inspired Quintus. It was an eternity since Cquactar was a power, holding lands half a world away, massing vast armies to crush its enemies, led by brave and courageous leaders; but since then Cquactar has been weak. Everyday of his childhood, little Quintus would be caught gazing at the mural of Panessos in the Council Chambers, sitting there silently. His ambitions were grande, visions of rebuilding Cquactar to the glory of past; make Cquactar the whisper of peoples words worldwide.

The doors burst open, two guards rushed in and held the heavy Oak doors open for the highly decorated officials and officers to enter. Each man found himself a seat around the table, all opening briefcases and taking out papers.

"Whats the first order of business today, gentlemen." said King Tiber weakly.

"My liege, a bomb has detonated outside an Army barracks in Elizabethtown; killing a sentry and injuring fifteen other personnel. The National Liberation Front of Isla de Cocos has claimed responsibility an hour ago."

The king passively stared at the table.

"My liege, we must act."

"My liege, I must oppose, we must negotiate with these brigands." retorted the representative from the Isla de Cocos.

"Negotiate? with brigands? that's daft." answered the general rudely.

A commotion broke out in the conference room, with words going back and forth. The officials talked over each other, discussing and shooting ideas down. Quintus sighed and looked over to his father, noticing that the King still sat passively staring at the table.

"Father?"

A single drop of blood dropped on the table from the kings mouth. Suddenly the King slumped his head onto the table. A silence broke on the room, all words had stopped, all stared in shock. A cold chill moved on into room, Quintus stood and walked over to his father cautiously, placing his hands on the Kings shoulders. "Father?" repeated Quintus, to no avail. The prime minister jumped and ran to the telephone, urgently phoning for medical personnel, the minister of education sprang for the door and called for the guards. Within moments royal guards flooded the room, hurrying ministers and officials out; making space for the palaces medical staff. Quintus felt the cold of his fathers skin chill, he shook his father over and over, repeating the words "Father!". He just gave up and fell to his knees, staring at his fathers face with bewildered eyes. Medical staff rushed to the King, hurriedly checking for vital signs. Two of the guardsmen walked over to Quintus offering to help him up. He ignored their words, the world had gone quite around him, the shock of this all hit him, before he came back to his senses he was already being hauled off by the guardsmen; barely gazing at furthering door of the conference room before his world went dark.

King Tiber, the eight of his name, King of Cquactar, The Protector of the Tiberian People was dead.

Glory to the Kingdom, and Long Live the King!

"Cquactar can into space, goddammit!" -Last words of King Staephan
"Spacebound" Viston III

"To Live is to Rise" - Motto of the Kingdom and its People.

Map of our glorious Kingdom : <http://postimg.org/image/ka5qkjme5/>



The New Lowlands
Postmaster-General

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

by **The New Lowlands** » Fri Nov 15, 2013 7:58 pm



**Stadtholder's Office,
Regeringsplein 1, Batavia, Tilpashim,
United Provinces of the New Lowlands**

The glare of small pinpricks of light from the lamps pointed towards the unoccupied desk entered the Stadtholder's eye, and she sighed, putting down the steaming mug of coffee in her hands as she moved towards the desk, taking her place behind it. An array of cameras, microphones, and lights was pointed at her, brightening her face,

lightening her features, keeping her cold, cynical eyes from betraying too many secrets. One of the crew began to count down; three, two, one.

She began to speak.

"My countrymen, at home and overseas, it is with a heavy heart that I address you today. We live in dark times. The enemies of liberty and prosperity have proliferated themselves at a rate as yet unseen, and have infected the hearts and minds of powerful men at an inopportune time."

"Armies are arrayed overseas, reactionary forces in service to everything this country stands against. In Epraria, the righteous and democratic government struggles against the efforts of a jack-booted minority. Rhodesea finds itself in the grip of a dictatorial revolution. On land and on sea, Gillenor readies itself for the imminent threat of a Ghantish invasion, with a deluded megalomaniac at it's head. But it is not just our allies who stand under threat."

"The naval forces of the Republic of Mizrad recently attempted to spark an incident between elements of our Navy and theirs, by launching an unprovoked attack on vessels of our Navy engaged in the interdiction of piracy in the Sea of Ghant. We were at peace with Mizrad at that time, and were looking forward to the maintenance and security of continued peace. It is now clear that this can no longer be the case."

"The failure of our northern neighbour to recognise realities, the troubles of our allies, struggling against the forces of imperialism and authoritarianism, and the threat posed to our nation by these circumstances means that our position, being up until now one of observation and neutrality, cannot be maintained. We must now make ourselves masters of our fate."

"It is therefore with a heavy heart and with knowledge of the consequences that I inform you, that twenty minutes ago today, the Government of these United Provinces issued an statement to the Republic of Mizrad informing them that unless they withdraw from the conflict, we will have no choice but to conclude that Mizrad is knowingly and deliberately operating in support of dictators, in support of reactionaries, and take action in appropriate response to that knowledge."

"May God have mercy on their souls."

'Done!' one of the crew-members exclaimed. 'That's the practice over with.'

"When's the real thing?" Veldt asked, brow rising.

"Tomorrow," someone told her. The Stadtholder nodded quietly, picking up the clean white phone on the desk and bringing it up to her ear.

"Get me the President of Mizrad," she ordered curtly.



Rhodesea
Lobbyist

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

by **Rhodesea** » Sat Nov 16, 2013 1:24 am



Act III, Ch. XI **Heidleburgh, Asasia-Pensic Border** **"The Four Corners"**

General Kruger was not a man who wasted time. The Rhodeseans moved quickly. They got through Asasia fairly quickly. After a few days, they were near the "four corners"- the point of land where Kravia, Asasia, Pensalum and Epraria bordered. It was rough and mountainous there. *We are getting close, finally*, Kruger thought.

They had approached Heidleburgh a bit earlier then they had initially anticipated. Heidleburgh was the last Asasian town before the four corners, and a great position from which operations could be

launched into any of the nearby countries. This is why the Asasians had a military installation there- Fort Hansard. The Asasians had been waiting for the Rhodeseans to arrive.

Kruger had received a message from the Mizradian Governor Occupied Rhodesea. Mizrad called it the Mizradian Colony, or the Mizradian Territories. Ghant and other nations called it "Mizrad-Rhodesea". *Whatever they want to call it, its still Rhodesea at the end of the day.*

Kruger was from there, truth be told. He grew up in a village deep in the territory, near the desert. His family had little to nothing- his father was a goat herder, and his mother was a nurse. He had a younger brother and sister, but both of them died before he was 16. That destroyed his mother, who otherwise was a warm and affectionate woman, and his father had been a cold, hard man, both before and afterwards. His mother would always make good food from little they had, and was a woman wise beyond her years. Unfortunately, his father regularly beat both Kruger and his mother- the young Kruger would stand up for her, and he would get it pretty rough.

One day, when Kruger got old enough- he saw his father hit his mother. Kruger ran up on him from behind. Kruger beat the shit out of his father, within an inch of his life. His mother castigated him for doing that. Kruger was shocked- he asked her why she would defend him, even though he beat her- and him, often times for no apparent reason. She told him that:

"Death is lighter than a feather, but Duty is heavier than a mountain."

He was her husband, and she had a duty to him, she explained. Kruger did not understand that then, when he was young and new to the ways of the world. He had enough of home- Kruger left to join the military when he was 16. They had both died some years after that, from some kind of plague during a drought. He never had the chance to say goodbye properly to either of them. Then again, Kruger was a man who never really had the chance to say goodbye- to anyone. Even after all those years, Kruger never forgot what his mother told him. Once he became a soldier, he knew exactly what it meant.

With his men about him, moving ever closer to Fort Hansard, Kruger read the letter.

CODE: SELECT ALL

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

To Whom It May Concern,

Hello again Mr. Kruger, I hope you've been having a good day so far. We here in the Mizradian Territories have recently discovered a massive mobilization of your forces and you continue to head west, fast. Although I would like to ask you something pressing enough that it's importance surpasses that of what extra time you may have. Apologies for sounding rude there, although I shall continue talking now. What Mizrad asks of you is for any information regarding the current situation in Loufe, Ghant, the Emperor and Laoni be handed over along with you making your government more to the liking of a democracy, although of course

The commanders began to ask what it said. "What did they tell you, General."

Kruger grinded his teeth. "They will give us most of the land back, and will offer us military aid in these campaigns of ours."

"Most of the land back? What do they want to keep?"

"They want to keep Diamante."

"Diamante? Why?"

"They have been building onto it, making it a city of sorts. They call it "Diamond City."

"That is bullshit, General! That does not belong to them! It is ours!"

The other men began to shout in agreement.

"Silence. You are all worried about some crumb, when we are about to get the loaf. Who gives a shit about Diamante? We shouldn't let Diamante cost us everything."

"But General, if Mizrad won't hand it over, how are we going to get it back?"

Kruger chewed on his lip. "We might not, right away, but we will eventually. It is our duty to reunite all of Old Rhodesia. When the opportunity presents itself, we shall take what is rightfully ours. For when a man takes something stolen from a thief, whoever the thief stole it from will get it back. It is the natural way of things. Not it is time to respond to this message.

Kruger began to type.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

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

To Whom It May Concern,

Hello Mr. Quintero, my day has been quite splendid. And how is the weather in Occupied Rhodesia? I am assuming that is what you were referring to when you say "Mizradian Territories".

Might I digress, to answer your question regarding the "current situation", I suspect that Loufe plans on committing treachery at their conference. I don't know what the deal is with Ghant, only that their acting Prime Minister is some

By the time Kruger finished, the vehicle they were in had stopped. One of his men came up to him.

"Sir. Generalfeldmarschall Westfahl is waiting at Fort Hansard."

"Alright, lets go. The ramp opened at the rear of the vehicle, and Kruger walked out. The sky was red from the sunset, and Kruger found that fitting. *Soon, the earth shall be as red as the sky*, he thought. As he walked towards the entrance of the Fort, he took out a cigar and lit. He took a long, deep puff.

Another one of his commanders approached him. "General, sir. What types of plans should we be drawing up against the Pens?

Kruger smoked his cigar, and then responded.

First off, we will be conducting Suppression of Enemy Air Defenses missions using long range drones armed with anti-radiation missiles. We will target their Air Defense Radars, both mobile and stationary, thus greatly suppressing their ability to "see" our aircraft coming in on the real/main strike and launch surface to air missiles at them.

"What do you mean, General?"

"Imagine a soldier armed with a rifle trying to shoot a car moving at 100 mph 200 feet away while blindfolded. Without Radar, it's kinda like that."

"Oh, ok. Anything else?"

"Yes. On the next wave, send in stealth aircraft to conduct Joint Direct Attack Munition strikes against High Value Targets, such as military bases, logistical supply depots, and ground based defenses.

We will cripple their air force and establish air superiority by using anti runway cluster bombs to utterly render his runways unusable by all aircraft until completely rebuilt."

"Uh...ok."

"Remember, if he cant launch/land aircraft, they can't intercept ours with theirs. And all of this will be done at night, with the cover of darkness. Then we move in on foot and take care of business quickly. Once Pensalum is secure, we will assess our next move, which may be Epraria, depending on how the Blood Ravens are doing."

"...When should we begin?"

"After I have spoken with Westfahl. Feel free to provide this information to him in advance of me, so that he is ready to discuss tactics. As soon as we are done and figure out our plan, we shall begin."

"Understood, General. I will inform him."

Kruger took another puff of his cigar as he walked into the Fort. There was a small T.V. nearby, with people standing around. The volume was up loud enough for Kruger to listen.

...The Emperor is due to arrive in Hermanium in a few hours...the Pope plans on hosting him at a private meeting at the Basilica....many people are referring to the Emperor as "Nathan the Conqueror"...many Catholics are praying for his success, and are celebrating...

This world just keeps getting stranger, Kruger thought.

He was interrupted when one of his Commanders walked up to him. "I am from Diamante, General. You can't just let them have it. They will keep it forever if they could get away with it."

Kruger laughed. "We just have to wait for the right moment to strike, you idiot. Once Pensalum, Epraria, Asasia, and Rhodesea are united in alliance and under friendly control, and after we are 'given' the rest of Occupied Rhodesea back, we will be a powerful military force. There is a possibility that they will enter into war with The New Lowlands, Loufe and Gillenor. If that comes to pass, Mizrad will move most of their men stationed there away. If that happens, then the combined forces of Pensalum, Epraria, Asasia and Rhodesea can take back Diamante by force. It is our duty to reunite ALL of Old Rhodesea. That is the ultimate goal. And it will happen- its just a matter of when it will happen."

"But General, to turn on Mizrad like that would mean certain death!"

Kruger flicked away his cigar into a nearby trash can, and looked the commander in the eyes. "Death is lighter than a feather, but Duty is heavier than a mountain."

Last edited by [Rhodesea](#) on Sat Nov 16, 2013 2:38 pm, edited 1 time in total.



Terripin
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 366
Founded: Dec 17, 2010
Ex-Nation

by [Terripin](#) » Sat Nov 16, 2013 2:41 pm



Nova Astrif, Terripin

"..casualties are estimated to be in the hundreds. The flood has forced the entire population of the small tourist town of Liasaer to evacuate. The flood was completely unexpected to come so late this year. Flood season in the region usually occurs early in the Fall. Luckily, the eastern half of the region where most of the resorts lie is relatively untouched and has not been called for mandatory evacuation. "

High Consul Higgen Welsh shut off the television as the last straggler walked into the room. A slightly tall man at 6'7, the High Consul was

perhaps the most successful statesman that had existed since the creation of the Republic in 1967. He had gathered his 4 consuls, or ministers as they had been called a hundred years ago and a handful of analysts. The room was extremely chilly and it the heater had just turned on. Outside the branches of the trees were bare and the first signs of snow had began to show. Everyone rubbed their hands together, hoping that the room would warm up soon.

"I expect you all know what you are here for," said Welsh. "First, to discuss the ongoing and increasing troubling crisis in Panessos and second, to discuss the new flood safety regulation bill due to be submitted tomorrow." The consuls around him nodded. "Without further ado then, I'd like to move onto the situation in Panessos with our Exterior Consul."

Exterior Consul Sophia French stood up. "The situation in Panessos is an extremely complex web of conflict and is centered around claims dating back hundreds of years. Not too long ago, Nathan IV of Ghant married a woman named Laoni. The reasons for this marriage seem to be political. It has also been confirmed by multiple sources that Laoni was a prisoner from Gillenor and also a princess from Gillenor. What Nathan is doing is obvious. He has, apparently, assembled a fleet with the banner of Austra Regalia. The intent of this seems to be to reinstate an ancient empire. War is imminent in this as both Gillenor and Ghant's democratic government strongly oppose this. Nathan, on the other hand, seems to be on his own while forging alliances with numerous other nations in the region." Finishing her report, she sat down.

"Excuse me," said an analyst. "What do you propose we actually do in this situation. The Republic rarely intervenes in the matters of war. Is there a gain from this if we do intervene?"

"Certainly," the Trade Consul answered in his deep, bellowing voice. His hair was half white, half black. Once he had been a executive that had revolutionized Terripin's economy. Now he had switched to a job that involved less innovation and more paperwork. It had been a long time since he had done an interesting task other than the slightly amusing trade agreements now and then. "There is a large potential amount of new trade networks can be created from the aftermath of this conflict. The problem is, we must take sides carefully."

"Then perhaps supporting the Emperor of Ghant would be more favorable right now, correct?" asked Welsh.

"No, not necessarily," responded the Trade Consul. "The Emperor of Ghant has shown through his actions that he may not be a stable leader. Although there is a chance that he will be able to take a good chunk of land from the Austra Regalia continent he will not be able to hold onto it in the end. Plus, insurgents could utterly destroy any industries we establish there if we decided to openly support him. I don't think that he will last very long after the conflict ends. There are a handful of soon-to-be dictators supporting Nathan though. I'm not sure if they are stable enough for us to expand companies there. More likely that they'll fall after a few years. It seems that none of them are clever or iron-fisted enough to sustain themselves for too long. "

"What about Gillenor? What are our chances with them?" Welsh inquired. He had little background knowledge to the region of Panessos.

"I would think Gillenor is a safer bet to take. They don't seem to be unstable and even if Nathan manages to take back the entire continent we can be assured that the current government will take haven somewhere safe and come back in a few years. Overall, Gillenor would be a better choice if we decide to go for a nation that could be a future ally or trading partner. Supporting Nathan is also a good choice if we want to gamble a high risk decision. But the Republic has taken few things to chance in the last 3 years." finished the Trade Consul. He already knew Welsh would not take any

chances. The High Consul wanted long term results, or as he put it, "sustainable growth".

"Very well. We'll send a representative to Gillenor and prepare for a possible war. Keep in mind not everything has blown into full scale yet. It might not escalate at all, hopefully. I want a draft prepared for a declaration of war though. It's too volatile to know what course of action to take, but we need to be ready for the worst-case scenario." Welsh gulped. He hoped what the Trade Consul had said was true. A quick war that would result in some territories changing hands, but nothing permanent.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

TO: Empire of Gillenor
FROM: The Republic of Terripin
Encryption Level: High

It is the will of the Republic to consider intervention against the imperialistic ambitions of Emperor Nathan of Ghant. The Republic would like to send an ambassador to discuss a course of action to prevent a potential loss of life and violation of sovereign rights of multiple nations. Should the Empire of Gillenor be interested in such a discussion, please reply to this message.

[National Info](#)

[Storefronts](#)



Treneria
Diplomat

Posts: 553
Founded: Oct 12, 2013
Ex-Nation

☐ by **Treneria** » Sun Nov 17, 2013 2:10 pm

QUOTE

South of Borneo, Treneria, 5:40 P.M. TCT.

Penton and the others watched as the ambassador excused and explained himself. Some of the Elders smirked as he did so. After the ambassador was done apologizing, Penton's head nodded and his thin lips formed a smile. He held a hand out in the air as a gesture that everything was okay.

"No worries, my Mizradian friend. We understand what you mean. Things aren't as they once were, that's for sure. But right now, we just don't need any outside help. Believe me, we appreciate the offer greatly. We also extend our hand to you in offering any kind of support in your recent troubles."

Penton and the rest of the Borneons present at the meeting were getting a bit anxious. There was work to be done back at home to work on bringing Treneria together. It would be a great deal of work for them to handle in the upcoming days. There would be meetings with the other leaders of the region. Borneo was commandeering Treneria for good. They had made a statement by taking over Apollo. The other outside states in Treneria were calling for meetings, and the people were calling for action to be taken before bloodshed broke out. Penton cleared his throat before speaking.

"We have business to attend back at home, so we must bid you farewell. Stay in contact with us, we're getting advanced communications systems set up, nation-wide. It's been nice conversing with you, I do apologize if we haven't met up to your expectations though. Our offer of support always remains, however." Penton offered his hand for a handshake.

A couple days afterwards, Camp Furlong. Training missions. Formation Delta.

Captain Alejandro Duessos was up at four o'clock. He had showered the night before and was in uniform in the time span of about five minutes, probably less. Boots polished and name-plate shined, he exited the cabin that served as his quarters in Camp Furlong. Camp Furlong had been formed out of an old mining community. It was a good location for a military training camp. There had already been several offices, a messhall, and other residences. One of the cabins had upgrades put in and was converted to a munitions depot. A garage had been added as well for jeeps. Larger trucks were kept in the same garage that the mining industry had previously used.

The woods provided a good obstacle course for the attendants in the camp. It also made an easy conversion for a firing range. Some trees had been dropped, and targets were set up. A tower had been put up for observation purposes. About two hundred soldiers inhabited the camp, as well as another one-hundred administrators and instructors. Most of the soldiers had little combat experience. Camp Furlong was there to change that. It consisted of a four-week training experience before rotations. Graduates moved out and went back home, new trainees flooded in. There would only be so much of this, as Borneo only had so many men willing to fight. Hopefully there would be a change in that if Treneria managed to come together.

The training exercises were not just for riflemen and infantry troops. Snipers were also being trained. That's where Duessos came into the picture. His job was to train the new marksmen the camp was pressing out. These were the guys who had past experience in combat. Some of them were soldiers in Tesseria's time, even. A couple even came from Prestige Services, the once large private company that sold out soldiers. Duessos himself had a book's worth of personal experience. He served in the Tesserian Army as a top marksman. He had done missions that not even the president knew about. It wasn't luck that got him through that; it was skill. He never missed a beat and he was always on the top of his game. However, Duessos wasn't training that day. He was only there for half of it. He offered some lessons before his substitute came into the picture. Duessos went to his cabin and changed into a suit. He loaded up into a Hummer that the camp had lent him and went to the armory, acquiring a McMillan Tac-50 rifle, with an advanced scope placed on it. He then loaded into the Hummer and rolled off from the camp.

The sniper training was definitely one of new variety. It trained the soldiers how to work under pressure and exhausted physical condition. Here's how it worked; The snipers-in-training were required to run ten laps before picking up their rifles. After they did this, they had to get ten shots within a perfect radius. They then ran another five laps and picked it up, adding onto that however many shots they missed. This was pretty much their whole day of training. The soon to be marksmen had already been introduced to the rifle and given a proper lesson in dynamics, wind affects, almost everything. After dinner, they were to study until lights out to learn more. They had class where they read and were given lessons on the tactics used by marksmen to stay covert and quiet. A lot of it related to tracking and hunting, which most if not all of those men had done before. There were approximately thirty marksmen training in the camp. They were currently the best of the best, known as Formation Delta.

Camp Furlong, 5:00 AM TCT.

At five o'clock exact, the bugle sounded to wake the soldiers up. Drill instructors walked through the bunks, banging on trash cans and other miscellaneous items to wake their men up. The soldiers met outside at the flagpole to take roll call. After dismissal, the soldiers were taken to breakfast where they were fed a modest meal. It was good food, but they were under a time limit. They ate fast, turned in their trays, then headed out to the fields for target practice and physical training. It was all a cycle to train the soldiers to move accordingly, as well as get in the habit of moving fast.

The shooting exercises were standard. As one drill instructor had put it, "all you need to know is how to hit whatever you're aiming at." Like always, most of the men in training had put in their knowledge of hunting and tracking to assist them. Their rifles were various qualities. Ever since the raid on the Prestige Services compound, they had been issued better weaponry for the most part. However, there wasn't enough for everyone so some just had to make the best of whatever rifle they were given. The soldiers were trained on how to care for their weapon, and how to disassemble it. After shooting exercises, they were to show the instructors their ability to disassemble, clean, and reassemble their rifle in record times.

The physical training was a continuous run through the woods, then

back through Camp Furlong. They had to trek through low-depth creeks, over broken down trees, and around various obstacles. It wasn't the most heart-racing workout, but it kept the soldiers fit and helped out with muscle familiarity and toning. That was more important than converting soldiers to bodybuilders.

Same day, 2:00 PM TCT.

Central Treneria, outside of Borneo. The old Parliament building.

An Escalade holding two of the elders and their guards pulled up outside the ruins of what used to be Tesseria's parliament building. The elders inside were both male and aging. They were considered the wise-men of Borneo. They were two hours early to the meeting that they were to attend. The men got out and entered the old parliament building with their guards. It was a treasure trove of memory-inducing goods. Old paintings hanging on the wall, statues that had been smashed from falling debris. During the initial war that erupted when Tesseria fell, the building had been bombed heavily. How it was still holding, was a mystery. The guards and the elders made sure that it was stable before formally entering. They went to the room where the meeting would be held. It was a large conference room, with numerous seats in large band formation, facing a large podium in front. The guards went around the conference room, applying a recorder in one of the seats. They then left the building and returned to their Escalade, where they sat and conversed whilst awaiting the others' arrival.

Two hours later, leaders from the states of Treneria began to pool in. There were a vast amount of them, it would appear that some states had broken into even smaller groups. What a shame, the elders from Borneo thought. That would all change that day. After greeting everyone, they all traversed into the conference room. One of the elders from Borneo spoke to the leader of the official state of Treneria, Alfred Bigon. Bigon had a lot of power under him. He had financials, followers, and a well-equipped military. The plan was to persuade him to hand over leadership to Borneo, or at least do a merge into a government. The elder led him to a certain seat and sat with him, conversing until the other elder from Borneo approached the podium and got everyone's attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining us here this afternoon," he started. "Allow my to introduce myself. I am Fred Tenners, and I hail from Borneo. We come here today, on the ruins of the former Parliament building of a once great, graceful, and beautiful nation, to end all debates among us. No more of this petty fighting. No more hate. We must come together to form a successful nation. Our livelihood and matter of existing is at stake here. United we survive, disconnected we die. I understand there is a lot in our politics that we don't agree with. But at the same time, there is a lot that we agree with. We need to come together as a whole. We need to unite. This is our time, now. Any disagreements will be put to the side for later debate. Here's how I've come together to form a government that we may all rule together under. We will have a board of senators with myself, or someone else, as a chairman. We vote together on debates. We have to do this, ladies and gentlemen. Notice how many times I've said, "we". That's because we're a union, a coalition even. At heart, we're all Trenearians. The world is progressing while we're standing like we have our feet stuck in cement." Tenners took a second to take a drink of water from his bottle before he continued to speak.

"The chairman will be no different than any other senator. He will simply take count of the votes and announce the ruling. That way no one gets an unfair advantage, and we remain equal. There will be a mixed economy, that allows the people as well as the already rich to prosper. The military will be kept at a defense-limit with the support to assist others overseas. Other issues will be discussed later on, but right now we need to form the nation of Treneria. If you are with me, please stand now." Tenners stood back from the podium. Most of the leaders rose, with the exception of the one they needed, and figured wouldn't stand. Alfred Bigon remained in his seat, shaking his head.

The debate lasted a couple of hours. The sun was going down by the

time they were over. When it was all said and done, Bigon simply wouldn't budge. The rest of the states had accepted to give up their land and form a union with Borneo, calling it the Refound States of Treneria. Bigon's state would simply remain as "Treneria". After giving salutations to each other, the leaders all separated and went their own ways. Bigon had more-than-less isolated, and left with his squadron of guards.

6:00 P.M, TCT. Parliament Building.

Duessos had been listening in to the whole speech. Of course, Bigon wasn't going to budge. Why would he? He had all the power in Treneria that he would ever need. If only he knew that his kingdom would be crumbling down. Duessos sat in an old, blown-out apartment complex down the street by two blocks from the parliament building. It was the only road out that led to the state of Treneria. As Bigon's escort vehicle passed the building, Duessos hunched his rifle against his shoulder. He had one shot at his intended target. The slightly-armored vehicle that belonged to Bigon passed by his window, slowing down at the next turn. Duessos took his chance and fired the MK-211 Raufoss incendiary round at the armor. As always, his aim was spot-on. The round cut through the metal of the truck like butter, and made it through the low-quality armor plates. As the incendiary material in the round went off, it caught the gas tank of the vehicle, causing it to explode. The pressure as well as the fire killed the vehicle and its occupants. Once again, his training proved adequate. Duessos removed his rifle from the apartment complex's window ledge and packed it in a guitar case. The guitar case had been specially made for the job, with a space being left under the padding where a guitar would be for the rifle to be hidden. He packaged it all up, and had a real guitar to fit in the case. He then left through the back exit and walked the one and a half mile to his truck. Loading up, he headed home.

Things had gone according to plan. A new man was in charge of the state of Treneria, since Bigon was incinerated. In the next couple of days, he was more willing to listen to Borneo's demands. The states all came together to form the nation of Treneria, with Silute being the capital city. The military was formed into one as well, with several new branches being formed and a more official system being made. Businesses and companies appeared as well, though the economy was still in a bit of the shambles. There were political issues and parties being formed, which more problems would aspire off of.

OOO Note: While this is moving rather quickly, I decided to unite my nation instead of being separated and underfunded.

Last edited by [Treneria](#) on Sun Nov 17, 2013 2:15 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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



Nanovia
Ambassador

Posts: 1081
Founded: Aug 21, 2012
Ex-Nation

by [Nanovia](#) » Sun Nov 17, 2013 4:24 pm



It had been four years since the Dissolution of the Nanovian Empire. Founded in 1871, the Empire had ruled over its people by means of oppressive force. The Imperial Military was used as a bludgeon to crush all political descent and freedom. Finally, after waging a series of failed wars with nations such as [Smoya](#) and many others, the government began to crumble. Spending nearly all taxes on massive military buildup, the Imperial government found itself in a pickle when the economy collapsed. Lacking allies and even friends, Emperor Franz Von Hipper abdicated the throne, leading the rest of the government to sign off in humiliation. The remaining politicians took up the task of rebuilding the government, and finally, the newly proclaimed United Federation of Nanovia was established.

5:16 p.m. Nanovian Central Time | Adustum | The United Federation of Nanovia | Capitol Building

Half a world away from the Panessos region, a black limo pulled up toward the gates of the Capitol. Pulling to a stop, the driver got out and opened the door for his passenger: a tall (6' 6"), important looking man with neat black hair and tan skin. Wearing a dark suit and shades, the man thanked the driver, then walked up the steps toward the Capitol entrance. A couple guards stationed outside saw him and immediately saluted.

"Welcome back to the Imperial Palace Mr. President!" one of them said.

President Boris Venegas took off his shades to review crimson eyes, the result of some genetic mutation he had at birth that no one could explain. It didn't matter though, he thought of it as his most unique physical feature. *Wow...* he thought. Many Nanovian citizens still called the building the Imperial Palace even though the Empire no longer existed. After giving a stiff salute back, the President walked through the doors. The interior of the Capitol was a confusing maze of office complexes, meeting rooms, and other things. In fact, it took a while for the President to find his own office, which used to be the throne room. However, this wasn't his destination.

*Department of internal Affairs, Department of Foreign Affairs, Department of Defense...ah, the **Department of Intelligence**,* he thought to himself. Opening the door, he walked into a massive conference room. On one end was a giant projector screen. At the other was a wide round table. All the seats had been filled with many government officials, all except one.

"Your late Mr. President", said Alexei Bulganin, head of the D.O.I.

"My apologies. Adustum's street traffic is very bad today." Venegas responded, all while grabbing a cup of coffee.

"Understandable. Lets us start the meeting now."

With that, the lights went out, and the projector was turned on.

"Ladies and gentleman, we have gathered here today in order to discuss a situation: **Panessos**." Bulganin said. "Media reports show that Emperor of Ghant, Nathan I, II, III, IV, whatever, something like that, has married Princess Laoni of Gillenor.""

"Interesting" said the Secretary of Foreign Affairs. "But what does this have to do with us?"

"We've had *history* with a couple of the nations located there. Also, it turns out that the Ghantish government never approved of the Emperor's marriage. I don't know why, but I find this kind of suspicious..."

"i think its best if we stay out of this." said Herod Sayle, the Secretary of Internal Affairs. "This doesn't involve us, and whatever is happening, its not within our jurisdiction. We should leave them be. What do you think Mr. President?"

Venegas looked down for a while.

"Well, we do own a debt to some of the nations there. If this *incident* somehow sparks a conflict between the nations, we should intervene. For now, I think we should keep monitoring events. Send every available reconnaissance and intelligence ship and aircraft that we have in our arsenal. Also, mobilize the fleet and send ships toward Panessos."

"Mobilizing the fleet!? With all due and respect sir, sending military vessels into a sovereign nation's waters could cause hostilities!" the Secretary of Defense said.

"I've already thought of that. However, our as long as we stay *close* to Panessos-and not go anywhere into the region's coastal waters, we should be fine. The distance is close enough to send electronic

intelligence planes. Any objections?"

No one spoke.

"Alright then. Notify the navy to begin **Operation Crimson Storm** at once."

A week later

12:23 p.m. Standard Time | Somewhere farther up north above Panesso's Northern Ocean | International Waters

Almost every single ship in the fleet had been mobilized. Having finally arrived at their destination, the ships sailed around in a massive circle above the Panessos region, careful not to venture into the Northern Ocean. Built during the days of the Empire, all the ships were powered by nuclear reactors, which had been expensive to install in the beginning but eventually payed off in terms of the money saved from not constantly refueling the ships.

The Nanovian fleet

While the fleet feigned a combat exercise with each other, a single stealth reconnaissance jet-equipped with electronic intelligence gear-took off and headed for the skies of Ghant. It had no military markings and kept strict radio silence with the fleet.

Aside from the main naval fleet, another task force had been deployed. Nine [Imperator class](#) Ballistic/Guided missile submarines had traveled along with the fleet. Instead of taking part in the faux naval exercise, they sailed straight into the Northern Ocean. Each sub used a pump-jet propulsion system and were thus very fast and maneuverable. This also reduced the noise the engines made, thus giving them a low sonar signature. Continuing on their path, the subs then went their separate ways. Each of the individual subs headed for the following destinations: the Hermanian Ocean, Sea of Ghant, Sea of Zamaria, Sea of Volvek, Sea of Pestillance, Sea of Andoria, Sea of Regalia, Gulf of CFTP, and the Gulf of New Panti. Each of the submarines had also been equipped with reconnaissance and intelligence equipment. However, the subs could only use them when they surfaced, leaving them vulnerable. As a result, another 9 [Emperor Class](#) attack subs had been sent with them as escorts.

Last edited by [Nanovia](#) on Mon Nov 18, 2013 5:09 pm, edited 3 times in total.

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



Asasia
Ambassador

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

☐ by [Asasia](#) » Sun Nov 17, 2013 6:50 pm



Fort Hansard

Generalfeldmarschall Westfahl could hear Kruger before he saw him, the man had a distinctive voice and the smell of Rhodesean Cigars was fresh in the air, Cigars from Rhodesea were popular among the Officers of the PUAA. Westfahl looked towards the Oak door, which was on the other end of the room, and in came the notorious General Kruger.

"Ah! if it isn't General Kruger of the Rhodesean Military, how are you today?"

Westfahl stood up and shook Kruger's hand, they both sat down next to eachother on the conference table.

"Okay, let's get straight to business, our target is Pensalum."

Kruger pulled out a map of the four corners in Panessos, Kruger pointed at the thin slice of land that Pensalum shared with Asasia.

"I had developed some tactics for our offensive on Pensalum, the first part deals with the suppression of Pensic Air Defenses, this will include using long range drones armed with anti-radiation missiles. We will target their Air Defense Radars, both mobile and stationary, thus greatly suppressing their ability to "see" our aircraft coming in on the real/main strike and launch surface to air missiles at them."

Westfahl sat and was interested in the rest of Kruger's plans.

"The next wave includes sending in Stealth Aircraft and conduct Joint Direct Attack Munition strikes against High Value Targets, such as military bases, logistical supply depots, and ground based defenses in the area. This will disable their airforce and will have already considerably crippled their defenses."

"I like the plan, but one thing that you didn't add that is vital is we need to maintain the element of surprise. These operations will need to be done soon and quickly. By the time your plan has done, we need to count on the Pensic military still trying to recuperate, when there is no organization, they are so much more vital. I'm going to prepare the PUAf and PUAA as soon as this discussion is over."

Westfahl stood up and smiled, he shook Kruger's hand and immediately turned to his officers, who were quietly sitting in the back of the room.

"Prepare the soldiers! Operation Black Viper will start in 3 hours..."

The sun outside was setting, and before long it would be dusk.

Sea of Volvek, about 75 miles Southwest of Bruno

The *P.U.A.N Sperod* Nuclear Submarine traveled through the cold waters of the Volvekian Sea, it had been on patrol in the sector for a week now, finding nothing. Behind the Sperod about 100 miles was the 7th PUAN Task Force which consisted of 2 [CVN-78s](#), 5 [DD-21s](#) and 1 [Montana Class Battleship](#). This was going to be the last patrol for these old ships, as most of the fleet was being retired, and was going to be replaced with newer, more modernized naval ships. The era of Cold-war naval fleets had died long ago, but the PUAN had been reluctant to modernize due to Chairman Hedler's policies regarding the Navy. As time goes, new ships were being constructed in the shipyard.

On the *Sperod*, Captain Augusta was sitting on the bridge. He was bored of the life as a Submarine Captain.

One of the Officers aboard came up to Augusta, in the back of the room the SONAR had a slight pinging.

"Sir, we have picked up a blip on the SONAR about 6 clicks to the East relative to our direction"

Augusta was curious as to what the blip was because this wasn't close to any shipping lanes or really anything of importance.

"Follow it and let's try to see what it is"

The turning of the Submarine could be felt, as it headed Eastward. The *Sperod* came close to the target and it turned out to be a Nuclear Submarine, although it couldn't be told as to who's it was.

"Try to contact it" said Augusta.

To their prayers, there was no response, nor did the other submarine acknowledge their existence.

Last edited by [Asasia](#) on Sun Nov 17, 2013 7:08 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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

[RPs](#)

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Economic Left/Right: -5.00

Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -2.56

I am a Marxist-Leninist Communist



Nanovia
Ambassador

Posts: 1081
Founded: Aug 21, 2012
Ex-Nation

by Nanovia » Mon Nov 18, 2013 6:16 pm

QUOTE

**4:32 p.m. Standard Time| 450 meters underneath the Sea of Volvek
| N.S.S Tyranny**

Like many of the ships in the fleet, the *Tyranny* had been built during the reign of the Emperor. Despite the efforts of the new democratic government, the navy had never bothered to rename the vessel. A state of the art boat, she was design to penetrate enemy coastlines and devastate them with guided and ballistic missiles. However, this mission was different. The sub was to surface at a given time and monitor and intercept any messages that could have been sent from one nation to another. On board, there was a group of trained encryption crackers, ready to intercept and transmit the messages back to the High Command.

Onboard the *Tyranny*, Captain Nicholas "Nicky" Whitman stood on the sub's bridge as an officers careful scurried across the deck, shouting orders and steering the sub. All of a sudden, the ship's Type 2082 passive intercept and ranging sonar system picked up an electric pulse from the Asasian sub.

"Sir, somethings tracking us!" yelled an officer. "Our passive intercept sonar reviews that whoever or whatever is doing it is about 6 clicks away from us and coming closer..."

"Activate the periscope. Lets see what this is." replied Whitman.

Unlike popular belief, the periscope was actually a series of special cameras fitted in certain areas on the sub's exterior. The cameras could be controlled from the main viewing room, a small room with several big inch screens.

"Sir, the object is getting closer. It seems to be another large sub, possibly nuclear powered. What shall we do?"

"Lets play a little game." Whittman said. "Turn off every system on-board the ship except the radar and periscope. That should lower our presence to a point where they won't be able to pickup our signal. Also, notify our escorts *Immorality* and *Malevolence* to come and deal with the other sub..."

**10 minutes later| 450 meters underneath the Sea of Volvek | N.S.S
Immorality and *Malevolence* | 4000 meters away (8 clicks)**

A typical scene on board both attack subs

"Captain, we've receive a message from *Tyranny*. Her captain wants us to both come down on this position." said an officer while pointing to a radar and a chart of known underwater regions. Something or something has caught her, and while shes fine for now, the ship's captain wants us to come and deal with the threat. We can't have our recon mission aborted."

The captain nodded. "Switch on the sonar and start pinging the other submarine right away."

Both the subs began to move at an amazing 41 knots toward the area where the unidentified sub was tracking the *Tyranny*.

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Cquactar
Secretary

Posts: 32
Founded: Nov 05, 2013
Ex-Nation

To Live is to Rise

by **Cquactar** » Tue Nov 19, 2013 11:27 am



Council Chambers Chimeran Palace Hanland, Cquactar

The wind blew into the old council chambers, its marble columns still standing strong for hundreds of years. Flags of Cquactar were lowered on this day, for the death of the king slipped the nation into a state of mourning. The cities were quite, no music, no laughing, not a soul to be seen; a cloud of despair had fallen upon the lands.

"Quintus Bastone Tiber, you have been called to the council chambers today to hear the councils final verdict." said the aging head Councillor Viran in his croaky old voice.

Quintus straightened up, at last the Councillors made their verdict. However Quintus was still reeling from his fathers death only a day or two ago, all of it was a blur for him. All the things told to him becoming king one day made him count the days down until his coronation as a child, but in reality he was choked in fear. It was all so surreal for him, he felt unready to take the reins of the Kingdom as did his forefathers.

The old councilor cleared his throat for the verdict, Quintus's hands clutched the arm chair he rested on, his back went tense and a sweat broke down his forehead.

"The council has decided, that you are eligible for Kingship of the Kingdom." the words slowly road out of the Councillors tongue, and as they did a sensation of dread and excitement rushed through the new King's body. He shakily stood up and walked over to the Councillor, receiving a noble bow from Viran and returning it with a firm hug which the Councillor did not expect.

"Thank you noble Councillors of the Royal Council, I will gratefully take Kingship of our Kingdom, lead it as did the Kings before, with glory and pride."

The Councillors applauded the king and were dismissed shortly after. Head Councillor Viran approached Quintus as the Councillors emptied the chambers, he looked up at the new king on the podium. "May I?" he asked warmly. Quintus helped the aging Councillor onto the podium, for 70 years Viran served the Kingdom faithfully; the most loyal and trustworthy man a king would know.

"How are you taking this, my liege?" he asked

"Well Viran, I'm terrified to be honest."

"How many times have I heard that." chuckled Viran.

"Viran, I feel unready for this, I feel hopeless in what I'm supposed to do."

Viran looked up at Quintus who towered over his small stature "My liege, I have faith in you, the council does, all you have to do in sway the people to have faith in you too."

"But Viran, I have my doubts, I feel..."

The Councillor cut Quintus off mid sentence "A king should have no doubts, especially in these times. A darkness is enveloping the lands, men who wish for power muster great armies, savagery and war is rife; if a King is weak, the Kingdom will fall under your very feet."

Quintus was held back by what Viran said, a whole new through flooded his mind.

"My liege, you have power only men could dream of, the people are yours, the country in yours. YOU my liege, you decide your fate, but tread carefully; for you will decide the fate of the Kingdom too. Will you hide in your cave? or will you go out and grasp opportunity. To Live is to Rise, my liege, but Greed will be the Death of You."

Viran turned away "I must excuse my self my liege, business calls."

Quintus was speechless, the words of one man changed him. "To live is to rise" he muttered to himself. He turned to leave, only to face the mural of the map of Panessos sprawled across the wall behind the podium. The light from the windows splashed onto the wall, the elegantly painted borders of the world shun. He gazed at the map, eyeing the world in all its expanses. To Live is to Rise...

Last edited by **Cquactar** on Thu Nov 21, 2013 1:45 pm, edited 2 times in total.

Glory to the Kingdom, and Long Live the King!

"Cquactar can into space, goddammit!" -Last words of King Staephan

"Spacebound" Viston III

"To Live is to Rise" - Motto of the Kingdom and its People.

Map of our glorious Kingdom : <http://postimg.org/image/ka5qkjme5/>



Gillenor
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 458
Founded: May 16, 2009
Ex-Nation

by **Gillenor** » Wed Nov 20, 2013 3:59 pm



Private Jet heading for Loufe

Tsuni felt she had done a good job on her disguise, green contact lenses, and dyeing her hair and eyebrows blonde made her look almost like a completely different person.

"So what do you think will go down?" She asked Julia who was looking out the window at the sea.

"A lot of arguing I expect" she smiled "However I have a nasty thing someone, namely the Rhodeaseans will try some dirty tricks, so watch out"

Meanwhile in another seat on the plane sat a man, he had a black trenchcoat on, short black hair and green eyes. This was Artemis Fogg, Leader of Epsilon Squad, a team of highly trained warriors with skills in shooting, melee, hand to hand combat, survival and pretty much all vehicles. Next to him was a man also in a trenchcoat, he had short spiked brown hair, blue eyes and an eyepatch covering one eye, this was Dante Fe'cœur. Seated on the other side of Artemis was a woman, like the other two she had a long black trenchcoat, she had long blonde hair, green eyes, she was Aphrodite Holmes. Together they formed Epsilon Squad, their current mission: Protect the Empress and the Prime Minister, using any force necessary.

Artemis came from Summerwyn, but he grew up in Anthorp, he had never had a family and was raised by the Viceroy of Anthorp, most of his life he had trained in combat and pretty much always wanted to be in the elite Paladin units. At 18 he went to Palan university, after leaving with a degree he joined the Auffenberg Military Academy where he met Dante, the two became fast friends and eventually graduated then put into Epsilon squad. The squad leader was originally Agamemnon Direheart, eldest of the famous Direheart family, however after a dangerous mission went missing. Artemis was made squad leader and soon after Aphrodite joined the squad.

4 Winds Hall, the University of Palan, Summerwyn, Anthorp

Two men walked down the long corridor, it was filled with paintings and decorations, almost like that of a palace. They both wore long black robes with the hoods down, both were holding Venetian masks.

"What do you suppose the Pauci called this meeting for?" Said one of them to the other.

"Not sure, must be important, they've called all the members from all over Gillenor" Relied the other. They fitted their masks on and lifted the hoods over their heads, they then entered the grand hall, it was filled with other people in robes and Venetian masks of all kinds, in the middle was a large robed figure, much taller than the others, it had metallic horns coming out of the side of its hood, it was surrounded by 16 other hooded figures in a circle around it. They walked in and joined the large crowd of robed figures gathered together.

"Long live the Arcani!" They all shouted in unison.

"We who have existed for 10,000 years, and ruled over Sommerland, we who they daren't speak of, we who exist only in the shadows, but are as real as the night" said the tall one in the middle.

"Long live the Arcani!" They declared again.

"Bring forth the intruder!" Shouted the one who had previously talked.

Two more robed figures entered the room clutching a terrified looking

man by his arms.

"I knew this would happen! I caught onto your plot!" Shouted the man.

"How nice of you to join us, Agent Williamson. Unfortunately you will be leaving shortly" the figure said, a cruel smile forming on its mouth.

"You wont get away with this!" Exclaimed Williamson.

"Oh but we will, and have"

"Laoni wont work with you for long!"

"Oh you pathetic fool, Williamson, you never did quite learn the truth. We arent working with Laoni, we OWN Laoni" the figure explained.

Williamson looked shocked.

"Oh yes, you see, we were quite content with Gillenor, funding it's expansion, promoting imperialists into the government. But in recent years, theres been a decline in its expansion" the figure lectured "they've even lost territories, so we think, it's time for a little change in leadership. Once Laoni arrives with the Black Alliance and takes Regalia, we will use it to our advantage. We'll next turn our gaze to the sacred land of Allinor, once their up, we take the great wolf, Ghant. From this we will form what we have always been planing, the Vallinorian Magisterium!" The figure laughed, it had a feminine voice.

"No! You'll never win!" Screamed Williamson.

"Isnt it funny, nations scramble to help the Black Alliance defeat the Imperialist Gillenorians, when their working for the Gillenorians themselves!"

"You cant do this!" Williamson protested.

End of Act III

Last edited by [Gillenor](#) on Thu Nov 21, 2013 4:16 pm, edited 2 times in total.

The Kingdom of Gillenor is a federal parliamentary monarchy. It's current governing party (Unionist Party) are centre-left.

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