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The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3870
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by **The Macabees** » Fri Apr 17, 2020 7:59 am

QUOTE

THE FALL OF DRASDAG

Komsektor Aridna, Operation BRILLIANT PYTHON
June, 2029

The burned-out hull of the big-barreled Nakíl tank matched the deprecated buildings around it, only a fraction of which remained standing. A company of soldiers were seated against the walls on either side of the street, eating their meals quickly before moving out again. Gunfire could be heard from a distance, although not one of them paid it much attention. Accustomed to this grind, these soldiers had been through and seen it all. The battle for Drasdag had been a gruesome, costly affair, especially for the Macabéans who were at a disadvantage when rooting out their entrenched opponents. The street-by-street battle had taxed its toll on the *Ejermacht* and its soldiers, who would remember the siege of Drasdag for the rest of its history.

Overhead, a flight of GLI-23s cruised noisily over the city. Bulky and slow, the GLI-23 was a flying tank built for worlds where it could fly largely unimpeded by enemy aircraft. With the rest of the war now deep inside the Scandinvan island of Drana, Drasdag was such a place. Their effectiveness was frightening, flying low as they did and utterly devastating their targets with their nose-mounted gatling gun. Coming at the behest of the soldiers on the ground, they gave their enemy no mercy.

Of course, the enemy showed just as little piety as the invaders. Every inch of ground given was charged for by means of blood and life.

For companies like this one, eating by the destroyed hull of a friendly tank, the few minutes they had for lunch were a respite from the toil of their reality. They relished in it, although they hardly spoke to each other. Some stared into the distance, their minds already giving way to the sickness of shock and a newfound apathy for all the details of life that now seemed meaningless against the backdrop of their experience in Drasdag.

It had only been two days ago when they had been caught under the

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overlapping crossfire of two machineguns cleverly positioned on the window frames of two separate buildings, where between the both of them they had visibility on the entirety of the crossroads below them. The Macabéan infantrymen should have seen it coming. It wasn't a novel tactic. But, perfection is impossible to sustain and these two machineguns caught the company as they were advancing up either side of one of the streets. Once the head of the two columns had passed by, the enemy ripped into the center of the body with the ruthless efficiency of defenders who had thought out their ambush well. Within a few minutes, over a dozen were dead and two dozen more were wounded. It was another twenty minutes before the pinned down remnants were alleviated by an assault gun, which pummeled the two buildings with 160-millimeter shells until there wasn't anything but shattered brick, collapsing concrete, and the twisted frame of steel left.

There was little more than the brief comfort of lunch to look forward to. Operation BRILLIANT PYTHON succeeding. The costly end to the siege was coming to a close, with the fighting now contained to certain quarters of Drasdag which still hadn't been broken down by imperial ground forces. While still as ferocious as all the urban combat leading up to this final moment, the last remaining defenders of Drasdag were being snuffed out and gunned down. Chances were that this particular infantry company, as so many more, were no longer needed in the city — or, well, what remained of it.

Drasdag would never be missed, although neither could anyone who had lived through it ever forget it. But, every soldier with their head resting against the wall, relaxing in a way that hadn't been possible since they first arrived to this damned country, knew that Drasdag could pale in comparison to what the fighting they would soon see. Indeed, while orders hadn't been distributed yet, it was an open secret that the vast majority of soldiers participating in the siege would soon be redeployed and reallocated to the north — the principal front. News from the front was never in short supply and, if the sheer brutality was well known on the home front, imagine how it was lived by those who faced it. In fact, most of the men and women who had fought and survived in the city would be at the front within a matter of weeks to participate in the coming summer offensive, an operation that was anticipated to finally win the war once and for all.

Frustration and anger led to indiscipline that was becoming more difficult to control. As the fighting in Drasdag died down, holy sites were raided and robbed. Male civilians, in particular, received harsh treatment, some simply dragged out of their homes and shot. With a growing partisan war, any man could turn into an enemy, so better to kill him now was the thought. Jewelry and other valuables were stolen, antiques and collectibles taken, and the city was stripped of its essence. The siege soon slipped into a thorough sacking. Macabéan commanders attempted to restrain the disorder but, after almost a year of fighting, it was almost impossible to restrain soldiers who thought the loot was their due.

Survivors were left to fend for themselves. As the Macabéan army in Drana grew, the logistical complexity of feeding it became more difficult and the ability to sustain the civilian population began disappearing. If the invaders had tried to win the 'hearts and minds' in 2028, the new year was changing that nature of benevolence. It wasn't evil that drove this shift, but a necessity. Whatever food was being imported from Greater Díenstad had to go first to feeding the soldiers, second to feeding everyone else. Local agricultural output had collapsed, of course. Part of this was the destruction of the war, but the emancipation of the slaves in occupied territory contributed its crucial part, as well. To eat, hungry civilians were told to chase rats.

Yet, in a way, the survivors of Drasdag would soon be more fortunate than those living elsewhere in occupied Drana. The capture of the port city was a major coup and the fulfillment of one of the major objectives for the first phase of the war. The Golden Throne finally held a major deepwater port and, although now it stood in ruin, its

rebuilding had started almost immediately. Indeed, elsewhere fighting continued. But, the opening of this harbor could not come at a better time.

Scandinavian prisoners of war were brought to the city by the millions and put to work digging and dredging. They were fed just enough to sustain their life and their labor, which was a better situation than most's. Hundreds of thousands more prisoners arrived each day, all going toward the singular purpose of opening Drasdag to Macabéan military and cargo ships.

Drasdag was to become the entrance to the major logistical artery that would sustain the coming summer strategic offensive. Those who lived in the city would be the first to receive any supplies allotted to the civilian population of occupied Drana. In the coming months, tens of millions of refugees would flock to the city to escape starvation in the countryside. By the start of summer, whatever depletion of life Drasdag had suffered during the course of the siege would more than be made up by those seeking relief from the even greater hardships suffered outside of it. The scope and magnitude of the tragedy could and would only be truly understood in the years after, when its consequences became more fully apparent.

OOO Note: *The fall of Drasdag marks the beginning of the end of the war. It is the last major Macabéan success of the war, with the coming summer offensive and Operation Second Fog stagnating into late-summer and autumn at high cost. These experiences, and the general exhaustion experienced by both sides, leads to the beginning of bilateral peace talks between the two main warring powers. The fighting begins to peter out by late 2029, devolving into skirmishing along the front, and a peace agreement comes in 2030. While the entire narrative of the war will be roleplayed out, I just wanted to place events within the overall timeline of ongoing threads. Thus, [the war in Krasnova](#) and [Hailandkill](#) begin in the months following the end of what the Macabéan's ICly refer to as the 'Gothic War.'*

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