

by Max Barry



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Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Fri Apr 04, 2014 1:30 pm

QUOTE

Cormond

As the top leaders of the military effort in Mordent and the war where meeting over the latest intelligence and current operations and with hundreds of bombers headed toward target in Mordent and Morrdh.

A guard walks in and tells the leaders that the king's on the VTC screen wishing to speak to them. And as the aid switches the VTC screen on and gets the system read for encrypted chat, the leaders were chatting among themselves about what this could be about. As the screen came to life and the leadership look on there wasn't just the king but the prime minster also. The king spoke first and would be the only one with something to say.

"Morning gentlemen I have something to pass on to all of you which will be good news to most of you, as you know we've been on the defensive in Mordent. Well myself and the queen of Morrdh have been in secret talks and have came to an agreement with ourselves and the nation of Allanea. At this time all offensive operations on Mordent and Morrdh will cease and when the first Allanea forces arrive all of our forces will move back to their bases and into the Capital city of east Mordent and setup defensive lines till the war is over. The border will remain closed with west Mordent, and MSRs will stay open to keep supplies moving to and from bases. This great news with Allanea and Lyran forces patrolling East Mordent we can reinforce the area, keep in mind this isn't a peace treaty only a cease fire till further talks can be done."

"So recall our bombers or reassign them to hit Stevid forces to the south but all operations in Mordent and Morrdh will stop as of now. Thank you gentlemen"

The king signed out and the prime minister and the commanders looked a little puzzled and upset that talks were held without anyone input but the commanders did as they were told. The orders went out and the bombers where called back and artillery and other operations where called off in East Mordent.

To: Allanea Government
CC: Morrdh Government
From: King Marcius A Sobairce III

As I and the Queen of Morrdh agreed on this letter is to inform the Allanea government that all Imbrinium units have ceased fire as we

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*agreed and will stay in their positions till relieved by Allanea forces?
As also agreed the border will remain closed till further notice. My
forces await Allanea forces to relieve them.
Thank you,*

King Marcius A Sobairce III

Southern Greal/ Stevid.

As forces caught up to the leading edge of the recon forces, the forces on the ground had one side of the town covered loosely keeping an eye on the fobs on both the near and far side of the river. The recon forces had also spotted dismounted infantry moving through the town between buildings setting up defensive positions. The mission had changed they were told to hold and wait for follow on armor and infantry to help clear the town.

The commanders at headquarters just off the beachhead where monitoring the movements of Wand jar or now the lack of movement from their forces. The plan was changing fast with the pressure from the northern front at a standstill, the IAFSG commanders where going to have to adjust back to the original plan, which wasn't much of a plan change they just have to start pounding the northern city from the air and sea to weaken the city's defensives.

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

☐ by **Imbrinium** » Fri Apr 04, 2014 2:41 pm



1000 km of the coast of Macabees.

She was an older sub but with the new retrofits she was almost a new submarine, her mission was a lot different than before. The HMS GUARDFISH was a SSBN turned into a SSGN before her and three more of her sisters where turned into sonar surveillance submarine. They where to cast out large sonar sensors nets and lie quietly in the water and listen for submerged and surface targets. Since sonar nets can't be everywhere the fleets can be this sub makes up for the loss.

The HMS Guardfish was pulled from her sea trials at the beginning of the war and placed deep off the coast of Macabees listening for fleets coming north to assist Stevid forces. After the RIN hit and sunk a Kassaran ship. The HMS Guardfish picked up the Kass fleet headed north to attack RIN forces at sea. The reports were forwarded to RIN naval HQ and two RDF and three sub patrol fleets where tasked out to intercept the Kass fleet.

The first submarines of TF Thunderbay picked up the Kass fleet and shadowed them for about three days awaiting orders to attack the fleet. The ROE was to shadow unless attack then defend to all cost. An attack order would only come after the diplomats tried their hand at stopping the Kassaran from entering the war.

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

☐ by **Imbrinium** » Fri Apr 04, 2014 3:04 pm



As the Malgrave air force aircraft formed up around the RIAF C-10 and told the pilots to land at the closest air base this was not what was planned or at least needed by the crew onboard. The head pilot turned the headset over to the head commander of the mission.

"This is Commander Catone Mazzi of the RIN and also the head doctor in charge of this mission, tell your leaders at be that this

mission needs to land to the closest airport or base to the effected zone. This mission doesn't have time to play 21 questions with your security forces, our mission is to render our virus safe and safe your people we can't do that unless we get what we want and need. Pass this on to your leadership and let us know before we make your border if you want our help"

The headset was turned back over to the pilot and he awaited a response from the Malgrave government.

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Malgrave
Negotiator

Posts: 5723
Founded: Mar 29, 2011
Democratic Socialists

by **Malgrave** » Fri Apr 04, 2014 5:39 pm



Imbrinium wrote:

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"This is Commander Catone Mazzi of the RIN and also the head doctor in charge of this mission, tell your leaders at be that this mission needs to land to the closest airport or base to the effected zone. This mission doesn't have time to play 21 questions with your security forces, our mission is to render our virus safe and safe your people we can't do that unless we get what we want and need. Pass this on to your leadership and let us know before we make your border if you want our help"

The headset was turned back over to the pilot and he awaited a response from the Malgrave government.

SL Fielding sighed at the incompetence of the arriving foreigners, obviously they had not learnt basic geography at school or been told any information about the country they were attempting to fly into, deciding against annoying her superiors by telling them useless information she instead decided to cut the middlemen and give them a direct response.

"Commander Mazzi. Some frakking moron decided to use biological weapons against a civilian target, so i'm afraid Tillingham is the closet airbase to Maldon that is not under quarantine. It is impossible for us to escort you any closer without crashing into the nearest mountain. Upon landing you shall see that Maldon is a short fifteen minute hop from Tillingham Air Base." Fielding said, slowly losing patience with the transport aircraft.

IC Information.



Allanea
Postmaster of the Fleet

Posts: 25644
Founded: Antiquity
Capitalist Paradise

by **Allanea** » Fri Apr 04, 2014 11:47 pm



To: King Marcius A Sobairce III

CC: Morrdh Government

From: King Alexander Blaken-Kazansky

I agree that it is the duty of Allanean forces to render assistance in this case, to avoid further bloodshed and conflict between Imbrinium and Morrdh. I believe that the 139th Mechanized Infantry Division is the most suited for this goal, and will soon commence its deployment to the disputed territory, with the first platoons being airlifted starting later this week.

I hope this is entirely acceptable to all parties.

Your constant friend,



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Sat Apr 05, 2014 4:29 am



Mordent

The next phase of Operation Piper was well underway as talks between the Imbrinium and Morridane Monarchs took place, chiefly a major resupply and reinforcement effort. RMAF fighters ranged ahead and engaged their Imbrinium counterparts to tie them up as transport planes flew over East Mordent to drop supplies to the Morridane paratroopers and special forces fighting in the Imbrinium rear. On the Morridane side of the lines the Royal Morridane Engineers had worked tirelessly to expand an airstrip close to Lindun to act as an airhead for flights from the Morridane mainland, a task mostly done when the first C-130 Hercules and Short Belfasts laden with fresh troops touched down. Along the coastline where the Royal Morridane Marines had bloodily fought their way ashore and established beachheads the air was busy as well as helicopters operating from carriers made repeated trips, though their defence was a mixture of flying at below radar level coupled with a handful of fighters and the few AA batteries that made it to the beachheads.

Despite the Imbrinium counter-barrage the Morridane artillery batteries had weathered the storm to continue firing, though their fire had slackened off a bit since the Morridane barrage had begun. Even with nightfall the Morridane artillery fire did not let up, the guns stubbornly firing on as the Morridane troops kept the pressure up on the Imbrinium line and tried to force cracks. Morning only brought a sky hazy with smoke and filled with Morridane fighter-bombers that strafed and bombed selected targets identified by forward observers on the ground. Out to sea roving flights of Blackburn Buccaneers lurked a handful of feet above the waves as they waited to be vectored onto Imbrinium vessels that Seeker and Shackleton patrol aircraft picked up.

Tragically and largely unbeknownst to anyone the Morridane communications network had taken a few hits during the Imbrinium missile barrage, cut lines and interference made it difficult for the Morridane Central Command to talk to it's troops on the ground. Reports and orders became mixed up or lost entirely in the static as officers attempted to pass on messages from unit to unit either with relays of radiosets and/or runners. Central Command's own radio transmitter had been damaged, effectively making it impossible for any messages to be sent out which included the ceasefire order. The problem wouldn't be discovered and fixed for at least a day or so, but this was long enough for the damage to be done. Unaware of the ceasefire the Morridane troops on the front were dumbstruck when the Imbrinium guns suddenly fell silent, mistaking this for the Imbriniums to be falling back the Morridane soldiers charged forwards as their own guns kept firing. To Central Command it looked as though the troops were ignoring it's orders, it frantically tried to send out further orders whilst remaining unaware of the damaged transmitter.

To all concerned it looked as though the ceasefire had been broken soon as it had barely begun.

Taking advantage of all the chaos, small bands of militants in East Mordent sneaked out to recover arms and supplies that were scattered across the fields and highlands of Eastern Mordent. These weapons and supplies would be added to the militants' own stockpiles, ready to be used when the militants finally decide to make their move. There was calls for the militants to make their move now, the Imbriniums were on the backfoot and their grip over East Mordent

was shaky many argued. Cooler heads pleaded for their hot-headed comrades to wait a little while, see where the conflict headed and how badly weakened the Imbriniums actually were.

Regardless the cinders of unrest in East Mordent had been stoked.

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Sat Apr 05, 2014 6:35 am



In Orbit

No. 435 Squadron was the Royal Space Force's specialist anti-satellite unit, their job was mainly to sabotage or even destroy enemy satellites should the Royal Space Force ever go to war. Their method was remarkably simple, attach explosives to the intended target and then detonate. It negated the need to launch an anti-satellite missile and made the work a bit more covert, a plus when the enemy found it's telecommunication satellites had suddenly vanished. Up until they had mostly been practising their on old decommissioned satellites that would've burned up on re-entry as their orbit decayed, though recently that had been assisting the Haize in recovering some of their damaged satellites.

Now they were finally going to war.

Their prey were Imbrinium telecommunication satellites, especially any military or spy ones that they could identify. Taking out a large chunk of the Imbrinium satellite network would severely hamper Imbrinium's communications and in way it's military operations, any spy satellites that could be identified and thus destroyed would also hamper the Imbriniums. But first they had to find them.

~

"Make you get the right ones Albert, last thing we want is some bugger in Gholgoth to start slinging nukes about just because they lost all their sport channels."

"I hear ya, just shut up and lemme get on with it."

"Just saying..."

"I know, I know. How many left?"

"Another dozen maybe, that's all the boys in Intel has been able to find out."

"Right, I'll rig this one and then head back to the tin can 'fore me air runs out."

"Copy that, happy hunting."

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Stevieid
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevieid** » Sat Apr 05, 2014 4:19 pm



Vanderburg, Stevidian South Greal East Coast 1032 hrs 6 Apr

From the sky the horizon was one to savour and one to chill the soul. The skies over Vanderburg in the distance were nothing but a dark grey haze with several individual plumes of jet black smoke rising from amongst the tow towering skyscrapers in the city centre – dwarfing everything around it. The skies were clearer around the suburbs but individual fires and smoke plumes were more prominent. Every couple of minutes there would be a bright localised flash amongst the tightly packed houses as troops battled in bloody urban warfare, or where an enemy airstrike successfully struck home annihilated whatever the

target was.

Three heavy lift Chinooks were entering this warzone from the south coming from the direction of Whistler Barracks near the Sumerian border. On board were supplies such as food, water and ammunition alongside battle casualty replacements. As they approached, a thick barrage of anti-air cannons and tracked CIWS could be seen strafing the sky with one or two AA missiles streaking towards targets yet unseen. The pilots of the Chinooks were more than aware of the zero fast air support in the area and had to rely on low flying and ground based AA protection to keep them safe. Fortunately today was their lucky day; two hits, with one confirmed kill, were scored against an enemy sortie in the aerial AOR and the Chinooks made their way to FOB Guardian within the city centre located in the city's main public park.

This was the arguably the most dangerous part of their journey as single file the helicopters worked their way through the towering maze of the city towards the park. They followed a strict flight plan that if they deviated from could result in them being shot down by their own forces. They roared over pre-prepared defences and Royal Engineers busy creating new ones; one would have been able to count no fewer than five Firebases (FB) and almost ten Patrol Bases (PB) in the southern districts alone. But the ride would not have been ideal for sight seeing, the helicopters were buffeted throughout by updrafts between the bases of the skyscrapers surrounding them whenever the three helicopters passed through some of the more narrow roads. However, once they reached the LZ of FOB Guardian the pilots relaxed as the difficult part, for the time being was over.

8th Avenue, Vanderburg Central District

SSgt Corbin of 22 Engineer Regiment looked down 8th Avenue towards FOB Guardian, as the thudding of the heavy lift helicopters grew louder. He stood nearly a mile and a half away but could clearly see the helicopters round one of the corners of the avenue beyond FOB Guardian and make their way to the LZ. He squinted some more and noticed one was a Medical Emergency Response Team (MERT) helicopter and with that his squint turned to glumness.

"More casualties..." He mumbled to himself. He sighed heavily and looked about him. The road and pavements were black and dusty – the whole city seemed to be covered with this filth. Paperwork fluttered around him in the gentle breeze as his platoon went about their work at the base of a skyscraper only twenty metres from him. His combats and osprey were well worn and dirtied too and he looked down at himself with a look of revulsion.

"Curse this shithole. I didn't do three weeks in the Wasteland to come back to somewhere this similar."

"Staff! Charges are set, we're ready to bring it down." A Corporal yelled from the skyscraper foyer as the rest of his platoon ran towards their IFV-120 Intruders.

"Good. Hello Zero this is Whiskey 1-2..." Corbin said as he clicked his radio on.

"Zero, send, over."

"Whiskey 1-2, charges placed at base and at both structural points of Building Alpha One. Withdrawing to Guardian CP-One. Over."

"Zero roger. Confirm arrival at Guardian CP-1 and commence demolition – orders to move to Building Alpha Two upon completion. Over."

"Whiskey 1-2, Roger – Out." Corbin clicked off his radio and marched broadly over to his Intruder where his platoon Sergeant was already waiting for him. He was disturbed by a huge thud and then another – the second of which was visible as a large flash and subsequent explosion towards the end of the avenue to the North. It was a mile

or so away, he couldn't be sure but his heart rate rose enough for him to get a sense of urgency about the Amy's position here in Vanderburg.

"They're getting closer, Staff." His Sergeant said with a look that mirrored his glum one only minutes earlier. *"Won't be long before a few of those lucky shots start landing in Guardian."*

Corbin murmured in agreement as he flicked the ignition and his platoon away towards the FOB. *"Let's hope the anti-air and anti-artillery batteries get some more ammunition from those choppers."*

"I expect so Staff, at the expense of the frontline units. The defence of the city will only last so long. Those Imb thugs just have much more in the way of firepower and reserves, we barely have reserves."

"It's why we're doing this Sergeant." Corbin said after a pause as he parked his Intruder and waited for his platoon to follow suit. He dismounted and grabbed the radio mounting from the dashboard in side. *"Besides, we have to hold – if we don't, how else to you expect to get rescued out of this dive? It won't be long until the enemy encircles this place, so I intend to make it as difficult and bloody as possible."* He finished with a smile.

"Hello Zero this is Whiskey 1-2, proceeding with demo. Clear, clear, clear. Out."

Minutes later a loud whooping sound echoed through the empty streets of Vanderburg followed by a huge explosion at the base of the skyscraper SSgt Corbin had previous been standing beneath. The huge monolith groaned unnaturally as gravity took control and the building swayed across the street; the climax of this being the dramatic collision of the skyscraper with another slightly taller one on the other side of the street. The one being demolished tore a deep scar into its sister building and slowly drew down the side until it came to a complete stop. To an observer on the ground it looked like one skyscraper was leaning lazily against the other while mountains of debris fell from the impact zone. The peace was then shattered again as secondary and tertiary charges midway up the leaning tower denoted in an incredible fireball – breaking the 'back' of the tower and effectively splitting it in two. The lower half tumbled to the ground blocking the entire width of the avenue while the top half fell down and backwards on itself before landing atop the bottom half and then rolling off of it northwards on the avenue. The local area was awash with dust and debris but the avenue was completely shut off.

FOB Guardian Division HQ

Nearly every SNCO and officer in Vanderburg attended the orders brief, chaired by Lt Col Patterson; such meetings were rare and this particular one had only been called to discuss the final 'Endgame' strategy the troops had been whispering through the rumour mill. Behind the Lt Col was a haphazard projector screen connected to a laptop that displayed the current deployments throughout the city with known and assumed enemy unit locations.

"Right, let's get this started ladies and gentlemen." The Lt Col said in a raised voice to be heard of the din of chatter. *"People, as you are probably all only too well aware, Vanderburg cannot be held. However, you will be pleased to hear that the overall military strategy requires that we DO NOT have to hold it. As far as objectives go this city is a very important coastal port and will be hard to let go of. But this element of the division is withdraw from Vanderburg and cede it to the enemy."*

There was a gentle murmur of discontent but the room seemed to agree with the statement... grudgingly.

"I am well aware of the sacrifices we have made here, the dead and the heroes that have fought here. But there is no solid strategic

reasoning to remain here, which is why operational headquarters has decided to evacuate the city. OPERATION FIDELES will be the evacuation of Vanderburg in the largest defensive undertaking the Army will have conducted in its history. There will be casualties; there will be stress and close calls. But the position here is untenable. To officers well versed in 'untenable situations' and national policy regarding said circumstances, the use of tactical nuclear weapons has not been granted. Word is that Hapsburg Kingdom has been successfully stalled – or that they are unable to advance further. The 1st Expeditionary Army Group and elements of the 2nd have already begun deploying in the west with further combat elements en route. Stevidian South Greal is not out of the fight yet, due in part to the tardiness of our enemies. But we are not in this boat and serve no useful purpose here. Our orders are to withdraw south and west and that is what we will do."

Patterson extended a Pace Stick towards a large survey map of Eastern Stevidian South Greal. The gathered commanders knew now was the time to take appropriate note.

"In two days, 0400 hrs, we move. Two tank regiments, the light reconnaissance the 18th Light Dragoons and the heavy 12th Royal Lancers will be dispatched from FOB Styx some 40 kilometres west of here. They will interdict the enemy infantry and light recon forces encircling from the northwest. SAS intelligence observations show a stand off, we believe heavy enemy units are inbound. Because of this, the encirclement may be breeched but the final withdrawal west will eventually meet stiffer resistance. The Dragoon and Lancers will be supported by whatever aircraft the Army Air Corps can spare, additional carrier based aircraft have yet to be attached to us due to the reinforcing fleet's fear of Lyran engagement at sea. "24 Regt RLC will split between the LAD attachments. The 1 LAD will head south and the 2 LAD will head west. All other units will be heading west. The south still has two light infantry regiments in reserve and the west requires all the reinforcements it can get. The Dragoons and the Lancers will provide the defence required to get us out of the city. Withdrawal brings with it scorched earth, leave nothing left for them."

He turned away from his map and addressed those gathered before him soberly.

"Finally. Every effort must be made to get the civilians safely south and away from the fighting. If anything less, this is paramount. When Imbrinium assault the city, and they will, it is nigh a fight any of us want to see. Preventative measures must be made to get as many people out of here as possible."

Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Sat Apr 05, 2014 4:28 pm, edited 3 times in total.

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Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

☐ by [Mokastana](#) » Sat Apr 05, 2014 7:54 pm



“ **Malgrave wrote:**

"Just sign these documents in the sectors indicated and you should be free to go. The Army should have the appropriate kit and safe transport to take you to the infected city of Maldon."

City of Maldon Kingdom of Malgrave

Chief Doctor Romeo Allende took a second to cough into his handkerchief while typing hand written notes regarding the 'Blood Fever.' So far many of the drugs they had, at best, slowed the rate of fatalities, but not by much. Fatalities were still in the upper 10-15% with an extremely high infection rate. He had ordered his staff to practically wear HAZMAT Gear when dealing with the infected. Children were being especially hit hard, nothing the poor doctor had

not seen before but it was still disheartening to see. Only more so knowing this was a deliberate act of terror by a nation in the Great Dienstadi War. It had been effective, pushing Malgrave out of the war relatively quickly, he had to admit, but he believed that warfare should have some sort of rules before going to these extremes.

Perhaps that was why he was not a soldier.

A click of the mouse and the notes were sent back to his colleges back at the Salvador Allende University of Medicine. His staff back at the University was good, mostly of Fegosian decent but then again they seemed to have a nose for medicine. It was the staff here he worried about, which such a high infection rate and no known cure yet, if one of his staff contacted the virus... he didn't want to think of the consequences. Instead he packed up his notes and stood up, time to meet with more people to see if the lab results came back, at the very least he hoped they could create a decent way to test who was infected and who wasn't. The best test they had was showing nearly 20% false positives. Unless the virus had that many Asymptomatic carriers, which would be unlikely given it's nature, but it could explain one means of the high infection rate....

If it was true things might be even more dangerous than he previously thought...

Turning back into his office he grabbed another notebook before spinning back into the hallway, sprinting down towards the lab.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Sun Apr 06, 2014 1:03 am, edited 1 time in total.

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[Montana Inc](#)

Quotes about Mokastana:

[QUOTES](#)



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by [Imbrinium](#) » Mon Apr 07, 2014 5:21 pm



Final approach Tillingham Airbase,

As the huge, heavy converted cargo aircraft came in on its final everyone was strapped in and ready to land.

"Ok ladies and gentlemen this is going to be a rough landing"

"Mercy 1 to Mercy flight we are on final approach everyone be safe landing and we will see you on the ground."

As the landing gear came down and the flaps were pushed down by the controls, within a few seconds the heavy huge plane made contact with the runway. The brakes came on hard and slowed the plane due to the weight of the aircraft approach speeds were higher than normal. Mercy 1 taxied at the end of the runway and turned toward a jeep with follow me flashing on a sign, the plane was lead to a large open area where all the planes could be setup almost nose to nose as was needed to setup the lab. Within an hour all for planes where on the ground and the first personal stepped off the plane in level A protection suits and meet with soldiers with CBRN suits on and rifles.

"Easy gentlemen where here to help"

As the military escort took Commander Mazzi and two others off the rest of the staff started to setup the lab.
Now it was up to commander Mazzi to talk the Malgrave government to let them help.

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Tue Apr 08, 2014 5:43 pm



Greal-Stevid Border South Greal

Generalissimo Yuri Gorbechov stood on top of one (of his many) LY4A2 Wolfhound, binoculars scanning the hills covered with his forces in front of him. The lead elements were moving south and no doubt crossing the border at this very moment. With nearly a million personnel who had been waiting for something to do it would be impossible to be able to see them all from here. Instead he relied on radio and satellite communication to keep him up to date in real time regarding the beginning of OPERATION CASTLE. Normally crossing a border into an active war zone would have put an extra skip in his step, but not today, not with these orders. Deployments to Greal always came with 'strings attached.' It was the curse of this part of Greater Dienstad, or many just Greal.

To his right, Mk.3 Medium Transport trucks pulled a TEL for a Skyguard battery, one of the many they planned to deploy further south. Only the politicians back in Mejico and Mokastana City hoped it would not have to fire any time soon.

"Peacekeeping Mission, the world is engulfing itself in flames and we are tasked with protecting civilians and getting two major powers to stop fighting. War is hell."

Generalissimo Yuri Gorbechov hated peacekeeping missions, but he hated sitting in Sasha with nothing to do even more. So he accepted the orders without giving the politicians back home too much trouble, after all, Generalissimo Ivan Canarias just tried to stage a coup. Though everyone knew where Yuri's loyalties lay, he knew it was best not to get suspicious pointed his way. The MBSA was growing in power behind the scene, and he wanted to remain, if not off the radar, then at least to appear like the simple psychotic general he played.

He could think that one over later, he had work to do now. Hopping off the top of the tank he strolled back to his Mobile command post and began hammering out the message that would be broadcasted publicly south towards the forces of Stevid and Imbrinium.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

OPEN COMMUNICATIONS TO ALL PARTIES INVOLVED IN THE WAR IN SOUTH GREAL
FROM: GENERALISSIMO YURI GORBECHOV OF THE PEOPLE'S UNIFIED
FEDERAL ARMY OF MOKASTANA

Greetings,

As of 1800 hours today, Mbkan Army Forces, with permission of the Holy Empire of Stevid, have crossed into South Greal from territory in Greal to act as an impartial Peacekeeping Force. Expect over the next few days for Mbkan Skyguard Batteries to be set up and declaring no fly zones. In such areas any offensive missile weapons fired by any party will be shot down, aircraft will be given one chance to turn around. Our primary goal will be evacuation of civilian populations from the war zone of South Greal to the Mokastana and Imbrinium.

[Factbook](#)
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Quotes about Mokastana:

QUOTES



Malgrave
Negotiator

Posts: 5723
Founded: Mar 29, 2011
Democratic Socialists

by **Malgrave** » Wed Apr 09, 2014 12:13 am



International Hotel - Maldon - Malgrave

Helen Magnus yawned briefly, the Malgravean scientist rubbing from sleep from the corner of her eye before continuing her work. It was a testament to the paranoia of the people and the local government that a majority of the population had not only managed to get into secure shelters but one equipped to deal with chemical, biological

and nuclear warfare that had stopped this attack from wiping out the entire city. Unfortunately not everyone was lucky, since coming out of diplomatic isolation the government had put a significant focus towards the growth of the tourism sector and while recently constructed hotels had adequate shelter for conventional bombing runs they had failed to provide protection from the biological weapons carried in the latest attack.

At the moment the infection rate stood at around 10-15% but the Malgravean scientist knew that number could rise at any moment, not for the poor foreign souls that happened to be here on holiday but for the local population. In the 1950's it had been discovered that the Malgravean immune system was in a gradual state of decline, with following generations each being born with a smaller chance of fighting off infections.

Tillingham Airbase.

In the aftermath of the biological attack on Maldon Lieutenant Hovis had been quickly transferred to Tillingham Airbase, both to help secure the airbase from further attack and coordinate the buffer zones that prevented any unauthorised civilian from crossing into the quarantine zone. During his career he had rarely been surprised but news that the nation responsible for the attack was attempting to land at his airbase did just that, the Malgravean Lieutenant quickly moving to organise a force to respond to such an incident. It was for this reason why every Imbrinium transport aircraft was immediately surrounded by two full [IFV's](#) that acted to secure the vehicle and prevent it from taking off again, its troops dismounting in full CBRN gear in case the foreigners had any more weapons with them.

Commander Mazzi was quickly identified and escorted to a small interrogation room with Lieutenant Hovis and an unidentified member of the Special Investigative Service.

"You are Commander Mazzi, correct? A fairly high ranking member of the Imbrinium CBRN command structure according to our most recent intelligence reports." Special Agent Hajek said, idly reading an intelligence folder while circling the secured Commander. "We simply require information about those responsible for launching biological weapons against a civilian targets, because clearly those people would not be of sane mind and body. Once you provide that information you shall be free to conduct your business....with the appropriate escort."

IC Information.



The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3870
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by **The Macabees** » Mon Apr 21, 2014 9:02 am



Fedala, The Second Empire of the Golden Throne

Posters advertising Lyran war bonds were plastered on almost every storefront window or door, sometimes both. They caught the eye with phrases like, "Own a share of Stevid's demise!" Unafraid of pushing a subsidized product when national interests were of concern, Lyran war bonds were being offered at subsidized rates. Thus, Macabee investors might not make as much as others, but they had another reason to invest: to help defeat the Empire's arch-rival, Stevid. By financing Lyras' campaign, the Golden Throne was not just helping two Fedala Accord (FA) members, but also imposing itself in a major regional conflict against one of the largest obstacles to the Empire's domination of their area of Greater Dienstad.

After years of deep recession, suboptimal output, and high unemployment, the postwar rebirth of the Empire came with economic plenty. An economic boom, thanks in large part to radical economic and political reforms, has brought about an era of unprecedented wealth. Because of the Throne's few liabilities, this wealth went largely untapped by national governments, which meant that when it was absolutely necessary to mobilize private resources there were plenty of them to go around. Indeed, tens of billions of Macabee Riokmarks — a currency largely out of circulation, but used

as a standard to compare competing private currencies — had already been invested into allied war bonds. This could quickly grow to hundreds of billions, even trillions.

But, the growing war fever in the Empire was not just support for the Empire's allies, but also an appeal to Fedala to join the war against Stevid. The latter's occupation of large parts of Guffingford's eastern coastal regions was an affront. Although, strictly speaking, the Dutch-speaking country did not voluntarily join the Empire, Macabee forces were received with largely open arms. The two countries had a long shared history, including a shared mission, and many, many years of strong political unity. Stevid, on the other hand, is a foreign power on what is considered to be Macabee soil. While Fedor I had come to an agreement to reduce the amount of personnel deployed along the Stevidian border in Guffingford, that was a short-term commitment to buy the Empire time to weather the depression. With the depression over, Stevid's holdings in Guffingford were once again game.

This being said, Fedala was not necessarily interested in a war with Stevid. Diplomacy took precedent. Wars are expensive and bloody, and the War of Golden Succession does not bring with it good memories. With Stevid embroiled in battle abroad, especially after the loss of an entire war fleet, they may be more open than ever to a diplomatic solution to the impasse in Guffingford. Everybody has their price, and Fedala would no doubt be open to paying a fee for Stevid's withdrawal from the continent housing the Empire's mainland. But, if this solution were not to materialize, they would most likely also be very open to waging war. Stevid's ability to supply personnel in Guffingford would be hindered by Macabee naval and aerial resistance, and without a strong logistics connection, it would be hard to see a Stevidian victory over the mighty Macabee *Ejermacht*.

Thus far, the Empire had not made any overt moves with regards to Guffingford. It was almost entirely focused on sweeping up its operations in Zarbha and solidifying its occupation of that country. But, Zarbha is a declaration of intention. Fedor is unlikely to stop there, and rumors are that he has his sights on Monzarc, and even Safehaven, Atheism, and Tir. At the very least, he would want to make more concrete the Empire's domination of this area of Greater Dienstad, at the expense of Stevid. In this context, an invasion of Guffingford would be a shoe on the table — and there is probably no better time to commit to war when Stevid was already fighting on other fronts.

The people called for war. They wanted blood. It was a question of time as to when Fedor would give the order to deliver.

[OOC: I haven't stepped up mobilization in Guffingford, but either today or tomorrow I will be posting in [this](#) thread. The post will be about an invasion of Monzarc, but will also have some details on an increasing presence in Guffingford, and naval deployments in the waters just off Monzarc.]

Last edited by [The Macabees](#) on Mon Apr 21, 2014 11:27 am, edited 1 time in total.

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Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by [Imbrinium](#) » Wed Apr 30, 2014 9:19 pm



Mordent front, Vermillion line,

As IAFM units stood down as a part of the ceasefire agreement the units fell into standby positions in their bunkers and trenches. Though most units stood down the sensors and snipers were still keeping an eye on things along with UAVs. The Morrdh artillery started to pick up in volume and intensely. The snipers reported smoke shells landing on the battlefield this was worrisome to a ceasefire it seemed more like an attack.

Within minutes the UAVs picked up troop and armour moving swiftly toward the front. The alert went out to the front; the troopers acted swiftly and started to engage the armour with ATGMs and the troops with direct and indirect fire. The toll on the Morrdh soldiers was taking the full brunt of the force unleashed on them. IAFM artillery was ordered by commanders on the front to open fire and release hell on the front and kilometres back.

Commanders in the command centre of the 2nd Corps where shocked this was the second time that Morrdh had sucker punched the Crown, the commanders ordered to release hell on the front and prepare for a counteroffensive using heavy armour. The skies over Mordent where hell on both IAFM and Morrdh counterparts the skies where filled with missiles and shells hitting aircraft out of the skies left and right.

Casualties where mounting again on both sides but Morrdh's lack of control or offensive whichever it was, was eating troops up all across the front thousands where being hit.

The runways that were bombed where rushed back into service and ready to defend bases from aircraft from the west, and also getting the needed bombers back into the sky to the fight against Stevid.

Vanderburg, Stevidian South Greal East Coast,

In the suburbs of Vanderburg along the coastal highway the heavy recon units where fighting along the city streets as infantry and armour followed close behind, Commanders where calling for heavy fire from the fleet. This fire mission would be to attack positions held by Stevid forces and their bases, another mission was to cut off major avenues of escape for the Stevid military.

Artillery units south of the city where already pounding the city as deep as they can reach, while the RIN where pounding deep inside the city with missiles and large bore cannon fire. The plan was to cut the transportation means of escape south off while pushing from the south and hopefully catch the Stevid forces in the middle.

Tillingham Airbase,

"Yes I am Commander Mazzi and I do belong to the CBRN command, but I don't write policy I didn't drop this virus or chemicals on your city or order it. I'm here to help to cure those I can cure and keep it from spreading"

"Now if you don't have any more stupid questions you are wasting my time and the time on your people"

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

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Stevid
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevid** » Mon May 05, 2014 9:14 am



OP FIDELES

**1st Plt, 12th Royal Lancers
Tattenhall Village - 2340 hrs
10km SSW of Vanderburg
Stevidian South Greal**

The 12th Royal Lancers, otherwise known as the Twelfth, were heading Op Fideles to evacuate Vanderburg of allied forces in the midst of the enemy pushing into the city. They had stopped short of Vanderburg in Tattenhall Village, a small rural population centre with

only a smattering of houses, a church but a lot of local farm buildings. The Army 'commandeered' it now, but in truth there was no one to commandeer it from. Most of the population around Vanderburg had heeded government and military advice to flee south from the fighting further north as the front line encroached ever further to the point it was starting to envelope the city itself. The Twelfth had paused in Tattenhall momentarily due to some minor delays in the supporting left flank held by the 18th Light Dragoons recon regiment some several kilometers north of their position. Supplies were in short order despite material support from Lamoni and Morrdh and now equipment was starting to break down through the wear and tear of war. But the Twelfth would not complain, they needed rest - every one fighting here did. They used the break to get some shut eye and scoff before the drive east into Vanderburg.

The 12th Royal Lancers were the heavy hitters of the two regiments deployed to bail out the beleaguered defenders of the city. They were made up of mostly Wolfhounds but had nearly thirty Vipers behind them with DAF and MAN transport trucks in reserve. They also had two Signal companies and one Intelligence Corps company to assist in fogging enemy comms. So far it has worked and reports coming out of the city were good - or as good as could be expected. Enemy movements were now encroaching into the city and observed to be moving steadily south, but the main effort was north and flushing out the resistance in the centre through increased bombardment. This was quite visible as in the horizon the glowing red and orange hue of destruction betrayed the city's location and plight; accompanying it were steady dull thuds of naval cannon fire, artillery and cruise missile strikes. But given the density of the city, it was probable the defenders would hold a while yet. Their defences were extensive and efforts to keep important routes open were a top priority. The city had been well recced by the Army and obvious routes out of the city had been marked to be kept clear only to encourage enemy attacks. Less likely streets, avenues and routes were well kept but largely unmaintained to resemble the facade of destruction without giving the game away. Over forty routes were marked for use to evacuate out of the city and only four involved major streets out of the city. All units had been briefed on the locations and directions of the routes. Route-cards had been written, scrutinised, tested, rewritten, then tested again before distribution. Convoy heads, Movers and Military Police had been informed they had to know their routes (and several others just in case of diversion) by memory in case circumstances altered the plans. The Twelfth was to meet these staggered convoys 10km south by south west of Vanderburg at a large suburban district where rural lands met buildings.

Further north, the 18th Light Dragoons were to actively engage the enemy beginning their encirclement west of the city. For once, Stevid would have the element of surprise. The 18th would conduct hit and run attacks using their Viper IFVs and Rottweiler medium tanks. Deliberate defensive positions were hastily put together for infantry sections to retreat to in order to make the enemy believe that the Stevidian Army had actually moved in deep towards Vanderburg to counter attack and hold it. The Intelligence company with a company of Signals in the Twelfth were attached specifically to give this credibility. Once the 18th was ready for the advance again, the two companies would work together and deliberately increase the encrypted and decrypted comms traffic to give the illusion of a stronger power base some 40km closer to Vanderburg than Imbrinium command would have initially thought. The repercussions of this would probably never be known, whether or not the enemy would buy it and engage the 18th proper once their weaker left flank around Vanderburg was threatened, or call the bluff but left in confusion as to the thought process behind the move. Either way, there was to be enough confusion to allow the Twelfth to conduct their mission.

About 0015 hrs the Twelfth got the order to move at speed to Vanderburg. GHQ had given the go ahead to Vanderburg garrison at FOB Guardian to begin the mass evacuation. The bombardment hadn't stopped its relentless thudding but thicker explosions could

now be heard as demolition charges across the city marked that the orders had been received. The 18th had surged ahead with recon units in Intruders and Land Rovers to observe potential enemies in the north that were too close, but reports came back negative as the enemy were focusing on tightening their grip on the city. The tanks of the 18th Light Dragoons followed and pushed steadily northwest while several sections of infantry disembarked at the defensible villages, farms and woodland that had been earmarked to act as the 'Stevidian frontline'.

The spearhead of the Twelfth was made up of Wolfhounds, the rest and the odd Wolfhound and Rottweiler tank were intermixed throughout the column with specialised anti air and anti tank infantry squads and tracked anti-air guns and missiles. All made best effort to the rendezvous zone SSW of Vanderburg.

FOB Guardian Vanderburg - 0020 hrs

Every single man and woman was prepped and ready, from Privates, Sappers and Gunners, to platoon commanders and company commanders. All were dressed and ready for the occasion, not a single person was seen without their rifle or with it close to hand. The last of the heavy lift helicopters departed with what could not be physically moved via road and made their way south in the blackness of night, safe from all but the most determined of pilots flying AA sorties at the dead of night. Hundreds of trucks had been stocked to the rafters and been pushed south to their transport points (TP) prematurely to prevent traffic jams. A signals company working in tandem with no less than ten engineering sections remained on station giving live 'traffic reports' to the convoy elements as obstacles on the routes were discovered and reported. The movers were constantly mulling over other possible routes as freshly cleared obstacles opened new avenues for escape. The Royal Military Police manned the TP checkpoints and kept close watch for any potential enemy infiltration that had breached the line perimeter line of infantry on the left flank, their maps at the ready to help those lost in the maze of the city and its suburbs that the engineers had created.

It was quite likely the enemy had an inkling that an evacuation was to occur or was in the process of occurring, but nothing on this sort of magnitude. The plan was to completely bomburst from the defensive positions in Vanderburg and retreat in a lightning quick but orderly fashion. The first stage was to not give the enemy the impression that anything was different now than it was yesterday. Signals kept up the use of coded and decoded chatter and kept specifics short and sweet to prevent enemy SIGNIT catching on to planned evac. This work be concurrent with a spattering of offensive ambushes in the north and west of the city. In the centre itself, the final charges on large buildings would detonate blocking off all direct routes south and east while leaving indirect routes boobytrapped with anti-personnel mines and anti-tank mines. The port facilities were all rigged to blow and would produce one of the most fantastic explosions seen in the war; AA batteries had been deployed here initially due to enemy reluctance to destroy the important facilities. Once the go ahead for staggered mass withdrawal was given, the two attack helicopters left in the city would advance forward and harry the forward elements of the enemy's vanguard force as they approached the denser parts of the city. As forces were to withdraw further south, the enemy would inevitably turn up the heat. One of the few surviving carriers from the east coast engagement with Imbrinium had sought shelter off the far south east coast of Stevidian South Greal. Seven aircraft, all Scorpions, had been kept safe and unused since the fleet's defeat and only now were they to be utilised to support the evacuation. With enemy air superiority, the task of keeping air cover was nigh on impossible, but seven aircraft would be able to exact a total on an unexpectant enemy confident they already controlled the skies.

Once the order came through, the the forward TP points emptied and moved to the rendezvous position, the TP points behind also emptied

and the convoys drove to the next TP, and so on until FOB Guardian itself emptied. All useful equipment gone or destroyed, all fortified positions rigged with AP mines, and as the final convoy rolled out of the FOB, the infantry sections collapsed in behind with forward elements ready to pounce in ambush on the unsuspecting enemy patrols. The only vehicles remaining in the city centre were Vipers and Intruders awaiting the infantry to return once the ambushes were complete.

2nd Tank Plt
18th Light Dragoons
West Vanderburg
0125 hrs

The five Rottweilers sat idle in light woodland facing towards Vanderburg. It wasn't hard to spot, the city was engulfed with flames. But it was almost peaceful here as the platoon watched with glee as a small infantry platoon slept in a hardened 'harbour area' of buildings. Along the 2nd Tank Plt was a forward recce unit in a Land Rover who had been observing the enemy using thermal imaging and NVG for little over two hours. The tanks were in visible, unobstructed range but as far away as possible using range to their advantage. Once the platoon commander was happy with the wide spacing of the vehicles he gave the order to fire. This didn't go quite to plan, the recce team failed to observe the enemy getting into position to defend the harbour - probably having heard the tanks approaching but unable to verify if they were friendly or not. This was confirmed when the 140mm shells starting pounding the harbour area. The Rottweiler was able to put down twenty rounds a minute and used this amount of physical firepower to good effect. The enemy had managed to fire back and an anti-tank missile crippled one of the medium tanks that then started to withdraw. The rest of the platoon followed suit while the recce Land Rover swung north to scope out any more units.

This type of hit and run continued throughout the night. Stevidian tanks engaged patrols of infantry and armour alike across the western flank of the Imbrinium Army's attempt to surround the city. Self propelled artillery began shelling positions that had been engaged to give the impression whole batteries had been moved up to become involved with the 'counter-attack'.

While the Stevidian Army engaged where they could despite the ruby darkness, the environment changed abruptly about 0130 hrs when the port facilities exploded as part of the retreat. The city was only a few kilometers away but a brilliant white flash of light marked the explosion - the skyscrapers silhouetted against the flash. This was followed by an almighty bang that actually shook the floor and scattered wildlife. It signaled the Army's retreat from Vanderburg to the enemy - but by now the convoys would already be pouring out of the city.

South Central Vanderburg
0300 hrs

The explosions in the distance were furious. With thin streaks of light starting to appear of the hostile waters east, the enemy were hitting hard with artillery. The port explosion was wondrous, thousands of tonnes worth of natural gas up in flames, piers, cranes, buildings - all destroyed in a tremendous flash of white light. It had signalled Stevidian intent but only after nearly an hour and a half had passed since FOB Guardian had been evacuated. Now the tension was almost tangible as the enemy pushed onwards to capture the city and anyone still left inside. Their assaults were persistent and bloody and continually forced Stevidian infantry fighting sections back time and time again. The sections would collapse to pre prepared defences and trap enemy pursuers when they got too close using AP/AT mines and IEDs. But the comms channels started getting quieter as sections were either destroyed or captured as the enemy began flooding the northern districts with troops and armour. The east was faring better, the encirclement hadn't been completed and their lines were stretched more thinly here hence why Imbrinium had stalled

their overall advance to consolidate their position with reinforcements to take the city. The 16th Light Dragoons had punched into their Kingdom's frontline but had made few inroads to strike deeper, resistance had been stiff. However their efforts had meant that the enemy would think Stevid was counter-attacking from the west to try lift the siege on Vanderburg; this meanwhile meant that with the frontline and rear echelons preoccupied with combat west of the city the infantry sections in the western districts would fair better than their northern compatriots.

2 Section
Alsace Platoon
Victor Company
12th Mech Inf Div (SGDF)

Cpl Dennis Stanis of 2 Sec Alsace Plt curled his finger around the trigger of his M416 rifle and the rifleman to his left, Private Bennet, did the same. He sat half crouched behind a concrete wall-windowsill on the second floor of the block of flats that made up West-Central District 1 of Vanderburg. On the the opposite side of the road was another block of flats and on the second floor were two more riflemen, one with a LMG. Some 100 metres down the road on the opposite side to him was a three story building with four soldiers laying in wait - one a grenadier, a sniper and another rifleman also carrying a portable AT missile launcher. Below Cpl Stanis was a mobile mechanised foot patrol displaying the colours of the Royal Imbrinium Army, the infantry team were advancing with covering support from their APC, no doubt there were follow up patrols either not far behind them or travelling in an adjacent street; however Cpl Stanis had been ordered to sow confusion amongst the advancing enemy and engage in ambushes were appropriate and bring bloody urban CQC to the enemy.

Stanis peaked out over the windowsill to see that half the patrol had moved past them, they had only seconds before the enemy were midway between him and the four man fire team a short distance away. He glanced over the to his fellow rifleman with a small smile and a wink. Private Bennet nodded in acknowledgement so Stanis rose to a knee and pulled a laser pen from his pocket and flashed to his colleagues on the other building across from him and then to those positioned in the three story building down the street. From both combat team and fireteam, he received similar flashes - they awaited Cpl Stanis' command. Stanis replaced the laser pen with a detonator from the top of his daysack and thumbed up the safety cap on the top. He paused a second, took a breath and mumbled a prayer before depressing the trigger button.

The first thing to detonate was an AT mine, only two metres in front of the APC itself. The tortured tarmac rose into the air with other filth and debris coating everyone and everything nearby. There were shouts of "*Contact!*" from the troops below and hurried fire positions being adopted. The APC, undamaged by the explosion, fired its main gun towards the roof tops of the forward buildings in its arc of fire. The IEDs and AP mines rigged to the sides of the buildings between the fireteam detonated next; the explosions tore out at a 90 degree angle and killed whoever had decided the hardcover to the left and right of the street and been a good idea. This was then followed by eight (four on each side of the street), daisy chained IED explosions the ran between the buildings the fire teams were positioned in. Grey dust clouded everything and heavy masonry tumbled into the air and back down again on the unfortunate soldiers below. The IEDs that detonated in the middle of the daisy chain had several red smoke grenades attached as well, marking the centre of the patrol and aiding the Stevidian fire control orders.

Cpl Stanis unslung his rifle and brought it over the lip of the window and fired at a deliberate rate into the smoke. He heard his fellow soldiers opening fire too and the distinctive clatter of burst fire from the LMGs was very reassuring. The enemy were firing back but totally blind, but several stray shots peppered the window Stanis was firing from. The enemy wasn't stupid, they knew it was an ambush and that Stevid controlled the high ground. All of a sudden there was an

uncomfortable deep thudding noise as the main gun of the APC opened fire again.

"Chirst! That thing is still alive?" Bennet shouted above the din.

"Yh, Delta FT better deal with that pretty sharpish or this will only end badly." Stanis admitted before clicking his radio on to life. *"Hello Delta this Charlie Alpha-one. Kill the tank! Kill the tank!"*

There was an echoing bang from the street below almost the exact second he'd finished talking as a friendly AT missile struck the front armour of the APC. The dumb missile defeated the ECM and it was too close for Cromwell to ID the target with the 100m distance, but the rigid front armour wasn't defeated. The main gun had stopped firing though and Stanis concluded the explosion had rocked the crew and or destroyed the gun. The smoke and dust was starting to clear and now effective fire control orders were coming from the sniper down the road, kills were now being confirmed but the section's approximate positions were being identified by the enemy. The LMG opposite Stanis was under effective fire and so was the fireteam down the street to the point they withdrew to re-engage on the second floor. Stanis tossed a grenade out the window for it to land directly beneath him to prevent enemy soldiers entering the building now their fire rate had fallen. Another pop and swoosh noise followed the launch of a ATM from the friendly fire team and Stanis saw this impact the right tread of the enemy APC.

"Right, let's clear this mess up!" Stanis shouted tugging his rifleman along with him. He thumbed his radio again as the duo covered each other while running down the stairs. *"Charlie CT withdraw downstairs and re-engage at street level. Delta, provide cover and once finished regroup at the 'Ironheart' APC!"*

Stanis rounded a corner and heard muffled voices just outside the exit door to the mainstreet. He dropped to a knee and motioned to his oppo to roll a grenade outside. The rifleman stood a foot away from the unpinned incendiary grenade, let go primer handle for a second before lightly tossing it round the corner. The explosion produced a bright orange flash and accompanying screams and Stanis took his cue. Both the soldiers rounded the corner one facing left the other right - back to back. Their weapons spraying rounds into anything that moved. Stanis spied two charred bodies on the floor and delivered a round each. The explosion hadn't gone unnoticed and rounds started buzzing around his head and feet. He side-stepped behind a concrete door porch of the next building down, his fellow rifleman two doors behind.

"Cover!" Stanis yelled down the comms line. Behind him Bennet was lying in prone firing ahead towards to Imbrinium riflemen about forty metres away who had identified Stanis' position. Across the street the second combat team of Charlie fire team had reached street level and began peppering a collection of soldiers huddled at the front of the APC using the crater from the AT mine strike as additional cover. Beyond was Delta fire team who were busy giving covering fire and fire control orders from their vantage point.

Once friendly suppressive fire started, Stanis unpinned his final grenade and tossed it towards the front of the tank. He heard the explosion but did not notice a dip in the enemy's rate of fire indicating they had survived the grenade. Nonetheless he bolted for the rear of the immobilised APC and took a knee. He beckoned to his oppo who darted for Stanis' position while Stanis himself leaned round the back of the tank and fired wildly with suppressive fire.

"Private..." He greeted the rifleman with a grin while changing his magazines. *"This is fun ain't it?"*

"Strange definition of fun Corporal!" Bennet laughed softly. *"What's the plan, mate?"*

Before Stanis could answer several loud thuds from the top of the vehicle rang out as the vehicle gunner had opened the top to use the

vehicles machine gun against Delta fire team in the distance. "Man down, Charlie AT man down!" Came across the net. "Admin first aid now!". Stanis frowned, at least his mucker wasn't dead but the area was too hot for a full sitrep - details would have to wait. Atop the tank he was next to the pintle machine gun continued to fire, Stanis allowed a grin and looked at Bennet next to him.

"We kill that twat on top. Rather, you do... I'm all out!" Stanis said while tapping his grenade pouches. "I'll boost you up and you do the rest. Me and the rest of Charlie will keep the boys in the crater pinned down. Ready?"

The rifleman nodded. He took a short run up and placed his boot in Stanis' hand who then hurled him atop the APC. The bang of the impact startled the gunner who swivelled round to a soldier with a dirtied face and combats fumbling for his rifle. Precious seconds ticked by that felt like an eternity has both man panicked for their weapons. The gunner drew a pistol, Bennet his primary weapon. Both fired and the gun loosed two rounds with one missing and one catching the leg of Bennet. He fared better with a rifle on burst fire and scored several hits killing the gunner who collapsed back into the tank. There was a chorus of furious shouting from inside the vehicle and it was silenced with Bennet's second incendiary grenade, flames and black smoke licked out of the vehicle's top hatch as did horrible screams from the crew inside. By this point Delta fire team had moved to ground level to join up with Charlie fireteam, and now the enemy patrol was surrounded it wasn't long before the survivors were helped along their way to the next world.

Cpl Stanis sighed deeply as the rigours of combat started to ache his muscles now the adrenaline was no longer flowing. *"Fucking hell."* He stated looking around at the devastation. *"That went well. Find a soldier, listen to his radio for ICOM chatter."*

The section dispersed and for a few minutes they all grabbed radios and listened into the traffic. The messages were same throughout the Imbrinium local net, the attack had been successfully reported and was to be reinforced. Cpl Stanis bellowed a withdrawal command just as an enemy infanteer rounded a corner about 100 metres away from where the first patrol had come from. He fired rounds at 2 Section who now peeled back towards the flats Stanis had occupied earlier. One rifleman of 2 Sect returned fire and dropped the enemy soldier but by now three or four more had now joined the attack. 2 Section retreated through the interconnected maze of corridors and alleyways southwards towards their next combat zone some two kilometres away, but only too aware that their surroundings would be teaming with enemy patrols.

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



Malgrave
Negotiator

Posts: 5723
Founded: Mar 29, 2011
Democratic Socialists

by **Malgrave** » Tue May 06, 2014 4:51 am



Interrogation Room - Tillingham Airbase.

"You don't think we can contain this virus?" Hajek asked, the Special Agent chuckling at the foreigners ignorance as he continued to circle the room. "We've already quarantined the effected zone and our scientists are already working on a cure for this virus. You've not heard of our constant pursuit of science? Unfettered by certain ethics and budgetary constraints we've advanced quite far in the fields of medical science and I am fairly confident that a solution shall be found to this problem relatively quickly." Hajek said, pausing when a fellow agent entered the room whispering a snippet of information in his ear before quickly retreating.

"Commander Mazzi, all we require is information on those that authorised the use of chemical and biological weapons against a civilian target. After that information is provided you can continue with the work you have planned in this country" Hajek said, the Agent expected to go a few more rounds to gain access to the

information he required but more persuasive tactics existed for that situation.

IC Information.



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Tue May 06, 2014 6:43 am



Morrdun, Morrdh

Though the COBRA Room had withstood the Imbrinium missile attacks, it had ended up suffering some minor damage from near hits which had blown in the windows and caused cracks to appear in the walls and ceiling. So the Morridane Cabinet had elected to remain in the Central Command bunker beneath Morrdun, though the atmosphere was a little bit tense in light of the disaster in Mordent. Though the damaged transmitter had been repaired soon as it was discovered and a statement issued explaining what happened, nobody was sure what the Imbrinium response to the perceived 'betrayal'. With Prime Minister Vermillion and the Foreign Secretary Sir Gedney Hill at the CCA Conference in New Garrack, it fell to Deputy Prime Minister Anthony Carne to take charge in his superior's absence.

"Any word from the Imbriniums?" Vermillion asked as he and Carne on a secure line between Morrdun and the conference.

"Not yet other than the fact that they're understandably angry." Carne replied. "Got no idea whether they believe us about the damaged transmitter, though we have been sending the ceasefire orders in the clear."

"Right." Sighed Vermillion. "Any updates on PIPER?"

"We can confirm that militants took some of the supplies that have been airdropped thus far, it is expected that they may try to exploit the current chaos in Mordent."

"Keep me informed."

"Will do, any news from the conference?"

"Yes, working on an agreement to give troops to Stevid."

"Is that wise sir? I mean given our current relations with the Imbriniums?"

"That isn't going to be an issue, the soldiers in question will be given their discharge papers and thus will be free to fight for whomever they wish. Think of it more as a Volunteer Corps of Stevidian soldiers that speak with a Morridane accent."

"Will it just be soldiers?"

"No, we'll be *selling* the Stevidians the equipment for the troops along with some aircraft."

"I see, suppose you want the plan put into action soon as?"

"Please, I'll be finalizing the agreement soon."

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - **Factbook**

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Tue May 13, 2014 3:32 pm



4,000km North of Mordent

The Royal Morridane Navy Audacious class aircraft carrier HMMS *Dominion* was making a steady 26 knots on a due west course, the old carrier had skirted past the northern extremes of Imbrinium controlled waters and ran its engines hard since departing Morrdh a couple of days earlier. Over the ship's speakers an order sounded,

distorted by static. *"Hands to flying stations."*

Shortly afterwards the Flight Deck Crew emerged to conduct a list of tasks that contributed to the Daily Inspection, which needed to be completed before any aircraft could be launched. Dozens of things were checked, ranging from the batteries of forklifts and cranes through to the projector landing sight. The deck itself was checked for detritus with any offending item being cast over the side into the sea, this last task required the entire Flight Deck Crew to walk along the entire length of the deck. Once completed the Aircraft Control Room Officer reported to Flying Control that the deck was ready.

The Handing Party then got to work sighting the various aircraft and preparing them to be launched as the aircrews were crammed into the carrier's Crew Room for the briefing. A pair of Blackburn Buccaneers were required to make a low-level flyover of West Mordent, a scheme devised by the Admiralty to a show of force that proved the Morridanes could reinforce their position in West Mordent in short order to hopefully deter future Imbrinium aggression. To achieve this aim air-to-air fueling was key, a dozen or so Buccaneers fitted out as buddy tankers would help the strike pair get over West Mordent and back again. The strike pair themselves were to be fitted with extra fuel tanks to boost their range, though they only would have five to ten minutes over West Mordent before they had to worry about fuel limits.

Half an hour later another order sounded. *"Turn to flying course. Port Five Zero. Steer Two Zero Zero."*

A Westland Wessex SAR helicopter started up it's main rotor, then lazily lifted up and peeled off to port as the tannoy sounded again. *"Stand by to start the Buccaneers. Stand clear of the intakes and jet pipes. Start up."*

Waved by flight deck engineers the dozen or so Buccaneers started up their twin Rolls-Royce Sprey engines and wound them up to 55 per cent, the roar of the jets joined the clatter of the SAR helo. The lead Buccaneer throttled back to 50 per cent and it's crew ran through final pre-flight checks as the Flight Deck Crew prepared the steam catapults. The first aircraft was nudged forwards, hooked onto the catapult shuttled and secured as jet blast deflectors rose out of the deck behind it. The aircrew signaled that they were ready and the Flight Deck Officer raised a small, tattered green flag above his head and began to stir vicious little circles in the air. *Wind her up to full power.*

The twin Sprey engines were brought up to 97.5 per cent and the aircrew ran through some final checks before gesturing to the FDO that everything was all good. The FDO looked over his shoulder to make sure that the Flyco traffic light was still green, made a last check down the track of the catapult, then dropped to a squat, bringing his green flag down to touch the deck alongside him. *Launch.*

In the armoured glass howdah beyond the bellowing, struggling Buccaneer, the catapult operator took his cue, dropping his hands from full view of the FDO. He then pressed the red 'Fire' button on the console in front of him. Less than three seconds later, the two half-ton pistons exploded down their cylinders, driven by an irresistible force of around 350lb per square inch of steam. The 28 ton strike aircraft was dragged from zero to flying speed over less than seventy yards in under two seconds. As soon as the first aircraft was away, the second one was already being marshaled onto another of the catapults with the same procedure being repeated until all of the aircraft had been launched.

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



by [Imbrinium](#) » Mon May 19, 2014 6:16 pm

Suburbs south of Vanderburg,



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

QUOTE

At what once was a school complex was the ball fields had been taken over by battlefield hospital and a helicopter pad to bring in troops and supplies and take out the wounded. The gyms had become a CCP and HQs for the division in the area. The operation was slowed due to roadblocks and civilians engaging in sniper and small attacks on forces. A division was tasked to head due west to try and close the gap and cut off escape of forces from the city.

Out at sea the fleet commanders and ground commanders had came up with a risky airborne mission to seize the port of Vanderburg which would open up for the army to land its forces faster and move inland. The carriers and LHDs where prepped and by 1800 almost 200 tilt rotor and ducked fan aircraft took off for the 45 minute ride the area around the port would be prepped with missiles and bombs. The darkness was starting to fall as the first of the airmobile assault began; the first troops would be Para-marines to secure the landing zones. The PMs Where packed heavier than normal with ATGMs and other heavy weapons to hold the zones till the rest arrived.

Tillingham Airbase, Malgrave,

As I've already told you I'm a doctor not a police maker the orders would have to come for the national command authority, which would be I guess the PM or the King or some general somewhere. I don't have the answers you're looking for but I do have the cure your people need. I'm asking you to let me do my job and cure these people before we cannot contain it.

East Mordent,

The first of ten reserve army divisions started to arrive to reinforce forces already there to hold the sector and the country. The PM in a press conference slammed openly the King's unwillingness to go heavy handed on West Mordent and Morrdh; this wasn't the first time since the beginning of the war that the two gentlemen have disagreed on how the war was being fought.

Northern Imbrinium, Operation "wicked forest"

At a large naval base in the north four Pijl-class arsenal ships had been docked for weeks and unloaded and loaded in secret, the crews were placed in isolation not even the ship's captains knew what was going on or the mission that was about to be handed down to him. Military police came and picked up the captains and XO's and take them to their ships. They were told that their crews would be returned to their ships within hours. Within hours the crews where bussed back to their ships. It was late at night when an action message was received and the ships were told to leave port and await orders. As the ships left port and moved to the open sea they received an ELM with a combo to the ship's captains safe in his stateroom. The captain and the XO opened the safe and read over the set of orders in the safe. The operation "wicked forest" was a go and would begin as soon as the four ships made it to the grids that were in the orders.

Operation "wicked forest"

A massive ASAT strike from for Pijl arsenal ships with all of the missile stores. The targets where to be tracked and plotted by both ground and airborne based radars and data already collected from other sources. This massive strike would target all Milnet and Civnet satellites systems in space for the following countries Stevid, Morrdh, and Haishan.

The ships moved in position and within minutes the first of the missiles launched one every few seconds and shot into the night sky to their targets, all 2000 missiles in all.

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



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Tue May 20, 2014 4:20 pm

QUOTE

Earth Orbit

McAllister Station was the Commonwealth Colonial Authority's original space station, it's first section was lifted into orbit during the heady days of 1956 as the CCA found its feet and got to grips with the new [Solothurn](#) technology. McAllister was created as a Morridane military space station during the 1950s. It has extensive hangar space and was originally essentially a carrier for the Morridnae bomber fleet of nuclear armed aero-spacecraft. McAllister has two large, obsolete Solothurn drives that make many people feel slightly nauseous when they operate. McAllister is a grimy, noisy place. Having been patched together over decades it is a health and safety nightmare.

McAllister remains in service, despite being long overdue for retirement.

The elderly station continues to serve in it's military role, mainly as an orbital hub for the Royal Space Force and as the home of the CCA's Traffic Control. It was turned into a rotating station at some point in the 1970s in order to produce artificial gravity and then given various upgrades to it's radar systems over the years, though most of these were simply bolted on where there happened to be space. Despite the *ad hoc* nature of these improvements, the station still managed to boast a capable radar system which was amongst the first Commonwealth unit to detect the Imbrinium ASAT attack. Within minutes of detecting the threat the station was put onto a state of high alert and it's defence batteries warmed up, meanwhile nearby RSF had been alerted to the attack and were locking onto some of the inbound missiles.

Some of the missiles would be stopped, but not all.

HMMS *Dominion*, 4,000km North of Mordent

The *Dominion* was turning once more into the wind to recover the first of the Buccaneers that had been sent aloft earlier as part of the Mordent flyover mission, the *Dominion*'s Captain found himself being shown something on a clipboard away from prying eyes by his Chief Yeoman of Signals. Thanking the Chief Yeoman, the Captain read the signal that had been received.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

PROCEED WITH ALL DESPATCH DUE EAST. PREPARE FOR INTERCEPT OF FOUR HIGH PRIORITY TANGOS.

"Have we received any details?" Asked the Captain.

"Yes sir, they're currently being decoded." Answered the Chief Yeoman. "Tangos are designated India one through to four, they're believed to be Imbrinium vessels but command only wants them intercepted."

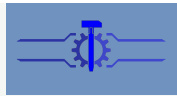
"Noted, send a message down to the hanger for the Buccs to be prepped for launch soon as."

"Aye sir."

Last edited by **Morrdh** on Wed May 21, 2014 2:53 am, edited 4 times in total.

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - **Factbook**

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Haishan
Diplomat

Posts: 687
Founded: Sep 08, 2010
Father Knows Best State

Geosynchronous Orbit, Above Haishan

QUOTE

The launch of Imbrinium ASAT attack was far from stealthy, in fact it was immediately picked up by the sensitive carbon nanotube-based hyperspectral imager of *HXC Overseer* amidst the floating space debris peppering the geosynchronous over the skies of Haishan some 34,340 km from the ground below. A burst of multi wavelength deep infrared optical pulses then emanates from the massive three soccer field-long vessel, one towards the cislunar orbit where additional two smaller Haize Interstellar Armed Forces (HIMF) space warships reside and another directed toward HIMF transit shuttle in service in proximity of nearby debris field.

"Warning, inbound hostile attack. Information transmitted, prepare for rapid contingencies."

HXC Overseer then simultaneously begin powering its superluminal polarization-based wideband radio frequency device LOV4, transmitting an extremely narrow beam of information to a nearby asset of Morridane Royal Space Forces, being the nation's space shuttle in the same area of the HIMF transit shuttle operates and the McAllister space station some ten thousands of kilometers away from the space behemoth respectively.

The chaotically modulated beam would deliver a very clear message similar to the previous message transmitted by the hafnium carbide clad warship but significantly longer in duration due to the fact *HXC Overseer* accounts for probability of Royal Space Force incapability to capture the originally complex spiraling electromagnetic wave emitted by such communication device. Due to the same electromagnetic nature of the device, it would be impossible for nearby neutral or hostile SIGNIT and listening stations to capture even a fraction of the Ku-band radio frequency beam properties as the beam spirals into a single intense point as would what real pulsars of the heavens behave.

The HIMF basically forbade the usage of the communication device in proximity of Earth in fear of Dienstadi nation espionage on the capabilities of the space force but the Imbrinium attack calls for urgent emergency. While the current HIMF vessels could easily avoid and shoot down majority of the traveling kinetic kill vehicles, the same could not be positively said by Morridane space assets in the area or whatever space objects in orbit. This reality prompted *HXC Overseer* to swing into action as generation of yet another Kessler Syndrome would hamper near Earth operations of the space force as well.

HXC Overseer then ejects some tens of kilograms of monopropellants, orienting itself to the extrapolated path of the ASAT attack; considering the distance between the suspected launch point and the vessel current position, it will take at least approximately half of an hour at maximum for the kinetic kill vehicles to arrive but the apparent divergent calculated trajectories of the ASATs prompted *HXC Overseer* into immediate action. The vessel extrapolated the attack will not only hit Morridane space assets, but it will hit Stevidian space assets which HIMF have secretly agreed with the Holy Empire to provide space-based support from the sidelines.

Further trajectory and collision extrapolation suggest majority of the kill vehicles will cause a bigger debris cascade that will affect the central skies of the region which sent the alarm levels higher. Should the space vessel managed to stop the attack in time, HIMF might gain some diplomatic favours of would-be affected Dienstadi nations in addition of enabling safe skies to Haishan though it's

doubted that they will be comfortable with a nuclear powered hulk prowling in vicinity of their skies.

HXC Overseer then extends its metallic droplet-based radiators half widths from normal in anticipation of probable Mokan ground-based anti orbital attack even though the space vessel is some ten of thousand kilometers away from the physical borders of the nation where Haishan is technically at war with. The activation of one of *HXC Overseer* nuclear lightbulb engine is then followed by intense ejecta of atomic hydrogen and ultraviolet emissions directed into deep space as the vessel prepares to fire its central weapon, an x-ray based free electron laser.

The spaceship radiators then run hot which can be detected up to the Kuiper belt and indeed watched by a HIMF automated deep space relay in the vicinity of the asteroid belt. The detected emission from the vessel also invoked a similar response optical burst from the relay; the autonomous relay station immediately signaled HIMF vessels in vicinity of the Solar System in probability to be called in service against the orbital shenanigans of Kingdom of Imbrinium but the sheer distances involved meant majority of the outbound space vessel can only respond in time period varying from minutes to hours.

HXC Overseer gradually opens one of its main spinal beam optics, shifting its multilayered armour out of the way and allowing an intense sharp beam of 0.2 nanometer ray of death to sweep across some of the currently agglomerated ASAT swarm. The spinal laser was tuned just enough to deliver decapitating strike against the kinetic kill vehicles through intense ionization and to not damage whatever space assets in direct path of the extremely energetic photon beam although the space vessel have positively identified nothing major is present at the other end of the beam.

To add to the narrow beam set to slightly diverging mode would be multiple ventral and dorsal vertical launches of forty space-adapted medium sized carrier missiles of Haize *VKI-M*, with each space missile carrying up to twelve VKI-M interceptors. The launch is then followed by deployment of not-yet-activated tactical wideband infrared and radio frequency jammers, followed by the warming up of the vessel's still stored Casaba howitzer modules.

As the multi mega-electron volt beam of x-ray death raced straight to the ASAT swarm, *HXC Overseer* request was immediately replied by the HIMF space vessels in cislunar orbit notifying their current status toward the strategic class warship with similar communication channel as before, ***"Targeting solution accepted, moving into position. Weapon systems warming up."***

The strategic class warship know its actions will be observed from nearby Mokan space force vessels that might try to take it down thus it responded by activating some of its tactical point defense impulsive kill lasers and preparing additional nuclear lance to service. The extension of its radiators may provoke the adversary Mokan space vessels to attack but *HXC Overseer* is more than ready to tackle both threats at once by gradual activation of remaining eight nuclear light bulb engines of the dull coloured space behemoth.

Apart from visual horizon limits, the HIMF battleship could immediately recognize any approach of Mokan space vessels some ten of thousands of kilometers away and the attending HIMF space vessels on the Lunar Orbit will enable *HXC Overseer* information on every probable space movement over the skies of the entire region. Should the

Kingdom provoke the HIMF space assets more, it will be quickly responded by tactical kinetic bombardment over their important facilities.

STATE CAPITALIST WITH CHAOS THEORISM | THE TECHNO-INDUSCRACY OF HAISHAN
ORDER THROUGH DISORDER
"Nyhizi kizcyk kur"

Misc



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by Mokastana » Fri May 23, 2014 10:10 am



International Hotel - Maldon - Malgrave

Dr. Allende rode in the local car towards the international hotel with his findings for his Malgravian counterparts. The disease had a carrier population of almost 20% one in five people who were infected showed no sign of symptoms, yet carried the virus and spread it to other locations. Perhaps that was how it managed to get passed quarantine and spread into Mokastana. This information had already been passed onto his counterparts in the Biological Division of the MBSA, already with a rising infection population in Mokastana, the MBSA took control of the situation to prevent the outbreak from getting worse.

He was scheduled to meet with a Helen Magnus in a few hours to go over methods that had worked and how the two countries could work to avoid spreading the disease further.

Village of Frankin, Belmotin Region, Mokastana

Special Situations Director Alberto Cruz frowned upon reading the most recent report. 20% asymptomatic, 20% of people showing no signs and allowed to continue on spreading the disease farther. Unlike the quarantine in Malgrave where they knew exactly when and where the virus struck and managed to close it down quickly, the Mokans had been behind a few days when the virus made it to their borders. More than likely a lucky Moka tourist in Malgrave who managed to get back home before becoming infectious. It was only through dumb luck the tourist or 'patient zero' as he/she was being referred to as, managed to come in the country through a rarely used border checkpoint and not a major airport.

Yet, nearly 13 villages had now shown 'symptom showing' infected in them. With the total infected population rising into the 50s it became clear this virus was doing exactly what it was designed to do. Once again, luck was on their side given the rural nature of this part of Belmotin. Even so, the Airports and sea ports were now closed, major cities were being prepped for possible outbreak and nearly 10% of Belmotin was under quarantine. It was only through direct government intervention did the press not turn this into a full blown panic.

"Are the samples prepped?"

"Yes sir."

"Good, set the locks, gas em and get them moving."

Three samples were being shipped out, each packaged in a air tight sealed steel box with an electronic keypad. Within the box sits one durable vial containing an Aqueous solution of the virus. In the event the internal batteries ran out of power, or the wrong pass code is entered, the cases will activate the internal white phosphorus incendiary device, burning the sample and, ideally, destroying it. A secondary destruction mechanism is also activated, pure potassium attached at the bottom of the vial. In the event the power is lost or wrong code entered, the valve separating the aqueous solution and potassium is opened.

Once the samples were prepped, the cases were gassed with anti-viral agents and then prepped in sealed containers to be shipped off

under armed escort.

The first would be shipped to MBSA Biological Research headquarters, to use more advance lab equipment to study. The second was to be shipped to a similar lab in Sur, owned by Montana Inc. The third had no 'official' destination: It merely red 'TOP SECRET' and received twice as many security guards as the three cases moved out of the plastic sealed building that was the MBSA on site headquarters.

OOC: EDITED POST INFO BELOW

IC:

**Mejican Army Base,
Mejico, Mokastana**

Sergeant Minor Juan Sanchez walked up and down the concrete parade grounds, humidity shimmering off it giving the illusion of water at a distance. Numerous volunteers wearing combat green fatigues, black boots and black gloves to protect their hands counted off one through four. Each number a motion that took them from standing to push up position and back up again. Sanchez smiled, appreciating the fact that even though many had been out of service for years, it didn't take them long to get back into the military mindset. Every Moka Man and Woman was required to serve two years in conscription, part of the duty to the protection of the homeland, but also so when the opportunity came they could be called upon to serve once more.

A bead of sweat joined the others that rolled down the Sergeants face and neck to be captured by the white undershirt of his fatigues.

"Alright cadets, you've had enough for now, get back in the barracks and prepare for inspection, two minutes!"

No sense in letting the volunteers die of heat exhaustion already. After all, they willingly signed up for this, it was just his job to ensure they were still capable of handling it.

The 1st Volunteer Corps, as it was being called for the moment, was simply put, volunteers who decided that Imbrinium's biological attacks and subsequent deaths of Mokans should not go unpunished. As such many were signing up with the intent of being shipped to Morrdh to join them in the war against Imbrinium, but a few were willing to to be deployed to Stevid to join up as reserve forces there. They would not be getting the majority of the Lyran based weapons that the Moka Military, and their experience, preferred. Instead they would be supplied by whoever they were being deployed to to ensure ease of addition to host country forces.

So far hundreds were now pounding away on various bases around Mokastana to prepare to be deployed. Once Morrdh or Stevid accepted their offers they would be escorted to their host country and then they would be on their own. Only time would tell how this sequence of events would turn out.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Thu May 29, 2014 9:04 pm, edited 3 times in total.

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

Quotes about Mokastana:

QUOTES



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417

by [Morrdh](#) » Wed May 28, 2014 1:36 pm



3,000km North-East of Mordent

Cruising on just the one engine at around 3,000 feet was one of the HMMS *Dominion's* four [Fairey Gannet AEWs](#), it's pilot was engrossed in a book whilst the two observers in the fuselage cabin were glued

Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

to their radar sets. Right now the observers were trying to interpret the returns they got and then guide the four Buccaneers that had been launched to intercept the Imbrinium Pijl arsenal ships. Despite the ASAT attack that the ships had launched the Morridane Admiralty had only ordered for the ships to be intercepted and not attacked, further more it had expressed that the Buccaneers were only to *"overfly targets and obtain recce."*

As the Buccaneers were prepared for launch the *Dominion's* officers had raided the ship's stores for whatever handheld cameras they contained and then handed these to the Buccaneer's observers. In addition the Buccaneers had been fitted with smoke cannisters and extra fuel tanks, they would not be carrying munitions of any kind. The Buccaneers were a little puzzled by the mission, though they were eager to prove themselves and confident that if they ran into any trouble that they could get out of it without much in the way of problems. But there was concern over how the Imbriniums would react; Would they presume it to be an attack or would they be bemused by it?

That was a question only the Imbriniums could answer.

Taking full advantage of the Buccaneer's superb low-level flight characterises the strike aircraft came in low and fast, flying just a few feet above the ocean waves to catch the ships unawares and thus reduce the risk of being fired upon. After being given a new heading by the Gannet, the Buccaneers eventually got a visual on the Imbrinium vessels. The pilot of the lead Buccaneer opened a radio channel, hoping the Imbriniums would hear his message, and then called out. *"Smile and wave boys, smile and wave."*

"OK lads, get yer cameras out." The pilot called to the rest of his flight before firing the smoke cannisters and banking round past one of the ships, trailing white smoke as he did so.

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Castille de Italia
Minister

Posts: 2314
Founded: Mar 22, 2012
Iron Fist Consumerists

by [Castille de Italia](#) » Thu May 29, 2014 7:43 pm

QUOTE



MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS Castille de Italia

RECIPIENT(s): The Kingdom of Imbrinium
Kingdom of Imbrinium

ENCRYPTION: **LOW, NON-ENCRYPTED**
PRIORITY: **Urgent**

FROM: Todd
Whitworth, Minister
of Foreign Affairs

A20D24109E004
EPN20E1093I412
J309RND3ID34W
MLG30493N3024

"Non Dii, No Domini"

Dear Sirs/Madams,

It has come to the attention
of the State that the

Kingdom of Imbrinium has used illegal weapons of war in the ongoing conflicts within the region of Greater Dienstad. The Castillian National Socialist State has pursued a state of neutrality in the conflict, even with several sensitive military assets at risk. With the current actions of the Kingdom of Imbrinium so carelessly using such weapons, the State has decided to voice rationality in this war of attrition.

Although the State will continue to pursue neutrality until it is directly attacked, the Kingdom of Imbrinium should be more mindful of its military actions. Outer space is no longer a massive void of space, where any nation may carelessly dabble as it desires, but the center of international scientific and military endeavours, which if harassed or even destroyed, may spark even more violence and bloodshed.

The Chancellor himself would like to extend his forgiveness to the Kingdom of Imbrinium, but the Kingdom should be wary, for the Chancellor is not one to give second chances. The consequences of your recent actions have resulted only in economic and diplomatic sanctions, but if the State is provoked by the Kingdom in the future, it should be met with appropriate measures.

For the sake of international security and peace, please reevaluate your recent actions, and consider more diplomatic approaches to ending the current conflict. The State will continue to stand by as an observer, but the State is always prepared to take more drastic measures if necessary.

Best,

Todd Whitworth

*Digitally signed by Todd Whitworth, Minister of Foreign Affairs
Approved by J. Oswald Vaughn, Chancellor of the Castillian National Socialist State*

**Stevid**

Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497

Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracyby **Stevid** » Sun Jun 01, 2014 10:15 am

Terra Statio Adaptus Astrates

The gravitas of the situation that had developed from the Imbrinium ASAT strike was now becoming tragically apparent. The Pijl arsenal ships had fired several devastating volleys of ASAT missiles at Imperial, Commonwealth and Haishan satellites. Details from Morrdh had not yet arrived but Imperial ground based control stations monitored obvious explosions across void that were in the proximity of Stevidian satellites. Nonetheless Stevidian capabilities had been severely hit with military networks running at below 40% efficiency and civilian networks all but crippled. Reports were filing into the Terra Statio military attaché offices that the battlespace uplink had been severely affected had had to take priority over civilian networks and all other non-essential military comms traffic. Terra Statio sent out a wide message across the Empire to all military comms traffic detailing the procedures they should follow to keep themselves in the battlespace even with the lack of satellites. For some units it meant being out of the loop completely and relying on second or third hand reports to keep them up-to-date with the current military situations. Frontline air, naval and army units would get priority 'dibs' on the military satellite network and efforts were being made to slowly use the remaining civilian satellites.

The Triple Alliance between Stevid, IH and Damirez would truly bare fruit here as Stevid now sent out formal requests to these nations for permission to use their networks – something already granted by IH at the outset of war. Further diplomatic efforts and 'olive branches' were sent to the Republic and Lamoni and Haishan for limited Stevidian access to be allowed for military channels only to help free up the demand for the civilian network. The attack on civilian infrastructure was also abhorrent, to the Empire at least. Scathing verbal attacks on Imbrinium were issued in Parliament and officially on news channel mediums to fully voice Stevidian anger towards this blatant act of aggression against civilian infrastructure that wasn't being used for military purposes – this would coincide with Stevidian diplomatic efforts towards Lamoni and Haishan for limited access to their satellites so Stevidian civilian networks would not be compromised further.

The Holy Empire had no initial response; in fact a revenge strike would have been pointless since it was Stevid that managed to knock out a huge proportion of the Imbrinium satellite at the beginning of the war – a strike that had initially given Stevid an obvious upper hand until the table turned with the arrival of Imbrinium allies.

The Terra Statio in Adaptus Astrates had now become one of the most heavily fortified areas in South Greater Dienstad, the a threat of attack had certainly jumped through the roof and was now countered by several layers of ground based AA defences and almost 24/7 combat air patrols three entire air wings within a 600 km radius of the space port – offshore ABM defences from the Astratii and Royal Navy watched the skies and void beyond in order to intercept and ballistic missiles inbound to Adaptus Astrates. The threat of attack was high but the threat of a successful attack was now minimal. The spaceport was one of the most extensive ground facilities in the Greater Dienstad region dwarfed only by Morrdh and Haishan respectively and would now be even busier. Together with Lamonian support with their own launch facilities, Terra Statio would begin launches of replacement satellites as early as physically possible. Diplomatic inroads were made to Morrdh via the CCA in assistance with multiple launches of replacement satellites and also tried and proven Morrdane methods of launching satellites quickly with minimum delay as would be ordinarily be expected during peace time. Morrdiane input would be crucial in order to launch satellites quickly

from Terra Statio, for without their support – accidents due to the overlooking of safety protocols would inevitably happen. Every effort had to be made to prevent pad and mid-air explosions without compromising the now packed launch schedules.

[OOC: More to follow in regards to OP FIDELES, Moka's post Morrdh's volunteers – just needed to post something short to stir the pot.]

Last edited by [StevId](#) on Mon Jun 09, 2014 5:28 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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