

by Max Barry



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## The War of the Two Emperresses (IC, Open, MT, Epic RP)

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**Treneria**  
Diplomat

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

by **Treneria** » Fri Jan 03, 2014 7:49 pm



OOC

**Mizrads/Maverican Border.**  
**7th Cavalry, 22nd Mechanized Infantry.**  
**Operation Home Defense.**

They were in the eye of the storm. Things had calmed down and the Mavericks were even pulling back. In the air, the Apaches continued to circle like a group of sharks. The APCs and the troops were resting in the middle of the field that had been turned into an emblazoned battlefield. Soldiers took gulps of water and exchanged snacks between each other. The soldiers knew not to get too comfortable. Inside the lead APC, the commander listened in on the radio traffic between the joint Trenerian-Mizradian network. There was a mass troop movement coming from their north. The tank commander went on the 7th Cavalry's radio network and began to shout orders.

"We're moving! We got Mavericks coming from the north, presumably headed for the Mizradians. Let's move!" the commander shouted with dire urgency. The soldiers mounted up and got on the APCs. The Cavalry put the hammer down, speeding for the mass movement of Maverican troops coming from the north. In the air, the Apaches had already taken off for the group.

As they came within range, the Apache operators took in the damage that the Mizradians had done. They had really laid into the Maverican troops. At the same time, the Mavericks had dealt the hand back. There had been reports of large Mizradian casualties, there were quite a few Trenerians who had been lost. The Trenerians weren't in the best of positions. They lacked a formal hospital within range, and the medics were too busy staying alive and fighting to take care of the wounded. It had actually been a reminiscent of the Invasion of Normandy; being pinned down and unable to help wounded soldiers efficiently. Locked in a battle position, unable to move much. It was a lot different then the typical urban combat. It had been a long while since the Trenerian military actually had a face-to-face battle with an enemy opposition.

The Apaches swooped down into the valley where the Maverican Infantry was approaching from. They started off with Hellfire missiles against the Mavericks. They aimed for any vehicles that the Mavericks were using. The Hellfires would have a devastating effect on their targets, as before. They then used their M230 Chain Guns on the infantry. The effect of the Chain Guns would be the equivalent of throw chainsaws into the soldiers on the ground. The helicopters continued to move in the air as to avoid ground-to-air missile projectiles. The trained gunners kept up their fire and had precise and accurate aim on the Mavericks on the ground. If their assault continued, it would indeed be considered a slaughter.

On the ground, the 7th Cavalry arrived within minutes. They closed in on the

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mouth of the valley, and the sides, taking advantage of the high ground. The infantry troops immediately expelled from the APCs, leaving no hesitancy in their actions. While the cannons on the APCs began to rain Hell in on the Maverican infantry, the ground soldiers took their positions and opened fire with their AR-15 assault rifles. The rifles were new, clean, and efficient. The troops knew how to use them as well. In the event of a jam, they would be able to clear the jam and fix their firearm as well. The Trenerian Military that had recently been formed had spent a large quantity of funds purchasing fine, reliant weaponry. The 5.56 NATO rounds would easily tear into their enemy combatants. All the while, the air support kept their fire up. To fend off against any enemy armor, the soldiers grabbed AT4 Anti-Tank Weapons off the sides of the APCs and used those. The M2 Bradleys and fellow soldiers alike provided cover for those using the AT4s. The battle was intense. The heat of the conflict was hitting many of the soldiers, their adrenaline flying off the chart. For most of the Trenerians, this was their first battle. But they had been well prepared. From spending years in the woods tracking, hunting, and killing animals, to training in the fields back in Treneria. Though for some, the battle struck immense fear into them. One soldier actually released his weapon and hid behind an APC. All the while, his fellow soldiers kept shooting around him. Shell casings poured around him as they continued to pop off rounds. He remained sitting whilst shaking. A nearby Captain grabbed the man by his arm and lifted him to his feet. The captain shouted loudly in his ear.

“Get back into the fight! You know better than that!” The Captain gave him a harsh slap on the back. Fighting all his trembling fears, the soldier lifted his AR-15 and blindly fired at the Mavericks. Inside the lead Bradley M2, Millier was having a ton of fun. He had been raised to despise and prejudice against the Mavericks as many of his relatives had. Add that to his young age and reckless behavior, mixed in with raging testosterone, and you have one big hellion. That was one of the main reasons he was in the military. Millier learned early on he'd be headed for jail some day. So to avoid such and get rid of some of his pent up steam, he joined the military. He had never thought he'd see combat. And to only add fuel to his raging fire, it was against the hated Mavericks. That's why he relentlessly fired shell after shell into the Mavericks who were presumably stuck in the valley. It was comparable to spraying insect-killer on an anthill. With the pride of Treneria emblazoned in their spirits, Millier and his comrades continued to fight on.

#### Capital Building, Treneria City, Treneria.

Peter Fenners entered the capital building once more that week. It had been an emergency meeting put together by the TDCC. Peter and his fellow senators filed into the conference room where a projection screen was set up. On the screen, visible to all, was the declaration of war from Teaurmai. Once everyone was seated and role call was taken, Peter addressed the message aloud for everyone. He shook his head as he finished reading.

“Oh my,” he stated. “How shall we go about this?”

“Buzzing off won't take his mind off the game. It's obvious why he's intervening. His community isn't even near the warzone. Mizrad and ourselves are acting in defense. He's getting something out of it.”

“That's obvious,” several members of the board chimed in. Peter lit a cigar, reclining in his chair as he thought. “We'll pass off a passive message to him and wait for something to happen. We'll deal with it then. Spread some propaganda as well. As for the situation in Maverica, we have updates.” Peter's assistant pulled up the message that had been received from Mizrad.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

"All call signs on this channel, myname is General Amer of the Mizradian Army. I come to you today with an urgent request for aid. It is becoming horrifyingly apparent that a conventional defensive is going to bankrupt us against this common enemy. With that being said, I ask you to send whatever special operations units you can muster to the town of Arrengard just a few miles east of Fort Thomas. Your men and women will be briefed there with further instructions, Overlord out."

“That was a transcript received from Mizrad. I've received a personal recommendation from the TDCC to use Fifth Detachment, Squads Alpha, Charlie, and Nosco from the First Infantry Division. They have proved themselves numerous times in training to be reliable. They're composed mostly of former Tesserian Special Forces members. They have our most advanced

equipment.” Peter pulled out the document that would approve of Operation Assistance, which consisted of sending the troops to Mizrad and having them assist in whatever mission Mizrad may have for them. The document was passed around the table, and those who needed too signed it. The Operation was a go. The senators dispersed from the meeting and went home.

TO: Government of Teaurnai

FROM: Senate of Treneria.

SUBJECT: (No Subject)

ENCRYPTION: None.

MESSAGE:

Government of Teaurnai,

We have no reason to conflict with you, nor do you have any reason to meddle in our business. We suggest you withdraw your declaration of war immediately. We will strike back only in retaliation of any attack from your side of things. You've been warned.

Regards,

Trenerian Senate.

### Treneria City, and the rest of Treneria.

Posters laminated the walls of government buildings, telephone polls, telephone booths, just about anywhere owned by government property. They were simple fliers that held imagery of the Trenerian flag, Trenerian soldiers, and the words “Call To Arms! Embrace your National Pride, Support Your Local War Effort!” On the Trenerian web base, messages and e-fliers were posted around Trenerian government websites with the same imagery and captions. It was simple propaganda. Trenerians were renown for their immense pride in their country. It was a plan to get factories and other industrial facilities on the move. To help promote the war effort by producing more ammunition, and getting more soldiers to enlist. If the other nations wanted a war, they'd get a war.

Soon, there were booths set up on the streets in both city roads and country roads so that men could enlist for combat. In the factories, there was a harder movement to get people working. Companies sometimes even gave into Union demands so that they could begin to pump out more war-tools, or the Unions would give in and work to support their nation. This small conflict was becoming a nation-uniting war effort.

The next day, the members of the Fifth Detachment's Alpha, Bravo, and Nasco squads kissed their partners goodbye for what could possibly be the final time with packed bags. They boarded up in their vehicles and hauled ass to their outpost in Treneria. At the outpost, they got a quick brief about what they would be doing. Their mission sounded simple; travel to a town outside of Fort Thomas and assist Mizrad. They all knew it would never be that easy. It wouldn't be worth the effort if it was that easy. The Fifth Detachment was known as the “Death Squad” due to the impact they had had in previous combats. There was approximately forty-five; fifteen in each squadron. The men dressed in their fatigues and threw their vests on. They laced their boots and strapped in their helmets. They jumped on a Trenerian military flight and were flown in outside of Arrengard, near Fort Thomas. The men left the aircraft and entered town. They headed to their appointed destination, waiting for the brief of the Mizrad operation.

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Last edited by [Treneria](#) on Fri Jan 03, 2014 7:50 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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



The United Atlantic Region  
Spokesperson

Posts: 111  
Founded: Jan 02, 2013  
Ex-Nation

QUOTE

TO : *President Ryan West ; Mizrad*  
FROM : *Chieftess Penelope Edwards-Charleston ; UAR*  
ENCRYPTION : *None*  
MESSAGE :

Mr. Ryan West. As war rages on we've found ourselves at an impasse. Diplomatic resolutions out the window, I've decided to take action and provide support from this Maverican onslaught. I've dispatched a go-team to help support our immediate issues, but full forces are right behind them

Long Live Panessos,  
Edwards-Charleston

Colonel Clay Stone had been sitting in the transport helicopter for over an hour now. He watched the hills roll past as his go team headed for Fort Thomas. Stone had certainly aged since he last suited up, ready for a mission. He'd been glued to a desk for the last eleven years, but didn't allow himself to grow too far out of shape. But this new war that threatened the very safety of the land he calls home and called for action. Chieftess Edwards-Charleston had dispatched them a day after she broadcasted her declaration of war to the entire world, a dumb move he'd might add. But he was ready to get back into the mix, to shoot some terrorists, to enjoy life again.

Once the three transport helicopters landed, the go-team of 30 men and women mixed let their boots touch the ground. They were at Fort Thomas. Colonel Clay Stone looked about his surroundings, and assessed the situation. He took a deep breath, and smiled with pleasure at the scent of war. He snapped out of his brief state of paralysis and grabbed an already running Mizradian soldier by the arm, gripping it tight unintentionally.  
*'Where's your superiors?'*

#### Capitol Building ; United Atlantic Region Chieftess Penelope Edwards-Charleston

Penelope watched the stocks from her chair in her office, finding the ever-changing charts soothing her mind. She watched as NewSound Operation Systems(NSO) peaked, and consequently tank soon after. She smiled at the predictability of the stock market. Before long her General's entered the room, giving a polite, but unnecessary, bow as they entered their leaders' office.  
*'What do we have, gentleman?'* Penelope asked as she switched the flatscreen off simultaneously. On of her Generals remained standing, and dropped a vanilla folder on her desc. She opened it up, and went through the map of Panessos. The map was edited with dots all over the place, showing possible routes of engagement for the nations battleships. She nodded, and finally chose a route.  
*'I want this one, I want my ships stationed in the Northern Atlantic.'* She said, looking from each of the three Generals before her in turn. They hesitated, and grunted amongst themselves. *'Well, Chieftess. We would have to pass through The Kaiserreich of Volvek'* They said hesitantly.  
*'This doesn't matter, I'll shoot them a letter explaining our intentions, fret not boys.'* Penelope said as she dismissed her General's and begun to draft her letter.

TO: *The Kaiserreich of Volvek*  
FROM : *Chieftess Edwards-Charleston*  
ENCRYPTION : *Impossible*  
MESSAGE :  
To Whom It May Concern,

Great leaders of Volvek. The world is near ruins and the UAR have taken upon themselves to see that it doesn't get there. We're planning on passing some *hardware* through your waters so we'll have them ready for deployment. This is no act of war against your nation, only a precautionary measure. Also, do not make mistake this

formality for permission, for this is not that.

Long Live Panessos,  
Chieftess Penelope Edwards-Charleston

OOC

Last edited by [The United Atlantic Region](#) on Sat Jan 04, 2014 3:55 pm, edited 3 times in total.

[Captain Clay Stone Factbook](#)

[Lieutenant Ellie Lopez Factbook](#)

[Director Jessica Anderson Factbook](#)



**Ghant**  
Minister

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

### Silverworm

by [Ghant](#) » Sun Jan 05, 2014 11:11 am



#### Act IV, Ch. III. "Silverworm" Ghish, Ghant The Government Palace

Oscar was supposed to be merely a secretary of the Landsraad. Take notes, hand out the agenda and minutes, fetch tea, and tasks like that.

These were strange and turbulent times, and Oscar was unfortunate enough to get caught up in the wrong place...at the wrong time.

It was not too long ago, that Sophia of Dakmoor called him into her office. When he walked in, Sophia smiled at him. *God, she is beautiful*, he thought to himself. *If there every was a face that could launch a 1,000 ships, hers was the one.*

Sophia gestured to him from the desk. "Hello Oscar. Please take a seat. Can I offer you some tea?"

How could he say no? "Yes, please".

"Oscar, this is going to be asking for alot, I know, but there is something I need to ask of you."

*Anything for you, Sophia*, he thought. His response was more awkward. "...what can I...do?"

"As secretary of the Landsraad, you have served my father well. I ask that you now serve me. I need you...enter the Imperial Palace- discreetly, and tell me what the Lord Protector is up to."

Oscar didn't expect that. "...You want me to break into the Imperial Palace...and spy on the Lord Protector?"

"...yes. Can you do that...for me?"

"...How would I get inside?"

Sophia gave him a funny look. Even her funny looks were gorgeous. "I suspect my father never told you of the secret entrance?"

"...What secret entrance?"

"The one only the Lord Paramount of the Landsraad knows about. It's under the Government Palace. Look for the portrait of Camilla the Clawed Queen. Behind it is a loose brick. Pull out the brick, and you will see a control panel. The code is 0107. It will open a crawspace beneath that spot. It goes underground, through the old tunnels, and it comes up into the palace. There is a small peephole at the end, where you can see...and listen...to whatever is going on in the throne room."

"Wouldn't the Lord Protector know about it?"

"Nope. Amadeus of Nightstar, the Lord Paramount of the Landsraad, had it built in the 1930's. The royal family never learned of its existence. Amadeus was my great-grandfather, and he passed the knowledge of its existence down to my father, who then told me about it when I was a little girl."

"...Why don't you do this yourself, my Lady?"

Sophia grinned. "Because, there are rats and other kinds of filth down there. I wouldn't want to get all messy, now would I? You are a boy, you are capable of handling that, I would assume."

"I can, and I will. When should I go?"

"Now, if you would be so kind." She put her hand on his. "Word has reached me that someone seeks the Lord Protector's audience. The Lord Protector doesn't know who he is, or that he is coming. All I know is that he will arrive at the Palace in an hour. That is how long it takes to...get into position. I have the utmost confidence in your abilities, Oscar. Please return to me when you are finished with this task."

Oscar blushed. "Indeed, my lady. I shall not fail...you. I am off."

"Thank you. Remember to come back to me at once. For if you do not, then I will expect the worst, and plan accordingly."

"Understood."

If only he knew what he was being asked to do.

He went into the basement. Many portraits, statues, busts, trophies and heirlooms. He went into the back, and sure enough, there it was. A portrait of the Clawed Queen of Ghant. A great queen, but disfigured as a child after being attacked by a pack of nightcats. The cats were killed by a squire- but not before they clawed the girl's face to ribbons. Her father, the King of Jehenna, made that squire a Lord for saving his daughter. She would bear the scars for the rest of her life- both physically and emotionally.

He gently lifted the portrait off the wall, and felt around for the brick. It took him a while to find it, but he did eventually. He pulled it out, found the panel, and entered the code. The secret crawlspace opened. He entered it.

It took him roughly an hour of crawling through filth and rats in the dark before he came up an incline. He crawled up it. The space opened up. He saw a small light around a corner. He realized that at this point, he was in between the walls of the Imperial Palace. He walked for a bit, and then found the small peephole in the wall. It looked down upon the throne room. To his left was the throne, with Lord Protector Albert sitting on it, with his iron crown sitting on his head, and to the right was the entrance to the throne room.

He got there just in time.

The Lord Protector's emissary. "Lord Protector, a man by the name of Lysander Lyzhan seeks your audience."

Lord Protector Albert was eating something- some raw meat off of a kabob stick. He seemed annoyed. "Ah, yes, I know his name. Silverworm, they call him. Tell him to be gone. I am eating, and I don't want to be disturbed."

"He said you might say something like that. He also told me to tell you that he comes bearing gifts, including the keys to what you want."

"Fine, bring him in."

In walked a short, skinny man, with jet black hair, and a neatly trimmed goatee. He was dressed in silver. He came with some men.

He bowed before Albert. "Thank you for having me, your majesty. It is a great pleasure to see you. Might I say that you look splended on the Obsidian Throne. May you grace it with your presence for some time."

"Spare me the pleasantries. I know who you are- Silverworm. Rich, hence the



silver, but treacherous and deceitful, like a worm. You better have a good reason to be here. I don't like you."

Lysander smiled. "It is true. I am merely a common man who came from nothing. But a combination of luck and skill have served me well. I have made...some money, moving things in Narwall, Onmutu, and Anthorp."

"Ah, Anthorp. Home to all manner of filthy Ghantmen, with only money on their minds. Tell me, why don't you live there, like the rest of those lard-asses?"

"Because, Lord Protector, my father once told me that you should never sleep where you shit."

Albert laughed at that. "You still have not told me why you are here."

"Of course. I merely wish to serve. I believe that you are man who wants to serve the interests of Ghant, above all others. I share that interest."

Albert spit. "Prove it then, Silverworm."

Lysander gestured to his men. Two more men walked into the Palace, with a woman between them, dressed in rags and bound up in chains. She was gagged, and from the looks of it, beaten as well.

"I understand that you have an interest in prophecy. Visions and fortunetelling are quite interesting skills, are they not? To know what is coming is to be one step ahead of your enemies. So, I brought with me the Woods Witch who gave you that bone-chilling prophecy before you departed Wildigot."

Albert nearly choked on what he was eating. "...How did you know that? Have you been spying on me?"

Lysander smirked. "Lord Protector, perhaps you didn't know, but I know everything, because there is value in information. It is worth more than gold, or silver. I know what kind of tea every lord in Ghant drinks, I know what people talk about behind closed doors. I even know how many times your son touches himself at night. Knowledge is power, you see. So I know whatever I can, about whatever I can."

"I see. Guards, take the Woods Witch to the Ladies Chambers. See to it that she is well fed, bathed and clothed. But don't let her leave. I don't want her getting away. And I especially don't want anyone knowing she is here." He looked at Lysander. "Thank you for that gift. Now, how do you propose to serve me?"

"I can help you get allies at the expense of your nephew, and I can help you get rid of the White Rose of Dakmoor."

"Please explain."

"It's quite simple, actually. First of all, if you play your cards right, you can strip the Emperor of his allies. One by one, they will abandon his cause, until he stands alone. Some of these allies will join you instead. Others...will require a distraction, to take their attention away from the Emperor...and focus them elsewhere."

"Go on. This is quite interesting. I would like to...take you up on this offer."

"I thought you might say that. The heavy lifting has already been done. In conjunction with your uncle the Grand Duke Edward, we have arranged for local mercenaries from Bloodmoon, Dakmoor, Jehenna and Dakmoor to venture into Hermania, with the purpose of helping the Pensic Front and Blood Ravens come into power."

"Is that it?"

"No, not by any means. Mizrad plans on helping Nathan to some degree. With their resources and manpower, Nathan's own losses will be minimal. We don't want that, now do we? So, I took the liberty of getting in touch with some old friends of mine in Maverica..." Lysander smirked.

"Good Lord, you are a treacherous one, aren't you? And what of Sophia, then? She has been nothing but an obstacle. She is working against, me, I know it. She must be dealt with, but how?"

"I agree. The White Rose of Dakmoor will be a problem for us. However, she serves at the behest of the current Prime Minister. But what if Ormund Bortidoc wasn't the Prime Minister anymore? All it will take is one small event to...encourage a smaller party to leave the governing coalition, and the government will fall apart, and new elections will take place. An election in which our friends in the Conservative Party will win. And, there are even some Ultra Conservatives that could rise to the top, and help you get exactly what you want."

Albert stroked his chin. "She would still be acting Lord Paramount of the Landsraad, though. There is no way around that. I cannot move against her. Her father is the most powerful man in Ghant...hell, he can summon 150,000 men. And lets not forget her grandfather, that old Mutu fool, with the might and riches of Onmutu at his disposal."

"Precisely. Which is why we...remove her father as Lord Paramount of the Landsraad. Should something...ill befall the Lord of Dakmoor, and his life be...extinguished, then a new election will take place within the Landsraad to determine who the next one. And I have some good ideas on who the next one ought to be."

Albert's face lit up. "Yes, yes. You are brilliant, Silverworm!"

" I try, my Lord. And with her father removed from the picture, and considering that his eldest son Martin is dead, and his younger son Michael having recently...disappeared, Dakmoor will be without leadership, and our largest obstacle will have been dealt with. Especially considering that the famous Dakmoor mercenary groups and their ilk are currently being deployed into Hermania."

"How long have you been planning this?"

"...I am not at liberty to discuss that. Needless to say, I believe that a change of leadership in Ghant is necessary, with strong leadership and...lots of friends with...similar goals. They call Nathan and Laoni's little band of nations "the Black Alliance". That's cute, isn't it? And so...boring. If the world wants a Black Alliance, I will give them one- one blacker then the night itself."

Albert roared in approval. "Yes, yes! The supremacy of Ghant, its so long overdue!"

"Indeed, it is. However, there is one more thing."

"Oh, what's that?"

"...there is a whole in the wall, up and to the right, where someone has been listening to everything that we have been talking about."

Oscar pissed his pants. *Oh God, they know! How!* He turned around and moved as quickly as he could, terrified of being caught. He crawled through the tunnels, but suspected that he would be caught at the other end. So he turned a corner, and descended into the old tunnels beneath Ghish, and hid. *Forgive me, my lady, Oscar thought. They will kill me if I am caught, I do not doubt.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Sophia had waited long enough. She knew that if Oscar didn't come back, that she should expect the worst. She knew what was going on. The amount of support that the Lord Protector was gaining around the city was growing. The numbers of his northern henchmen swelled daily, and tensions continued to rise throughout southern Ghant. One match could set the whole country ablaze. She knew that if she was going to keep the country from descending into anarchy and war, that she had to act quickly. She had some messages, and now it was time to respond.

CODE: [SELECT ALL](#)



TO: The Officer of External Affairs, Jan Klaessen  
FROM: Sophia of Dakmoor  
SUBJECT: Assurances  
ENCRYPTION: HEAVY

To whom it may concern,

I find this plan of yours most agreeable. However, this information must remain top-secret, and it cannot be disseminated to anyone within our government or the Landsraad. It will be justified as a peace-keeping mission, considering the amount of chaos and disarray that currently plague southern Ghant. Please send Gerard Demaes to Ghish at once.

And then another.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: High King Marec of Ferox  
From: Sophia of Dakmoor  
ENCRYPTION LEVEL 5 [HIGH]

To whom it may concern,

I suspect the worst of as of late. There is much treachery and deceit about Ghish. Having said that, shame on you for enabling the Emperor. You wish to see your country prosper, at the expense of others. Shame on you! Having said that, I do wish to meet with you, as there is much that needs to be discussed. I would invite you to come to Ghish yourself, and I would encourage you to do so expediently.

For the first time in a while, Sophia was genuinely afraid. She thought of what was going to happen next, and it didn't make her feel good.

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Tue Dec 29, 2020 1:30 pm, edited 3 times in total.

**Ghant**

**Factbook** | **RP Resume** | **IIwiki Admin**

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

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

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



**Feroxi**  
Ambassador

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

by [Feroxi](#) » Mon Jan 06, 2014 1:24 pm

**QUOTE**

"She did said **what?**" Frea Demric exclaimed. Frea was the High King's personal advisor, and thus was with him several times he read and replied to messages and telegrams. She also had a knack for saying what was on her mind, no matter how outrageous. "She knows she just insulted a damn foreign leader, right? Point blank! Does she have the frigging skull shivers or something?"

Sev raised an eye brow, and flashed his charismatic and disarming grin. "She has courage, I'll give her that! Hell, she could pass for a Feroxi if she wanted to," he gave a light chuckle.

Freya placed her hands on her hips, "You're not seriously giving thought to going to Ghish, are you? That would be suicide! You and I- hell the whole nation, knows that the Ghantish government is coming to an ideological schism! Who knows, you could be taken as a political hostage by some extremist... or this could be a whole trap laid by that alleged, "Lady of Dakmoor!"

The High King set the message from Sophia on his desk, and turned to look at Freya. "The pro-Nathan factions in Ghant obviously want to dispose of Sophia and I, but I doubt they would try to take out a foreign leader and their own in one fell swoop. They would know our people would be in an uproar. Someone would take the mantle, unite the clans, and besiege Ghant until their capitol lay in rubble and flames."

She said, "What about the possibility of that royal stabbing you in the back?"

"You read that telegram didn't you? It's crystal clear she holds the Emperor dear! If she dare make an attempt on my life, she risks my successor giving the order to assassinate Nathan in cold blood. If she loves him, she would not risk him being harmed the slightest."

Frea asked in a low tone, "You're sure about this?"

The High King already began writing on a tan piece of parchment paper, "Sure as I've ever been, Miss Demric."

To: Sophia of Dakmoor  
From: High King Marec of Ferox  
Encryption Level |High|

Greetings again,

You have quite the mind, Lady Sophia... and it's clear that you're not afraid to speak it as well. You shame me? Your shame mean's nothing to me, nor does your praise. A politician of Ghant, a nation renowned for it's back stabbings and illusions of grandeur, lectures a Feroxi on the topic of honor? It's so ironic, it nearly brings a tear to my eye. Although, I must admit that you said was not exactly false. I seized the opportunity that beckoned me forth. The rogue Emperor was desperate for forces, and I gave them to him in return for pay. The whole deal was mutual.

Let us be honest here, if your nation's men and women went to war to feed their starving children, wouldn't you do whatever was necessary to stop that travesty? I, like you and countless other foreign leaders, believe my cause is noble. I will come to Ghish to speak with you, with a detachment of veteran commandos by my side. But remember something, Rose of Dakmoor: Nathan is your enemy. He believes his cause is just, and he will do everything and anything to take Austra Regalia. Power is a blight, and it taints those it touches. Only the purest of men and women can resist that kind of temptation. I hope you are one of them

#### Mizrad-Maverica Borderline Mizrad Operations Building

Colonel Nyreen Vollen grasped a metal handle in her drop ship's troop hold, and clenched her fist around it tight. She frigging hated flying... especially in one of these suicide boxes. The woman's armor rattled as the ship descended onto a Mizradian aerial pad. The drop ship deployed it's landing gear, and released it's air lock. The troop bay's main hatch opened down into a ramp, and Nyreen and a squadron of soldier's walked down to meet a Mizradian engineer. She approached the engineer and said, "I am Colonel Vollen of the Ferox Dominion Armed Forces, where is your commanding officer?"

Last edited by [Feroxi](#) on Mon Jan 06, 2014 1:38 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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

NationStates' resident knight in not-so shining armor.



**Teurnai**  
Secretary

Posts: 30  
Founded: Apr 25, 2012  
Ex-Nation

by [Teurnai](#) » Mon Jan 06, 2014 5:01 pm

**QUOTE**

#### Saurnai, Chamber of the High Assembly

A man stepped up on the podium, and announced the President first in Teurnai'i. "Rehsavit tyu Nejsakeos Klesakos Niis! REHSAMT!" (Rise for the President Klesakos Niis! RISE!)

Klesakos Niis took up his position at the podium.

"Thank you all for joining us here today; esteemed members of the Public, and esteemed members of the Government. We are assembled in this hall to discuss a common threat, I'm sure you all know what it is." the audience nodded and chattered, then the President asked for silence. "Today we assemble for one purpose. How will we win this war? What is our gain out of it? The population of Teurnai is too large to remain in the mainland or even in the Overseas Colonies, therefore we MUST have more land. Territory can be

bought, conquered, annexed, or borrowed. I plan to *permanently* annex any or all of the Trenerian/Mizrad territories on the Maverican border."

"Sir," a man called out, "doesn't this mean we won't be doing the real fighting? Are we really going to use Maverica as our driving force?" he said. "That is the current plan. We do not have the capabilities to mobilise six-hundred million troops on fifteen ships. When possible, we'll destroy critical targets and harmonize with the Maverican armies to soften up the target, then instill Teaurmai'i control in conquered territories. As the wave of destruction from the Maverican army goes on, we will continue sealing in their army and close the borders, forcing removal by emergency or to eventually annex all of the land. However, this does not mean we cannot send in our own army. The 88th Legion, one of our finest, consisting of 900,000 soldiers and 100,000 mechanized vehicles, totaling one million in military force, will be deployed to help the Maverican assault. The forces shall be mobilised in two days. The carrier ships *TSS White Raven* and *TSS Hibiscus* will be seaborne on the third day. They will be accompanied by three other battleships, five destroyers, two AEGIS missile cruisers, one nuclear submarine, equipped with an ICBM for emergencies only, and a radar ship. This fleet, dubbed the *Fracture* will land approximately thirty days from now at the Gulf of Gallico. Transmissions to the Gillenorian Empire have already been arranged, we are still waiting for a response. Thank you for being here. Adjourned."

The Assembly members slowly filed out of the massive hall, leaving only behind the President and the Vice President. "Are you really sure this will work?" said the VP. "No, but we'll still gain from whatever Maverica takes."

#### **Democratic Hegemony of Teaurnai**

##### Anthem

**Teaurnai is a large, democratic socialist nation in Esquarium. It was originally a large nation encompassing most of the continent it was on before a greater power rose up against it and destroyed it. It has overseas colonies in the Great Esquarian Ocean and in the Central Ocean, which are small autonomous communities called *Zweidagon Togai* (English translation from Teaurnai'i: Temple Colony), *Xvasicvai Togai* (Translation: Far Realm Colony), and *Venkai Togai* (Translation: Inner Colony).**

*I am a proud supporter of socialism, green politics, and grassroots democracy.*

Economic Left/Right: -8.00  
Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -4.62



**Libraria and Ausitoria**  
Negotiator

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

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Mon Jan 06, 2014 9:20 pm



Tic.  
Toc.  
Tic.  
Toc.

The passage of time, even for clocks you had to wind up, was unstoppable, reflected the Duke sadly as he looked up from the latest Mizrad-Rhodesean report and studied the glass ceiling and stormy clouds above. The air was stifling, as it was before a tropical thunderstorm, although he could see gusts billowing in the clouds above. At least the rain would dampen any further riots, although it lent a gloomy backdrop to a gloomy situation. The reports were coming in hourly now, and this one - the independence of Diamond City - had to be acted on before the clocks ticked much further and yet more chaos engulfed region. Maverica was running out of time to respond to the ultimatum, there were a large number of heavily encrypted messages flying between Feroxi and Ghant, Mizrad was being fast enveloped in the mist of a major war, and the Loufe conference was due to start: but with such an immensely complicated international scene there was almost no point to attempting such large-scale talks. The markets were already pricing for regional war and the Bank had adjusted interest rates 10 times in the last hour. If peace was to be restored it would be by a policy of direct interventionism; and the first priority of the Ausitorian government must be to keep casualties and disorder down and stick up for all their many principles. Whether they liked it or not they were effectively at war: a war against chaos.

"Special Forces and an Airborne Battalion are on their way to Fort Thomas. The Mizrad policy delegation is on its way to a briefing," the Deputy Cabinet

Secretary said to the Duke, not looking up from his electronic notepad. The Duke - and those within earshot - nodded automatically, while continuing to exchange notes and whisper in hushed voices. The Duke looked around 'the table' - such as it was. It was historic collection, and his heart swelled with pride. Civil servants and politicians were agreeing and discharging the duties of government at a speed which amazed and frankly frightened him. "The delegation is going into the conference hall in Loufe in three minutes," the Cabinet Secretary, Sir Arnold, reminded the Deputy Prime Minister Victoria. She sighed as she stopped re-reading the last paragraph. "Then we had better reach a decision. May I sum?" she asked. It was formal procedure, and even though most of them had only just reached the end of the report, it was a foregone conclusion. They must act, and everybody, politician or civil servant, could see that. The room nodded, and Victoria cleared her throat.

"We accept the arguments of the Mizrad-Rhodesea Committee Report and are all agreed that Diamond City must not fall into the General's hands," started the Deputy Prime Minister, in grand style, "and there must be an Ausitorian squadron there capable of holding it for as long as that General remains. Preliminary investigation suggests that an idea of a Southern Rhodesea is impossible due to Nathan's alliance, which means it will have to be the city itself that is independent, for which a few thousand square kilometers must suffice. Mizrad no longer desires it, except for the economic investment, they must withdraw their forces to defend their homeland anyway; therefore we must cover the costs of protecting it; and we must delay their withdrawal until we worked out what happens next. We must have Mizrad's approval if possible and preferably we must not have their opposition. The Mizrad policy delegation must raise the question of Diamond City's independence from Rhodesea if the rest of Mizrad Rhodesea is returned - and we must issue a press release regarding our concern for the non-Rhodesean population, the requirement to maintain liberties, and the requirement to contain the General. The War Office and the Government Policy Office must prepare to annex Diamond City if necessary, even should Rhodesean forces be arriving under the invitation of Mizrad. There must be a further division at least officially 'in transit' there and unoccupied strategic points must be occupied and held. The Government Policy Office must draw up a plan to provide Diamond City with associate Nation status or full independence and ensure that we can maintain a large and defensible military base. Are we agreed?"

The Duke, despite being prepared for it this time, was impressed again: a decisive grasp of all the issues at hand. Anyone who dismissed Ausitoria as a reactionary country would be in for a shock: when it did get round to reacting it was worth waiting for. And the assembled people all raised their hands to show their agreement.

"Unanimous," said Sir Arnold, after a brief glance around the verandah. Then he was all action too: the poise of an Admiral, and everyone was in motion. "M'lady, your Grace; to the teleconferencing room for Loufe." They rose. "Prime Minister, follow me, we shall prepare Diamante's independence." The Prime Minister rose. "Alice, Argus, prepare Diamante's defences," he said to the Intelligence and War ministers, and they nodded and sidled out down a corridor. "Finance Committee, the Bank governors want a word," he added; and they rose as one. And he glanced around the room at the retreating figures. "What a busy day we're having," he remarked as he opened a door.

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Fri Jan 31, 2014 3:32 pm, edited 2 times in total.

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

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

[Commonwealth Capital \(Bank\)](#) [Commonwealth Connect \(Bank Treaty\)](#) [SeaScape \(Shipping & Energy\)](#)



by [Maverica](#) » Tue Jan 07, 2014 2:56 pm

**QUOTE**

**Maverican-Mizrad Border on the Desert Plain**

Maverican soldiers were fighting good but enemy planes bombed them and they are taking damage. They continue to fight the Mizrads but then the

**Maverica**  
Minister

Posts: 2225  
Founded: Jun 05, 2012  
Ex-Nation

commander Major Brando seen a Mizrad force flanking the Mavericks on the eastern flank. He gets out a radio to call in artillery support. Enemy shells and bullets were landing all around him as he called for support. Minutes after he was done Maverican artillery bombarded the advancing Mizrads. While this was going on Major Brando ordered half of his men to follow him and counter attack the advancing Mizrads while the other half continued the attack on the main Mizrad force. Brando and his men advanced quickly towards the Mizrad flanking force. When they reached a position that had some defensible ground they stopped and stood behind boulders, in craters from artillery and old vehicles from the last war in Mizrad. Brando pulled out his MA-13 and aimed it at the Mizrads. So did all of the other soldiers. They waited and waited till the enemy was in range. Then rockets, tank buster missiles and small arms opened fire on the enemy. "Let give them all we got boys!" Brando yelled as he fired his MA-13 into the enemy lines.

#### In The Air

Maverican F-22 and F-15 fighters fought hard but proved not much of a match to the Mizrad F-25 fighters. But they kept on fighting swarming around the enemy fighters and attacking from above. As this was going on another wing of F-22 fighters flew down into the fight shooting missiles and cannons.

#### In The Valley

Meanwhile in the valley the Maverican 5th Cavalry was in bad shape. Mizrad soldiers held the north exit and the Trenerians held most of the high ground. The Mavericks were though taking out Mizrad vehicles but they were taking very heavy damage. The enemy air support shot up most of the 5th Cavalry. The commander Major Stanley looked up at the Trenerians and noticed that most of them seemed to not fight like experienced soldiers. So he decided to take a chance of attacking the Trenerian soldiers to take the high ground as a last attempt to win. But as he was about to give the order artillery shells landed at the Trenerian and Mizrad positions.

He looked to the upper part of the southern part of the valley and seen Maverican infantry advancing shooting tank busting rockets and small arms at Trenerian troops. With the support of artillery. As that was happening 10 Maverican jeeps drove by dropping a few supplies to the 5th Cavalry and then started to shoot their machine guns at the Mizrad and Trenerian troops. As the reinforcements arrived Major Stanley ordered the rest of his soldiers to attack the Mizrad troops. Tanks and vehicles were in the front and dismounted cavalry in the back of the advancing Maverican lines. Cannons, missiles, rockets and small arms went off as they attacked.

#### Maverica City

At the Maverican capitol President Nathaniel was reading over a message from Libaria and Ausitoria. It was about a cease fire so their citizens can escape. He then started to write a message back.

To: Libaria and Ausitoria

I have read over your message and I agree that we should let your citizens get out of the warzone. So I accept your cease fire. I will send a message to Mizrad about it and then we will order our troops to cease fire.

From: President Nathaniel

[box]To: Mizrad

I have gotten a message from Libaria and Ausitoria about a cease fire to let their citizens get out of the warzone. I accepted but I need to ask you if you will accept it. If you do I would like to all hold our current positions even if it is in a place like at the valley battle.

From: President Nathaniel

Philippians 2:14~Do everything without complaining, or arguing.

"We need to build a WALL!" ~ Donald Trump



**Pensalum**  
Ambassador

Posts: 1331  
Founded: Jul 21, 2012  
Ex-Nation

by **Pensalum** » Tue Jan 07, 2014 4:11 pm

QUOTE

Libaria and Ausitoria wrote:

(Image)

*Pax Prosperitas*

By Order of His Imperial Majesty's Government

From: The Government Policy Office, The United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth of Libaria and Ausitoria

To: The Governments of the Federated Provinces of Pensalum and the Federated States of Epraria  
Encryption: Maximum, Confidential

Your Excellencies,

We have noted with no little concern the proliferation of your nation's enemies at home and abroad and the designs that Rhodesea and their allies have upon your nations. We have no wish to see an upset in the regional status quo in favour of General Krugger, and given the current power vacuum we do not believe a purely peaceful solution is possible until a show of force has been provided, as is currently being demonstrated by our 'goodwill' visit to Diamond city in Mizrad-Rhodesea.

To provide you with proper assistance we are dispatching military experts to our embassies in your capitals and would like to discuss how we might best be of assistance. At present we have dispatched no less than four fleets to international waters in the Regalian Sea and Eprarian Gulf and these forces are available for immediate support if you desire it.

Regards,  
Sir Henry Taylor,  
Prime Minister of the United Realms, *on behalf of*  
The Government Policy Office  
Lord Palmerston, *on behalf of*  
The Ministry of Intelligence, Statistics and Foreign Policy Office

The message from the United Realms was warmly welcomed, tensions were heating and outside help was greatly needed.

Ātat placed his nib pen on the paper, and began drafting his reply.

“

From: The Office of Chancielor Jōhannō Ātat, and the government of Pensalum

To: The Government Policy Office, The United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria

Encryption: Very High

Greetings,

Your concern is greatly appreciated, and your military assistance will be welcomed with open arms. Rhodesea's influence is troubling, and we most certainly do not want to see our nation, or any other nation fall into their hands. Perhaps a joint force can convince their nation not to interfere with any of ours.

However, there is also a threat from within, as Lyle Ferr, a local revolutionary, is constantly stirring distrust and discontent amongst our citizens. We fear that soon we may face an all out civil war. We're trying our best to deal with this problem. Perhaps your nation could provide some sort of mercenary aid, it would be greatly appreciated.

With deepest thanks,

Chancielor Jōhannō Ātat, and the government of the Federated Provinces of Pensalum

Last edited by [Pensalum](#) on Wed Jan 08, 2014 4:12 pm, edited 1 time in total.

I read the worst thing ever in a bathrobe of off-white terrycloth

**MerCs**

by [Rhodesea](#) » Wed Jan 08, 2014 10:31 am

Act IV, Ch. IV. "MerCs"





Rhodesea  
Lobbyist

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

## Northern Pensalum

QUOTE

As the sounds of war echoed in the distance, Kruger downed a stein of Rhodesean Red. The sound was beautiful, it was like music. war planes, jeeps, tanks, bombs, gunshots. And Kruger was the conductor. *A fine symphony*, Kruger thought. *But the finest of all awaits*. Dreams of a united Rhodesea, free and strong. With prosperity and plenty for all.

The initial phase of the invasion of Pensalum was a sweeping success. Kruger's battle plans were quite effective, and they were moving south at great pace.

They had captured a Pensic Bunker earlier that day. The remaining soldiers inside surrendered. Kruger was brought to them.

One of his commanders suggested that they kill the POWs.

"No. They are soldiers, like you and me. Fathers, brothers, sons, husbands and friends. They will suffer no harm nor torture. Treat and feed them well, and once the Pensic Front is in power, release them."

Kruger would be known as merciful and generous to his enemies. *The best way to eliminate an enemy is to make him your friend*, Kruger once heard it said. He saw the wisdom in that.

Kruger took up residence within the bunker, and took advantage of the Rhodesean Red and Cigars at his disposal. He occasionally thought of Bakanski and his fate in the dungeon, but never lost any sleep over it.

He heard a shout from the back of his bunker. "General, you have a message."

"Give it to me."

Kruger was handed the message. He read it eagerly.

CODE: SELECT ALL

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

To whom it may concern,  
I believe you are forgetting who is in charge here Mr. Kruger. Whilst most other powerful countries chose to either ignore you or go as far as to attack you, we chose to aid you. Don't take that for granted, as the funding and equipment we supply you can and will be revoked within a matter of seconds. Mizrad had planned to give you most of your "Diamante" back, although the ten square miles of land that we've chosen to call Diamond City will remain in our hands - Under that name. That is all, Mr. Kruger.

Kruger knew the play- he practically wrote the playbook. *Typical Mizradian chest pounding, nothing more. Easily addressed.*

CODE: SELECT ALL

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

To whom it may concern,  
I am not interested in a dick-measuring contest with you. Besides, it seems like lately, more countries are interested in attacking you than us.

Might I digress, I believe that what we have here is a failure to communicate. I consider Mizrad to be a friend of Rhodesea. After all, was it not Mizrad that helped wash away the stain that is Loufian occupation from our land? The vile scum be vanquished, thanks to you. I believe that we can live together, and share in peace and prosperity greater than you realize. You need only trust me. You have my word that the Rhodesean forces under my command are otherwise accountable to

Kruger handed the response off, and walked outside with his wine. He thought about these "Mavericans" that were attacking Mizrad as of late. He wondered whether they were doing him a favor or a disservice.

He watched warplanes move against a blood-red sky. Kruger thought it funny

how the sky resembled his wine.

He went back inside. It was time to write another later.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

TO: Lyle Ferr  
FROM: General Kruger, Rhodesea  
ENCRYPTION LEVEL: Level Three, Medium

To whom it may concern,  
Your friends from Rhodesea are on the move in the north of your fine country. We are yet in the mountains, but soon we shall be in the valleys and plains of the south. I am hoping that when we arrive in Albicant, we will find the city safely in your hands. It would be a great shame if we had to...take the city for you.

The time for the Pensic Front to make its move is nigh upon us. We are doing the...heavy lifting, all you have to do is provide the finesse moves.

Once there we can discuss our next move and how to move forward from there.

Kruger went back to his usual routine of planning and logistics. At dawn, they began to continue their move south.

"General, we have spotted some forces heading in our direction."

Kruger seemed surprised. "Have the Pens come to greet us wholesale, then?"

"They aren't Pens, sir. Ghantmen."

"Signal them. I want to know what they are doing in the mountains of northern Pensalum."

A small contingent of the Ghantmen met with Kruger in the bunker. They were a ragged bunch.

"My name is General Kruger of Rhodesea. Who are you?"

One of the Ghantmen, the small one with dark purple hair, spoke up. "My name is Itinu Tigin of Jehenna. I am an emissary, on campaign with some soldiers of fortune." His Rhodesean was respectable.

"Soldiers of fortune, huh? Tell me, what exactly is your fortune, then."

"Our mission is threefold. We endeavor to secure power for the Blood Ravens and the Pensic Front, and to ensure that the Eprarian Monarchy is restored."

"How many of you are there?"

"For reasons of privacy and security, we cannot discuss our size and strength. Just know that there are ten companies. The Silver Company, under the command of Malaro Morazhan, the Company of the Wolf, under the command of Jog Toth, the Knights of the Trident, under the command of Lur "the Lurker" Etoro, the Sons of the Titan, under the command of Nuck Quelt, the Stargazers, under the command of Diggory Diaw, the Nightcats, under the command of Guel "Goldeneye" Banr, the Pale Riders, under the command of Nul Oitu, the Blackblades, under the command of Tygo Lom, the Onyx Men, under the command of Mando Yum, and lastly the Revenge of Queen Caroline, under the command of Prince Quentyn of Ghant."

"Impressive. Although, I thought that all of the Mercenary Companies sailed with Nathan and Laoni."

A short and willowly Ghantman stepped forward. "Aye, many did, but as many didn't. The dirty ones did. The respectable companies held back. Aint a good campaign, that one. This Pink Dragon aint got no scruples, they say." His Rhodesean was terrible.

"And who are you?"

"My name be Diggory Diaw, of Nightstar, the Jewel of the North! You see, all these mercs out here in Hermania, they be from the lands of Ghant that aint all tangled up in the Emperor's campaign. Our lot of companies are from Nightstar, Jehenna, Bloodmoon, and Dakmoor. We aint interested in Regalia-

that be too steep a challenge. We interested in the low hanging fruit, you know? This be that."

"I see. So, will you be joining my campaign? I will need to help driving south to Albicant."

"Can't do that, General. We work on our own. You see, we believe, as most Ghantmen do, that killing aint as important as staying alive. As long as you stay alive, you can keep fighting, doing what you gotta do. So we are like guerillas, you know? We strike in the night, and we hit and run. We dont stick around, and we dont go in large groups. Thats asking to get killed, and we aint interested in dyin'. So you all go right on ahead, and we might just help you out from time to time, when it suits us."

"Well, at least we won't have to kill you, then."

Itinu Tigin spoke up again. "Tis nice indeed. Although, perhaps some of us might join you for dinner, if only for a bit? There is much that needs be...discussed."

"Certainly. But not for long. I intend to move quickly, before the enemy has ample time to respond."

That night in the bunker, Kruger was joined by a few of the Ghantish mercs. Tigin, Diaw, Goldeneye, Oitu, Yum, Lom, and Prince Quentyn of Ghant. There was another man- young, tall with deep blue eyes, wearing a hood. He looked alot like Prince Martin of Dakmoor, which Kruger thought was quite a queer coincidence.

"I hear that the Emperor is going to get to Oceanus tommorrow evening. I seen them ships o his in the straights yesterday," Proclaimed Oitu.

"Its about fuggin time. For God's sake, how fuggin long did it take him?" replied Yum.

Lom was next to speak. "I heard that theyre doing a straight shot for Oceanus, and then they goes north."

"What about the South? They just gonna let Osserheim and all that sit there?" Asked Diaw.

"Thats about the dumbest thing lil Nate can do. Gillenor's gonna take what its got and take him in the rear, like a prison bitch." said Oitu

Kruger had yet to experience a proper Ghantish dinner conversation. He was parts amused and parts annoyed. He took note of the Ghantmen's characteristics. One thing they all had in common was dark hair, pale skin, and the fact that not a one of them was overweight. Also, their eyes. Some were green like emeralds, blue like sapphires, purple like amethyst, light blue like aquamarine, red like garnet, and yellow like topaz. Their eyes were...unlike those of normal men.

"That fleet o his is gonna get stuck in Oceanus, and I would bet a nut that as soon as all them idiots get on land and start going deep, that them shits are going to get destroyed. They are all going to get trapped on the continent like a fuggin coon in a cage." said Yum.

"They aint even going to make it to Oceanus. As soon as they get close, theres gonna be a Leviathan there waiting for em. The White Rose isnt playing games." said Diaw.

"Oh, what I wouldnt do to pluck that rose." said Lom.

"I heard the Emperor's already done that...at least once." Replied Diaw.

"This Emperor of ours is a dumbshit, lemme tell ya. He coulda had it all in Ghant, the White Rose included. But instead, he marries Princess Pinkie and sails off to Regalia to get himself killed. How fuggin stupid is that?" said Lom

"About as stupid as casting your lot in with the Pensic Front and the Blood Ravens. These guys are nothing but scoundrels. I don't doubt that theyre going to do some nasty stuff when they get into power." replied Oitu.

"Who cares what they do when they get into power, as long as we get paid our dues. I get paid to fight and kill, not make morality judgements." Replied Lom.

"I heard that Johanno Atat is a decent guy. I will have to buy him a round of drinks after he gets knocked on his ass, let him know this was just business, you know?" Said Diaw.

Kruger finally broke the silence. "Tell me more about this Goldeneye fellow. Why doesn't he talk?" He looked over at the man they called Goldeneye. He was a powerful looking man, with a fake eye made of pure gold.

"He aint interested in talking. Only killing. Them Nightcats are a savage lot. They move at night, and strike quick. With hand to hand combat. And before you have a chance to respond, they gone. Like the Lurker and dem Trident Knights." Replied Diaw.

"Why aint the Lurker here?" asked Yum.

"You idiot. He aint called the Lurker because he comes to dinner with the whole fuggin team. Hes called the Lurker because he lurks." replied Lom

Kruger couldnt help but ask about the young man in the hood. "Who is he?" He pointed at him.

Prince Quentyn of Ghant spoke up. "He is a guest of mine. Who he is, thats none of your concern."

"And who are you, exactly?"

"I am Prince Quentyn of Ghant, second son of Grand Duke Edward of Ghant, the fifth son of Emperor Michael of Ghant and Empress Marcela of Epraria."

"That is why you are interested in Epraria, then?"

"Yes. The current claimant to the Eprarian throne, Prince Alfredo, is my father's cousin. His father, Prince Angel, Marcela's brother. We swore an oath to the Eprarian Royal Family long ago, to protect and restore their House when the time came. The oath was sworn upon blood."

"And what about Gillenor, the Lowlanders, and Libraria? They will destroy you."

"Perhaps they might. Gillenor once fought side by side with Ghant and the Kingdom of Epraria during the Great War. My father believes that with diplomacy and proper communication, that they might...join us in our noble cause."

"Fat chance of that. They know nothing of honor, or of keeping oaths."

The man in the hood finally spoke up. "Neither do you, Rhodesean."

Kruger snapped. "What was that? Only a craven hides behind a hood."

"I am no craven, although your race is nothing but."

Kruger pushed out his chair and rose to his feet. "Speak another word, and your a dead man."

The Ghantish all got up to their feet and readied their weapons. The hooded man dropped his hood. Indeed, he was tall, with dark blue eyes and short black hair. "Like my brother, who you Rhodeseans killed. During the last war. Tell me, did you ever find his remains? My mother was convinced until the day she died that he was alive. Perchance you know about that, you Rhodesean dog?"

Kruger seemed surprised. "Well, well. Look what we have here. I don't believe we have been properly introduced?"

"My name is Prince Michael of Dakmoor, the second son of Lord Malibar of Dakmoor and Elizabeth of Onmutu. I have come to set Hermania to rights, but restoring the Eprarian monarchy to the throne, to restore the honor and dignity of House Dakmaran of Dakmoor, and to avenge my brother, if I learn

of any...improprieties, regarding his demise...or lack thereof."

Most of the Mercs there were in a greater sense of shock then Kruger. Many were enraged. "You had a Bleeding Rose among us this whole time, and didn't tell us!" yelled Diaw.

Oitu spoke. "Does your father or sister know that you are here? Sophia or Malibar will offer a hefty sum for your return to Ghant!"

Lom spoke next. "Malibar will make this part of Hermania burn if you were to get killed. We will be royally fucked."

"I came on my own accord, without their knowledge or consent. I am 18, I dont need permission. My father named Sophia to the Landsraad in his place, instead of me. And he has never loved me like he loved Martin. He doesnt respect me- he just thinks I am a stupid kid who hunts and drinks. I am here to prove otherwise, that I am indeed a worthy heir to Dakmoor."

Itinu Tigin spoke. "This is a good situation for us to be in. The enemies of the Blood Ravens will think twice about hindering us, and might even join us, so long as we have Prince Michael of Dakmoor in our company."

"Your an idiot if you believe that, emmisary. As soon as our enemies find out he's with us, they will do everything they can to capture him, to either use him against his sister of ransom him off. He's a liability." Replied Yum.

The mercenaries began to argue some more. Quantyn of Ghant and Michael hastily packed and began leaving the bunker. Prince Quantyn spoke. "We are heading to Epraria for now."

Prince Michael spoke again, as he was leaving. "So help me God, Kruger, if I were to learn of any misdoings involving my brother, I will make you fucking burn."

Kruger was beyond furious. "I am done. I thank you all for coming, but I think its time that we called this dinner to a close. Good luck and God's speed...and keep that Dakmoor Prince away from me, or his sister will be getting him back in a bag."

Tigin bowed. "Understood. Perchance we shall see you again, mayhap in Albicant."

Diaw spoke. "Until next time, Kruger. If there is a next time. In times like these, you never know."

Once the Ghantish left, Kruger signaled the advance. *Never waste a good night like this*, he thought. *The sooner we are in Albicant, the better. Then we can focus on Epraria, and I can deal with Prince Michael properly.*

He wondered if encountering Michael of Dakmoor was a coincidence, or if it was fate. This seemed like a bit of both.

Last edited by [Rhodessea](#) on Wed Jan 08, 2014 10:36 pm, edited 3 times in total.



**Ghant**  
Minister

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

### A Woman's Heart

by [Ghant](#) » Wed Jan 08, 2014 2:25 pm



Act IV, Ch. V. "A Woman's Heart"  
Ghish, Ghant  
The Government Palace

The evening was long for Sophia of Dakmoor. She had received a reply from High King Marec of Ferox. She read it promptly.

CODE: [SELECT ALL](#)

To: Sophia of Dakmoor  
From: High King Marec of Ferox  
Encryption Level |High|

Greetings again,

You have quite the mind, Lady Sophia... and it's clear that you're not afraid to speak it as well. Your shame me? Your shame mean's nothing to me, nor does your praise. A politician of Ghant, a nation renowned for it's back stabbings and illusions of grandeur, lectures a Feroxi on the topic of honor? It's so ironic, it nearly brings a tear to my eye. Although, I must admit that you said was not exactly false. I seized the opportunity that beckoned me forth. The rogue Emperor was desperate for forces, and I gave them to him in return for pay. The whole

Sophia knew that she had to choose here words carefully in her response. Perhaps the fate of the world rested on it.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: High King Marec of Ferox  
From: Sophia of Dakmoor  
Encryption Level |High|

Greetings again,

Honor for me is never taking the easy way when it is also the wrong one. Never manipulating the truth to serve only yourself. Protecting the weak and helpless; standing fast even when fear makes you weak. Keeping your word, always. And doing what is right, no matter what the cost or consequence. No matter the odds.

I am woman, and I bear the suffering of the world in my heart. I didn't ask for any of this. I didn't ask to be in this position, but yet here I am, if only to put an end to

She worried for Oscar, and what the Lord Protector was up to. Who was he meeting?

Just then, someone walked into her office. Without making any noise.

Sophia was startled when he walked in.

"Excuse me, my lady. I didn't mean to take you unawares."

"...Who are you?"

"Please forgive my manners, my Lady. I am Lysander Lyzahn."

"What brings you here?"

"I only mean to introduce myself. Earlier, I introduced myself to the Lord Protector. I have...entered into his service."

"...How do you mean to serve him?"

"I mean to...advise him on matters of state. I value the...safety and stability of Ghant, especially during these turbulent times. I would offer my services to you as well, if would have me."

*He cannot be trusted, Sophia thought. I suspect he desires the exact opposite.*

"...I have many fine advisors about me who serve me well. I am sure that you will be too busy with the Lord Protector to be able to commit enough time to me as well."

Lysander smirked. "Perhaps you are right. Although, I hear that the Emperor will reach Oceanus on the morrow. Are you prepared for the implications of that, on the world and on Ghant?"

*I won't have to be, if Zara cuts Laoni's throat, or if Admiral-Duke Louis blows his allies' ships sky high, she thought to herself. She didn't want to tell Lysander anything more then what he already knew. "I have prepared for everything."*

"Perhaps you have. There are a number of things that can happen...especially



here in Ghant." He reached down to his belt, and pulled out a dagger in its sheath. It had some lace on it, so it could be strapped to a leg. He set it down on the table. "I...fear for your safety, my Lady. And if the Emperor arrives in Oceanus tomorrow night as...anticipated, I suspect that tomorrow will be a...very long night in Ghant. Please take this and keep it on you. It would be such a shame if...anything ill should happen to you."

"...Thank you, sir. I appreciate your concern. I shall see to it. I do not doubt that...perils lie ahead."

"Very good. I shall see my way out, then. I have been provided quarters in the Imperial Palace. Feel free to summon me if you find yourself in need...of my services."

"Certainly. Have a nice day, Lysander."

He bowed, and then saw himself out. *He knows something that I do not, about what is going to happen here when the Emperor reaches Oceanus..* She thought. The thought made her shiver.

She suspected that Lysander was more a part of the problem than the solution. The way he talked, looked, and moved gave her red flags. But these were suspicions with no facts.

Sophia believed that this war was orchestrated by a few, for power, prestige, or wealth. But who? Why? These were difficult questions for her to answer. *How can I stop the worst from happening, if I don't know who is responsible?.* She thought of her family, she thought of the Emperor, she thought of all the people suffering and dying.

She thought about what was going to happen next. Not knowing what was coming was tearing her apart in the inside. She thought about Laoni, and how she was destroying everything Sophia valued. Her country, her world, and Nathan. Sophia never hated anyone in her life, but if there was anyone who came close, it was Laoni Yousloff.

Sophia got up from her desk. She screamed, and swept everything off her desk. She threw things at the wall. And then she began to cry. The anger, sorrow and fear overwhelmed her as she fell to the ground, in a mess of tears.

*The world needs a leader who is strong. It needs courage, kindness, friendship, and character. All I can offer it is a frightened girl.*

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Wed Jan 08, 2014 2:35 pm, edited 3 times in total.



Ghant



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

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

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

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



**Teurnai**  
Secretary

Posts: 30  
Founded: Apr 25, 2012  
Ex-Nation

### A Message

by [Teurnai](#) » Wed Jan 08, 2014 3:34 pm



#### Act IV Ch. VI. "A Message"

Saurmai, Teurnai  
Public Tower 1

The President sat in his chair at the top of Public Tower One, the tallest and most intimidating structure in the city. From a huge, pyramid-like base, it stretched up to a mountainous 3,678 feet tall, located in the absolute center of Saurmai. From there, it commanded the entire nation. Klesakos Niis was not amused by the message received by the Trenerian Senate. Proper cases required proper resolution, he said from time to time. He was writing a letter, one to General Kruger of Rhodesea. Teurnai picked its allies carefully, ones that would cooperate the easiest. Rhodesea was one of them.



From the People's High Assembly of Teaurnai

The People's High Assembly wishes to convey A DECLARATION OF WAR against Pensalum. To help you in your crusade, Teaurnai offers a Defensive Pact and Mutual Military Treaty which will allow us to gain the entirety of Pensalum.

High Regards,  
President Klesakos Niis, Chairman of the People's High Assembly

And now for a declaration of war against Pensalum.



Declaration of War  
Pensalum-Teaurnai

**ATTENTION**

The FEDERATED PROVINCES of PENSALUM has been declared war against by THE DEMOCRATIC HEGEMONY of TEAURNAI.

*Territorial violation with violent weaponry*

Klesakos leaned back in his chair and stretched. Running Teaurnai was a heavy task. It would be harder yet with the accumulation of even more territory.

**Democratic Hegemony of Teaurnai**

Anthem

**Teaurnai is a large, democratic socialist nation in Esquarium. It was originally a large nation encompassing most of the continent it was on before a greater power rose up against it and destroyed it. It has overseas colonies in the Great Esquarian Ocean and in the Central Ocean, which are small autonomous communities called *Zweidagon Iogai* (English translation from Teaurnai'i: Temple Colony), *Xvasicvai Iogai* (Translation: Far Realm Colony), and *Venkai Iogai* (Translation: Inner Colony).**

*I am a proud supporter of socialism, green politics, and grassroots democracy.*

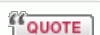
Economic Left/Right: -8.00  
Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -4.62



**Libraria and Ausitoria**  
Negotiator

Posts: 7099  
Founded: May 30, 2011

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Wed Jan 08, 2014 8:28 pm



The history of the Royal East Ausitorian Commodities Company cast a long stain and shadow over the modern history of Libraria and Ausitoria. Born at the end of the darkest days, to hide the fabulous wealth of the abdicated Emperor from deadly revolutionaries and foreign foes of all sorts, it had been a bastion of the apoplectically angry aristocracy and the megalomaniac military

men of that era; and it harbored the bitterness of those years, the stagnation, and the desperate military maneuvering. A sovereign company in perpetuity, it continued to hold all the vestiges of power: its own fleet, aircraft, and expeditionary forces; various tax receipts from minor protectorates; and treaties in its own name with foreign powers. Its bitterness had faded considerably with the remarkable success of the Imperial Commonwealth, for an Ausitorian is particularly good at forgiving any enemy after he has won. But there was still a steely spark to the company, and it continued to intervene quietly in foreign countries: rarely coming to blows, for it was practically invariably too clever to get on the wrong side of public opinion; but usually operating on the edge of whichever laws the Supreme Court managed to constrain the company with.

The Headquarters of the Royal East Ausitorian Commodities company (United Realms Branch) was in the state of shock that comes immediately after too much adrenaline. They had just been fighting what would have undoubtedly been called a civil war if it had lasted longer than 97 seconds. They were rather glad it hadn't lasted longer than 97 seconds. 43 ships had been hit by missiles and torpedoes (including 14 of their own), 3 had sunk outright (someone else's, thank god), 93 aircraft had been damaged or destroyed (including 43 of theirs), there were bullets all over the capital (fortunately someone else's), hundreds of people were presumed dead (which was terrible whoever they were); and (worst of all) they hadn't been expecting it, which was unusual to say the least. It was a bit of shock.

Thus it took the board an unusually long time to read the message forwarded from the Foreign Secretary's office to the Primary Sovereign Companies, with a brief covering note explaining that they would like the Teaumai fleets shadowed please for the usual fee. And Pensalum wanted Mercenaries. They paused and looked at each other.

Fresh from the horrors of a nasty war, even a very short war, none of them felt much like saying yes to anything violent, and most remarked that perhaps it was time to invest in flower marketing or the soft toy industry; or maybe in hospitals. One of them felt that the healthcare industry was just waiting to offer its services abroad. Two, no, three of them felt that way too. All twelve of them in fact. Until...

"The Royal and General says if we don't put together a force they'll investigate without us," a secretary, monitoring the news, noted.

The Royal and General Bank was their principle rival. That made the decision easier. They composed the message within fifteen seconds, and after some thought, decided to add the PS. They were still a bit rattled.

To: The Chancellor's office, The Government of the Federated Provinces of Pensalum  
From: The Archprincipality of the Royal East Ausitorian Commodities Company Inc.

Dear Chancielor Jōhannō Ātat,

The Foreign Watch Office of the Imperial Commonwealth has passed on your request for military assistance. What do you need and what would be the rewards/remuneration?

Best wishes,  
The Lord Governors of the Archprincipality of the Royal East Ausitorian Commodities Company Inc.

P.s. We have a large fleet.

And the watch office handled the remaining business with a most unusual amount of sarcasm. For the Ausitorians were now distinctly edgy, and an edgy Ausitorian needs to be pacified quickly.

  
*Pax Prosperitas*

By Order of His Imperial Majesty's Government

To: The Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria  
From: The Democratic Hegemony of Teaurmai, People's High Assembly  
Subject: Recent Contact  
Encryption: Maximum

### *Regeratione Incipt*

To the Most Despicable Imperial Commonwealth Realms of Libraria and Ausitoria.  
Your threats are insolent. Teaurmai will disregard all communique from your nation unless it is a response to this message. Attacks upon any Teaurmai'i Public Army Units will result in war. Attacks upon civilians will be responded with the same ferocity you kill our citizens to your leader. If you lay a finger on any public official, Alexandria itself will be stormed and firebombed. There will be nothing left of your nation except ash and fire.

Why do you think our motto is "Regeratione Incipt"? In Latin, it means "Regeneration Begins". Our mission is to unite Hermania under Socialism and Teaurmai, or at least conquer some of it, stamp out religion, and instill rationalism, love and order into the people. This includes your nation, at a point.

Your archipelago is not going to save you. Nothing will save you. Nobody will help you.

*President Klesakos Niis  
President of Teaurmai  
Chairman of the People's High Assembly*

Do not contact us again. There will be war if there are further threats.

Last edited by [Teaurmai](#) on Thu Jan 09, 2014 4:20 pm, edited 1 time in total.

### **Democratic Hegemony of Teaurnai**

#### Anthem

**Teaurnai is a large, democratic socialist nation in Esquarium. It was originally a large nation encompassing most of the continent it was on before a greater power rose up against it and destroyed it. It has overseas colonies in the Great Esquarian Ocean and in the Central Ocean, which are small autonomous communities called *Zweidagon Iogai* (English translation from Teaurnai'i: Temple Colony), *Xvasicvai Iogai* (Translation: Far Realm Colony), and *Venkai Iogai* (Translation: Inner Colony).**

*I am a proud supporter of socialism, green politics, and grassroots democracy.*

Economic Left/Right: -8.00  
Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -4.62



**Libraria and Ausitoria**  
Negotiator

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

☐ by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) » Thu Jan 09, 2014 11:16 pm



The message from 'those barbarians in Teaurmai' caused a considerable uproar in the corridors of power. It was many decades at least since the Imperial Commonwealth had been so rudely treated; and everybody knew what the headlines would be saying if they saw it. They would all call to teach Teaurmai a lesson. The trouble was, which lesson? There were the usual 5 options.

1. Do nothing.
2. Lodge a protest.
3. Cut off aid.
4. Cut off diplomatic relations.
5. Declare war.

The first would look impossibly weak. The second would look foolish. The third was difficult as there wasn't any. The fourth would stop them from being able to negotiate. And the fifth just might look like an overreaction.

But an Ausitorian with a mad glint in the eye is an irrepressibly dangerous character, and a grimace and a nod was all that was needed. The message from Teaurmai was published and publicized - it couldn't be hushed up when at least a thousand people already knew about it - and a very carefully drafted statement would suffice.

  
*Pax Prosperitas*

By Order of His Imperial Majesty's Government:  
A General Announcement

The Imperial Commonwealth has sadly noted the attached delusional and deranged ravings of the tyrant in Teaurmai; including his cruel, disproportionate, and ineffectual threats against our civilians, who remain safely protected by our wealth and all oceans. That the Tyrant cannot even make such a threat to the face of his planned victims is a sad indictment upon the state of affairs in Teaurmai.

If President Klesakos really has his nation's best interest at heart, he should voluntarily resign before wanton aggression takes that decision into responsible hands.

**The Aestorian Commonwealth** - *Pax Prosperitas - Gloria in Maere* -  
(Factbook)

[Commonwealth Capital \(Bank\)](#) [Commonwealth Connect \(Bank Treaty\)](#) [SeaScape \(Shipping & Energy\)](#)





though once more. It was just another of those moments that caused him to lose himself. He had been there not more than 10 minutes and he was still bothered. Delegates were arriving for sure, but the atmosphere was still very tense. This place was guarded very well, but it still seemed like something was missing. The Town Hall seemed just as heavily armed if not more, but something was still lacking. He could not put his finger on it and for what it was worth...it troubled him greatly.

*"Let's see who I can find."* he pondered.

Looking about the room from his corner spot he watched as another group arrived. Closely he looked as they moved up to the desk. Speaking with the receptionist he could barely make out that they were from Rhodesia. With the latest news, they just had a coup and the one who led it, a General Kruger, killed the elected president. A tragic day for Democracy, but what could he have done. In the grand scheme of things he was just a small, if not tiny fish, in a big pond. Several were obviously military, one had to have been higher level than lieutenant, but rank markings of the Kruger military was not his strong suit. The other was that of an older gentleman, possibly older than Olander himself, which would not be a surprise. They got what they came for from the Receptionist and walked to their own corner of the room and began chatting. Outside the obvious that Kruger was in essence a SOB, some things were not as they seem. He watched as they then moved about the room. The older gentleman looked as if he was leading the way, but something was wrong. Spacing, movement, body language, all that seem to be mimicking guards, but not in the sense of they guarding like his men....no something more akin to them keeping him under guard as if as a prisoner.

"Interesting group of men you have Kruger, interesting." he says out loud, not even realizing that he did.

"What's wrong Mr. Olander?" Perri asked, holding a cup of fresh coffee

Olander once more shook himself out of his trance and turned to him, "Oh...Just wondering about things." Olander felt a bit embarrassed that he had found himself actually talking to himself for a moment, but all things considered he had to keep it to himself for now. Whatever this man's importance was, Kruger held something over his head.

"So rumors are true." Olander looks over at Torgison, who for once was speaking without sounding upset.

"What rumors are those Mr. *I have 3-guns-hidden-on-my-person...*" Olander answered, a bit more confusion echoed in his voice more than annoyance.

"You mean you haven't heard?" Perri says with a rather confused tone, rubbing his clean shaven chin.

"Enlighten me." Olander pauses and motions with his hand for them to get on with it.

"Some of the Natives in our unit jokingly call you the 'Nefelibata', you know." Kinsmen says matter of factly.

"I have a feeling it's not because of my obviously amazing dancing skills." Olander replies somewhat mockingly.

"Well you seem to step off into your own world sometimes. 'As if he walks among the clouds' as they say." Perri moving his hands in a flowing motion to represent wind, or something, Olander wasn't too sure.

Olander laughs a bit at that foolishness and smiles, "True, but do you recall what my name was back in the military?"

Each one of his guard paused and looked at each other before turning back to him.

"Of course," Olander laughed again shaking his head from side to side, "Shetani."

The group looks a bit blankly before Torgison remarks, "I got nothing on that one."

Olander clears his throat before continuing, "In the Augentum faith it tells of a fox named Shentani that became human for the sake of getting a local Cleric to become his bride. Now in old scripture it was said that he was nothing more than his love for the cleric and wanted to be human for her to return his love, but as the story goes he was found out on the wedding day and was strung up by his neck. He was then elevated to become a servant to the Goddess of Chaos, to aid in the changing of the world, in return he was allowed to be human. "

Whittler shrugged a bit, "Sorry boss, not a real religious person myself."

"So, why are you nicknamed 'Shentani'?" Kinsman asks inquisitively.

Olander smiles a bit wider before taking a sip from his coffee cup, "I am a very clever man."

*God this coffee is terrible...* he thought to himself, trying not to show his disgust.

**Hassenburg, Silverfield**  
**The office of Tiaro Ken, Deputy Prime Minister of the GRS**  
**13:26 Local Time**

Behind the desk sat a man that was looked as if he sat upon the edge of a knife. He had his face down on his desk, rubbing his short brown hair back and forth with both his hands. With the latest scandal with the possibility of Olander cheating on his wife, and the looming war that seemed to now be engulfing the region, it was surprising to not find this 35 year old career coward and politician under his desk crying for his aide, Johnathon to come save him. He was advised not more than 10 minutes ago by Elizabeth, Olander's wife herself, that he was not making any public appearances until further notice.

"I don't know what's going on anymore!" Tiaro screamed, while he banged his head against his desk. The Silverfield Oak was known to be very sturdy, so a resounding thud echoed in the once quiet room as he moans in anguish. Johnathon, a rather lanky young man about the age of 23, sat at a smaller desk at the front of the room taking notes and reading through documents.

"Sir, that sounded rather..." his voice seemed rather younger than his age suggested, but was very articulated in his speech.

"Painful, yes it was." Tiaro interrupted.

"Sir, I know you're stressed by what would your wife say at you banging your head against your desk like a child?" Johnathon's voice still held that articulated quality, but it had somewhat taken on a sing-song tone as well.

"I can hear it now, 'Now Tiaro, you know you need to get your head on straight before I come by and beat the stupid out of you.' sounds about right." Tiaro says mockingly, trying to sound similar to his overbearing wife. Who was he kidding, he loves her very much, but he did have a slight annoyance when she would try and tell him how to do his job as Deputy Prime Minister.

Johnathon smiled a bit at the foolishness of the Deputy PM, "Well Sir, that's her way of showing she cares."

"I know," Tiaro sighs, his voice trembling a bit as he raises his head from his desk, "I just feel that Olander is planning something again, damn bastard." He thought for a moment remembering the bits and pieces that made Olander the person that he was today. Being born to a very wealthy family, being well educated and rather intelligent. He won the appointment by the party with less than a year in the House.....it was as if....

"He always has an Ace up his sleeve," someone says as they open the door to his office. In the doorway stepped his old friend and brother in law, Dr. Ariston Hallquistus. This man was one of the foremost Geneticists in all of Grand Republic and his work kept in high demand in the Medical field. His salt and pepper hair was turning more salt in color these days, but he still had that familiar dower look on his face.

"Ariston! What brings you around?" Tiaro says, smiling wider as he leaves his desk.

Ariston smiles a bit, "Rebecca says you better be doing your job and Victor says to stop slacking."

Tiaro approaches Ariston and grabs him in a tight hug, "Ah what would I ever do without my sister and my nephews love and care."

"Ok. Stop with the hugs!" Ariston says prying his bother-in-law off him.

Tiaro smiles and laughs, "You didn't come all the way out here to tell me that, so what do you need?"

"You need to assemble the Ministers.....and the Family." Ariston begins. Tiaro face grew paler by the second.

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Last edited by [Silverfield](#) on Sat Jan 11, 2014 10:21 am, edited 1 time in total.

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*Political Compass*

Economic **Left**/Right: -4.25

Social **Libertarian**/Authoritarian: -1.49

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



**Terripin**  
Chargé d'Affaires

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

☐ by [Terripin](#) » Sat Jan 11, 2014 1:03 pm



### ***New Ostia, Terripin***

There had been great debate among the committee appointed to organize the meeting on the location. Claims of conspiracy and unfairness were shouted around the committee. But all of the senators of the committee knew they would end up choosing New Ostia anyways. Though the senators were uneasy, there was no argument that New Ostia was the city that defined Terripin.

To understand the pride of the Terripeans in their port city, one must travel back in time to the late 400's and recount the steps. When a group of explorers found the land, they named it Nova Ostia in hopes that it would grow to be the future port city of a planned city nearby, Nova Roma. It would be the site of rebirth of the Latin origins Terripin (formerly Concorden) was born from. Decades passed and thousands flocked west to settle in their own land. Many of these settlers chose to live near New Ostia, a convenient port city that they could buy their daily necessities and sell their goods.

But the city of Nova Roma was never built. A rebellion destroyed the small town where the city would be and occupied New Ostia for months before the Legion crushed them. With most of the architects behind the city's planning dead, the High Lord decided that the capital would stay in Reirington.

In the place of Nova Roma, Nova Ostia rose to become a city that held the splendor of the known world. It was a hub of trade and commerce and a place of liveliness. The city was respected and through history, had only been sacked once in A.D. 952, when a group of restless pirates formed an armada that raided western Terripin.

When the foreigners came from the outside lands, and brought with them their language, English, the city changed. Though it was hard to see, gradually they began to exert their influence on Nova Ostia. The High Lords knew this, but their power was in decline. Thus, a 200 year secret war was fought. This was not a war of weapons, it was a war of culture. Nova Ostia slowly became New Ostia and its residents began to speak English instead of the old tongue. Yet somewhere deep in its roots the people of New Ostia knew their origins and kept some of the traditions. The foreigners never managed to get rid of the tea houses and arcane holidays of the Terripians.

This became a blessing to the Terripeans. In the darkest hours, none succeeded to sack New Ostia for it had become the center of knowledge and culture rather than trade and commerce. To destroy New Ostia was to destroy the definition of Terripin, and many citizens would give up their lives so the city would live. New Ostia would've been the capital of Terripin had the people of the northwest not complained that the distance was too far.

Now, New Ostia would also become the first place where the Valmese Coalition would meet, a fitting place for a beginning. Near the city hall was the Office of Commerce's building, and next to it was an empty conference room. The empty conference room was now swarming with police officers and workers setting up anything that the delegates of the meeting might need. Every little detail and change in the conference room could change the decision of a delegate, which could change Panessos. The stage was set.



### Republic of Terripin

TO: Feroxi, New Panti, Asasia, Cerrania, Libraria and Ausitoria, and all other interested sovereign nations in the continent of Valm  
PRIVATE-SEND DIRECTLY TO RESPECTIVE EMBASSIES FOR FORWARDING TO RESPECTIVE NATIONS

I would like to cordially invite delegates of all the nations of Valm on behalf of the Republic to further discuss and formalize the concept of the Valmese Coalition. I am aware that the current situation in Panessos is very fragile and could erupt quickly. I am also aware of the fact that many of the nations of Valm have not yet chosen a side to take.

It is inevitable that the nations of Valm will be forced to choose a side. But should we be dragged into this and beaten senseless again, treated like mercenary barbarians from the past? I say no, for it has been too long the other nations of Panessos have treated us as pawns and savages. As of now, Valma as a continent is prospering. How long will it take until it all falls apart again?

Thus, I hope you will all consider attending this meeting and discussing the issues at hand. I believe that Valm won't be subjugated this time. We are survivors of dark pasts and I know we all don't want to return to those dark times. I look forward to the arrival of your delegates in the port city of New Ostia where the meeting will be held.

*Sincerely,*  
*Higgen Welsh*  
High Consul

[National Info](#)

[Storefronts](#)



**Naybra**  
Diplomat

Posts: 585  
Founded: Mar 18, 2013  
Civil Rights Lovefest

by **Naybra** » Sat Jan 11, 2014 4:25 pm

[QUOTE](#)

**Act IV Chapter ?** (Are we still doing that?)  
Council of Men Chambers  
*Asherton, the Isles of Joigny*

[Please Read](#)

"What do you mean Nathan's a day out from Regalia?" said High Councilman Guto in a mild fit of rage.

He was standing in a room with ten other men, all councilmen on Joigny's unicameral legislature, the Council of Men. As the name implies, all those who served and had served were all male, and women were not permitted in the Chambers. It had been a policy that dated back to the departure of the Gillenorian Empire in the 1960s and has evolved since then. In the day, women were housemaids, rarely stepping out of the house without a male escort. It was a respected part of Joignian culture, for many young men started a relationship with escorting their date to the markets. As such, women took part in discussions with others with their man not too far away. It was a sign of obedience to one's lady, and was not at all viewed in the least as taboo, even

in the eyes of other Naybrians. When not escorting his lady, a male was free to cover his own agenda, which the two common events were debating at the local tavern and fencing (a tradition dating back even before Regalian influence.)

The Council of Men was comprised of ten elected officials that formed the various districts of the Isle with the Governor presiding as head of the council. The High Councilman was elected among the ten officials to serve as the head of the Council in the Governor's absence and as the Governor's right-hand adviser (Lieutenant Governor.) Every day, they would meet in the Isles' capital city of Asherton to discuss the mattering degrees of importance, mostly concerning defense, and on rare occasions social inequality. Ever since the launch of Nathan IV's naval fleet, talks had concerned nothing other than the Council's response to the threat.

"We have been monitoring the Emperor since his departure of Ghant, and we've failed to take any action until he's one day from Regalia. You have to be kidding me!?!!" High Councilman Guto continued.

"It is true," Councilman Aught responded, "He is merely one day from making landfall."

"How can this be? I was told that Naybra as a whole would have taken a stance on the turn of events in the region by now."

The way Naybrian politics worked was complicated. The three islands that together made the Western Isles of Naybra were united in a Confederacy after the withdraw of the Gillenorians. Each joined in a union, where each state, and in this case island, had supreme jurisdiction on all matters in their territory. Because of this, each island grew independent, yet together. Inconsistencies in healthcare, legislation, gun control, and ideology, led many tourists fearful of breaking a law if they traveled from one island to another. Naybrian Culture and Politics is a subject few Panessos historians study, but for this, they are the smartest men around. It is said that if you can understand the Ghant royalty, Mizrad military, Naybrian culture, and Gillenorian history, you could answer any question thrown at you.

"It did," Governor Sigmund said, seated in a chair on the Chamber's floor, right next to the elevated platform of the High Councilman and Governor's seat. He stood up and continued, "It was the idea of our *Grenoble* friends to play the cards given and play the *diplomat's* game," putting emphasis on both 'Grenoble' and 'diplomat's'."

"And we've seen how that worked out," said High Councilman Guto throwing his hands in the air in frustration, "Why does Barat even listen to the dirty greenies?"

"Because Governor Ott is a fool," said Councilman Aught with anger in his voice, "Ott is as stupid as he is old. How that dinosaur remains in government is beyond me, but if he's not going to take a stance, I'm confident we will."

High Councilman Guto: "That we all can agree on. The problem is, how do we react this late?"

"I have thought of that after realizing the shortcomings of Ott's special committee. I have made some private contact with the Ferox Dominion, and I feel what they have to offer can greatly benefit Joigny, and leave Grenoble and Barat in the dust."

"And what exactly does this 'Dominion' offer that benefits Joigny?" asked Councilman Aught in a questioning tone.

"I was informed that Feroxi's offices will be contacting us shortly with a letter. I'm sure the benefits will reveal themselves soon after." Sigmund responded with a smile.

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Call me Naybra



## The Meeting

by [Feroxi](#) » Sun Jan 12, 2014 8:22 am

**Ghish, Gkant  
Government Palace**

Sev made with haste. Within a hour's notice, the High King's personal armada was assembled and mobilized. He stood aboard his flag ship's bridge, staring out the condensation covered viewing glass. The man did not know what to think of this Gkantwoman, Sophia. The woman's cause was both noble and naïve, but... it gave Sev hope.

No, the idea was foolish! The world could never be in true peace. From their hands to the tools they grasp in their fingers, humans were made to kill. He needed to focus on the true goal: his nation... his people. He began a long series of mental battles, for what seemed like minutes, but was actually several hours.

"My King?" A man's voice echoed behind him.

He turned around, startled. It was ship's his Commodore, an older man named Jaing. "Oh, Jaing... what can I do for you?"

"We're preparing to dock in the Gkantish capitol of Ghish, sir. The port authorities demand an answer for us being in their waters."

"Patch me a link," Sev said.

"Aye," he paused, "Done."

"Greetings, Gkantman. I am Sev Marec, High King of Ferox. I am here to see your acting leader- we are invited guests, I assure you."

The Gkantish naval official replied, "Indeed, I was informed. You are cleared to dock, and make your way to the palace."

The large fleet began docking procedure, every single soldier and crewman on their guard in the case of a surprise betrayal by the Gkantish. Although Ferox made it's own rules, they had learned long ago foreigners would surely not play by them. The High King took a smaller armored vessel to the docks with a regiment of elite guardsmen.

The group slowed to a stop beside a long and pristine wooden dock, and stepped onto it's floor boards. The guardsmen surrounded the High King like a shield, and began marching to the Government Palace. On the way, Sev took in his surroundings. He was impressed with the architecture, although it matched nothing close to Concordia. He passed by a child, from the looks of it ten or eleven years old, who stood in awe. The Feroxi must've seemed so alien, with their unique armor and weapons. As if they weren't even human. He remembered about what his Uncle used to say, "We all have the same roots, and we are all branches of the same tree."

After a fine stroll through Ghish's downtown streets, they had reached the gargantuan Government Palace. It was magnificent, carved from some of the finest stone he had ever seen. He began walking up the wide steps of stairs, to the twin wooden doors between him and the leader of a foreign nation. One that managed to find a way to contradict him at every turn, to nearly check him in every game. She bestowed a challenge, not of strength but of cunning. Luckily for her, Sev loved a challenge.

**To: High Consul Higgen Welsh**  
**From: Head of Foreign Operations Vasto Demagol**

Greetings, Mister Welsh

It is good to hear from both you, and your nation again. Yes, I shall send a delegate to this meeting to participate in the discussions. Let Valm be forever prosperous, and brave the coming storm ahead!

Sincerely,  
Vasto Demagol



To: The Island of Joigny Council of Men  
From: The Ferox Dominion  
Encryption: L4 Above Average

Hello, esteemed leaders of Joigny

The world as we know it is coming to an ideological schism. Nations, once long time allies and partners throughout history, turn on each other due to one woman's insane ambition. There is conflict on every continent and every isle, whether it's political or physical. As you know, the Emperor nears Regalia and to an extent your nation. The Naybran Isle will not be safe from this war, without outside help. I offer you membership in the Dominion, as a vassal state of Ferox. You would receive economic growth, better education, and defense. Both our nations were born into the world as honorable warriors, and that path we shall stay. Join us, and you shall receive a golden age. Adopt our ways, and combine them with your own. Let us be one; united against the storm.

Last edited by [Feroxi](#) on Sun Jan 12, 2014 8:30 am, edited 2 times in total.

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

NationStates' resident knight in not-so shining armor.



**The New Lowlands**  
Postmaster-General

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

by [The New Lowlands](#) » Sun Jan 12, 2014 10:31 am



### Skies over Nathia, Ghant

Brigadier Demaes was not a pretty man. As a matter of fact, whatever strange unfathomable power governed the division of traits had decided, at some point, that Gerard Demaes would be quite the opposite; he was ugly, with a broken nose, oily skin, and a severely freckled complexion. He was also one of the finer commanders of the Lowlandian Armed Forces; an ex-Legionnaire with a history of brutal efficiency in dealing with East Hesian terrorists. Demaes quietly watched the landscape shifting rapidly below the [V-70](#); they had a flight plan to land near Ghish, with three planes; a V-70 and two [V-95s](#), and the rest of the force outlined for the Ghant mission was en route courtesy of the Navy. Demaes, in the meantime, quietly glanced through the manila folder detailing Ghish in his hands, and spoke to his subordinate, Colonel Ilham Hasyim.

Ilham had originally been pegged for commanding the mission; he was fairly young and handsome, the perfect poster boy for the intentional PR fiasco of the "invasion", a Negaran with an easy smile and smooth brown skin who it was difficult to be angry at for any length of time. But he was a colonel, and when the amount of personnel assigned to the operation had quadrupled, Command had recognized the need for a higher-rank officer to be in charge—especially with Ms. Dakmoor's urgent letter.

They landed without pomp or circumstance; the *Vervoersvliegtuigen* were unpacked as expediently as possible, and as soon as the paperwork had been forced out of the way, Brigadier Demaes and Colonel Hasyim headed into a disarmed [Fennek](#), the second in a convoy of three, which departed swiftly, speeding down Ghish's streets towards the Ghantish Government Palace.

The Brigadier, Colonel, and a few of their men stepped out in front of the Palace, observing the grand facade of the Palace, observing it quietly and coolly for a while.

"This... Dakmoor. Why do you reckon the Government wants us to help her, sir?" Hasyim asked. It was a casual remark, one that might be common to mess halls or maybe while on march.

It was a mistake.

"Remember your training, Colonel?" Demaes responded. "The vows?"

"The Soldier is the extension of the State, and must follow through in all the State's commands." Hasyim replied quickly, automatically.

"Exactly. It is not up to us to ask. Merely to do."

Hasyim frowned slightly.

"Of course, sir," he replies, ending the conversation as the two of them moved to enter the building.



**Smoya**  
Negotiator

Posts: 7263  
Founded: Jul 16, 2012  
Left-wing Utopia

by **Smoya** » Sun Jan 12, 2014 4:49 pm



To Maverica

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**Ghant**  
Minister

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

### Kings and Brigadiers

by **Ghant** » Mon Jan 13, 2014 9:23 pm



ActIV, "Kings and Brigadiers"  
Ghish, Ghant  
The Government Palace

The doors to the Government Palace opened. High King Sev Meref of Ferox entered with his guard.

Sophia was waiting in the main hall. "Welcome, your majesty." She bowed before the High King. She was wearing a black dress, trimmed with gold and purple. Her hair was loose behind her in a ponytail.

He approached the regal woman, bowing his head downwards slightly. "I am no majesty, ma'am. Just a shepherd of sheep." He was wearing his simple attire of ornate armor over a kevlar body glove, and his signature helmet, its visor glaring at her.

Sophia smiled and extended her arm out towards Sev. "Shall I call you Sev, then? Please, come walk with me"

He shook her hand firmly, and gave a nod. "Aye," he followed her with the straight and rigid gait of a soldier.

Like I said, after all this feel free to edit my posts.

She led the way to a large meeting room. It had a exquisite wooden table, with donuts, milk and tea on the table. "Please, Sev, help yourself. I made the tea myself. You won't find any better tea in Ghant."

He examined the Ghantish delicacies, with his head cocked the slightest to the side. He removed his helmet, and dipped it to the loop of his belt alongside several spare magazines of ammunition and a combat knife. Sev took a mug of tea, and turned to face her. He sipped quietly, and said, "So, what is on your mind?"

"I was wondering what your thoughts were on the last letter I sent you. You must forgive me if I seem a bit...passionate. The situation as of late ways heavily upon my mind, as I am sure you can understand."

He gave a chuckle, "Understandable. I was just the same, if not worse." He paced around, "In all honesty, I am conflicted. You speak noble words, yet you must think realistically. The world will never have peace."

Sophia looked down. "I know that. There will always be fighting, and there will always be a war. But war is very much like fire. It can extinguished quickly and stopped from spreading, if efforts are coordinated to stop it. This war has exploded, and it has spread like wildfire upon old dry wood."

Sev turned to face her, his amber eyes glaring into hers. "You're quite wise, Sophia. I agree, if we began taking measures to end the war... it would benefit everyone. But, the question is... how? Your own people stand against you, not to mention foreign enemies."

"It appears to be quite difficult. Nothing worth doing is easy, however. The Emperor must be brought back to Ghant. That requires separating him from Laoni. If my other plans to achieve this fail, then we must prepare for War between the Regalian nations and Laoni's faction. This will have catastrophic consequences, especially in Ghant, I fear. I sense bad things happening here once the Emperor arrives in Oceanus."

"Why do you care for the Emperor so much?" He asked, an eye brow raised. "Love has no place in war, I suspect it'll be your downfall."

Sophia was taken back. "What makes you think I love him? His presence in Ghant would put the people at ease, and keep the more radical elements in bay."

He gave his typical charismatic, and disarming grin. "I am no fool. Yes, the Emperor's presence would put your populace in a state of security... but, you more so."

Sophia's face turned beet red. "Believe me, I am more concerned about Nathan coming back, to rid us of his Unde. You are familiar with our illustrious Lord Protector, are you not? As long as Nathan is gone, he will occupy the Obsidian Throne. The longer he is there, the more Ghant descends into chaos and disarray. There is no man more hated then he. And for good reason, if truth be told."

"I'm too familiar with your Lord Protector. It seems every intelligence dossier I receive on your nation has his name in it somewhere. He's another loose end. Now, back to the Emperor. How do we bring him back?"

"I don't know the answer to that, Sev. Once he reaches Oceanus, it will be very hard to do that. Although, you do have men about him, do you not? Perhaps you can make some arrangements should major combat operations commence there."

"But, you do not wish harm upon the Emperor. Do you expect Nathan will just let my soldiers throw down their arms en mass and flee?" Sev said. He set the mug of tea down on a small end table, and folded his arms.

"No I do not. I want them to make sure he doesn't die, and explore the possibilities of returning him to Ghant. I do not trust Laoni. This War is about her ambition, and I fear that she uses Nathan like a tool. I fear the possibility of her discarding him as soon as he is no longer of use to her."

Sev scratched his chin, staring outside through a window. "I propose once he makes land fall, I have my soldiers take possession of Nathan and deliver him to Ghish. Once he is secured, my forces will cause disorder and havoc by opening fire on pro-Laoni troops. What do you say?"

"If you would be willing to try that, it would mean a great deal to me. Although, Nathan is a very stubborn man. It would be easier to convince him to go, as opposed to taking him by force. He has roughly 100,000 men about him, so it will not be an easy task."

"What makes you think he'll listen to me?" He said, still staring at the sea out the frost coated window.

"Because you are a man of honor. Once he is in Regalia, he will find that those in his company are less then honorable. Once he gets a taste of war, he will balk. He will not be willing to do what needs to be done to secure the throne of Regalia and unite the realms under his rule."

"I suppose it's worth a shot, then. Ghant's Emperor shall return soon, if all goes well." Sev turned back to Sophia, and removed a broad sword from one of his two sheathes. He handed it to her, "Do you know how to use one of these?"

Sophia bit her lip. "I am a noble lady, Sev. Such things are of no inclination of mine. Although, I have tried to play at sword with my brothers. My father would scold my brothers for that."

He shrugged. "You might want to learn, and soon. I sense you are in a position of danger."

"Thank you, Sev. Your concern for my safety is greatly appreciated. Indeed, foul clouds are gathering in Ghish. I would encourage you not to linger here long. The world needs more men like you in it."

Sev slid his helmet onto his head, and began walking towards the door. "Thank you, Sophia. I'll send word when I get Nathan back... and, I WILL get him back."

With that, Sev and his men took their leave.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sophia was waiting in the main hall of the Government Palace for Brigadier Demaes. She was eager to meet him. When he and his entourage entered, she smiled and bowed. "Hello, Brigadier. Welcome to Ghish. Its a great honor to have you here. I hope that your travels went smoothly."

Demaes gave her a curt nod by way of greeting. "Afternoon, Miss Dakmoor. This is Colonel Ilham Hasyim, Sergeant Janssen, and Sergeant Witt." The Brigadier gave her a long, searching look. "The Stadtholder sends her regards."

"Tis a pleasure to meet you all. Please, follow me to the meeting room. We have food and refreshments- I made the tea myself, and you will find no better tea in all of Gbant. And please, send the Stadtholder my regards."

Demaes frowned, but nodded, glancing at Hasyim, who gave a small shrug before they proceeded to follow Sophia. "Our mission details haven't been made entirely clear," Demaes admitted. "We were to report to you for briefing, Miss."

"Certainly, follow me." Sophia led the way to the meeting room. On the table was letter. She handed it to Demaes.

TO: The Acting Lady Paramount of the Landsraad, Sophia of Dakmoor  
FROM: The Officer of External Affairs, Jan Klaessen  
SUBJECT: Assurances  
ENCRYPTION: HEAVY

Dear Madam,

Recently our Government has been making inquiries into the situation of the government and Politics in Gbant, and a most grim picture has emerged of factionalism, revolt, institutional weakness, and general unpleasantness. All of this, of course, can largely be traced to the Emperor's most recent undertaking, which seems to have thrown the entire region into disarray.

It is our Government's opinion that there may be a resolution to this problem by means of a ruse. While Gbant's declarations of non-involvement with the Emperor's recent actions has been made wholly clear to us, it perhaps might not be enough to dissuade certain enterprising imperialist parties, who could come to pose a very serious danger to the continued survival of Gbant. In addition, as long as the Emperor remains absent, the problems with instability in Gbant will continue to accumulate. Hence, it is necessary to simultaneously discourage foreign intervention and to force the Emperor's hand, making him return to Gbant as expediently as possible.

The ruse in question would be a fake invasion of Gbant.

The plan is fairly simple; a contingent of Lowlandian forces, with the foreknowledge of the Landsraad and relevant officials, will be deployed to Ghish to stage an occupation. Government functions will continue as normal, while the contingent will back efforts by law enforcement to maintain order in the Capital. Meanwhile, propaganda efforts directed overseas will present a picture of a war being fought in Gbant. The Emperor will, presumably on request of yourself and others within the Gbantish government, agree to return to Gbant, whereupon Lowlandian forces will be withdrawn as hastily as possible.

In the interim, other measures can be taken to prevent the outbreak of another conflict. If this proposal seems agreeable, or requires discussion, we will be sending a Colonel Gerard Demaes to Ghish to oversee operations.

Regards,  
Jan Klaessen  
Officer of External Affairs

Demaes took it with a remarkable, unnatural delicacy, completely unbecoming his face and form; Hasyim subtly glanced at it from aside. Janssen and Witt took up places by the door; Hasyim broke the silence. "Shall I pour?"

"This letter that was sent to me is quite intriguing, but much needs to be discussed before it can be implemented properly."

"This was the old briefing," Demaes declared. "The OEA presumed that the nature of your letter indicated some kind of... other operation would be necessary. Of course, if the proposal is preferable, it can still be carried out."

"And how do you propose we proceed?"

Demaes sighed, scratching the side of his head. "My men aren't exactly of the acting persuasion, but I suppose we could record some footage of them on the ground in Ghish, maybe mix something from the Osbaai Riots in there." Demaes glanced up quietly. "Question being how we get word out to the King-pardon- Emperor that we've got the city 'trussed up,' as it were, without him figuring us out."

"I am not sure that would work. The Emperor knows this city like the back of his hand. He is very smart. I have better an idea that you might find more enticing, and more convincing."

"Go on," Demaes replied.

I have reason to believe that things in Ghish are about to turn ugly, especially once the Emperor reaches Oceanus. The Lord Protector has 10,000 battle-hungry men in the city, and there are just as many protesters and assorted northmen. If and when things turn ugly, it might fall upon you and your men to save and if needs be occupy the city. This would get Nathan's attention. Having the capital city of Ghant in your hands."

Demaes blinked, then grimaced. "We've got the rest of the Task Force still en-route. J-11s are only due to arrive tomorrow morning. If things are going to get ugly, ma'am, it might be best to get you out of here." Demaes glanced at Hasyim, then back at Sophia. "We can't guarantee that we'll take the city. Do you have any other intel on the Lord-Protector's forces?"

"Thank you for your concern, Brigadier. I must remain in Ghish, in the Government Palace. In this world there is always danger for those who are afraid of it. I don't know the size of the Lord Protector's host precisely, nor how large these other factions in Ghish are. If things go bad, I would recommend sitting back for a bit and then moving in once you are confident you can succeed. It is imperative that we succeed. I have reason to believe that Laoni has supports in the city as well. No doubt they have an organized faction scheming."

Hasyim piped in; "We can definitely secure air superiority by tomorrow morning, but we'll be thin on the ground until the rest of the Force gets here." At this, Demaes nodded slowly and solemnly. "Miss Dakmoor, if you can provide authorisation, we should be able to put a damper on any insurgent movement by the Empresses' faction. Additionally, we should at least prepare an evacuation plan for yourself in case hostilities break out and we can't hold the city. When do you expect the Lord-Protector to make his first move?"

"He is not the type of man that will. In his mind, Ghish is his. I suspect that one of these other factions might move first, whether it may be the protestors, Laonites, or Republicans, I cannot be certain. I cannot leave the city though. True courage is being afraid, and going ahead and doing your job anyhow, that's what courage is. If the city falls, I fall with it. And besides, if anything ill should happen to me, I am confident that Dakmoor shall rise in my defense, as my father has always been protective of me, to a fault. Dakmoor has always been friends to the Lowlands."

Demaes grinned at that. "Respectfully, Ma'am, the last time the New Lowlands has friends was before we invaded Hesla." Hasyim gave him a cold look for

that, but nonetheless the brigadier continued; "We'll make sure to station enough troops to take control of the airfields if- when- everything goes to shit. Do you have any forces of your own to rely on within the city, ma'am?"

"The City Police are at our disposal, but they are sorely outnumbered. I cannot feel the need to bother my father for men at this time, as Dakmoor is hard pressed with protests and riots as is." She looked at Hasyim, and then back to Demaes. "Perhaps you might be not be aware, but Dakmoor stood alone in Ghant in its support of the Lowlands during their war for independence, in defiance of the King of Ghant, who endeavored otherwise. Many Daks volunteered to fight and die for the republican cause there. I hope you remember that. And thanks to CAPINTERN, our countries are further aligned still, in spite of the differences that separate our nations."

Demaes reclined slightly. "We could deploy a platoon, maybe two, to protect the Government Palace. But urban combat's going to be hell, especially for my boys; we're out of our element. Personally, I'd recommend an all-out pre-emptive strike against the Lord-Protector's forces, but I'm assuming that's not an option, in which case..." Demaes sighed.

"There's going to be a lot of flattened buildings by the end of this, and then some."

"We cannot strike out against the Lord Protector. He is the acting Head of State. Such an act would be an act of treason. Besides, there is no proof that Albert is the enemy. And damage to the city's infrastructure must be kept at a minimum."

Demaes and his team left, and went about planning.

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Mon Jan 13, 2014 9:31 pm, edited 1 time in total.



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

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

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



**Mizrad**  
Senator

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

### "Flipping the Table"

by [Mizrad](#) » Tue Jan 14, 2014 4:29 am



Krasnoejeroi, Loufe

12:00 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7

Joint Mizradian Special Detachment Group/MCID Operation  
OPERATION INFERNO RISING

Perched atop a tall apartment complex perched on a hill-ish high point of Krasnoejeroi, Captain Ryan Masters, Chief Petty Officer Arnold Rolland and 2nd Lieutenant Jeff Colton eye the Summit Building. With each man armed with M107 high power anti-material rifles, any hit would be a kill shot. This, combined with their extensive experience and training would make the trio near unstoppable. Noticing the entry of the Rhodeseans and multiple other delegates, Masters speaks up.

"Looks like our time has arrived gentleman, I've got target all across the roof and lining the streets. Keep your eyes high and don't let a single innocent person here die."

Colton grins as he replies.

"Fortunately we've got a severe lack of pure people here, sir."

The three go silent as they rail back the bolts of their rifles, chambering a round as they spot in targets. Their goal was taking out anybody who posed a threat up high, so it would be predictable to find them watching anybody above street level like a hawk.

On the twentieth floor of a skyscraper neighboring the Summit Building, Greene and his team gear up. Ditching the fancy suits and instruments for



black BDUs, MOPC's and guns they approach the windows. Fortunately Masters' team was aware of their position, and knew to take out the Loufian sentries on the roof before they could harm the Mizradians. Hooking up to the walls with para-cord rope the team prepares to dive over the edge and onto the roof below if necessary. Greene then begins his talk to the team.

"Alright boys, remember we've got word that Loufian forces will be going delegate hunting at this meeting. Our job is to make sure that doesn't happen, although if they don't pull a move we pull out like nothing ever happened. Got it?"

The ten man team responds in unison.

"Aye sir!"

Allen then resumes talking once more.

"Priority targets are any and all Loufian troops and delegates, everybody else is to be spared unless they fire on us. Hopefully they'll be able to tell we're there to help them before they start that though. Any questions?"

Nobody says anything.

"Great, let's get to work."

Inside one of the many news vans parked outside the building, Turner and his team wait patiently for the signal to go in to be given. John had almost the feeling of urgency in his military career, despite every mission he'd been on with the MSDG meaning either life or death for both him and the nation of Mizrad he had near given up on waiting for something that meant more to him. Now he was being ordered to strike into the heart of a nation he absolutely hates with a task that meant whether or not Panessos would crumble, so it's no wonder he had become almost happy. Eyeing the men around him, the feeling was quite obviously mutual. Everybody had something to hold against the Loufians, and every single man was ready to let loose their bottled rage.

Knowing the meeting would soon start, the group prepares to storm the building. The man in the driver's seat looks around, spotting multiple guards and police officers before turning back to John.

"I count quite a few reds, any ideas?"

John dons his iconic red skull painted gas mask. The words "No Hope Left" were written in black across the top with multiple tally marks painted on in the same color. Hearing the operator, he dons his other icon -An evil grin.

"Smoke 'em, anything that even looks Loufian is to be shot on sight no questions asked."

Unlike most other soldiers, John truly hated and despised his enemy. There were many cases of him going overboard and even committing war crimes on those who stood against him. The most known was his case of brutally paralyzing a Maverican general, and slaughtering entire squads of Loufian troops with ease. This man was no longer fit for society, he was without a doubt a living and breathing legend on the battlefield and an utter killing machine. Fortunately he hadn't yet learned of the attacks on Mizrad, although the second he did there would be no stopping him heading straight to Maverica. However the term "Rambo" didn't apply to him or anybody else in the Mizradian military, for they were all brothers in arms and fought as one, not the other way around. Fortunately the single unit to show that the best was assigned to handling the mission they were now on. Everybody already knew their objectives and how things would go down. With nothing left to do aside from strap on gas masks, the team does so. Once more waiting patiently, the 1st MSDG stands ready to strike.

**Port Warrior, Western Coast of Mizrad**

**01:30, 10/23/13, DAY 7**

**7th Mizradian Strike Response Fleet, 2nd Wing**

**OPERATION HOME FRONT**

Sitting and watching the TV inside a building on base, 2nd Lieutenant John

"Speedy" Grimace and about fifty other men gather silently. All of their eyes glued to the continuing coverage of the Maverican attacks or the Mizradian public's response. There were only two types of civilians in country anymore, the ones staying in doors crying and being scared or the massive majority rioting in the streets demanding Maverica be ripped from the planet. Fortunately the riots were peaceful enough, despite the government and police joining the crowds instead of silencing them. It was a time to gather for vengeance, and Mizrad was everything but unprepared for an occasion such as this.

Rushing through the door, a young private begins yelling out to the group gathered around the TV.

"Hey! Hey! He-"

Grimace is the first to speak up.

"Shut up private, we're doing something!"

To which the private replied.

"But sir, we've got an unidentified aircraft inbound and heading straight for us!"

The room goes silent once more, although it is quickly broken by Captain Devin West's stern voice. The 6'3", white and muscular brown haired man had seen his fair share of hell on Earth although the events that had unfolded today truly shocked him. Fortunately that emotion would never show in him, only the thirst for vengeance -Which was slowly overcoming his fears.

"Alright everybody! You heard the man! Keep your eyes on the radar and be ready for anything! Hopefully it's just a private airliner, but we've got to be ready! Grimace, on me! We've got a plane to intercept!"

John jumps over one of the many couches and rushes out the door with West. Some other radar and AA operators came out too, although most believed that the plane was just off course. Sprinting across the tarmac, the base's PA system began to blast with a rather laid back Colonel's voice.

"Speedy 1-1 and 1-2, report to your aircraft immediately. All graveyard shift operators are to continue their jobs as usual."

Rushing into a hangar, two grey painted F-25I's sit near ready to go. The mechanics had already tuned up and fueled the engines, loaded the guns and prepared everything to go. Both of the planes were modified to be interceptor aircraft, dropping the heavier payloads and medium armor of the average F-25W for one 30mm cannon, multiple air-to-air missiles, two earth shatteringly powerful engines and one helluva a flight ceiling. These planes could haul ass, fly high and leave quite the dent in whatever decided to get in its way. Unfortunately armor and heavy bombs were left behind for the advancements that had been made.

Jumping into the cockpits, the first F-25I rolls out. Painted on right next to the cockpit was a painted on rocket with a face holding an angry expression. To the right of that were fourteen letter I's symbolizing a successful take down and six Maverican flags, fourteen Xong Pongian flags and two Loufian flags. All of which symbolized Captain West's impressive record in air-to-air take downs. Setting up on the run way, Grimace's plane is soon taxi'd out as well. He had the same drawing, however there were only six "I's" and five JNOR flags, which stood for his wins against the coalition of JNOR forces in the Rhodo-Eprarian wars.

With both F-25's now taxi'd out on to the runways, it was time to get them in the air. The men and women in the control tower looked on as the pair began pre-flight checks. After a quick moment of flaps going up and down, weapons whirring to life and engines being ignited the order to go is given.

With Grimace "Speedy 1-2" going first, his plane barrels off the runway and bolts into the sky. Taking flight in a very short amount of time, West "Speedy 1-1" soon follows. Now both planes were circling the docked fleet and base as they prepared to shoot off into the distance. With one last check in from an AEGIS Destroyer actively listening on the radar, it was confirmed there was a

single air liner making it's way into Mizradian territory.

Forming up and soaring through the sky, the F-25's begin on course for the incoming plane. With minor stealth systems activated and radio silence maintained, the pair had officially gone dark. Although they would only be a minor challenge to spot on radar, the unknown plane would first have to have radar equipment on board -Which would confirm the fears of it being a hostile plane as well as give away it's position even more than it already had. Reaching their flight ceiling of 70,000 feet, the two F-25's begin to pick up speed. Now flying at Mach 2 and slowly pushing the limits of that, the mini-squadron would soon intercept the liner. Then suddenly broadcasted over the radio, was the voice of a Mizradian SAC Officer. Fortunately this was a welcome sight for the pilots, as going in guns blazing on their own ground at a UFO wasn't a Mizradian thing.

"Unknown aircraft this is Eagle Actual, you are now entering Mizradian air space and off course. Please identify your names and purpose of being in country, you will be escorted either out of our territory by Mizradian planes or you will be escorted in to an airport by them to land and immediately be searched. These are you're only two options, you have one minute to respond if you would like to live to see another day."

After hearing the message, West and Grimace begin moving in on the presumably hostile plane. Watching the blip in the sky turn to a visible plane, the two rail the gas and break off. With each pilot taking a different flank, they whip past the Teaurmai'i aircraft. Making hard turns, the two manage to turn around and pull up behind the jet once more. If it tried to make a move, a hail of 30mm fire and AIM-9's would be released upon it.

**Fort Thomas, Issac River, Mizrad/Maverica**  
**18:17 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7**  
**Juan Montez/43rd MCID Field Team**  
**Operation "Sucker Punch" Briefing**

Having his arm grabbed by a rather tall and older foreign soldier, PFC Wyatt Grant's first reaction was to shake the hold off. However turning around and spotting that hand's owner would quickly change that decision. Now growing a bit embarrassed, Grant speaks up.

"Oh, you must be the UAR's QRF, follow me please."

Walking along the base, multiple Maverican shells begin to land around them - Not doing much damage aside from leaving craters though. However it was enough to get the group moving, Wyatt gets up from his cover position and begins signalling for the UAR's men to start running. Now sprinting towards a door to Fort Thomas' main building the platoon sized group rushes through.

"Pick up the pace everybody, we've got to go now!"

It was quite clear another Maverican artillery strike was in bound, and luckily the Mizradians had become prepared for it by now. With the Atlantians now rushing down the hallway, two of "High Guards" in black from the Domestic Guard take the leading escorting them down the hallway. Although it didn't require much talking as an already 6'9 man in a heavy armor suit giving him another four inches charging down a hallway was enough motive to clear out. Reaching the end of the corridor to an elevator, they order the men and women into a rather massive elevator. Inside, stood two more High Guards ready to relieve the ones already there who weren't staying with the elevator.

Descending down about 150 feet, the elevator finally comes to a halt. In an insanely deep and intimidating voice, one of the guards yells out orders.

"Alright, everybody to the end of the hallway now! The room at the end of the hall is your destination, get moving!"

Exiting the elevator and entering the damaged and wounded filled hallways, the elevator doors close and head back top side. Reaching the end of the hall, the two guards nod at Stone and knock on the door. The thick blast door is opened on the other side by yet another HG and the UAR's troops are let in. Ordered to take their seats, Juan spots Anthony and walks up to him with a hand extended for their signature handshake.

"Helluva place to see you again, welcome to hell Stone. I hope you remember Amer and the guys, unfortunately Greene and Turner won't be joining us for a while."

#### Meanwhile...

Up on the surface of Fort Thomas and the plains, the flanking force had taken heavy damage. At least a fourth of the four hundred infantry had been killed and only eleven tanks remained and the Mavericks were still coming. Clearly the "Slow and steady" approach wasn't working, and it was looking there was no hope left. The tank column's commander had been killed and leadership was becoming an issue. There was nothing to do but be a sitting duck and die. Then suddenly, a young sergeant rushes up to a burning Mizradian tank. Ripping the flag pole holding the Mizradian flag off of the tank, he picks it up and tosses his rifle aside. His name, was Sergeant James Black and his weapon; was a rallying call. Screaming atop the gun fire, he yells aloud:

"Come on! You sons a bitches wanna' live forever!? ONWARD TO VICTORY!"

Stepping out in front of the burning tank he begins running towards the Mavericks. He knew very well he was probably going to die, although it would give the remaining tanks a bit of a break from all the fire they had been receiving. Unfortunately what was really killing him was the feeling of not knowing when he'd die. Then it hit him -Literally; A bullet tore through his shoulder and near knocked him over. However he wasn't dead, in fact he was more alive than ever. Behind him now was a charging force of eleven near indestructible tanks. A Panther 1A1 rushing at thirty five miles an hour with ERA systems, a fully loaded 120mm cannon, multiple machine guns and a crew with only the thought of killing Mavericks on their mind was a horrifying sight. Yet one suddenly stopped in front of the dying James Black. The loader jumped out as the commander began using his M2 to light up the enemy providing cover fire. Rushing to his side, the loader grabs Black and helps him to his feet. Carrying him over to the tank, he places him on the loader's turret as the loader himself grabs the flag and crouches down on the turret -With the flag still flying high. The charge was now at about two hundred fifty men and eleven tanks, all pouring fire on their enemy while rushing towards them at full speed.

Back on the other flank along the river, Wildern's squadron was coming in for another gun run. *The Maverican's can keep their arty, I'll stick to mountain movers you pieces of shit* though Jessica as she armed her second and final JDAM and other few free fall bombs. Most of the F-35's were on their last leg, running low on fuel and ammo along with sleep. The pilots had been in the air almost the whole day and the wear was beginning to show. However the A-10's on the other hand were still filled with plenty of just about everything -And those were the ones who could really do some damage.

Bearing down from an angle above the river, the A-10's would be the first to go in. Slowing down a bit, their 30mm cannons and multiple different types of missiles are armed and let loose upon the enemy. Whether or not they hit their enemy didn't really matter, as the sheer fear factor of watching everything around you be turned to a bullet-rippled ash would be enough to make most cut and run in the other direction.

After watching the A-10's pull off from their strafing run, Wildern and her fellow F-35's pilots begin turning in for their chance. The bulk of the advancing Maverican force was out of their sights, although their flank defenses were just in the right path. Whizzing by, the four F-35's drop their remaining JDAM's and bombs. Taking a second to look back, Jessica grins as she watches the ground burn and explode behind her. Kicking in the afterburners with the other F-35's and A-10's, the squadron bolts out of the area as fast as they can.

#### Back On the Ground...

The main defensive line fortunately managed to hold with minimal casualties. Unlike the flanking Mizradians, they were well dug in and already fighting. This fighting would continue as well, AMTVs, Luchs', MRAP's and infantry all combining their fire against the Mavericks was less effective than the JDAM's, although it was still insanely powerful. Well placed 5.56mm and 7.62mm shots were being fired all around as the infantry forces continued to wreck their enemies. The 90mm guns of the Luchs tanks and heavy stationary guns weren't giving up either, much like the 50 Caliber M2's and M242

Bushmasters all lighting up anything in the plains in front of them.

#### Arrengard, Five Minutes Earlier...

Watching as the Trenarian helicopter circles around the small town a bit before landing, a lone Mizradian stands waiting. The Sun wasn't going down just yet, although the beginning of a sunset in the distance was quite obvious. All around, wind was picking up and due to that sand began flying. Whipping at the mysterious Mizradian's legs, he places on a pair of combat goggles and waits for the chopper to touch down. The man stood at about 6'4, with deep blue eyes and brown hair. Very faint signs of a stubbled beard would show if he were to reveal his face out from under a shemagh wrapped around his head. He wore digital desert BDUs with a tan MOPC Dragonskin vest and a tan hood over the cloth he was wearing. The hood was from a sweatshirt he'd been wearing under his BDUs, and felt more comfortable with it instead of another shirt. On his hip was a Colt M45A1 in a standard holster -Although the pistol was far from standard. Engraved into the black slide of the weapon in silver was the phrase "*To the Ends of the Earth*" in perfect italic English. This man's name, was Drake Wayne.

As the chopper finally lands and the back door opens, Drake begins walking towards the back of the chopper. Stopping as the Trenarian captain steps out, Wayne salutes and then extends a handshake before he begins yelling out over the loud helicopter pulling off and the war zone only a handful of miles away.

"Welcome to the Black Desert sir! I'll be escorting you to the briefing at Fort Thomas! Load your men into the trucks and join me in the lead vehicle!"

The Trenarian captain, Ellwood Barry responded.

"Thank you for such a warm welcoming. Wish we could be here on more peaceful circumstances though!"

Drake points towards a three vehicle convoy, three MTRV's and one BRV-O leading the way. As the Trenarian rounded up his men to the trucks, Wayne began moving towards the BRV-O. Reaching the passenger door, opening it and then stepping in before slamming the door behind him Drake removes his goggles and pulls down his shemagh. Turning to the driver and then back to the Trenarian who was now stepping into the back of the BRV with his second in command, Drake speaks up in the now clear space.

"Well, now that we've got all of that noise and goddamned sand out of our way we can begin talking. First things first, is there anything I need to know about your involvement here? Or did ROE go right out the window at about seven this morning?"

Wayne, who is craning his neck a bit to speak to the Trenarians knocks on the dashboard with his hand signalling him to start driving. With that, the convoy sets off down the hard packed dirt and sandy road. The MTRV's trailing close behind all joined in as well, the group was now moving fast towards Fort Thomas off in the distance.

"ROE is whatever you want it set at. We already know not to fire at civilians nor allies! Anything else is coming straight from you."

Turning his face back to the road in front of him, Drake nods his head while mumbling the word "Alright". Thinking for a second, he then speaks up.

"Well, you already know standard ROE's as we pretty much share doctrine. However I can't tell you how important stealth is to this mission. It is crucial that the whole world thinks you are simply here as a Trenarian conventional force to aid the defensive of Mizrad. However that is not true what so ever. Your guys, My guys and UAR along Ausitorian operators will be making up about a one hundred and twenty man task force. Unofficially we've reactivated Joint Task Force 41 or what some foreigners have come to calling "The Reapers", officially we've never even existed. From here on out, you don't talk to anybody aside from your superiors and other JTF 41 members unless authorized. That goes for everybody in this operation aside from General Amer, who I'm sure you've already had the pleasure of meeting. Any questions?"

The dirt was beginning to kick up more now, two MV-22 Ospreys soared



overhead rushing for the Fort Thomas. The war was picking up, and supplies were needed just to breath at this point. For the first time in a long time, the border of Mizrad would see the Sun set through the haze of war once more.

"I have yet to meet General Amer, actually. I'm sure I'll get the chance at the mission briefing. My boys and I will be fine when it comes to stealth. Believe it or not despite Treneria being a fairly new nation, this isn't our first rodeo," the Captain explained. "There will be no leaks, no outside conversation. What happens during the time of this operation is between us and our superiors."

Wayne points to a fork in the road, leading to Fort Thomas to help the driver. It was now like a minor sandstorm and even the highly trained driver was having trouble seeing. Turning back to the Trenarians, Drake makes his response.

"I'm very well aware you're experienced and know what to do. I would assume you're former Tesserian SF guys? There was a lot a' rooks in that outfit, too bad that breed isn't going to be around much longer. Anyways I'm glad to have you with us, and it's a good thing everybody will see some familiar faces but just like you said, the circumstances aren't amazing."

The Captain took note of the sand picking up. Hopefully it wouldn't inflict too much damage on their upcoming mission. He responded to Wayne.

"Most of us. Some are ex-cops, Tactical Squad guys. Hell, we even have a couple of former militants from foreign nations that were left back at home. Either way, they know what they're doing. But you're right, there's definitely a new generation moving in. While they've shown their ability to perform, some of them are cowboys. They're the younger breed. I'm sure you know how that is. Good thing is, guys like myself get old and instead of retiring, they become drill sergeants." He laughs then continues, "We keep the boot on them."

Drake grins before responding.

"Ain't it a bitch?"

Laughing a bit he turns his eyes back to the road. They were now pulling up to Fort Thomas and another Maverican attack was beginning. Pulling up past the gate after a brief security check, the small convoy pulls up in front of the main building at Fort Thomas. Maverican artillery was starting to come in now, although it was fortunately missing the trucks and men now parked outside the main building. Despite this, the urgency wasn't yet felt. Suddenly, an artillery shell came crashing down on to the roof of the headquarters, smashing in and exploding destroying a large office room. Another shell land in a barracks section, yet was fortunately a dud and only injured a few men with minor cuts and bruises. However now it was time to pick up the pace. Drake jumps out of the BRV-O and begins yelling out his orders as multiple injured people rush out of the building.

"Alright, everybody dismount now and get inside we've got to move! Go! Go! GO!"

Drake points to an elevator down the hall with two large men in black armor guarding it, somehow unphased by the situation.

"Captain take your men to the elevator, now!"

Wayne was now sprinting down the hall way to help a dying man get to safety. The infirmary was overflowing with injured or dead troops, yet Arrengard was still taking wounded. Fortunately there were constant chopper runs taking men and women back and forth. Carrying the man who now had nothing from below his knees to a waiting UH-72 Lakota, Drake hands the young soldier off to an Air Force PJ and then sprints back to the elevator.

**Mizrad/Maverica border  
18:17 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7  
10th Domestic Guard Air Defense Wing  
OPERATION HOME FRONT**

Captain James Beasley looked on to the horrors of aerial combat as yet another Maverican plane went down. Burning up a bit before blowing into trillionths from an AIM-9, the plane goes down. However happiness wasn't present in the captain's mind, it was just his target. Bearing down from behind



the enemy F-22, he begins locking on with an AIM-9. At the same time, he was lighting it up with 25mm fire from his barrel-mounted cannon. Hearing the distinct solid beeping noise, he lets loose with two Sidewinders and immediately pulls off.

Unfortunately he pulled off just in time to see a Mizradian F-25 become shattered into pieces from an F-22. Out of the fourteen Mizradian planes that had started the fight, only nine remained. The Mavericks had almost adapted, in the last war they had barely been able to down one F-25; now things were changed. Luckily only moments behind Beasley were the reinforcement F-18Es and F-25s. Two wings of each, meaning the Mizradians now had in all thirty seven planes spread out along the border.

Screaming into the fight, the F-25s take the high air at 67,000 feet and roll in from above with combined fire as the 10th's planes regroup with the F-18s. Gliding in with rockets, heat-seeking missiles and 25mm cannon fire the planes get pull off just as quickly as they came in after a quick attack. As they pull up for another strike, the other planes located at equal level with the Mavericks begin moving in. They had stayed out before to avoid confusion and friendly fire, however now it was open season. Ripping through the line and then whipping back with heavy fire the planes above start to join in as well. Despite the numbers rolling down from thirty seven to thirty three very shortly, it was doubtful the Mavericks would be able to recover and fortunately most of the Mizradian pilots bailed out in time.

**Avery's Valley, Ten Miles North of Fort Thomas, Mizrad  
18:20 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7  
4th Cavalry Division  
OPERATION HOME FRONT**

Milano was now staring at a massive force of advancing Mavericks, adding to their "Mojo" was the fact they had just emerged from an area that had literally been turn to ash only moments earlier. However the smoke was now clearing, and the 4th Cavalry was ready to take the piss right out of that same mojo. Adjusting the 120mm smooth bore cannon to fire at an oncoming M1 Abrams, Will aims above the turret. The armor, like on all tanks would be weak there and with the up hill advantage it would only make be better for the Mizradians.

Alfonso slams a shell into the gun and yells out.

"Gun ready!"

Will then yells back.

"Gun ready! Firing!"

Pressing his finger down on the trigger, the 120mm HEAT shell barrels out of the gun and whizzes through the air. Whether or not the enemy tank had gone down was a story that would soon be told, however the *Bringer of Peace's* crew wasn't too worried about that. All around, the 4th Cavalry was continuing their defensive. Despite losing a lot of infantry and tanks, they weren't about to give up. Every surviving Mizradian was putting fire on the line or reloading. The adrenaline was pumping, and there was no end in sight.

**Overhead...**

Up in the sky, the B-52M's were finally arriving at Avery's Valley. It was time to avenge the fallen, and hundreds of 500 pound carpet bombs were the perfect tool for that. Entire squadrons of the massive monsters were now passing across the valley, and most decided they could stop by "For some fun".

Opening their massive bomb bays, hundreds of thousands of bomblets were now literally raining on the half of the valley the Maverick's were advancing from. Descending at an alarming rate, they smash into the ground and explode upon impact. Shattering anything within quite the large radius, whatever they hit would with no doubt be slaughtered. Although carpet bombing isn't always accurate, and in a minor storm it would only get worse. Instead of landing on the Maverick's charge, it landed right where their defensive line and reinforcements had been. Fortunately, this would probably be better for the Mizradians in the long run.

Despite the carpet bombing not doing much to the front line, the F-18Es could

easily change that. Sending half of the escorts down with their JDAM's and free fall bombs to do just that, the eleven planes swarm in. Preparing their weapons, they begin to arrive over the valley. Letting loose with whatever they have, it all descends straight into the valley destroying some cover and concealment being used by the Mizradians. However those things wouldn't be needed if the air strike was as effective as expected.

**Fort Thomas, Issac River, Mizrad/Maverica**  
**18:20 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7**  
**6th Infantry Division**  
**OPERATION HOME FRONT**

Being approached by a high ranking foreign military member, Sgt. Garret Jacobs immediately stands up straight and responds over the gun fire.

"Oh, hell Colonel Vollen welcome to Fort Thomas! Follow me to the headqu-"

His sentence is cut short by a Maverican artillery bombardment, landing fatally close to him and the Feroxi troops. Diving on top of one of the more venerable Feroxi soldiers to shield him from the blast, he gets up and looks around at some of the dead. Not being able to tell what nation they were from, he simply grabs his rifle and yells to the foreign soldiers in front of him.

"Get to the main building, follow me now!"

Knowing the urgency of getting them to the HQ safely, Garret makes an all out sprint for the front doors. Despite more shells landing around him, all he did was flinch a bit due to his focus on his task. Looking behind him to make sure the Feroxi operators had stayed close, he finds they are and continues running. Arriving at the front door, he turns around and waits for every Feroxi to arrive with him. Then turning to Colonel Vollen, he speaks up.

"Please step inside and speak to somebody inside ma'am, I can't leave my post for much longer!"

**Liberty Tower, Government Center, New Boston, Mizrad**  
**18:20 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7**  
**President Ryan West**

Receiving multiple messages from all around the world, President Ryan West can only feel pressed rather than ready to literally respond to the planet. However screwing around wasn't his job, and attacking Mizrad's problems head on was. Now becoming aware of the Maverican's request for a cease fire, West remembers his meeting with the Ausitorian delegates earlier in the day. Now knowing what he would do, Ryan gets to work editing the messages his interns had typed up.

**TO: The Far Realms of Librara & Ausitoria**  
**FROM: The Desk of Ryan West, President of Mizrad**  
**ENCRYPTION: Level Zero, None**

To Whom it May Concern,

Good evening to you all and I hope you've had a good day, for Mizrad surely has not. However your help is greatly appreciated and is helping the situation at hand. Now as you requested, "To be informed of any offer of a peace treaty" this is us informing you. Only minutes ago, President Nathaniel of Maverica offered to cease fire. I plan on accepting this offer, however only after ordering his forces to fall back. I'm sure you understand, and if this is the cause of any issues with your efforts in Mizrad then we shall fix them personally. Once again, your help is very greatly appreciated.

For A Brighter Future,  
President Ryan West, the Republic of Mizrad

**TO: President Nathaniel of Maverica**  
**FROM: The Desk of Ryan West, President of Mizrad**  
**ENCRYPTION: Level Zero, None**

To Whom it May Concern,

For A Brighter Future,  
President Ryan West, the Republic of Mizrad

Neasy little fucker aren't you?

Posts: 2425  
Founded: Mar 11, 2013  
Ex-Nation

## Endgame

☐ by **Communists for the people** » Fri Jan 17, 2014 9:13 am

**QUOTE**

## Communists for the people Eastern State

5:00am

## Starr Mountain Range

### Falcon Military Base

David was awakened by his sergeant walking into the barracks and yelling to the occupants, "Get up and get going, we need to be on the trucks in fifteen minutes!"

David scrambled out of his bunk and dressed in his BDUs and fell into a single file line and headed out the barracks door, on the way out Sergeant Anderson supplied them each with M16s, standing next to Anderson was the Master Gunnery Sergeant who supplied them with four mags of ammo for the soldiers' rifles. Then David followed the line outside where the entire company was ushered into trucks and humvees.

As soon as David sat down his truck lurched forward following the rest of the convoy, "Alright," the captain's voice came over the headset, "we're expecting an ambush somewhere along the between Falcon and Phantom, stay alert."

"How did Captain Chester know there would be an ambush?" David asked Corporal Spears, his squad leader.

Spears shrugged saying, "Dunno, all I know is that we we're moving out at 0500 hours."

David nodded, but the answer didn't really satisfy his curiosity. About an hour later an explosion shook the convoy, and then a second, followed by a third. Then the small arms fire picked up, Spears yelled at the squad as he leaped out of the truck, "Everybody out!"

David followed jumping out of the truck and sprinting after Spears and the others. As David began to reach the front of the convoy he saw the that one humvee were aflame and two trucks were also burning, then he saw the rebels up on the hill firing down on them. David dropped to one knee and aimed down the sights of his rifle and fired, the rifle bucked against his shoulder and the rebel who he had been aiming at fell into the snow. David fired again, and again brought down another rebel.

The rebels were outnumbered and outgunned and now that the element of surprise had worn off the CFTP troops reorganized themselves and began fighting back with brutal ferocity.

Twenty minutes later it was all over, another rebel cell was destroyed and their plans thwarted. David walked amongst the rebel corpses looking for any injured; He had given up and was heading down the hill when he came across a rebel he hadn't checked. David knelt down next to him and checked his vitals, he was a alive but badly injured, David called for another fellow soldier to help him carry the man to a truck.

## Communists for the people's Northern State

10:00pm

Capital Building

Churchill sat in his office reading the reports from the Eastern State that had come in yesterday morning, Dreyfuss watched his carefully as Churchill poured silently over the reports the rebels that a rebel cell had been completely wiped out. Churchill set the reports down and glanced up at Dreyfuss and asked him, "Have we found out where the enemy planes came from?"

"Yes sir, several of our spotters located where the enemy planes came from."

"Where is the airfield?"

"It is an old CFTP arctic military base."

"What kind of shape is it in?" Churchill asked taking a puff on his cigar.

"There are several small buildings, but other than that there are no other military installations."

"Do we have any spy drone pictures of it?"

"Of course." Dreyfuss said, "let me bring it up on your computer screen."

Churchill turned on his computer and glanced at the images. The image was not very good, but the dots on the ground were labeled with numbers.

Churchill glanced up from the computer and asked, "Can the base be reached by sea?"

"Yes sir."

"Good send in Task force 03."

I'll relay the order now sir." Dreyfuss said as he turned and left the office.

#### **The Northern Ocean**

**4:00am**

#### **Omsk Class Submarine, *Fury***

"Surfacing!" shouted the First mate over the intercom.

"Roger, 03, get ready"

"This is Task Force 03, we copy."

"Roger that 03, two minutes 'till surface."

Captain Risen pulled on his balaclava with a red skull painted on the front, the rest of 03 did the same.

"Check your weapons!" Risen ordered as he loaded his SCAR.

"Thirty seconds until we surface," the first mates voice came over the radio again, "copy?"

"We copy, we're getting in the rafts now." Risen replied.

Thirty seconds later the *Fury* broke the surface. The side hatch opened and 03's two inflatable rafts speed towards the icy shore.

"Risen here, we are on the way, Over-watch are you in position?"

"We are in position." Captain Knight of Over-Watch said, "we have Frosty in sight."

"Roger. Engage any snowmen at your discretion."

"Copy." Knight said, then aimed down his thermal sights of his M82, "Engaging."

The rafts touched down and Risen climbed off and helped pull the raft ashore, the rest of 03 climbed off and began advancing in the direction of the airbase, the troopers winter camouflage turned them invisible, the only that was visible

of 03 was the grinning red skulls painted on their baladavas. As 03 approached the outskirts of the base they split off into groups of two to do their assigned duties Risen and Jolli (another member of 03) walked up the metal stairs of the radar building, the two guards at the top of the stairs were dead each with a .50 caliber bullet hole in their head. Jolli opened the door to the radar room and tossed an M84 stun grenade in the door. After the explosion Risen swung around the doorway and opened fire on the occupants. Two minutes later all occupants were dead and Jolli began gathering data from the computers while Risen planted the C4 charges. Risen finished setting all of his C4 charges and walked out of the building. Jolli came out soon after with all of the data he'd copied onto a thumbdrive. Soon the rest of 03 began radioing Risen saying that their assigned tasks were completed.

When everybody had joined Risen back at the rafts he radioed Over-Watch, "Presents are delivered Over-Watch, you're to leave."

"We copy." Knight said, "pulling out."

Risen raised the detonator and pressed the switch. The airbase exploded into flames destroying all the targets, "Mission success *Fury*, pulling out," Risen said into his radio.

"Roger, we await your arrival."

Risen climbed aboard one of the rafts as they speed off in the direction of the subs.

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Please refer to me as ~~Communists for the people~~ CFTP

GO CUBS

"If it were not for the will and determination of these men to stop the superior forces of the German army, a different chapter of history would have been written" *Major General Troy Middleton*

"Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country." *John F. Kennedy*

Proud member of [Hemithea](#)

DEFCON



**Libraria and Ausitoria**  
Negotiator

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

by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) » Sun Jan 19, 2014 7:58 am

QUOTE

### Not quite Fort Thomas

#### Startgame?

Dodging a major war is not on the usual list of jobs an airforce pilot is usually expected to undertake. Creating a war, yes. Participating in the war, yes. But dodging - no. Mizrad had been informed and knew they were there. Maverica hadn't been informed and hopefully didn't know. The government could have told Maverica that the aircraft were there for aid, along with the hundreds of other Ausitorian aircraft passing through.... but if it had got out that they had lied, it would have been difficult to ever send aid again. Besides which the lawyers thought it would be a breach of international law. Hence the necessary dodging down the valleys, flying barely above rooftop height in unfamiliar territory - although satellites had long ago furnished detailed topological maps of the area and military planners had long ago worked out possible routes.

It certainly made a change from ferrying. The amount of air traffic flying through Naybra was simply colossal. All sorts of military supplies were going to Diamond city, all sorts of humanitarian supplies were going to Mizrad, thousands were being evacuated; and it seemed as though half the region's oceans were being surveyed by some Ausitorian air force pilot peacefully taking something from one place to another. Certainly the sun never set on the air supply and evacuation route.

The aircraft descended rapidly upon Arrengard. The group was composed of a squadron of stealthy Dragon attack helicopters and a dozen V/STOL of those peculiar 4-engined Albatross aircraft designed to take 50 tons each - massively expensive, very lightly armored, and always short on fuel, which explained why three of them were tankers and why there was a full-sized Ausitorian fleet heading to the nearest point a mere three hundred kilometers from the shore in case air superiority was necessary. The special forces company - such as it was - were all ready to head to Fort Thomas in super-Centurion IFVs - the super meaning stretched and the IFV meaning a 60 mm gun. It was the sort that the special forces always preferred for anything that hinted of mobile warfare.

"Whose idea was it to have the meeting in a war zone?" jested the Brigadier Hugo Pascal to those around him as he surveyed the skies in the direction of the front as the craft came in for a quick landing before removing to a more defensible site. He was an irate man of a military family, having graduated from a military college been with the special forces for ten years. The jest was feigned: he was distinctly concerned about meeting in such a place, having been told in no uncertain terms to try to avoid anyone getting hurt since they weren't 'meant' to be there. Indeed his superiors had added that although he was officially seconded to Mizrad, that would be rescinded if the Mizradians suggested anything overly risky.

"Typical, isn't it?" replied the Commodore Argus Finch, who had the distinction of being his second command and a few years older than him. The semi-special forces, like the airborne brigade or marine expeditionary brigade which could be called in 'if they got into trouble', tended to be a rank above their counterparts; the special forces, two ranks: everyone an officer. Promotion had never been according to years of service.

But the situation wasn't typical, and they both knew it. Special forces were usually only deployed in fairly safe positions with lavish air support available - training a soldier was an enormous of an investment - and besides there was an institutional fear of death. But the lavish air support was on the carrier. The nearest fairly safe position was on the carrier. The special forces were no longer on the carrier.

They looked down upon Arrengard as they made their descent - most of the other aircraft deciding to forgo the street that seemed to be a runway for other open patches. Touch-down - and they were surrounded by earth, rubble, crowds of the ill, crowds waiting for evacuation. The Brigadier supposed this was what Argus would call a real hell of a shit-hole. When the aircraft removed they would undoubtedly help ferry out some of the evacuees, but what they really needed was a proper defensible airbase. Or perhaps a nice full-sized railway station, the Brigadier thought idly. Either that or peace: and both seemed very far away. But in any event it looked awfully like a large target.

### The Spring Palace, Sebvorca

*"I do not say that Teaurmai will not come. I only say they will not come by sea."*

Thus the Duke remarked philosophically to all the paraphernalia of a conferencing and television centre as he reached the concluding paragraph of the latest report. The Loufe conference was almost live. They had better be quick, although there had been some delay due to pre-war air traffic. And there was a whole conference room full of deputies who could stand in for them. Although it looked like it wouldn't be necessary.

"The report is all in order, despite its haste," the Duke continued, as he watched Victoria's eyes reach the last full stop. "We have sufficient naval superiority against the few battleships - ha! - in their colonies in the Sea of Zamaria and the Sea of Regalia: Teaurmai has been warned, we can watch for movements from the sky and underwater. Only if their home fleet in Teaurmai moves into the exclusion zone will we need to act preemptively. We have no need to go to war and even if we could it would be the most courageous act of our government," he finished.

"We must still intervene to defend Pensalum and support Mizrad," replied the Deputy Prime Minister.

"And we must avoid total war if at all possible," replied the Foreign Secretary. "Our enemies must see that we are unwilling to fight an all-out war, but that if we do it will be the worse for them even if it is also the worse for us."

The Deputy Prime Minister nodded. "We had better brief the newspapers so they know what we're planning. Hopefully foreign governments reads them! John," she said, to the broadcasting officer, who started as though he wanted to look as if he hadn't been listening - "Is the van to the conference hall on schedule?"

"Yes, Ma'am," John replied. "I think there's less on the roads there what with the impending war - even if it's not on for us."

"You were eavesdropping," Victoria observed, with a smile dancing in her eyes. "When you quote us, quote 'informed sources' instead," she said.

"Yes, Ma'am," he replied with a sheepish grin. He loved the job of de-facto chief propagandist.



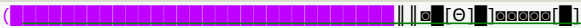
Far away in Loufe three mobile teleconferencing robot-like devices were being admitted, with two highly trained 'technicians' accompanying them into the summit building. The technicians impassively assessed the exits. The teleconferencing devices trundled forward to meet the delegates, beeping and whirring quietly while they connected to an Ausitorian satellite and the face of the Duke appeared on one, and then the face of Victoria on the other, with their names written underneath. The Ausitorian delegation had arrived.

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Wed Jun 11, 2014 8:11 am, edited 7 times in total.

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

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