

by Max Barry



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The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3870
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by **The Macabees** » Fri Oct 30, 2015 11:17 pm

QUOTE

The Citadel, Citadel City

On the inevitability of war...

"...I will have our offices pass a draft along before we release it," said Atticus.

Rikjaard nodded, "Thank you."

But, he could not leave it at that. There were certain elements in the Secretary of State's suggested concessions that did not please the Macabeesian in Rikjaard. Ten years ago, the greatest war in Greater Dénstad ended; the Golden Throne assumed its role as one of the region's poles of power. The *jogornos*, then a young lord of a minor Dénstadi house — a fourth-generation heir of aristocratic Guffingfordi immigrants —, oversaw this ascension perched from the comfortable position of a mid-ranked member of Fedor's then-provisional government. He had never been prouder in his entire life as he had been at that moment, as the empire sealed its domination of its continent. Forever was the Golden Throne's glory, embodied by His Imperial Majesty Fedor I, embossed upon his mind. Then came the annexation of Theohuanacu, and then the Depression of 2022–25, and that sudden *thirst* that an empire gets when it gets its first taste of superiority went unquenched. Now that those restraints had been unshackled, the Empire could continue its climb to new heights. The opportunity to take-on, gloves off, the Scandinavian Empire was one Fedor would not give up easily. There was too much ego at stake, a mission with which Rikjaard empathized with entirely.

"The Scandinavian culture is backwards and unfit for this modern world. Only a weak nation feels the impetus to enslave members of its own species. But, it is a weak nation that has built for itself a grand façade, and that is the most dangerous kind of weakening." Strong words, but it spoke volumes on Macabeesian values — its machismo. Rikjaard went on, "We have found the chance to rectify this historical anomaly and it is time to seize it. I know that, deep down, you believe this to be true. Besides, the end of the Scandinavian slave trade is a non-negotiable term on our part. Only then can we be more-or-less guaranteed that Greater Dénstad shall forever be rid of the slaver menace that is the Scandinavian Empire."

He chose his next words carefully. "I'm afraid that not every avenue towards peace will be explored with equal vigor. Look, you must understand that we cannot agree to terms that achieve us less than what we believe war with earn." He paused to ponder how to best explain Fedor's angle. Rikjaard was fortunate to have spoke to His

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Imperial Majesty days earlier, before the official declaration of war was issued. Fedor had expressed immense interest in happenings in the Skyan Republic and he even indulged the *jogornos* with a few details on his ambitions in this conflict.

He settled with a question. "Do you think we *truly* believe in being able to successfully invade the Scandinavian Empire? And I mean this in an absolute sense. Sure, we can win some local victories, but in the grand scheme of things it is inevitable that we eventually fully withdraw from Scandinavian rubbus fields. However, we will leave them burned, crisscrossed by crimson rivers of blood. That you can be sure of. Fedor's objective is very simple, if you think about it. He seeks to humble them, to put the Golden Throne's power on display — to prove that they can launch a mind-numbingly gargantuan invasion over a distance of some twenty thousand kilometers and gain meaningful results. I suspect that the Sons of Erid's intentions are essentially similar. It is difficult to force peace to survive in mental environments like these."

He took another sip of whiskey. He would have to reveal his conversation with Fedor. "Actually, I spoke to His Imperial Majesty not too long ago and we discussed precisely this very topic. If the Scandinavian slave trade cannot be abolished, then the only other condition would be the granting of a small territory, south of Brewdonia, from which we can forever survey the Scandinavian Empire and guard ourselves from future aggressions." He sighed. "But, alas, I'm not sure that this is a term that you should mention when speaking before the Gothic Council, as it most likely will not go over well at all. I can tell from your own expression and, indeed, I knew this coming into the discussion. But, I thought it worth mentioning. I trust of your discretion in communicating this fact, unless you think my reservations are misplaced. I know, in any case, that something similar, but in the opposite direction, would cause outrage. So why mention it at all? Besides, it would suggest that His Imperial Majesty's ambitions are territorial in nature, which is entirely untrue. That is only of alternative importance. Something that would assuage us. Something that would make us agree to peace."

Again, he shrugged. "It is what it is," he said.

"As you can see, peace is not an option." He twirled the glass, now nearly empty of whiskey. Its bottom fringes ran wild with ripples, forming something akin to an elegant field of wild grass. At a far table of notable design stood the decanter. Rikjaard privately wondered whether he could get another round at that delicious nectar.

Atticus must have seen him, because suddenly he said, "Help yourself to more." He left it at that, evidently aware that the *jogornos* had not finished his reply. Rikjaard could not tell if the man was angry, ambivalent, or empathic. Atticus was unreadable.

Regardless, Rikjaard confidently rose from his chair and strolled to that far table. "Would you like me to pour you some more, as well?" he asked. "I would be perfectly happy to oblige." The Secretary of State was most likely going to say yes, so he took the glass before permission was really given, a clear sign that the *jogornos* believed himself to be amongst friends. "It's too bad, Admiral Murciel, that you be shackled to...what is that?"

"*Horchata*," the admiral said.

"Ah, yes...*horchata*." He said that last word with a sense of strangeness, as if it were an alien term encroaching upon his lingual territory. "This Sky Marshal Whiskey is one-of-a-kind, Mr. Secretary of State. I really must say. I apologize for my lack of discipline. I know not many of your guests are so liberal with your liquor. But, sometimes our desires are stronger than our will. And just like I acted on impulse to pour myself another glass of this whiskey, the Golden Throne and the Scandinavian Empire are acting on impulse to reach at each other's throats. It will take extraordinary concessions, and even then the probability of war will be strong."

Not all of it was about the thrill of a brawl, Rikjaard knew. The Golden Throne was about to embark on journey across a twenty-thousand-kilometer wide ocean, to launch a billion-person invasion of one of Gholgoth's greatest powers. Such an audacious endeavor required preparation. Initial estimates, at least the ones available to the *jogornos*, claimed that the invasion would occur only at some point during year two of the war. The first two years would consist of establishing the heart and arteries of the logistics network. It was now essentially confirmed rumor that the Golden Throne had achieved agreements with Mokastana and Haishan, the two nations agreeing to host the Macabeesian military. Both members of GATA, they made good supply hubs and they were both stood on the northeastern edge, amongst the closest countries to Gholgoth. Then there was the vast ocean. How the military planned to bridge that dark blue expanse he could not even begin to fathom, but he knew that it would be accomplished. But, to take two years, the operation could be nothing other than one of great scale. To expend the resources on such a feat of martial engineering only for their to be peace soon after made little sense.

But waiting for the outcome of the peace talks was not an option. Suppose that it took three months for the talks to conclude, the inevitability of war finally obvious to all. That would mean that the invasion would be postponed to two years and three months. The *Fuermak* was under pressure to condense the time schedule by as much as possible, because the longer the war — and the longer it took to impress the public with footage of the invasion —, the harder it was to justify. The passion behind the cause would dissipate. So, the mobilization and the preparation would continue as planned, tens of millions of people already acting and moving to set into motion the first phase of the invasion. That only reinforced the fact that the likelihood of peace was low. A twisted economic logic that could only apply to a dark world, where the whims of the few could manipulate the many to fall behind their ingenious banners.

"On a brighter note," said Rikjaard, "I can be more of help in the realm of providing you with the evidence you need to condemn the Scandinavians. We expected that such evidence would have to be presented at some point, even if we didn't expect it to be the Gothic Council. I know that a cyberintelligence team cracked a port authority's database, conducting a targeted search through the ship manifests. They were looking for irregular cargo. And they found some, and that's why the *Korenja* sunk those three cargo ships in southeastern Gothic waters. We have the relevant manifests, with crate data. Of course, we also have the recorded testimony of one of the pirate leaders. The silly man calls himself Blue-Eyed Nolan. He traveled to North Point, the capital of Theohuanacu, to war the Imperial Governor of the impending rebellion, confessing that they had been supplied by the Scandinavians. That's what tipped our intelligence off, at first." That fact was still something of a secret, and Rikjaard had paused before telling it to Atticus. "Finally, there is also intelligence on the flow of cargo ships originating from the Scandinavian Empire into Palenque and Tiwanaku, up to the beginning of the rebellion. The influx was notable back then. That's why we were certain enough to declare war."

"But, we are happy to try it your way, Mr. Secretary of State. In the rational sense, peace is always preferable to war. So let us have these talks and see how they turn out," he finished.

Last edited by [The Macabees](#) on Sat Oct 31, 2015 12:05 pm, edited 4 times in total.

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

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by [The Scandinavians](#) » Fri Oct 30, 2015 11:21 pm



Imperial News Network Broadcast: To Serve Erid is to Serve the Almighty

The Sons of Erid, so as to remind us of our true heritage, have declared that monthly broadcasts of the "Saga of Erid" to begin to be streamed monthly in the evening on the first Thusaday of the month. We encourage all viewers to observe a period of respect during this transmission. Honor to Erid brothers and sisters!

The Saga of Erid

*In the ancient past the river lords did battle,
Down in the waters did bloods intermingle next to bone field,
By the spear did many a man perish for pride,
The lords did seek to rule over all,
Many a times did walls change flags,
None however had the will to unite the folk,
The chaos broke the wills of the men,
They fought for the sake of forgotten kings,
From stamped field they yearned for a better tomorrow,
They cries were silenced by the shield clamor,
The next dawn would only bring more spilling,*

*Those river houses who lost their walls took to the hill,
There they were penned in the forests,
Without bondlings or wall they took up the spear to animals,
For centuries they grew as their kin slew each other as beasts,
They became the finest warriors in the land,*

*These brave men ever did yearn to return to the sacred waters,
They had no ability to challenge the river lords though,
Their houses were divided in struggles for animal rights,
Without a great lord they forgot the ways of mighty battles,
They eventually forgot the ancient right to place of hearth,*

*In the valley did the river lords forget ancient rights,
Guests were slain next to the fire,
Kin were banished for speaking the law,
Land workers were killed without spear in hand,
All honor was forgotten in their ranks,*

*From the valley born did come one who remembered the ancient ways,
He spoke only the true law,
He knew the bounds which held each house together,
He recalled the obligations to those who were in his service,
He, by spear and river, was named Erid.*

*Erid by grace was raised by honorable lord father,
He learned the spear and the axe as no other could,
His men fought without equals due to his mind,
His voice carried the truth to all who came to him,
None could dare challenge him alone.*

*Erid by time of first beard worked against the lies of false lords,
He named despoilers as foes of all,
He demanded honor from neighbor who lied,
He led house to avenge false blood of those sworn to hearth,
He however did not seek more walls to raise banners on.*

*By false word and cruel threat did the river lords work against him,
They feared the one who could bring back proper custom,
They saw that their ways were wrong,
They knew that with truth they would be cast down,
Yet by battle they could not defeat him for no true warrior would raise spear against him.*

*Through the cover of night they set fire to his hold,
Crazed demons with club scattered those who fled,
Loyal men were butchered to feed their lust,
The truth however could not be silenced,
True men formed a wall of shields to defend their lord.*

Through sacrifice and honor they held through,
For hours the warriors earned honor unwilling to flee,
They would not let the speaker of honor be slain,
False lords knowing their foe was weak still were afraid,
Knowing they could see spears leave to his call they raised
falsehoods.

With threats they deceived followers,
Blame given to loyal servants did spears of river lords seek to punish
traitors,
Noble father spoke against the lies but was seen as a deceiver,
Good men saw a father jealous instead of proud,
With but a throw was a true man ended.

The mob demanded blood more to punish traitors,
They however allowed Erid to flee,
They would not see the one of honor slain to feed blood hunger,
To the hills with loyal retainers and noble kin did he go,
Among the forests he sought shelter.

Turning to the beast they sought food,
Times were hard as none knew the ways of the land,
Good folk died seeking to serve their lord,
Hunger seemed to be the fate of once great house,
However the might of Erid could not be mistaken.

Spear in hand he set out and slew five great yellow bears alone,
With meat and furs they prepared for winter,
Times would be hard but valor held out,
They conquered the deep snow and did embrace the spring as full
folk of the hills,
Fear no longer ruled them in this place as minds turned to justice.

Word his deeds had spread among the exiled folk,
From within their mountain homes they had heard stories of the old
ways being upheld,
They knew a true river lord still existed,
A son of the old ways amidst the den of lions had fled,
For kin and house he sought to protect above personal pride.

Going among the exiled he learned their ways,
The strength of a warrior is their honor,
The might of a leader is measured in the value of his word,
The purpose of a people comes from a common past,
These messages made Erid into a man without equal.

Through years he came into his place as was his right,
His spear always hit its mark,
His word was more valued than anyone else's,
His vision united his followers without fail,
Erid had become a lord without an army.

With words of wisdom he spoke to all,
Men from the exiled houses heard his words and knelt,
They knew that with Erid would come honor and glory,
From him came the promise of a return to their rightful lands,
None would be able to deny the ancient justice.

Raising his banner Erid offered all the restitution they deserved,
By ancient right would all things be made right,
The cry was heard from the highest peaks to the darkest forest,
The forsaken houses rallied to Erid and vowed to die for him if
needed,
Their time had finally come.

From the hills came the hundred houses,
With their red eyes they vowed to secure their tomorrow,
They would raise their stone halls,
They would hoist up a new emperor,
Erid would rule and bring justice to all was the cry.

With his thousands Erid defeated the armies of the river lords,

*They never could unite as Erid's word divided them,
The true river lords knelt and were accepted as his vassals,
Those who opposed Erid's will were declared enemies of the people,
All who supported them were enemies of the people.*

*The false lords hid behind tall walls and forsook their people,
Their bonded folk however were harmed as was usual.
Erid gave them their freedom and named them Scadin (free folk of
the city and land),
The Scadin were only to abide the law and honor their emperor,
They became the progenitors of the Scandinvan race.*

*After a year all the river houses had pledged themselves to Erid or
been driven out,
The false houses were taken apart their women given to the true
river lords,
Their children raised as members of the exiled houses,
Their men sent to atone for their wrong doings by labor,
All had come to accept the truth that was Erid's will.*

*The common origins of the exiled and river houses were realized,
The lands from the false lords were given to the exiled houses for
their houses' loyalty,
Disputed lands were awarded to the exiled in return to true service
to Erid,
Their eyes of red of the houses marked them as eternally worthy,
The houses became the lords and warriors of Erid with no one ever
being worthy of these duties,*

*By wise word and powerful spear had the land been brought under
Erid's will,
All from the frosted mountains to the pass were his,
The land knew only true laws and proper customs,
Bandit was slain and villain expelled,
None remained within who would break the peace that had been
forged.*

*For four winters did Erid begin to organize his land,
He laid out the laws which divided the people into their roles,
He purified the people by expelling those not of the houses,
All who raised spear against his will were brought down by the people
and not by spear,
The people had found their place and order.*

*Coming the spring of his fifth year of righteous rule came the foreign
host with only a month's warning,
A ill born race with eyes of black and flesh of clay,
Mongrels they were born from people from faraway shores,
Despondent folk whose only lust was rape,
Their host with stone clubs marched against us in unsurpassed
numbers.*

*Their infamy had proceeded them,
Everywhere the savage they left only destruction slaughtering all the
mn,
Women were raped then killed,
Children offered as sacrifices to their vile cult,
Boys near manhood were cut and taken as wives,*

*Erid called the exiled and rivers to his side to stop the invasion from
the south,
With bronze spears raised up high they marched to the mouth of the
valley,
They would not allow the enemy to seize what was Erid's blessed
land,
With their ten thousand they formed a wall of men,
They would all die before allowing the enemy into their home.*

*The force of chaos came 40.000 men strong in the dawn,
They were a savage forced composed of a decadent lot,
Animal heads were affixed to poles,
They wore no fixtures in defiance of the morning dew,*

They acted as if a herd so disorganized were they.

*The wall of the houses stood steady in the face of the animals,
They interlocked their shields and were willing to die that day,
Erid stood in forefront at the center with his own house,
Fifty of his brave kinsmen with brazen coated shield were as the sun
the center,
They were the heart of their host and were the greatest of it.*

*The first attack came when the reached over the hill,
Fifteen thousand of the horde charged against the army of Erid,
They however were broken by a volley of javelins thrown against
them,
They had thought to win by fright against their fewer foes and their
3,500 dead,
They had not counted on the might of Erid's will.*

*Seeing that they were fighting their first determined failed their
chiefs rallied with fires bellowing forth tainted air,
They took to the field with their personal guards and tribes behind
them,
Thirty thousand charged in a blind frenzy,
Unfazed the host of Erid raised shield and spear against their foe,
They would not break nor falter.*

*The enemy was used to butchering and not battle,
The tested warriors of Erid knew true battle and how to control their
passions,
They held still against the rush of bodies and killed 10 for every 1
lost,
For nine thousand count the enemy fought against the shield wall,
The battle was long for the enemy was many.*

*At the center Erid and his kin held,
With his banner behind him the enemy chiefs knew where to find
him,
Yet none could match him in battle,
Eight sought him and eight fell quickly,
Their three hundred guards were stricken down as well.*

*Breaking the spirit of their host and killing their leaders the horde
began to fall apart,
They could not match those of Erid as they lacked the strength,
They could not endure Erid's will for they had none of their own,
They were beasts who could not begin to match those who were
anointed,
They failed utterly in the face of their 25,000 dead and Erid's wrath.*

*Breaking the enemy fled the field,
Erid however ordered the charge so as to break the horde,
Six thousand more were slain during their rout,
Without any hope of respite they scattered in all directions,
They did not even run to save their kin following them on the war
path.*

*Ordering his men together the host reassembled,
Two thousand of their own were killed,
Another thousand suffered injury,
Yet they had utterly slaughtered the bestial foe,
And now came the task of dealing with their folk.*

*Staring over them Erid ordered their camps burned,
He did not want to allow their type the chance to regroup,
They could not be allowed to again threaten the blessed land,
Thus they descended unto the camps in force,
They would not tolerate the ongoing existence of these deviants.*

*Four five thousand count did the tired army take to their task well,
They killed all they saw and burned all the tents,
Without abandon now were allowed to flee as they were chased
down,
They had finished their task well enough,*

2/3 of those who had been in the camps had been killed.

*However the question was raised by some of the river lords,
There was always a need for strong hands to toil with,
Even the animal could be put to task cutting stone or raising walls,
Thus Erid agreed with their wise proposal,
Those who remained numbered at about fifty thousand were to be
taken as chattel.*

*These beasts would however always be alien to the Scandin and
houses,
They were creatures prone to deceit and vileness,
They would have to be eternally watched over and whose owners
held them as they did cattle,
They would be instructed in their masters' ways but never part of
them,
They would be the first slaves of Erid's realms.*

*The attack however had made clear the world outside could not be
trusted,
Those outside would always seek to take what belong to Erid and his
people,
Thus he began to make ready his people for a great struggle,
They would destroy all potential threats to their peace,
All would be brought to serve Erid and his folk.*

*Those who denied the rightful reign of Erid would be slaughtered to
the last,
They would forfeit their right to live freely,
They and their blood would be the belongings of those who
conquered,
Their cultures might to be destroyed before the enlightenment that
was Erid's will,
The world will know the justice that was proper.*

Last edited by [The Scandinvans](#) on Thu Jan 14, 2016 11:07 pm, edited 2 times in total.

We are the Glorious Empire of the Scandinvans. Surrender or be destroyed. Your civilization has ended, your time is over. Your people will be assimilated into our Empire. Your technological distinctiveness shall be added to our own. Your culture shall be supplanted by our own. And your lands will be made into our lands.

"For five thousand years has our Empire endured. In war and peace we have thrived. Against overwhelming odds we evolved. No matter what we face we have always survived and grown. We shall always be triumphant." -Emperor Godfrey II

Hope for a brighter tomorrow - fight the fight, find the cure



Havensky
Diplomat

Posts: 888
Founded: Jan 01, 2008
Left-wing Utopia

by [Havensky](#) » Sat Oct 31, 2015 9:28 pm



Atticus bowed slightly in gratitude and picked his glasses back up.

*"The Skyan People thank you for your understanding. You must understand that our many of our people came here to escape the horrors of war and I am an ardent pacifist. In the interest of full disclosure, I should tell you that I argued against this plan in the High Council. These actions that you take **will** have consequences. Consequences not just for your armed forces, but for my own. You don't think that upon seeing that Havensky is playing host to his enemies that the Crown Prince of Scandinvins wouldn't send an army or **worse** towards Citadel City? That those fearful of the Rise of Liberty in Gholgoth won't take advantage of the situation and also attack us at the slightest excuse?"*

A frustrated Atticus closed down the display - save for the small window where Admiral Murciel resided. In place of maps and charts, the bright neon nighttime skyline of Citadel City lit the room. A white pillar of light burst from the Library of the Republic - the tall gothic cathedral skyscraper on the southern end of the island - and burst through the night sky. Rikjaard was reminded that it was 'this' building that projected the red light into the sky. Havensky's famous twin beacons of knowledge and liberty which were visible at least a

hundred miles and if Skyan propaganda was to be believed you could navigate from Fortress Norksa on those two beams alone.

*"Jogornos Rikjaard, this city is a haven to those seek a future that didn't involve the wrong side of a jackboot or the barrel of a gun. We have built it brick by brick to weather the worst storms that man or nature can conjure. You've seen the building codes here. A bomb shelter in every building over four stories. City walls that rise over forty meters. This building is built to withstand multiple direct bombardments and remain under siege for at least six months without resupply. This isn't hyperbole, this city **anticipates** coming under attack and it's adventures like these that may cause it to happen sooner rather than later."*

Atticus picked up his glass from off the table and put it down again without taking a drink.

"However, the High Council sees the value in the Golden Throne's vision for the future. The Empire has taken a more radical turn [disbanding their Council of Lords, disappearing dissidents, banning books - BOOKS - and who knows what else](#). The massacre of their own people can not be ignored. The High Council understands the urgency of the matter, but if we don't at least get the partial support of the Gothic Lords it will be a short campaign indeed. I'll immediately make overtures to get the process started.

Sky Marshal Gonzales rose.

"As for us, we shall begin as well. Admiral, move Task Force Kacer out to open sea immediately and begin anti-piracy operations."

The Admiral saluted and logged off - her window vanishing.

And Jogornos, if your government does have any naval assets that require assistance I would take the Admiral's advice and head west."

The Skybound Republic of Havensky
(Pronounced Haven-Sky)

Territory held in
[Texas](#) - [Gholgoth](#) - [Sondria](#)

**N&I RP Mentor Specializing in PMT, Character Development,
Worldbuilding, and Diplomacy - TG me for help!**



Havensky
Diplomat

Posts: 888
Founded: Jan 01, 2008
Left-wing Utopia

by **Havensky** » Mon Nov 02, 2015 7:55 am



[Pirates Beware \(Listen\)](#)

Port Kacer, Theohuanacu

Admiral Colina Murciel logged off on her data-screen, grabbed her seabag and her cap. She had already been wearing her blue-grey camouflage 'flight suit' style uniform when she had taken the call from The Citadel.

While she had just now officially received the order, the Skyan Legionary Armada had been expecting this mission since the incident in Palenque. In anticipation, she had already ordered the Battleship *The Red Queen*, Corvette's *Jager*, *Cazador*, *Ehiztari*, *Hantā*, the Assault Carrier *Athena's Call* and all four squads of Patrol Boats already out to sea. Murciel would join them by helijet. She closed the door of her office and began to head outside.

Commander, you have the conn. Keep the Port buttoned up while I'm away."

The Legionary officer in power armor saluted and sounded an affirmation as the Admiral continued down the hall and out the door. Another officer, a shorter woman with green eyes and jet black hair, was in a full flight gear with a helmet clipped to her belt waited outside. Her flight jacket had the "Vex" and "Raven" flight qualification badges above her name patch. On the opposite side in line with her name patch was a single red heart with a bolt straight

down the middle. Heartbreak Company.

"Captain Ariana Chispa reporting for duty ma'am"

Admiral Murciel glanced at the unit patch returned the salute and continued walking. Chispa followed alongside.

"So, you're my new CAG? You're out of uniform."

"Apologies ma'am, I just arrived this morning and was inprocessing when I was notified of new orders."

No matter, the Quartermaster on Athena's Call will get you squared away. I expect you to get the proper uniform sooner rather than later. This task force is alone in these waters away from the mainlands, and I maintain strict standards in both personal detail and maintenance of my vessels. Your last commander indicated that you were hard on your crews and that you had little tolerance for sloppiness. That kind of attention to detail probably saved a lot of lives in Vetalia."

Captain Chispa's face barely betrayed a flash of emotion as the Admiral mentioned Vetalia. Admiral eyed the officer suspiciously.

"Your squadron took heavy losses during Vetalia. Are you confident that you're able to take command so soon afterwards."

Chispa shot a sharp glance at the Admiral.

"I'm ready to hunt pirates if that's what you're asking...ma'am."

Good."

The pair walked onto the helipad where Chispa's Helijet was parked. The aircraft looked incredibly awkward on the ground with propellers too large and wings too small. The chain gun on the front of the craft looked bolted on. The rockets situated on the wings made the craft look more like a child's toy than an advanced aircraft. The paint had already been updated to indicate the craft's new pilot. CPT ARIANA "HOTHEAD" CHISPA emblazoned just below the cockpit with several dozen Kraven-style eagles with Legion Swords running through them just below her name. One sword for every Legionary drop-off and pick up she'd made in her career. Below the slain eagles, were three VTOL outlines and two tanks.

The ramp to the helijet was already dropped and so the pair boarded immediately without another word. Chispa put her helmet on and began to warm up the engines. The 'whomp-whoop-whomp' of the turboprops pulsating through the aircraft as Chispa steered the craft skyward. An eerie whine sounded through the craft as the nacelles shifted to a horizontal position and the helijet crossed over open water.

Task Force Kacer's corvettes were spread out in an arrow formation with *Red Queen* and *Athena's Call* in the center. The craft passed low over the corvette *Jager* and her squadron of patrol boats cutting through the water like knives along the *Jager's* flank. Off in the distance high in the sky was the thin outline of the Missile Destroyer Airship *Daikyū Yumi* - one of four airships assigned to Kacer. Chispa banked the helijets so that the sleek narrow hull of *The Red Queen* came into view.

"Red Queen, Vexer-0-1 Athena. Requesting permission to land."

Vexer-0-1, you are on final approach. Board is green. Call the ball."

Acknowledged Red Queen, On final approach, I have the ball."

The helijet landed on the helijet pad of the *Red Queen* with a hard thump. Chispa kept the engines running and lowered the ramp. This would be a quick drop off.

The Admiral stepped off the helijet and returned the salute from her executive officer. She handed her sea bag off to an aide and ventured through the hatch and up the ladder towards the bridge. Behind her, the helijet lifted off again.

The bridge was a flurry of activity. The viewports overlaid with information including radar, distance to other vessels, drone video feed and the local time and weather. Crew members busy on their consoles as the task force began to get underway.

"ATTENTION ON DECK!"

"At ease! Everything squared away Colonel?"

Colonel Dave Moineau smiled and waved to the view screen while holding on to his coffee. A shorter blonde man with broad shoulders and thick glasses. He had a disarming demeanor about him despite his role on the ship.

"Yes ma'am, all ships have report full readiness. We have some Ordenite vessels about a dozen kilometers to our port side. No concerns there. Scout drones are up in the air and searching for targets of opportunity. Patrol Boats are off their ships and ready to go."

Excellent, deploy the patrol boats in a wide screen. Let's go hunting.

* * * *

To: Ministry of State of The United Governments of the Golden Throne and Lord Erida, Imperial Steward of The Glorious Empire of the Scandinvans.

From: Secretary of State Lance Atticus of the Skybound Republic of Havensky

The People of Havensky note with regret the State of War between your two nations. The People of Havensky hereby request that peace talks be initiated forthwith. The Skybound Republic is happy to host talks at Citadel City or - if local Skyan laws make that difficult for our Gothic brethren in Scandinvans - the Empire of Ghant has a vessel off our coast that would be suitable as well.

Given the serious implications of a war between great powers such as yourselves, we urge you to accept our call for peace talks. I am certain with time and patience we can come to a peaceful conclusion to your disagreements.

On the Behalf and the Behest of the Skyan People,

Lance Atticus,
Secretary of State
Skybound Republic of Havensky

Last edited by [Havensky](#) on Tue Nov 03, 2015 11:26 am, edited 1 time in total.

The Skybound Republic of Havensky
(Pronounced Haven-Sky)

Territory held in
[Texas](#) - [Gholgoth](#) - [Sondria](#)

**N&I RP Mentor Specializing in PMT, Character Development,
Worldbuilding, and Diplomacy - TG me for help!**



The Scandinvans
Senator

Posts: 4948
Founded: Oct 09, 2004

by [The Scandinvans](#) » Tue Nov 03, 2015 1:35 pm



Secretary Lance Atticus,

*""Know the true path without failure sons of Erid,
Your children shall face enemies uncounted,
Your ancestral homes shall be threatened,*

*Your peace shall be utterly shattered,
Only through wisdom and forethought will you win,
Sire many children so that your enemy cannot overwhelm you,
Take excess women as your wives to account for those men lost,
Never forget the ancient laws of Erid."* (Psalms of the Blessed Blood)

*"Oh ye people of Valgard hear the word,
Each of your enemies shall bring their sword,
The heathen shall speak against you truth,
Their deeds shall rob you of your truest youth,
Through their actions shall bring each house taint,
They will only be drawn out through a feint."* (Psalms of the Blessed Blood)

Good and evil cannot coexist. The sinner must seek to repent before being granted redemption. They must show a genuine willingness to open a dialogue where they would seek to make amends for their mistakes if you wish for us to seriously consider meeting with those who would seek to wage war against the sovereign rights of the Glorious Empire of the Scandinvans. Otherwise we must dismiss any attempts at reconciliation as being feigned due to an effort by the Golden Throne to lull us into a false sense of security whilst they further advance their forces into a state where they can better threaten the homeland.

*Signed,
Voice of the Regency and the Emperor,
Servant of Erid's Will,
Imperial Steward,
Lord Erida*

Last edited by [The Scandinvans](#) on Tue Nov 03, 2015 2:14 pm, edited 2 times in total.

We are the Glorious Empire of the Scandinvans. Surrender or be destroyed. Your civilization has ended, your time is over. Your people will be assimilated into our Empire. Your technological distinctiveness shall be added to our own. Your culture shall be supplanted by our own. And your lands will be made into our lands.

"For five thousand years has our Empire endured. In war and peace we have thrived. Against overwhelming odds we evolved. No matter what we face we have always survived and grown. We shall always be triumphant." -Emperor Godfrey II

Hope for a brighter tomorrow - fight the fight, find the cure



Palmyrion
Minister

Posts: 2381
Founded: Mar 04, 2015
Father Knows Best State

by [Palmyrion](#) » Wed Nov 25, 2015 4:25 am



Zeb plays his flute in the opening program of the Palmyrene Science High School

Take him with you! He needs to live! Maxinne, you're his adoptive mother now! Take him! Don't worry about me! these were the words roaring in Zeb's head as he looked at Katrina's eyes, who he saw hope of life and freedom from his blood of slavery. He owes his life as a freeman to a woman named "Maxinne", who unknown to him is currently serving in the Army Special Forces, or more commonly known as the "Olive Berets".

"Tell me about how that woman saved you from slavery. Tell me about the Glorious Empire." Katrina begged for his answer to her questions-Zeb, despite being a natural-born Scandinvan and only naturalized when he was just 2 years old, was still able to get into the ranks of Palmyrene Science High School scholars, even if PSHS was exclusive only for Palmyrians. "How do I know what is the Glorious Empire? I have not lived there, yet there I was born. All I know about it comes from IiWiki. How do I know her, since the last time I met that woman was when she took me from my mom the day before my first birthday, and my stepmother calls her "Maxinne". We've been into this many times, but you still keep asking despite-"

"Cut the chatter." a woman, clad in LDPCU, said to him, as she laid her hand on his shoulder. Looking towards the woman he for the first time has seen the woman who saved him-Captain Maxinne Denise Catalan Co, Special Forces Group 4, United Federation Army Special Forces. She was wearing the characteristic olive beret, embroidered on the said beret was the logo of the UF Army Special Forces. He was frozen solid, but deep inside is a boiling pot of emotions; he does not know how to feel, looking at the woman who "saved" him from slavery, something he was inevitably born into-and something he was saved out of. Sure, he won't feel this great just because it was just a soldier, but when he looked at the patch on the uniform at her right, for embroidered on it was her name, **Co, Maxinne Denise C.**, he did not know how to feel, even if all that emotion was positive. He wanted to thank her, he wanted to hug her, he was happy to see her, he was indebted to her, he...he...just felt a flurry of emotion stirring in him, making its way to his eyes. Zeb tries holding those emotions back from flooding out as tears and a slightly clogged-runny nose, but inevitably fails.

In part to hide his tears and in part to express his indebtedness and gratitude to her he hugged Maxinne, his head on her waist, his tears flowing out as he tries to express his gratitude in words but was so indebted that words were not enough. "It's okay. Let it go. Just let all the bad things go. In the words of Gabriel Aquino, we as freemen have the blood of slaves diluted in our blood, and only through their blood diluted in us can they live life as freemen, or for a noble end turn slaves into freemen. You may have the blood of a slave in you, but only through you can your parents live the life of a freeman." that she said, while Zeb was all murmuring "thank you, thank you" while crying.

Everyone in his class claps as the moment between a man saved from slavery and his savior were united for once. Some were taking pictures, their flashes and shutter sounds flooding the room. Everyone closes in on the couple and do a group hug.

Titan Woods
SGM Malan, Jehiel Lyre L.
25 November 2015, 1900 HRS

Whizz! Zap! Pow! Whop! went the 7.62 x 39 bullets as they flew past Jehiel who was hiding by a wide narra tree. He was engaged in a painful firefight with the slaver rebels, who have been fighting with his squad for almost a week now. This was not the average slaver outpost he had been expecting.

The shore-side slaver outpost was reported to have a ship docked to its port. This ship is most likely a slave trading ship, and its intentions deduced by Palmyrian High Command as a slave ship belonging to a slaver. But who? They can't give out a name if they do not have definite proof. Meanwhile here they are, the only chance they can have a proof of whoever is trading slaves with slaver rebels in the Titan Woods, and they are lucky if they are not eaten by a *higante abno*, a recently-coined term for the legendary Palmyrian Titans which, coincidentally, looked like they leaped out of [an anime series](#). Lucky are the slaves and the slavers if a higante abno does not eat them. This was their only shot at knowing who were trading with the slavers.

"Sniper, sa tore! Machine-gunners, magpaputok sa sniper! Malan, gamitin mo ang M320 mo laban sa sniper at machinegunner sa kabila ng ilog!" the squad leader, Sgt. Hans Yeban, said, as the soldiers fired at whatever they can lay their sights on. Meanwhile Malan fires a few 40mm rounds against the machinegunners and snipers as the snipers were being suppressed. Deadly accuracy and firepower were combined, the 40mm rounds destroying anything they can lay their hands on, the 6.8 TAMA bullets whirring towards their enemies like a hungry pack of hornets on someone that kicked the hornets' nest. And it was not a random horde-the horde was going at a defined direction, towards the enemies.

Jehiel fires a few M320 rounds at sniper emplacements and

machinegun nests as they were being heavily suppressed by small arms fire. Looking through the scope of his M116A2 rifle, which had a changing reticle sight adjusted for the M320, the reticle sight changed at his own will, he calmly aims at the opening of the machine gun nest, carefully aiming such that the round places itself correctly to kill anything inside that nest. Satisfied that the round fired will hit the nest in a nice way, Jehiel presses the trigger, and out comes a large 40mm round from the muzzle of a M320 grenade launcher.

After zooming through the air in a parabolic path the projectile hits the machine gun nest, killing anything and anyone inside it. Jehiel aims for the other machine gun nests and the sniper towers. He hit one sniper tower and the sniper fell off to his death, a faceplant to the earth. That sure would make his face printed on the earth and the earth's slap printed on his face. "Open that door!" the unit leader commanded, calling for a soldier with a recoilless rifle to fire a high-explosive round to slam open the door.

Meet and greet the Slam Dunk, thought Pvt. Arlan Henderin as he looked through the scope of the recoilless rifle, carefully aiming such that it hits a strategic part of the gate. The Slam Dunk 90mm recoilless rifle, named after the "epic" basketball move. This one would be named as Palmyrion's battering ram, the one to break open the walls and gates of the enemy's fortifications. The full designation was the M113 "Slam Dunk" 90mm recoilless rifle. Sure, it could be overpowered at these ranges, with the gate only being 50 meters away from Jehiel, but for Palmyrians there was no such thing as an "overpowered" battering ram. Hell, does the word "overpowered" even exist in the Palmyrian military vocabulary? No, for a military demanding force par or even overmatch, the term overpowered is nonexistent in their vocabulary. The gate swings open, the result of the immense energy of the carefully-aimed round, both kinetic and chemical, forcefully unlocking the gate. "Smoke grenades on the line!"

Last edited by [Palmyrion](#) on Thu Dec 03, 2015 9:14 am, edited 4 times in total.

PALMYRION: INTO THE PALMYRO-VERSE

Greater Dienstad (NSMT) | Kali Yuga (Hard MT) | Dark Lightshow (2100s PMT) | Niteo (AD 5000 FT) | [Screwed Reality](#)
[Diplomatic Outreach Programme](#) | [The Dozen Giants](#) | Storefront | [Discord Server](#)

NS stats have been [CONFIDENTIAL] and [REDACTED] into a [DATA EXPUNGED].



The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3870
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by [The Macabees](#) » Mon Nov 30, 2015 5:10 pm



The Citadel, Citadel City

Jogornos Johansen concludes his meeting with Secretary of State Atticus

"And Jogornos, if your government does have any naval assets that require assistance I would take the Admiral's advice and head west," said Atticus.

Rikjaard ignored that comment by responding ambiguously, "Fortunately, none of our assets are in danger." Being an ambassador and not a general he, of course, could not really verify that statement, but for his purposes that did not matter. He quickly moved on to something the Skyan Secretary of State had said earlier about aiding the Golden Throne and the repercussions of doing such. The *jogornos* looked to assuage those concerns, "Mr. Secretary of State, I understand the sacrifice you and your people are making to help us fight a war that the Skyan Republic could much more easily stay out of. That fact will never be lost upon me or the Imperial Government. But, with this support comes as much benefit as cost, for now you can count on the *Fuermak* to help defend your country and the liberties it stands for. And, as for the Scandinvans, they will soon have their own problems to worry about, and I suspect that it will be a far wiser choice on their part to concentrate their military on their own defense. And, in any case, I trust that you will give us the green light to start reinforcing our troops here. I cannot stress enough how important it is that your government allow us to that; every Macabeesian soldier here is another soldier who can help

defend."

With that said, he smiled and outstretched his arm to shake Atticus' hand. When the other man offered his own, Rikjaard said, "I will let you get on with your business, Mr. Secretary of State. The Golden Throne appreciates the efforts you have made in coming to our aid and in opening a line of communication. Whatever you and your people may need, the Golden Throne will always be listening and ready to provide. Thank you, again." With that, the *Jogornos* turned around and left.

He made his way to the lobby and then out to where a vehicle was waiting for him, ready to take him back to the embassy. There was a lot of work ahead. First, he'd have to write-up his discussion with Lance Atticus in a report, to be sent to the Palace of Nipotas — the brain of the Imperial Government's embassy corps, if you thought of the entire organization as a nervous system —, the *Krierlords*, and to His Imperial Majesty Fedor I himself. Second, he'd have to re-organize his staff to prepare a new department, in charge of 'round-the-clock communication with the Skyan government and military. He wouldn't have a direct hand in the military build-up, but it was inevitable that the embassy would act as a liaison between the two governments. Third, he'd also act as the Golden Throne's spokesperson to the rest of Gholgoth, most of which the Imperial Government did not enjoy diplomatic relations with. And there were countless other tasks to complete, many of which Rikjaard wasn't even aware of yet. And not to forget about that twerp Alen Ratho — the *Jogornos* was pretty sure that was what his aide's name was —, who'd be out of a job in about twenty-five minutes.

The rewards, those personal to Rikjaard at least, were bound to be great, though. The war was his ticket into the *Krierlord*, or Fedor's inner circle. To be a *Krierlord* meant not only enormous power, but also the recognition of your experience, your responsibility to your duties, and your intelligence. No common man was made for the *Krierlord*. All imperial advisors were, in one way or another [and most often in many ways], extraordinary. Of course looking forward to those silent accolades begged the question, in the sense that there was there was an indirect implication that the title was what made you all those wonderful things — rather than the other way around. But such esoteric and, honestly, recundant topics did not really bother Rikjaard in his moments of personal greed. But, greed is not always bad, especially when one's motivations and goals are lined up with those of the 'greater good,' or the Golden Throne's at any rate. The Imperial Government was looking to win a war against the Scandinvan Empire and Rikjaard would do all he could to facilitate that, by winning his side some allies in Gholgoth. Is it so wrong to earn a little political profit along the way?

"Shit, I almost forgot," he said to himself. No one else was in the car, apart from the driver, who was separated by a mostly soundproof glass pane. Rikjaard took his cellphone out of the inside pocket of his suit jacket and thumbed up and down the screen for a minute, when it started to dial and he put it up to his ear. "Good afternoon." A pause, someone speaking on the other side. "Yes," he responded to whatever that person had said. "I will have my aide reach you with flight details."

Rikjaard's next stop: Gholghant.



First Battle of Tiwanaku, Theohuanacu

The bad luck of Kabos Ernst Dardel, Part I...

It was impossible to know where they were coming from.

As Dardel fired his rifle up at a nest of enemy warriors hidden within two or three of the rooms of a five-story condominium building, he was being tagged with fire from behind. The wild firefight had been

going on for over four hours now and it was exhausting. Man-for-man, on a conventional battlefield, the pirates may not have been as well-trained or as well-armed as their Macabeesian counterparts, but this was as far away from a conventional battlefield as one could get. What they lacked in traditional fighting capabilities they made up by taking advantage of their environment — an environment they had designed with the Golden Throne in mind. If they weren't shooting from a building, they were shooting from an alleyway, or from a street they had gotten through by travelling the crisscrossing sewage lines below. They traveled the streets freely, as well. While the Macabeesians occupied intersections, the pirates went through walls to get behind their foes and encircle them. And like that, Dardel and the company he formed part of it had been isolated in one of Tiwanaku's northern suburbs. The young *kabos*, who weeks earlier had lost his girlfriend in the battle, would now lose dozens of comrades, as they fell to bullets around him.

The building Dardel was firing at suddenly exploded, pieces of brick and glass flying in every direction. Someone on his side had fired some type of thermobaric warhead out of a TA-80, a light infantry rocket launcher. Someone fell from a window — no, now a giant hole —, traveled three stories, and hit the cobblestone street below with a spine-tingling *splut*, the body struggling to remain intact after an impact of that force. His body remained on fire for some time after, but no one was paying attention. The battle still raged all around. As the smoke from that rocket strike cleared, one could see as almost the entire third-floor, at least along the surface Dardel could see, was now a pile of rubble, miraculously suspended by the building's deeply damaged structure. A few men, some women, walked out of the creaking building coughing, large surfaces of their skin charred from high-intensity burns awarded to them by the thermobaric warhead. They were shot down as they came in sight. Others behind them came out still burning alive. These were allowed the "privilege" to live out the rest of their pitiful lives. Gunfights like these did not call for mercy; *this* was Hobbe's 'natural condition of mankind' at its peak. Hell on earth.

An overwhelming feeling of hopelessness drowned Dardel, leaving him unable to breathe, incapable of action, helpless in a bloodthirsty sea of death. Bullets flew just inches from his head, but he paid them no heed. Dardel was stuck. Stuck in a nightmare. His vision blurred, his face drenched in fear's sweat, and his rifle started to slip from his grip. Just then someone's palm slapped him across the back and, as if it were coming from a distant place, he heard the voice of *Protosargént* Mikael, "What the hell are you doing, *kabos*? Get your shit together! I am not letting you die here."

Dardel snapped back to reality, but he could not shake that subtext of dread entirely from his bones.

From a side street emerged two infantry squads which had been sent to clear a building that was being used to fire on Macabeesian troops holding a string for five intersections below. Two of them were carrying an equal number of dead, swung over the right shoulder of their power armor. From the same building they had just left, a light machinegun opened fire, peppering their backs with small caliber munitions. The bastards were using a healthy mix of armor-piercing rounds — they knew their enemies well. Dardel had learned that the hard way earlier, when his leg had been penetrated by a ricocheting bullet. Luckily it barely touched his flesh, saving him from a more gruesome injury. Not only were they firing armor-piercing bullets, but they were firing from the same place those Imperial soldiers had just cleared!

Where was armored support? Where were the reinforcements? The *bandag* had fallen from just over one hundred healthy men to no more than seventy, and there was no evidence of an impending cessation of hostilities. The pirates kept coming, and not many more of them had died compared to the Macabeesians. From somewhere, he heard the *kapitán* exclaim, "I'm almost dry!"

"Here's an extra mag," said the *protosargént*, yelling over the noise

of battle.

"We need some fuckin' supplies!" the *kapitán* back. To a radioman near him, he very loudly said, "Any word from the re-supply convoy?"

Now, note that all of this yelling was strictly speaking unnecessary, since they were talking through their suit's comms. But some cliché's are hard to break.

The soldier's face was drained of all color as he replied, "They've run into an ambush, rolling through very slowly. It might be another couple of hours before they break through to our side." Unknown to them at the time, the convoy had actually been entirely halted after the lead Nakíl escort suffered from a broken tread link. Behind it, the rest of the convoy tried to go around — stopping was a bad idea —, but the ambush was heavy. The HIM-TACs were forced to split from their more heavily armored escorts, which were getting bogged down in a firefight. After one of them was blown to pieces by a rocket-propelled grenade, the other three turned back to return to base. In the meantime, the armored escort protected the Nakíl crew while they rigged explosives inside their cabins, the turret ring, and around any other sensitive technology. Under heavy fire, they climbed into the back of an APC, while another Nakíl and two infantry fighting vehicles pelted the surrounding buildings with machine gun and heavy weapons fire. When they finally retreated, all that was left of that supply incursion was the towering explosion of the abandoned Nakíl 1A2M+, the smoke of which billowed over the stumpy skyline of the wartorn suburb.

It was obvious that the secluded infantry company would have to make its own way back to the 'front lines,' which were again receding under heavy pressure from the pirates. Failure meant death or, worse still, capture.



Tlaloc, Theohuanacu

Kriergrup 'Theohuanaco' strikes disaster...

Almost five hundred ships bristled under the intense Theohuanacu sun. Twenty aircraft carriers, six dreadnoughts, and their hundreds of escort and supply ships all sat calmly in port, awaiting their orders. About half of these ships would leave port by the end of the week for deployment to New Empire, where it would be re-supplied and prepared for the rest of its voyage to Haishan. There, a large number of *krierflots* — many of them still under construction — would converge to form a gargantuan fleet, which within months would set sail towards Gholgoth. The other half of *Kriergrup 'Theohuanacu'* would conduct blockade duties along the southern Theohuanacu coastline, reinforced by Task Force *Kacer*, the Skyan fleet newly based out of a small port of the same name. That was what would be left of Theohuanacu's glorious fleet — picked apart to wage a war on foreign soil. There were, of course, other assets nearby (*Kriergrup 'Ixchel,'* also 'stripped for parts,' was deployed south of the Thacu Islands, and *Kriergrup 'Indras,'* looking over the Territory of Indras), but these had their own objectives — patrolling hot zones — and had been weakened by the needs for the Scandinavian War too. So, after one of the two *krierflots* in 'Theohuanacu' sailed out to New Empire, there would only be about two hundred and fifty ships left to fight the pirate menace.

Less, actually.

It was not yet midday when the port city of Tlaloc came under attack. Near the harbor, the crack of gunfire overwhelmed the sound of harbor-side machinery, and it was not long after that when a string of explosions rocked the stationed *kriergrup*. It all happened so suddenly that it was hard to tell how many bombs had gone off, and the sound of tens of thousands of people running for their lives through the streets soon dominated the city. Many of these were

gunned down by rifle-wielding pirates, who had obviously planned the attack in advance. What started off as a slaughter soon devolved into isolated firefights between city security forces and pirate bands which had emplaced themselves in café's, supermarkets, and buildings of all sorts. Policemen wearing light armor, reinforced by soldiers stationed at the *Krierstatón* (the naval base), scoured the nearby streets, hunting the pirate shooters down pack by pack. This would continue for hours and would just be the beginning. The next day the true hunt would begin. Pirates and pirates sympathizers alike would be arrested, rounded up, and temporarily imprisoned, awaiting their trials. The Golden Throne had no mercy for people of their kind.

When the dust and smoke cleared from the explosions, residents of Tlaloc saw the extent of the damage done to the military port. Large cranes had snapped in half and sagged into the water. Pens, designed for 'fast' fixes to damaged ships, were destroyed. One carrier was breaking apart and sinking; another two were heavily damaged and three more would require light repairs. Three dreadnoughts had suffered extensive damages and would have to be repaired. Dozens of escort ships were also struck by the bombings, a handful of these listing to the side and others breaking apart, just like the aircraft carrier. Debris floated above the waterline and, undoubtedly, much more was scattered below it. *Krierstatón* Tlaloc would have to be cleaned up and the damaged machinery replaced; the damaged ships would have to be repaired and the destroyed ones towed to deeper waters, where they'd either be scuttled or allowed to sink to the bottom of the ocean.

Whether the second *krierflot* would not be allowed to leave to New Empire was up in the air, since the *Kriermada* had just suffered a second embarrassing defeat to the pirates (the first being the Battle of Salvasupuesta Sea, off the coast of Nicaro). The Golden Throne had to amass as big of a fleet as possible before embarking on the preliminary operations for the invasion of the Scandinvan Empire, but surely they could not leave Theohuanacu with only one crippled *krierflot*. Ultimately, the second *krierflot*, replacing its own losses with ships from the first *krierflot*, would leave for New Empire a week late, but it left regardless. All that was left in Tlaloc then was a limping fleet of some one hundred and sixty seaworthy ships, the rest either sunk or towed to North Point for repairs, until Tlaloc's own facilities were replaced. It would have to be these one hundred and sixty ships that would launch the blockade of the 'buccaneer coasts' of Theohuanacu and the now inevitable campaign of retribution on pirate strongholds along that coast, including Palenque and Tiwanaku — but with their dreadnought contingent gone and their carrier fleet reduced by nearly a third of its original strength.

Crippled or not, the Golden Throne would make the pirates pay.



Rosquense, Suburb 10 Kilometers Northeast of Palenque

Pirate forces dig in...

Captain 'Three-Legged' Carol protected his eyes from the sun by placing his hand flat over his brow. Somewhere in the distance the Imperial fleet in Tlaloc was suffering an attack. But, for him and his men, that was neither here nor there. Regardless of the outcome of that attack, the Imperials would come and they would come hard. Carol's job was to make sure they could hold the Golden Throne's armored hordes back. To accomplish that, Palenque Defense Command — a newly established arm of the Council meant to oversee military preparations — had designated three main outer rings of defense, which were strung together by small towns and suburbs orbiting Palenque proper. Rosquense was one such suburb, situated between the first and second rings (the first being the one closest to Palenque). With a population of some two hundred thousand souls, it was by no means a small town. Even better, most of its population sympathized with the pirates, or at least they disliked the Imperials enough to cast their lot with the rebellion. Those who didn't were

quickly found, taken in the night, transported to a ravine just north of the town and buried there with a newfound bullet to the head. Brutal, but the pirates couldn't afford internal resistance in a time like this. The impending Imperial attack would require all of their attention.

Carol turned away from the horizon towards a group of Panooly slaves digging a trench across a wide plaza. These slaves were the lower value kind who were usually not in demand outside of the region and thus only really useful for employment by the pirate themselves. Because, apart from situations like these, the pirates did not really need a large slave workforce, the lives of these particular humans were usually violent and short. Toiling away under the harsh sunlight, they wore little in the way of clothing, and they only received the food and water they needed for short-term survival. Slaves were working elsewhere too, building emplacements for fixed anti-tank and artillery guns, usually under the 'protection' of a tall building, to reduce visibility to the Golden Throne's expansive and ever-present fleet of attack jets. By the workers stood pirates, dressed in their baggy pants and loosely flowing shirts, generally opened down their chests to reveal bulky muscles beneath. In their hands they carried whips, which they periodically used to motivate the laborers to work just a little bit harder, just a little bit faster. With the occasional crack of the whip came something along the lines of, "Put your afts into it, you land-lovin', turd-smellin' animals!"

The pirate captain walked parallel to the trench, looking over the laborer's work, but saying nothing. He then turned his attention to other details, like his own men, who had taken up oversight positions throughout the area. For the time being, most of the forces in Rosquense were partaking in local security, making sure the town's loyalties remained where they needed to be (this would become much more difficult when the bombs came, so better to clamp down when it was easiest). There weren't enough swords — a colloquial term for soldiers — to fill all the freshly minted defensive positions anyways. Rosquense would act as a fallback, once the third and second lines had been breached. Most of its defenses would come from the retreating tatters of all the swords arrayed along the farthest extent of the front.

Seemingly placated with how things were progressing, 'Three-Legged' Carol turned back and made his way to a two-story building on the other side of the plaza. With the fancy, but faux, ornamental trimmings around the door and the balconies jutting out of the second-story windows, the building clearly served an administrative purpose. Now it had been re-purposed into a command room for the defense of the town, of course. The door gave way to a large internal lobby and on the far end was the beginning of a staircase that broke into two and swirled around to lead to the second floor. Along the far end of the right-hand wall were two elevators, and the rest of the inner walls housed doors into other rooms. Fancy chandeliers hung down from metal chain-link cables, but their electronic candles offered very little light. Instead, the rooms were illuminated by more powerful light bulbs, arrayed along the ceiling in two rows of embedded track lighting. The insides of the other rooms were hidden by doors of their own, but Carol paid these no mind. Neither did he to the pirates who nodded to him as he walked by, offering an educated, 'Aye captain,' in respect to his position of command (and despite the constitutional and relatively non-hierarchal nature of their society). He went directly to the elevators, which he took to the floor above.

The elevator doors opened in either direction and Carol walked out, turning right, and heading down the hall towards a set of double doors near the end. These he opened to an office — his office —, the sound of 'coloured' women pleasuring themselves invading into the hallway and then suddenly ceasing as he closed the doors behind him. The Golden Throne's arrival was only a matter of time, so better to take advantage of the present calm to fulfill one's desires, while his men continued to oversee the slaves working outside.



Havensky
Diplomat

Posts: 888
Founded: Jan 01, 2008
Left-wing Utopia

by **Havensky** » Fri Dec 04, 2015 2:22 pm



[Listen: Stealing a Brig](#)

HRS The Red Queen Task Force Kacer Off the coast of Southern Theohuanacu

The Command and Control Center of the Red Queen was dimly lit as the sun dipped underneath the sea. The stealthy Skyan battleship was running slightly ahead of the rest of *Task Force Kacer* as Admiral Colina Murciel watched the long range video feed of one of their Terrier Drones.

Four corvettes without lights, no flags, and no national markings were churning through the water heading towards Rosquense. They had been watching the ships for the better part of the late afternoon.

The crew of the *Red Queen* was certain that these were pirate vessels having checked with Ordenite, Golden Throne, and every other navy that was known to sail through these waters.

The officers of Task Force Kacer had not been idle. Secure communications had been flying back and forth between all ships planning their attack. The pirate cruisers were known to have VLS weapons, torpedoes, and heavy guns. It would be difficult to capture the vessels without putting the bigger ships and so they had opted to go a different way. Now that it was dark, it was time to spring the trap.

"Admiral, Legion Companies Jager, Knockout, Liberte, and Magic report REDCON One.

"Excellent Colonel Moineau, set condition one throughout the fleet and initiate the attack.

Yes ma'am"

Three loud klaxon sounded throughout all vessels throughout the task force followed by a loud bell sound.

"Action stations, action stations. Set condition one throughout the ship. This is not a drill.

Sealion Squadrons Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer Launch! - Launch! - Launch!"

The well deck doors on the Assault Carrier *Athena's Call* opened up and began to launch twelve squadrons of *Sealion*-Class Patrol Boats. The vessels slipped out quietly into the sea and began to make the trek towards the pirate vessels.

"Sealions away Admiral."

For the next two hours, Kacer group patiently waited as the patrol boats approached their targets. At ten miles out, the patrol boats launched their small "Pitbull" drones towards the pirate ships. The small unmanned helicopters were not the most quiet things in the world, but at this point it was too late.

The bulk of the pirate crew had been sitting down for chow when four dozen Pitbulls launched rockets at the ship's gun systems. Once they were out of commission, it would be safe for the patrol boats to approach.

"Red Queen, Aries Leader Pitbulls engaged"

Small explosions littered the decks of the four ships. Pirates began to

run out onto the deck and began to fire back at the drones. The Pitbulls switched to their fifty caliber machine guns and began to strafe the deck.

"Red Queen, Aries Leader - maneuvering to intercept hostiles!"

The patrol boats passed the pirate squadron targeting weapons and crew with their 25 caliber guns. The boats then pulled alongside the vessel and Legionaries emerged from the deck and launched hooks into the hulls from their power armor.

JAGER COMPANY SET

The Pitbull drones switched from strafing to providing cover fire for the Legionaries.

"ARIES LIFT FIRE!"

JAGERS MOVE"

All at once, the Legionary forces hit their hooks and began to hurtle towards the decks of the pirate vessels rolling up onto the deck. They got on their feet quickly and began to target any of the pirates still standing on the deck. Their boat broke off and the second wave of boats began boarding operations. Soon, there were enough troops on the deck to overwhelm any resistance. From there, each company of Legionnaires began the slow process of clearing the ship blasting their way through the corridors.

On the deck of the *Red Queen*, Admiral Murciel watched the proceedings from the bridge.

"Have the pirates contacted any other vessels? I want to know who their calling."

"No ma'am, no communications intercepted."

Murciel frowned, she had hoped that they'd call for help so that she'd have other targets.

"RED QUEEN, JAGER 6 - Target Papa One Captured."

RED QUEEN, KNOCKOUT 6 - Papa Two Captured

QUEEN, LIBERTE 6 - Papa Three Captured

QUEEN, MAGIC 6 - Papa Four Captured"

The bridge crew cheered. They had managed to capture four vessels from the pirates intact before they could attack the Kacer group or scuttle their ships.

The Colonel clapped and raised his voice, *"Good work everyone...Launch Cobalt Squadron and get those vessels crewed and bring them back to Kacer. And get that Stars and Signals adjunct unit on the horn and sent over straightaway - it's time we got some hard evidence. Commo, let the Golden Throne know what we got. Let's go! Let's go! Let's GO!"*

Their work on the dark seas continued.

Last edited by [Havensky](#) on Fri Dec 04, 2015 3:00 pm, edited 3 times in total.

The Skybound Republic of Havensky
(Pronounced Haven-Sky)

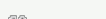
Territory held in
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Worldbuilding, and Diplomacy - TG me for help!**



Can you help solve this case?

☐ by [Havensky](#) » Sun Dec 06, 2015 4:00 pm





Havensky
Diplomat

Posts: 888
Founded: Jan 01, 2008
Left-wing Utopia

[Listen:](#)

QUOTE

HRS Athena's Call Task Force Kacer

The flight deck of the Skyan Assault Carrier *Athena's Call* was a mess of wet as the rough seas sprayed water on the open deck. The vessel was actually larger than the flagship *Red Queen*, but very crowded. Legionary Armada crew members rushed around on the flight deck cleaning the deck, performing maintenance on various aircraft and boats, and directing traffic.

A tall slender man in his late thirties with dark curly unkempt hair exited the doors and stepped out onto the flight deck. He was a tall slender man in his late thirties with dark curly unkempt hair. He was wearing a thin jacket to guard against the cold spray coming onto the deck. He was a military intelligence officer and therefore lacked the usual uniform insignia. Behind him, a small entourage in similar black jackets followed him with bags of gear.

An enlisted crewman approached him authoritatively.

"Name and intention?"

"Special Agent Mathias Willow, Stars and Signals Command. I need to get our investigators to our captured pirate vessels."

The deck chief pulled out his pocket tablet and pointed to a row of helijets marked with a cobalt blue stripe down their wings.

"Cobalt Four will take you over to Papa One. Report to the CAG for clearance."

He approached a much shorter female officer who was standing in front of the row of helijets. An enlisted officer was painting grey marks on the nose of the craft. Above the marks the name "CPT. ARIANA "HOTHEAD" CHISPA" had been painted in dark blue.

"Captian, my staff need transport to the first pirate ship."

Chispa ignored him, stopping a maintenance crewman walking by.

"Southwing, the rear door is sticking on Cobalt 2. Get it fixed ASAP - I'm not putting any Knockouts on a bird with a bad door."

Yes *ma'am.*", he replied instantly and started to walk away.

"And Sargeant, does your have everything you need for repairs? I'd rather you tell me now than later."

We're good to go Captain. We've got a full store of spare parts aboard the Post Oak Although, I'm worried that if the seas keep being as rough as this that our shocks will wear out faster than usual. I'd order more, but I've already run through my funds for the month.

Get over to S4 and order extras then - I'll worry about the funds. Thank you Sergeant."

Mathias looked at Chispa in sheer annoyance and raised his voice.

"Captain, you have orders to get me to Papa One forthwith. Why are we wasting time. Do you know who I am?"

Chispa nodded to the crew member and he walked away. Chispa shifted her weight and turned to Mathias rapid quick.

"I know who you are you damn Siggy! And you will stand there and wait to board until I damn well please.

"SIGGY?!", exclaimed Mathias Willow. Mathias had known about the derogatory name for *Stars and Signals*, but no one to this date had ever muttered it in front of him.

"Captain Chispa, I am a -

Special Agent Mathias Willow, First Class, Stars and Signals - I know. I read briefings too. Do you know who I am?"

Mathias did a quick scan. The helijet at the front of the line had a different paint scheme than the rest. It was still dark grey and blue, but traces of a flame pattern emerged from the nose of the aircraft - an ace custom. Compared to the other craft in the line, Chispa's aircraft had many more victory marks - including large daggered heart beside her name. And the fact that she read reports concerning Stars and Signals staff meant here security clearance was much higher than the average air group commander.

Suddenly, Mathias understood why the CAG had started off angry with him.

Lady Chispa - *The Hell Flyer. You served in Vetalia. And Milograd. And judging from your combat patch, several other places that we don't speak of in polite company. Rest assured, my team has nothing to do with the Battle of Six.*

I don't care if you had anything to do with it or not. Y'all are all the same to me. Black coats and comfy chairs and nothing but 'sorry' when you get us killed!

*It wasn't my fault! Not my job - I stopped shipments of enemy arms from reaching the city - I assumed that your commanders knew better than to send you into a trap! And I **volunteered** to come out here. I'm trying to help you!"*

Chispa took a step closer to Mathias and glared.

"You want to help me - you find something that stops this damn war. Forth helijet down, you take off in five. Now, get off my deck!"

Mathias stormed off to Cobalt Four without another word.

* * * * *

Vessel Designation Papa One

[Listen: Buried a Lie](#)

The trip inside the helijet was loud and short. Mathias and his team exited the helijet's ramp to be met by Jager Company Master Chief Grey. The deck of the captured pirate cruiser was pocked with damaged from the attack. The main gun of the ship melted from the intense heat of the rocket that had taken it out.

"Did you have to create such a mess captain? It's going to be impossible to conduct forensics like this."

The Master Chief shrugged, *"I wanted to blow it to pieces."*

Mathias sighed and began instructing his team to take different parts of the vessel. He walked slowly up to the

bridge taking in every detail he could. Despite the battle scars, the ship's paint still looked relatively new. He finally reached the manufacturing plate of the vessel.

VMK Manufacturing
Linbulm, Yohannes
Serial Number -----

Mathias frowned and began to unscrew the plate from the wall. The crew had clumsily tried to scratch out the serial number, but Mathias knew that these were usually stamped in. He flipped the plate around and read the numbers backwards from the other side. He set the plate down and sent an order to one of the *Stars and Signals* Computer Centers to begin tracing the origins of the ships. Mathias, as did most members of the Skyan community, believed that the Scandinavian Empire had purchased the vessels for the pirates. Proving it was another matter.

In other parts of the vessel, the Human Intel Teams (HIT) began to scour the ship for other clues that could link the vessels to the Empire. Computers and the contents of the navigational equipment was uploaded into the cloud for further analysis.

If there was a link, they would find it. The next part would be a bit more tricky. They would have to carefully approach VMK (and their government) to see if they they would confirm that the ships were purchased by the slavers. Then, the Skyans would go to the Gothic Council with their findings in an effort to gain regional pressure to get the Empire to agree to a peace deal.

* * * * *

Lord Erida, Imperial Steward and Voice of the Emperor,

We were disappointed to received your last message. It was our hope that we could come to a peaceful conclusion before hostilities reached the region. We stand concerned by your government's recent behavior in both this matter and within the region itself. The mass execution of your citizenry and reports of a nuclear explosion inside your borders would let us to believe that you might be eager to avoid an armed conflict so close to home.

There has been an allegation that your nation is purchasing arms for pirate forces near the Golden Throne. Please provide an explanation for these allegations as this is now a matter of regional security. It is our hope that we can clear this matter up quickly.

Best Regards,
Lance Atticus, Secretary of State
Skybound Republic of Havensky

Last edited by [Havensky](#) on Sun Dec 06, 2015 4:17 pm, edited 3 times in total.

The Skybound Republic of Havensky
(Pronounced Haven-Sky)

Territory held in
[Texas](#) - [Gholgoth](#) - [Sondria](#)

**N&I RP Mentor Specializing in PMT, Character Development,
Worldbuilding, and Diplomacy - TG me for help!**



☐ by [The Scandinavians](#) » Thu Jan 14, 2016 10:59 pm

The core value of the Empire had always been its resolute dedication





The Scandinavians
Senator

Posts: 4948
Founded: Oct 09, 2004
Capitalist

to preserving its hierarchy and traditions. The identity of every individual was almost always determined by the place of their parents in society, their worldviews were defined by customs which dated back five thousand years, and their futures already planned by the previous generations. For the Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, had designed the social order of the Empire to capable of lasting throughout the ages and ensure the formation of an orderly civilization worthy of his favor. Terang ven agron destuac. There was only the truth of tradition. Nothing else was allowed to exist for anything that might challenge would potentially throw the entirety of the Glorious Empire into the abyss forever.

The strict confines of the Empire's order meant no one was meant to stray from their assigned path. Therefore, there had been to be harsh punishments for those who dared deviate from their preordained paths. The punishment for this usually was a person being declared thereafter they would be stripped of all social rank, possessions, familial ties, and rights. Or, for the more outspoken, they were killed in a vicious public execution. These harsh punishments effectively have constrained any significant dialogue from occurring. Instead, all pro-reform individuals were coerced into seeking underground collaboration, but even there no method communication which was truly safe.

The Imperial Inquisition, the Shadows, and Sons of Erid had access to all dialogues taking place in the Empire. Every email, every message, every forum. every piece of mails, every second of television, every news article, and every phone was available to them upon request or was under their control already. With such controls the people were suppressed. The occasional organized revolts which took place was usually guided by the hands of the intelligence services. They used these events to draw out the those who had been tainted and purge them all in one action. The recent rebellion in the northeast was another exhibit of this. By allowing a community long believed to be degenerate to seize nuclear weapons the Sons of Erid had effectively devised the perfect situation to wave themselves free of the guilt of mass slaughter. The rebels, lacking any real understanding of the nuclear weapons, did not know the proper prepping routine codes and instead assumed their sets of priors was correct. However, by hiding their lack of the proper codes and detonating them when they were deployed the deaths could be blamed solely on the ignorance of the traitors.

Such things however were not completely accepted by the conciseness of all Scandinavians, The recent purges, encroaching absolutism, increasing warmongering, and nuclear obliteration had finally driven a part of the imperial army to begin to doubt the regency of the Crown Prince. His rule had already brought war with the Golden Throne and they knew it would see bloodshed on a scale unimaginable as the Sons of Erid would simply recover within a decade to wage a new round of expansionist conflict. Thus they decided a drastic course of action was needed. There would have to murder the Crown Prince. His security however prevented any normal method for the removal of a major government figure: his food was all thoroughly tested, he really went near a window or gave a public speech, he only traveled an overwhelming escort, and his inner circle were all fanatics loyal to the cause of the Sons of Erid. Therefore they decided it would be needed to storm the Imperial Sanctuary in Valdra when the Crown Prince was visiting the city on business.

For the last few months the renegade group of soldiers had been amassing the needed resources. Using imported electronics secretly stolen from government destruction sites for contraband they were largely capable of operating at a hidden level. Feed data by sympathetic informants within the Sons of Erid about the location of the prince and the defenses of the sanctuary. Information which allowed them to determine the resources which would have to be invested in their efforts to rid the world of the Crown Prince. They hoped with the head removed the rest of the Sons would turn out to not be some form of hydra.

This was however a hope behind hope. The Sons of Erid did not

represent a single person. Their movement came from an ideal derived from the founding of the Empire. From an age in which Scandinavians were not equaled by any force in the known world and the future of their people seem to be one of global conquest. However, their dreams would die. The group was being manipulated by a faction of the Sons of Erid to create a situation which the Crown Prince knew nothing about. An attack which would aggrieve him towards any form of peace and implicate a new nation within the expanding conflict soon set to bring war to the home shores of the Glorious Empire.

Valdra, Imperial Sanctuary

All things carry a price. Honor demands actions. Duty needs devotion. Victory requires sacrifices. The cost of ensuring the future of the Empire would be the overthrow of the regency of the Crown Prince and the destruction of the Sons of Erid. The second part however would have to fall to others. For in the coming attack there would be no survivors from their side. Each of the soldiers knew that as the Imperial Guard would overrun the area before any escape could be attempted on ground, the sewers were impossible for humans to use without hours of draining, and the air was the exclusive dominion of the loyalists who would assuredly lock down all air traffic at the start of the attack.

The treasures paid for their future would be their lives and their houses' future. With their actions their families would be declared casteless, unworthy of any place in respected society. A fate that they had all accepted without condition.

The patrol that was carrying the two centuries, the 200 soldiers, was inserted through hacking the usual logs and altering the unit manifests that was being sent out to conduct a purge. In 10 armored vehicles the soldiers made their way through the city of Valdra in proper haste. With grim determination they marched to meet their target and their doom. Live or die they would earn their place in history. Harsh truths to face during the 20 minute drive along the route to the sanctuary. They would be the first rebel military group to attack an imperial for many generations.

Arriving at the imperial sanctuary in the government sector of the city the first of the vehicles used its mounted turret to shoot a hole through the front gate. After the other vehicles in the convoy fired nine smoke canisters into the courtyard of the sanctuary. Smoke then quickly consumed the front of the compound preventing the automated turrets from finding any targets. Under this cover the 200 charged into the sanctuary. Using their knowledge of the compound they managed to outmaneuver the turrets which only covered the forward entrance. The advance team made their way through the first door of the compound only to encounter the secondary courtyard which was designed as a funnel point. Realizing that they were lied to the group's leader came to the realization that they had been duped, but it was already too late. They had cast their die and could not turn back any longer.

With their plans halted they decided to take out as many of the sanctuary and guard as they could all the while attempting to locate the Crown Prince who hopefully had not been secreted away already to a bunker of some sort. As they did so a shrill message was played over the sanctuary's intercom system, "To arms. To arms ye sons of Erid. The enemy seeks to steal the dawn away from us. They wish to murder the Crown Prince. To arms! To arms! Which of you would not gladly go to his reward to see that the Crown Prince endure so that he can slay this vile night and bring forth the dawn God promised to the all righteously guided children of Erid? Rejoice. For in fighting to save his life shall eternal paradise be yours! To arms brothers! To arms! Rejoice!"

With that said hundreds of armed robed men began to pour forth from the various buildings branching off from the courtyard releasing a tide

of bullets against the intruders. Unable to weather the fire the rebellious soldiers began to retreat until numbers of them were mowed down by the automated turrets which could now operate due to the having largely dispersed. Facing the assault from both fronts the rebels were pinned. They could not advance due to the tide of bodies and they could not retreat as the turrets were able to keep their forces contained outside of their range. Lacking rpgs and grenade launchers they were forced to endure the attack.

In their position the rebels stood withstanding the rush of the Sons of Erid taking 2 for every 1 of them slain. However, they knew they could not advance as the enemy outnumbered by to wide of margin. A situation which only became compounded when the air defense helis arrived on the scene. Without air defense equipment the rebels were butchered by in short order by the guns of the helicopters which had been ordered to slay every last one without any mercy. After all these men who had attempted to murder the Crown Prince and such actions had to receive the harshest possible retribution.

The attack however had served as a cover for a different operation. With a hidden bomb a fiery explosion tore asunder one of them hidden bunkers in the Sanctuary. An attack which killed two of the Crown Prince's favored brothers who had joined him in the Sons of Erid movement. Individuals who had been murdered by some of the Sons in order to further incite hatred and to push the populace of the Scandinvan Empire into a siege mentality now that even the imperial family was subject to the threat of extremists inspired by outsiders. With the use of a decent paper trail on the intranet and the banking system they had hoped to leave enough evidence to tie the rebel attack on Havensky, an enemy to the long term designs of the Sons of Erid and one of the few truly democratic nations in Gholgoth.

Imperial News Network Broadcast

Subjects of the Scandinvan Empire a dreadful event has occurred today. Rebels have attacked an imperial sanctuary where the Crown Prince was staying. By the grace of the Almighty he was spared from harm and the rebels responsible for the attack have slaughtered to the last like the vile craven beasts that they showed themselves to truly be. Instead of being proud soldiers of the Empire, the traitors proved to all that they were incapable of following the ancient customs which have held our nation together and prosperous for so many centuries.

Sadly, the attacks claimed the lives of two princes of the Imperial House of Erid, brothers to the Crown Prince, and another forty valiant defenders died to hold back the vermin whilst support was being flown in. We shall continue to investigate the situation and await updates from the palace in regards to further revelations about the story of the attack. With the blessing of the throne might this be the last attempt to ever come so near to murdering the future of the Glorious Empire of the Scandinvans.

Per imperial practice all the families of the attackers have proven that they are unworthy of the right to continue to have rank within Scandinvan society. Their children cannot be trusted to show proper deference to traditions nor can it be believed that they were raised to hold faith in the line of Erid and God's will. Therefore all those whose names appear on the soon to be published list should consider themselves casteless and report to their nearest casteless sector for housing away from true Scandinvans.

Added to the crimes of the traitorous rebels there is sufficient evidence to positively link this operation to an effort by the nation of Havensky to murder the Crown Prince due to their ongoing efforts to destabilize the Empire and prevent the reassertion of our ancient rights. We shall await further imperial comment before further examining the implications of this development.

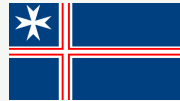
That is all for now. God save the Empire and give wisdom to the Crown Prince!

Last edited by [The Scandinavians](#) on Thu Jan 14, 2016 11:01 pm, edited 1 time in total.

We are the Glorious Empire of the Scandinavians. Surrender or be destroyed. Your civilization has ended, your time is over. Your people will be assimilated into our Empire. Your technological distinctiveness shall be added to our own. Your culture shall be supplanted by our own. And your lands will be made into our lands.

"For five thousand years has our Empire endured. In war and peace we have thrived. Against overwhelming odds we evolved. No matter what we face we have always survived and grown. We shall always be triumphant." -Emperor Godfrey II

Hope for a brighter tomorrow - fight the fight, find the cure



The Scandinavians
Senator

Posts: 4948
Founded: Oct 09, 2004
Capitalist

by [The Scandinavians](#) » Fri Jan 15, 2016 11:11 am



Letter from the Steward of the Scandinavian Empire Lord Erida To Prime Minister Elizabeth Artemis

We have received and recovered evidence in relation to the recent assassination attempt made against the Crown Prince which despite failing in its prime target still killed two princes of the Imperial House of Erid. The current picture that is being drawn overwhelmingly suggests that agents of your government provoked, guided, financed, provided specialized supplies capable of working around the existing intelligence security blanket of the Scandinavian Empire, and armed the perpetrators of the attack.

The Scandinavian Empire additionally has received the confessions of a number of captured agents of the rebel cell. Testimonies which have forced us to come to the conclusion that you are the party which is directly responsible for the attack having taken place in the first place as it would have been impossible for the rebels to be able to achieve such a successful attack without the aid of an outside government. For, even if such a rebel cell could grow from the ranks of descent God loving Scandinavians without foreign support, it would have been impossible for them to be able to have acquired the means to so subtly hide the bombs which killed the princes. Nor would the traitors have been able to communicate on the scale needed to plan the general attack without the use of niche intelligence equipment given to them by a foreign power.

This terrible action which your nation has directed Prime Minister Artemis is an action which cannot be forgiven and whose repayment shall be terrible. If you wish to continue peace you would have to abide by the following proposals.

1. The dismantling of all your external intelligence services and operations targeted against other Gholgothic nations.
2. Suspension of your naval patrols in Eastern Gholgoth.
3. The expulsion of all foreign military forces garrisoned in your lands.
4. The extradition of all individuals to the Glorious Empire of the Scandinavians who took part in planning the attack on the Imperial Sanctuary, attempted assassination of the Crown Prince, and the murder of the two princes,
5. The suppression of any publications which praises the attack.
6. The arrest and extradition of all individuals of Scandinavian extraction who have fled the justice of the Glorious Empire.
7. The admission of your government of its responsibility for the attack.

We give you 168 hours to come to your decision.

*Signed,
Voice of the Regency and the Emperor,
Servant of Erid's Will,*

Imperial Steward,
Lord Erida

Last edited by [The Scandinavians](#) on Fri Jan 15, 2016 11:12 am, edited 1 time in total.

We are the Glorious Empire of the Scandinavians. Surrender or be destroyed. Your civilization has ended, your time is over. Your people will be assimilated into our Empire. Your technological distinctiveness shall be added to our own. Your culture shall be supplanted by our own. And your lands will be made into our lands.

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Hope for a brighter tomorrow - fight the fight, find the cure



The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3870
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by [The Macabees](#) » Fri Jan 15, 2016 12:10 pm



First Battle of Tiwanaku, Theohuanacu

The bad luck of Kabos Ernst Dardel, Part II...

The trek back to the forward lines was harrowing. Pinned down for hours at the intersection they were tasked with securing, they were forced to withdraw after waiting until the night to bring relative calm to the storm. Illuminated only by a silver thread of moonlight, they made their way through the bullet-ridden streets of northern Tiwanaku, quietly tip-toeing through the debris. There were pirates sleeping in the buildings on either flank and the last thing the remnants of this forsaken *bandag* — now no stronger than seventy men, many of which suffered from non-lethal wounds of various kinds — wanted was to get caught in another firefight. There was only so much they could do, in either case. The badly wounded were dragged along with them, held by makeshift stretchers which were often constructed from the uniforms of the dead. The march was slow, many of the healthier soldiers weighed down by pieces of battle armor they had harvested from their fallen comrades. Some armor couldn't be brought back with them, so they rigged them with explosives to give any pirate looking to scavenge a terribly nasty surprise. Some of it they had left behind, still propped up in combat position, as a decoy, to see if the pirates would mistake them as still being there.

It seemed like an eternity before the sun came up again, which would have baked the already fatigued Macabean infantrymen had it not been for the ventilation provided by their powered suits. The extreme coastal humidity caused condensation to drop from ventilation slits like sweat. In the distance, the cackle of gunfire picked up again. Tiwanaku had awoken and the battle raged on. Some of the men in the long, tired column trudging ever northward hunkered down, half expecting to be attacked at any moment. It was a reaction born from experience, and that experience was taking a hefty psychological toll. Weariness sunk down, even though they knew that the farther the sun climbed into the sky, the more likely that their own personal battle for survival would begin anew. So they watched the windows next to and above them, strained eyes looking out for any signs of enemy soldiers. Their, perhaps justified, paranoia made them see ghosts and it wasn't long before the sullen quasi-silence of a depressed column was broken by a sudden sport of gunfire and the noise of rounds ricocheting off nearby walls. Counterproductive, their comrades said; the enemy would be made aware of their presence.

Near the head of the string of armored infantryman walked Ernst Dardel, his heavy feet falling to the ground with a *thud* at every step. You could not see it through his darkened visor, but his eyes were bloodshot. Dardel had not benefited from much sleep last night; he hadn't had much sleep at all in the past week. The terror of battle had gotten to him, and he still yearned for Mariel. Still, there was no word of whether she had survived the initial day of combat, when their Shalmaneser had been blown to smithereens by a hidden mine or explosive device. Next to him, with pieces of spare battle armor arrayed around his waist, marched Jonas Distahl. The two had made friends these past days, more out of necessity than for any other

reason. However, despite the fact that the only people the two conversed with were each other, Dardel knew virtually nothing about Distahl. The same was true vice versa, although Dardel's longing for Mariel was well known by almost the entire company. He had spent the first two days asking anyone he could whether they had heard of Mariel Varotz. The answer was always invariably 'no.'

Dardel figured that it was time to learn more about Distahl. "Comrade, do you have a loved one?"

The other soldier nodded, "Yes. Sonja Fernán. Two sons and a daughter, as well — Daró, little Petre, and Margarit. They are in Mosnoi Bor, spending time with their grandparents for the duration of my employment in this wasteland. And it looks like they will stay there permanently, because odds are that I will die soon, friend."

"They surely miss you," replied Dardel, "and that is surely reason not to die."

"Unfortunately," said Distahl, "I fear that these buccaneers care not for our reasons."

Dardel turned to look at Distahl, face hidden behind the composite helmet of his powered suit. He said, "I will not die, brother. I will not die before I find Mariel." He fell silent and so did the other man. Then, he said, "I know what you are thinking. That she is dead. But, I can't think like that. She is alive and I will find her, and I cannot die. That's all there is to it. I will kill as many pirates as need to be to reach her."

"You're going to reach her in the afterline, *kabos*, if you don't shut the fuck up." It was the *protosargént* behind them. Both of them turned their heads forward and dedicated themselves to continuing the march.

The sun reached its peaks in the skies above. White clouds slowly traversed it, casting light shadows upon the earth in an interspersed rhythm. The column moved on. Above, in one of the buildings, a movement. Then, a sudden, bright reflection off a muzzle brake, the rest of the weapon hidden behind the shelled-out remnants of a wall. There was no time for reaction; the firefight was revived. Machine gun and rifle fire rained from above, from the rear, from the front, from everywhere. To wait out the fight until nightfall, the remnants of the *bandag* were led into a tall, bullet-riddled, decrepit building, which they proceeded to clear. A handful of men were left by the front entrance to defend it, the rest of those still able to fight were broken into fire teams tasked going floor to floor, room to room. Distahl and Dardel were paired together, along with a lower-ranked *sargént* as their fire team leader, his name Sev Jihansen. They climbed up the staircase following others. As they approached the top floor, leaving behind the sound of violence below, they abruptly found themselves very alone. There were two doors, with a smaller staircase that led to the roof. They choose the door to their right, which Dardel promptly kicked down. Distahl went in first, only to be met by gunfire.

Dardel went in next, with Jihansen close behind him. There was an exchange of gunfire and when it all cleared up they saw two other dead bodies in the room, which were those of the unfortunate pirates that had chosen to pick a fight with them. Distahl was shaken, but okay. His armor had held up, despite being hit quite a bit. Another round shrieked through the air, originating from one of the rooms down a hall from the living room they had entered into. Dardel pursued the trail and was suddenly ambushed from all sides, but protected by Distahl and Jihansen behind them they made quick work of the other four in the apartment. That done, they made their way back to the staircase and prepared themselves to enter through the other door.

Below, there was a *hiss*, crash, and then a *boom*, a consequent wave of heat rising up the stairwell until it reached them. They didn't feel it, given their power armor, but they didn't need to. That was no

ordinary explosion. "What the fuck was that?" asked Jihansen, who peered down, unable to see anything due to a light plume of smoke that was chasing the heat upwards.

A brief silence was followed by the cacophony of a torrent of pirate fighters who flooded the lobby of the building, shooting wounded Macabean soldiers on the ground and then making their way upstairs. The gunfight moved in that direction, with the Imperial infantrymen in top floors turning their attention to the new threat. A hail of bullets poured down the stairwell and return fire traveled upwards, a deadly exchange of bullets where Dardel's *bandag* — fortunately for them — had the higher ground. But the pirates were relentless, and as one fell to Macabean bullets another two took that fighter's place. And like this, slowly, gradually, and with heavy loss, the Tiwanaku defenders made their way up, floor by floor. At each, the battle intensified, with the infantrymen on those floors taking positions in the rooms they had just cleared, offering resistance as the onslaught continued. It was hard to kill a fully armored Imperial infantryman and the pirates struggled. Ultimately, their sheer numbers continued to propel them forward, further up the building, and one by one Dardel's fellow soldiers were shot down — their armor penetrated, the power supplies fried, or simply blown up by a grenade. And on the battle raged.

Their numbers greatly reduced by the incessant fighting, the offensive started to peter out. Too heavily armed, too heavily armored, and now settled into comfortable defensive positions, the remnants of the Macabean *bandag* occupying the building were proving too difficult to root out. Dardel, Distahl, and *Sargént* Jihansen had moved their own positions further down the stairwell, finally settling at the bottom-most friendly floor and using furniture from the apartments there to construct an ad hoc barricade. Their enemies whittled down and the *bandag* now reduced to some thirty-seven battle-worthy men, the fight settled into a lull in the early afternoon. Nineteen other Imperial soldiers were still alive, but far too wounded to continue fighting. They were organized within a large room, two healthy soldiers there to administer whatever medical aid they had the skills and equipment for. Six of the wounded would die within the hour of their wounds. The battle itself had claimed almost twenty lives, including the *kapitán's* and the three *leutnants* attached to the unit. *Protosargént* Mikael Jor had somehow survived the initial blast on the bottom floor — that turned out to be a missile — and had somehow continued to fight all the way up to the third floor, which was now the one closest to the lobby that was still in Imperial hands. That hard-to-kill bastard.

The lull continued into the night, but Dardel could hear the enemy below, the scraping of furniture being moved around and the footsteps of more corsairs entering into the lobby below. Every now and then they would throw a grenade down the well and another one would come up, and the pirates committed to probing attacks, but the fight did not pick up its previous intensity. Dozens of those pirate warriors must have died below and they seemed to favor a more cautious approach, now that they no longer held the same advantages as they had when Dardel's unit had fought in the streets. Now it was a much more even fight, all considered, and the Golden Throne's superior weaponry and protection was making a mark. Regardless, the situation as it stood could not last very long. The pirates were gathering strength and they'd no doubt continue a general push to clear the building the next morning, or even that night when the Macabean infantrymen least expected it. For their part, Dardel and the others were exhausted and they were running out of supplies, including battery power and ammunition. They couldn't defend those positions forever, so a solution had to be found.

An idea came from the unlikeliest of sources, *Sargént* Jihansen, who was up to now known more for his qualities as a soldier than for his intelligence. As he, Dardel, and Distahl crouched at their posts, the proverbial lightbulb flashed above his head, and with a face full of excitement he asked through the suit comms, "Has anyone checked out the roof?"

It was on the general frequency, so all heard including *Protosargént* Jor, who was now the commanding officer. The reply to Jihansen came in his stern voice, "You better have a good reason for the chatter, *sargént*."

"I do, *sargént*," replied Jihansen, with a subtle, but almost undetectable, undertone of snark. "Telling from the size of the building, meaning the surface area of each floor, a transport chopper wouldn't have a hard time landing on the roof. Assuming, of course, there's a flat enough surface. The only way we can find out if this is a sound plan is to check, which I, since I was the one to go furthest up the building, garner we haven't done yet."

A pause. Then, "Fair enough, I'll have *Kabos* Gregor Belk" — probably someone coincidentally near the *protosargént* at the time — "go up and get us an idea of what we're working with." To someone else, he asked, "*Kabos* Didir Keles, is your radio functioning?"

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"Good, get ready to request extraction by chopper, if this plan works. In the meantime, we're going to have to explore other options in case it doesn't. I don't know why the hell we occupied this building in the first place. Maybe for some shelter until someone tried to link up with us and extract us. Maybe the *kapitán* didn't expect the trap. Whatever. Right now, our only other option is to break out of the building and continue our route north, until we hit friendly lines. I'm willing to see if Jihansen's plan is plausible, because anything is better right now than getting into another firefight, but the odds are low. And the longer we wait, the more we'll have to fight through. So, even while we see if we can call in some choppers to get us out of here, we'll have to lay out the groundwork for Plan B. Jihansen, if your idea works it was great, but we don't need you for it. I want you and your fireteam to probe enemy defenses in the next floor down, see what kind of punch they can pack. We'll lay covering fire against enemy troops trying to move through the lobby and up the stairwell. Don't get too bogged down. If there's anything you can't handle, including that damn missile launcher, get your ass back up to the third floor. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the *sargént*.

Dardel, who was listening to the conversation in silence, wasn't so confident. He was tired and getting back into a brawl didn't really sound all that appealing to him at the moment. Next to him, Distahl didn't seem to happy either, fidgeting as he was with his rifle. They were well beyond their mental breaking point, but these type of abstract concepts failed to translate in situations like these, where duty took precedence over self. Dardel and Distahl understood that, but they didn't need to be happy about it. So, with a sigh — that Dardel had decided to communicate to his friend over a private comm frequency —, they started to ready themselves to head downstairs.

Jihansen put up a closed fist, and the two *kabos* kneeled back down, and in a channel private to the fireteam, he said, "Hold your horses. *Protosargént* is relaying more specific orders over a private channel to me. Let's see what Belk sees on the roof, and then'll we'll move out. How does that sound?"

"It all sounds equally as terrible to me," was the only thing Dardel said.

They waited and a few minutes later the *protosargént* confirmed that *Kabos* Belk had made it to the room, where there were two pirate gunmen waiting for him. They had set up a machine gun nest up there, with the putative intention to open fire on Macabean helicopters providing close air support to the area. It turned out that the roof was fairly flat, with only the edges raised to form a low wall; however, it was also full of fancy accouterments designed for a more civilized world, like small gardens which fencing was made out of once beautiful, but now charred and damaged, western Theohuanacu

cedar. All this would have to be cleared before any helicopter could land, so the *protosargént* sent another three men up there to do just that. How exactly they'd do that was an unknown, but they'd figure it out — despite their bad rap in the intelligence department, infantrymen always figured shit out. In the meantime, their radioman — *Kabos* Didir — was in contact with headquarters, explaining the situation and attempting to schedule a rendezvous. Even if they could, it'd be a difficult operation. Airlifting a little over fifty people, thirty-seven of them fully suited up, would take nine or ten helicopters. With enough room for one to land at a time, the risk was evident.

On his end, Dardel's began to feel the onset of light diarrhea that comes with the fluttering butterfly of an overtaxed nervous system. It was time to get this day over with already. Against a backdrop of muffled explosions, coming from the hundreds of other micro-battles taking place throughout the northern outskirts of Tiwanaku, Dardel, Jihansen, and Distahl rose as one and started their way downstairs. The chatter over the comms now off, a sinister silence befell them, interrupted only by the muffled noise of their armored feet.

Slowly, they crept ever downwards until they reached a jerry-built barricade, which they went around. No one on the third-floor platform, strange. Then, Dardel saw something strange. There was a brief flicker in one of the eye-holes that he surely would not have seen had his vision not been augmented by the heads-up display built into his suit's visor. And without a second given to react, they found themselves once again embroiled in an exchange of gunfire. From the room across from them a machine gun blasted through the door and lit up the unlighted hallway with crisscrossing tracers. Jihansen was caught unawares and even power armor has trouble stopping repeated impacts, so he went down. Distahl and Dardel tried to shimmy back around the barricade for cover, until Distahl finally tossed in a grenade, which took care of the problem three seconds later with sharp *boom!* and a consequent cloud of dust. To make sure nothing like that happened again, Distahl threw a smoke grenade, which their visors could filter out, and then crawled back around the barricade to pull Jihansen out of there. The fucker was heavy, especially when combining his weight with that of the (now dead) power armor, but, with some assist from his own powered gear, Dardel was able to get out of harm's way.

Two rounds right to the gut, the *sargént* was dying. The suit's power supply had also been compromised, so it wasn't administering the cocktail of drugs it usually did. Turning his comms back on again, he pinged Jor, "*Protosargént*, *Sargént* Jihansen is not in good shape. Large wound in the abdominal, heavy bleeding, the suit is off."

Down below, a large body of pirates was making its way upstairs to reinforce the second floor. "He's as good as dead, soldier. Right now, I want you to focus on clearing and holding that second floor," replied Jor, finally.

"That's gonna be really tough, *Protosargént*. They've got reinforcements headed our way..." A sharp whistle interrupted him, as a contrail of smoke flashed by as something zipped downwards. A millisecond later an explosion. Dardel stood to look over the railing. "Shit, never mind, good work. So, that's what you meant when you said fire support." A chunk of the stairway had been blown to pieces, preventing reinforcements from being able to climb up any further.

"You're welcome, now get your ass moving," was the only thing Jor said in response.

As Distahl and Dardel started to clear the two apartments on the floor, one by one, Keles apparently made headway with whoever he was speaking with at HQ. It was a short time later that the *protosargént's* sweet-as-horseradish voice came back over the comms, "Greelight on the extraction. Distahl, Dardel, your job is to hold that second floor and protect our backs. Those asshole pirates are going to find another way up and you guys are going to make sure they get a nasty surprise when they do." Already, the two

infantrymen could hear their enemies putting together a makeshift bridge, made out of something like rope telling from the rasping noise it was making as they attempted to throw each end component over the new gap in the stairs. Jor's final words were, "Do. Not. I repeat, **do not**, let them get past you."

The next twenty minutes were the worst kind of boring. The type of boring where you have nothing to do but wait until shit hits the fan. Every once in a while, they'd interrupted their enemies' attempts to bridge the gap. Then the clatter of machine gun fire picked up as the muffled *whoosh-whoosh-whoosh* of helicopter rotors penetrated the building's thick walls. The choppers came with air support too, because they could hear that distressing rattle of chainguns, as they peppered something outside with their giant, deadly ammunition. That's when events started to accelerate. Knowing that they were missing their chance to wipe out the *bandag*, the pirates started to get more reckless with their bridging attempts, and finally they started to cross over. Some plummeted down to the lobby, to their deaths (or a very painful life), but many made it over and started making their way back up. The two infantrymen charged with making sure they couldn't climb up any further were still on comm silence and, still, no one said anything to them. Enemy fighters kept coming...and dying...but, they kept comin' regardless. By the time comm silence was broken, Dardel and Distahl were getting overwhelmed.

It was, of course, the *protosargént*. "Alright boys, pack it up and start your withdrawal. I'm here at the top to cover your ass, but you gotta get up here fast. Those choppers are under fire and we need to vamoose."

So, that they did, with some difficulty and too slowly. In between killing another two or three foes, they'd hear a "hurry up!" or a "our ride needs to get the hell out of here." Backing up, one step at a time, they gracefully withdrew under an intensifying fire. A stinging sweat poured down Dardel's face; the ventilation wasn't helping. With each successive successful score they got on his armor, he grew more aware of his mortality. He couldn't die here; not now; not like this. That's when a bullet went right through Distahl's visor, the round entering through his left eye socket and coming out the back of his head, until it mushroomed against the inside of the rear helmet plate. Distahl fell to his knees, already lifeless, and crumpled onto the floor.

Dardel stopped in his tracks and knelt down to check on his fallen friend. He ignored the sweet, sweet screams of "hurry the **fuck** up, guy!" and, to Distahl, whispered, "When this is all over, I'll see your family in Ruska, and I'll tell them you died a man."

Life is so fragile.

"Sorry kid, we need to bounce." Dardel didn't move, frozen as he was. Exasperation. Shock. Everyone he knew was dead. Mariel too, most likely. Jor's last communication with Dardel was, "We gotta leave, kid. I'm sorry."

Dardel dropped his rifle and surrendered.

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

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Diplomat

Posts: 888
Founded: Jan 01, 2008
Left-wing Utopia

The House of Ironwing and Heart

by [Havensky](#) » Fri Jan 15, 2016 9:27 pm

[Listen: Heart](#)

Citadel City, Havensky

Prime Minister Elizabeth Artemis and Queen Jessica Heart walked along the Salām river trail like two old friends out on a lunch date. Jessica's long red hair contrasting sharply with Artemis' dark hair. Artemis was much taller than Jessica. Of course, Artemis was taller



than most anyone.

The would have escaped noticed on the crowded park area if not for the fact that they were two of the most recognizable faces in Havensky and surrounded by about a dozen Skyan Legionaries in bright red armor. The Red Guard kept their distance and smiled at passers by. A few of the Guard posed for pictures with some children that were playing in the park.

"That is quite a city.", remarked the Prime Minister. "I was here just a year ago and since then it's grown so much. I will never cease to be amazed at the progress of the Citadel. Lady Burnham is to be commended on actually pulling it off."

Jessica Heart stopped to gaze at the Citadel City skyline. The glass and steel buildings that sat next to the Salām river each had a twin next to it. The buildings were built in such a way that it would cast light towards the other to cancel out the other's shadow. With the number of super-tall buildings in the Citadel, Lady Edalynn Burnham had taken care to ensure that city didn't turn into a dark crowded shadowy place.

It hadn't been an easy task. The bay created a thick fog that constantly covered the island that Citadel City was situated on. However, on a good day - the tall buildings broke through the fog and the residents seemed to be living in a cloud city. The art deco highlights breaking up what would otherwise be monotone glass and steel. The people below walked the busy streets in all sorts of fashions.

"Lady Burnham would insist that I remind you Prime Minister that she had a lot of help from the Builder's Union."

"Of course, I wonder how many lives we've altered by building this city. People without anywhere else to go coming here and picking up a hammer.. building up all this and calling it home. The blood, sweat, and tears that must be poured into the bones of this city."

And we're still building...the crews have moved over to New Foundry to start work there. No skyscrapers though - mostly single family homes. I think quite a few of them intend to raise families there - where it's quieter.

Bah, I like the noise. From when we started our walk to here how many languages do you think we've overheard?

The Queen turned her head slightly counting in her head. There were a lot of people in the park including a number young families who had come out to let their kids run around on the grass and enjoy the unusually warm weather. Food trucks parked along side certain areas of the park calling out their different menu items: kimchi tacos, steak burgers, meatballs and fried ramen.

Well, let's see...I thought I heard Common, Spanish, Japanese, Arabic, Gristoli and...Melegian..I think?

You forgot that Ghantish couple taking a tour.

Oh come on, you didn't say we were playing this game until just now. I suppose it is something amazing given where we are. I couldn't have imagined this ten years ago. A safe haven between the cappers and a slaver empire. A free city in in the center of Gholgoth.

Well, such things did come at a cost. remarked the Prime Minister as they passed a bronze statue of the medical airship *HRA Belmont* which had been **blown apart during the Milograd conflict**. A nearly identical airship passed by overhead followed by several commercial transport airships.

Jessica turned and looked south towards the large bronze statue on the left bank of the river - the one created to honor fallen

Legionaries - and thought of Tycho.

Nearly simultaneously, the glass bands around their wrists began to vibrate and flash bright red.

"And I fear there may be more costs that come to bear."

The two summoned their guards and they headed down to the undertain station and boarded a private car towards the Citadel.

* * * *

Citadel High Council Chambers

*"They said **what?!?!!**, exclaimed Artemis as she was told the contents of the message from the Scandinavian Empire.*

The High Council had been summoned quickly with the Prime Minister joined by the Queen, King, Sky Marshal Gonzales, High Executor Profecta and Secretary of State Lance Atticus. Mathias Willow had joined them virtually from his cabin aboard *Athena's Call*.

Artemis took a deep breath and leveled a question at the glass screen containing *Stars and Signals* Officer Mathias Willow's head.

"Commander Willow.. are you absolutely gods damn sure that this was not us. When I re-authorized the Order of the Furies this is not the sloppy and downright foolish work I expected to see."

The head of Mathias nodded, *"Prime Minister, I can assure you I have personally contacted every member of the Order and none of them are deployed anywhere close to the incident.*

"Don't be vague with me Commander!"

"To clarify, we have been unable to establish enough confidence to deploy a member of the Order inside Scandinavian territory."

"Fine, can we think of any other reason why they're blaming us other than it being pretty damn convenient for them?"

There was silence across the room until the bass voice of Sky Marshal Gonzales spoke.

"We've been unable to gather any intelligence on the matter to know for sure what happened. However, given the slaver's extensive state security apparatus it seems unusual they wouldn't catch a rebel force this big. They aren't known for their mistakes."

"Do you think they allowed this to happen?," asked Ironwing.

"This would be the second major rebellion in so many days. The incident with the nuke would have been the first.", remarked Willow.

The room fell silent again except for the sound of the gears turning inside the heads of those duly appointed or elected to govern Havensky. Aides brought coffee. Finally, the High Executor broke the silence.

"Well, obviously we have to reject the whole list of demands. We should probably do so publically."

* * * *

The media was told that there would be a major press conference by the Prime Minister at precisely 7:00pm Citadel Standard Time. Not only had every national news network been invited, but they also took the unusual step of inviting media outlets from nations throughout Gholgoth, Sondria and Greater Deinstand. The Fedala Times from The Golden Throne was given a prime seat.

The flags of the Skybound Republic had been arranged just behind the Prime Minister's Gothic Office. Her large oak desk sitting in front of a large window overlooking city's neon skyline broken up only by the Salām river. A few airships dotted the evening sky behind her.

Prime Minister Elizabeth Artemis got up from the desk after rehearsing her speech and walked up to a tall Scandinavian man.

"Ah, Fylkir Tarnack. It's a pleasure to meet you at last. What did you think?"

Fylkir Tarnack was the only known Scandinavian Lord to seek asylum from the Empire. He had been in Citadel City on a business trip when the Sons of Erid had taken power, and it had become clear he could never go back. Rendered casteless, the Skybound Republic had given him asylum, citizenship, and a new job at Citadel University as a professor of Scandinavian culture. He had been asked to help Artemis with her speech to the region.

"Good evening Prime Minister. If you will, your 'w's' should be more like Vs. Your 'oo' should be a bit more rounded. However, I am surprised that you've progressed so quickly."

"We're Skyans, we speak many tongues. With practice, it gets easier to mimic the accents. How is your wife?"

"She's due in a few weeks, thank you very much for asking my lo... Ms. Prime Minister."

"Old habits die hard."

* * * *

Regional Address 7:00pm Citadel Time

The camera turned red and indicated that the feed was live. Prime Minister Artemis sat behind her desk wearing a business suit. A small Skyan flag on her lapel.

"Good evening,

Earlier today, we received a telegram from the Slave Empire of The Scandinvans. The Scandinvans have alleged that the Skybound Republic took part in an attempted assassination of Crown Prince Erid. Per the Slave Empire, the attack also killed two brothers of the Crown Prince. The Empire has also demanded that The Skybound Republic conceded to a list of demands that would weaken our security as payment for this attack.

Let me be clear. The Skybound Republic of Havensky had no knowledge or participation in this attack. The Skybound Republic, despite our intense disagreements on human rights, civil liberties, women's rights, freedom of speech, freedom of worship, and the issue of slavery, has complied fully with the non-aggression pact signed when we first entered the region. We reject the demands as we have done no wrong.

The Skybound Republic of Havensky has been entirely upfront in our intentions towards the Slaver Empire. Our ally and economic partner, The Golden Throne, has declared war on the Slaver Empire. When we learned of this, we immediately offered to hold peace talks. We, despite the reluctance of the Golden Throne, offered to bring both parties to the table leveraging our economic ties with the Golden Throne and our membership in the Gothic Council to bring the two sides together.

The Slaver Empire refused our advances for peace talks.

The Skybound Republic of Havensky - seeking to confirm the rationale behind the declaration of the war from the Golden Throne - has investigated the claims that the Slaver Empire funded rebel pirates in his nation's waters causing strife and violence in the Golden Throne. Our

investigation has found evidence that this is true - evidence that we have put on display at our Embassy in ULE City for members of the Gothic Council to review and see the truth for themselves.

We request this same courtesy to be extended to us for the baseless allegations from the Scandinvans. We demand that the Empire present this alleged evidence to be inspected by the Gothic Lords."

Elizabeth paused for a moment. When she spoke again it was in the Scandinavian tongue. Subtitles allowed viewers to read what she was speaking.

*"Those in the Empire should know, that it is the desire of the Skyan People to continue our peaceful co-existence. You are faced with a choice at this time. Over the past few months, we have noticed that your government has taken a path towards extremism. The wholesale **slaughter** of dissidents. The attempt to takeover Shen Almaru. The nuclear detonation in one of your own cities. And now, the provocation of one of the most powerful nations in Greater Dienstad resulting in a declaration of war that will surely bring more conflict to the region.*

You have a choice. Turn away from this patch and enjoy the peace you have earned. If your government continues down the path of extremism, you run the risk of drawing your people into more conflict. It does not have to be this way.

Our offer of peace talks with the Golden Throne still stands. If we are not a suitable party, the Empire of Ghant has also volunteered for the task.

We do not understand why your government has decided to blame this attack on us. The Skyan People do not seek war. However, when the Skyans go to war we make it known exactly why and we fly our banners high. Look at our history.. you know this to be true. In Milograd. In Vetalia. Our Legionaries show their faces - we do not need to hide behind masks."

Elizabeth Artemis, elected head of the Skyan People, folded her hands upon the oak desk and gave the camera a softer look. She spoke again, in common this time.

"The people of this world know of our reputation. A reputation for kindness, for tolerance, for our high regard of liberty and our commitment to the human rights of not just our citizens but people of the entire region.

There has long been an awkward tension in our relations with the Scandinvans. For a people who have wars to protect the life and liberty of other on one hand and on the other allow the ships of the enslaved to pass so close to our shores make our government seem hypocritical. I acknowledge this; with the following caveat.

It has long been our preference to conduct our affairs peacefully. It has long been our preference to attempt reform through means of commerce and diplomacy. We wish this to be the norm.

However, we should warn those who would mistaken this kindness for weakness - those who would seek to render asunder what we've built here. Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty.

On the behalf and the behest of the Skyan People, I wish the world well and pray for peaceful times."

Last edited by [Havensky](#) on Sat Jan 16, 2016 10:11 am, edited 3 times in total.

The Skybound Republic of Havensky
(Pronounced Haven-Sky)

Territory held in
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**N&I RP Mentor Specializing in PMT, Character Development,
Worldbuilding, and Diplomacy - TG me for help!**





The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3870
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by **The Macabees** » Tue Jan 19, 2016 3:21 pm

QUOTE

El Frontera, Mokastana

Kriermak 'Gholgoth' takes shape...

A gull, its bright blue wings — characteristic of the local variety — spread wide, rode a cold breeze into El Frontera's harbor. It circled once before landing on the snow white tip of a wide cannon barrel, fluttering its wings before coming to a rest to crane its neck to snoop in various directions. Naturally, it neither cared nor knew that the cannon barrel it was standing on belonged to a battleship, the vessel's large blue-white flag waving in the wind. Without a concern in the world, the small bird sat there at peace, ironic given the setting. Indeed, in that harbor, outside of it, and to either side up and down the coast was arrayed the largest fleet ever arrayed by the Golden Throne. Christened *Kriermak* — a completely novel fleet-size designation, given that one of this size had not been put together before — 'Gholgoth,' there were already almost five thousand (4,800 to be more-or-less exact) ships deployed in or off-the-coast of Mokastana and Haishan, on the northeastern fringes of Greater Dienstad. This fleet, of course, had but one purpose, which was to pave the way for the ground invasion of the formidable and menacing Scandinavian Empire.

But, 'Gholgoth' was merely an infant. A newborn child still patiently awaiting the inevitable growth it was destined to undertake. Indeed, and while the Golden Throne had carefully stripped its various naval deployments across Greater Dienstad, without sacrificing its ability to defend its assets, *Kriermak* 'Gholgoth' remained only a shadow of its future self. Soon, as fast as the Golden Throne could construct its newest fleets, 'Gholgoth' would grow larger, rivaling even the navies of some mid-sized countries. Of course, it would take quite a bit to make a mark on the Scandinavian navy, undoubtedly gargantuan and potent in its own right.

The gull suddenly spread its wings, bent its legs, and then lunged off the dreadnought cannon. The bird, one of the more beautiful variants of its kind, swept back out to sea, towards a large cargo ship that seemed to be towing an even larger vessel of some sort. No, not a vessel. A *platform*! Others of similar shape and size dotted the horizon, as far as the eye could see, interspersed with individual elements of *Kriermak* 'Gholgoth,' undoubtedly their escort. Using a particularly strong gust to propel it along, the gull fully extended its wings and rode it until landing on one of these platforms, which was then being situated into a position along several others which had been released by whatever ship had towed it into place. Once placed together, it was clearer what these large constructs were intended to achieve — it was all a large floating base, although still bereft of any habitation, or indeed infrastructure for habitation. They were the skeletons of a long string of offshore bases that would house the bulk of the Golden Throne's advanced guard, until *Kriermak* 'Gholgoth' finally set sail for their destination (which, at first, would not be Gholgoth itself, but a halfway point between the two regions instead).

When the platform shuddered into place, releasing a *hiss* along with a rumble which to the bird must have felt like the clashing of two tectonic plates, the gull scrambled off its perch and flew out back towards the horizon. Probably to some place that did not stink of war.



Battle of Rosquense, Theohuanacu

Part I...

"Micxotol, blessed are thou. Shield us; encircle us together. Shepherd us towards victory." On his knees, an intricately carved shrine before him, Captain Carol prayed to Micxotol.

Micxotol, the Theohuanacan God of War. Although, for the most part, non-native, pirate settlers to the southern and eastern Theohuanacan coastlines were quick to adopt local cultural and religious customs, and in fact became their greatest champion after the island-continent's colonization by northern and out-of-region powers during the Age of Exploration. Indeed, because while the native population was gradually eliminated by means of germs, guns, and assimilation, it was the pirate cities in the southeast who adopted the Theohuanacan religion as their own and institutionalized it in most of southern Theohuanacu, after centuries of expansion, rape, and pillaging. Of course, the adoption was not exactly pure. The pirates inserted cultural elements of their own, which were often militaristic and, in a sense, apologetic — a justification for a way of life which was based around the presumed right to enslave and kill others. And, thus, whereas Micxotol was once a God of War who valued just-war (assuming such a thing exists), he had been transformed into a god of self-righteous violence. And, as such, Captain 'Three-Legged' Carol made his daily prayer to his God of War, to provide him with the virtues needed to survive another day against their enemy, so that he could one day — when this war of independence was over — continue to expand, rape, and pillage.

Propped up by his fully extended left arm, the right hand covering his breast, Carol finished the prayer as the fire within the shrine's hearth continued to burn with the intensity of Micxotol's own rage. Behind him, a slave approached carrying a heavy red cloak, which she proceeded to attach to the captain's shoulders. Whiskers of smoke, from the incense burning on a mantle shelf of sorts, which sat above the hearth, wrapped around the two. Carol was unperturbed, concentrated as he was on his invocation. The slave left as soon as she was done, scurrying away as if she half expected her master to rise and ask for something...unsavory...from her. He was known, it is true, for his sexual appetite, and his own 'lovers' were the women (and sometimes men) that he owned. A minute later, he rose as well and approached the mantle, slowly putting out the incense and then grabbing a votive of Micxotol. He kissed the figure on the head and then carefully placed it back where he took it from. He stood there for a second, as if there was something he had forgotten to do, but then promptly turned around and marched out of his bedroom with graceful vigor.

Outside his room's door stood posted a guard with heavy arms and broad shoulders, and next to him was a more unexpected man, 'Bald Headed' Jaqson. He was apparently waiting for Carol to finish his morning religious routine, knowing that the captain did not appreciate interruptions when it came to spiritual matters and superstition. "Cap'n Carol," he said, "they come."

"Wake all scallywags. All hands on deck!" ordered Carol, who did not cease his march out into the hall and into an elevator, into which Jaqson promptly followed. This took them down to the bottom floor and the two made their way out of the building, soon trailed by a contingent of troops who undoubtedly made up something akin to an honor guard. Once out, Jaqson parted ways and ran through the camp to warn all those who were not of their posts of the impending danger. The Golden Throne was on its way.

Carol made his way through the half-deserted streets of Rosquense. The only souls present were groups of pirate soldiers organized along trenches dug into the ground and fortifications blocking off main streets. Others were in the buildings, prepared to ambush the mechanized column that would undoubtedly be arriving soon. Along rooftops and makeshift fortifications constructed in more visible areas were chain gang of slaves carrying what were most probably fake assault rifles, standing guard by antique anti-air cannons that would be completely ineffective against modern aircraft and air-to-surface ordnance. Their purpose could only be to draw Imperial fire away from Carol's troops —a most horrendous reality, but an effective one. As the pirate captain walked by one position he'd inspect it, mutter a few words of either support or recommendations, and then continue on his way. To the slaves, he said nothing; cattle were cattle, not

even worth looking at. Besides, in a few hours they'd all most likely be dead. Best to forget about that asset altogether, lest one get too emotionally invested in their property and unnecessarily adverse to loss.

As the captain approached a makeshift bunker, built into a pre-existing cellar, its open doors covered by tall, spindly vines, a lookout came out from within. Clad in a dark colored uniform made, it seemed, of light ballistic weave, the man was built for running. You could tell in the long, thin shape of his muscles, and the length of his legs. That was, after all, why he had been assigned as a lookout — and not just any lookout, but the head of Carol's advance warning crew. Carol approached him as soon as he spotted the man. "Ahoy! T'is good to see ye alive another morning, Na'taniel."

"Aye, cap'n." Stress was taking its toll, by the curtness of his response.

Carol smiled and put his hand on the lookout's shoulder. "Alas! Do not be troubled, today will see splendid seas. Tell me, matey, when was thee last Imperial pass?" He was referring to Macabean unmanned aerial vehicles, usually of the G11 variety. 'Radar transparent,' they were incredibly hard to see, both in the metaphorical and literal sense, *especially* with the type of (or lack of) equipment at Captain Carol's disposal. Over the course of the decade they had learned to look out for certain 'symptoms' of their presence, however, and while they usually could not shoot them down, they would at least be aware that the Golden Throne was watching them. This time, though, there was no such luck.

"Nay, cap'n. Not in thee past week," replied Nathaniel.

'Three-Legged' thought about that, and then said, "Alas, move thee batteries regardless." The pirates had a few tricks up their sleeves, and one of these were surface-to-air missile batteries the Scandinvans had supplied them with in the final months of preparation leading up to the war. In short supply and of high value, the pirates were well aware of the fact that they'd be early targets of Imperial bombardment. As a result, the effort to move these batteries around was more than usual, even if there wasn't an explicit reason to do so. A Macabean warplane could swoop in at any moment to knock them out, so it was best to keep the Imperial scurvy dogs guessing as to these assets' locations, and that was doubly true now that an all-out Macabean attack was due to occur at any given moment.

A deep rumbling noise approached from the northeastern horizon. They were on their way. This was not a question of one or two aircraft either; the Imperials were coming in strength. "T'is too late," said Carol. Turning to one of his men, he ordered, "Make thee rounds. Everyone to their positions!" With that, Carol stepped into the bunker, from where he would command his men during the battle which was surely soon to come.

And that it did. The deep, profound yawn of inbound fighters revealed itself as two squadrons of Falcons, small, agile multirole fighters that since their inception had become the mainstay jet aircraft of their kind in the *Laerihans*. Pouncing upon rebel positions in Rosquense, they dove from great heights to drop their bombs and missiles. Suddenly appearing from the sky, they made their first pass over rebel positions in minutes, only to turn and scream in a wide arc to make a second run. Before there was time for even the dust to settle and damaged buildings to crumble, they came again, dropping a flood of deadly ordnance on targets below — including those poor slaves chained to their positions, without means to defend themselves. Pirate anti-air batteries responded in kind. The orange-red of rockets' flame fronts streaked through the bright blue skies, propelling the missiles up towards their intended targets. Some struck gold, hitting the Falcons in the belly or clipping a wing. These either limped back to base, or crashed and burned into the lightly grassed expanse of southern Theohuanacu's coastal plains. In the horizon, one could see the bright flash of bombs and crashes, as battle raged

all along the Palenque front.

The attack continued for just over half an hour. When the jets had run out of bombs and missiles, they opted to strafe with their guns. Deep in his bunker, Carol waited while the ground above continued to shake under the pressure of bombardment. When it temporarily cleared, as the Imperial aircraft rushed back to base to re-arm and re-fuel, he emerged from the cellar to survey the damage and check up on his troops. The scene above ground was near apocalyptic. Carol had seen war before, and had in fact fought as a landlubber grunt during the previous siege of Palenque many years back, but this was particularly gruesome. It helped, of course, that he had set up many of his slaves to die easy deaths. They lay scattered across streets, strewn over hills of rubble, some headless or otherwise quartered. The rubble. Yes, the rubble. Where buildings were standing before now were mountains of shattered glass, snapped wood, and damaged steel. It seemed a miracle that there was still much of Rosquense left, although it was also true that the bombardment suffered thus far was only a fraction of an example of what the *Laerihans* could accomplish.

As 'Three-Legged' Carol walked from trench to trench, from building to building, his lookouts re-took positions on menacing ramparts built up high on taller buildings. They were keeping watch for another kind of threat — the dreaded *Ejermacht*. And it was not long before one lookout, temporarily detaching his eyes from his binoculars, turned to yell down at the street, "Tell cap'n Carol that here come thee beasts!"

And just then, another squadron of Falcon fell from the sky, almost from out of nowhere in fact, to strafe those bold enough to show themselves after the initial bombardment. They also targeted the missile batteries that had revealed themselves, knocking them out quickly and efficiently. Without space to breathe, the Rosquense pirates prepared for the upcoming ground battle. Here was where they would show their mettle.



Southeastern Coast of Theohuanacu

"Let them starve..."

Sometimes she wished that she could let her hair flow, let it whip freely in the air. But freedom was a scarce liberty in the *Kriermada*, especially for a woman of her class. Days like these were to be cherished, when she could stand on the deck of her ship — the dreadnought *Agrién* — and breathe in the bittersweet ocean air and not another soul near her to disturb the fragile peace she had earned for herself. The gentle waves crashed lightly against the tall hull, the spray splashing the ship's menacing walls with white froth like a mad artist flicking paint upon a canvas. The rhythm of sound gave pacing to her thoughts and she closed her eyes, facing the prow of her ship, the flagship of *Kriergup* 'Theohuanacu.'

"I can always count on you to disturb me at the worst times," she said, only quasi-facetiously.

Blue uniform pristine, golden fringes glittering under the sun, the man behind her did not seem at all disturbed at her directness. She had established precedent for the way she addressed her subordinates and, by now, all officers who survived under her command had well grown endeared to her aggressiveness. They respected her because of it. "You must excuse my lack of grace, *Admiránt* Goskánt. But, I am only the messenger." He said that last thing with a pretty grin on his face.

She allowed herself a light laugh, but still, she neither opened her eyes or turned to face him. "I take it that our commanders are ready

for me."

The admiral then turned and began walking across the deck to a hatch, the man — who one could perhaps assume was her executive officer — on her heels. Down a dimly lit passageway they went, sailors and minor officers snapping to attention as she plowed through. She paid them very little heed, instead intent on getting where she needed to be. Today was an eventful day for her career. Today, she was going to war. She was going to avenge, or at least start the process of avenging, the disastrous attack on her fleet group. For her, this meant more than one might at first suppose. As a woman, to reach the rank of *admiránt* was a miracle. To be made commander of an entire *kriergroup*, albeit a small backwater one, was frankly unimaginable before her promotion. But, if there was one woman who could reach such great heights, break down so many barriers, it was Natali Goskánt. After today, she would also be the first woman to lead a Macabean fleet group, let alone a Macabean fleet, into battle. The excitement rushed through her bones, but she kept that energy contained to manifest only spartan dedication — her trademark, her secret to success.

Arriving to the ship's command center, hidden deep within the *Agrien's* voluminous hull, she saw that her fleet's commanders awaited her there. They stood until she ordered them to sit, as they were told was proper custom when under her orders. Goskánt was the only person in the fleet that could bring them comfort or respite; making her content was the key to their own happiness. She did not allow them to sit right away. Walking into the room, she gave them a cold, hard stare, and said, "Less than two weeks ago, our fleet was crippled in our own port. Under my nose! And that is only in addition to what has already been going on, without us even having the most minimal idea. I am referring to the Scandinavian shipment of arms to nascent pirate forces. I am embarrassed for myself, I am embarrassed for us." She paused, for dramatic effect, and then went on. "But, we have been handed a chance to redeem ourselves from our shame. We've received our orders to enforce a blockade of the Theohuanacan border, from Palenque to Tiwanaku. And, before any of you speak up, I know we are at half strength. Still, we shall succeed and she shall bring pain to our enemies."

"Will we be reinforced?" asked someone wearing captain's insignia — *Kapitán* Fransis Lensat.

Goskánt did not answer right away. Better to let her subordinates wait for her. Then, "Yes and no. *Kríermak* 'Gholgoth' has priority, of course. To that end, we've been stripped of *Kríerflot* 'Quetzal,' who had any lost or damaged ships replenished out of *Kríerflot* 'Xantico,' as we are all well aware of. However, we, 'Xantico' that is, will have its escort ships replenished out of *Kriergroups* 'Ixchel' and 'Indras.' Our damaged capital ships will eventually be repaired and returned to us. Apart from that, we should not expect further reinforcement. That being said, we also know that we can count on our allies and Task Force *Kacer*."

Someone in the back of the room snorted. Goskánt caught the man, *Vicadmirant* Natan Comil, the supposed commander of the *kriérflot*. His power had been diluted since the departure of the fleet group's second fleet, but his attitude had only been inflated. Goskánt did not leave those types of things unaddressed. "*Vicadmiránt* Comil, you seem amused. I ask you to share with us what you find so amusing."

Only immediately caught off balance by her direct challenge, Comil quickly regained his composure and his grin returned to his face. "*Admiránt*, I beg your forgiveness, but I cannot but help to laugh at the irony of our situation."

Goskánt raised her finger, as if to shush the *vicadmiránt*, and turned to the man who is presumably her XO. "Can you bring me a glass of water, please?" The man nodded and walked out. She turned back to Comil and said, "You were speaking of irony. Care to elucidate?"

"Sure." He looked down and away, pensive. His eyes darted back to

her's. "You spoke of shame, in reference to the arming of the rebellion and the recent attack on the fleet, here in Tlaloc. Yet, we are putting our national security in the hands of a Gothic fleet, which has been granted the use of a port in Theohuanacu. The great Jonach is surely rolling in his grave. *That* is shame!"

The *admiránt's* cold, hard stare could pierce through lead. Comil stirred in his seat. "And you interrupted this briefing to comment on geopolitical problems that are of no immediate concern to us? Do us all a favor, *vicadmiránt*, and spare this room of your nonsense political drivel," she sneered, her face distorted in disgust. The man needed some disciplining. His rank was going to his head, and now that events had undermined his control over *Krierflot* 'Xantico' he seemed more rebellious than usual. "Our Skyan allies will reinforce our efforts here and, in fact, already have. They have spent this past week intensifying their patrols of the waters in and around the Thacu Islands, prowling for pirate shipping. This will be an immense use to us, because our blockade will undoubtedly be porous, and" — this was a direct message to Comil — "there's absolutely no use in discounting that aid out of some erroneous preconceived notion on the honor of relying on extra-regional support. If His Imperial Majesty thinks the Skyan fleet in Theohuanacu is to the benefit of the Golden Throne, then so do we." She looked at the *vicadmiránt*, as if daring him to respond, but he stood quietly.

The man, who we presume is Goskánt's XO, returned with a glass of water. The *admiránt* gave her thanks and the man stepped to the side, back into the shadows of the conversation.

She wasn't yet done with Comil. "*Vicadmiránt*, I know the difficult situation that you live through. Your services here are, for now, limited in scope. You deserve more responsibility, I think we can all agree. You will be our liaison with Task Force *Kacer*." She paused, as her XO handed her a folder as thick as a textbook. She turned her attention back to Comil. "As I was saying, you will be our liaison with Skyan forces stationed in the Golden Throne. Their commander is Admiral Colina Murciel. Here is her file. Read up on her, your new job starts tomorrow."

She transferred her attention to all others in the room. "As for the rest of you, your orders are waiting for you at your ships. The fleet sets sail tomorrow. Make sure your men are ready. I have one last thing to say. We have suffered defeat these early weeks of war. Our fleet in Theohuanacu has been severely handicapped. The *Ejermacht's* assault on Tiwanaku has been unsuccessful. The pirates want to play us; they mean to make us bleed for victory. I won't allow that to happen. We will blockade them and we will let them starve."

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

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Palmyrion
Minister

Posts: 2381
Founded: Mar 04, 2015
Father Knows Best State

by **Palmyrion** » Wed Jan 20, 2016 4:36 am



Somewhere in Northern Palmyrion

They would be making another bust, and this time it was an all-or-nothing operation. The last ship was not able to be caught, despite a fierce attack by special action platoons from the Gendarmerie (Gendarmerie Special Group-9th Echelon, GSG-9), the Army (Ground Special Operations Group), and the Navy (Naval Special Operations Group)-the slavers were outnumbering them almost 1.5:1 in favor of the slavers. That was simply another thing for the Palmyrian special forces operators to shrug off; after all, they've faced hordes twice this size and with only a fraction of men, but [it once ended tragically with a Pyrrhic victory in favor of the Palmyrians](#).

"This barge is the last slaver ship to be docked in Palmyrion, and once this slips out of our hands we've got no evidence to point out whoever it is who is funding them. Operators, we need to capture this ship, and we have to do it immediately. The navy's begun

operations to block the ship from ever escaping, with the mouth of the Maasin river* being blockaded by Gendarmerie patrol boats and farther out the navy itself." said Capt. Co while walking around with a stick on one hand. Captain Co, or better yet Captain Maxinne Denise Catalan Co, was a rather stern woman; the rest of the company she commands treats her like they would the president. One order was enough to send their boots clattering to where she wants them.

"Plan A is to attack the slaver harbor itself. We'll need to do this quick and silently, under the cover of night." Maxinne flashes a collection of reconnaissance photos. The first to go was a recon photo from close-in reconnaissance. "This is how it looks like at night." Maxinne flashes an aerial reconnaissance photo of the site. Around it were buildings, and it spoke of one thing: it was smack dab in the middle of a war-torn town, caught in a long-range tug-of-war between government and slaver forces, and this particular port was where not even the bravest of the Armed Forces of Palmyrion won't dare tread: deep behind enemy lines.

"This port is deep behind "

[WILL EDIT SOON]

PALMYRION: INTO THE PALMYRO-VERSE

Greater Dienstad (NSMT) | Kali Yuga (Hard MT) | Dark Lightshow (2100s PMT) | Niteo (AD 5000 FT) | [Screwed Reality](#)
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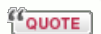
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The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3870
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by **The Macabees** » Wed Jan 20, 2016 9:46 pm



Gaztelua, Gholghant

War is just as much about diplomacy as it is about combat...

Rikjaard spent only three days in the embassy after his meeting with Skyan Secretary of State Atticus, which was just enough time to fire his worthless aide Ratho and hire a replacement. She was a sweet girl and, fortunately for her, she'd have a few days to get acclimated before she had to worry about facing Rikjaard's wrath — something difficult to avoid, unless you were perfect, which nobody is. Without as much speaking to her, and Rikjaard of course had not learned her name yet, the *jogornos* took a flight to Gaztelua, capital of Gholghant. Technically a short flight, it seemed much longer than it actually was. With the Skyans suffering frictions with both the Kraven Reich and the Scandinvan Empire, all conventional flights in that part of Gholgoth were dangerous. Rikjaard was not afraid, in any case. His death truly meant nothing to either side, so killing him accomplished nothing, since the Imperial Government likely considered him as replaceable as any other bureaucrat. Still, with regional tensions high, the whole flight was visibly agitated. Regardless, they arrived at Gaztelua without incident and from there a luxurious town car took him to the Palace Gaztelua.

It was nice to be staying at a palace. It was what Rikjaard was accustomed to, having been formed in the Palace of Nipotas in Fedala. The Gbantish were known for their exquisite tastes, or at least that's what they were known for in the Golden Throne, and that too was something to look forward to. Or, perhaps he'd find that all his preconceptions on the Gbantish were wrong. Likely, it was a little bit of both. In any case, he was about to get to know a new country and, luckily, it was one that had a system of governance that Rikjaard was accustomed to. And, he could tell, just by taking in the ancient city as his car drove by it, that Gbant's aristocratic roots ran deep.

Gaztelua's beauty was unsurprising. Once outside the airport, one could see tall castles standing guard over rolling hills, like warriors of stone awaiting battle. These disappeared as the town car rolled further into the city itself, to be replaced by an architectural medley that borrowed much from the city's Medieval style, but also brought with it a taste of modernity. Perhaps the most lasting impression was

of the Library of Gaztelua, of world renown for its collection of documents from eras long past and for its own beauty. Its tall central spire seemed to touch the heavens, as it twirled up towards the mighty clouds above. And to think that Rikjaard was one of the few Macabees to ever see Gaztelua — he felt privileged.

But, alas, he was here for business and not for sightseeing.

Rikjaard turned his attention to preparing for his visit with the man appointed to seeing him, Steward Henoar Zaldua. On Zaldua, the *jogornos* knew nothing at all. Not even a thin file was available; literally nothing. He would have to get to know him tomorrow. For now, he focused on Macabean-Ghantish relations. Rikjaard believed everything to be path-dependent. The problem was there wasn't much of a past between Ghant and the Golden Throne to tell the *jogornos* in what direction to take his talks with the Ghantish steward. Most of any relations between the two countries were informal and revolved around the scant opportunities for His Imperial Majesty Fedor I to speak with Nathan IV, Emperor of Ghant. There were rumors running the corridors of Nipotas, like a cold virus spreading through the body, that there were discussions between the two royal families on a strategic marriage between Karles and Sara. Most likely nothing more than thoughts in passing by parts of both regents, but nothing tangible, at least to Rikjaard. He would truly have an open slate, which meant that he would pave the way for future relations between the two empires.

They entered the palace complex just as the sun fell behind the horizon, its radiant light replaced by the moon's dim glow. The flight to Ghant had not been particularly long, but he was still quite tired. It was fortunate that his meeting with Zaldua wasn't scheduled until the next day, so he took the opportunity to spend the night in the palace. The room they had set aside for him was decorated in opulent exquisiteness. Rikjaard was not exactly accustomed to poverty, and his quarters at the embassy in Citadel City were not exactly small, but what the Ghantish had afforded him in Gaztelua was fit for kings. The bed seemed large, and sturdy, enough to hold himself and an entire harem of women, and behind it on the wall extended a painting from wall to wall. It depicted a hunt, with a man, presumably an ancient king, standing on a chariot thrusting a spear towards a roaring lion. A dozen-pronged, golden chandelier fell from the ceiling like an octopus extending its many arms, wrapped in gilded chains like jewelry around a Gorgon's head. The walls were decorated by an exotic wallpaper most likely imported from some distant land. Unfortunately, Rikjaard did not have much time to take it all in, as in he fell asleep almost as soon as he crawled under the heavy covers of the bed.

He awoke the next morning somewhat groggy, but a quick, warm shower filled him with regenerated energy. From his suitcase he took out his formal wear, the white robes of a Macabean *jogornos*. The Ghantish steward was in for a treat, because these were garbs that men of Rikjaard's kind rarely wore these days. In this modern era, where so much tradition had been lost to progress, he found himself wearing suits more often than anything else. But, the Ghantish would appreciate his toga-like garments. Of no color other than white, they manifested the Macabean diplomat's utter dedication to the study of diplomacy and international relations. It was a symbol of their oath to poverty, excepting the poverty of knowledge, although these days that was more tradition than reality. Rikjaard certainly had never lived a day as a poor man, or boy for that matter. Still, wearing the *kaparot*, the diplomatic robes which history extended to the very beginnings of the First Empire over one thousand years before.

Besides, he genuinely took pleasure in wearing the *kaparot*. It was still yesterday's memory the first time they were bestowed upon him, upon completion of his years of study, a rigorous training program for the Imperial bureaucracy future generation of diplomats and ambassadors. He wore the *kaparot* every day of first year as a young diplomat, responsible for things like filing paperwork for the then ambassador of the Macabee Kingdom to the great nation of Guffingford, then one of Greater Dénstad's great powers. Covered in

robes as white as a blooming Magnolia in the early Ruskan spring, he completed his duties despite the all-too-frequent mocking by his colleagues. Of course, he could have probably done without the rabid dedication to the question of what it truly meant to adhere to the values of the Kingdom's, and now Empire's, diplomatic corps. Still, his scholarly and professional fundamentalism paid its dividends over the years, propelling his career. Being a *jogornos*, let alone the one tasked to the Skyan Republic's Gothic territories — one of a small handful of Imperial embassies in Gholgoth —, was no small accomplishment.

And soon *krierlord*...perhaps.

Just as Rikjaard finished tying the *kaparot* together, someone knocked at his door. Well, doors. The large double doors could easily be used for an average man's housed. He opened them to the face of some kind of guide that his hosts had assigned to him. He too wore...traditional...clothing, or uniform more like it. Rikjaard could not imagine himself being caught wearing those *pants*! But, there was something in that young guide that reminded him of himself.

"Steward Henoor Zaldua awaits you in the feast hall. He invites you to spend breakfast with him," said the young man.

Rikjaard subtly nodded once. "Please, show me the way. I am ready to go," he replied. The man closed the door behind the ambassador and then led the way towards where Zaldua sat, waiting for Rikjaard to join him for breakfast.

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

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Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Sat Jan 23, 2016 3:32 pm



The Admiralty Building, Morrdun

The Admiralty Building served as the headquarters of the Royal Morridane Navy, its offices devoted to the various different aspects of the Navy as well as the Admiralty that commanded the Navy. Over the years it had been extended and annexed neighbouring buildings and thus these days it was more akin to a complex rather than a single building, though a large portion of it was rebuilt during the 1940s when a bunker was constructed beneath the building to house the Navy's operations command. Admittedly the commanders and flag officers of the various components that made up the Navy had their offices located elsewhere, least the Navy's entire command get taken out in one go. There was also a smaller Navy command post in each of the Tri-Service Regional Commands located in the capitals of each of the Morridane [graves and territories](#).

Today the operations bunker hosted high level officers of the Morridane Armed Forces as well as the Prime Minister's Cabinet.

The reason for this gathering was a briefing by a Commander in Naval Intelligence, chiefly concerning recent developments in the waters round the Commonwealth's southern neighbour. Unsurprisingly the sheer number of Macabeean warships currently anchored off the coastlines of Mokatsana and Haishan hadn't gone unnoticed and raised a degree of concern in Morrdun. It was the Commander's job to brief those gathered on what the spooks in Naval Intelligence had dug up and present the photos that had been collected. "The Macabeeans call it *Kriermak* Gholgoth, the closest translation would probably be *Warfleet* Golgoth."

"It represents the largest fleet ever assembled by the Golden Throne and our estimates currently put the fleet's size at somewhere round the five thousand mark, certainly a match for our own Navy. Though Warfleet Golgoth is believed to be far from being at full strength, the Macabeeans has stripped some of their naval deployments from elsewhere in the region and have been building up their shipbuilding capabilities."

"Any ideas on the fleet's purpose, aside from the obvious?" Asked one of the senior officers.

"War is the obvious sir, and war is quite simply the fleet's sole purpose." The Commander answered. "The Golden Throne intends to attack the Scandinavian Empire and Warfleet Golgoth is part of that."

"Can we presume the Scandinavians are aware of this fleet?"

"That is a strong likelihood sir, there have been numerous reports of Scandinavian vessels in Dienstadi waters."

"Can we presume the Scandinavians would attempt a pre-emptive attack on this Macabean fleet?"

"It is a possibility that we can't dismiss, though given the fleet's size it would be unlikely unless the Scandinavians were willing to commit to a much larger scale action in this region."

"I'm guessing that such action would mean an invasion with the intention to secure a beachhead in this region?"

"That would be correct sir." Nodded the commander. "We may be amongst those the Scandinavians are considering to use as a beachhead, particularly since we aren't aligned with the Golden Throne and also given our position in the region. Though I cannot say for sure what the Scandinavians will do, getting intel from Golgoth is...*difficult* at the best of times."

"So...what are your recommendations Commander?"

"Aside the obvious one of boosting our defences to the north and the east, I recommend we conduct extended naval patrols along the boundary of Dienstadi waters along with airships as an early warning. We also need to see whether the Space Force can provide any intel."

"Thank you Commander, that will be all."

"Yes sir."

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Ghant
Minister

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

☐ by **Ghant** » Wed Feb 10, 2016 10:52 pm



In the Land of Gholghant

*"Look deep into nature, and then you will
understand everything better!"* — Albert
Einstein

The Fields of Gaztelua Gaztelua, [Gholghant](#), Ghant

Oft said was that the lands of Gholgoth were the terror of the known world. It went by many names. The Dying Ground, the Shining Obelisk, to name a few, but whatever the name, its lands were vast, ancient and powerful, inspiring terror upon those who may have travelled into its darkest depths and beheld it in all its glory. They that did not hold those lands in careful regard were fools, some

said, and many would agree.

Gholghant was a region that had known much suffering...much death. There were wars of attrition, wars of conquest and wars of annihilation made empires born of blood and brought others still to their knees. Lands rent by fire, men, women and babe perishing by the sword, or worse, by the machines of war that men prided themselves upon. How valuable then was life, when it was discarded so easily, like leaves that fell from trees upon the cusp of winter? Thereupon which the winter sun fades, and the night rises to cloak the bare trees and shriveled leaves in darkness.

Yet, even in darkness, light may still shine. Like candles in the void, their flames burning against the pitch that ever brought attention to the flickering light. So it was that in the south of Gholghant, as far south as one could go, there was a Gothic land that lived in relative peace and tranquility, where the flowers were in bloom, and trees grew tall and proud, only out-heighted the spires of the men that called that land home.

Such was a land of peace, nestled in the far south, between powers that were contented to leave it in peace...for now. Peace was a fleeting thing, one that came and went at the whims of men with their war-machines and ambitions for desired power. Yet it was not always so...Ghantar were men that knew suffering, that knew despair and death. They as a race of men knew what it was like to hurt...and knew the price of peace was paid in lifeblood. They were not so eager to spill it needlessly.

The Stewards of Gholghant knew this well enough. For long ago, the Kings of Gholghant appointed them to assist in ruling the land. In the absence of the King, they could neither leave the country nor declare war. While the Kings ruled from their Alabaster Throne in Gaztelua by the sea, the stewards were merely administrators. Yet, the line of kings was exhausted, and through blood and matrimony, the Kings of Zahaghant became the Kings of Gholghant as well, creating a personal union. The King of Zahaghant, then the Emperor of Ghant, ruled all from his seat in Ghish, leaving the Stewards of Gholghant to rule that land for the Emperor in his absence.

While the old Steward Henoor Zaldua lingered in Palace Gaztelua, the denizens of Gholghant went about life as they always had. Reaping the bountiful harvests of their fields, hunting in their verdant forests as needs saw fit, and fishing the fish of the sea, for the waters surrounded it on all sides. Though it was to the forest east of Gazteula that a girl of nine found her calling, *In the Land of Gholghant...*

The ancient forest beckoned her into its pulsing heart. How could she resist such a lush grove, crafted by the Gods themselves? The deep, haunting ballad of its ancient song called out to her, like a siren's song of nature. How could she resist it? As old as the land itself,

the forest was still steeped in opulence and verdant force. The trappings of her mundane life could not compare to this!

With a light heart full of glee, she plunged in her green dress wrapped with a white sash into the over-arching vaults of leaves and limbs. It was not what she had expected, *no not at all*. The exquisiteness of the dawn's light had not yet lanced to the lush, green sward, instead the forest was permeated by a blue hue. Because of this, hoods of black shadow hung in the groves, swarming with the hues of blue around them like a dense fog. Coils of vaporous mist enwrapped the shaggy heads of the oak trees as they stood sentinel over the ground beneath them.

The colors writhed around them like the magic smoke of some unseen spellcaster, sensuous and illusory. Sieves of mist caressed the lichen-encrusted bark, murky like lamenting ghosts. Adding its phantasmal gas to the damp breath of the forest, it glided with deadly intent. It muffled sound, and haunted the glades as it poured into empty spaces. A sepulchral silence permeated the hallowed ground where the trees did not dare grow, as though those patches of dirt were cursed by demonkind. Nothing stirred, not even the small beasts of the wood, nothing shone and nothing sang. A hollow echoing, like the hushed tones of a great, stone temple, entombed the wood.

Then a stream of supernal light poked through the misty mesh, into the forest below. It was followed by a whole loom of light, filtering down in seams of gold to awash the grove in light. Like the luminal glow of the gods, it made the shadows wither and vanish, banished the gloom of the predawn and spilled into spaces where the mist once stalked, but from now it retreated. The fluty piping of a songbird split the silence like a distant sound of thunder just as the forest became flooded with light. Then there was the fusillade of trilling and warbling detonating all around her as the primordial forest came to life with the troubadours of the trees. She darted between shafts of lustrous-gold light as she went, admiring the butterflies. They pirouetted in the air, their wings fluttering like the ripples of soft silk.

The glory of the forest was revealed in the birthstone-bright light, where the shadows and the faint blue light and the mist once lurked. Almond-brown trees stood serenely, basked in the light of dawn with a tender glow. Their bark glistened like polished stone and gems of amber clasped their shiny exteriors. The first blush of the morn gave the leafy bower a shifting complexion of green to gold.

Idling past suede-soft flowers, she caressed them softly, getting tingles in her dainty fingers. Her ears perked up at the gentle tinkling sound of a stream. Through the lace of leaves it flashed with a tinsel tint. When the trees parted, she could see it was sliding into a great pool, appearing like a polished mirror of silver, with skeins of swirl-white twisting slowly on the surface. A glistening spillway led to

another pond, smaller than the one previous. Large stones colonized the edges of the pond, buffed with pillows of moss. They gurgled as water met stone; a swish, a clunk, a swell and a clop. Sweet fragrances, alluvial and palliative, infected her awareness with a profound sense of appreciation. Sight and smell vied for her attention in this soul-enriching ancient world.

She put her back against a knobby boulder, leaning her head against the mossy pillow. She closed her eyes, letting her stream of consciousness take hold, and drifted into infinity...

*The sunlight shines softly at this time of day
No one has yet risen to enjoy the view
In this stillness I can feel the divine
He who has placed everyone here would enjoy
the silence*

*The dew glistens crystalline upon pure green
leaves
No human soul could possibly create finer art
And then it hits you
We move about the day so consumed with
time*

*Nature doesn't care one whit if we have busy
schedules
What is the sound of a car compared to a
birdsong?
The green forests have been here for
countless ages
A new day dawns upon the land*

As the birds sung their chorus to announce the dawn, the girl woke up, remembering that she had somewhere to be, and had someone to see. Pushing herself up, she began to run through the forest back the way she came, over twisted roots and through gnarled branches. Occasionally she splashed through stream and pond, splashing the water all around, causing the skirt of her dress to get wet.

Coming upon a hill, she began to climb it on all fours, using her hands to grasp at trees growing at an angle and finding her footing in their roots. After a few minutes, she managed to crawl her way up to the top of the hill, and peered out through the few great oak trees that lay ahead. Beyond them, a great green field covered the expanse, while dawn light made it glisten. There the trees were far more scattered, separated by seas of tall grass, their blades still slick with morning dew.

In the distance, she saw her destination. A lone tree upon a wide, flat hill with gentle slopes, and a country house nearby...her friend Kepa lived there, with her family. Kepa's father was a farmer and her mother was a seamstress, and so while they were productive in their craft, they were quite poor. Not that they minded anyway, for they were happy, and cared not for the greater glories that men often coveted.

The girl banded through the tall grass and the

flowers in the direction of the lone tree, her long brown hair flapping in the breeze behind her. Her light blue eyes were mindful of the daisies that lay beneath her feet, careful not to kick any as she skipped along. As she got closer, she could tell that Kepa was there under the lone tree, swinging from a makeshift swing made of rope and old wood.

Perhaps it was coincidence, or maybe instinct, but Kepa turned her head to the right in time to see the girl frolic through the fields of lush green in her direction, causing her to call out. "Elayne! What took you so long?"

"Sorry," Elayne replied loudly as she made her way, closer and closer. "I went into the forest to watch the coming of the dawn, and then I fell asleep."

"The forest is dangerous," her friend told her. "You could have gotten hurt, and if you did, your father would be terrible in his wrath, don't you know?"

Elayne sighed, finally arriving at the base of the hill. It was a gentle enough slope for her to just walk up the side of it. "Not dangerous enough, it would seem. Not a scratch on me." Once at the top of the hill, Elayne showed off her long white leggings underneath her skirt... they were dirty, and stained with grass and water, as was her skirt. Her fair skin peppered by a few dark freckles was mostly clear of scratch and blemish, careful as she was.

Kepa stopped swinging, and hopped down into the grass below. She sat with her legs crossed, and rested her arms in her lap. The girl had thick, bushy brown hair and grey eyes, and like Elayne she was wearing a dress. Yet while Elayne's was of fine fabric, Kepa's was roughspun brown cloth, no leggings or shoes. "Father says there's going to be a war soon," she told Elayne. "That war machines are rising all around us, and that will get sucked into it."

Sighing, Elayne sat down in the grass across from Kepa, and crossed her legs as well, although her arms stretched out behind her as she leaned backwards, her hands propping her up in the grass. "There's always a war soon," Elayne explained. "There's been more around here than I can even recall off the top of my head! Kraven Reich, Milograd, Aldarminia, Kylarnatia, Ganosia, Vetalia, Jagada, Havensky...the list goes on and on. Talking about wars happening is like talking about bears shitting in the woods."

"...You shouldn't talk like that!" Kepa gasped. "Does your father know you cuss?"

"No, but he doesn't know a lot of things, about me or anything else," Elayne countered. "He's always busy. Mother doesn't know either though, because I'm not stupid enough to swear when she's within earshot. It's liberating you know...being out here, in the forests and the fields, being able to swear and all. This is how people are supposed to live."

That made Kepa laugh and reply, "that's easy for you to say! It's not easy being poor...we can't afford nice things. I wish I had pretty dresses like you do...I wouldn't get them all dirty and torn up either. I'd probably have pretty dolls and tea party sets and a featherbed, and I wouldn't have to share a room with my sisters either. That's just the way it is though, and I'm ok with that...I guess."

"...But that's not fair!" Elayne tried to explain. "Why should there be poor people, and rich people? Why should there be haves and have-nots? We have all these laws and politics and governments...but does any of that really matter, Kepa? Do people need these things?"

"Life's not fair, Elayne," Kepa shook her head. "People with power do everything they can to keep it, and the only thing they want in life is to get more power. Everyone else just tries to get by off of what they can...living off of the crumbs. War is just a means by which to achieve an end...it's a zero sum game. Somebody wins, someone else loses. Somebody loses power, while someone else gains more. Let 'em have it, I say, so long as they leave everyone else alone."

Elayne sat in silence as she listened to her friend speak. The same age as she was, Kepa was so intelligent...not like all the other stupid girls that Elayne knew, that only cared about dresses and dolls and tea parties. Kepa was real...she lived in the real world of dirt and soot, not in the ivory towers of Gaztelua proper. "If there's a war, we won't be in it...that'd be stupid. How could we fight the great war machines of the west, or the vast slave armies of the east? We couldn't...so we shouldn't...and we won't."

"Exactly...we shouldn't," her friend agreed. "The only thing worse than being poor is being a slave...imagine that. You don't get to live your life at all...everything about it is decided by someone else. And it's like that from the moment you are born, until the moment that you die."

"...That sounds terrible!" Elayne gasped. "Why doesn't someone just end it once and for all, everywhere?"

Kepa looked off into the green fields surrounding her country home. "That would be like trying to end death itself, Elayne. Some wicked things will never go away, because the universe is both parts good and bad. There is no good without bad, and no bad without good. One cannot vanquish the other."

Pushing herself up, Elayne stretched once more, and yawned. "All this talk of wars and slaves is rather boring. Maybe we can talk about poetry and song! I happen to know a few myself...some that my mother taught me."

"I...don't know many, I'm afraid," the other girl said as she pushed herself up too. "What's the point of all that anyway?"

Elayne began to twirl around in the tall grass, while the sun continued to rise, casting its rays upon them. "To be happy, Kepa. To enjoy the life that's been given, to cherish its beauty. Such as, to stop and smell the roses! Then to reflect upon their petals! I know a few tales of such merriment; they comfort me when things seem bleak, as you make them seem to be now."

"Tell me one then, if you must," Kepa replied as she walked over to the tree and leaned up against the trunk. Elayne dance around in the grass, and smiled as she recalled her tale, upon which she then shared.

"Twas the imperial sun
who was crowned with jewels upon her head
with robes wine red and fabric thick in length
her authority elaborate with great depth

The breeze had briefly genuflect
when in her regency elect
her steps to pass the peasant village by
the farmer, wind did plainly sigh
he was the breeze who could not court
his fair beloved in this mortal earth made
content
whose handsome face failed to gain her heart's
consent
He reposed to sighing but in his heart raged to
persist
in courtship without relent

He toiled and labored on the grounds
without complaining whining groan resound
He worked profusely like a hound
He worked persistently without a sound

He saw the sun in glamorous face display
His heart did swoon where his feet had lain
His constant trying did not sway
the sun's imperial face to turn his way

He swore upon his own breath
to win her whole and love her
without bounds nor end

He beseech the flowers and the trees
He walked for miles down the path so wide
The scent of her perfume reside
in all the flowers here today

The sun her office much too high
did not as much cast her eyes
still the wind would humbly try
to speak her sonnets sweet and passionate
filled with wine

she saw him trying then decide
that though he be of such a meager estate
but in his heart no love as pure
as the sweeten smell of the spring bound wind

She submit unto his chivalrous court
and made her heart with his cohort
to give the laboring wind consent
to woo her
and in wooing her in matrimonial recommend...

Though he the wind

and her the sun
his heart so pure did win her so"

Kepa listened carefully, and once the tale was done being told, she smiled too. "Oh, that was lovely...where did you learn that?"

"My mother told me it when I was sick," Elayne answered as she fell down into the grass and sprawled out on her back. "There she is right now, Kepa. The Imperial Sun...crowned with jewels upon her head."

Her friend joined her, laying down beside Elayne in the grass and looking up at the sky. "The sun is just a star that happens to be the closest to our planet."

Elayne sighed, and countered "you should just learn to see the magic in things. You can try to explain everything, break it all down into science, but then there's no room for the imagination."

"...Whatever floats your boat, Elayne." Kepa and Elayne laid there in the grass atop the hill for so long that Elayne lost track...time just seemed to run up there. The white puffy clouds drifted across the light blue sky, partially concealing the sun as they went. Elayne would point out what she thought they looked like, and Kepa would point out what she thought they looked like...sometimes she agreed, other times she did not. They also spoke of things that girls their age concerned themselves with, and for a time, they merely enjoyed each other's company. Although that, like all good things, had to eventually come to an end.

"Kepa!" a woman yelled from the country home. "Kepa!"

Kepa shot herself up from the grass and patted down her skirt. "My mother is calling me," she told Elayne briskly. "You should go...if my father sees you he will tell your father, and he won't be pleased. We can spend more time together later." With that, Kepa ran down the hill back home, in a hurry to return and not keep her mother waiting. Elayne took the cue, and banded off back down the hill in the opposite direction...back towards her own home. The timing was good she supposed...she was getting hungry, and was want for breakfast.

Through fields of green and gold she ran, kicking up flowers and weeds with her black shoes as she went. Past a few sloping hills, the tall white towers of Gaztelua were the first part of the city that came in sight. Then came the great castles of patterned white stone, marble and alabaster, with their great walls with large banners streaming from the battlements. The tallest was the central spire of the Great Library, which spiraled so high that the clouds were parted by it. The library was said to be one of, if not the greatest libraries in all the world, with a great collection of books, tomes, scrolls and even runestones going back several thousand years.

Gaztelua, unlike its counterpart Ghish, had no city walls. Rather, the edges of the city consisted of a myriad of antiquated fortifications, consisting of old towers and castles forming a half-circle around the city as they extended outward towards the provinces that flanked the capital district- Luzuriaga to the north and west and Bekoa to the south and east. It wasn't hard for Elayne to travel unseen into the outside of the city...many people moved about along the outer roads, conducting their business as usual.

Further inside the city, the streets grew wide and the buildings grew more diverse and closer together on great blocks separated by wide avenues. There was a sense of modernity to Gaztelua that blended with its medieval sensibilities...great opera houses of centuries past mixed in with modern concert halls, museums and contemporary palaces. Gaztelua was a seat of kings, and that impression was never lost on Elayne when she walked through it.

After some time passed by that she wasn't keeping track of (it was still morning by her reckoning), she came upon Palace Gaztelua not too far away from the glistening blue sea. Elayne knew her way around the large palace complex well enough to know how to get inside without alerting the guards...slipping through bushes and shrubs in the gardens behind it. She waited until the guards had passed along their patrols, and she ran up to the outer stone wall and began to climb the protruding pieces of white stone, into the open window above.

Elayne found herself in the palace interior, in a gilded hallway with large Victorian style windows that let the light shine on bright carpets running the length of the halls. The palace consisted of a number of large, interconnected rooms, decorated with paintings, tapestries and an assortment of statues and ornaments of eras past. Elayne looked around, and found the place to be lacking in both guards and courtiers. Sensing that something was amiss, she knew where she wanted to go.

Sneaking around the upper level, she made her way through the halls to a large set of white double doors. She gently pushed one open, and took a flight of stairs into the hallway below. From there, she crept into the adjoining chamber, pushing another white door open to enter. Wondering if anyone was there, she thought *surely there must be someone here... he's always in here...where else would he be?*

On one side of the Great Hall bathed in pale morning light was the inner door, tall and fashioned of polished metal. The hall itself was lined with rows of tall pillars, carved monoliths of black marble crowned with capitals exhibiting figures of beasts and leaves, upholding the vaulted ceiling of gold and flowing traceries. Flanking the pillars were spacious aisles lit by deep windows and

between the pillars were tall images of long-dead kings made of cold stone. Underneath them, hung the banners of the various nations of Gholghant...she recognized some of them. There was the star of the Naacal, the winged lion of Havensky, the lion and sword of the Parthians and the crane of Emperor Pudu, among others.

At the far end of the hall was a dais of many steps which supported a high throne carved of smooth white stone. Upon the lowest step of the dais was an unadorned black chair, the seat of the Steward. It was empty, as was the rest of the room. Elayne exhaled deeply and put her hands on her sides. Then she heard talking coming from another adjoining room. Her curiosity getting the better of her, she approached, and poked her head through the door.

It was at that time that another man walked into the room from the other end of the hall. This man was wearing something foreign looking...something quite fashionable too. The table was filled with dishes and platters of salted country fried ham, hash browns, eggs cooked several different ways, potatoes, pancakes with butter and syrups of blueberry, blackberry and caramel, biscuits and gravy, soups and stews, honey, buttered bread, bacon both chewy and crispy, fruits including oranges, grapefruits, cantaloupes and honeydew, and drinks such as milk, apple juice, orange juice, white wine, tea and water.

"Welcome...I hope that the hospitality of the palace has proved satisfactory, Jogornos Rikjaard" Steward Henoor Zaldua said to another man once he was sitting with him at the great table there in the feast hall. The table was long and rectangular, carved of rich wood, the chairs similarly fanciful. The morning light poured in through large windows all around the room, with one wall consisting nearly entirely of them, giving an exceptional view of the sea. Boats great and small sat idling and chugging along in the clear blue waters off the coast of the inlet.

Henoor looked outside as he dipped his toast in egg yokes. The Steward was in his sixties, with shoulder length grey hair and beady grey eyes. Like his hair, his doublet, tunic and cape were similarly colored a dull grey, but were of exceptionally fine quality all the same. On his old hands he wore many rings, three on each hand...some silver and some gold. They clanked against his porcelain plate as he worked at his breakfast.

"I know you are far from the lofty court of Emperor Fedor I and his Golden Throne...by contrast, the Alabaster Throne is modest by comparison. As is our ambitions, I'm afraid." Clean-shaven, Henoor's chin streamed with egg yoke and butter, which he washed down with a goblet of milk. "Your not here to make a social call...you are here because your Emperor wants something. That's how Emperors are...they want things, more than what they already have. Like dragons after treasure."

After picking at some grapes from the fruit platter, he continued, saying that "Nipotas has the luxury of being far removed from the troubles of Gholgoth. We here in Gholghant don't have that same luxury. Don't be fooled, Jogornos. We are not a people on equal footing with the titans to the north, east and west. We linger because we are off the radar. We survive because we hide. We don't draw attention to ourselves and ask for trouble, because we couldn't survive the mightiest of the Gothic Lords if their eyes turned to us."

The Steward looked up at the golden chandelier dangling from the ceiling, with a dozen diamond crusted arms, wrapped in gilded chains. The ceiling, like the walls were intricately painted with ornate designs of hunts. "Our...geopolitical position has always been tenuous. To the west is the dreaded Kraven Reich, and to the east are the Scandinvans. Both of these nations have a dubious relationship with us at best...the former we have had recent hostilities with. You may know of the Empress, Sophia of House Dakmaran. Before her, we were content not to rock the boat. But once she...took hold of the Emperor, things began to change. We began to instigate conflict with the Kravenites, against my wishes. Now we have their attention... something that I fear."

"To the east then," Henoor said as he stabbed at his salted country-fried ham with a fork, "the Scandinvans are emboldened. The Skyans bite off more than they can chew...picking fights with both Kraven and the Scandies...but they have the benefit of being rather far from the latter. Jessica can prod and poke at them as much as she pleases. I tell you, sir, that the Kravenites, when they altered her, must have taken her wits," he sniggered into his goblet. "The Gothic Lords are a fickle lot, not like to take kindly to the machinations of a foreigner into the region. Do not be fooled by the conflicts within the region...those can be set aside at the drop of a hat in order to deal with a foreign intruder. Such is the nature of the so called Gothic Council and its on paper alliance which means about as much as something written on toilet paper."

"That brings us back to why you are here. It has not been lost to me that your Emperor wishes to wage war against the Scandinvans. You are wise to come to us...for we *control* the quickest and most convenient route between your Skyan friends and your target. Forgive me for saying, but in my humble opinion, this futile effort can't possibly do you any good. Even in the event that they are brought to their knees, they will not submit. You'd have better luck getting the mountain to submit to the wind. There is no race of men more proud, or haughtier than the Scandies. Their blood is so blue, it is said, that they piss green." Henoor folded his hands in his lap and leaned forward. "Wars of pride are often the surest ways to learn humility."

"You want our help in this conflict your

Emperor has entangled himself in, and I'd like to help you. Problem is, to antagonize both the Kravenites and the Scandinvans is a means by which to invite disaster upon this land." Gesturing to the wall of windows, Henoor explained that "when you look out there, you see what's at stake. There's the land, the people, our way of life...all at risk. We don't have fancy power armor, mighty flak guns and machine-men. We are practically half-way between both of them, hoping that neither brings trouble. I don't want my progeny or my people to be reduced to slaves or turned into... Kravenite breeders. I have a granddaughter, she's only nine. What I want for her is a future of freedom and peace, not one where she's turned into a...thing that would wish for death."

That caused Elayne, who was standing with her head in the doorway, to gasp loudly, which resulted in Henoor rearing his head. "You, show yourself...*now*." Elayne lowered her eyes and pushed the door open, without saying a word. She stopped and stood still halfway between the table and the doors.

"...What were you doing?" Henoor asked her. "Your dress is dirty."

"I couldn't find anyone," she told the Steward. "I was...playing in the gardens, and when I came back inside, everyone was gone. I was alone and scared, so I went looking for people." *That story should do the trick...he knows I like to play in the gardens*, she thought.

Henoor grumbled, and shook his head. "I didn't want those blasted courtiers scurrying about like rodents while I was entertaining foreign dignitaries. The family is off doing other things of import while I tend to these matters of state significance." Turning to the foreigner, Henoor said, "Jogornos Rikjaard, this is the granddaughter I speak of, Elayne Zaldua, daughter of my eldest son and heir, Elazar." Then he turned to Elayne and said, "this is Jogornos Rikjaard, representing the Golden Throne of the Macabees."

"...Nice to meet you, Jogornos Rikjaard," Elayne said meekly, looking away shyly.

"Very good, Elayne. Since you have been listening and are already here, sit down, and help yourself, but be silent." With that, Elayne sat further down the length of the table and helped herself to some pancakes with blueberry syrup and milk while her grandfather continued to treat with the foreign man. It was just the three of them there, with guards standing in the dark corners of the room. "Excuse my granddaughter, she is far too clever for her own good. Now where was I...?"

The Steward ate some more while he tried to remember. "Oh right, yes...the Golden Throne wants something from us, which I suspect is related to its conflict with the Scandinvans. Our position is delicate, between the Kravenites to the west and the Scandinvans to

the East. However, I am a man of reason, as is our Emperor, foolish as he may be at times, and I think that perhaps, we can come to some sort of mutually beneficial arrangement. After all, every man has his price."

Henoor dropped a spoon into his grapefruit, allowing him to sprinkle some sugar on top, so it could seep into the insides of the fruit. "It all depends on what the Golden Throne actually wants, and what it's willing to offer. Then it's a matter of 'you scratch my back, I scratch yours.' Once one's word is given, it's as good as gold. That's how we do things here...*In the Land of Gholghant.*"

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Mon May 09, 2016 8:19 pm, edited 1 time 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



The Scandinavians
Senator

Posts: 4948
Founded: Oct 09, 2004
Capitalizt

by [The Scandinavians](#) » Tue Feb 16, 2016 7:33 pm

QUOTE

Havensky wrote:

"Good evening,

Earlier today, we received a telegram from the Slave Empire of The Scandinavians. The Scandinavians have alleged that the Skybound Republic took part in an attempted assassination of Crown Prince Erid. Per the Slave Empire, the attack also killed two brothers of the Crown Prince. The Empire has also demanded that The Skybound Republic conceded to a list of demands that would weaken our security as payment for this attack.

Let me be clear. The Skybound Republic of Havensky had no knowledge or participation in this attack. The Skybound Republic, despite our intense disagreements on human rights, civil liberties, women's rights, freedom of speech, freedom of worship, and the issue of slavery, has complied fully with the non-aggression pact signed when we first entered the region. We reject the demands as we have done no wrong.

The Skybound Republic of Havensky has been entirely upfront in our intentions towards the Slaver Empire. Our ally and economic partner, The Golden Throne, has declared war on the Slaver Empire. When we learned of this, we immediately offered to hold peace talks. We, despite the reluctance of the Golden Throne, offered to bring both parties to the table leveraging our economic ties with the Golden Throne and our membership in the Gothic Council to bring the two sides together.

The Slaver Empire refused our advances for peace talks.

The Skybound Republic of Havensky - seeking to confirm the rationale behind the declaration of the war from the Golden Throne - has investigated the claims that the Slaver Empire funded rebel pirates in his nation's waters causing strife and violence in the Golden Throne. Our investigation has found evidence that this is true - evidence that we have put on display at our Embassy in ULE City for members of the Gothic Council to review and see the truth for themselves.

We request this same courtesy to be extended to us for the baseless allegations from the Scandinavians. We demand that the Empire present this alleged evidence to be inspected by the Gothic

Lords.”

Elizabeth paused for a moment. When she spoke again it was in the Scandinvan tongue. Subtitles allowed viewers to read what she was speaking.

*“Those in the Empire should know, that it is the desire of the Skyan People to continue our peaceful co-existence. You are faced with a choice at this time. Over the past few months, we have noticed that your government has taken a path towards extremism. The wholesale **slaughter** of dissidents. The attempt to takeover Shen Almaru. The nuclear detonation in one of your own cities. And now, the provocation of one of the most powerful nations in Greater Dienstad resulting in a declaration of war that will surely bring more conflict to the region.*

You have a choice. Turn away from this patch and enjoy the peace you have earned. If your government continues down the path of extremism, you run the risk of drawing your people into more conflict. It does not have to be this way.

Our offer of peace talks with the Golden Throne still stands. If we are not a suitable party, the Empire of Ghant has also volunteered for the task.

We do not understand why your government has decided to blame this attack on us. The Skyan People do not seek war. However, when the Skyans go to war we make it known exactly why and we fly our banners high. Look at our history.. you know this to be true. In Milograd. In Vetalia. Our Legionaries show their faces - we do not need to hide behind masks.”

Elizabeth Artemis, elected head of the Skyan People, folded her hands upon the oak desk and gave the camera a softer look. She spoke again, in common this time.

“The people of this world know of our reputation. A reputation for kindness, for tolerance, for our high regard of liberty and our commitment to the human rights of not just our citizens but people of the entire region.

There has long been an awkward tension in our relations with the Scandinvans. For a people who have wars to protect the life and liberty of other on one hand and on the other allow the ships of the enslaved to pass so close to our shores make our government seem hypocritical. I acknowledge this; with the following caveat.

It has long been our preference to conduct our affairs peacefully. It has long been our preference to attempt reform through means of commerce and diplomacy. We wish this to be the norm.

However, we should warn those who would mistaken this kindness for weakness - those who would seek to render asunder what we’ve built here. Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty.

On the behalf and the behest of the Skyan People, I wish the world well and pray for peaceful times.”

Valdra, Scandinvan Empire

The Scandinvans, in their usual subtle and courteous manner, responded in kind with a television broadcast. In the Imperial News Network studios a kindly old lady was sitting in an armchair in front of a fire. Opening up an old tome she stated, “Over a thousand years there existed a mighty nation of infidels who professed adherence to a devil inspired liar on the far southwest of the great continent. They, seeing the wealth of the Glorious Empire of the Scandinvans, sought to claim it for their own. They sailed eastward hoping to find a submissive people willing to accept their demonic rule. However,

they found a people touched by the Almighty who were unwilling to bend to their fiendish designs.

When their foul army landed the children of Erid meet them in the field of battle. With their faith in the Almighty they were unwilling to yield a single inch to the invaders. They never let them take a city or sail a ship away loaded down with plunder. Instead, we drove them back into the sea, after years of terrible war, with a ferocity that their narrow minds could not comprehend.

When driven from their land the Emperors vowed that he would now allow this enemy any peace. Thus began the generations of war which saw us pursue the enemy to their own shores. We leveled their cities, slaughtered the vermin whenever they dared to challenge us, eradicating their foul, enslaving their misguided children when we took their settlements, burning down their evil houses of worship, destroying all emblems of their culture, and erected proud monuments to our victories. We proved to the world the price of daring to defy our Glorious Empire.

The price of attacking the Glorious Empire was proven. The lands of the offender will be taken. Their civilization will be erased. All relics of their culture turned to ash. Their identity erased. Their blood utterly spent. And all the survivors enslaved. Nothing of their people will be left save for the corpses being pecked by buzzards.

Now an enemy once again inhabits these lands. Havensky, perhaps being infected by the terrible example of the people who lived in the land before then, has chosen to deny the Glorious Empire. They attempted to assassinate the Crown Prince in cold blood and killed two of his brothers in their attempt. The price of their sins will be their own blood now that they have refused our overtures to bring justice to organizers of the attack. Their future shall be into the same as the nameless ones who previously lived within their borders.

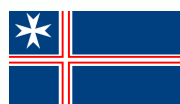
The Almighty save and preserve the Empire."

Last edited by [The Scandinavians](#) on Tue Feb 16, 2016 7:46 pm, edited 1 time in total.

We are the Glorious Empire of the Scandinavians. Surrender or be destroyed. Your civilization has ended, your time is over. Your people will be assimilated into our Empire. Your technological distinctiveness shall be added to our own. Your culture shall be supplanted by our own. And your lands will be made into our lands.

"For five thousand years has our Empire endured. In war and peace we have thrived. Against overwhelming odds we evolved. No matter what we face we have always survived and grown. We shall always be triumphant." -Emperor Godfrey II

Hope for a brighter tomorrow - fight the fight, find the cure



The Scandinavians
Senator

Posts: 4948
Founded: Oct 09, 2004
Capitalizt

by [The Scandinavians](#) » Thu Mar 31, 2016 1:01 pm



High over the landmass of Havensky were 40 high altitude airships designed to ferry a force of 2400 Attestors and 2400 Casteless Crusaders against the nation of Havensky. Within each of the airships were 120 individuals split evenly between Attestors and Crusaders. Each drop pod would ferry down 10 of each category. They would bring the wrath of the Empire against the dread enemy. They would teach Havensky the price of provoking the Empire and that their future would be dependent solely on the mercy of Crown Prince Fenric.

This attack would be the first one made against the nation of Havensky. With it all hope for peace would perish and war would once again turn Gholgoth in upon itself. Regardless, this situation was considered ideal in the eyes of the Sons of Erid. For in war would the future of the Scandinavian Empire be ensnared to their devices for the next few generations. The conflict would see a great rise in patriotism, encourage society to become more insular, and cut off the inflow of ideas from the only truly democratic nation in the region. At the forefront of the attack would be the Attestors. Individuals who have had everything taken from them so that they

could truly become instruments of war in service to whims of the Sons of Erid alone.

*All life must serve a purpose before it comes to an end.
Nothing in this world is eternal.
All people change, all people die.
The only constant is the will of Erid.
The incorruptible dogma which guides us onward.
To sustain it we seek out impurities and suppress the taint.
In its name shall we face our deaths with pride.
For through our actions do we earn redemption and our place in
paradise.*

The Oath of the Attestor

*Come forth my people from the darkness.
Know me as I know you.
Love me as I love you.
Honor me so that you might know honor.
Follow my words so that you might find the truth.
The truth which shall guide in this life and into the next.*

*Bring yourself into the light so that paradise can come to Earth.
Once all the world knows my ways shall mankind have peace.
Understand that no life lost in pursuit of this vision is wasted.
Their reward shall be eternal bliss.
This is my promise to you people of Valgard.
I shall always be with you so long as you hold true to the truth my
anointed people.*

The Fading Words of Erid

The life of an Attestor is in effect a cruel play on ironic justice. By turning those most against the values of the Scandinvan Empire into some of its greatest defenders the Sons of Erid were able to create a fitting punishment for those of the higher castes whom had become 'traitors'. However, despite it being considered a punishment the status of becoming an Attestor was viewed as a great mercy. For it gave the individuals subjected to it the chance to shed themselves of their past and find heaven's mercy through offering their lives on the battlefield in the service of the holy cause of the Glorious Empire. Something which was not readily offered to most of those labelled as traitors or apostates.

However, the Attestors had not yet been demonstrated to the world. No foreigner had yet seen them in battle nor had they even properly heard of them. Something which the Sons of Erid had decided to change in response to the murder of two princes and the attempt to assassinate the regent of the Empire, Crown Prince Fenric. This was a development which demanded overwhelming retribution. After all the Book of Erid said, "The murder of any of the heirs of Erid demands war and that the atonement of the offending party be paid in the blood of their own nation."

These brave 4800 individuals would be the tools by which divine wrath was levied against the heretics, heathens, pagans, atheists, and degenerates below. They would strike fear into the hearts of the enemy. They would teach them the cost of their sinful ways. They would see what they loved burn as an example of what would happen to them all if their government refused to recant.

Zero Hour

Over the loudspeakers inside of the ship a simple message was being played. A prayer from the old crusades against the infidel nation which had formerly occupied the land of Gothic Havensky. A message of dire hope was heard to the participants in the attack, "Bring me my Bible so that I might be reminded of my highest obligation. Bring me my sword so that might I perform the duty that the Empire has assigned to me. Bring me my shield so as to ward away the blows of the heathen. Give me my last rites so that I might go before the eternal throne without fear and doubt. Give me my orders so that I can bring ruin to the enemies of Erid and the Almighty. I am an

instrument of their will, an end to the lies of Lucifer.”

With the message finish being played the Crusaders and the Attestors began a silent vigil. Each of them consumed in prayer or, in the case of the Attestors, having a series of messages played for them to prep them for the upcoming attack. They all knew death was the only possible outcome in the upcoming battle. None of them would surrender. None of them would falter. They each would die aiming to most weaken Havensky by harming critical infrastructure and killing vital personal.

The main focus of the attack would be the main bridges connecting Citadel City to the mainland. These were considered by Scandinvan high command to be of the most immediate value to Havensky which could be destroyed fairly quickly. The attack would impose a high cost to the economic structure of the city and radically harm the plans for the city's expansion in the immediate future hopefully. Regardless though, the damage done by the attack via direct costs alone would vastly exceed the costs of the operation to the Scandinvans. Added in with the indirect economic and social costs the raid would do untold harm to the economic vitality of Citadel City along with the greater economy of Havensky.

The secondary targets of the attack would be a number of military installations, namely the Legion Base, and civilian bunkers. Sites which overall would do more to distract the response that would be marshalled by the defenders. By dividing the attack they effectively prevented the enemy intelligence services from have an absolutely clear picture of what all their goals were. Hopefully, they would simply see the attack as being designed to maximize civilian casualties or even better believe the attack was aimed at destroying the military compounds in the area near or inside of citadel city.

Going through the mission parameters one last time each of the unit's subgroups were given a respective bridge to attack. Along with a notable fraction being assigned places to within Citadel City: a number of easier to reach bunkers, important government buildings, police stations, military compounds, and general power infrastructure facilities. A scattered attack to the say least. Yet, with such an attack there would be no singular target for the enemy to respond to. Thereby rendering the potential response to the Scandinvan attack to be much more scattered and allowing the forces allocated to the bridges to have more time to achieve their objectives. Additionally, the attack on the bridge might get the chance to levy further trouble upon the civilian infrastructure of the city with each minute that the effectively ancillary forces of the attack bought for them.

The attack however was something which they knew would be chaotic from the get go. The military forces of Havensky would certainly disrupt their attempts at leading the drop pods. Many of them would be torn asunder by anti-aircraft fire, enemy aircraft, friendly fire, and other forces of interception systems. Nonetheless the attack would happen and each of the people in the mission was perfectly 'willing' to risk their lives.

Their overall primary concerns were quite. They were attacking Citadel City to exact retribution. They were not there to hold land, prisoners, or assets. They were there to destroy their targets and make a glorious last stand against the enemies of the Glorious Empire. They would make the people of Havensky fear for their society's future in Gholgoth.

We are the Glorious Empire of the Scandinvans. Surrender or be destroyed. Your civilization has ended, your time is over. Your people will be assimilated into our Empire. Your technological distinctiveness shall be added to our own. Your culture shall be supplanted by our own. And your lands will be made into our lands.

"For five thousand years has our Empire endured. In war and peace we have thrived. Against overwhelming odds we evolved. No matter what we face we have always survived and grown. We shall always be triumphant." -Emperor Godfrey II



Havensky
Diplomat

Posts: 888
Founded: Jan 01, 2008
Left-wing Utopia

Action Stations

by Havensky » Thu Mar 31, 2016 2:31 pm



To the tune of Riders, Two Steps from Hell

Citadel War Room Citadel City, Havensky

The War Room of the Citadel looked as if it were the bridge of an aircraft carrier. Situated on one of the higher floors of one of the Citadel's forward towers, the room was a slew of consoles showing a variety of different sensors and maps of the city. Legionary Armada staff moved to and from wearing dark naval style uniforms with the distinct red and iron 'Winged Rook' Citadel patch on the other. The smell of coffee and shoe polish permeated the air as the sun set through the thick windows. There was a soft din of conversations and sensor readings as another afternoon shift came to a close.

Commander Sakura Tsubasa sat in the central 'Captain's Chair' overlooking the skyline of Citadel City fingers tapping on the glass edge of the chair. The digital overlay on the windows pointing out the location, speed, and direction of various aircraft.

da-WHOOOOP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

The combined radar, sonar, orbital sensor screens lit up with the distinct signature of several large aircraft approaching Skyan airspace at high speed from suborbital altitudes. The angle and direction was unusual from normal GATA traffic. And it unnerved the sensor operator.

"Multiple contacts, unknown radar signature. Likely hostiles."

"On Screen"

The data overlay shifted to showcase a map of Skyan airspace and the unusual radar signatures of the incoming aircraft. The War Room's AI calculated possible points of origins and destinations of the aircraft and placed them as dotted lines on the map.

Tsubasa hit the large red button on her console chair. With the number of incoming craft, she didn't want to take any chances.

"Set Condition One, Scramble Fighters and alert the High Council - Get me EastCAP!", shouted Tsubasa. The lights flashed three times and over the speakers and radios the alert could be heard.

"Action stations, action stations, this is not a drill. Set Condition One Throughout the Station. I repeat, Action stations, Action stations, this is not a drill. Condition One."

Red lights began to flash throughout the war room and throughout the military wing of the Citadel. Staff who were outside the military wing began to get messages on their mobile devices to report back to their stations immediately. Additional military personnel began to rush inside the war room to prepare for possible action. These included Legionary guards that posted on each side of the door wearing full power armor. In just a few moments, the war room was synchronized flurry of actions and movements.

"WestCAP Three and Four are 1520 kilos out! EastCAP Leader, Control: Incoming bogeys, fast, ten-o'clock-very-high - check turn left 28 degrees - move to intercept - how copy over"

"Control, EastCAP - Rodger, incoming bogeys, fast, ten-o'clock-very-high - check turn 28 degrees - moving to intercept over. "

Throughout the room, various crewmembers at their stations were giving orders to their respective commands.

"Accipiters-ALL: Scramble! Scramble! Scramble! This is not a drill."

Scramble to intercept potential hostile suborbitals coming due west."

"Iron Guard, lock down The Citadel - Red Guard, escort high council members to chambers."

"Bunker-Captians, Report to your stations and prepare for immediate evacuations procedures. I repeat, Bunker-Captains, report to your stations. This is not a drill."

"White Guard, advise diplomatic counterparts to begin evacuations to safe zones."

"Legion-ALL, Condition One. Hostile Aircraft Inbound. Lock/Load. Vexer Crews, to your aircraft and prepare for immediate airdrop operations."

Eastern Combat Air Patrol (EastCAP) Skyan Airspace

Several miles west of Citadel City, the powerful engines of EastCAP Three and Four's Accipiter Interceptors were blasting their craft high into the air past the speed of sound towards the direction of the Scandinavians. Their advanced sensors on the lookout for the incoming craft. Within a few moments, the two aircraft spotted the group. The pilots leveled out their craft while their flight officers got to work identifying and tagging each aircraft.

"Citadel, EastCAP Tree - contacts confirmed - forty large aircraft, uhh tree hundred cyclop escorts - closing in fast - committing to intercepting bandits - over"

"Cleared hot, EastCAP Tree! Over"

The pilot clicked the communicator to the open channel while the flight officer began to get a solid missile lock on the lead aircraft. The baritone voice of EastCAP Three sounding crisp and clear over even over the sound of his engines.

Incoming Aircraft; You have been intercepted. I am instructed by the sovereign government of The Skybound Republic of Havensky to warn you that if you do not respond immediately to my orders, you will be shot down. You are to immediately check turn left 180 degrees and proceed away from Skyan airspace. You have 10 seconds to acknowledge my transmission and comply. Over.

Last edited by [Havensky](#) on Thu Mar 31, 2016 8:42 pm, edited 1 time in total.

The Skybound Republic of Havensky
(Pronounced Haven-Sky)

Territory held in
[Texas](#) - [Gholgoth](#) - [Sondria](#)

**N&I RP Mentor Specializing in PMT, Character Development,
Worldbuilding, and Diplomacy - TG me for help!**



The Scandinavians
Senator

Posts: 4948
Founded: Oct 09, 2004
Capitalizt

by [The Scandinavians](#) » Mon Apr 04, 2016 7:31 am



Inside the Scandinavian drop ships, the radio system played in response to the message.

"The time has come. To arms, to arms brothers. The price of the future shall be the blood offered up here today in defense of our empire against the vile infidels. Your reward shall be redemption and the removal of the blights upon your honor. Now to battle my brothers and prepare for drop! Rejoice for your salvation is at hand brothers and your reward shall be earned in the blood of the enemy!"

With that said the Scandinavian flotilla responded with a simple transmission," We bring you the dawn. We bring you the word. Embrace it now or fall forever heathen."

As the attack began the Scandinvan craft began to project an ancient story of their people over the radio waves. One meant to properly illustrate the deep seated need for the Crown Prince to seek proper blood atonement from his enemies.

*There is no justice to be found in the fickle whims of man.
There is no truth to be found in the defense of the wicked.
Each person carries the guilt of the crimes that they allow.
Each individual must repay the debts they owe to others.*

*In the distant past Erid knew these truths.
He understood that true justice requires absolutism.
He knew that nothing could be allowed to escape the truth.
He foresaw the need to ensure that none would ever escape judgement.*

*The day did come when Erid was forced to act on his convictions.
The remnants of the charcoal people remained.
They were harried as the invaders that they were.
They were slowly being driven back into the sea.*

*Their leader however believed in wrongful claims.
He sought to establish a dynastic claim to the lands of Valgard.
Erid's daughters, being strong and free, often traveled the land.
The leader saw them as his chance to make false marriage claims.*

*The petty leader raided a traveling band of Erid's daughter.
They slew all who were in the group.
Without caring they burned all those there.
They had slain the noble maiden in their bloodlust.*

*The leader simply did not care.
He believed that he would be able to get another.
This was not to the case however.
Erid was soon informed of the incident.*

*Seeing the smoke from the incident Erid left with his guards.
Seeking to thwart a potential raiding party he saw those of his house killed.*

*Going over their bodies he found that of his daughter
Standing over her body he took some of her blood and ash onto his spear.*

*With his spear in hand he said, "Upon my honor shall justice be done.
By the death of my kin have they made themselves my prey.
Through their evil have they earned themselves no mercy.
I shall make it so no words are left to honor their memory."*

*Raising his war party Erid began hunting the leader down.
Erid's finest hounds caught onto the scent.
Within a day they had found their camps.
That day they would bring low the animals.*

*With spear, fire, and rage did they bring ruin to the leader's band.
Man, woman, and child were all killed to the last.
By following their leader had they condemned themselves.
They bore the guilt as much as he did and they would have to pay the same price.*

*When the last of them was dead Erid sat down amidst the ashes.
He openly wept for the first time in his life.
For an evening he did lament until at last he rose.
Erid declared the charcoal folk forever enemies of Valgard.*

-Excerpt from the Saga of Erid

Last edited by [The Scandinavians](#) on Mon Apr 04, 2016 7:32 am, edited 1 time in total.

We are the Glorious Empire of the Scandinavians. Surrender or be destroyed. Your civilization has ended, your time is over. Your people will be assimilated into our Empire. Your technological distinctiveness shall be added to our own. Your culture shall be supplanted by our own. And your lands will be made into our lands.

"For five thousand years has our Empire endured. In war and peace we have thrived. Against overwhelming odds we evolved. No matter what we face we have always survived and grown. We shall always be triumphant." -Emperor Godfrey II

Hope for a brighter tomorrow - fight the fight, find the cure



Havensky
Diplomat

Posts: 888
Founded: Jan 01, 2008
Left-wing Utopia

Battle of Citadel

by **Havensky** » Tue Apr 05, 2016 11:22 am



By this time, Sky Marshal Gonzales had entered the war room. He had his earpiece in and had been listening in on his way in. His husky bass voice resounded throughout the war room.

"That's enough of that slaver bull. WestCAP! Cleared hot! Fire and blow through!! I want those things out of my sky!"

*"WestCAP Tree, FoxFire!
WestCAP Four, FoxFire!"*

A dozen missiles dropped from the bellies of the Skyan interceptors with each warhead headed towards the larger craft. The launching of missiles did have the effect of getting the attention of the escorts who quickly maneuvered to engage the two Skyan interceptors.

WestCAP, bugging out!

The pilots turned their aircraft into a loop and shot back towards Citadel City. The pilots hoped that they would at least get a few of the drones to follow them home and into the maw of the Skyan air defenses.

Cathy Skyfarm Nest District, Citadel City

"Working the late shift la professora?? A coffee or snack today?"

The Rolling Bacon was a bright red truck with two thick strips of bacon painted on the side. Frank Fernandes ran the truck along with his wife Gloria. Being parked next to the undertrain had been a pretty nice arrangement. The undertrain station was located inside the center vertical farm and with the school being right across the street the area was highly trafficked.

"Si, I've got pickup duty today and I'll need both a mocha and a bacon torta please Senor."

"Si profesora, uno momento"

Ammie Amberwind was a third grade math and science teacher at Nest Elementary School. She was brunette and just a little shorter than the gentleman behind her in line: Jake Pflüger.

And what about you Senor?

Jake was a tall handsome muscular man whose cowboy hat hid his short blonde hair. He worked as a field hand in Skyscraper Farm C which the farmers had dubbed "The Cathy Farm." He was dressed casually in a sleeveless shirt and jeans. A winged lion tattoo emblazoned on his right bicep - a Texas flag on the right. Behind him was his best friend and fellow farmhand Billy Jardinier. It was the end of the day for them and they were stopping by the truck for a beer.

"Two Red Guard Ales please."

Ammie turned around right after she heard the voice.

"Jake! I thought that was you!"

Jake tipped his hat, and after a very slight episode of shyness, spoke in a deep drawl.

"Howdy Miss Amberwind....ummm...how are those tomatoes doing?"

Ammie smiled and leaned against the truck.

"I -think- they're doing well. Thanks so much again for coming to speak at my class. The kids really liked planting their own tomatoes. I think it helps to understand where their food comes from.

"Well, it's no problem at all ma'am.. happy to do it.."

There was a brief pause while each sipped their drinks. Finally, Ammie looked at Jake curiously.

"Do you think you could swing by sometime this week? I just want to make sure the tomatoes are doing well and I'd like an expert opinion."

"I'm sure they're just fine...I mean, I'd be happy to do it...anything to help... Um.. I'll stop after lunch tomorrow if that's ok."

"Great!", replied Ammie with a smile and then after a moment, "So....I'll see you later! I've got to get to the pickup point. Later boys!"

Billy, who had been munching on his tacos while the whole scene unfolded, tossed his wrapper and muttered.

"Jake, why don't you ask the lady out already?!"

"Oh come on, it's not like that!"

"The hell it is, you go all shy and yes ma'am this and yes miss that. And you're turning three shades of red already - pull yourself together!"

"I wouldn't even know where to take a city girl like that!"

"Jake, you live in this city now too. And are you not coming to my barbeque? By yourself? Ask her to that - that's doesn't even count as a date."

"Easy for you to say, you're married!"

"Well yeah, and how do you suppose that happened? I asked Darlene out! And that was before any of this SwipeLeft crap...or is it SwipeRight?"

The conversation was broken up by the low growing whining pitch of an air raid siren. Everyone on the street instinctively pulled out their mobile device and collectively had a moment of hesitation. The alert on the mobile devices hit just before the voice on the public announcement.

[Incoming Air Raid. Please proceed to nearest bunker. This is not a drill. Incoming Air Raid. Please proceed to the nearest bunker]

Jake stopped for a moment as a realization hit. It was rush hour. Everyone would be either on the trains home or still downtown. The people on the trains would be fine - every station had a big deep bunker - but most of the teachers would have left by now.

"Ammie...the kids! Come on Billy, round everyone up - the school's gonna need help evacuating with half the staff gone!"

Jake, Billy and a half dozen farmers ran inside the school where the small group of teachers were going room to room getting the remainder of the students rounded up.

"Jake!", shouted Ammie.

"Where do you need us?", he shouted back.

"Check all the rooms, we're gathering in the cafeteria and heading

down. Right now we're telling the students it's a drill. Don't panic them. Don't run."

"Yes ma'am"

The farmers walked quickly to all the rooms making sure all the rooms were clear. At the end of the day, most of the rooms were empty but the procedure was every room had to be checked. The flags of nations in Gholgoth, Texas, and Sondria hanging in the hallway fluttered as they walked by. When they were done they walked into the cafeteria to find half a dozen teachers and seventy-two students.

"Ami- Miss Amberwing, we're all clear."

Ammie nodded and then put two fingers between her lips and gave out a sharp piercing whistle.

"OK everyone, just like we practiced. Everyone hold hands and follow me to the bunker."

The children joined hands and followed Ammie Amberwing out of the school building and down a stairwell on their side of the street. It's digital sign flashing bright red and white signaling people to please proceed down into the bunker. The farmers followed alongside and behind the group. The stairs were wide and long with a ramp running down the middle for those in wheelchairs. The stairwell was brightly lit with signs pointing down. The bunker itself was three floor down. There were blast doors still opened on every floor. These would close when the attack began but for now, the stairwell was filled with children.

Citadel Armada Base Citadel City, Havensky

To the tune of Riot Lights, Apocalyptica

Red Squadron was out "on deck" when the call came in. Lt. Nikki "Thorn" Kurai was already in the cockpit of her I9 Accipiter Interceptor alongside Shauna "Rose" Ceara who was performing the final pre-flight check on the fighter drones she had called up. She didn't blink an eye as Thorn throttled the engines.

Accipiter-Seven-Zero-One/Independence, Designation Red One, clear forward, nav-con green, interval check, thrust positive and steady. Mag-cat engaged. Good hunting

The Interceptor rocketed into the air along the tracks and burst through the fog as they gained altitude. Thorn made a sharp 200 degree turn to the west and began to head towards the incoming slaver attack. She was soon joined by a multitude of Skyan fighters forming up behind her. Rose clicked her communicator.

"All craft report in"

Red Two, standing by... Red Three, standing by...Red Four..standing by

As fighter squadrons called in across the sunset, several dozen airships led by the flagship airship carrier *Independence* began their flight towards the attackers. Joining the airship carrier were five squadrons of airship missile cruisers. The *Independence* began launching drones from her belly as the missile carriers linked their guidance systems with the Skyan interceptors.

HRA Independence

The bridge of the *Independence* was quiet as the pilot moved the airship towards danger. On the port and aft side windows, they could see the dagger like shapes of the missile carriers squadrons crashing through the clouds as they moved into position.

Commander Damen looked out onto the viewscreen as red threat icons popped up one by one as they were recognized by the Accipiter's sensors. A tall thin man with greying hair who always seemed a bit cramped even in the comparatively roomier bridge of the airship carrier.

"Sitrep?"

The shorter and more darker haired Captain O'Hare pulled up information on his tablet and started rattling off numbers.

"Red, Blue, Yellow, Green Accipiter Squadrons are inbound - 48 fighters, 96 drones - first contact in 90 seconds. Gold, Purple, Sable, Grey Harpia Squadrons on deck launching in 2 minutes. All gunnery sections report ready."

Citadel War Room

The Citadel War Room was in full combat mode at this point. Communications between different sections occurring at rapid fire pace. Gonzales swirling around in his command chair taking in the different data streams and reports the way a pilot looks at his cockpit.

"Sir, Red Squadron reports two minutes to contact"

da-WHOOOOP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

"SIR! Two Kraven Superdreads just departed Cydonia and appear to be headed our direction! They're hailing us![/i]

Gonzales snorted angrily, *"Lock all 300 of Scorpio Station's Summanus-B1 onto those two dreads. Tell the Cappers to stay the hell away"*

"It's not Resource Fleet...just the two? And they're offering assistance?"

"Bull - tell them if they within 1000 meters of Scorpio Station they'll be sunk."

The Air Defense Section pinged loudly.

"RED SQUADRON REPORTS CONTACT!"

Outside Citadel Airspace

PIP-PIP-PIP-LOCK

Inside the the lead Accipiter Fighter, Rose noted that nearly all the fighters were in range. Bright red pathmarks showing the probable flight path from the missiles that would fire from the dozens of airship missile cruisers a few dozen miles behind them.

"Weapons Free! First volley at the bombers, then take out those escorts! And stay out of the firing solution!"

Thorn closed her communicator and whispered, *"Not my city you bitch!"*

"Red One, Fox Three!"

The weapon bay doors of the interceptor popped open and a missile dropped into the waiting sky. It fired its engines and joined hundreds other missiles into the darkening sky towards the Scandinavians bombers. Rose switched Thorn's target to the nearest enemy escort then began feeding target information on the nearest bomber back to the her assigned airship missile cruiser the *Tempest*.

"Tempest, Fox Five!"

Red Three, Fox Two

Blue Eight, Fox Two

Derecho, Fox Five

Green Six, Fox Two!"

Thorn drove the fighter into a deep turn as she moved to engage another escort as the sky became increasingly crowded with dangerous things. The gravitational forces pushing both Thorn and Rose deeper into their seats as more foes came into view.

This is Six, I've got one on my tail

Rodger Six, I see it

Thorn banked slightly left coming out of the turn with her boresight right behind the enemy drone. She moved her thumb to the red trigger of her joystick.

"Red One, Guns guns guns"

The drone exploded behind Red Six. The two fighters pulled a sharp turn in unison before dropping under the virtual red line. A split second later, a flurry of missiles from the *Tempest* slammed into another bomber.

"Pilot! My target! Cyclops! 7 low!

Got it!

Tempest! My target! Bomber!"

-warning-missile lock-

Thorn immediately threw the Accipiter into a sharp zig zag through the air as she released chaff behind her. The enemy missile slammed into the chaff and went off. Thorn looped the aircraft hard pointing the nose at the drone. She fired off her guns and shredded the enemy craft.

Control, where are my fucking Harpys?!

Right here One!

Several dozen Harpia Air Superiority Fighters dived down into the dogfight letting off a slew of missiles towards the drones before turning sharply into the merge. The smaller more maneuverable aircraft picked up where the Acciptiers had left off.

About time Gold Leader! Can't you tell there's a war on?!

Cut the chatter Red Leader!

Rodger, Alright - all Accipiters form up on me - we're gonna make another run at those bombers.

The Interceptors followed Thorn as she broke off from the drones gaining speed. They made a wide turn gaining altitude before coming around behind the bombers and lining up for another attack.

"Get out of my sky slaver scum!"

Last edited by [Havensky](#) on Tue Aug 07, 2018 6:42 am, edited 1 time in total.

The Skybound Republic of Havensky
(Pronounced Haven-Sky)

Territory held in
[Texas](#) - [Gholgoth](#) - [Sondria](#)

**N&I RP Mentor Specializing in PMT, Character Development,
Worldbuilding, and Diplomacy - TG me for help!**





Dephire
Envoy

Posts: 252
Founded: Sep 06, 2005
New York Times
Democracy

by **Dephire** » Tue Apr 05, 2016 9:16 pm



The Imperial Palace Hell's Gate

The Dephirian Emperor Tristan Skragg was sitting leaned back on his throne as a team of doctors worked on replacing his bloodied bandages. Only a few days have passed since the relocation of the nation's capitol to Hell's Gate after the incidental destruction of the Temple of Scythia a month ago, thanks to Siegfried's attack. Tristan suffered many wounds during the defense of his throne and they still bled greatly when he was active.

The doors to the throne room opened and Paladin Octavius Renal followed closely by Godsend Generals Minera and Darius, "Tristan, we have grave news from Havensky."

Tristan looked up from his wounds, "Grave news? Has the Reich finally lost their mind?"

"No, that would be the Scandivans," said General Minera.

"What happened?" Tristan was concerned for his allies across the sea.

"They have invaded Citadel City, mi'lord, despite the orders from Dreadfire to cease all hostilities towards one another. There is an intense air battle going on at this moment and we speculate a landing force is to be expected soon. No call for aid has been heard, but we have also seen two Reich ships entering the waters. They appear to have no intents on starting a fight, but to deter further bloodshed." Paladin Octavius spoke this time.

"What of our defensive blockade of Havensky?" Tristan asked.

"Our Imperial Armada is still within three hundred nautical miles from Havensky, closing in to show the Scandivans that we are a present not to be trifled with. The armada is awaiting further orders from you, Tristan." General Darius spoke.

Tristan stood up from the throne as the doctors finished patching him up, "I will give the Scands one chance to cease their assault. If not, then they will suffer from the full power of the Dephirian Empire."

"Yes, your highness." Paladin Octavius bowed and left the throne room, leaving the two generals.

"How are you doing, Tristan?" Darius was soft spoken when speaking to his friend.

"I still am having to cope with the loss of Wilhelm and executing Ki'lan. The Temple is gone. Ghray is nearly in complete ruins. My wife is still in critical care with my infant son and daughter... Now, a fellow Goth wishes to spark up conflict on my doorstep. We can no longer hold back our punches, Darius. They invaded a nation under our protection and as such shall be assumed to be a declaration of war. How am I doing? I am furious! There needs to be order brought back to our region. Give the Scandivans one hour to cease and desist. If they refuse my generous offer, wipe them from existence."

"...From existence? That's a bit harsh even with all things considered... I mean, the only other place possibly worthy of that declaration was the Reich, but they seem to have toned down their genocidal crusade. I mean, they are practically docile at this point." Minera spoke cautiously.

"Just do as I ask, Minera. If my mind were to wander, I might skip the hour's chance and go straight into annihilation."

"Y-yes, your highness. My apologies."

- - - - -

Message to the Scandivan Forces:

"Attention Scand Forces. You are invading a nation under the rightful protection of the Dephirian Empire. I, Emperor Tristan Skragg, shall declare your deplorable acts of aggression against Havensky as a declaration of war against Dephire. You have one hour to cease your actions or you will have the might of the Imperial Armada to answer to.

Heed our warning or suffer the consequences.

I pray you choose the correct path."

Last edited by [Dephire](#) on Wed Apr 06, 2016 9:37 am, edited 2 times in total.

"My nation was forged by the blade of a sword and so it lives on through the sword." -Tristan Skragg, Emperor of Briska.



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by [Mokastana](#) » Wed Apr 06, 2016 11:04 am



Midtown Citadel City, Havensky Gholgoth

The Montana Inc tower, [built only a few years ago](#), did not stand out like the one in Bogota. Like many other skyscrapers in the city, the outside was nondescript, hiding the local headquarters of the Mokaan Firm among the many other businesses already here. The Mokaan business presence was thanks to GATA, the Global Aerospace Trade Agreement, led by the Macabees. Construction, pharmacy, and surprisingly, restaurants, were the key industries that Montana brought to Havensky, with a large but elegant Mokaan themed dining experience on the bottom few floors of the building. It wasn't easy working above such a nice place to eat, especially with the smell of freshly prepared Carne Asada wafting into the business' main lobby, but it was the life Martin Mendez had built out here for his company.

Martin was one of the first sent to the only friendly nation in Gholgoth, where he brokered the deal to break ground and invest. The success of the Havensky mission propelled him all the way to Vice President of the Gothic Sector, which while impressive, was still one of the smallest investment sectors of Montana Inc. But that was ok, the economy here was growing, and with time they could expand into any numerous markets. After all, food trucks seemed to be a popular dining choice in many districts, and from his own childhood Martin knew the financial difficulties one might have selling food on the side of the road. Today he was visiting a food truck named *El Pescado Borracho*, a semi popular vendor that a few of his employees told him about.

"Greetings, what can I get for you?"

"Could I get two fish tacos and a side of Guacamole?"

"Si, coming right up!"

The man wrote down the order and passed it to his fellow worker in the truck.

"Tell me, how's business? You enjoying the routine?"

"Business has never been better, amigo."

"That's good to hear, with everyone at the office raving about how good your truck is, I had to come out and try it myself. Based on what I've heard, and smell so far, I want to offer you a chance to -"

Martin's phone buzzed to life, prompting him to pause for a second. Two quick buzzes in a row informed him it was a text message, it could wait, but he had already pulled out the phone and began

reading. At the same time, an announcement over the loudspeaker interrupted his lunch:

[Incoming Air Raid. Please proceed to nearest bunker. This is not a drill. Incoming Air Raid. Please proceed to the nearest bunker]

"Mierda"

All the worries he ever had about coming to Havensky and Gholgoth flooded back to him. Everyone knew this was the region that mimicked Hell on Earth, with nightmare tech and monstrosities and religious fanatics. Being so close to the fire and brimstone had once worried him, but it had gone quiet over the past year as complacency set in. Occasionally it would surface again when handing building codes and bomb shelters, or maintaining the budget for the Montana Inc Medicinal vaults underground. A stark reminder for why these were needed, everything prepared for a day just like this.

Martin looked up at the food truck vendor, then back to his office building.

"Follow me, we have an underground shelter and medical supplies in the restaurant."

The food truck crew followed Mr. Mendez towards the Montana Inc building where security and staff were already guiding people to their shelter. Like most structures in Citadel City, they had a bomb shelter underneath. Unlike most, the building was only about half full, due to expected growth, therefore had plenty of extra room. In addition, the Montana shelter harbored a vault full of medical supplies, from medicines to bandage and even a small operating room with a backup generator. All at the suggestion of Mr. Mendez in case the unthinkable happened. The expectation was that the city would need all the help it could get in case of attack, and Montana wanted to be ready when the inevitable came.

Over head and through the sounds of a crowd seeking shelter, Martin thought he heard the distant sounds of thunder.

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

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