

by Max Barry



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

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**Aeken**  
Post Marshal

Posts: 17135  
Founded: Feb 12, 2012  
Ex-Nation

by **Aeken** » Tue Oct 08, 2013 2:44 pm

QUOTE

### Communal Rotunda, Bastion, Socialist Commune of Aeken

It was early in the day. The sun was barely up, beams of light striking into the dense windows of the rotunda. The dew was fresh, layered about the lush capital, shining with pride. The prominent flag of Aeken was displayed high in the sky, calmly moving with the slight breeze that followed. Trains whirled by silently, carrying the commuters from all over Aeken. Eden overlooked Bastion from the rotunda balcony, observing the city coming back to life after long night. Bastion was just some of the many names of the capital of Aeken, commonly changed after government after government. But all of them retained the same beauty that it had always been credited with. Eden wouldn't be able to know what would happen to his country with all the instability the world is facing at this time. Pensalum and Bavaria-Saxony both having sectarian violence and rising civil tensions, Rhodesea reforming after a coup by military leader, and worst of all, the predicament regarding Regalia in Ghant. He swiftly kicked those thoughts from his mind, and proceeded to attend the Aekenian Civil Defense Force's deliberation of how to react to all this chaos in the world.

After arriving in the hidden complex miles away for, Bastion in the remote mountain regions of Aeken, Eden was greeted by the Viceroy Autumn, the leader of the ACDF.

"Pleasure to see you again, Viceroy."

"I reckon' this ain't the time for formalities, President." Autumn urged with haste as he led Eden to the control center.

The room was slightly lit- only by the bright screens, panels, and displays. The hum of electronics was evident in the room, as was the heat coming off of the large devices. Autumn lead Eden over to Executive Command, where his closest advisors and military figures sat, waiting for his presence. He calmly sat into his desk, looking over all of the documents laid out.

Once he finished, Eden knew to action to take.

### One day later:

"Move, move, move! We need to get these warships out of Bastion now! All fleets are to converge at the rendezvous at the edge of Aekenian maritime border on the western sector!" A commander

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yelled at troops quickly preparing to launch the ANS 'Director', one of Aeken's largest and most powerful warships. Soldiers armed themselves with heavy armor and were dispatched to VTOLs. The entire ACDF was assembled a week later, going over blockade and trajectory of defense. Eden himself was on the Director, while Autumn lead the land forces from the ANS Enforcer, a specifically command based warship.

"Time until reaching Ghantish maritime borders in ten hours," the Director's main technician called out through the encrypted communication channel on all ACDF detachments. Eden stood vindicated by his decision, looking sternly about towards the sea.



**Clockenstien**  
Civil Servant

Posts: 6  
Founded: May 16, 2009  
Ex-Nation

by **Clockenstien** » Wed Oct 09, 2013 3:18 am



### CIN Eltrusia, Sea of Ghant

The CIN Eltrusia cut through the waves, guns primed, the crew knowing full well this would be their last voyage. Laoni's flagship, the Greentreader had attempted to hail them, but they'd ignored it, charging full pelt into the maelstrom.

"Remember men, for the Queen, Auri El and Amylia!" The Captain roared over the loadspeaker "We give our today for Clockenstein's tomorrow!"

He could hear the roar of agreement from the men, all at their stations, reading and aiming their guns at their only target. The Greentreader.

The enemy flagship was starting to slow down for two other guard ships to speed ahead, however the Eltrusia was already primed. It's guns bellowed out the first shots, they scattered around the Greentreader, some hit it on its sides however, making it sway from side to side.

"Amylia forgive me, for I do my duty." The Captain whispered under his breath, not taking his eyes of the carnage envelopping in front of him.

Last edited by **Clockenstien** on Wed Oct 09, 2013 3:23 am, edited 1 time in total.



**Loufe**  
Diplomat

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

by **Loufe** » Wed Oct 09, 2013 3:55 pm



### Ignore the Belkan Flag



**Ghant**  
Minister

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

by **Ghant** » Wed Oct 09, 2013 10:02 pm



### Act II, Chapter III The Sea of Ghant

The Emperor and his retainers were eagerly awaiting the arrival of the Mizradian team. *I am glad that we recovered them first*, he thought. *Had the Ghantish Government recovered them first, they no doubt would have swayed them to not support me.*

He knew they were coming. Kukavanger had them safe and warm. His ship was also next to theirs, the Green Treader. Word was that the Mizradians required little rest and recovery time. *They should be coming soon.*

The Captain broke the Emperor's train of thought. "Your majesty, there is an unknown ship fast approaching."

"What do you mean, an unknown ship? Identify it, please."

One of the officers with some binocular gear looked at it, and then turned his head. "It is from Clockenstein, and there is only one."

"A Clockensteinian ship in the Sea of Ghant. What is it doing out here? Contact it and ask if everything is alright..."

Before the Emperor could finish, the ship fired upon the Green Treader. It took blows to the side of the ship that sent it hard to its side. The day grew dark and the sea was growing wild- this was a dangerous time for a fight at sea.

"What the hell? Why are they firing at us?" The Emperor turned ghostly white.

The Green Treader was a big ship, but none too well armed. It attempted to return fire, but could not impact the opposing vessel in any meaningful way.

Other ships in the Ghantish contingent were closing in on the Clockenstein ship. They began to fire upon it, at least 5. The Clockenstein ship still directed its fire at the Green Treader.

This went on for a few minutes, and then the Green Treader ceased to draw fire. The other Ghantish ships had directed fire at the Clockenstein ship's weapons. Despite that, the Clockenstein ship had also sustained structural damage.

"Enemy threat neutralized", replied one officer.

"The ship has been rendered harmless. It is taking on water. We could board the ship and apprehend the survivors."

The Emperor spoke harshly. "That will do. I want the ship boarded, and those on board brought before me to answer my questions. I want to know why they fired upon me, why they are here, and what the prerogative of their Queen is."

"Understood." With that, an officer departed the bridge and went down below.

Kukavanger's ship lingered nearby still. It survived the attack without taking any damage. The Mizradians were still on board his ship. With the Clockensteinian attack passed, he could now focus on dealing with them.

It didn't take long. Within 30 minutes, five men entered the bridge, with escort. One was in rougher shape than the others, it appeared. These were the Mizradians, without a doubt. The Emperor gestured them, and dispensed with the usual pleasantries.

The Emperor spoke. He was briefed on the language constraints. With that in mind, he brushed up on his Common Tongue. "Welcome, friends. You grace me with your presence. I know that you went through a considerable amount of trouble to get here. I hope that you have found our hospitality to your satisfaction. I would also like to apologize for the recent...attack that we had to deal with. I hope it did not jar you as much as it did me."

Eyeing the room around him, Turner's worries begin to go away. Despite his knowledge of Mizrad leaning more towards defending Gillenor if anything he knew something else too: the Emperor needed foreign support. In other words, killing one of the few nations willing to see what they can do to help wouldn't be a great idea for anybody. Stepping forward to speak, Ross manages to do so first.

"Indeed we did sir, I'm sure you're aware of why we're here and don't want to waste anymore time than we do. With that being said, what is it that you have up your sleeve for this conflict that is soon to happen?"

"Quite simple, good sir. I mean to claim the throne of not only Gillenor, but also that of the other Regalian states, in time. I have a

strong historical claim to these thrones, and that claim is strengthened by my wife, Laoni. She is next in line to the throne, and more acceptable than her sister to a good number of people there. This endeavor of mine has a good deal of support in Gillenor and elsewhere on the continent. I only mean to give the people what they want. To give them clean government, justice, and to right the wrongs of those in power. My cause is noble, I can assure you."

Ross begins to respond with the conclusion of what the Emperor said. Although in the background, Turner trying to hide the fact he was laughing at a monarch speaking about justice was becoming more and more obvious.

"Well the average man wouldn't see anything wrong with that but, you're forgetting everybody in this room is far from average. You and I are no exception. So my question is, how do you know what they want and how are you any better than any other monarch?"

"I have been in contact with various groups within Gillenor, as has Laoni. Believe me, I would not have agreed to this venture if I did not have support from people there. There is support, and a hunger for change and reform. My sister-in-law, the current Empress Tsuni, is complacent and ignorant of the situation there. She allows corrupt politicians to go about the business unperturbed, and Gillenorian foreign policy is tainted. They control and influence other nations with their foreign affairs to their own advantage. I mean to change that. Mizrad would have a lot to gain if such a yoke was cast off, would it not?"

"That really depends, especially with the situation we currently have in our paths. Maybe we would be interested if such a thing were to happen. Although the darker side of things must always be examined closely. I'm sure you, like almost everybody else in Panessos are very well aware of the massive amount of sides that are beginning to appear with the threat of a global conflict looming so close. Which ones are willing to support you?"

"That is a good point. A number of regimes are emerging which...favor relations with us. Asasia has declared its support. Revolutions in Epraria and Pensalum are forthcoming. And Rhodesea has already turned. Don't worry about Rhodesea, either. They want their land back, which you control, but they will not move against you unless I tell them to. General Kruger has proved himself to be...most cooperative."

Ross grins, knowing that telling pawns and kings apart in the early stages of what Mizrad had been dragged into had just gotten a little easier. That's not to say which side he planned on using that information for though.

"Unfortunately almost all of those countries are against us and our views, and fighting along side somebody that has hated us for a long time isn't very intelligent. Rhodesea is not of importance to us, any attack mounted by them will simply be a martyr to the rest of the world calling for their destruction. A revolution in Epraria isn't to our liking though. Since I'm assuming you're speaking of the Blood Ravens taking out the current government, it would be rather dumb for Mizrad to take the side of a group that's been declared a terrorist cell by my own people. There's got to be something you can offer that will give us insight into what we're trying to accomplish."

By now, Turner had decided to speak up. Unlike Ross, John wasn't one to stall from getting his point across.

"I don't think you understand that Mizrad isn't approving of any form of monarchy. Maybe what the people want isn't for somebody to do things they like for them but, to do it themselves. If you can pursue democracy in this little venture of your's, you can count on Mizrad having your back. Yet another issue appears here though, both Gillenor and yourself choose monarchy over anything else."

"Against you and your views, you say? All they want is what you want- freedom, liberty, democracy. Not these phony elitist

bureaucracies that they all have now. This is all righteous, you see? The people rising up, and getting what they want. That is true democracy, not dimstore socialism. What does Mizrad want, anyway? Glory, justice, primacy? You can have it all! This is your chance. Think about what you have now, and what you have to gain! What is Mizrad-Rhodesea anyway? A land of sand, bones, shit, piss and flies. There are juicier fruits ready to take. By all means, you can help yourself. Ghant has ultimate democracy. The people get exactly what they want 100% of the time. This is not the case in Gillenor. They only care about the interests of the few, elite and powerful. You need only look at Clockenstein. They are allied with Gillenor. They attacked us unprovoked in the Sea of Ghant! Their monarchy there is afraid. Afraid of what we offer. So they attacked us preemptively. They had access to the same intel as Libraria and the Ghantish Imperial Fleet. They knew you were here. That we would be meeting. They opened fire any, with intent to kill. They don't care about you. We do. My people were willing to die for you. Remember that. We are your friends. I don't forget my friends- I award them generously. The world is changing, and I can offer Mizrad a commanding position in the new world order."

"If we move on Gillenor and then Clockenstein, we will stick with you. We refuse to bring about the deaths of those who don't deserve it, San Carpello, Gyreveich, Epraria and Pensalum have nothing against us nor do we have anything against them. I plan on keeping it that way. Now what do you mean by "Business?"

"Good, that is fair enough. Those terms are agreeable. Rhodesea wants their land back, and they know that it will come with its price. Rhodesea has offered to conquer all the lands south of Rhodesea and Epraria in your name, and give them to you. This is a prize that you can sink your teeth into. That bit of landlocked territory that you have now was Rhodesean for 2,000 years, before Loufe conquered it during their occupation of Rhodesea. Loufe and the corrupt JNOR wanted it out of greed, and power. Rhodesea wants it because it has always been theirs, since the days of the Hermaenium Empire. Give this to them, and you will win a permanent friend and ally in Rhodesea- they will hold your nuts for 2,000 years. And you will have lands fertile and rich, with coasts- and resources, like oil. This land includes New Leanore- who by all rights should be eliminated. Rhodesea will do all the heavy lifting for you, and then you gain the fruits! Here is the map- the proposed "New Mizrad" is in yellow. As I said, gentlemen, I reward my friends generously. What say you?"  
<http://i.imgur.com/EzymXNQ.png>

"Again, Mizrad will not move against Epraria under any circumstances. Although New Leanore is a different story. Much like most of the other formerly JNOR supplied puppet nations, they've all slowly slipped under the surface. Therefore, we'll take them ourselves once things heat up in the war that is sure to come in the Gulf. For the record, don't expect us to support Kruger or anybody working under his name. As of now Rhodesea is an unrecognized nation to Mizrad."

"No one shall move on Epraria. We don't want you to move against Epraria. Epraria will remain untouched, I can assure you. I just hope that you will consider my offer, and consider the reunion of the two halves of Rhodesea. What can Kruger do to...earn your recognition? A Rhodesea that is willing to...cooperate would be good for Panessos. This is how we acquire that cooperation. Such a re division of territory would be...beneficial for all parties involved."

"They can have the territory if things go according to plan but, I can assure you the only thing Kruger can make Mizrad do is hate him even more than we already do. I believe this sums up what we've come here for, am I not correct?"

"Understood. Very good gentlemen, I believe that we have reached a...reasonable arrangement. You are free to leave at anytime. If you wish to remain here for a time, then you are free to avail yourselves to this ship, and all of the hospitality that we have to offer. You can disembark when we reach the nearest land, or our destination. If not, feel free to leave at any time, by whatever means you see fit. And

Ross grins, extending his hand for a more formal goodbye before speaking.

"I believe we'll stay on board for the journey. I hear Gillenor is quite nice this time of year, around when do you plan to make land fall?"

The Emperor reached his hand out and shook Ross's hand firmly.

"Assuming we do not get attacked again, we should be there in roughly 4-5 days."

"Certainly. As you leave the bridge, feel free to seek out my Quartermaster, Tarlek, for all of your needs- be they weapons, gear or transportation. Let it be said that I am generous."

"Laoni, what brings you here? Have you any word on the Clockensteinians?"

"And?"

The Emperor was enraged by that. "Goddamnit, I wanted them alive! On who's orders did they disobey me!"

"...on mine." Laoni laughed.

Last edited by Ghant on Wed Oct 09, 2013 10:17 pm, edited 7 times in total.

  
**Ghant**  
  
**Factbook | RP Resume | IIwiki Admin**  
**Commended by Security Council Resolution #450**  
**Recipient of the Greater Dienstad Roleplay Reward**  
"Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!" - Percy Bysshe Shelley,  
*Ozymandias*



Posts: 65  
Founded: Dec 16, 2012  
Ex-Nation

☐ by **Bavaria-Saxony** » Thu Oct 10, 2013 7:44 am

Hamish river, Hamsterdam.

The onslaught of thousands continued. And had awoken King Connor II. Abruptly, he stormed out.

King Connor II"what is the meaning of this?"

Duke of Nord Bavaria: "they're here, your highness, the separatist"  
The king ran towards his balcony, only to find the front line right outside his palace. In the distance smoke had bloomed upon the smouldering ashes. He fell to his knees, while watching the Hamsterdam wall, a proud monument, collapse before his eyes. The flag of the Bavarian separatists tauntingly flying on the bëgall. The architectural magnificence had crumbled amongst the roads and paths. And thus, a tear had found itself on his cheek. In utter shame

his reign had come to this.

The front line had now pushed back to the very heart of Hamsterdam, suddenly, the sound of tanks grinding upon the roads lifted the hopes of thousands, then a piercing sound of jet engines engulfed the early skies. The Loyalists looked up in hope. Afterwards a loyalists bunker erupted in fire due to the aircraft, loyalist commanders ordered the men to hold their ground. Commander Kan: "they're not ours lads, stand steady."

however, another, slightly different engine sound battled in the skies, the soldiers looked up once more in awe as the National airforce had arrived. The royal barracks, only two miles away had sent their tanks which had now battened down the front lines. The enemy were stunned and one by one, ditched the campaign. The line was pushed towards the very edges of Hamsterdam when Lamok had been captured. And the Bavarian flag was viciously, ripped down from the top of the begall

3 hours of relentless fighting, stole the hearts of many.  
-quoted by Commander Øda before dying of a wound earlier.



The New Lowlands  
Postmaster-General

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

by The New Lowlands » Fri Oct 11, 2013 10:12 am



### Aviation Deck, NLS De Staten Van Tilpashim Sea of Gbant

The sea roiled below them as they began their ascent. Floriszoon looked grimly out at the grey, cold water, and the receding shape of the *Tilpashim*.

A brief beep interrupted his pensive silence, and the gravelly voice of the mission overseer spoke;

*"Scalpel One Actual, this is the Tilpashim. You are cleared for operation launch. Weapons tight."*

"Understood, *Tilpashim*." Floriszoon replied curtly, as the helicopter began moving swiftly over the swirling ocean. They headed for the Gbantian fleet; the *Green Treader*, to be specific, was their goal.

The helicopter itself had been repainted; While still a dull grey, the tail number had been changed to indicate it to be a civilian aircraft; specifically, one registered as being carried by the NLS *Kammenschille*, a civilian transporter sailing nearby, and certain overt indicators- such as armaments and hardpoints- had been removed. Thus, for all intents and purposes, it was a civilian helicopter that radioed the *Green Treader*.

*"Green Treader,"* the pilot's voice crackled over the radio, *"This is PHC1442, requesting permission to circle overhead for a Batavia Times film shoot."*



Mizrad  
Senator

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

### "One Step Closer"

by Mizrad » Fri Oct 11, 2013 12:36 pm



Act 2, Chapter VI  
Aboard the Green Treader, Heading Towards Hermania  
DAY 4, 13:47 HOURS, 10/11/13  
1st Mizradian Special Detachment Group  
OPERATION INFERNO RISING

Looking over the deck, Turner just stares at the ocean in front of him. With Greene by his said and the rest of the group speaking to the Quartermaster, Allen Greene begins to speak up.

"It's kind of funny, isn't it?"

Turner looks at him with a puzzled face. Allen then responds to the look by explaining what he means.

"The ocean, look how calm it is. Despite the world being on the verge of falling into chaos the water just stays smooth as glass. It makes me think, you know?"



John [Turner] sighs as he looks back out at the ocean.  
"You know I don't have much to think about, right? What everybody thinks of me is what I am. You should know that more than anybody. The only thing I have to live for is Mizrad and getting the men under my command home safe; anything else is inadequate. Allen, I'm sure you're the one who needs to worry about this stuff. Just try not to go the path I did. Speaking of that, how's Michaela?"  
Allen grins before responding, despite what he had just heard being very dark the last question would always brighten his day.  
"She's great, if only I could get back to her though. I love my job and all but, I'm damn sure you know the cons just as much as I do."  
John gets up as he turns to Greene. Pushing his forehead back as he joke he begins to walk down to the QM. Allen is quick to follow with a bit of a smile on his face, something Turner would ironically never do.

Opening the door to Tarlek's quarters, Ross and the rest of the group along with Tarlek all wait within the room. Stepping up to cage between Tarlek and himself, Turner speaks up.  
"Afternoon Tarlek, I'm sure you'll have what we need and will be willing to give it to us. So how does everything on this list seem to you?"  
After finishing with talking, Turner slips a small piece of lined paper to Tarlek with writing on it.

4 P226's  
2 CZ3-A1's  
1 Jeep 2014 Grand Cherokee  
5 "Dragonskin" Bulletproof vests  
2 Prepaid cell phones

Pulling his hand back after handing the man the note, John begins to speak again.  
"I'm sure this will come easy to you, your work is appreciated."

"No good decision was ever made in a swivel chair" -George Patton  
**Proud Member of the [INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM COALITION!](#)**

News 1016: October 12, 2013



**Gillenor**  
Chargé d'Affaires

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

by **Gillenor** » Sat Oct 12, 2013 12:04 pm



**To:** Ormund Borlidoc, Gbantish Administration  
**From:** Empress Tsuni, Gillenorian Foreign Office  
**Encryption:** HIGH

Dear Mr Borlidoc

I would like to invite you to Osserheim, Gillenor to discuss with myself and Queen Celeste Suncrest of Clockenstein to discuss recent events.

This is a most urgent issue, and we would desire your response immediately.

Sincerely  
Empress Tsuni Yousloff, Gillenorian Foreign Office

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



**Gbant**  
Minister

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

by **Gbant** » Sat Oct 12, 2013 12:06 pm



“ **Gillenor wrote:**

**To:** Ormund Borlidoc, Gbantish Administration  
**From:** Empress Tsuni, Gillenorian Foreign Office  
**Encryption:** HIGH

Dear Mr Borlidoc

I would like to invite you to Osserheim, Gillenor to discuss with



myself and Queen Celeste Suncrest of Clockenstein to discuss recent events.

This is a most urgent issue, and we would desire your response immediately.

Sincerely  
Empress Tsuni Yousloff, Gillenorian Foreign Office

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

Dear Empress Tsuni,

I would be honored to travel to Osserheim to meet with yourself and Queen Celeste. I will make immediate preparations for travel.

Sincerely,  
Ormund Borlidoc, Prime Minister of Ghant

  
**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*



**Naybra**  
Diplomat

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

☐ by **Naybra** » Sat Oct 12, 2013 1:39 pm

**QUOTE**

## Act II, Chapter VII

Baratian Executive Mansion

*Naybra City, the Isle of Barat*

Governor Ott sat in a large chair inside a conference room, at one end of a round, wooden table. The conference room was a medium-sized suite, with the table centered in the middle of the room. There were two other chairs circling this small table, making a total of three. Governor Ott had just entered the room, and as of yet, he was the only one there. It gave him time to think and ponder. At the moment, his thoughts concerned the past of the Naybra. Ever since the failed independence of the Isles against Gillenor, the territorial government was thrown out of whack. When the Empire of Gillenor finally did leave peacefully, a national government was never formed. Rather, each of Naybra's three island formed their own sovereign state governments, with a mutual agreement between them. Along with this move, each specialized in one specific field to keep themselves afloat in this time of transition. Naybra existed in this state for over 50 years, and it worked well, but it did not help with common issues, like defense, commerce, and legislation. Committees like the one called today were required to solve these common issues, with the most recent one on this scale being called two years ago to establish a common currency for the Isles, the Concurr.

This conference was one of those special committees, called by Governor Ott to deal with the ongoing threat developing around Panessos. Governor Ott was the executive of the Isle of Barat. By far he was the oldest man in government, at the age of 83. His short grey beard and bald head displayed his age more than his wisdom. He had experience, which was his most precious skill. Governor Ott had been active throughout the shaping of the Isles' history, fighting alongside the Joignian rebels in Naybra's failed attempt of liberation. It existed on a small stretch of land that was the island in between the two other islands. It was the location of the first colonial village of the Regalian Empire and subsequently became the capitol of the colony, due to its positioning and native hospitality. Barat was an energetic and active island, one of constant parting and sports. It was the home to many notable athletes of Naybra. The color of orange is used to display this characteristic, because orange represents energy and enthusiasm.

As Governor Ott fiddled with his pen deep in thought, Governor Joehl (*Pronounced Yale*) entered through the door and stood behind one of the two empty chairs. Governor Ott glanced up from his papers and greeted the Governor in a typical Naybrian greeting. It is standard for Naybrians to stand when talking to another person, as they believe this shows respect to the listener. Governor Joehl was a tall man, towering above Ott by a couple centimeters. His hair was dark brown and he had a 'simple' quality to his face. Governor Joehl was a retired businessman and the leader of the Isle of Grenoble, the most economically powerful of the eight. Grenoble was the furthest west island, away from initial Regalian influence, but also the closest to Libraria and Austoria, arguably the most powerful economic superpower of Panessos. Grenoble served as the economic capital of the Western Isles, with the capital city being Wagonwater, which was also the largest city of Naybra. It was in this city that both the Grenoble government and the headquarters of the largest business of the islands resided...WIoN Inc. The color most commonly connected to Grenoble was green, the color of money, the material that makes Grenoble turn-round.

"It is nice to see you again," remarked Governor Joehl with a positive attitude and smile.

"Same here," Governor Ott responded.

"It has been a long time since I traveled to Barat. I've almost forgotten what it is like to have a more peaceful environment."

Grenoble was the economic powerhouse of Naybra. Many businesses, both big and small, found their starting in the fabulous city. Skyscrapers lined the roads and the city's large population accounted for major traffic jams and road blockages. It was ranked the worst city in the Naybra in traffic congestion. Efforts by Grenoble's government were made to enforce safe driving conditions and shorter commutes, but since PACs and special interest groups played a key role in party platforms and elections, they influenced the island's legislature.

Governor Ott replied, "Though it may seem quiet in your standards, this is just another average day in Naybra City."

Both men took their seats, though continued talking.

"If you don't mind me asking, why have you called this committee?" asked Governor Joehl, changing the subject.

"I'm sure you know why. A string of bad events have been going on around the region, and if we don't act soon, I fear we'll be pulled into it against our will."

"Are we talking about war? A war on the global scale hasn't occurred since the Great War of Panessos. Surely that was the war of the ages. We don't need another one now."

"Well it hasn't evolved to that yet, however I fear it will," remarked Governor Ott, "As we speak, tensions are rising throughout the region. Coups, rebellions, riots, you name it, it *is* happening. We must set aside our differences like we have in the past to overcome this issue, and assume a prominent course of action that Naybra should take to protect and defend itself and its interests."

"Well then," said Governor Joehl with a snicker, "We hate to make any rash decisions without our Joignian friends present for I think we all know the consequences..."

Almost as if on cue, Governor Sigmund threw open both doors with his hands and walked briskly, but menacingly to the last empty chair. He was the Governor of Joigny and his appearance showed so. He was a built man, with blonde hair and a charming appearance, and one might consider him 'handsome' if it wasn't for the scars running the length of his face. 'War scars' is what he calls them, and as his stories say, he had earned them in the War for Independence, but

both Governors believed the true reason concerned one too many jugs of alcohol and an argument at his local tavern. Though these scars were common for a Joignian, and no one gave a second thought, because that was who they were. They were the violent, dirty double-crossing bastards of the Isles. They were a people of war, and it had been in their culture since before the Regalian colonization to choose to use their fists over their words. They gave a fight, and continued it to the day of the initiation of the Naybrian Independence. They had a tendency to always desire to win, often making dumb and irrational actions if it earned them the trophy or the achievement of their goals. Their island was completely barren of tourist, and their color of red signified their lust for glory and blood.

Governor Sigmund arrived at his chair and remained standing saying in a mocking voice of politeness, "Sorry to interrupt you Governor Joehl, I was late, and was making haste to reach my chair. You may continue."

"There is no need," Governor Joehl said as he turned his head, "Your entrance answered my warning well enough. Governor Ott, I believe you may proceed with the meeting."

Governor Sigmund took his seat and scolded at Governor Joehl. Governor Joehl returned the motion with a mischievous smile. Both Grenoble and Joigny had a bitter rivalry, one that has lasted almost for as long as the island's knew of each other's culture. This wasn't a good vs. bad rivalry, but more of a bad vs. evil, with the Islands switching frequently with which name they were to be affiliated with.

"If you two could stop making your baby faces, we can start. As I told Governor Joehl, Panessos is falling into a black vortex. Power and greed is leading nations and factions to rash and bold decisions, but unfortunately the wheels of fate are already in motion. We can't stop it, though we can prepare ourselves. Emperor Nathan IV of Ghant has set sail for the continent of Regalia. His prominent target is seizing the throne of our once ruling Empire of Gillenor. A recent marriage has allowed him to make this claim for the throne..."

Governor Joehl interrupted, "Who are we to medal in the affairs of the Ghants? If the Emperor wants his throne he can get his throne."

"That's the problem," Governor Ott responded, "The person he married was Laoni Yousloff. Not only is she the sister of Gillenorian Empress Tsuni Yousloff, she's a wanted terrorist."

"Why are we even considering helping those pinkies. The Gillenorian filth can solve its own problems." shouted Governor Sigmund.

"Have you been listening?" shouted Governor Joehl, "Sometimes it is like you Joignians don't have ears."

"Enough," shouted Governor Ott, "Stop your arguing. There's a chance that a war in Regalia could spread off continent to Naybra, given its proximity to the continent and the amount of ethnic minority Regalians in the nation. I see two options: one, do nothing, risking the chance of being engulfed in this war; two, send our forces to aid the Gillenorians. Not only does this protect our interests, but also preserves our former Empire. The third option is to play the diplomatic game. We send ambassadors to and from. This might be the best option to pursue currently."

Governor Joehl responded, "I agree. Let's try to play our cards before the Emperor starts another Great War. "

"Are we all in agreement then?" Governor Ott asked, directing the question more to Governor Sigmund.

"I'd rather watch the pinkies die," muttered Governor Sigmund.

Original Post 2



**Ghant**  
Minister

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

by **Ghant** » Sun Oct 13, 2013 10:05 pm



### Act II, Chapter VIII The Green Treader The Sea of Ghant

The Emperor was furious. Nathan was not a man easily angered, but when it happened, it was bad. "What do you mean, you gave the orders?"

Laoni spoke, unperturbed. "I simply gave a call to the *Sealion*, told them what I wanted done, and I sent Sepuki over there in a speedboat to make sure it happened. They obliged me, without question or hesitation."

Nathan slammed his fists on the table and stood up, sending his chair flying backward. "I want whoever is in command of that ship stripped of command and detained for the remainder of the voyage. I will not be undermined or insubordinated."

An officer spoke up. "Command of the *Sealion* belongs to Heenor, Lord of Ganemice."

*Gaemarians. I should have known, Nathan thought. They are Sunshardists there. I should have suspected that they would follow Laoni's word over mine. She is Rosea, and I am not. They think that she speaks with a higher authority. I will show them.*

Nathan spoke. "Bring him to the Green Treader and escort him to the brig. Find one of my relatives from Ghent to take his place- my cousin Oswald shall suffice. Heenor's men will accept him as their superior, or they will share in his fate."

The officer scrambled to fulfill the Emperor's orders. Nathan then turned to Laoni "I want you to keep a tight leash on that sister of yours. Wherever there is trouble, she is never far, it seems. That has to stop, Laoni."

Laoni cocked her head and replied, "I was unaware that I took orders from you."

Nathan roared. "I am your *Lord* Husband. You will do as I command. I have been kind and generous thus far. You have done nothing but taken advantage of me and my leniency. It is apparent that I must be more forceful with you from this point forward."

"I don't have to do anything that I don't want to!"

"You will, goddamnit, or I will have you held in the brig for the rest of the voyage, you and your sister both! I am the reason this campaign exists and is continuing. Without me, you would still be a nobody, Laoni."

Laoni slapped him across the face. "How dare you. If it was not for me, your claim to Gillenor would mean nothing. You are wrong, I am the key. And Clockenstein needed to be taught a lesson. They must know what it means to resist us! They will know fear! I will burn them to the ground, if I must, to make them submit!"

"You will not hit me again. And you will do nothing unless I approve it. Now get out of my sight."

Laoni turned and left the bridge in haste. *Bitch*, he thought.

Nathan lingered for a time, until he received a call from Tarlek, his quartermaster. "Your majesty, the Mizradians request four P226's, two CZ3-A1's, one Jeep 2014 Grand Cherokee, five "Dragonskin" Bulletproof vests, and five prepaid cell phones. All but the 'Jeep' I have to give them."

Nathan replied, "I have a Jeep Grand Cherokee for the forthcoming year. I was going to use it in Gillenor, but please give it to them instead. It is in my personal cargo hold."

"Very good, your majesty. I will see to it that they get everything that they need."

Nathan hung up the phone and left the bridge. He descended to his personal quarters. His Captain of the Guard was waiting at the door. Hemlock was a man in his late 50's, a Reachman over 7 feet tall, with curly wispy white hair, pale skin and dull gold eyes. He was dressed in traditional Ghantish garb- heavy leather lined with fur, with his many military decorations. He was a veteran of the First Rhodo-Eprarian War, and was a recipient of the Medal of the Dragon- the highest military decoration one can receive in Ghant. He was a man both feared and respected all throughout Ghant. He was named to the Imperial Guard by Emperor Michael, Nathan's Great-Grandfather, in 1980, and had rose to become Captain 5 years later. Having spent his entire life around Hemlock, Nathan always felt safe and at ease around him.

Hemlock stood in front of the door to his quarters. "Hello, my little Emperor. Your brother is waiting in your quarters."

"Thank you, Hem."

Nathan walked in the room and saw his younger half-brother sitting on the couch. Charles of the House Quingaro, Lord of Seabreese. He was a boy of 13 years old, tall, with brown eyes and black hair. He was the son of Charles Quingaro the Elder, Nathan's step-father, and Caroline, Nathan's mother. After the Emperor's father, the Crown Prince died, his mother married Charles the Elder, a boat racer from Langaël. This was extremely controversial, not only because the marriage was less than two years after the Crown Prince's death, but also because it was to a commoner. The man was pretentious and rude, especially to Nathan, or at least as much as he could without seeming disrespectful to the Emperor. His mother and Charles had four children, and he essentially raised his younger sister Arietta- born to the Crown Prince and Caroline 8 months after the Crown Prince died. Arietta referred to Charles as her father, which really stuck in the Emperor's craw. Rather than give Charles the satisfaction of being named a lord, which he expected to happen, Nathan created each of their four children lords of the House Quingaro, but not Charles himself. Caroline never forgave her son of this slight, but he didn't care. It was good to be Emperor.

The Emperor's half-brother begged his mother to let him accompany Nathan on his voyage, but she refused. Until he contacted Nathan himself and asked, to which Nathan accepted. He still remembered his mother's response to that, when they met at the boarding party in Gaemarian.

"How could you let him go! It will be dangerous! That is nothing for a boy his age to be a part of!"

"Mother, Charlie is a Lord, and my brother. I want him by my side, so that he might learn, and achieve glory. I created him a lord, and now it is time for him to earn that Lordship."

"A Lordship that should have been given to my Husband! How disrespectful."

"Your husband is a boat racer, and a commoner. He is no lord! Charlie is the half-brother of an Emperor! Any man who happens to be brother to an Emperor shall be a Lord! And don't presume to lecture me on disrespect. How long had my father been dead, before you jumped in bed with some commoner?"

Her mother slapped him for saying that. "How dare you disrespect me like that. I am your mother!" Nathan thought it was quite funny, how most of the women in his life had been slapping him lately.

Nathan's only response was, "and I am your Emperor! Guards, see my mother off to the observation platform." That was the last time he had seen or spoke to her.

Nathan found himself back in his quarters. Charlie spoke up when he saw Nathan. "I saw a message on your computer! The Kravians have agreed to match Ari with Prince Artyum!"

*Finally some good news* , Nathan thought. Arietta was a pretty girl of 18, of medium height, skinny with brown hair and brown eyes. She took after their mother in terms of appearance and personality. Nathan took after their father.

"Very good, Charlie. I shall write our letter to Ari. Will you help me write it?"

"Sure, Nathan!"

"Good, lets get to it."

Nathan began to compose his message:

**CODE: SELECT ALL**

To: Arietta, Princess of Gbant  
From: Nathan IV, Emperor of Gbant,

Dearest and beloved sister,

It is my pleasure to inform you that I have recently concluded talks with the Kravian Royal Family. We have agreed to arrange a proposed match between yourself and Artyum, Imperial Prince of Kravia. He is 19, and I am told that he is attractive, kind, and intelligent. Also, after his older sister, Alisa, he is next in line to the throne of Kravia. Also, considering her sexual preferences, it is unlikely that she is to bear any legitimate issue. This would make Artyum the future Emperor of Kravia, and you the Empress. This arrangement is important, as the rivalry between our House Gentry and their House Nesterenko is ancient and intense. This is an opportunity to help our that rivalry and bring about a new era of peace.

"What do you think of that, Charlie?"

"I think it looks great!"

"I am glad you think so. I will submit it. Also, I hope you don't mind, but I must needs be alone for this next one."

"But Nathan..."

"But nothing, Charlie. Go."

"OK." He said with a heavy sigh, and he exited the room, back to his own quarters, Nathan expected.

Nathan began to type once more:

**CODE: SELECT ALL**

To: General Kruger  
From: Nathan IV, Emperor of Gbant

I met with a team representing Mzrad today. We discussed their involvement in our campaign, including what is to come of the "Mzrad-Rhodesea" territory. I know I promised you this if you supported me. I deliver on my promises- The Mzradian team has told me that so long as you play along and cooperate with us fully, then once the smoke clears and the dust has a chance to settle, Mzrad will decree that the territory in question is yours, and give it to you, as an award for good behavior.

Thank you for your cooperation,

Nathan IV

After having sent that message, he leaned back into the couch and drank some liquor- something that he had been doing with increased frequency of late. It made him numb to the stress, and helped him

loosen up...

Suddenly there was a message on his radio:

Your majesty, we have received the following message just now-  
"Green Treader," "This is PHC1442, requesting permission to circle  
overhead for a Batavia Timesfilm shoot."

Nathan took a long drink from his liquor bottle. He then replied to the  
message. "Sure, why not?"

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Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Sun Oct 13, 2013 10:46 pm, edited 3 times in total.



[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 New Lowlands**  
Postmaster-General

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

by [The New Lowlands](#) » Mon Oct 14, 2013 9:29 am



### **Act II, Chapter IIX, The Green Treader, Sea of Ghant**

"Sure, why not?" came the reply.

"Solid copy, *Green Treader*. Moving to aft." the pilot responded,  
bringing the helicopter around to the back of the vessel. The chopper  
began it's descent.

*"Scalpel One Actual, you are weapons free."*

"Masks on," Floriszoon spoke, curtly and coldly. The squad complied,  
cradling their weapons as the chopper hovered, roughly level with the  
vessel itself. Too close to the *Green Treader* for it to be attacked  
without risk, the helicopter's pilot happily ignored any protest

"Doors open," Floriszoon ordered, and the sliding door was moved  
aside. "Go."

Another Marine lifted a MGL-140 grenade launcher; with a dull clang  
for each of the six shots, he emptied it onto the aft deck.

The grenades did not explode. Rather, they landed and began to hiss,  
releasing a mix of fentanyl-derivative incapacitating agent and white  
smoke, and it was into this that the Marines jumped, keeping their  
eyes pressed against their thermal-imaging scopes to see through  
the smoke. While the agent would incapacitate the crew as long as it  
lasted, the ocean winds would give them ten minutes, tops, before  
anyone affected by the gas regained their senses.

Another pair of dull clangs announced their approach towards the  
superstructure, together with a cover of smoke and gas. They would  
have to be quick.



**Mizrad**  
Senator

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

### **"Shots Fired"**

by [Mizrad](#) » Mon Oct 14, 2013 8:40 pm



OOO: I forgot to add gas masks into the list of equipment, I'm sorry if  
this seems like godmodding to you NL or Ghant but Mizradians never  
go anywhere without a gas mask. Sorry if this post is also a bit  
godmoddish.

Act II Chapter IIX

Aboard the Green Treader, heading towards Hermania

DAY 4, 14:02 HOURS, 10/11/13

1st Mizradian Special Detachment Group



After thanking Tarlek and taking note of the Jeep in the cargo hold, Turner and his group begin to pack their gear. Being well aware that Hermania remains only hours away time only becomes more crucial. Tossing on their vests, the sound of velcro and buckles clicking as everything is strapped on can be heard throughout the room. Then throwing their jackets on over the vest or just leaving the vests showing their guns are holstered and the MOLLE straps are filled up with pouches, magazine pouches, ammo dumps, various pockets and gas mask clips. Then suddenly the silence is broken as Greene rushes in through the door.

Weather or not Before unloading their ammo into the chopper, the rest of the group gets into place. Then moving into cover they begin to pop in out and as they slowly approach the very back of the ship whilst firing upon the chopper. With all five men now firing into the helicopter, they begin to show what they are truly capable of. Continuing with the fire, as long as they didn't miss -which doesn't happen with the MSDG much, the chopper should be forced to back off or end up plummeting into the sea.

Naughty little fucker aren't you?

Sarel Kruger was preoccupying himself with a game of golf in the

**QUOTE**

President's office. He would face the balcony when he swung. He lined up his shot. He was dressed in military uniform, and with a lit cigar in his mouth. He took a swing. The ball flew out the open doors to the balcony, and flew across the outer yard and into the square below. He followed it with his eyes, and looked out in the Rhodesean Capital City of Cordia. It was sunset, and there were a few buildings burning. Streams of smoke littered the evening sky. He could hear people screaming in the streets and alleys down below. Kruger did not like the sights and sounds. *This is all so unfortunate*, Kruger thought to himself. *but one cannot make an omlet without breaking a few eggs.*

Kruger had long suspected that Rhodesea was filled with enemies of the state, spies and recalcitrants. Since Kruger came to power, he regularly sent his goons out into the public to find these people. They often served as judge, jury and executioner. Undoubtedly innocent people died in the purge, but Kruger considered them acceptable losses. "Collateral Damage", he often said to his commanders. "We are ridding ourselves of Louvian and Gillenorian agents, one house at time." Kruger wished that no women were dragged out into the streets and raped, children slaughtered, and men shot for trying to prevent it, but Kruger was hard-pressed to intervene. He found it easier to put those atrocities out of mind...

"Damn, that was a good shot!" He proclaimed after hitting the latest golf ball. No one was listening. His commanders were watching the news. Kruger listened in. "...we will establish a complete exclusion zone covering all craft within the EEZ of Rhodesea...this blockade will continue until power is returned to a legitimate government, or until General Kruger is handed in to our Court or an International Court of repute on the charges of Manslaughter, Contempt of Justice, and Treason."

Kruger grunted. "Manslaughter? I have not even killed anybody! I have not pulled the trigger! They must have me confused with somebody else!"

His commanders laughed at that.

"Contempt of Justice, these Librarians and Ausitorians say? I am Justice! And don't even get me started on Treason! I am the one most loyal to Rhodesea! Those socialist dogs and their pinkie overlords have committed treason against Rhodesea for far too long! These Librarians and Ausitorians will know the meaning of Justice, soon enough."

Just then, Bakanski walked in. Kruger had given him the ability to roam freely throughout the Palace, and had even provided him with his own room. "You seem to be amusing yourself pretty easily."

"Bakanski, you picked the perfect time to come visit me. Please, take a seat and have a cigar."

Bakanski sat down and took a cigar. He lit it and took a puff. It was quite strong- it almost made him cough. "The city is burning. Children are being killed, women are being raped, and innocent men are being executed. Job well done, Kruger, I am impressed."

"Ugly business, indeed it is. Not much I can do about it. I have already decreed that women and children are not to be harmed, and I have punished a few men for it, but there are too many men loyal to me that are committing these acts! If I turn up the heat on them, they might not support me. I need their support, unfortunately. So I have to sit back and wait until they get their fill of animalistic violence."

"That is an interesting perspective. "Wait until they get their fill. Like a fat man at a buffet, it would seem."

"Indeed. As it turns out, I have some business that may effect your "situation."

Bakanski's eyes grew wide, and he turned white as a ghost. *He thinks it is bad news* Kruger thought. *He thinks I am going to start cutting him up. How amusing!*

"...What is this business?"

"I received a message from our little Gbantish Emperor. Best news I have heard in a while, actually. I am quite excited. Here, check this out." Kruger tossed a printed copy of the message onto the table:

**CODE: SELECT ALL**

To: General Kruger  
From: Nathan IV, Emperor of Gbant

I met with a team representing Mizrad today. We discussed their involvement in our campaign, including what is to come of the "Mizrad-Rhodesea" territory. I know I promised you this if you supported me. I deliver on my promises- The Mizradian team has told me that so long as you play along and cooperate with us fully, then once the smoke clears and the dust has a chance to settle, Mizrad will decree that the territory in question is yours, and give it to you, as an award for good behavior.

Thank you for your cooperation,

Bakanski looked relieved. He slid back into the couch. "What does this mean, exactly?"

Kruger took a deep puff of his cigar, blew out the smoke, and then responded. "When Laoni initially contacted me, I said that if I get on board with her little scheme and go about our coup, that I wanted South Rhodesea back. That was my condition. And I am going to get it back!"

Bakanski replied, "oh, you mean New Loufe?"

Kruger did not like that response. "No, how dare you call it that. That is South Rhodesea. Rhodesean territory for a thousand years! And then you Loufian bastards took it and started calling it New Loufe. What a crock. And of course, when Mizrad and Volvek bit the shit out of you in the Third War, the Mizradians took it for themselves. The fact that Mizrad will give it back to us under the right set of circumstances is huge."

Bakanski laughed. "And what makes you think that Mizrad would just give it to you? They wouldn't even give it over to the JNOR government when they came asking for it?"

Kruger was blunt. "Because, jackass, it never belonged to you, or those shills in JNOR. They would never hand it over to JNOR, because JNOR is ran by dirtbags from Loufe and Gillenor. It is Rhodesean territory by rights. Mizrad knows that, and because they have a sense of justice, they will set things straight by retuning the land to us. All we need to do is play nice."

"How do you intend on 'playing nice'?"

"I don't owe anything to Nathan or Laoni. Mizrad holds the keys to the kingdom, not those two. So, instead of sucking up to them, I plan on sucking up to Mizrad. I will do whatever they wish, and fall in with them. I have already prepared my response. Read it.":

**CODE: SELECT ALL**

To: The Mizradian Government

From: General Sarel Kruger, Commander-in-Chief of the Republic of Rhodesea

It has come to my attention that Emperor Nathan IV of Ghant has met with a team representing your Nation. The Emperor was kind enough to provide me with details of their discussions- with the future status of the "Mizrad-Rhodesea" territory being of the greatest interest to me. The Emperor told me that your team agreed to allow Rhodesea to recover our long lost territory, which was taken from us unlawfully by Loufe, provided Rhodesea "play along and cooperate fully". As the leader of Rhodesea, it is my pleasure to inform you that we will do whatever you ask of us in order to demonstrate our commitment to cooperation and fair play. Even if that requires us to stand against the Emperor and his Gillenorian Wife. Tell us what you want, and it shall be done.

Bakanski laughed as soon as he read the response. "So that is your plan, Kruger? Lick Mizrad's asshole until they give they give you the land as a reward for good service?"

"You think you are so funny, don't you Bakanski. Go ahead and laugh it up. We shall see what Loufe does. They would not dare touch us again, once we are allied with Mizrad!"

"Mizrad will not entertain the notion of allying with you. You have nothing to offer! And, you are a criminal. Why would they take you?"

"Because at a moments notice, I can overrun Epraria with soldiers and rain fire and destruction upon it, and help our Blood Raven friends take and tighten their grip on power there. Mizrad does not want that. So they will make friends with me, lest they make me their enemy. And besides, our friends in Asasia have been working on some secret weapons project. I doubt it would be too much trouble to talk to the Asasians about it, and maybe seeing if we could put it to good use..."

"Kruger, are you mad? You executed Zhakav! You are treacherous and untrustworthy. The Mizradians are not stupid. They will not forgive you for your crimes."

Kruger smirked. He threw what remained of his cigar into the ashtray on the coffee table, and rose to his feet. "Follow me, Bakanski. I have something that I want to show you."

Bakanski disposed of his cigar and stood up. As Kruger began walking, Bakanski followed. "Where are we going?"

"You will see. It is a surprise." As they walked through the main area of the office, Kruger gestured towards each of his commanders that were sitting around and watching the news.

They walked out of the office and into the hallway. There were various portraits of Presidents and Kings of Rhodesea hanging along the walls. "Rhodesea has not had a King since the 1700's," said Bakanski, "so why do you have portraits of them hanging up?"

"Those old Kings helped build Rhodesea and make it strong. They deserve to be recognized and displayed. The socialists taught everyone that they were bad, that they were tyrants. I beg to differ. They put Rhodesea first always."

"Do you put Rhodesea first always?"

"More then you know, Bakanski. More then you know."

"Did you lose your eye for Rhodesea?"

"...As a matter of fact I did."

"How did you do that? Did you poke yourself in the eye once upon a time?"

"It was during the summer of 1975, during the First War."  
"...The First Rhodo-Eprarian War?"

"Indeed. And we were winning the war at that time as well. Victory was nigh upon us. But in 1975, Ghant declared war on us, and joined Epraria and Gillenor. That turned the tide of the war in their favor, and we never recovered the momentum. during the summer of 1975 was the Battle of Kandor. Kandor is a town in Southern Rhodesea. We stormed a Ghantish installation where the Crown Prince of Ghant was located. We caught them off guard and killed the vast majority of them. My orders were to shoot and kill the Crown Prince. I took a good shot from about 50 feet away, but it hit him in the ass. Then some Ghantish soldier came out of nowhere and kicked the shit out of me. I barely got away with my life. Before I escaped though, he took my eye out with his sword. Never let the Ghantish get up close to you. They will tear you apart."

"The Crown Prince of Ghant at the time was Albert. He became Emperor eventually as well. He always limped around, and it was said to be because of a war wound he suffered in that war. So you mean to tell me that you are the reason for that? That you shot Emperor Albert in the ass!"

"Indeed, it was because of me. The ironic thing is that Nathan is his grandson. I don't think Nathan knows that I nearly killed his grandfather in the War, or that I shot him in the ass, and that was the reason why he was gimp."

They both shared a laugh at that. As they descended into the lower levels of the palace, Kruger began to remember more of the details of that fateful event.

*It was dark. He came with 500 men. He was just a private in those days. Many of his comrades had lost their lives. The Ghantish were masters of guerilla warfare, and they worked quite well in the jungles of Southern Rhodesea. The Rhodeseans used napalm as a counter to that. The jungle burned around them, and the air was thick with the smell of smoke and burning flesh.*

*They came upon the camp deep into the night. They stormed it, and slaughtered the Ghantish soldiers. They used napalm on everything. Ghantish soldiers ran screaming through the jungle, burning. Others said their dying prayers in their guttural language as they lay dying.*

*Then he saw him. The Crown Prince came running out of his tent in a rush. It had caught fire. He was hardly dressed and unarmed, and was making a run for the larger Ghantish force closer to Epraria under the command of his brother Frederick. He ignored the fire, the smoke, the smell. He had his orders. Kill the Crown Prince. That would be a damaging blow to Ghantish morale. He took aim and shot.*

*The Crown Prince jumped on top of some cargo at the last second. The bullet was supposed to hit him in the head, but instead it hit him in the ass. He stumbled over the cargo, out of sight. Kruger wanted to be the hero. He ran after him. And that was when it happened.*

*Suddenly, he saw a tall figure out of the corner of his left eye. He turned and saw a man emerge from the fire. He must have been at least seven feet tall. His eyes glowed yellow. The man was moving for him.*

*He moved quickly. Kruger turned to face him and shoot. The man got a hand on the gun and the shot buzzed past. The man ripped the gun from Kruger's hands and flung it aside. Kruger had no time to draw his knife.*

*The man began to hit Kruger violently. Before he knew it he was on the ground, pinned underneath the man. Kruger was getting punched repeatedly in the face. The man then drew a large knife and drove it through Kruger's right eye. He meant for it to go all the way in, which would prove fatal. Kruger managed his hands free, and he grabbed the man's arm and pushed it away. Then there was a struggle. Kruger was able to get out from underneath the man and get to his feet. He ran as fast as he could, and got lost in the jungle.*

*He didn't stop running until he reached camp.*

As Kruger was reminiscing, he found himself having lead Bakanski to the library.

"A book, is that what you wanted to show me?" Bakanski replied.

"No. Watch this." Kruger gave a tug on a green book in the middle of a bookshelf along the wall, and it revealed a secret door. "What I wanted to show you is down here. Very few people know about this, and what I have inside." Kruger led Bakanski into the secret door, and then Kruger shut the door behind them, reverting the entrance back to a benign looking bookshelf.

As they descended into the depths of the secret area, Kruger thought to himself once more. *I know his name, the man who took my eye. The tall man with the golden eyes. He became a war hero! His name was Hemlock. I will have my vengeance, in this life or the next.*

Last edited by [Rhodesea](#) on Wed Oct 16, 2013 1:15 am, edited 3 times in total.



**The New Lowlands**  
Postmaster-General

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

by [The New Lowlands](#) » Wed Oct 16, 2013 1:59 pm



Act II, Chapter XI  
Aboard the *Green Treader*  
Sea of Ghant

The smoke filled the aft section of the ship, combined with the paralysis-inducing gases. The approach of the Mizradian Special Forces was a lot of things- but unnoticed was not among them, especially with their rapid approach and their aggressive action.

The bullets clanged off of the chopper- it was a military vehicle, after all,- and it retreated slightly in the few seconds that passed before Floriszoon spotted them through the smoke, observing them in silence through the thermal-imaging scope. He recalled their orders; *weapons free*.

"We're going in messy," he announced. The squad began firing all at once; Floriszoon aimed his assault rifle at the crate with the overtly-in-cover John, 6.5 NLP rounds punching through the wood like it was nothing. The other seven men fired with him, Marines training and effective equipment combining to make a seriously devastating hail of bullets rain down on the Mizradians. Twenty full seconds of sustained, accurate, non-automatic fire punctuated the air, until it died down slowly enough.

"Are they down?" their SSW man inquired, briefly lowering his Minimi.



**Mizrad**  
Senator

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

by [Mizrad](#) » Wed Oct 16, 2013 2:27 pm



OOO: Everybody but Turner, Greene and Ross can't die for story purposes. Martin and Gorbetz may go down according to your actions.

IC:

Act II Chapter XII  
Aboard the *Green Treader*, heading towards Hermania  
DAY 4, 14:09 HOURS, 10/11/13  
1st Mizradian Special Detachment Group  
OPERATION INFERNO RISING

IC:

Seeing the guns of the man tear open his cover, Turner dives behind an exhaust pipe and hopes it's steel will provide cover against the enemy's assault rifles. After taking quite the amount of blunt trauma to his shoulder in his mad dash to cover, John's left shoulder is almost useless. Although despite the pain his right was more operational than ever. Removing his P226 from it's holster, Turner calls for help

as pulls his pistol's slide back and waits for the ability to make a clear shot.

Behind him, Gorbetz and Greene on the left along with Ross on Martin on the right begin to compensate for the enemy's movement and surround them. Popping out from behind a covered metal railing, Greene dumps a few rounds into the shadow of a tall, armored up figure. Despite not being sure if he hit him or not, one thing Greene was confident in was the power of a .45 Caliber round smashing through armor, flesh and bone to lodge itself into a target. Although firing made him realize something more than ever, he had underestimated the power of all the smoke. A simple compromise for an SF Operator though. Removing the flare gun he had tucked away after the plane crash, he aims for what he hopes to be a wall and fires. Not taking time to aim for anybody, he just ducks back down and then continues on with the two others after noticing Martin had gone down but, now wasn't the time to worry about somebody who had already died. With Ross firing his CZ3 at more of the Lowlandish operators, the three resume their push to Turner.

Back at John's point of view, the flare had given him his opportunity. Being next to the wall it was fired at, Turner almost prays for it distract the Marine aiming at him as he pokes his head and arm out to fire at the now visible enemy troops. The sound of .45 Caliber shells falling to the ground and clinging against it rings out as the actual bullets barrel out of the weapon and head for their targets.

Yet again, the "Two way road" of Turner and then the others distracting the seven enemy Marines at different times gives Gorbetz his shot as Greene fires the second and last flare towards one of the Marines. Raising his pistol, the slide rips back with each shot as they rip through the air and hopefully soon, the bodies of the New Lowlandish troops. Not wanting to be left out, Ross hops up again and peppers the area with automatic fire hoping to hit another one of the hostiles. Then through the smoke and gun fire, Greene yells out to the Gbantish sailors.

"Get those search lights up! Tear those fucker's cover out from over them and gun 'em down!"

-----  
Last edited by [Mizrad](#) on Wed Oct 16, 2013 2:58 pm, edited 2 times in total.

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"No good decision was ever made in a swivel chair" -George Patton  
**Proud Member of the [INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM COALITION!](#)**

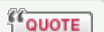
Now with a new look!



**Gbant**  
Minister

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

by [Gbant](#) » Wed Oct 16, 2013 3:21 pm



### **Act II Chapter XIII** **In between the *Green Treader* and the *Sealion*** **The Sea of Gbant**

The Gbantish boat, which had originally been sent from the *Greentreader* to the *Sealion* to apprehend Sepuki and Lord Heenor, was returning to the *Greentreader*. Sepuki and Heenor did not resist, and went quietly. Oswald, the Emperor's cousin, was given command of the *Sealion*, and no man amongst the crew expressed their dissatisfaction with this change of command.

On the return trip, the armed guards looked up and saw the chopper, followed by the dull haze of gas, and subsequently the sound of discharge of gunfire. As they witnessed the action unfold, the boat sped up, heading back to the *Green Treader* as fast as possible. The command was given, and a heavy machine gun at the front of the boat roared bullets at the TNL Chopper, hoping to do as much damage as possible before it landed troops down.

"Give me a gun, I can help" Sepuki mumbled.

"Pfft, as if" Replied Captain Marlow of the Imperial Guard, gun pointed at her. He looked over to the *Greentreader*, gas was drifting along it's decks, bodies lay lifeless, almost seeming more dead than asleep.



Sepuki took her chance; she looked up at the gas then back to Marlow. "Are you sure you can afford not to have my help? My allegiance is to my sister, who's on the ship as well"

Marlow raised his eyebrow, not quite convinced, he then looked back at the Greentreader, panic consumed him as he saw those bodies, one of them could belong to the Emperor, maybe he should take the chance.

"Against my better judgement, here" He handed her a handgun from his holster. "But if I see you doing anything suspicious, Ill shoot you myself."

Sepuki grinned. "Deal"

The boat came near the side of the Greentreader, they could hear the gunfire better now, luckily the TNL Chopper hadn't focused on them. The men all got up and started to climb up the ladder, rifles ready and prepared to face the worst.

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Wed Oct 16, 2013 3:23 pm, edited 3 times in total.



[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*



**Loufe**  
Diplomat

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

by [Loufe](#) » Wed Oct 16, 2013 4:41 pm



#### Krasnoyarsk (Luvenia), Krasno Oblast, Loufe

"Bakanski, with the Rhodeseans, and Zhakav dead? What more could possibly go wrong?" shouts Lieutenant Markovski, "The current situation we are in can't possibly get any better. The last thing we need is to agree with Rhodesea's terms!" he shouts, as he bangs his fists on the table. The others who are at the State Meeting look at him with respect and nod their heads. Except for one, Mikhail Ivanovich, the Foreign Affairs Chief in Command, "Um, siding with the Rhodesians would actually give Bakanski back over to us." he says in a quiet tone, the others nodding in agreement,

"You're saying we should be cowardly, and just side with the Rhodesians? They'll kill Bakanski if we let them off!"

Mikhail shakes his head, "No, they'll kill him if we go to war with them," and then an idea pops into his head, "That's it! We'll trick them, we'll invite them for a Inter-State meeting and kill them off! Like Lord Jackson did in Leanore back in the 80's!" he shouts, and everyone nods their head including Markovski.

"Indeed, Mikhail. And, we need to side with Rhodesea's biggest enemy."



**Epraria**  
Postmaster of the Fleet

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

by [Epraria](#) » Wed Oct 16, 2013 11:18 pm



#### Act II Chapter XIV

Arastos, Epraria

The day was warm and sunny. A perfect day for a change of leadership. The day was supposed to be the day that the blood ravens launched their coup D'état. However things did not go according to their plan. Instead of fully taking control of the government and then wiping out the opposition several high ranking politicians including the president survived. To make it worse several Generals and the forces under their command stayed loyal.

What happened next was the start of the Second Eprarian Civil war. On one side was the government and their supporters and on the

other side was the blood ravens and their supporters. The government was supported by the communists, republicans, Capitalists and loyalists, while the blood ravens were supported by the Monarchists, Fascists, conservatists and the highly religious.

The main power source of the blood ravens was the state of Vellize which now acted as their HQ. The government meanwhile had its HQ in Costrufe and Arastos. The first action of both sides was to gain control over the large and resource filled state of South Epraria. Whoever could gain control of it would have an immense advantage over the other in this civil war.

The war that was going to tear Epraria Apart had arrived.

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

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

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

**Founding Member of LAVMEO**

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



**Loufe**  
Diplomat

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

by **Loufe** » Thu Oct 17, 2013 2:31 pm



### Port Khain, Ivanovsburg Oblast, Loufe

RANS *Omega II* was back in action. After the original *Omega* took some hard hits in the 3rd Rhodo-Eprarian war, the Red Army was forced to construct a second model. The new *Omega* was faster, more efficient, and had twice as many guns. Of course the *Omega II* was to be accompanied by the *Volkon*, the, *Nikolaivich*, and of course, the, *Bakanski*. The 4 ships were headed for the Ghantish Sea, under order of the First Rukovodstvo, the Empire of Gillenor, and the Federative Imperium of Recardian. The 4 Captains, Tomas Slovanic, a native of the Nevechenya Mountains and leader of the original *Delta* battleship in the 1st Rhodo-Eprarian War; Marian Olvich, native of Felchask, he commandeered the original *Gamma Ship* in the 1st-2nd Rhodo Eprarian War as well; Ivan Balyovich, native of Lintaresk, he was captain of the ex-Shruikanese naval ship, *Krasnolubov*, and last of all; Krinz Vasnoval, the ex-Captain of the original *Omega* which sunk 2 of the Leanian Super-Fleets in the 2nd Rhodo-Eprarian Gulf War. Krinz, his rugged face covered with scars from the war, he lost his eye to an assault by Mizradian troops in the 3rd Rhodo-Eprarian war when he was forced to fight in the Armed Forces. The 4 captains commanding each ship, were ready for action in the Ghantish Sea along with the other nations under the Pelnav Agreement. Loufe was ready to reclaim its former glory, the Red Socialists will rule the Panessian World!



**Mizrad**  
Senator

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

### "The Iron Dragons"

by **Mizrad** » Thu Oct 17, 2013 4:40 pm



#### Act II, Chapter XVI

**International waters just outside New Mizrad, heading towards the Sea of Ghant**

**DAY 5, 15:21 HOURS, 10/17/13**

**4th Mizradian Strike Response Fleet**

**OPERATION INFERNO RISING**

Smashing through the rough international waters about a hundred miles from the Sea of Ghant, the thirty ship strong 4th Mizradian Strike Response Fleet prepares for the worst, something they'd gotten themselves accompanied to over the years. Much like any other nation's MEU, they had already been at sea when the call to arms had come up. Without having to waste time gearing up, the Mizradians could simply get going right away.

Overhead, the sounds of F/A-25N's taking the skies as their own tear through the air. Right behind them fly the AWACS planes and multiple drones. All of them working together to do their jobs for the greater good. Underneath the planes sails the 4th MSRF, consisting of various ships of all shapes and sizes filled with every piece of military

equipment imaginable. Moving in a diamond formation, the fleet trucks along at top speed whilst gearing up for a fight.

The CIWS and AA guns all whirl to life and keep their eye's on the sky as they remain on either automated control or are manned by a crew. Along with these, various .50 Cal and 7.62mm guns line the ships manned by sailors and Marines all ready to bring down their enemies. More topside, radio jamming and radar systems stay online 24/7 assuring the fleet's dominance against anything around them. The destroyers load their 5" guns, rail anti-ship missiles into their pods along with every other ship and prepare the rocket batteries to fire. The cruisers and smaller ships rush to operate the 40mm guns on the stern sections of the ships whilst all missile tubes are prepared to be used. The aircraft carriers and assault ships all send their pilots and aircraft on standby with the Marines and their vehicles below deck ready to be deployed. Under the surface, Mizradian submarines place all of their torpedo, thermobaric and nuclear [Don't worry I won't use nukes] weapons on the ready as the scan the water for any threat. Leading the fleet, the MNS *Black Dagger* a Warhorse-class Dreadnought; prepares her 21" guns, 40mm secondaries and every rocket, missile, jamming system and machine gun on board.

Altogether, the 4th MSRF stands ready to tear apart their enemies as they send a message to the Emperor's fleet after Admiral Talden gives the order. Talden was a veteran of almost every Mizradian war since 1982, and had been an Admiral for four years prior to the engagement he is about to roll into. A rather average man standing at 5'10 and fairly muscular for being 54 years old. His graying black hair had been cut and kept at high and tight, the way he and almost every other Mizradian veteran liked it. His baby blue eyes had witnessed many horrors, including every Loufe-Mizradian war and the third Rhodo-Eprarian conflict. Out of all of these things, he wasn't a man to take only fear out of his experiences. He took anger and courage instead and used it to slaughter anybody who even dared to stand up to Mizrad. With his deep and almost terrifying voice, he orders the radio operator to send word to Nathan he was on his way. With an encrypted code just low enough to slip under anybody's peeking eyes, it still retains a hard enough code that anybody trying to crack it will have a hard time.

TO: Emperor Nathan of Ghant  
FROM: Admiral Patrick Talden, Mizradian Navy  
ENCRYPTION: Level three, medium

To Whom It May Concern,

It has come to my attention you have been attacked multiple times and are still carrying the survivors of the crash of a Mizradian plane. In return for your hospitality to them, I will escort you and your fleet to whatever port you choose to dock in so we can grab our people as well. Your work is appreciated and we would like to thank you personally for it although now is clearly not the time. What it is time for, is action. Something we are willing to handle for you so long as the survivors are handed over peacefully and your course continues as planned. We've got your backs and plan on keeping it that way for the days to come.

For A Brighter Future,  
Admiral Patrick Talden, Mizradian Navy

Although below the deck of the MNS *New Boston*, a Citadel Class aircraft carrier, the 2nd MSDG led by 1st MSDG Sniper Jeff Colton loads up to rescue Turner and his group. Consisting of twenty men, their aim is to remain Mizrad's greatest water-borne fighting force. Much like the 3rd and 4th, they specialized in one area where as the 1st was great in every area. Despite the bickering, the concept of the 2nd MSDG was an obvious success looking at their achievements. By now, they were ready to add another thing to that list.

Heading to the armory, they gear up with Commoner Industry's ARS Rifle and LWS Mare, M6A3's, M1014's and Mizradian Black Badger

Industry's RAR-1. Watching over his men, sits MSgt. Jeff Colton in full black combat gear identical to the rest of his group's with his M110 SASS. All 21 men don black Dragonskin vests, dark grey BDU's and black FAST Helmets and gas masks with integrated IRNV optics, none of them showing their faces or any sign that they are Mizradian aside from their gear. Having been trained before hand on the lay out of the *Green Treader*, all they had left to do was read over the few page document on their mission. Of course, this happened rather quickly as they were already exiting the armory with everything ready. Closing in on their target faster and faster, their transport begins to ready itself as well. One MV-22 Osprey paired with an AH-1Z Cobra and two F-25N's all move into place for launch on the flight deck as the Gbantish fleet sails only 80 Miles away and closing. All the Mizradians can do now, is wait for for the two fleets to get just a little closer.

Le ORBAT

Last edited by Mizrad on Thu Oct 17, 2013 6:19 pm, edited 2 times in total.

"No good decision was ever made in a swivel chair" -George Patton  
**Proud Member of the [INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM COALITION!](#)**

Now little fucker even has a



**Loufe**  
Diplomat

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

by Loufe » Thu Oct 17, 2013 5:00 pm

QUOTE

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

Dear Leaders of Panessos,

The Marxist Police State of Loufe has humbly invited you to an inter-state meeting held in the mountain city, Nevechenya. We hope you may attend, as we have many issues to resolve.

The Foreign Affairs Secretary,  
Mikhail Ivanovic Office



**Treneria**  
Diplomat

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

by Treneria » Thu Oct 17, 2013 5:45 pm

QUOTE

oAct I, Chapter I.

**The Reckoning.**

**Trail between Borneo and Apollo.**

Five-ton military trucks rumbled and groaned as they trekked across the backwoods path from Borneo leading towards Apollo. Animal life such as rabbits and gophers danced across the fresh layer of snow, escaping the deafening noise of the vehicles that were crossing near their habitat. The trucks were old and not in the best conditions. The Borneo People's Militia had to salvage what they could. Their history was one that the soldiers forming the BPM held with pride. When the Treneria Empire fell and the unity was broken into several states, the economy plummeted. Only the rich sectors could afford new-age gear. While Borneo wasn't poor, they were definitely not swimming in funds. So they made use of their environment. Borneo had been used as an outpost for a local branch of the Treneria National Army. After formally banding a group of Borneo's strongest and smartest men together to create the BPM, they squandered up what little resources they could. Improvised bombs and explosives were created and used to storm the outpost. Lives were lost but it was worth the effort. During the assault, most of the TNA soldiers were killed off. A few were captured and later sold off as slaves to the rich in neighboring districts. The raid produced the necessary equipment and weaponry to start up the Borneo People's Militia. At the time Borneo was a simple state that didn't mean much. But after some economic-building and industrializing, they became a Trenerian super-power despite the government's low income.

The snow crunched under the worn tires that belonged to the trucks. Large, bulky men filled the backs of those trucks. They wore light clothing even though it was snowing and the temperatures were in the negative. Their only other protection from the elements was torn pieces of cloth tossed over the backs of the trucks that were

escorting them. The men were tough, however. They were used to the cold. They had been born in the cold, had lived in the cold, and had always worked in the cold. It didn't affect them. Some of them were even able to make their minds turn the cold into a sense of heat to keep their spirits up and keep the fires in their hearts boiling. Each man held a rifle or weapon of some sort. Most of them had brown or blonde hair that reached down to their shoulders or past that, the furthest being down to their rib-cages. Most of them had rough, scraggly beards as well. To outsiders of the Borneo region they looked more like deranged cannibals than soldiers. But that was the style in Borneo; untamed and wild. The men had mostly been lumberjacks and miners in their past-lives before becoming soldiers. They were built strong and thus made good soldiers. Most of their weapons were dirty and scratched assault rifles. Most of them were an AK-47 variant. They were low-quality indeed but they got the job done.

The men were headed for the Apollo. Apollo was a fellow state that was conceived when the Trenerian government had fallen to its knees. Apollo's leaders and Borneo's leaders had often butt heads when it came to politics. After getting nowhere over the years, news that they were prepping an army had reached Borneo. The people of Borneo, politicians and common-folk alike had all agreed that action needed to be taken. That's where the BPA came into play. Their leader, Damien O'Fen was a massive man. He was nearing seven feet in height. His muscles were leading the assault on Apollo. They would expel Apollo for good. There would be no further problems from their state and Borneo's power would continue to rise.

The convoy approached the wood gates of the town. Several armed guards watched as the lead truck pulled to a stop. The guards looked rather young. They were obviously novices that Apollo had drafted for the job in a desperate attempt to raise a fighting force. The makeshift soldiers didn't stand a chance. At first, a few soldiers came out from the back of the lead truck. They began to shout and yell for directions and miscellaneous things at the young guards. Obviously this made the youngsters uneasy. Then, another band of soldiers came out from the other side, yelling some more. What ended up being the main threat were the men in the cab of the lead truck. The passenger-side door suddenly flew open with the passenger bearing a handgun. The man in the passenger seat immediately opened fire on the guards, killing them instantly with headshots. Before anyone in the guard-towers react, the men that had first come out of the trucks opened fire on them, picking them off with careful shots. The troops went back to their trucks and gathered their weapons and ammunition. The lead truck was used as a battering ram to open the gate. From there, the Borneo Militia charged the town. Roadside shops were busted and trashed, their products being thrown to the ground and stomped on. The men charged through the town square and headed towards the barracks. Several platoons of men aimed their weapons at the barracks while another platoon prepared torches and gasoline-coated rags. The men torched the barracks with their rival soldiers inside of it. When the soldiers came charging out, they were instantly fired on by automatic rifles. The Apollo Army didn't stand a chance at all. They were quickly diminished. From there the Militia charged the government headquarters. Any resistance was pounded out instantly. After a mass search of the government headquarters, all of officials working for Apollo were rounded up into the basement of the building. Lined up against the wall, they were all gunned down viciously. The Apollo flag was removed and the Borneo flag was hoisted. Apollo was now gone and under Borneo's command. A couple of divisions stayed in place to police the town and await several politicians' arrivals. News would be widespread about the events.

With the new land conquered and the promise of commerce and political power, the officials in Borneo decided to turn their attention to foreign relations. There were some conflicts going on with various nations around the new leadership in Ghant. Borneo and other Trenerian states would be looking to get in on the fun.

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



**Naybra**  
Diplomat

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

by **Naybra** » Thu Oct 17, 2013 7:45 pm



## Act II, Chapter XVII

Naybrian Executive Mansion

*Naybra City, the Isles of Barat*

Lieutenant Governor Malonk sat in his office playing around with documents and portfolios. In the absence of the Governor, Governor Ott, he was left to assume his role in this absence. Unfortunately, that meant leaving the action of the Baratian Senate and sitting in this boring office the entire day. Some of these special committees took no more than a few hours, especially when all agreed, and his instincts told him this was so. Before leaving, Governor Ott had informed Malonk of his plans to break Naybra out of this phase of isolation and make amends between the islands. He knew that if the circumstances deemed otherwise, none of the representatives would have attended, but given the turn of events occurring around the region, they had all agreed, and thus far Governor Ott's plans have gone accordingly.

It was left to Lieutenant Governor Malonk to fill in Phillip's administrative duties while he was gone and he quickly set about to work. He began to review the current legislature currently in the Senate of Naybra. In his normal line of duty as Lieutenant Governor, he would be leading the Senate, but since he was filling in for Governor Phillips, he was left out of that. However, this didn't mean he could continue doing his homework.

The reading took most the day as there were two major reforms going through the Senate, all concerning Nathan IV's actions. One was on the increase of defense for the Isle of Naybra. The second focused on the issue of economic stability, altering some of the Isle's policies before it was forced undoubtedly into the war.

Eventually he sent a message that was already pre-drafted by Governor Phillips. It read:

**CODE: SELECT ALL**

To: Prime Minister and Lord Paramount of the Landsraad  
From: The Isle of Barat Executive Office  
Subject: Official Declaration of Alliance  
Encryption: Impossible

Dear Prime Minister Ormond and Lord Paramount of the Landsraad Sophia:

The Isle of Naybra has long stood for peace and diplomacy, believing that it prevents wars and protects future generations from the obstacles they'd be forced to face. We were against the War for Independence, though we have found peace in its outcome. Though now our region is threatened by yet another disturbance. Emperor Nathan IV of Ghant sails full-steam towards the Regalian states, and have the nations of Panessos stood together to prevent this

Old Post

Last edited by **Naybra** on Sat Jan 11, 2014 9:43 am, edited 3 times in total.

Proud Member of the **Panessos Community**

Roleplay Information

Call me Naybra



**Libraria and Ausitoria**  
Negotiator

Posts: 7099  
Founded: May 30, 2011

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Fri Oct 18, 2013 1:41 am



In the heart of one of the most magnificent bureaucracies across all realities, as usual, they were tying themselves up in knots of red-tape. The country was not a peaceable country by nature, but they were a country that liked to know who were the goodies and who were the baddies, and they were finding working it out unusually difficult. The first rule of government is that the government should



never open a public debate until the government has made up its mind. The trouble was the government hadn't made up its mind and the public had opened the debate already, as this particular showdown in a combined session of the Houses of Parliament was proving. It was chaos, a discussion of contradicting viewpoints without boundaries.

"I put it to you," bellowed Lord Felix Grieg, a well-respected Judge, and Member of the Admiralty Committee, waving his hands around like a magician, "that as the Emperor has been attacked first, while cruising peaceably in international waters, it is our duty at the very least to defend his right to freedom of navigation." He sat. The Speaker had imposed a time limit of 30 seconds on every speech and was turning an egg timer warily as each Lord sat. "Andrea Porov!" he shouted as she stood. He hadn't yet had to expel anybody...

"I put it to you," bellowed Lady Andrea Porov, a well-respected Judge, and Member of the War Policy Office Committee, smashing her gavel on the pew for emphasis, "that the Emperor was hardly sailing peaceably in international waters!" She sat.

"Constans Senvin!" shouted the speaker.

"I put it to you," bellowed Constans Senvin, an MP and Member of the Workplace Standards Committee, "that claiming inheritance is not a warlike concept!" He sat.

"Gregory Spirdov!" shouted the speaker.

"Is it not the right of Gillenor to crown their own monarch?" bellowed Gregory Spirdov, Member of the Foreign Office Committee, as he sat down again.

"Felix Grieg!"

"I put it to you that they cannot change natural law!"

"Andrea Porov!"

"I put it to you that that is a matter for the courts!"

"Baron Lolopretjzyl!" the speaker said, perking up a bit. They had been yelling for only five minutes and already it seemed like hours. The Baron was the Supreme Justiciar, so things might get interesting...

"I put it to you that different nation's Courts rarely agree!"

"Andrea Porov!"

"I put it to you that the Government should refer the matter to our Courts!"

"Baron Lolopretjzyl!"

"I put it to you that the Courts would find both claims admissible!"

Of course, the old anti-contradictory rule: if the courts found two laws were contradictory, as long as they were not actually mutually exclusive they could uphold both rather than rejecting both.

"Constans Senvin!"

"How can he both be Emperor and not?"

At long last a question, and he knew what Lord Fidor Ushkof, Member of the Imperial Scientific Institute, would respond. "Fidor Ushkof!"

"Like Shrodinger's cat: if we do nothing the conclusion will emerge."

"Felix Grieg!" would bring the debate back to the point as usual...

"We can't do nothing, we have a duty to protect!"

Ah, the Foreign Secretary was finally rising. How would he steer this debate? "Henry Palmerston!"

"Whom do we protect?" He sat.

A question? Did that mean the Foreign Secretary did not know? There was a pause.

The Foreign Secretary rose again. "When two sides fight, whom do we protect? Those not fighting, for a start. But how do we stop war without waging it?" He sat again.

The Prime Minister was looking aghast, like death. The Leader of the Opposition, took the opportunity to stand.

"Victor Zavoko!"

"Is this the leadership we have come to expect? A government stern and resolute in their cause indeed!"

"Henry Palmerston!"

"I have the confidence to not act until it is clear what the best action is. Do you think it is clear what the best action is?"

Honesty always gave you the advantage of surprise in Parliament.

"Stop this interventionist nonsense!" replied the Leader of the Opposition, accidentally speaking out of turn.



"Hear hear!" roared the Opposition. "Duty to protect!" chanted the Governing Party. "Privilege of Parliament!" shouted most of the House of Lords.

For the second time in recent days, the Speaker rolled his eyes, and, wondering whether Parliament [had learned its lesson from last time](#), bellowed "Order!"

There was silence. You could have heard a pin drop. Everybody stopped, many mid-word, and quietly closed their mouths. First the Speaker was surprised. Then he was delighted.

"I still think we'd better carry on this debate when we've had time for some mature reflection," he reflected. "If we have a duty to protect, whom should we protect? The courts cannot answer: it is ultimately for these Houses to decide. We shall now move on to the next item: the sale of soft and cuddly toys. Lady Jane Grey!" he said, thankful that after the last incident a delegation - mostly of women - had offered to start a debate on soft and cuddly toys as a method of dampening quarrels. The value of a debate on soft and cuddly toys was incalculable.

Lady Jane Grey rose and presented data on the sale of cuddly toys, and how this value could be used as a proxy for the size of the middle class - an interesting idea. It was just a pity that most of the MPs had left... very few of them cared about ordinary Parliamentary business. And yet somehow this ordinary Parliament was now expected to decide. Who was wrong and who was right?

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Fri Dec 13, 2013 9:10 am, edited 4 times in total.

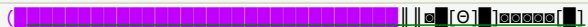
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**The Aestorian Commonwealth** - *Pax Prosperitas - Gloria in Maere* - [\(Factbook\)](#)

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