

by Max Barry



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Gillenor
Chargé d'Affaires

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

by **Gillenor** » Sat Oct 19, 2013 10:56 am



Parliament, Osserheim, Gillenor

The Gillenorian Cabinet was now seated, Prime Minister Julia Van Oranje sat at the head, carefully reading documents covering the current situation.

"As I said before, we need to actually do something, we can't allow Clockenstein to act alone, perhaps Gyrevich will aid us?" said War Secretary Bryony DeFaire.

"Not sure about that" replied Max Tellman, the Foreign Secretary "Their Congress cant decide on what actions to take"

"I believe" Interrupted Cassandra Van Palo, Head of the Gillenorian Colonial Office "We can use this war in the Empire's favour"

"How so?" asked Julia, now interested and looking up from her papers.

"Think about it, right now we look really good, we essentially are the good guys. Let's use this as a way to extend the Empire's territories." Cassandra explained.

"Whereabouts?" said Max curiously.

"Well, just about any nation on the side of this Laoni alliance." Van Palo replied.

"I'm pretty sure Mizrad is on Laoni's side?" Said the Culture Secretary, Alan Vuurof.

"Asasia have declared their support for Laoni, and so have Rhodesea." Julia stated.

"I'm not sure about the Rhodeseans, they seem to be in the middle of an inner turmoil, taking them over would be very hard and not worth the trouble, they hold little to no resources." said Bryony.

"Has Asasia actually mobilised any troops yet?" asked Alan.

"Not that we can tell yet" Bryony replied.

"Then we can't touch them, it'll be an act of aggression." Van Oranje stated.

"And What of the Hermanian Gulf Nations? What do they plan to do?" asked Bryony.

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"Well, so far the Pensic have shown their support for us, however they have an internal party known as the 'National Front', who are gaining seats, and show their support for Laoni" Explained Max.

"So we shouldn't exactly rely on them." Stated Julia "What about the Recardian Federation?"

"Hmmm, now their odd" Said Max "We don't exactly know, we believe that they'll probably assist us, but there is the threat that they'll join the side that Imbrisia is against"

"So we're stuck with the problem of picking between two allies?" Said Julia.

"Pretty much" Sighed Max.

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



Ghant
Minister

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

by **Ghant** » Sat Oct 19, 2013 1:24 pm



Act II, Ch XVIII Ghish, Ghant The Parliament Building

Yesterday was a rough day. Sophia was left unprepared for the private meeting she had scheduled with the Prime Minister. During that meeting, Sophia was aghast. "Mr. Prime Minister...I...cannot do that!"

Ormund Bortidoc replied calmly. "Yes you can, Sophia. The Deputy Prime Minister is travelling to Loufe to attend a global summit, and I must travel to Gillenor to speak and plan with Empress Tsuni and Queen Celeste of Clockenstein, and their respective governments. There is no one else who can serve as Acting Prime Minister better than...you."

"But, couldn't you convince Simeon Brignac to not attend this conference, and remain here to serve..."

"No. He needs to go. Ghant must be represented at this conference. And I must depart here shortly. I have full confidence in your abilities. The people, lords and elected leaders of Ghant listen to you and respect you."

"You sound like my father. It seems like not too long ago, he thrust me into the position of Acting Lord Paramount of the Landsraad, and now Acting Prime Minister of Ghant? How can I be both?"

"This is not without precedent, Sophia. In times when the Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister were incapacitated or on trips, the Lord Paramount has often acted in their stead. This is not an uncommon occurrence..."

"But, I am a woman, and I am only 25! And a noble lady- no person of noble stock has served as Prime Minister in a hundred years!"

"Perhaps you don't realize this, but you are one of the most beloved Ghantish citizens of our time. You speak with charisma and command. You among all people can get the people to calm down, and navigate them through these dangerous times. Your father is wise enough to recognize this, and I see the same in you. Noble lady or no, there is no one better for this...then you."

"...I need your guidance. I don't know if I can do what needs to be done."

"Yes you can. This...assassination plot was your idea! I am not willing to dirty my hands with such foul business. But apparently you are. You clearly are the person that this country needs- you have the ability to make the most difficult decisions in the interest of Ghant and its allies."

"What about Grand Prince Albert?"

"Last I heard, he was in the Fortlands, moving towards Ghish with 10,000 armed men at his back. Apparently these "men" are his personal guard, retainers and supporters. You must deal with him and make sure he stays out of trouble. If my memory serves me correctly, your father and him were decent

friends, and you served as a flower girl at his wedding. If anyone can get through to him and appeal to his sensibilities, its you."

"...I have not seen him in a great long while. He has been hiding in the Wedge for seven years now! But I will try."

"Very well, I hope you try your best, Sophia. The situation here grows more dire every day. Now I must go. Good luck and God's speed." He then departed, being escorted to his limousine, to the Prime Minister's Private Jet, with its destination being Osserheim. Sophia was left alone, as the leader of Ghant, both of its Lords and its Government. She shuddered at the thought.

Business had to be tended to though, and Sophia had little choice to rise to the occasion. Her first order of business as she sat the Prime Minister's desk was to respond to the following message:

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

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

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

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. 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 regions of Panessos stood together to prevent this engagement? No. Rather they face rebellions and coups, riots and civil wars. Not a nation in Panessos

She wasted no time in crafting a response:

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: President Malonk of the Western Isles of Naybra
From: Sophia of Dakmoor, Acting Prime Minister of Ghant & Acting Lord Paramount of the Landsraad
Subject: Official Declaration of Alliance
Encryption: Impossible

Like Naybra, Ghant has long stood for peace and diplomacy. Ghant's primary objective has always been the peace and prosperity of the world. Our goals are the same. On behalf of the Empire, I accept an allegiance between the Western Isles and Ghant. I expect Naybra to be untouched by this conflict, but know that we shall come to your defense if any harm should come to your fair and noble nation.

She lingered there for a time, and went about some matters of state. Within a few hours, security entered her office. "My lady, we have delivered you the "person of interest."

"Very good, bring her in, and leave us be. Thank you."

Security brought her in. She was dirty and in chains, still in her prison uniform. She had tan skin, matted grey hair, green eyes, and scars on her face- mostly on her left cheek and chin. Despite that she was quite pretty, and was about Sophia's age.

Sophia spoke up. "I asked for the most dangerous and efficient assassin in Blizzard Bay, and they brought me you."

The woman looked at her in a way that could only be described as feral. "That is right. What do you want?"

"I want you to kill Laoni Yousloff by any means necessary. Weather you get caught or not is of no concern, just see to it that she dies. If you get caught, you are to say nothing under any circumstances. And if you live and elude capture, then you are to set free with a clean record."

"Don't you care about what I did, and why I was in Blizzard Bay?"

"No. I only care that you accept and complete this mission. Do you accept?"

The woman smiled. She stared coyly at Sophia. "You seem quite fond of this Emperor. I wonder how much you want her dead out of...jealousy."

Sophia was taken back. "That is no concern of yours. All that I need is for you to accept the mission. Will you, or will have you sent back to Blizzard Bay?"

The woman stood there for a minute, and then responded. "Sure."

"Good. By the way, what is your name?"

"Zara, if it please you, my lady."

"Thank you Zara. All of your needs will be provided for by the Quartermaster of the Ghantish Secret Service. My recommendation would be for you to await the Emperor's fleet in Hermael. The Emperor has never left the country, and he has always expressed a fascination with the Hermaenian Empire. He will dock there for a few hours, I have no doubt. Use that opportunity to board the Green Treader, and dispense of the Empress as soon as possible. Laoni needs to die before the Emperor's Fleet enters Gillenorian waters. This mission does not exist, and as far as anyone knows, you are still rotting away in Blizzard Bay."

"...understood."

"Good, you are dismissed. And get cleaned up too."

The guards took Zara away, undoubtedly to the Secret Service Building not too far away. She lingered for a time, and then she returned to her apartment in downtown Ghish. No simple task. Thousands of people were in the streets protesting- many were quite rowdy. People were climbing atop streetlamps, dangling before streetlights, and throwing bottles and rocks at the riot police. They had gas, rubber bullets, shields, clubs and dogs.

Sophia was escorted back to her apartment by security assigned to her by security that was assigned to her by the Prime Minister. No official announcement was made concerning her designation- that would be tomorrow. She able to return to her apartment undisturbed. Guards were posted outside her building however. This would be last night that she would be able to dwell in apartment- once she was announced as the acting Prime Minister, it would be best for her to remain in the Estate of the Prime Minister on the other side of the city. She would be safer there.

Sophia had a difficult time sleeping that night. The burden was heavy. She shivered, even though it was not cold. She trembled with fear. *How can I hold the fate of so many in my hands? Sophia thought. What if I fail? What if I make a mistake? What if I am responsible for the downfall of Ghant?.* She thought about these questions and more, until she fell asleep, out of pure exhaustion.

The next day she rose early. Tired and hungry. Today was an important day though- she had arranged a meeting with the Ghantish Imperial Command. She had a plan- although she was yet unaware of its consequences.

She ate some chicken ceasar salad and took a shower, a long one at that, as her mind wandered. She went about the usual morning routine, and once she was done, she dressed. She had hesitated to dress in the formal set provided to her by her father, but she thought that now was a good time to don it.

It consisted of a simple white dress, with a set of purple epaulettes, and a purple toga to go over the dress, and was secured in its place by the epaulette over her left shouder.

She braided her hair so that a long strand fell behind her back. She applied minimal makeup- she knew that as a natural beauty, only a little would suffice.

She then slipped on some reinforced purple Dakish slippers- her favorite pair. Next, she fastened a cloth and silk vambrace onto her right arm. It was a dark purple, and had the sigil of her noble house. And lastly, some fine perfume for good measure. She took a look in the mirror and could hardly recognize herself. *I certainly look the part, she thought. And now it is time for me to play it as well.*

She emerged from her apartment, with a few personal belongings- mostly clothes. And under armed escort, returned to the Parliament Building. The protesters were still in full force even at 8 AM. She sighed and shook her head.

Once she was inside, it was time to start making some moves. The first thing she did was go to the National Archives. And she went to the deepest and oldest section, normally off limits to the public. This area consisted of letters, scrolls and other documents that were hundreds, and some thousands of years old. It did not take long for her to find the ones that she was looking for. The first was in a framed and jeweled case. The second was framed in orange and blue. She snatched them up, checked them out, and took them to the meeting room. Every eye in the building was on her as she walked about the building.

The room was full of the most powerful military men in all of Gbant. Assembled were the many Generals of the Gbantish Imperial Legion, and the Admirals of the Gbantish Imperial Fleet and the Gbantish Imperial Air Service. The Secretary of War, Dygro Malaro, sat at the head of the table. He rose when Sophia entered the room. "Greetings...Prime Minister. We have been briefed on your assumption of the position, and of your desire to meet with us today."

"Indeed. I have summoned you all here to present with you a proposal, a plan for action against the Emperor."

The Generals and Admirals began to whisper amongst each other. Malaro replied. "You do realize, that Gbantish Law prohibits violent action against the Emperor. This is the oldest law there is."

"There is a way around that, and I have found the solution."

"Please, tell us then."

"I propose we position ships in the Bay of Osserheim, and await the arrival of the Emperor's Fleet. We designate a line in the water, and inform the Emperor that if he crosses that line, then we will engage his fleet. We will target and destroy every ship in his fleet, with the exception of the Green Treader. Once every other ship besides the Green Treader is destroyed, Nathan will have no choice to surrender. We will board the Green Treader, take Laoni, Sepuki and their retainers into custody, and turn them over to Gillenor. Then, Fendulias will be arrested for treason against the Emperor, and Nathan and his retainers will be returned to Gbant and dealt with accordingly. And if by chance that Laoni is...pregnant, then the child will be seized by us, since it will be a Gbantish royal, and Gillenor would be eager to rid themselves of it."

"This is an interesting plan. However, the law prohibits action against the Emperor. We would be breaking the law under you plan."

Sophia sighed. "I thought you might say something like that. Read this." Sophia slid the cased parchment across the table, right over to Malaro.

He picked it up and starting reading it. "This is a document written by Robert I, the first King of Gbant. It basically says what I told you. It prohibits action against the Emperor."

"It might look like that. But, what it actually says is that action cannot be taken against the Emperor specifically. This includes any action that puts the Emperor in harm's way. With my plan, the fleet would not harm the Emperor or the ship that he is on, only the other ships. Therefore, no action is being taken against the Emperor specifically."

Malaro read it again. "I see. Well then, I suppose you are right. However, all of these Lords, Warrior's Guilds and private forces under his command will not take kindly to this action. We can expect retaliation here in Gbant for this."

"Let me deal with that. I will handle them."

"This brings us to our next concern. Many among us feel as though this campaign against Gillenor is in the best interest of Gbant. Gillenor is a great global power, both economically, politically and militarily. It has overseas possessions, and it is no secret that they continue to advocate imperialistic ventures. Where does that stop, and when will it end? Gillenor if left

unchecked might have designs to rule the world, and take one piece at a time until they have consumed all. Laoni and Nathan have been vocal in renouncing this imperialistic agenda, which would put Ghant and its national interest in a position to undisputedly eclipse Gillenor."

"If you think for one second that a Gillenor ruled by Laoni would be noble and anti-imperialistic, then you are a fool. Laoni wants nothing but power, and will stop at nothing to achieve domination. You need only look at Hermania. Rhodesea, Asasia, and possibly Pensalum and Epraria. What next? If given the opportunity, she will burn the world, if only to rule over the ashes."

"That is besides the point. Why should we help Gillenor? Maybe its time to let them deal with their own problems, as this is a situation of their own doing anyway."

"This is why." Sophia slid the other cased document over to Malaro. He picked it up and read it.

"...to defend and protect one another in times of great danger, and to assist one another in foreign endeavors...signed, Helga, Queen of Gillenor, and Samuel V, King of Ghant."

Sophia spoke up. "This was an agreement made between the first Queen of Gillenor, and Samuel the Great, during the Regalian Civil War, when Samuel led his forces to Gillenor to aid them against Regalia. It is a mutual defense pact. Gillenor has not forgotten this treaty, as they aided Emperor Nathan II during the Ghantish Civil War. If you look more closely, you will see that the King signed his name with his own blood. This is a blood oath, and we are honor-bound to uphold it. We cannot sit on our hands and do nothing, lest we lose this alliance forever, appear to be complacent with the Emperor, and lose our honor."

Malaro stroked his chin for a minute, and then responded. "So be it, this plan of yours seems quite good, all things considered."

Sophia then turned to the Admirals of the Ghantish Imperial Fleet. "Great Admirals of Ghant, I will not command any of you to take up this cause. Rather, I would ask who among you would be willing to volunteer to take ships to Gillenor to await the fleet and make good on this plan."

The room was filled with whispers. Many minutes passed by. No Admirals rose. Sophia felt defeated...

A man in the back of the room stood up. "I will do it."

The room bursted with commotion. "Oh, you must forgive me, Admiral, it is quite distant and dark on that side of the room. You are?"

The Admiral stepped into the light. He was in his 60's, with graying black hair, a big nose, and thin black eyebrows on a weathered, fair skinned face. He had gentle brown eyes, and a wispy moustache. "Forgive my manners, my lady. I am Grand Prince Louis of the House Gentry, the seventh son of Michael, Emperor of Ghant, and his Empress, Marcela of Epraria. High Admiral of the Ghantish Imperial Fleet. With your blessings, I shall take command of the *G/S Executor*, and take it to the bay of Osserheim to await and confront the Emperor, my own great-nephew. This treaty was signed in the blood of my forebear, and it is only fair that a man of his House make good on the commitment. Also, since Nathan is my brother's grandson, I can appeal to him, and if it comes to blows, only a man of our House can justify such an action."

"But Admiral, the Emperor has 65 ships in his fleet!"

"My lady, he would need 200 to match the *Executor*. His ships are old and dingy. I can destroy every ship in his fleet with a single shot each. The Ghantish *Leviathan* is hands down the most powerful class of ship in all the world. We only need one to complete the task. It will be easy as shooting fish in a barrel, my lady."

"Very well, Admiral. When will you depart?"

"Tomorrow, my lady. I will return with Nathan and his retainers. And I will personally deliver Empress Laoni and Sepuki to their sister, in chains."

Malaro rose. "Good, I see no further business to be discussed today. May we be excused, my lady?"

"Yes, that is all."

After the meeting had come to an end, Sophia felt a great sense of unease. She walked out of the Government Building, across the Ghish Square, and to the Great Temple of Ghish. Inside, there were many great halls, shrines and churches devoted to the many different religions of the world. She walked past the Sunshard, Artimist, and Suncross sections, and entered the Norcross cathedral. It was empty. She walked up to the Great Wolf statue, and knelt. She began to pray.

Dear god, I hope that I have made the right decisions. I only want peace. I want this to end. I want the world to be safe. Please protect the people of Gillenor. Please protect the people of Gbant. Please protect the Emperor, and bring him home...to me. She thought about what was soon to happen, and she began to cry.

Last edited by [Gbant](#) on Mon Oct 21, 2013 3:30 pm, edited 8 times in total.



Gbant

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



Loufe
Diplomat

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

by [Loufe](#) » Sun Oct 20, 2013 5:29 am



Tower of the Heroes, Krasnogerai, Ivanovsburg-Krasno Oblast, MPSL

"They'll fall for it," says the Lieutenant Markovski, "just like the Gillenorians did back in the 2nd War," Zheliz looks at him, not sure whether to believe him or not,

"and if they don't" Zheliz asks,

"If they don't, the war starts, if they do fall for it then the war starts," he replies, "either way, Bakanski will be back home," Zheliz still is skeptical,

"and if Kruger kills Bakanski just as he did with Zhakav?" Zheliz asks,

"That won't happen if we have Gillenor on our side," he replies, "We need to be quick about it as well, if we don't do the surprise attack in time, then Bakanski is at risk."

"Okay," Zheliz answers, "the imperialists, Mizrad, can't find out anything, or our plan will be ruined,"

"Don't worry that won't happen" Markovski answers. But, what they didn't know was that there were 3 people in that room.

Somewhere, Pyatsko, Pyatsko Oblast

"So the Zheliz are trying to sabotage the meeting?" Kevin answers,

"Yes, they're going to try and kill one of the politicians, put the world in shock, and then attack the Rhodesians," remarks Gavin,

"We need to contact the Mizradians," answers Harrison, "Then they'll help us rid Loufe of the Zhelizni followers,"

"Yes, but we need to do it in time," replies Kevin, "The meeting is in 3 days, and if we don't contact them,"

"We know, all will be lost," replies Harrison.



Pensalum
Ambassador

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

by **Pensalum** » Sun Oct 20, 2013 10:45 am

QUOTE

Undisclosed location, Albicant City, Albicant, Pensalum

Loyalties were changing. It was clear for anyone to see. Everyday, the Pensic Front recruited more men to its writhing masses, itching to take back Pensalum, their country. It would, however, be impossible to do alone, Chairman Ferr knew this more than anyone. Even with the Pensic Front's massive numbers, a coup would be logistically infeasible. They needed outside influence, from a similar movement. They needed the Blood Ravens.

Lyle sat down at his desk, and pulled out a sheet of dry tan paper. It crinkled as it was lifted from the drawer, a satisfying sound. Outside there was a devastating explosive thud. It was his doing, his men had set a bomb earlier in that location, a gift for the regular military convoys. Ferr dipped his pen in the inkwell on his desk. He was often ridiculed for his use of dip pens, but he preferred them, he was old fashioned.

To: Roberto Elviro, leader of the Blood Ravens
From: Lyle Ferr, Chairman of the Pensic Front
Encryption: **High**

Dear, Mr. Elviro

I am greatly inspired by your revolutionary movement. The difficulty in leading a movement such as that is an unimaginable feat. Interestingly enough, I too, am trying to change my nation for the greater good. My organization, the Pensic Front, is plotting to overthrow our current Socialist administration, and put in place with a traditional Capitalistic one. We would be greatly honored if we could receive your support. If our revolution is successful, we will not forget your contribution, and I will be forever indebted.

Sincerely, Lyle Ferr

He dipped his pen back into the inkwell and pulled out a second sheet. This one, was for Rhodessea, Kruger had voiced his support earlier for the Pensic Front, and if the Blood Ravens were too wrapped up in their conflict, they might be able to get help from Rhodessea instead. He placed the letter to the Blood Ravens near his window to dry, and returned to his desk to begin the new plea.

To: General Sarel Kruger of Rhodessea
From: Chairman Lyle Ferr of the Pensic Front
Encryption: **High**

Dear General kruger,

As you might have noticed, our formerly great nation, Pensalum, is held hostage by Socialist scum. Our Chancielor is driving our country into the ground. I have formed an organization, known as the Pensic Front. Our goal is to bring back the glorious days of Pensic traditionalism, and lead Pensalum to a new age. Our only problem is our current government, who fights us at every turn. Our movement doesn't have much in the way of supplies, and the overthrow of our tyrannical government is proving more difficult than we expected. If there is any possibility we could have your support, we would be forever indebted. Perhaps it could bring about a new age of Pensic, Rhodessean diplomacy.

Sincerely, Chairman Lyle Ferr

Ferr picked up his letters and called in his secretary.

"Mail these, and do it secretly, they're very important."

Last edited by **Pensalum** on Sun Oct 20, 2013 11:33 am, edited 2 times in total.

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

by **Epraria** » Sun Oct 20, 2013 12:09 pm

Act II, Ch XXI

EX-NATION

Epraria

Postmaster of the Fleet

Posts: 20382

Founded: Oct 06, 2012

Ex-Nation

Bordejé, Vellize

Military HQ of Los Cuervos de Sangre

QUOTE

The last few days had been hectic for the blood ravens. The coup had ended with a civil war, they had been forced out of Arastos and at least half the states had pledged their support to the government or Los federales as they where also known as. He had gotten many supporters amongst them fascists and monarchists and that was a good morale booster.

While the government had gotten more supporters than he had wanted he still had a chance to win. His main objective right now was to gain control of South Epraria as it is the Largest, Most populous and Resource rich part of Epraria. The bad news where that the Government had gotten the same idea. So soon forces from both sides entered the State in hopes of intimidating the state to join their side and if needed to conquer it to join their side.

However outside of the conflict Roberto had a mail to answer from an organization that could be of use if they succeeded.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: Lyle Ferr, Chairman of the Pensic Front
From: Roberto Elviro, Leader of the Blood Ravens
Encryption: High

Dear Mr, Lyle

It Glads me that mystruggle for change has inspired men to change their nation for the better good. However your request of support from me is coming at a bad time. As you probably had heard myenemies have managed to survive my coup and have started a civil war to destroy me and my supporters in Epraria. This leaves me with little men and Supplies to spare from the fighting to help you. I will send supplies and men though just not in the quantities as we both would have hooped for. I wish you luck and hope that your own coup will be of better success than mine.

Last edited by **Epraria** on Sun Oct 20, 2013 12:10 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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>

EX-NATION

Mizrad

Senator

Posts: 3789

Founded: Jan 02, 2013

Ex-Nation

☐ by **Mizrad** » Sun Oct 20, 2013 7:29 pm

QUOTE

Sea of Ghant, 10 Miles east of the Emperor's Fleet

DAY 5, 16:49 HOURS, 10/17/13

4th Mizradian Strike Response Fleet

OPERATION INFERNO RISING

"Control this is Hunter Squadron, requesting take off. All pre-flight checks complete over."

"Copy that Hunter Squadron, you are cleared for take off. Get our boys back, out."

Blasting off of the deck, the squadron of F/A-25Ns roar through the sky as they make their way towards the *Green Treader*. Right behind them, sails thirty Mizradian ships. All of them ready to go and awaiting the chance to take the lives of their enemies. Closing in on the ship, the seven fighters wouldn't appear on radar with their stealth systems on along with all countermeasures and radio jamming systems kept on as well. Then through their headsets, the pilots begin to talk.

"Hunter 1-1, this is Hunter 1-5, I've got multiple large IR signatures appearing on my scanners now over."

The other pilot then responds.

"Copy that 1-5, I've got it coming up too. All Hunter Victors prepare weapons and targeting systems now, Hunter 1-1 out."

As radio communications die out, the fear of anybody not allied with Mizrad would soon come to life.

Bursting through the fog, the seven fighters appear and fly over the *Green Treader*. Then only seconds later, they circle back around again as the two F-25's flying over the ship begin to pop flares illuminating the firefight between NL Marines and Mizradian Operatives below. One of the F-25's then dumps its speed and begins to fire towards the enemy chopper. 7.62mm rounds all rocketing out of the barrels of miniguns and soaring towards the chopper. The fire continues as a consistent orange line of bullets flying through the air appears in the evening sky. The pilot then kicks in the afterburners as he pulls up and dodges the ship before pulling around to circle the fleet.

Then suddenly, the hull of the *Black Dagger* can be seen and almost immediately after, the 29 other ships pop up too. Seconds later, almost every ship in the fleet trains their sights on the Ghantish Fleet. Over the *Black Dagger's* PA System, Admiral Talden's booming voice can be heard for miles.

"Unidentified forces, this is Admiral Patrick Talden of the Mizradian Navy! Surrender yourselves and your lives will be spared! Drop your weapons or we will fire! You have thirty seconds to put your hands in the air! Do not make us do this!"

Overhead, the 2nd MSDG's choppers begin to circle over the *Green Treader* as the Mizradian ships sail on both flanks of the opposite fleet before whipping around and pulling back up to the *Green Treader*. Dropping its back ramp, the MV-22 Osprey carrying the MSDG Operators hovers over the ship as nineteen of the twenty men rope down. MSgt. Colton stays in the VTOL as he begins to target the remaining NL Forces with his M110. Assisting him is the two side gunners with their Vulcan Miniguns and the back gunner with his M2 .50 Caliber HMG.

After fast roping down, the 19 man team all get into position on both the port and starboard sides of the ship and begin moving towards the aft section the ship. Yelling out to each other with IRNV Sights on and watching the area in front of them, they begin to spot the New Landish Marines as they head for cover and prepare to fire. Above them, the AH-1Z's escorting the choppers hover over the aft section of the ship and start aiming for the men firing on the Mizradians. With their 40mm cannons, 7.62 Caliber miniguns and rockets on standby the two attack helicopters await further orders from Talden and the men on the ground.

The fate of Mizrad's allegiance in the war now rests on the decisions made by the New Landish forces.

Southeastern Mizrad, the Black Desert
DAY 5, 18:49 HOURS, 10/18/13
43rd Mizradian Central Intelligence Department Field Team
OPERATION INFERNO RISING

Looking out into the sun setting over the war torn land that was once Maverica, Agent Brett Volk awaits the MV-22 Osprey assigned to transport him to Borneo. Flowing through his mind like a boat on a river, his memories begin to catch up to him. He hadn't been in the Black Desert since he was serving as a soldier in it. Brett had witnessed and took part in both invasions of the land, the defense of Fort Thomas, the battle of Brigham's Point Dam and the assault on Port Thomas. All of them taking a heavy toll on him but, what finally made him snap was the death of his brother in the rescue of an Israel State soldier. Something he had only recently come to terms with as he had killed the man who set them up. Despite this satisfaction, another depressing thing was already lodged in his mind. Weather or not Mizrad would come out of the almost obvious impending war as a superpower, he wouldn't be able to tell. One thing he did know though, was just like every other war he'd been in; anybody he will become friends with will most likely not live to see the end of the war. Although Brett wasn't a man to not do anything to stop the hurricane from coming.

Overhead, the roar of an MV-22 Osprey and two F-35's in VTOL mode circling around to land can be heard. Above them is the screaming B-52's heading towards the front lines to aid Mizradian troops almost outweighs all other noise at this point. Then turning around and walking towards the opening back ramp of the Osprey, Agent Quentin "Black" Blackwood and ten Army Special

Operations Force Alpha members pile in as well. Nodding at the presence of each other, they all sit quietly the VTOL takes the sky with her two escorts. The engines soon go from vertical to horizontal as the Osprey begins to rocket through the air with the two F-35's.

Passing over the changing landscape and soon heading over the Gulf of Mizrad, Brett begins to flash into his past again. He hadn't been in Trenaria for a long time either. Brett's last visit to the country was when it was officially known as Tesseria during the second Maverican war. Agent Volk, at the time Sgt. Volk was tasked with taking the heavily defended city of Port Thomas with Tesserian forces and against all odds; they did it. Although with this victory came suffering and massive casualties for Mizrad and all forces participating in the assault. Luckily the entire Maverican force was either killed or disbanded which made the losses of Mizrad's allies and herself seem minimal. Though this is a statistic, and they don't take into account the psychological burden of depression that deaths lay upon the shoulders of any military operator. Something that Brett seemed to have a lot of on his shoulders was just that; depression. Then coming back from his little daydream, the voice of the pilot calling speaking with her co-pilot awakens him.

"Freeman can you check the radar? I think I've got a visual on the fleet."

Freeman responds as he immediately checks the scanning systems on board the VTOL.

"Copy Pelano, I've got it on radar and IR too. Making radio contact now."

With that said, Freeman changes his radio channel to that of the Mizradian Fleet's and begins to talk.

"Baseplate this is Blackbird 2-5, requesting permission to land over."

The *Homet*, a Wasp Class amphibious assault ship's control tower responds to the calls of Blackbird 2-5.

"Copy that 2-5, please hold for confirmation over."

Silence crawls over the radio for a few moments as "Baseplate" makes a few calls to be positive it's safe for the Osprey to land.

"Blackbird 2-5, you are cleared for landing now over."

"Solid copy Baseplate, Blackbird 2-5 out."

After receiving confirmation to land, the MV-22 makes it's descent with the push of Lt. Pelano's hands against the control stick. Falling from the clouds and sky towards the ship sailing on the ocean, "Blackbird" touches down on the tarmac of the MNS *Homet*. The back ramp lowers down as the sound of the rotors whirring dies out along with the engine going inactive. The twelve occupants of the aircraft then emerge from the fuselage as the VTOL is refueled before taking off again and heading back to Mizrad. Moving from the flight deck of the carrier to the below deck layers of the ship. After a brief walk, they soon enter a briefing room with a table, multiple other soldiers and agents and a hologram tacboard. On that tacboard? A map of Borneo and plans to meet with the area's leader. Unannounced to anybody but the President and those inside the briefing room, a message had been sent to said leaders speaking about a meeting only hours prior to Agent Volk's arrival on the *Homet*. The only thing the men and women inside the meeting room can do now, is await a response.

Last edited by [Mizrad](#) on Wed Oct 23, 2013 1:06 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!](#)

Nov 1984 Tucker photo

Above Communists for the people's Southern State

The planes flew over the ocean, it was a training flight with four Su-35s, the instructors, and eight Su-27s, the trainees. They continued flying out over the ocean towards their intended target. It was a live fire drill today, which meant the trainees would be attacking drones that were controlled from the ground by remote. The drones were either, old, outdated, defective, or damaged.

"Ajax Lead to all Ajax planes, form up and attack the targets on my mark....and MARK!" Captain Hart (Ajax Lead) watched closely as the eight rookies split in several different directions to engage the drones. A few moments later a drone off to Hart's left was struck by a missile and exploded in a ball of yellow flame. A second drone exploded, vaporized by a missile that was dead on target, a third drone was hit and spiraled towards the ocean trailing fire.

"All trainees finished destroying their assigned targets form back up into formation." An instructor ordered over the radio the trainees.

Two more drones exploded and the trainees that dispatched them formed back into the formation. Another two more drones were hit leaving just one more.

"Come on Number 10," coaxed an instructor to the remaining rookie. Another few minutes ticked by, "Is there something wrong with your plane 10?" Asked a worried instructor.

Captain Hart's radio buzzed, "Captain Hart, this is control, do you copy Ajax Squadron?"

Hart answered, "This is Ajax lead, go ahead."

"We're picking up unidentified aircraft crossing into our airspace, the planes aren't responding to any of our radio transmissions. We need your squadron to go and escort the planes to a friendly airfield were we can determine who in blazes they are."

"I'm babysitting rookies over here. Can't you find someone else to handle it?" Hart asked with a hint of annoyance in his voice.

"Negative. Captain Hart your squadron is the only ones close enough to the unidentified planes. The unknown aircraft are fifteen miles south of you."

"Roger, we copy."

Hart sighed before speaking into the radio again, "Ajax Squadron form up and follow me, that means you too 10."

Ajax Squadron closed in on the unknown planes. Suddenly the unknown planes split apart and fired missiles at the Ajax planes.

"Evasive maneuvers!" Captain Hart shouted into his radio, at the same time he yanked the control column all the way back. Hart's Su-35 shot straight up, Hart barely avoided crashing into another instructor who was doing the same thing.

"Command, the unknown aircraft are firing on us!" Hart howled into his radio.

"Copy, scrambling fighters to come and assist you now. Hold out 'till they get there."

The enemy missiles missed, except for one which clipped the wing of Number 10's Su-27.

"Keep that plane in the air 10," An instructor said soothingly, "it will be alright as long as you don't another hit."

Hart flipped his plane and engaged one of the enemy fighter, the enemy fighter turned left, Hart followed going into a High-G turn. Hart pulled out of the turn blinked spots away from his eyes and coolly fired a missile at the enemy plane directly in front of him. The enemy pilot had nowhere to run, the missile impacted his plane and exploded. The enemy plane rear half was consumed by fire before the plane split in half and the rest broke apart plummeting towards the ocean below.

Hart flew his plane back into the inferno. Suddenly an Su-27 plummeted past Hart's canopy, Hart watched the Su-27 hit the sea below him, Hart wondered if

the pilot had ejected.

Another enemy plane went down, Hart fired a missile to dispatch another for his second kill of the day, Hart was turning to engage a new enemy when a frantic voice came over the radio, "Help! It's Number 10 there's an enemy right on me!"

"Dammit Number 10, hold on!" A gruff voice shouted over the radio.

An instructor's plane flew right underneath Hart, fired a missile to successfully destroy the enemy plane. "There," the satisfied instructor said over the radio, "you should be fine now."

"Thank you," Number 10 replied shakily.

The remaining four enemy planes were dispatched quickly soon after.

"Alright Ajax Squadron." Captain Hart said, "Form up and head back to the airbase, Number 10, keep an eye on your plane."

**Communists for the people's Northern state
Capitol building
2:35pm Tuesday**

Premier Churchill stood looking out his floor to ceiling glass window that looked out onto the city below. From behind Churchill came a soft knock at the door. "Come in." Churchill said turning to face the door. The mahogany doors opened to reveal a middle aged man with graying hair, he was short in stature with a clean gray suit and tie on.

"Premier," the man said coldly.

"Yes Dreyfuss?" Churchill sighed puffing on a cigar.

"The Ghantish war threatens to engulf our entire world yet you are still undecided whether or not to get involved."

Churchill nodded slowly, walked over to his desk and sat down slowly.

"Dreyfuss, we have long been apposed to monarchies." Churchill stopped to take another puff of his cigar, "but this 'war' is between two monarchies, I would have liked to sit this one out, but it seems like the sides is shaping up to be the northern countries versus the southern countries."

"That isn't entirely true Premier."

"Yes. But Mizrad is aiding Ghant, and we have been allies with Mizrad for a long time. Going up against Ghant by siding with Gillenor would be very unpopular with our citizens."

"Then what should we do Premier?" Dreyfuss asked.

"Possibly send a diplomat to Ghant and figure out what they intend to do and if possible try to find a peaceful solution to this conflict."

"Why not sit out the war and once it is over rise from the ashes to rebuild. The rest of the world would hail us as saviors!" Dreyfuss exclaimed.

Churchill smirked and knocked ash off his cigar into the ashtray on his desk, "You have a good point Dreyfuss but I fear..."

The phone on Churchill's desk rang, Churchill removed the cigar from his mouth and picked up the phone. "Yes?" Churchill said.

A voice on the other end said, "Premier Churchill a squadron of our fighters were attacked this morning."

"Who carried out this attack?"

"Unknown aircraft sir, they're nationality is unknown."

"Well find out." Growled Churchill before he hung up the phone. Churchill turned to Dreyfuss and said, "It is just as I've feared, the rest of the world wishes to drag us into this mess. Soon I fear will this madness consume the

entire world."



To: The leaders Gbant

From: Premier Churchill's office, Capital Building, New London, Room 2a

Encryption level: 5

Dear leader,

It has come to Premier Churchill's attention that the Emperor and Empress of Gbant wish to overthrow Gillenor. We, the people of Communists for the people, are sending an envoy on behalf of our nation to inquire on what you plan to do about this conflict. We may consider taking your side in this war. Although we do not support democracies, we feel because of Gbant's position of power in our region the world would be plunged into chaos if Gbant was overthrown. So in interest of preserving world peace and sanity our diplomats are heading to your nation at this moment. Please respond ASAP.

Premier Churchill's office, Capital Building, New London, Room 2a

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

GO CUBS

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

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

Proud member of [Hemithea](#)

DEFCON



The New Lowlands
Postmaster-General

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

by [The New Lowlands](#) » Wed Oct 23, 2013 8:19 am



GNS *Green Treader*, Sea of Gbant

The Marines glanced around. The smoke still covered the deck. So did the gas.

Hence, they briskly moved to press themselves against a metal wall belonging to the *Green Treader's* superstructure.

"They're bluffing," Florissoon declared. "They hit the *Green Treader*, they run the threat of the whole damn thing sinking."

"What do we do?" another Marine inquired.

"Comply," Florissoon responded. "Don't want to be responsible for starting a war, do you?"

Almost in unison, they lowered their weapons to the ground. They didn't raise their hands; in the circumstances, the gesture would be pointless.

"*Tilpashim*, this is Florissoon. We have a situation."

Raafsnest, Central *Tilpashim*, The New Lowlands

Stadtholder Maria Veldt rubbed her eyes tiredly as she paced down the concrete hallway. She'd been dragged here sometime in the process of last night to overview the NLS *Tilpashim's* progress, and after catching a few hours of sleep had been roused.

Evidently, as Murphy would have expected, something had gone wrong.

Maria turned, quietly pushing open the door to the War Room and turning her gaze almost immediately onto the gargantuan screen on the wall, which was currently displaying a representation of the Sea of Gbant, generated by the combination of radar, naval maps, and satellite imaging. In yellow, the known locations of various non-combatant ships were displayed, in green, the last known location of the Ausitoran fleet, and in bright, dauntless red, the combined Gbantish Imperial fleet and the known locations of the Mizradian naval force.

The Stadtholder assumed her seat at the end of the table. "Assets in the area?" she inquired, trying to discern dots of blue in the black-coloured sea on the board.

"The *Staten Van Tilpashim*, but that's about it," someone replied.

She rubbed her forehead. "Backup?"

"Four more *Tilpashim*-class corvettes on stand-by half an hour out of gun range. Carrying four SRBMs."

"Yield?"

"Eighty, maybe ninety kilotons."

"I don't remember authorizing that," she muttered, frowning at the fleet admiral, who blinked in what seemed to be surprise.

"It was in the briefing, ma'am," Klaessen retorted, sitting down at the long desk.

"I read the briefing," she snapped. "That wasn't in there!"

"With all due respect," the voice of the Officer of Defence, Erik Yusgiantoro boomed over the desk. "Mrs. Veldt, Mr. Klaessens, you can't fight in here. This is the war room. And it wasn't in the briefing. I authorized it."

The Stadtholder glanced at Yusgiantoro. "As backup?"

"Yes."

Veldt let out a long, drawn-out sigh. "Fine. Fuck. We'll try to salvage this. Standby to authorize launch, tell the *Tilpashim* they can call in back-up." There was a pause as the grey-haired Tilpashimi woman narrowed her eyes at the Big Board.

"Inform the first, second, and third expeditionary that they're going to head north. I want these fuckers begging with their tails between their legs."

"Yes, ma'am," the table chorused.

"And somebody get me a coffee," she grunted, leaning back in the chair.

NLS *Staten Van Tilpashim*, Sea of Ghant

It didn't take long for the captain of the *Tilpashim* to respond. The ship had broken radio silence as soon as the Stadtholder's message had come through, and the nature of such hurried communications meant that it had come through quickly, ignoring maybe one or two security protocols.

A firing solution had already been plotted, of course- the overt nature of the arrival of the Mizradian fleet meant that the *Tilpashim* could guesstimate their locale from the position of the *Green Treader*.

The captain's voice broke the *Tilpashim*'s quasi-radio silence.

"Admiral Talden, this is the NLS *Tilpashim*, supporting piracy interdiction operation *Hawk Swoop*. You are hereby instructed to stand down and allow our Marines to get back to the *Tilpashim*- coming straight from the top. If you fail to comply we will open fire, and we have been authorized to utilize nuclear SRBMs."



Office of the Stadtholder- Ambt der Stadtholder

To: Office of the President of Mizrad, Ryan West

Subject: *Tilpashim* confirmation

Encryption: **Strong; Military**

Dear Sir,

Chances are that by now Mizradian Navy forces have made contact with the NLS *Tilpashim* regarding the ongoing piracy interdiction programme in the Sea of Ghant. Reports from the *Tilpashim* indicate that Mizradian forces have attempted to intervene in the ongoing operation to the detriment of regional and global security. The *Tilpashim*'s captain has likely informed you that several tactical nuclear weapons are at their disposal in the case of an engagement.

This message is being sent in order to confirm that that is, in fact, the case.

In addition, we hereby inform you that many naval, air, and ground units of the New Lowlandian Armed Forces have been rallied and are currently headed for Mizrad in preparation for a potential future exercise.

If Admiral Talden's forces fail to withdraw, a state of war must be considered as one of the various diplomatic tools at the disposal of the Lowlandian Government.

We expect compliance within thirty minutes.

Regards,
Maria Veldt,
Stadtholder of the New Lowlands

Last edited by [The New Lowlands](#) on Wed Oct 23, 2013 12:48 pm, edited 1 time in total.



Mizrad
Senator

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

"Tension"

by [Mizrad](#) » Wed Oct 23, 2013 1:12 pm



Sea of Ghant, 10 Miles east of the Emperor's Fleet
DAY 5, 17:00 HOURS, 10/17/13
4th Mizradian Strike Response Fleet
OPERATION INFERNO RISING

Admiral Talden remains on the bridge of the *Black Dagger* as he receives the radio transmission from Lowlandian forces. The threat of nuclear weapons didn't really frighten him, what did though was the threat of the world plunging into chaos because of nukes being fired. Although that all didn't matter at the moment because he knew the NL Marines would only bring trouble if taken and start a war if killed. Along with that fact, Mizrad was never a country to kill innocent people. In this case, they had no idea the Mizradians were there and according to Mizradian law, they did nothing wrong for anybody to legally kill them.

Turning to his radio operator yet another time, Talden personally makes the response to Lowlandian forces.

"NLS *Tilpashim*, you're speaking to Admiral Talden. Your Marines will be safely transported by a RHIB to your fleet. If any act of aggression is shown towards that boat crew we will open fire. Although I'm sure we could avoid combat and leave this place peacefully. Do we have a deal?"

Immediately after sending his radio transmission, the aging admiral then speaks to Ensign Mathison, the *Black Dagger*'s radio operator.

"Ensign, are AWACS planes are on passive right?"

"Aye sir, I know what you're thinking and they are tracing the message now."

"You're sure of this?"

"Aye sir, the birds have picked up what seems to be in remarkable resemblance to a fleet moving in formation."

"Good, wait for them receive the message and respond. If a response comes from the same position, we'll know it's them. Just keep those planes on passive radar or we're screwed."

After conversing with his radio operator and sending a few orders to EW Planes, Talden finally begins to call out to his fleet.

"All crew members, rearrange battle formation to defensive stand by. Further

orders and information will be presented as they become available."

With all offensive and defensive weapons systems already online -Including the fleet's newly modernized and upgraded AEGIS systems, the only thing left to do is prepare to fire when the enemy is spotted. The cannons of cruisers, destroyers and single dreadnought all divert from aiming towards the *Green Treader* to the surrounding open are. Aiming to where the Lowlandians were believed to be would be a risk considering it might not be right, although that's not to say there wasn't a few ships training their sights to that direction. 5" and 21" guns all prepare to fire on to the areas right below the bridges of the ships. The smaller 40mm turrets are assigned to taking out any enemy AA capabilities to give the Mizradians air superiority. The rockets and machine guns become tasked with inflicting either close range damage or bringing down enemy aircraft. Then of course the AA guns and missiles take the sky as their own. For the grand finale, all heavy weapons such as anti-ship missiles and thermobaric weapons all set their sights on larger and more important ships. Despite not knowing if they'll fight or not, the 4th MSRF was sure going to put up one hell of a fight.

Last edited by [Mizrad](#) on Sun Oct 27, 2013 8:06 am, edited 2 times in total.

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

Newy 1876 Rucker 2007110007



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) » Wed Oct 23, 2013 1:35 pm



*Excerpt from the New Alexandrian Courante online version; 8th Augustia, 2014, Assorted Ausitorian Standard Time
Subsidiary of the ABC*

Riots in Bvordsha as Strike Ring-leaders Sacked



Riots in Szohôd, the Bvordshan Capital

Fires raged through the night as striker ring-leaders, many outraged at being sacked, took on a more militant tone, smashing their way through Ausitorian Government Offices and Banks in a display of unrest not seen since Marshal Kûrvitasch seized control of the country eighty years ago, with sixty-two people now in hospital. Despite being repeatedly warned that confrontation was the way to anarchy by Alexandria, the Bvordshan Chancellor, Colonel Sponz, leader of the anti-liberal "One Nation" party since the elections last year, reiterated calls for international arbitration and an independence vote, and promised not to enforce any attempt to establish a curfew.

Despite increasing money flowing into the region - Bvordsha, being one of the poorer parts of the country, receives about twice as much spending as is taxed - tensions have been exacerbated by increased imported labour, rapidly increasing living costs, the

As the government debates the apparent anarchy, although pointing out that anarchy without arson is normal anyway, the Conservative-Christian party has split, some calling for a tough crack-down, and some calling for the retreat of the Central Government and experiments with devolution. The Social Labour Party has sided with the latter, drawing attention to Colonel Spontz's declaration that Bvordsha has always been an independent nation and that vague 'associate' status in the aftermath of war does not give Alexandria the right to take away their sovereignty - an issue that the Supreme Court continues to investigate earnestly while the party remains divided on the question of an independence referendum.

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

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



Posts: 2691
Founded: Dec 11, 2012
Ex-Nation

QUOTE

Gregor sat in his apartment inside of Bvordsha's capital, Szohôd. His men had already managed to smuggle into the country fifteen AK-74s and more than three RPG-29s. Now they laid in their wooden containment boxes frilling at the parts with package stuffing. Their stash was in a non-descriptive storage facility taking up one large unit. They had roughly consumed a twentieth of the space, on the floor with much more room vertically, with arms and spare ammunition. With recent pro-Interventionist politics further improving he was sent, as both the effective 'Vice President' and Minister of Intelligence, to begin laying the foundations of further Firmadores interest inside the

Panesseos region. He got up, the crackle of broken bottles and churning flames just so very slight threw his many open windows. Much of the looting had gone around the industrial and business areas, focused on the owners that the strikes were going against in the labour move.

Gregor 'the Bloody' stepped into the hallway, the low class complex allowed him to meld into the surroundings and the slumped junkie staring at the ceiling made him feel surprisingly comfortable. For that man was nothing, here or on the international stage, and Gregor was everything in both arenas. Once the President-for-Life Amar died or retired he would be the leader of the nation. But he could not betray, could not assassinate the President. He had an understanding of politics, and now once the assassinations started they would be difficult to stop. He boarded the elevator, pressing the down button he felt the tug of gravity but also a silence. His ride to the ground floor went uninterrupted, but as the elevator opened a mass of peoples were waiting. With a pistol on his waist he stepped out first, the others backing away out of fear even the burliest of them deferring a glance to the ground floor's walls.

As he made his way outside a bustle of feet, he could tell from experience, headed towards the elevator. He paid extra attention, in these moments one could slip in under the loud noise of many feet and puncture another's lungs with a well placed stab to the back. He heard nothing, turning behind him he saw the room was clear. An overt paranoia that was his one weakness, he simply could not shake the caution that his dangerous life had impressed upon him. Getting closer to the door, and now finally exiting the building, he heard the wail of fire sirens and police horns blaring down the street. Looking in the way he had to go he could see rows of garbage some spilt over and all very smelly but nothing like the stench of a fresh corpse, the ground of Szohöd now had a stink constantly permeating the air. He walked down the sidewalk which was relatively clear of garbage, many random individuals lifting the garbage bags into piles on the sides.

Gregor was on his way to a meeting with Colonel Sponz the Bvordshan Chancellor, it was night. The political arena seemed a perfect time for change, reactionary 'change'. The local populace was up in arms at their occupation, tired of immigrants stealing their jobs, the price of bread climbing to unprecedented levels and even the legalization of prostitution (which is a nationalized industry in Firmador) had the denizens in an uproar, though mostly the older aged crowd. Even as he walked to the café where he'd meet his contact he'd see the rare striker tossing a molotov into a mainstream business. The flames warming a side of his face as well as shedding a bright light, nothing new to a man that had lost all his comrades in Vonver. The fireman were surprisingly not overwhelmed with all the work, and at random and large intervals some police cars would go about arresting several people at a time, somehow using pre-processed data to know exactly who they were going after. The workload had gotten so heavy they merely resorted to arresting the nearest teenage or working-age male. And the responses to these wanton arrests were growing increasingly violent on the micro-level. People were not willing to get bullied by what they viewed as an illegal 'Federal' government.

Over at Seberia, a tourist hotspot and thus large generator of tax revenue, another plan was underway. With much international capital flowing in, it was thought that it'd be necessary to hit the more volatile tourist sector. No doubt its growth was only beginning, other possible tourist spots in the region not chosen for war or a blockade was already the course of the day. Wetwork Operative 'Niel' had just finished mountain biking threw hundred of kilometres of terrain, much of which were rolling forests. He parked his filth and mud covered bike unlocked in some dirty alley. A very random hobo eyed it conspicuously, he hopped on and darted to the other direction of the street. Niel walked into the middle of the busy tourist sector street, many of whom were dressed much differently from the locals, and lifted his two Mac-10s from their ensconced position on his back under the brown hoodie. The weather of rather warm, but it looked like a light fabric more suited to the clime. He began to buck shots in all directions, circling like an angel of death as many fall to the ground or run as fast as possible screaming in a frenetic charge outwards. The Operative had a remote controlled belt of C4 on his chest. When his heart beat lowered to 1% below average (given the suicidal and highly intense nature) it would automatically detonate. Otherwise he had the remote. If somehow Firmador could be back-tracked to this terrorist incident all hopes of peaceably emplacing friendly regimes in Bvordsha and Rhodesea would probably be lost.

[Homo Homini Lupus : A Hemithean Production](#)

[Official Wiki of Firmador](#)

[Denouement: The Progressive Assemblage \(RP\)](#)



Gallia- wrote:

The difference between stupidity and bravery is often the outcome.



Virennia
Diplomat

Posts: 933
Founded: Jul 19, 2012
Ex-Nation

by [Virennia](#) » Thu Oct 24, 2013 7:19 pm



Lo Bailarindes Theatre, Thourbon, Thour Rivar, Confederal Estates of Virennia October de 10, 2013

The singer at the center of the theatre began to sing a heartfelt [Virennese Suncross hymn](#) as the spotlight shone down upon her. None of the audience could look away, mesmerized by the beautiful words and voice of the performer. At the high balcony reserved for honored guests, even Governor-General Guldin de Thour, who usually refrained from showing too much emotion, put down his glass of Virennese rum (a major export of the nation) and watched with rapt, his eyes alight with enchantment.

Guldin had aged well, despite his drinking and drug habits shared by most Virennese due to their culture and completely legal drug production and trade. At 47, he still had the muscular body of his youth, though his ruddy, auburn hair and moustache were fast graying and his emerald green eyes, which once shone with enthusiasm, now only reflected weariness. Guldin had been Governor-General, leader of Virennia, for 25 years now, ever since his father was assassinated on the orders of Jiovin Barbareau, Patron of Barbary Estate. Although Guldin knew his father grew mad with power and probably deserved to die, he had never forgiven Jiovin; ten years later, on the anniversary of the assassination, Jiovin was shot and paralyzed from the waist down by a de Thour crony, and the grudge was settled.

But such was the way of the Virennese *familierres aunar*, "families of honor", the old, rich clans that literally owned the Virennese nation. Each family owned one of the five estates which constituted the country; there were no taxes or citizens in Virennia- only tenants and rent. Even great cities such as the capital, Thourbon, were considered the private property of the *familierres aunar*, and the de Thour family owned Thourbon, as well as the entire estate of *Thour Rivar*. The families of honor legally had complete control over their vast estates.

One would wonder how a populace tolerated such gross inequality, yet a series of checks and balances maintained order and relieved the Virennese from tyranny. A legitimate Congress existed which met for a month every year mainly to settle disputes and occasionally enact Confederal laws binding to the entire nation, consisting of the tenant-elected House of Proprietors, and the Council of Patrons, the voice of the *familierres aunar*. Yet, at its heart, Virennia was still a informal dictatorship- although certain checks existed that could be used by Congress, and the Patrons often funded their own private armies to maintain order in their estates, the Governor-General was still the sole holder of military power for the entire confederation.

And so the Governor-General could enter a prestigious theatre and unseat the wealthy customer who had paid for the expensive balcony seat, just as Guldin had done tonight. He needed a break; the chaos erupting throughout Panessos would soon drag everyone in the region into its anarchic pit. Yet for now, he was not working, he was listening to beautiful music, and he was relaxed. His dark red military uniform suddenly felt constricting; he loosened his black tie and unbuttoned the collar on his starched white shirt. He had just closed his eyes to enjoy the music when suddenly someone took the seat beside him and whispered in his ear.

"Sorry to interrupt." Guldin opened his eyes to see Secretary of the Treasury Catorme Blandel, a cousin on his mother's side, with an urgent look on his face.

Guldin looked visibly annoyed with his reply. "What is it?" he spoke angrily in

his hoarse, raspy voice, a characteristic of many Virenese and most especially of the de Thour family.

Catome gave a perfunctory look of apology before opening his suitcase to hand Guldin a set of documents. "I've got an idea which I think you'll love. I think we can profit off of all of this madness. Just take a look at these authorizations and I know you'll sign off on them."

"Give me a summary," Guldin sighed and added, "It's nice to see that you can track me down even after work hours."

"Oh boo-hoo," Catome smiled. He had grown up with Guldin and always refrained from the respectful airs most gave the Governor-General. "If this works out perfectly we'll have a major economic boon, specifically to our exports." Guldin grew interested. Virena was an exporting powerhouse, shipping goods like cotton, textiles, rice, sugar, rum, fruits, vegetables, salt, arms, and automobiles throughout all of Panessos. If Blandel had a way to bolster this trade, which directly went to the familerres aunar and their respective estates, Guldin would be all ears- he would personally be earning money for his own family.

"Let me at least finish listening," Guldin pleaded. He closed his eyes once more to hear the end of the old song, and as soon as the applause began, Catome whisked Guldin up and out of the theatre by his arm into a limousine, where the leader's excited cousin immediately began outlying his plans.

Last edited by [Virena](#) on Sun Oct 27, 2013 10:48 am, edited 6 times in total.

[FLAG](#)

"Iron hand in a velvet glove."
-Charles V



Rhodesia
Lobbyist

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

by [Rhodesia](#) » Fri Oct 25, 2013 11:15 pm



Act II, Ch XXIV Cordia, Rhodesia The Government Palace

Kruger led Bakanski down a flight of old, cracked stone steps. the passageway was wide enough for two men to walk side by side, and was dimly lit by green lanterns. As the secret door shut behind them, Kruger could sense the unease emanating off of Bakanski.

"Relax, friend. There are no monsters down here."

Bakanski seemed bewildered nonetheless, "where are we, exactly?"

A smile crept across Kruger's face. "This is an old subterranean area used by the Rhodesian Kings of old. It was referred to as the 'Cordia Catacombs'. They used it for a variety of purposes- to keep secret prisoners, store treasure, and escape from the Palace if needs be down into the cave system beneath the city and surrounding countryside. When the monarchy was overthrown, the subsequent regimes used it for those purposes. It is used for similar purposes even now. Not many people know about this area, and we Rhodesians have worked very hard to keep it that way."

"...Why are we here?"

"Be patient. You shall see. We are getting...close."

They walked past a number of small rooms. Many were filled with weapons and ammo, some with computers and monitors. Others were filled with bones and rags. Cobwebs, and spider webs lined the corners of the walls, and water was dripping in many parts of the ceiling, which was a few inches above their heads.

They turned a corner, and there were many cells that lined the hallway on either side. Had it not been for the one green lamp dangling from the ceiling, the hallway would have been pitch black.

Kruger stopped at the forth cell, and turned to his left. He waited until Bakanski to stand next to him.

Bakanski stood and looked into the dark cell. "Who is that?"

Kruger focused his eyes on the man in the corner of the cell. He was dirty and unshaven. He had a few books, a bed and a privy. He seemed in decent shape.

"That my friend, is Anton Zhakav."

"Zhakav? I thought he was publicly executed!"

"That is what I wanted everyone to think. In order for the people to buy into me and believe in the impending change, I needed for them to believe that there was no going back. I earned the respect of many Rhodeseans for making them think that I ordered his death. And the nations of Panessos fear me, and take me seriously, because they think I am a monster, a brutal dictator. No, I am no monster. I am merciful. Look and see for yourself. He is alive and...well. Unbeaten and unharmed. All we had to do was storm the Palace, seize him, and bring him down here. Nobody knew."

"That is...interesting, Kruger. You continue to surprise me."

Kruger smirked. "Expect more." He then turned to Zhakav. "Anton, how are you doing?"

Zhakav looked up. "What...day is it?"

"Does it matter what day it is? Consider yourself lucky. Time does not pass in the catacombs! As long as you stay down here, you will be safe, and untroubled with the world beyond. Let me...handle that."

"I am the President of Rhodesea! Let me out of here, now!"

"Why would I do that? As far as Rhodesea is concerned, you are dead, and I am in charge now. Things are actually going to change here. Rhodesea will be great again! Rhodesea will no longer languish in a socialist hell, lead by corrupt and incompetent bureaucrats. Rhodesea is no longer your personal plaything."

"...What are you talking about?"

"Don't talk to me like I am stupid, Anton. Everyone knows how you rigged elections to stay in power, how you extorted the people, appointed your cronies and business associates into government positions, and sold out your country for your own personal gain. You are lucky I am merciful, otherwise I would have actually dragged you out in the public square, put my own gun to your head, and pull the trigger myself!"

"You fool! You don't know what you are doing! You will ruin this country!"

Kruger was livid. "Ruined? Asshole, this country was already ruined. We have been stepped on and taken advantage of by all the world for a hundred years, like some five dollar whore! Defeated and subjugated by Epraria, Loufe, Gillenor, and all the rest! Our territory was divided, our people starved and reduced to poverty and squalor. Things were not going to get better. We only stared down into the gaping maw of oblivion and obscurity. I will save us from that oblivion, with Laoni's help."

"Laoni will doom us!"

"No, Laoni is the key to our redemption. She has offered us an opportunity for salvation. To restore the dignity of our nation. I care not for her ambitions or motives. I only know that by hearing her call, and riding the rising tide, we finally have the chance to have real change. The people finally have hope, because they can sense the change that is coming to the world. It is in the air. War is coming, and Rhodesea will finally be on the winning side."

"That path is lost to us. We cannot regain our lost land. Mizrad will never give it to us. When they defeated Loufe, they kept the land for themselves, so how could ever hope to get it back?"

Kruger laughed. "I have been told by the Gbantish Emperor that the land will be given to us, provided we cooperate fully with the Emperor and Mizrad's agenda. That's right- Mizrad has agreed to give us the land back, as long as we

"play along. You have Laoni to thank for that arrangement, asshole."

"I...cannot believe it. Gillenor, Loufe and Epraria will not like that."

"Who cares? Epraria is engulfed in civil war, Loufe is one bad move away from annihilation, and Gillenor is about to be consumed by the Pink Dragon. That is what the Gbantish have taken to calling Laoni- the 'Pink Dragon'. It has a nice ring to it, don't you think? The Pink Dragon will rain fire upon her enemies, and we shall be riding on the dragon's back, laughing all the way! War is nigh upon us, and we shall triumph."

"What purpose will it serve, fool!"

"A means to an end, Anton. Children will have a chance to eat, to grow, to learn, to love, and all the rest. Everything I do, I do for the children of Rhodesea. So that they can have the life that we have never known. I will give Rhodesea the future that it deserves!"

"...I tried."

"No you didn't. You don't understand. Gillenor, Loufe and our other oppressors don't care about any of that. They only care about imperialism, and benefitting their own nations. They extort from us, and look down on us, like a man looks down upon a dog. They would make slaves of us all if they could get away with it. We would be some nation's colony, their bitch, to do with as they please. Eventually that would have been the outcome. The world shall know, that Rhodesea will not go quietly. We will not sell out our country to imperialistic overlords. We will stand and fight, with whatever shred of dignity that we have left. And I will die for that cause, Anton. I am prepared to surrender my life, if that means that my people and my country know redemption. That is the difference between you and me, Anton. I am prepared to give up my life."

"What do you know about sacrifice, Kruger?"

Kruger's voice began to break up. "Everything. I had four sons, once, as I am sure you are aware. They all died in the last war. They all had determination in their eyes. They were hungry. Hungry for freedom, for liberty, and for justice. And they died fighting for it, each one. And my poor wife, she got ill that winter, and she died. It was the grief that killed though. I know sacrifice, I know what it means to die for what you believe, for what is right. My children will not have died in vain, Zhakav. I will make sure of it.

"Are you prepared to turn yourself in, if the international community demands it."

"... They have taken everything for me. The only thing that there is left for them to take is me. They can have me, if needs be. And if turning myself in results in Rhodesea being restored to its former glory, and being safe and untampered with, then yes. Yes I would."

"Then I would be restored."

"No, you wouldn't. If and when you are revealed to be alive, you will never know power again, Anton. That ship has sailed. The people know you for scum."

"To hell with you, Kruger. You promise the people a brighter future, but all you will end up giving them is darkness, bondage and chains."

"I am done talking to you. Enjoy your cell."

Kruger turned to Bakanski. "Lets go. I am done to this piece of shit."

Bakanski obliged, and then asked. "Is that all you wanted to show me?"

Kruger was still enraged by his exchange with Zhakav. "There are two more things I wanted to show you."

They turned around and walked out of that passageway. They walked around more rooms, and descended deeper into the catacombs. Skulls lined the walls of the deeper levels.

Kruger stopped in front of a rotten wooden door. He opened it, and the hinges made a squeaking noise. Kruger opened the door and beckoned Bakanski come in.

The room was small, and had some chairs and a projector sitting on a small table in the middle of the room. There were chains on the walls, and another green lamp dangling from the ceiling. Kruger saw Bakanski look at the bloodstains on the floor.

"Please, Bakanski, take a seat. I have a video that I would like for you to watch."

"A video...of what?"

Kruger smiled. "You are about to find out." He turned on the projector, which was connected to a crude looking VCR. There was a tape inside. The projector began to make a flickering noise, and the wall in front of them was filled up with the video projection. The video was black and white. The screen began to count down from...

...5...

...4...

...3...

...2...

...1...

TOP SECRET!

Undisclosed Government Facility, Gillenor

"Welcome sir!" Yanish excitedly told the Minister, "You may be familiar with the Project formerly known as Hand of Hope. This project was an attempt to find a cure for Janus Disease. It is a disease that effects the brain and induces schizophrenic like symptoms, but can physically transform the body too."

"Princess Sepuki Yousloff and Zune Habsburg were involved in the Hand of Hope Project. They attempted to create a vaccine that could cure the disease. In order to...test the vaccine, they introduced the disease into their bodies, and then attempted to cure it with the vaccine. The results were the opposite of what they had intended."

"The vaccine exaggerated the effects of the disease. Not only did it magnify the symptoms, but it provided additional...side effects to those effected with the vaccine. Upon further research, we uncovered that the vaccine itself not only causes Janus Disease, but creates an amplified strain of the disease. It mutates the effected individual on a cellular level, and alters their genetic structure."

"We believe that the vaccine could be developed into a biological weapon. If it were to be ingested into the body, or inhaled in a gaseous form by even a minimal amount, then it could proliferate rapidly, inflicting many people with the disease. As a result, any additional research is being conducted with extreme caution, and the utmost secrecy is being maintained."

"This information is top secret, and we are working diligently to find ways to harness this vaccine in productive ways."

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"...How did you get this video?"

"The Minister in question was a Gillenorian Minister, who was receiving a tour of the facility and the research being conducted on the vaccine that was developed during the Hand of Hope Project. This video was leaked to Laoni. Laoni has...powerful friends in Gillenor that obtained the video, and she delivered it to us."

"...Why would they do that?"

"Easy. Laoni has friends in Gillenor that want to see her in power. And they know that her sister was involved in the Project initially, so they have...intimate knowledge of the research."

"Let me guess. You believe that Laoni wants to get her hands on this vaccine?"

"Absolutely. I believe that the reason she wants to conquer Gillenor so bad, is so that she can get her hands on this research. This vaccine, if developed into a weapon, could become a powerful biological weapon of mass destruction. It would surely bring her enemies to their knees."

Bakanski shivered. "I shudder at the thought of such a weapon."

"As do I, my friend. As do I."

Kruger led Bakanski out of the room. They turned another corridor, and walked down more pathways, descending into deeper, darker and creepier areas.

"These...catacombs, they seem like a maze."

"Indeed, it is a maze. Men can get lost down here for days. We are heading to the deepest parts now. This is where...we put things and forget about them."

It became pitch black. Kruger took a flashlight out of his belt. He turned it on, and that became their only source of light. They kept walking around, and descended deeper. They were walking on human bones and trash.

Kruger stopped at a stone door. He turned a few handles, and unlocked a few chains. He then opened the door. Bakanski came up next to him and looked inside. Kruger could tell that Bakanski was horrified at what he saw.

Inside was a person. He had pale, sickly skin. He was wearing only rags, and was covered in filth. The stench was unbearable. A man, tall but thin from hunger. Shit and rat bones covered the floor.

The man came forward, and spoke..."Please...kill me."

Kruger replied, softly. "Now, why would I do that? I need you...alive."

Bakanski spoke, aghast. "Who is this? How long has he been here for?"

Kruger asked the man, "You heard the man. What is your name?"

The man muttered, "...my name..."

Kruger reached out and hit the man with his flashlight. "Now."

The man yelped in pain. He then, replied, sobbing, "...I am...Prince Martin of Dakmoor, son of Malibar, Lord Paramount of Dakmoor, Warden of the West of Ghant, and Lord Paramount of the Landsraad, and Elizabeth of Onmutu, daughter of Lord Balthazar of Onmutu."

Bakanski's eyes went wide. "You have a Ghantish Prince, in this place!"

Kruger responded, in a quiet, yet serious tone. "Indeed. We caught him during the last war. He was serving in the Gillenorian Foreign Legion. We kept him as a POW for a time, and then once we realized who he was, we decided to...hold on to him for awhile, in case we needed to use him. During the chaos that followed, we kind of...forgot about him. Luckily for him though, there's been plenty for him to eat." He pointed at the rat bones.

Martin asked, "...how long has it been?"

Kruger looked back at Prince Martin. "about 4 years. Tell me, boy, are you ready to go home?"

Martin fell to his needs, and began to cry. "Yes...please...I will do anything!"

"Good. I have a mission for you. Do it, and you will go home."

"Thank you, thank you!" He said, exuberant. "A mission?" He asked, meekly.

"Yes. There will be a...leadership conference in Loufe coming shortly. I want you to go to this conference, and pretend to be a Rhodesian diplomat. Keep your mouth shut and walk around. Don't try anything fishy though. If you reveal your identity during the conference or spoil the mission, the armed guard that I will be sending with you will kill you. Do this mission for me, and a first class flight will take you from Louvenska to Nightport."

"...Why should I do this?"

"Accept the mission, or I will lock you back up in this cell, and you will never have another opportunity to leave again. The world thinks you died in the War, so nobody will ever know that you are alive. You will spend the rest of your days in this fucking cell, and the rats will eat your rotting corpse, until whenever your Gbantish Gods decide to let you die. So choose...now."

Martin looked down and stared at the rat bones for a moment. "...I accept."

"Good. Kruger called out, and a minute later, a guard appeared. "Take the Prince to the surface. Get him cleaned up and fed. Make sure he is ready to go to this conference."

The guard grabbed Martin, and began pushing him out in front of him. Before he got too far away, he turned and asked Kruger, "...How fares my parents, brother and sister...and...Tsun?"

"All of your questions will be answered soon enough." Kruger replied. The guard pushed Martin into the darkness.

Kruger then starting walking in the same direction, slowly. Bakanski followed, and asked, "What is the purpose of this...mission? What is going on in Loufe?"

Kruger smirked. "Loufe is planning a Leadership Conference, and they have invited all of the leaders of the world to attend. This conference...reeks with the stench of a trap."

"Like the New Leamore Conference, where Lord Jackson killed Yuri Van Oranje?"

"Yes, exactly. I suspect that Loufe will pull something tricky. I suspect that they will kill the Rhodesian delegation, among others, in order to fuel their own agenda."

"Oh, god, you can't send that poor man to die!"

Kruger laughed. "That is the point. I am hedging my bets that Loufe will kill Prince Martin of Dakmoor, believing him to be some Rhodesian leader. Funny, because his father is the most powerful Lord in Gbant, and his sister is currently serving as the acting Prime Minister of Gbant. They will not be happy with Loufe if they...kill our poor Prince Martin."

Bakanski turned white. "That could...create war between Gbant and Loufe!"

"Exactly. Gbant is mostly committed to the cause of peace, but is supporting Gillenor however it can. If Laoni cannot have Loufe, then neither will Tsun. If Loufe intends to throw in with Tsun, then I intend to draw Gbant into the war against Loufe. Make no mistake, if Loufe kills Martin, suspecting him to be a Rhodesian diplomat, and Gbant finds out, Gbant will make Loufe burn, and Gillenor won't do a damned thing about it."

"And what if Martin blows his cover? You said you would have him killed if he screwed up your plan. And if Loufe doesn't kill Martin, and Martin returns to Gbant, then what? I cannot imagine that the Gbantish will take kindly to Martin's story of being locked up down here and forgotten about for years,

feeding on the flesh of vermin and sleeping in his own excrement."

"If Martin screws this up, we will kill him, and then blame the Loufians for it anyway. In any case, he won't be going back to Ghant. If Loufe takes our side, or if nothing happens at this conference, and Martin comes to no harm, then he will be brought back to Rhodesea and returned to these cells. Or I may kill him, as an act of mercy. Ghant will never know the truth. Things would turn very badly for us if they ever found out."

"That is cruel!"

"Not as cruel a fate as what will befall Loufe for their treachery. There will be no limit to the Ghantmen's fury. And the Ghantish do not colonize, they do not conquer foreign lands. Once they ravage Loufe and bring it to its knees, then they will leave. And Rhodesea will be there to pick up the pieces, like a vulture upon a fallen beast."

"No...you can't!"

"Yes I can, and I will. Laoni offered Loufe a good deal. They could rise in power, have Anthorp, and get out of Gillenor's shadow. As usual, they fail to see a good deal when it is put right in front of them. If Loufe wants to play games and spit in our faces, then we shall make them pay. Look at like this: Loufe defeated us and took our lands, and ruled over us with cruelty and injustice. We will do the same to them, soon enough. Loufe will get a taste of their own medicine. That will be their punishment, for crossing the Pink Dragon."

Bakanski began to panic. He started sweating profusely, and shaking. "NO! NO! NO!"

Kruger stopped in front of an open cell. He looked inside and saw the bones and blood stains on the stone walls and stone floor. He then turned back to Bakanski. "Come here."

Bakanski was filled with terror. Kruger could smell it. "What are you doing?"

Kruger then grabbed Bakanski by the back of the collar and shoved him inside the cell. "Now it is your turn. Its been a pleasure drinking and smoking with you and all, but now I think you are due for...a change of scenery."

"No, you can't. Don't lock me in here!" Bakanski was screaming.

"Oh yes, Bakanski. Loufe knew that allying with us would result in us giving you back to them. They don't want you back apparently, which is a shame. Loufe wants to be difficult, and they knew the price of that. You belong in here now."

"Let me talk to them! Loufe will change for me!"

"Perhaps, but your time is up for now. If Loufe wants to fuck around with me, then Loufe's time is coming to an end. Rhodesea's star is rising. Have you ever wondered why I have been telling you all these things? Sharing with you my plans? It is so that if Loufe decided to play difficult, which I suspected that they would, then you could know our plans to reduce your country to ruin, and make the world burn under the banners of Rhodesea. And the best part is you won't know anything- you will have to use your imagination. Rest well, and I hope the suspense doesn't kill you."

"NOOOOOOOO!"

"Calm down. It is for your own good. The rats will be coming in periodically, so there will be something to eat- eventually. If Loufe decides to cooperate, which hopefully will be before this conference, then I will send for you. Now if you don't mind, I need to go declare war on Pensalum. I plan on leading our forces through Asasia into Pensalum myself. Once we and Asasia have defeated Pensalum and helped the Pensic Front take over, Asasia, Pensalum and ourselves can turn our sights on Epraria. And then we can take on Loufe, Kravia, and anyone else that stands in our way. And if and when the day comes when Laoni has her little weapon, the rest shall be history." Kruger said as he shut the door, and turned the latch.

Bakanski screamed bloody murder and banged on the stone door.

Kruger turned to walk away, and then spoke again. "Farewell, Bakanski. Perhaps I will see you again, in this life or the next. Being down here is my gift to you. I could have killed you at anytime. This is a better fate then you deserve."

Kruger walked away into the darkness, laughing, as Bakanski's screams faded into the void. *He belongs to the abyss now*, Kruger thought. *Panessos will too, soon enough.*

End of Act II

Last edited by [Rhodesea](#) on Sat Oct 26, 2013 12:46 pm, edited 4 times in total.



The New Lowlands
Postmaster-General

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

by [The New Lowlands](#) » Tue Oct 29, 2013 5:49 am



[OOC: Subject to edits.]

Act III, Ch I

GNS *Green Treader*, Sea of Ghant

"Admiral Talden, this is the NLS Tilpashim. Negative. Marines will proceed to ship by helicopter. Do not escort."

Floriszoon and his men observed their surroundings; the circling Mizradian gunships certainly didn't seem to have anything good in mind. But the transmission from the *Tilpashim* had been clear enough; through the fading cover of smoke, they proceeded towards the returning helicopter, and hurried aboard.

The craft ascended skyward and away from the *Treader*.

Raafsnest, Central Tilpashim, The New Lowlands

"This just keeps getting better and better, doesn't it?" Ms. Veldt grunted as she observed the latest of a series of news feeds from Epraria. "Bloody reactionaries, shoving their noses everywhere where it doesn't belong!"

"Technically, they're shoving their noses into their own business," Yusgiantoro retorted, keeping a level gaze on the flood of images. "Nonetheless, I must agree that it's annoying. We've been in contact with the Gillenorean authorities, correct?"

"Yes, but it certainly hasn't resulted in anything even remotely resembling a plan."

"I see," the bearded Hesian responded, glancing through a document. "What about contacting the Eprarians?"

Veldt raised a brow. "Don't you think they have other things to worry about than Gillenor's woes?"

"Well," Yusgiantoro started, "In the end, this comes down to a regional battle between reactionaries and the current order. If we take a hardline stance against them in Epraria, it might discourage them everywhere else."

"The domino effect?" Veldt replied, sounding vaguely incredulous. "You know how badly that's worked in the past."

Yusgiantoro nodded softly, half of his face lit by the flickering screen. "True. On the other hand, there's legitimate opposition to the reactionaries in Epraria."

Veldt sighed, then nodded. "Ai. Alright. I'll send a missive and authorize operations. But if this goes ass-backwards, the shit's on you, Erik."

Yusgiantoro gave a small, strained smile. "I wouldn't have it any other way."



Verenigde Provinciën der Nieuwe Lage Landen
Officiële Boodschap
United Provinces of the New Lowlands
Official Communiqué

TO: Pedro Gonzales, President of Epraria
FROM: Maria Veldt, Stadtholder of the New Lowlands
SUBJECT: Concerns
ENCRYPTION: 4. Sensitive, Diplomatic

Dear Sir,

After observing the ongoing developments in Epraria the Government of the New Lowlands has concluded that it would be in our best interests to assist the Eprarian Government in engaging and eliminating the Reactionary threat within your borders as expediently as possible. To this end, we have authorized the deployment of a carrier group to the Gulf of Epraria with the intent of directly assisting Eprarian forces.

In addition, the Office of Defence has been authorized to begin airlifting supplies and men into Eprarian territory in order to assist the Government, but our intelligence on what regions of Epraria are currently under your control is unclear. Hence, we request the following;

1. Permission to deploy forces into Epraria by air and sea with intent to aiding the Eprarian government.
2. Knowledge of airbases and airfields under control of the Eprarian Government which can be used to assist and supply your own faction.
3. A manifest of goods and supplies required by your own faction and the regions to which they must be delivered.
4. Intelligence of reactionary whereabouts- insofar as it is available- throughout the country.

With this, we should be able to armand assist the Eprarian Government unto victory.

Kind Regards,

Maria Veldt,

Stadtholder of the New Lowlands

Last edited by [The New Lowlands](#) on Wed Oct 30, 2013 10:39 am, edited 1 time in total.

They had met during the battle of Osurak, a small village on the outskirts of New Osserheim and been inseparable ever since.

"When do you think it'll end?" Tsuni said, lying next to Prince Martin, looking up at the starry sky.

He thought for a while, quite content with the feeling that there wasn't a war raging around them. That he could lie there with his lover forever, without the constraints of the real world.

"I don't know." He simply replied, his arm around her, he kissed her lightly on the cheek.

Tsuni leaned her head on his shoulder. "When this is over, what will we do?"

"I'll take you to Nightstar, and show you the world from the tallest spire. And I will bring you an Amaryllis flower, because it reminds me of you, elegant with pink hair" He smiled, looking into her blue eyes.

All of this was new to Tsuni, women in Gillenor weren't taught to be pretty and get husbands, they were taught to work and sometimes fight, she badly wanted to say something back, but knew nothing to say, so she simply smiled.

"I'm glad Alexander's next in line for the throne, he'll make a great Emperor of Gillenor. And I can focus on you" She looked into his eyes and smiled.

Operation Fightback, New Osserheim, Gillenorian Occupied Rhodesea, 2008

"I knew this was a terrible idea! I fuckin knew it!" Shouted Martin, explosions in the background, each one making the bunker shudder.

"Where the fuck is the air support!? The Leanorian artillery is hammering us! They should've bombed them 3 hours ago!" Exclaimed one soldier, holding onto his helmet.

"Get a hold of yourself!" Tsuni shook the man "The airstrikes will come, we just need to wait."

Suddenly a woman walked into the bunker, she was Rosea and wearing a Gillenorian uniform, with commanders markings on it. "Ser!" Tsuni saluted.

"At ease" said the Commander, laying her handgun on the table.

"Whens the airstrike coming, ser!?" Asked the soldier, still in panic.

The Commander sighed and took out a box of cigarettes from her pocket, took one out and put it in her mouth, she then produced a lighter from her pocket and lit it, taking in a deep breath of smoke "I don't fuckin know. From the radio reports, Operation Fightback is workin everywhere else but here, hell! We can barely hold the front lines!"

Martin realised the artillery explosions sounded and felt as if they were getting nearer. Suddenly it dawned on him, they were getting nearer, and they were about to be blasted to nothing. "GET OUT!" He shouted, the three others just looked at him in surprise.

"We're about to be hit by artillery! Get out now!" He explained in a panicked voice. The Commander and Soldier raced towards the door. However Tsuni seemed frozen in shock.

"Get out now Tsuni, we only have seconds!" He shouted to her, but she still seemed in shock. He started running towards her, his arms in front of him, and pushed her out of the bunker door before the shell hit. She landed outside, in front of her the bunker collapsed as the shell smashed down onto it, Martin still inside.

"No..." She whispered, and slowly got up, tears streaming down her face "NOOO!" she then started screaming, running towards the ruins of the bunker, now completely covered in rubble.

"Martin!? Oh god please no!" she exclaimed in panic, clawing at the rubble,

desperately trying to find some sign of him. Tears now flowing off her cheeks. However, she found nothing, no one did, and he was presumed dead from then on.

Ever since that day, she had dyed her hair black, her pink hair reminded her to much of that day.

Present day

Taltum Beach, Northern Gusii, 2013

Tiber Yousloff had always been quite the adventurer, one week wrestling with Giant Gbantish Salamanders, the next in a violent shoot out with Virennese treasure hunters.

This week he had however decided to take a break, he figured a tropical holiday in Gusii would do, so there he was, lying on a hammock on the sunny beaches of Northern Gusii, hat covering his eyes. However he could hear something approaching, straight towards him, slowly his hand reached down for the USP .45 in his pocket, readying himself. Soon the noise was near enough, he leaped up, pointing the handgun at the approaching person.

“Really Tiber?” Came a disappointed voice, it was Lord Wilson Telmar, an old friend of his family’s. “Even on holiday can you not relax?”

“Wilson!?” Exclaimed Tiber, putting his handgun back in his pocket “What’re you doing here!?”

“Well, Im sure you know about the current situation in Panessos?” Wilson asked.

“Eh kinda” Shrugged Tiber “I don’t really keep up with current affairs. Something about my sisters fighting right?”

Wilson frowned “I’m afraid it’s more than that. Your sister Laoni, is using the Gbantish Emperor and his forces to take the crown of Gillenor”

“Really? Eh that doesn’t surprise me, Laoni was pretty much always a bitch. One day she’s ripping up my macaroni art, the next she’s invading Gillenor, it never stops with her.” Replied Tiber, now laying back down on his hammock. “What you want me to do about it?”

“Tiber, we need you to help Tsuni.” Wilson said, a serious tone to him.

Tiber got up, a scowl on his face. “And why should I!? This isn’t my fight, I couldn’t give a fuck who wins the crown. I just wanna keep adventuring and minding my own business in international affairs.”

Wilson turned, looking out at the sea. “Do you remember what your father told you, when you turned 16?”

“Uhh” Tiber rubbed the back of his head, pretending to not know.

“He said, good men aren’t born, they’re made by the actions they make.” Wilson turned back to Tiber. “Are you a good man, Tiber?”

“Well...I guess” Tiber shrugged.

“Your father had high hopes for you, and always said you would be a great man. Maybe you can prove him right.” Wilson said, turning and walked away.

Tiber thought for a second, he then grabbed his bag from the ground and ran after Wilson. “Wait up!”

Wilson stopped and turned, he smiled. “ First flight to Gillenor is tomorrow morning, we have a lot of planning to do.

Kokorevka Airport, Kokorevka, Kravia, 2013

Alisia Nesterenko dragged her luggage behind her, two security guards beside her. She had left the country to visit her dying father, not only that but the situation in Austra Regalia was rising, naturally Tsuni wanted to get her to

safety as fast as possible.

"You sure you don't need any help with your bag ma'am?" Asked one of the security guards.

Alisa panted and scowled "No, I'm fine" She said stubbornly, not wanting to show any signs of weakness. The Security guard frowned and nodded.

Suddenly she heard a voice say "Sister!". She looked up, it was her brother, Artyum.

"Artyum!" She smiled and ran forward, dropping her bags only for the security guard to catch it before it hit the ground.

The two siblings embraced in a hug.

"I am so glad to see you, Alisa!" Artyum smiled "And I'm sure father will be too!"

Alisa's face changed from joy to sorrow "H-How is father?" She asked, although she already knew.

"Not good, he's getting near....you know" Artyum replied, with a sad tone.

Last edited by [Gillenor](#) on Wed Oct 30, 2013 5:57 am, edited 4 times in total.

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



Asasia
Ambassador

Posts: 1338
Founded: Aug 05, 2012
Ex-Nation

☐ by [Asasia](#) » Wed Oct 30, 2013 3:32 pm



Sujvestad, Asa-Eprarian Border. Blood Raven Territory

Generalfeldmarschall Markus Von Petera was sitting in the village of Sujvestad. The village was ethnically Nordic, as the name suggested. The current look of the village said otherwise: The small population was sent to Remedon for the time being, their houses were stripped, leaving nothing but the walls to keep the home as it was. Inside these homes were the Offizieres: they were given the homes because they were the most comfortable in the village, with heating and running water. Outside was a different story: The hard, cold, air of the Yorkanian Tundra was miserable in Oktober. The sky was grey, and a light snow was falling from the sky. The village was barely recognizable, transformed from a peaceful village to what would be known as the HQ for the three Korps that were stationed there for the attack on the Eprarian government in neighboring Epraria. The village was so close to Epraria, from the belltower in the local church you could see the forests of Epraria on the other side of the Lushenberg river.

Generalfeldmarschall Markus first needed to write a letter to the Laoni Leaders. As this letter was written, Artillery batteries were being fortified and prepared to fire across into Epraria, where the government forces lay.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENT OF THE PEOPLE'S UNION OF ASASIA

Sender: Generalfeldmarschall Markus Von Petera of the Asa-Eprarian theater
Recipients: The leaders of the Eprarian Laoni Rebels

I'm Herr Petera, Field Marshall of the Asa-Eprarian theater and the People's Union of Asasia has declared war on the Government of Epraria. I understand that several other countries have backed up your regime, and we would like to work together with them in your campaign to win against the Government. We are willing to give any aid that you would request. I eagerly wait for a reply, and will be in contact with you soon.

Signed,
Herr Petera.

Last edited by [Asasia](#) on Thu Oct 31, 2013 2:05 pm, edited 3 times in total.

[Asasia Homepage](#)
[Nationstates Tracker](#)

[RPs](#)

[Funny Stuff](#)

[I support thermonuclear warfare. Do you?](#)

Economic Left/Right: -5.00



Treneria
Diplomat

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

by Treneria » Fri Nov 01, 2013 7:31 pm



Act I, Chapter II
Acer Compound, hills of Duncan Valley.
North Western Treneria.
2:20 A.M. TCT.

The Acer Compound was a massive building that looked like a fortified military base, which it pretty much was. Two little-bird helicopters sat in the front courtyard of the compound. Both of them were laced with snow as was the rest of the area. An armored Escalade was sitting on the brick walkway at the front steps that led to the door of the main mansion. The front courtyard was composed of several stone pathways that all connected at a large fountain in the middle of it all. Several cement benches sat out in the grass so that visitors of the compound could relax and enjoy the tranquility that the compound often gave off. Despite the ever-lasting snow in Treneria, the team of gardeners that overlooked the compound's decorations had managed to grow flowers and plants that went well with the snowy grass and hills of North Western Treneria. The courtyard was massive; as was the backyard of the compound which was also laden with flowers and plants. The backyard also held a very long table and a large grill under an awning for outdoor cooking.

There was a huge, multi-car garage connected to the main manor with a door the led inside the home. Two more armored Escalades sat inside the garage, along with two khaki-painted Hummer H1s. It could fit a lot more vehicles and resembled a police station's underground parking garage. Once upon a time, the company that owned the compound would have been able to fill the garage and manpower needed to have more than a police department; they could've had an army. But when things in Treneria shutdown they had shut down hard. The company that formerly owned the manor was known as Prestige Services. They were a security company with multiple international contracts outside of Treneria. That meant that about a third of their private military was overseas in other nations. When Treneria dropped the contractors that were shipped overseas were indeed stuck in whatever nation they were left in. Due to the numerous factions taking arms against each other, most of what was left of the company left due to political reasons. This left a small handful of mercenaries in the midst of Prestige Service's ruins. The CEO at the time, John Acer, took those mercenaries and moved into the compound he had had constructed prior to Treneria falling. He had figured that his bloodthirsty ways of running a corporation would catch up with him in the long run and that he'd need a place to stay low some time. And thus the compound was built. With over two-hundred rooms on three floors (not including the cellar and basement that had a tunnel system attached to it, which led to a pasture, a bomb-shelter, or an escape route), John Acer was truly confident that he was under perfect security. He didn't anticipate anyone coming for him however.

A lone guard was out in the courtyard smoking a cigarette. He wore the traditional Prestige Services get-up. Olive-green military issue shirt under a tactical vest with magazine-carriers. Khaki pants and khaki boots. It was as if this joker had never left whatever desert shithole he had previously been guarding. For perfect measure the guard wore a "Prestige Services" baseball cap, sporting it on backwards. He also had sunglasses resting on top of his hat. That made no sense whatsoever consider the fact that Treneria was a blazon snowstorm all year round. The guard held a CQBR M4 carbine with an olive green paintjob. He appeared to be talking into a radio walkie-talkie in his other hand. A .45 Kimber was strapped to his thigh, along with some magazines holders. A huge bowie knife was connected to the shoulder-strap on his tactical vest via a black sheath. The guard was having a tough time getting through to the rest of his team for whatever reason. After a while he gave up and hung the radio back in its respective pouch on his belt. The guard stood around for a bit. A bullet soon found its way into his neck. He dropped his rifle and dung onto the wound whilst gasping for air. Before he could gather anything the man was killed by a shot to the head. Blood soaked the soft snow on the ground around the man. He was dead before he hit the ground. The radio on his belt was silent; no one on the inside even knew he had been dispatched.

About two-hundred yards from the body, perched up against a snow bank was one of ten snipers that had been dispatched to help take down the mercenaries that were boarding within the compound. A strike force had also been sent in.

But due to their incomparable gear and lack of proper military experience, the snipers had taken the first precautions of taking out all outside security and scanning for any surprises. There weren't any security cameras that the snipers could make out. That wasn't surprising. John Acer had a high ego and wouldn't be expecting anyone to get past his jacked up mercenaries. Acer had another thing coming, however. With the main guard out of the way, it was time for the strike force to move in. A younger scout approached the gate first. It was a test to see if any other guards or security measures were waiting in their path. There was a buzzer to talk to the guards on the inside. Yet there were no cameras. Once the strike force was sure that it was safe enough they sent forth their strongest man. He held a pair of bolt-cutters in his grasp. The man walked up to the chain-locked gate and snipped the bolt on it. They relieved the gate of the chains and opened it, allowing the team access to the compound. The sniper teams covered the strike force as the men advanced into the compound walls. The final man closed the gate into its original spot. The strike force members then revealed their weapons that had been concealed in jackets, bags, and other various spots. Firearms being used were composed mostly of AK-47 variants along with bolt-action rifles that the soldiers had brought from home. Their armory had yet to be updated. On top of their mission being an execution of John Acer the conscripts were also hoping to secure some more advanced firepower. Running a mercenary army required proper weaponry and technology; John Acer was bound to have some. The strike force continued on towards the mansion. The forty-man team split in half. Team A secured keys to the garage off of the dead guard. One of the soldiers swapped out their old, broken rifle for the shiny M4 he had been carrying. Team B secured the executed guard's keys to the backdoor and went around the side of the mansion. A couple guards were standing in the backyard who was chatting among themselves. The team decided to wait until their allies were inside the home before they opened fire on the guards however. On the other side of the manor, the guards had entered the large garage through the door. They listened in through the door connecting the garage to the home to make sure the coast was clear before slowly unlocking the door and peeking in. The garage led into a huge dining room. A man in a suit was seated in the middle of the ginormous dining table. He was chowing down on lobster. A maid was leaving the dining room and a man in blue jeans and an olive green shirt was standing off to the side of the room, reading a journal. Team A sent a point man in to take care of business. Due to the fact that the strike force was composed of farmers, loggers, and other outdoor professionals, they had a wide variety of tools that compensated for a lack of weapons. Despite it being a bit outrageous, the point-man hurled a hatchet at the man who was reading's head. It hit the man's head like a bullseye which sent him falling into the corner. Simultaneous to this, the point man covered the mouth of the man in the suit who was staring in shock at the gory sight. The man in the suit was quickly dispatched through the means of a razor blade to the neck. The man got his hatchet back and returned to Team A.

As the whole team made an entrance, Team B decided to strike. They opened fire on the group of mercenaries that were conversing outside. Automatic weaponry peppered the hired guns, killing them before they even realized what was happening. On the inside Team A barged into the other rooms. They shot to kill. Team B quickly followed in and led by example. After doing a room-to-room check which cleared the mansion of mercenaries, staff, and other formerly important people who were hiding out, they found John Acer in his personal office. He was sitting at his desk, a shell of his former self. Acer's hand was shaking as he held a TT-33 handgun. Acer was muttering some spew about his former corporate empire and how big he was. The Borneon soldiers were about to lay fire onto him when he lifted the handgun to his temple and pulled the trigger. He made a mess over his papers and the desk. The Borneon soldiers liberated his keys to the armory and the rest of the mansion rooms. Thankfully they were all labeled to help them out.

The Borneon men went to the armory and unloaded all the weaponry and ammo available. They had gone to the security room and obtained the keys to the vehicles sitting in the garage. This helped with their efforts to steal the munitions. A soldier shut off the power-breakers and generators in the mansion. The men loaded into the vehicles and drove to the gate of the compound. The sniper teams joined them there and loaded up with the weaponry. Another soldier locked the gates on the compound before they rolled out from the mountain, headed for home.

Act I, Chapter III.
Borneo's Town Hall.

The Borneo Town Hall's meeting room was composed of a long hallway with three tables forming a horseshoe shape. The town's ruling board sat at the table in conference. The meeting was that of a dinner-meeting. The town elders chowed down on food and drank liquor as they discussed. Mounted on a wall so that everyone could view was a huge projection screen. Broadcasting on the projection screen currently was a message received from apparent Mizradian agents. They were looking for a meeting. The elders had mixed thoughts on this. Mizrad had been engaged in some recent conflict with the rest of the world. Meeting with them could've possibly been an attempt to drag Borneo into the war effort. They didn't need that since the Borneon elders were planning on taking over the region of Treneria. That alone would put enough strain on the already struggling state. However, after enough discussion though the elders all voted on yay, that they should meet with the Mizrads. Mizrad had assisted them a lot in the past times. That was way back, before Treneria fell. Before Treneria was even formed actually. When they were known as Tesseria; the times known as the good times. The elders sent back a hastily wrote response.

CODE: [SELECT ALL](#)

FROM: Borneon State Board.

TO: Mizrad Agents.

Subject: Meeting.

We'll keep this short and easy. Two miles south of Borneo. There'll be an open field. You'll see us waiting there. Be there at 5:00 P.M. TCT tomorrow. We await your arrival.

The Next Day.

4:40 P.M. TCT.

Two armored Escalades, escorted by two khaki Hummers bumped and careened across the frosty snow-covered rocks and sticks of the Borneo backwoods. There were twenty-four people in all. Six elders in the Escalades, escorted by Borneons in the Hummers. They weren't anticipating any combat at all. In fact they wished to welcome the Mizradians with open arms, as if it was a reunion. However the elders were high-profile and were to be protected at all costs; hence the high-profile protection.

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



Epraria
Postmaster of the Fleet

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

☐ by [Epraria](#) » Sat Nov 02, 2013 11:43 am



Berja

The city of Berja in the central parts of south Epraria was the 7th largest city in South Epraria. Being situated on an island between three large rivers it had an natural defensive position. The City was famous for its old defenses dating to the times of the old hermanian empire. While those defenses where useless now they where an important tourist income for the city and an reminder of the city's greatness.

Something that didn't matter in the chaos that reigned in the city now. The city was an important target for both the Ravens and the Federals because of its position. Meaning it was only a matter of time before they both would clash over it. At first it was small fighting between militias loyal to both sides but soon the real forces of the blood ravens and federals moved in. The northern and western parts where under blood raven control while the southern and eastern part was under the Federals control.

While fighting was still limited as both sides had some problems putting in heavy equipment into the city it was still devastating as streets and houses became battlefields and civilians where being caught in the middle of the crossfire.

All while both sides where putting more men and equipment across the rivers into the city for an victory over the enemy.

CODE: [SELECT ALL](#)

To: Generalfeldmarschall Markus Von Petera of the Asa-Eprarian theater
From: Roberto Elviro leader of the blood ravens and commander of the rebellion.
Encryption: High

Dear Herr Petera i am thankful for the support we can get from your nation and ask for a few simple things. One we ask for some military support. We don't want full scale military intervention yet as we are unsure how the public would respond to that. Second we need arms and medical equipment and third we want intelligence support.

Sincerely
Senior Roberto Elviro.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: Maria Veldt, Stadtholder of the New Lowlands
From: Pedro Gonzales, President of Epraria
Subject: Re:Concerns
Encryption: Very High

We thank you for the support we receive from your government in destroying the reactionary rebellion.

- 1: We will allow you to deploy forces into Epraria by air and sea. We don't want any to big deployments though as we don't want the public to be suspicious.
- 2: We will send you the information of their whereabouts soon after this is sent.
- 3: We are in most need for heavy equipment and ammunition. The states where they are to be are Costrufe, Nuevo Ossehiemo, Asira and Salomo.
- 4: The States committed to the control of the rebel forces will be destroyed.

Last edited by **Epraria** on Thu Nov 07, 2013 1:59 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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>



Pensalum
Ambassador

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

☐ by **Pensalum** » Sat Nov 02, 2013 11:52 am

QUOTE

Pensic Front Headquarters, Albicant City, Albicant, Pensalum

The Chairman flew down the heavy concrete steps of the party headquarters. He threw open the green iron door and burst into the basement meeting room.

"I've gotten some intel, Pensalum will be invaded."

The room erupted into chatter, the sound was deafening. The Chairman raised his hands over his head, his palms open.

"Silence." he whispered, the noise continued, each voice speaking rapidly and hurriedly. The Chairman's hands clenched tightly, the fingers turning pale, his eyebrows lowering. He shouted this time.

"Silence!"

The room immediately fell to a numbing quiet.

"Rhodesea and Asasia plan to invade. I don't know when. They want to help us get take back Pensalum. When they come, I want to be ready. There are riots in the streets. People are protesting, they want us, they want to be lead. The Pens must inherit this country, we are pure. When the invaders come, we need to support them."

"Are you mad? And what if this fails? We'll be destroyed! Done!" Said the Vice Chairman, he stood up quickly, his face reddening.

"We won't fail! This is meant to happen, we will win. Just before they come, we'll make an announcement to the people. We'll tell them to grab whatever they can, to storm the Chancielier's palace. We'll feed the invading troops, we'll distract the army. Whatever we can do, we will do. No exceptions."

"We'll be shot dead on sight!"

"Not if we shoot them first. This is our destiny, our fate. We will destroy the inferior scum, our government will crumble."

The men in the basement looked at each other. Their faces were worn and lined with worry. The chairman stood over them, his shadow creating a huge black mass on the floor, exaggerating his short figure.

"So, it's settled. When they come, we'll strike."

Last edited by Pensalum on Sat Nov 02, 2013 11:55 am, edited 1 time in total.

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



Mizrad
Senator

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

"Old Friends, New Problems"

by Mizrad » Sat Nov 02, 2013 11:19 pm



Over Southern Borneo, Trenaria

DAY 6, 15:20 HOURS, 10/18/13

24th Army Special Operations Group/43 MCID Field Team

OPERATION SOUTHERN TROUBLE

Slicing through the air, a lone C-130 Cargo aircraft soars far above Trenaria escorted by a squadron of F/A-25Ws. Sitting in the back of that C-130, is twenty eight A-SOG Operators along with Brett and Quentin operating as the MCID's dog in the fight. Despite being intelligence agents, both of them were still combat experienced and former A-SOG members themselves. With that being said, they were more than qualified to be tasked with both leading the A-SOG escorts and acting as the intel gathering team. The only thing they really had to worry about was whether or not the Borneons would treat the fact that armed soldiers were arriving before any political, publicly known and respected figure showed up.

Fortunately that time gap wouldn't be too long, and standard pre-revolution Tesseria policy was near identical to Mizrad's and Borneo's was most likely the same. Although any time to sit and ponder about this was already used up by Brett as the plane he was currently a passenger in had reached it's destination. With the well known fact that other nations were probably spying on Mizrad and her foreign activities, any secret meetings would have to be kept discreet. Luckily, C-130's and other Mizradian aircraft commonly ran flights over Trenaria to passing fleets on the nation's southern shore, and this one wouldn't look any different as spotting a platoon sized group HALO jumping into an uninhabited land would prove near impossible to see let alone have proof it ever happened. Which is exactly why aircraft were the only things other than SF teams being utilized for the mission. Yet to the dismay of the A-SOG and MCID operators, this required them jumping from a warm plane hundreds of thousands of feet in the sky to falling at intense speeds in below zero degree weather.

Turning to see the flashing yellow light on the walls of the fuselage, Brett awakens from his sleep and steps up at the head of the plane before calling out orders to the men inside.

"Alright, everybody listen up!"

Waiting for everyone to look at him, which near instantly happens after yelling out Brett then continues speaking.

"We are currently almost over the drop zone, remember your orders and be ready for anything. We're on good terms with these people, and they've fought and died alongside us. Let's try and keep those good terms good, alright"

A loud response from the A-SOG operators comes out with the question being asked.

"Yes sir!"

Then continuing protocol, Agent Volk awaits everybody to get up and prepare to jump. By now the back ramp had began to open, and Brett was standing by ready to order everybody out. Seeing the green light then flash on, he begins to yell once more.

"Green light! Everybody, go! Go! Go!"

Twenty nine of the thirty men all storm out of the back of the C-130 and descend to the ground. Back up in the plane, Brett confirms everybody is out, fixes his jump mask and then jumps himself.

Sailing through the air with their wing suits, the different men each go to their assigned positions. Call sign "Eagle Eye", the sniper support and over watch team consisting of four men breaks off and heads for the hills to the east of the valley. Meanwhile, call signs "Eagle Claw 1" and "Eagle Claw 2" -both made up of ten men each, all split up into their assigned groups and make for the treeline on both sides of the field. With one team going to each along with the snipers and incoming drones, 360 Degree protection could be provided. Then, the six remaining operators move for the center of the field and go by the call signal "Eagle Beak".

After a minute or so of guided falling from the sky, the teams all began to approach chute opening altitude. Following procedure, they all do so and pull the parachute cords. With each man's chute opening up, they all descend slowly and safely to the ground.

With Eagle Eye reaching their position first, they pack up their chutes and jump equipment and climb into ghillie suits before piecing together their M-200 Cheytac snipers. With their size being too large a case to hold them during the jump, the use of "Easy assemble" weaponry was crucial, luckily the M-200 was perfect for the job. Then moving into concealed positions, they overlook the fields and valleys from their hidden vantage point upon the hill crest.

Second to land, is the Eagle Claw teams. Like everybody else, they put away their jump equipment and suits before digging into the brush and keeping their weapons on standby. With most of them armed with Commoner Industries ARS Rifles, they could more simply jump out of a plane safely with them. Now with good concealment and eyesight from the treeline, they can watch both the field and any threat approaching from the surrounding area.

Then Eagle Beak hits the ground, with Brett and Quentin in this group they along with the four other A-SOG Soldiers all pack everything up and like Eagle Eye, throw on ghillie suits. Now removing their weapons from their protective cases and then concealing those, the group lies quietly and unseen in the dense high grass and brush of the field combined with the snow falling heavily enough to cover both their tracks and themselves. All four teams would be almost 100% hidden from anything that could try and find them.

Back up in the sky, the C-130 and seven F-25's all break off from the area and head towards a Mizradian air base located on one of the few larger islands with air fields inside the Gulf of Mizrad. Aside from those planes, is multiple more aircraft transporting the Mizradian Ambassador, Greg Barton and his very small entourage of other politicians. Accompanying the leaders, would be the hired PMC's from Commoner Industries working alongside Mizradian pilots. Their ETA had been given to the forward recon group at thirty minutes after they gotten into position.

Twenty Minutes Later....

Eyeing the arriving vehicles through the scope of his Cheytac rifle, one of Eagle Eye team's snipers 2nd Lieutenant Justin Sears calls to Brett through a secure radio channel. With the radio receiver being a small earpiece the blocks sound from going out and only seeing it inside the ear, the only way to detect the radio contact would be though somebody sitting and listening at an ELINT center.

"Eagle Beak 1-1 this is Eagle Claw 1-1, be advised I've got four unidentified vehicles entering the AO now, over."

Quietly responding back to Lt. Sears, Brett eyes the vehicles as they stop only about eighty to ninety yards from his position.

"Copy that Eagle Eye, can you ID the targets, over"

After hearing the question, Justin immediately zooms in the magnification on his scope and eyes the truck's inhabitants as they exit their vehicles.

"Understood Eagle Beak, I got multiple guys leaving their vehicles now.

Counting eighteen guards armed with old Tesserian issue weaponry. Oh wait, I can see six other unarmed personnel leaving the Escalade now I think these are the elders, over"

"Eagle Eye, can you confirm,over?"

"Got it Eagle Beak, I'm working on that now. Uploading facial data scan to data relay now, hold for confirmation over."

Staring at the older and unarmed members of the group for a few moments before backing away from his rifle to look on the team's Borneon ID list, Justin reads through the pictures and descriptions for a short while and then gets back to Brett as he confirms the faces with those of some Borneon leaders.

"Eagle Beak come in, I've got a positive ID on multiple Borneon officials all is clear. Good luck down there buddy, Eagle Eye out."

With the end of his conversation, Volk then begins to yell out the words

"Borneon troops, we come to you in peace from Mizrad!"

The friendly soldiers, despite being allied with Mizrad would most likely be startled and begin to look around. Although this was as planned, much like what Brett would do next. Despite the danger, he was aware that the cross hairs of twenty four well hidden, equipped, trained and experienced special operations members were all resting on the heads of the Borneons just in case things went wrong.

Standing up from his position with the five other operators in Eagle Beak, Brett would shake the snow off of his ghillie suit and gear before putting his hand up in the air and walking towards the Borneons. Now he would yell again with each step bringing him closer to the elders.

"Sorry to startle you! Our officials will be here momentarily, please excuse our appearance at the moment!"

Then right on time, a stealth grey MV-22 Osprey escorted by two stealth F-35's arrives in the sky over head. With the jets arriving first, they soar only meters above the tree line at mind numbing speeds. Shaking loose snow, branches and the remaining leaves off of the greenery, the two F-35's then break to different sides and switch into their hovering modes. With the plane's engines turning to a vertical position, their speed grinds to a halt as if they had just railed into an invisible brick wall. Now turning their sights on to the surrounding area below and above them, the MV-22 arrives and begins to set itself down on the soft grass and snow of the open field.

Pressing down against the forest floor, the Osprey's back ramp opens revealing a surprisingly luxuriously revamped fuselage and multiple well dressed politicians alongside a small group of Commoner Industries PMCs. With both groups already geared up for rather cold weather, they step out of the rear of the Osprey and walk towards the six Borneon officials. Then suddenly breaking the silence as the Mizradians stand in formation in front of the Borneons, Ambassador Greg Barton.

"On behalf of Mizrad, may I say hello and thank you for your time. My name is Greg Barton of Mizrad's Foreign Relations Department and I will be the one speaking for my country today. I would like to start our little greeting by acknowledging some of the familiar faces of Tesseria that I see here today, and much like relations between our two countries back then, we should act kindly and respectfully to one another as always. Fortunately I'm sure you are all already perfect at that and sick of hearing me run my mouth, so let's get down to business shall we?"

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

New 1000 Tucker event



by **Communists for the people** » Sun Nov 03, 2013
6:50 am



Communists for the people's Eastern State
2:30pm

Starr Mountain Range

Efron climbed to the peak of the mountain, an AKM slung over his shoulder. Efron's Llama, that was the only reliable source of transportation this high in the mountains, breathed heavily with exhaustion, Efron looked at the creature sympathetically, he knew just how the Llama felt. Suddenly over a snow covered ridge a shadowy figure appeared. Efron peered intently at the figure, but the snow that was falling made it hard to identify who or what the figure was. Efron decided he would have to get closer to determine what it was. As Efron approached the figure, the figure became a person, the person began to wave it's arms in a type of signal, Efron grinned, and waved his arms also. The two men approached. "How are you Peter?" Efron asked.

"Just fine Efron." Peter said, "we were worried you'd gotten lost or froze to death in that blizzard."

Nah, you know me Peter, nothing ever seems to happen to me."

"Ha! Isn't that the truth," Peter chuckled, "C'mon Efron let's get you to the cave."

The two men and the Llama slogged on towards the direction of the their cave.

Communists for the people's Northern State

4:00pm

Capital Building

Premier Churchill tried to make sense of all the reports that were coming in, from what he gathered the world had plunged into chaos and now the worst seemed to be upon them, war. Asasia had declared war on Epraria, meanwhile Pensalum was possibly going to be locked in combat with Asasia. More reports stated that the rebels in the Eastern state were continuing to harass military convoys, the rebels had been little more then a bother up until now, where they seemed to be an actual threat to the Eastern State.



To: The leaders of Epraria

From: Premier Churchill's office, New London Capital Building,
Room 3B

Encryption level: 5

Reports state that Epraria has been declared war on by Asasia.

The nation of Communists for the people would, in order to preserve world peace and and maintain global stability, we the people of Communists for the people would endeavor to assist you in your war against Asasia and any allies they may bring into this conflict.

Please respond.

Premier Churchill's office, New London Capital Building,
Room 3B

Communists for the people's Eastern State

5:00pm

Starr Mountain Range

As Efron and Peter entered, Peter took Efron door a narrow rock corridor, after walking several yards the corridor opened up to reveal a large cavern. The cavern was large and quite well lit by torches and lanterns, the ground was covered by blankets and animal skins. The cavern was large enough to fit the hundred rebels quite comfortably. The entrance to the cave was covered by winter camouflage netting. As Peter led Efron into the cavern, they were walking when Peter held up his hand motioning for Efron to stop. Efron did. Out of the shadows the rebel leader appeared. He was a big burly man with a square head with an even squarer jaw; the man had no neck speak of; burly shoulders; giant arms with bulging through even the loose fabric of his military fatigues; he was wearing camo pants, military fatigues, a wool stocking cap, and a AKS-74 hanging loosely over his shoulder. He glanced over Peter and Efron and then said, "Take the llama to the the rear cave, I'll talk to you two when you come back.

Efron followed Peter to the rear cave where he put his llama in the pen with the rest of the llamas and alpacas that were stored there. Walking back to the main cave Efron asked Peter, "Who is that monster?"

"After you left our old leader, Markov, was killed in a skirmish with some militia, Torke, the man you saw back there in the cave, took over and is the new leader." Peter explained.

As they walked back into the cave Torke greeted them. After standard introductions Torke asked, "Efron, did you get the Rocket launchers?"

"Yes, I was able to acquire fifteen RPGs and ammo."

Torke's face clouded over with concern and doubt, "I still don't think the RPGs will be enough to take on the communist heavy armor."

"Probably," Efron agreed solemnly, "but it's better than nothing,"

"True." Torke said, "Well find some place to sleep we will be moving out in the morning."

Torke turned on his heel and stalked back across the cavern. Efron looked at Peter, "Well, where are we sleeping?"

"Over here." Peter led him to a pile of blankets and sleeping bags, next to them four rebels huddled around a fire they had built inside the cave to keep warm. Peter tossed a sleeping bag to Efron, "Here is where you'll be sleeping my friend." Peter pointed to a vacant spot next to all of his gear.

"Thank you for this." Efron said as he unrolled his sleeping bag.

"Don't mention it."

Efron climbed into his sleeping bag and pulled several blankets over him, soon he was fast asleep.

Communists for the people Eastern State

4:00am

Starr Mountain Range

Peter shook Efron awake, "Get up!" he exclaimed.

Efron slowly got out of his sleeping bag, "What is it?" He asked.

"Breakfast that's what." Peter replied handing him a metal plate and cup. Efron followed Peter over to two large fires. At the two fires rebels were handed several hotdogs that were taken straight out of their packaging and roasted over the fire. The rebels formed a line and walked up to the fires where the cooks handed them hotdogs. Efron walked up to the fires where a cook handed him four hotdogs, Efron kept moving down the line where another cook handed him four sandwiches, "What are these for?" Efron asked glancing at the sandwiches.

"Those are your daily rations," the cook growled, "don't eat them all, 'cause you won't get anymore if you do."

Efron kept moving along the line until he came to the end where several cooks poured out cups coffee. Efron walked back to his sleeping bag, sat down and ate his breakfast.

Torke walked into the midst of the cavern a few minutes later and shouted, "Listen up rebels!" Torke waited until everyone was silent before continuing, "We're moving down the mountains today and attacking a major military convoy that is taking supplies to communist military bases, this our first step in taking over and regaining the country's reins from the communist oppressors! Now load up we're heading down the mountain!"

The rebels busied themselves preparing their weapons and pulling on hats, scarves, and all different matters of clothing. Lots of rebels wrapped strips of cloth around the barrels of their weapons so their hands wouldn't freeze to the barrels of their guns way up high in the mountains. It looked like a good idea so Efron did it too.

Communists for the people Eastern State

6:00am

Starr Mountain Range

The rebels climbed down the mountain weapons slung over shoulders or being carried on the pack animals. A freezing wind was coming down from the north and chilling everyone to their bones. Efron shivered, even with his two coats and llama wool gloves he was still freezing. The rebels were mostly armed with AKMs, although others were armed with SKS Carbines, there were a sprinkling of AK-74s, although these were few indeed. The AK-74s were highly envied by the main group of rebels for their accuracy at longer ranges. Each rebel was issued two grenades, some were military grade others were homemade grenades. The fifteen RPGs had been divided among the best shots and the most veteran of the rebels, the entire group numbered around ninety.

The rebels reached the bottom of the mountain and the order to spread out was given along the road that the communist convoy was going to head along. Several rebels took the pack animals and hid them out of sight. The rest of the rebels formed into small groups and hid behind snow drifts and large boulders. After a while the rebels began to hear the sounds of trucks. Steadily the sounds grew louder until several humvees appeared in the distance, they were followed closely by a long line of M35 cargo trucks. The humvees passed underneath the rebel position, but the rebels didn't attack. Suddenly Torke shouted, "NOW!" and threw one of his grenades under the lead humvee, the grenade exploded, the humvee spiraled out of control and crashed into the mountainside. The remaining humvees opened fire on the hillside, blasting their machine guns blindly, but they were soon silenced by RPGs from the rebels. The road was blocked by the burning humvees, communist troops were quick to react, spilling out of their trucks and dashing into cover. Efron was on his chest and fired an entire magazine from his AKM into the cab of one of the M35s that was attempting to push the burning humvees off the road.

The convoy had completely stopped now. The trucks in the rear of the convoy sent their soldiers up to engage the rebels. The rebels were now outnumbered, but continued to fight on. Efron pulled the pin out of his homemade grenade and tossed the grenade at a group of communist troops, unfortunately the grenade was not made well and did not detonate. Higher up the hill one of the men with an RPG stepped out his cover and began to draw a bead on the trucks at the bottom of the hill. One of the communist soldiers was quicker to react, the soldier aimed his M16-A4 at the rebel with the RPG and fired several rounds into the rebel with the RPG. The rebel dropped, Peter saw the RPG laying in the snow. "We that RPG!" Peter shouted in Efron's ear.

"Then go get it!" Efron shouted back.

Peter nodded looked back at the trucks, fired a couple rounds at the communists, then charged up the hill. Peter was almost to the RPG when Torke saw Peter, "COWARDS HAVE NO PLACE IN THIS REBELLION!" Torke bellowed as he opened fire on Peter, Peter was hit several time in the back before falling face first in the snow.

"NO!" Screamed Efron, Efron was blind with rage, he took aim at Torke when a grenade landed a few yards away from Efron and exploded. Efron was thrown sideways as shrapnel pierced his the entire left side of his body. Efron lay in the snow the left side of him on fire and the right side freezing. Efron stood but his left leg crumpled beneath him and he toppled down the sloop where his head came into contact with a large rock. Efron moaned in pain before losing conciseness.

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

GO CUBS

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

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

Proud member of [Hemithea](#)

DEFCON



Ghant
Minister

by Ghant » Sun Nov 03, 2013 10:05 pm

QUOTE

Act III, Ch IV
Gaelien, Langaël, Ghant

Princess Arietta had it made. She always had the newest designer clothes, bags and shoes. She was the envy of teenage girls all throughout Ghant. She

was 18, and beautiful. She was 5'8", 120 pounds, with light brown hair and eyes of the same color. And she was an Imperial Princess- the younger sister of Emperor Nathan IV. Although, it should be said that they had little in common.

Nathan was dark, brooding, singular, had a sense of entitlement and was prone to bouts of melancholy. Arietta, on the other hand, was happy, upbeat, energetic, fun and outgoing. Generally speaking, Nathan took after their father, and she took after their mother. She had never known her father though, as she was born after he had died. When it came to her father, she went off of what her mother told her...

Like a normal girl her age, she spent her days with friends and family. This day was no exception. She had been at the mall with a few of her friends (of which she had many), shopping and gossiping. She had security that were assigned to her as well, befitting of her royal status.

The latest round of gossip consisted of her brother and new sister-in-law. "I can't believe he married a Rosea on the fly like that! A Rosea, Ari!", one of her friends proclaimed.

Another chimed in. "Yah I know, right? That hair is ridiculous!"

Arietta rolled her eyes. "I don't think it is all that bad. I think it is actually quite pretty."

"Nuh-uh. Laoni cannot hold a candle to my hair. My hair is just like Sophia of Dakmoor!" replied a friend.

Another concurred. "Yah, Ari. Sophia, or any natural Gbantish beauty, easily puts any Regalian woman to shame! And they don't even look or act like girls ought to. Yuck!"

Arietta was distracted by the large number of media that was following them around. Considering her station in life, many wanted to get her thoughts and feelings on her brother's activities. She usually replied with something along the lines of "I don't really care what he does", or "I don't really know anything about that". Although truth be told, she didn't really like it. She felt that Laoni was rude and condescending, and manipulative of her brother. She had always wanted her good friend, Sophia of Dakmoor, to get married to Nathan, but that never came to pass, much to her chagrin.

Interesting, because they also asked her what her thoughts were on her friend Sophia's meteoric rise to the upper echelons of the Gbantish governing elite. "I am happy for her. I know she will do well." She would usually say. Although Sophia came across as very disarming, Arietta knew that she was an ambitious woman, in her own special way.

Arietta once had ambitions of her own. Her greatest childhood crush was Martin, Prince of Dakmoor. Nathan and herself had always been close to the three Dakmaran children- Sophia, Martin and Michael. her and Nathan's father had been best friends with the Dakmaran's children father, Malibar. Martin and Nathan were close childhood friends, and that was how the young Arietta came to know him. She was enamored by him, even from a young age. She wanted to marry him and help him rule Dakmoor when the time came for him to inherit. She was a few years younger than he was, and never really got his attention. She had no doubt that once she got older, she could get his attention.

Fate would prove otherwise- he died during the last Rhodo-Eprarian War, serving in the Gillenorian Foreign Legion. She cried and cried for days when she found out. And, eventually she found out from Sophia that Martin joined the Gillenorian Foreign Legion and went off to the war after a bitter argument that he had with Nathan. Nathan had never revealed the nature of the argument, although rumor had it that Nathan lashed out at Martin one night while the two were spending time together at the Imperial Palace. According to the grapevine, Nathan had grown jealous and envious of Martin's popularity, charisma and success with women. "You always get the things in life that I want, that I deserve! You get off on that, don't you? That's why you turned her away from me!" Nathan was said to have screamed at him in the eerie halls of the Imperial Palace.

Arietta to this very day held Nathan responsible for Martin's death. *If Nathan had not blown up on him, maybe he would still be alive*, she thought. Since then, Arietta became removed from the royal scene, and focused on living the life of an average teenager. She had tried to date boys, but Nathan was obscenely paranoid and overprotective of her. "I better not catch you with any boys", he would tell her. "Bad things will happen to any man who means to compromise your honor." He would also say that "any man who attempts to court you must have my 'expressed consent'. Any man who does not will suffer immensely." Arietta felt discouraged by that, and so she didn't really date anybody. She didn't want to disappoint him...

The media asked her the same cookie cutter questions all throughout the mall, and in the lot outside. She paid no attention. Instead, she stared out at the sea. Langaël was a suburban province in the south of Ghant. Gaelien was its hub. It was northwest of Ghish, and was the most cosmopolitan and contemporary province in the empire. It was filled with beaches, malls, and beautiful people. The rest of Ghant was sorely lacking in all those, or so she believed.

It was in the early evening now. They got in the limo and drove back to her house on the beach. Her step-father, Charles Quingaro, was a famous boat racer and real-estate mogul, so of course they lived in sight of the sea, surrounded by clippers and yachts- neither of which her step-father was lacking in. It was said that there was no man that Nathan disliked more than their step-father, although she didn't think he ever did anything to earn his resentment. Arietta referred to Charles as her dad, and Nathan hated that more than anything. "Don't refer to him as your 'dad' in front of me, ever!" He would yell at her. Nathan was not overly fond of their mother either, but that was most likely because of their grandfather, the previous Emperor, bad mouthing her to him when he was elevated to Crown Prince after their father's death.

Her and her friends got out, and went to the front door. Her mother and step-father were waiting for her. They looked very unhappy, especially her mother. "Ari, darling, we need to speak privately. Tell your friends to go home."

Ari was annoyed. "Mom...seriously?"

"Yes. This is serious."

Arietta was irritated, but parted ways with her friends nonetheless. Then she turned back to her mother. "What's so important?"

Her step-father responded. "You received a message from...your brother. We read it while you were gone."

Arietta was puzzled. "...what did it say?"

Her mother snapped back "...Nathan wants to ship you off to Kravia to court Prince Artyum."

Arietta was taken back. "Seriously? Mother, let me see the message."

"Ari, this is totally unacceptable..."

"Mother, I am 18. I am old enough to make my own decisions. Let me see the letter, please."

"Ari, I am your mother, and I know what's best..."

Charles stepped in. "Caroline, let her read the message, and let her make up her own mind. You can't coddle her forever."

Arietta saw the truth in that. Nathan had been taken away from her after their father died, and raised by their grandfather. He was only 6 at the time, and their mother cried and protested, but to no avail. By the time Nathan became Emperor 3 years later at the age of 9, his connection with their mother had eroded. Their mother was very overbearing on her other children, especially on Arietta, as a result.

Mother grew red faced. "Fine. Ari, come read it."

Arietta followed them into the office. She then sat down and read the message.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

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

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.

"...I don't...know what to say."

"Say no, Ari!" Mother hollered. "I am tired of him pushing you around. He has always been hell-bent on finding ways to tear our family apart!"

Charles looked at Caroline. "That is not a fair thing to say, honey. Nathan has always been...confused and insecure."

"Don't, Charles. First he took our son, now he wants to take Ari. He is delusional! The monarchy does not mean what it used to! Royalty does not have to live according to some set of draconian codes. Why can't Ari be with a commoner? What if that is what her heart desires? She should be free to do whatever she wants, not used as some pawn in a game of royal posturing!"

I think I am going to Kravia just so I won't have to deal with Mother's drama for a while"...Mother, I think I should at least go to Kravia. At the very least, it will be like a vacation! I can travel abroad and have fun. Plus it would give me the opportunity to spread my wings a bit. Please?"

Her mother was livid at that response. "Arietta! I..."

Charles interrupted. "Let her go. This will be a good experience for her. She does not have to marry Artyum if she does not want to. This is a great opportunity for her to grow and learn. Its high time she did things befitting of her...rank and station."

Caroline looked at both of them, and responded in a snarky tone. "Fine. Go ahead." She then stormed out of the office.

Arietta looked at her step-father. "Thank you, dad. When should I go."

He looked at her solemnly. "I suggest we book the flight to Kokorevka tonight. You should get there not too long after. The sky's are smooth to the east, according to the news."

"Really dad, the weather? Why so soon- be real with me."

"Your...uncle is almost upon Ghish, Ari. If you want to go to Kravia for a 'vacation', then you ought to do it before he gets there?"

"Uncle Albert will be in Ghish tomorrow? That is great- I want to see him badly! It has been far too long." Arietta did not see her real father's family often, and she wanted desperately to have a relationship with them."

"Ari. Albert has over 10,000 armed men with him, and possibly more. I don't know what he plans on doing once he gets to Ghish. One reason why I think you going to Kravia is a good idea is because...I suspect that he has ill intentions. I have heard it said that these men are dangerous and belligerent. You uncle also harbors certain...views. You will be safer in Kravia then you would be here. If you leave tonight, then you will be safely in Kokorevka by the time Albert...arrives in Ghish."

Ari didn't know how to respond to that. "...but Dad, that doesn't make any sense!"

"Ari, trust me. We should go tonight. If you want to go, then we should waste little time. Pack up some of your things, and say goodbye to your mother and sisters."

Ari was confused, but she trusted him. "...Ok Dad. Oh, and Mom doesn't know about Uncle Albert, does she?"

"...I can't really answer that. Just be ready in two hours."

Arietta went about her business. It took her an hour to get her things packed up. Mostly clothes, shoes, makeup, and other "essential items". She then spent 30 minutes texting and calling all her friends and letting them know. Then she said goodbye to each of her three younger half-sisters and her mother. They were all sad to see her go, but she promised to keep in touch on a regular basis, and she reassured them that she would be back soon.

Dad had arranged to accompany her to the airport in Gaelien via limo. Once they got there, men helped load up her bags onto a cart to be taken to the private jet arranged for her by Charles.

Once they got inside, Arietta noticed that the airport was particularly busy tonight. There were two things that stood out to her- there were many Rosea people waiting to fly out, and the most popular destination was Anthorp.

"Dad, why are there so many Rosea on flights out tonight? And why are so many people flying to Anthorp?"

"I don't know, Ari, but I suspect it has something to do with your Uncle."

Arietta had not seen Uncle Albert in many years. His story was famous though. The second son of Emperor Albert, he was named after his father, which was fitting, because he also was very much like him. Tall, with black hair, a big mouth and opinions on everything. During Emperor Albert's reign, he forced upon his son an arranged marriage with the lady Lanea of Wildigot, whose father Edward reigned as the Lord Paramount of the Wedge. Albert Jr. as he was called, resented this arrangement, and was bitter because he supposedly loved another noble lady who flat-out rejected him.

After the Emperor died, Albert Jr. served as Nathan's regent until Nathan turned 18. That was a period of 9 years in which Albert Jr. was in the Imperial Palace. But he was only there half the time, as his wife and son Edward remained in Wildigot. Albert was scornful and spiteful towards anyone that he had dealings with, and was very outspoken on pretty much everything. He was also very racist and xenophobic- which was probably imparted on him during his time in the Wedge. Lanea was nice and cordial, but also brooding, selfish and gossipy. Edward was intelligent, yet sheltered and coddled.

Charles went with Arietta as far as the security checkpoint. "If you need anything, please call. I love you Ari. Be safe, and be smart."

Arietta was kind of sad. "Thanks dad, I will see you soon!"

Security was waiting to escort her to her plane. They even took her bags for her. As they walked by some of the other terminals, she noticed that the news was on, and many people were gathered around watching.

She listened to the news over the talking of the spectators. "Albert and his private army just made their way into Gahen. Many of the people coming with him to Ghish have been clashing with people along the way. The sparring escalated in the Gaemar, where several Rosea have gone missing and are rumored to have been maimed or killed..."

Arietta was scared. She didn't want to know what was going on, or what was going to happen next. *I hope everyone will be alright*, she thought. *I feel sorry for Sophia. I bet she will have to deal with all this shortly.*

They cut a corner and went through a door to the outside. The plane was waiting, and the steps were down. It was dark out now, and it had started to rain.

The crew was waiting for her. They lead her up the steps and into the plane.

They made her feel welcome, and told her that if there was anything that she needed, she need only ask.

She was relieved once she got on board and took her seat. The private jet was not lacking for a thing. Arietta was excited at the prospect of getting to spend some time away from home for awhile. Not too long after the ramp closed, and not long after that the plane took off.

Here we go, she thought. I hope this Artyum is as cute as they say he is.

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Mon Oct 20, 2014 3:19 pm, edited 1 time in total.

Ghant

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

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

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

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



Rhodesea
Lobbyist

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

by [Rhodesea](#) » Sun Nov 03, 2013 10:55 pm

QUOTE

Act III, Ch V Rhodesean-Asasian Border

They were in a large mobile command vehicle surrounded by tanks, jeeps, men and planes, entering Asasia from Rhodesea. They were moving towards Pensalum quickly. At the rate they were going, it would only take them 2 days before they were at the Asasian-Pensic Border.

Kruger was not nearly as mad as his commanders were. They were yelling and screaming at each other. "Why the hell would Asasia declare open war on Epraria! That was not the plan!"

Another commander yelled. "They were supposed to go with us to Pensalum, and let the Blood Ravens go about their business. Interfering will draw the ire of Gillenor and its pets."

Kruger yelled back. "Enough. This is an acceptable arrangement that we can use to our advantage."

"How?" Many of them responded with that in unison.

"We can take Pensalum by ourselves. We don't need Asasia for that. If anything, this situation is better, because with Asasia in Epraria, they will be drawing attention away from us in Pensalum. Once we help Lyle Ferr overthrow the Pensic government, then Pensalum will join us in Epraria. Our victory is all but assured. The means might be different, but the end remains the same."

"General, why don't we just attack Epraria now, and help Asasia and the Blood Ravens get rid of their current regime?" Another responded.

"Because, you idiot, what happened the last three fucking times we attacked Epraria outright? The world viewed us as an invading marauder. We cannot afford to have that reputation associated with us again. Let Gillenor and its pets collide with the Blood Ravens and Asasia. Then we can enter Epraria with Pensalum and be seen by the Eprarians as liberators, and together we will cast out the corrupt Gillenorian and Eprarian Government scum."

The commanders seemed to nod in approval.

"General, is there any word from Ferr?"

"I have been in communication with Ferr. He is aware that we are coming. So is the Pensic Government. We will be entering Pensalum through the northern corridor. Resistance there will be minimal, but the further south we get, the more intense the fighting will get. Between our preparations and Ferr's Pensic Front, this campaign is very doable for us."

"General, what if Gillenor and her allies meet us in Pensalum instead of Epraria?"

Kruger thought about that one for a minute. "In that case, Epraria should be liberated by the Asasians and Blood Ravens much quicker, and then they will join us Pensalum. Gillenor is spreading itself thin anyway. And are all you really that scared of a bunch of women?"

The commanders laughed at that.

Kruger spoke up again. "One way or the other, Epraria will be secured by the Blood Ravens, and Pensalum will be secured by the Pensic Front. Its only a matter of time."

"Then what?"

Kruger often wondered that himself. "Then we wait...and see how things unfold."

"What about going to Regalia to aid the Pink Dragon in her conquest?"

Kruger responded calmly, but firmly. "Hear me out. Laoni needs us more then we need her. She doesn't realize that yet, and she doesn't know that we realize that either. We are not bound to Nathan and Laoni's campaign. It helps us out, but we will not be doomed if it fails."

Some of the commanders seemed confused. One spoke up. "...But General, we are already guilty by association. If Laoni and Nathan fall, then the world will turn on us. We are in the 'Black Alliance'. It is too late to turn back now. We should go all in, because we cannot afford for them to lose."

Kruger waved away at that. "Let me tell you something. This whole 'Black Alliance' is a bunch of bullshit. That is some flashy name drawn up by some assholes in Gillenor to make us look bad, and bind us at the hip to Laoni. This Emperor of Ghant and his wife adopted it in response as a mocking gesture, but they didn't ask us about it. You think I like being associated with something as sinister sounded as the 'black alliance'? I don't- the thought pisses me off. We are not the bad guys here. I refuse to be portrayed as a bad guy. Our cause is just. Our cause is righteous."

The commanders roared with approval.

Kruger continued. "We won't resist or fight her, but we won't overtly help her either. We need to focus on our shit here in Hermania, and make sure that our nations are secure and free from the tentacles of foreign oppression. Laoni is the lesser of two evils, and that is good enough for me. I only care about the prosperity of our nation. Any nation that joins us in that cause is a friend. We are all soldiers fighting for a similar cause. And a good soldier never leaves a man behind."

The men began to cheer.

"And make no mistake, men. We shall triumph. We have the spirit, the heart, and the ability. We ride out to greet destiny. We are done eating the shit of the great powers of the world! I promise you this. When we stand in triumph in Albikant, we shall hoist a white flag above the capital building. And when we stand in triumph in Arastos, we shall hoist a white flag above their capital building. Laoni, Nathan, Tsuni and whoever else might label us the black alliance, but I say we are the 'white alliance'! We represent righteousness and purity. We stand for justice and peace! We only wish to cast off the yoke of corrupt and incompetent governments, who serve the needs of other nations more then they do their own. Its time to stand up and say enough is enough. Let them call us what they want! And any man who says that I am in a 'black alliance', can kiss my fat white Rhodesean Ass!"

The commanders chanted in approval. "Rise! Rise! Rise!" Kruger smiled.



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

Posts: 7099

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Mon Nov 04, 2013 2:04 am



Thanks to the network of CCTV cameras, it was a mere two seconds before a human operator noticed that there was an awfully large amount of screaming going on in an idyllic resort town. It was a further three seconds before the Emergency Office in Alexandria - an office of a thousand of the brightest

minds trained to deal with any significant emergency - was directing ambulances, police cars, and drones from a nearby airbase towards the point, while laying on blood transfusions, medical helicopters, organ donations, and the like. They interfered in the public transport network, calling upon bus drivers to help the evacuation. And they even found time to reverse a train back to the town's station to allow rapid evacuation of the area, and then set about redirecting the entire train network in the area to avoid collisions with this unscheduled maneuver.

As unfortunate tourists ran for cover - fortunately, in the mountainous terrain, cover was easy; unfortunately, in an old-style town, cover was mostly made of wood; fortunately, in an old town, there were medieval defenses in the town center; unfortunately, medieval defenses weren't useful against a man with a gun - although one 'archer' bravely opened some distracting fire - police and doctors arrived on the scene, doing their best to remove everyone from the vicinity and to get the most wounded rushed to hospitals. An interim airfield and medical station had already been set up in a courtyard to rush victims out, and there was an airlifted helicopter company on the way from the airbase.

Despite the pandemonium on the ground, in the air, it was a serenely flying drone that was the most appropriate weapon, and a drone that flew almost at the speed of sound was the sort of drone that managed to get to the madman before the police shot him. It fired six guided hypodermic darts, all of which were designed to hit with enough force to puncture the skin, and not much more; and all of which should send him to sleep.

Chaos had been averted. Only bloodshed still needed to be dealt with.

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

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

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Ghant
Minister

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

by **Ghant** » Mon Nov 04, 2013 3:55 pm



Act III, Ch VI The Sea of Ghant The *Green Treader*

She was on the far end of the ship, but Sepuki saw enough to have a vague idea of what was going on. She was enraged beyond words. She saw the firefight through the gas and smoke.

She saw the enemies board the helicopter, and all she could do was run over to it and start shouting. She was still too far away though to make any meaningful impact. All she could really do at that distance was look intimidating with her weapon and start acting tough. She had the pistol that Marlow had given her drawn, and she pointed it at the chopper.

"Fuck you, assholes!", she screamed. She doubted that she could be seen, or even heard by the enemies. She pointed the pistol at the helicopter with one hand, and gave it the middle finger with the other. She thought about shooting at the chopper, but she hesitated. She needed to know more about what was going on. By the time she got over to where the helicopter had taken off from, it was gone. The Sea was a cauldron of activity- the waves rocked the ship, and many other ships swarmed around the *Green Treader*.

She saw the Mizradians nearby on the deck. "What the fuck is going on?"

None of the Mizradians responded, but Marlow emerged from among them. "Sepuki, calm down, and lower your weapon. I will explain the situation to you."

"Good."

"Apparently, The New Lowlands sent a special forces unit under the guise of a

media team. They gassed the ship, and then attempted to board the ship, and more then likely take the Empress."

"...I can't believe that! Those bastards! Why would they do that?"

"We don't know. It is safe to assume that they are in league with Tsuni, and attempted to separate the Emperor and Empress. It is clear that they would only succeed in this campaign as long as they are united. One is unlikely to succeed without the other."

"So, despite all that, I saw them board a chopper and fly off, scot free. Mind explaining that one to me? If I would have been over here in time, I would blown their asses away."

"...The Mizradians received a transmission from a nearby Lowland ship threatening nuclear discharge if the unit was not allowed to return safely to their own ship."

"Cowards. They come over here and start this shit, and then when they get caught with their pants down, they threaten us like that? Fuck them. Who do they think they are?"

"I agree with the Mizradians letting them go. Had they not, there is a decent chance that everyone here would be dead. This campaign would have been stopped dead in its tracks, and the world would have been plunged into a war of annihilation. The Lowlanders gave us the opportunity to continue our campaign. We should take it and be thankful that we have the chance to fight another day."

"Oh, you got that right. We will live to fight another day. And those bastards will pay. I will see to that myself. Nobody fucks with me and gets away with it."

"Whatever you say. For the time being, I will let you roam freely about until everyone comes to. The Emperor will decide what is to be done with you. Also, I will explain this whole situation to the Emperor myself. I am sure he will have something to say about it as well. He is not a man who forgets a slight. He remembers everything. They say that once he holds a grudge, it never goes away."

"Sounds like my dear sister Laoni. I can't imagine she will be very happy either."

"I would imagine not. Now if you would excuse me, I must treat with the Mizradians. Had it not been for their timely intervention, things could have gotten ugly."

"Indeed things would have gotten ugly. I would have caught these fuckers trying to extract my sister. And I would have returned them to their ship in body bags."

Marlow shook his head, and went back over to talk with the Mizradians. Sepuki, on the other hand, angrily strode across the deck, and stared out into the Sea. The mist, smoke and gas all mixed together in the air. She saw the ships swirl in the sea beyond. *I can't wait until we are out of here, She thought. The sooner we get into the Hermanian Ocean, the better.* As long there were no more interruptions, they would be soon enough. And then full speed ahead to Gillenor.



Ghant

Factbook | RP Resume | IIwiki Admin

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



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