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

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Gbant
Minister

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

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

[QUOTE](#)

by **Gbant** » Thu Sep 26, 2013 10:58 am

If you have any questions, comments and / or concerns regarding this RP, please post them in the OOC thread:

<viewtopic.php?f=5&t=266231>

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The War of the Two Emperors
A **Panessos** Production



Act I, Chapter I
Three Weeks Ago

Tonight was another one of those nights. Restless, the Emperor of Gbant resolved to wander about the Imperial Palace, as he often did when sleep eluded him. The entire palace was available to him, and tonight, like so many nights before, he wandered throughout the many rooms and hallways of the Palace. Built by Emperor Nathan I the Magnificent in 1815, it was perhaps the most magnificent royal palace the world had ever seen, and rightfully so- it had taken 13 years to complete.

At about 1 AM, the Emperor went to his favorite part of the palace- the throne room. He entered from the side hallway that leads to the royal chambers, and strolled in ever so quietly, as he was inclined to do. He greeted the guards as he walked in, knowing the names of each. he took a moment to look around- the floor and walls were made of marble, inlaid with gold and silver. Tapestries and braziers lined the walls, and the ceiling was high, with ornate chandeliers

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dangling every few meters. Despite the many fineries that the throne room possessed, it was relatively dim lit and hollow, apart from the many large columns that lined the floor. In between these columns was a black and white carpet, which led from the main entrance up to the throne itself, the Obsidian Throne. Robert I, the first king of Ghan, had the throne forged in the deepest forge of Ashengard itself, in the fires of Mt. Ashen in 913 AF. It remained the symbol of imperial power in Ghan, and had quite an intimidating appearance.

The throne room had always had an ancient and majestic feel to it, and despite many pleas from the people and politicians to update it to contemporary standards, the Emperor preferred it the way it was. The Emperor casually walked in between the columns, and stood on the carpet. He turned left, and walked the length of the room up to the throne. Without so much as a thought, he walked up the steps, and sat down softly in the throne, and let out a laborious sigh. He began to dose off, lost among his many thoughts, and without a sense of time, until...

He heard the main doors to the throne room creek open. The royal herald ran down the length of the carpet, and bowed before the Emperor. "Your majesty, I come with urgent news".

"And what might that be, Simeon?"

"Your Majesty, Prince Fendulias of Gaemar requests your audience at once."

"What time is it?"

"1:45 AM, your Majesty".

"This better be good. Bring him in. And stop already with the "your Majesty" routine. Please, call me Nathan."

"Understood, your...Nathan". With that, the Herald ran back to the main entrance, to usher in the Prince of Gaemar. Gaemar was the great eastern province of Ghan, a muddy land of old towns, castles, and wounded pride.

That is a start, Nathan thought to himself. I have never liked Fendulias, but I cannot disrespect him by denying urgent business. Fendulias was of House Gaemish, the Lords Paramount of Gaemar. The Gaemarians were known for treachery, deceit and ruthlessness. Ghan had conquered them long ago, but the wounds were still fresh, as they usually stay in Ghan. "The ice preserves", an old saying that his grandfather the former Emperor Albert always said.

Suddenly, the double doors were flung open, and in strode Fendulias, with 50 of his knights walking in formation and two hooded figures between them. Fendulias was in his late 40's, with shoulder length grey hair, a remnant of Regalian influence in Ghan, which remained the strongest in Gaemar. The party approached the throne, and at the base of the steps, they all bowed, except for the hooded figures, who stood as still as statues.

"What is all this?" Asked Nathan, "this is ridiculous."

"So it might seem at first, your majesty" replied Fendulias, "but I come bearing gifts that you should find quite pleasing".

"And what gifts might you be referring to?"

"Your majesty, may I present to you the Gillenorian Prisoner, and her esteemed colleague."

"The what? The Prime Minister was told by you that she was in Remodia awaiting extraction by Gillenor. And a colleague? Is this some kind of a farce? I am in no mood for games, Fendulias."

"Aye. That was the story, yes, but the Gillenorians refused to tell who she was. While we were waiting, a woman came to us. This woman told us the identity of the prisoner, and she demanded your audience. Her explanation to us as to why she wanted to meet with you seemed like an offer that you couldn't refuse. Once we found out who the prisoner was, and what the objective of the other was, we boarded ship and set sail for Ghish at once." Fendulias grinned from ear to ear after having said that.

Nathan snorted, and replied "We shall see about that. You better have a damn good reason to bring to my court a convicted terrorist who is wanted dead or alive by Gillenor. And I cannot imagine her 'esteemed colleague' is held in much higher regard either". He then turned his gaze to the two hooded figures. "I will know at once who you are, and what this "offer" is that you want to make."

Fendulias replied to that with a loud and boastful, "Your majesty, may I present to you Princess Laoni and Princess Sepuki of House Yousloff, sisters to Empress Tsuni Yousloff, the first of her name, Empress of Gillenor". With that, the princesses let down their hoods. One was beautiful, with long pink hair, porcelain skin, and haunting violet eyes that pierced him on the very first gaze. The other was tough looking- with mangled pink hair, tattoos on her neck, and a lean hard figure. Nathan found the first one much more attractive, and assumed that the second one was the prisoner.

The beautiful one spoke. "It is a pleasure to meet you, your majesty. I am Princess Laoni of Gillenor, and this is my sister, Princess Sepuki. We have heard many things about you during our journey here."

"I am sure", replied Nathan, unimpressed. "Everyone besides the princesses can leave. I will speak to them alone". Fendulias bowed again, and then turned around and walked back out the double doors, with his men in tow. As soon as the room was empty again, He asked, "Tell me, how does a Princess of Gillenor turn into a wanted terrorist, and her sister come with her to our fair and distant land?"

Calmly, Laoni replied, "My sister is somewhat 'rough around the edges'. She has certain aspirations, and has not been discreet in her actions. Like my sister, I have political ambitions that threaten the Gillenorian political establishment. They are afraid of me and my sister and what our plans consist of. They thought that the best thing to do was to convict her of treason and ship her off to Block 400. In order to avoid that fate, I merely disappeared, and was assumed dead by many. I was merely biding my time. When I heard that my sister had escaped the Block and was captured by Ghantmen, I decided that the time to initiate my ambitions was nigh upon us. I randevoued with the Gaemarian party in Remodia and demanded an audience with you."

"And what exactly are your ambitions?"

"To become Empress of Gillenor, and reconstitute the old Regalian State, by any means necessary."

The Emperor laughed in her face. "That is the funniest thing I have heard all day, thank you for that. There is no way that such a feat can be possible".

Laoni was unphased. "sure there is."

"And what might that be?"

"To become your Empress, and use both your claim to Regalia and the resources at your disposal to claim the throne and unite the nations of Austra Regalia. This would bring about a radical shift in global power, and between our two Empires and any other Nations that join our cause, we would essentially rule the world. Between my proximity to the current Gillenorian throne and your ancestral claims, we can succeed in justifying our claim. And with the fierce warriors of Ghant, and the connections that I have in Austra Regalia, we can make quick work of this plan of ours".

Nathan was taken aback by this scheme. "The Regalian people would never suffer a Ghantman and an Usurper as their Rulers".

"I beg to differ. Your Great Grandfather, Emperor Michael, was the son of Princess Olda of Gyreveich, who was King Leto XV's niece. And, let's not forget that you are one of the primary descendants of Orta of Ghant, who as the daughter of the last Regalian king of Ghant, should have inherited Regalia when the Magnusson Dynasty went extinct. You possess a strong blood proximity to Leto the Great, and between your blood and my Regalian nature, we can produce a child for Regalia that the Sunshard Priests would hail as their God-given heir!"

"Perhaps. I am on good terms with your sister Tsuni. I even spent the longest time asking for her hand in marriage, in order to better bind our noble lands.

Why should I disrespect her by marrying you instead, and give up on my pursuit of her?"

"My sister is lacking in ambition and sense. She does not see the big picture, nor does she possess the qualities that a ruler needs. She is weak willed, soft spoken, and above all else she is apathetic. She will never marry you, because she prefers the company of women- hence why she rejected you for the Kravian princess, and heir to Kravia. She will never annul or divorce that union for you. However, I can produce an heir of royal blood, and no blood is more royal than yours."

"Aye, that still sticks in my craw, to think that I was rejected for a Kravian princess. What a slap in the face. The Kravians are scoundrels, and they are no match for what I can offer as a consort".

"Indeed, but she is not smart enough to realize that. I have always been more intelligent, more ambitious, and more sensible. Hence why I am here- I recognize what you have to offer."

"Let's say we marry. How do you propose we advance this plan of yours".

"We present my plan before the Storting and the Laandstrat, and see what support we can win. I am confident that we can secure enough support to launch a covert attack upon Gillenor, which would be plunged into insurrection by my allies and constituents. While the Gillenorian government will be preoccupied by the many riots and protests that will be taking place, we shall slip into Osserheim with whatever forces are available to us. We will take the city by force before they know we are there, and we will subsequently capture or kill my sister, and I will acquire the throne of Gillenor. Once I am crowned Empress of Gillenor, we will advance upon San Carpello, Clockenstein and then Gyreveich, and unite these nations as the Empire of Austra Regalia, with Oceanus as its capitol city, as it was during the days of the Kingdom of Regalia. Once these lands are mostly subdued, we can address adding Jomithorp, Teneus and Valenburg to the Empire, although Teneus might need to be saved for last."

"This is madness. What would I gain from agreeing to this plan?"

"Everything. I know you often think about your legacy as Emperor. You are 25 now, and as you grow older, you think more and more about how you will be remembered, how you will be judged by the annals of history. If you ever want to be mentioned in the same sentence as Robert the Founder, Edward the Restorer, Samuel the Great or Nathan the Magnificent, now is your chance. The greatest Empire that Ghant could ever hope to be a part of is right here. All you have to do is reach out and take it."

"I see. And what of this sister of yours?"

"I think Laoni has made you a pretty good deal," said Sepuki, with a smile. "I am sure I can find some way to make myself useful, especially for such a noble cause. I quite enjoy being in the thick of things, and I plan on demonstrating leal service when I can. I am ready to do something great, are you?"

She is right, he thought. This is my opportunity to do something great, and not waste away here in Ghant, to fade away and be forgotten. He had ruled Ghant for 16 years since the tender age of 9, but had not done much to distinguish himself. He was hesitant to accept her offer, because he had feelings for another- Sophia, the daughter of Malibar, Lord Paramount of Dakmoor. Tall, pretty and with black hair and blue eyes, she was the envy of Ghant, and 25 years old as well. She and the Emperor were friends since childhood, and had even dated on and off, and would make a fine Empress, he thought. *Malibar will not be pleased, but I see little in the way of a choice. This is my chance.* "Done. Lets initiate marriage preparations."

"Excellent", she replied, with a wide, toothy grin.

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Ghant
Minister

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by **Ghant** » Thu Sep 26, 2013 10:58 am



Chapter II Two Weeks Ago

Magnarok was dressed in his finest furs, and thought that he looked as well as he could possibly be for the wedding. This wedding was as large an affair as he had ever witnessed: A reigning emperor had not been married since Nathan I married his second wife in 1816. And since it involved the marriage of the reigning emperor, the bride would be crowned Empress of Ghant at the ceremony as well.

Mag, as he was called by those who knew him, was only the second son of his father, Lord Paramount Styr of Thule. Both his father and elder brother were not able to attend, so Mag attended on their behalf. In during the summer months, Thule, being the most northern province of Ghant, was a cold, harsh wasteland. Mag, like most of his kin, lost many digits to frostbite, and had a worn, weathered face that made him look much older than 22. As the representative of a Great House, he had premier seating for the wedding.

Weddings involving the Emperor were held at the Great Cathedral of Ghish, a 2000 year old temple that was one of the greatest in all the world- it was even one of the Seven Wonders of Ghant. It had grown larger and more ornate since the original incarnation, until it became the monstrous thing that it was today. He had read about it as a child, but only now had he ever seen it in person, and nothing could have prepared him for its actual magnificence.

The structure had a high, arched ceiling, with a large dome on top- the ceiling was covered in rich murals and chandeliers. There were columns and balconies that went up 7 floors, and large rows of seats, with a long red carpet that ran the length of the Cathedral from the entrance to the altar. Mag was seated in the front row, and looked at the Emperor standing at the altar. The Archbishop of Ghish was conducting sacred rights at the dais. Although there was no official religion in Ghant, The Church of Ghant was responsible for conducting religious affairs involving the Imperial Family since the time of Samuel the Great, merely for the sake of religious neutrality and ceremonial purposes.

The organs played the usual variety of Gbantish wedding songs, until the all too familiar song of the bride's entrance came on. In through the side entrance towards the front of the Cathedral walked Laoni, with a radiant white dress, inlaid with gold trim. The only part of her skin that showed was her face, and even that was covered by a thin veil. The rest being covered by the gown. She held a bouquet of white roses in her hands, and with each step, he could tell that the back of her dress was almost as long as the Cathedral's floor itself. The Emperor had three younger half-sisters, born to his mother and her second-husband. These three girls were carrying the back of the dress, and each wore pretty little dresses themselves. The other Imperial half-sibling, Charles, sat in the front row next to his mother.

When the Princess reached the alter, the Archbishop began his ponderous wedding rites, which Mag hardly paid any attention to. He was more interested in the people sitting around him.

When the veil was removed from her face by the Emperor, Mag could tell that the Empress-to-be looked stunning, with a pretty face, clean and pristine teeth, and eyes that could haunt even the most chaste of men. *The Emperor is a lucky man*, he thought. Nathan was not a very attractive man. He was clean-shaven, had short mud colored hair, a high forehead, a large pointy nose, no eyebrows, big ears and a small chin. *He didn't get that from his mother*. The Emperor's mother was sitting a few seats down, and even at the age of 54, she still had a great look about her. Short, but with a round face, blue eyes and dark brown hair, with a smile that lit up the room. *A shame she never became Empress, she would have made a good one*. Nathan's father, the Crown Prince John, died in a plane crash in 1994, when the current Emperor was only 6.

In his immediate row sat the Emperor's mother, the Emperor's half-brother Charles, his four sisters, and Malibar of Dakmoor, with his two children- his

daughter, Sophia, seemed quite sad. She and the Emperor had been close for many years- the extent of their relationship was not known publicly, but many had suspected that they shared some degree of intimacy. Before all of this began, there were even rumors of marriage between the two. She was 25, tall, with dark hair and blue eyes, with a round face and a lean body. He had often wondered, as many a Ghantman did, the extent of their familiarity with one another. *A beautiful woman, but no princess*, he thought. And at the end of the row sat the Princess Sepuki, who was dressed from head to toe in fine spun lace.

After the Archbishop dispensed with his rituals, the Emperor gave his new bride a ring and a kiss, and then she knelt down on a fine knee rest before the Archbishop. At that point, the Archbishop lifted the Empress Crown off of a table on the dais, and gently rested it upon the freshly minted Empresses' Head. After that, he handed her the ball and scepter, which she held in each hand. At that point, she turned around, faced the guests, and walked down the length of the Cathedral side by side with the Emperor, with all of the fineries equipped. They veered to the right, so they could ascend to an upper balcony that overlooked the Great Square of Ghish.

As they left the Cathedral, so did the honored guests subsequently thereafter, Mag included. They emerged out onto the Great Square of Ghish, and before them stood a crowd of immense size, more than Mag had ever seen. If he had to venture a guess, he would have estimated the size of the crowd to be roughly 100,000 people. They eagerly awaited the Emperor and Empress to emerge into view upon the balcony. When they stepped out onto it, the crowd roared with cheers. After a few minutes of cheering, the Emperor raised his hand, as if to speak.

"Thank you all for coming out today, to witness this marriage. It is with great pride and pleasure that I introduce to you your new Empress, Laoni."

To that the crowd erupted in cheering once more. The Emperor again raised his hand, and when the cheering died down, he said "Your Empress has some words that she would like to share with you."

"It is a great honor to stand before the great people of Ghant", she said, "and I swear to you that as your Empress, I will represent your people with pride. I will not settle for anything less than to be the greatest Empress that Ghant has ever had, or will have. I will bring you glory the likes of which you have never had or could possibly imagine. I will usher in a new Golden Age of Ghant!"

The crowd roared in response to that. They began to chant, "Long live the Empress!" *She is already quite popular*, Mag thought.

Later that evening, all of the honored guests were invited to the Imperial Palace, and ate and danced the night away in the banquet hall. The Emperor and Empress were seated at the dais at the end of the hall, and long tables of exquisite design and material lined the room. Before the Empress was a table upon which guests could present their wedding gifts, which were quite elaborate. Mag was in this line before only a few other men. Many lords laid fine gems, gold, rings, earrings, amulets, necklaces, and other jewels and jewelry on the platform. Other gifts were greater still.

The Lord of Ashengard strode up to the dais, and bowed before the Empress. He then said, "It is with great pleasure that I present to you a sword, forged in the heart of Mount Ashen itself, a sword of the highest quality steel. I leave the honor of naming the sword to you, your majesty."

The Empress took it from the Lord's hands, and unsheathed it. It was a bastard sword, and the sword was of exquisite quality. The blade reflected a dark purple color, and the hilt was pure gold inlaid with amethyst, with a fist sized amethyst in the pommel. The sword looked so fine and light, that it could be used with either two hands or with one, if the wielder was strong enough. Ghantish steel was also the finest in all the world- it was characterized by distinctive patterns of banding and mottling reminiscent of flowing water. Such blades were tough, resistant to shattering and capable of being honed to a sharp, resilient edge. Ghantish steel blades are lighter, stronger, and sharper than even the best forged steel from anywhere else, and feature distinctive rippled patterns- this particular pattern imbued with deep purple.

"I hope it pleases your Majesty."

"This is an excellent sword." She replied, "I could never have dreamed of such a fine weapon. How did you get it reflect the color purple?"

"Your majesty, the Forge Master of Ashengard worked it into the steel using an ancient technique of integrating color into the blade while it is being forged."

"That is very interesting, thank you for your gift. Also, I shall name it Nightshade".

"An excellent name, your majesty." To that, the Lord bowed and walked away. Mag walked up to the table with a gift from his father- A Polar Bear cloak, large and comfortable, with bright white fur. As he bowed, he briefly made eye contact with the Empress. *Her eyes are cold*, he thought, as he rose and walked away. He walked back to the nearest table to eat more of the fine offerings that were available for the feast.

After about another hour or so, the Emperor rose from his seat to address the hall.

"Thank you all for coming, and providing us with such wonderful gifts. Unfortunately, we must now depart your company, as certain duties of the marriage process have yet to have taken place."

With that having been said, he offered his hand to the Empress, she took it, and together they walked out of the hall and towards the imperial quarters of the Palace.

Of course he is referring to consummation, Mag thought. No Ghantish marriage was considered official until it was consummated. *Lucky man*, he thought, as he ate more food and drink more ale.

Last edited by Ghant on Sat Oct 26, 2013 1:30 am, edited 2 times in total.



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



Ghant
Minister

Posts: 2457
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by Ghant » Thu Sep 26, 2013 10:59 am



Chapter III One Week Ago

Oscar had never seen this much anticipation during a meeting of the Landsraad. The day before, the Storting voted during a closed meeting to reject the Emperor's initiative to declare war on Gillenor, Gyreveich, Clockenstien, Valenburg and San Carpello. From what Oscar heard, it was a narrow defeat as well- with the opposition being lead by Prime Minister Ormond Bortidoc as well. Bortidoc was a man of peace, a seasoned and well respected diplomat- he was instrumental in diffusing the TGNi Colony Crisis, despite a large number of Representatives being in favor of war- so that they might play both sides against each other for some type of treacherous gain. Such were the schemes of the leader of the opposition- Tyger Gronk, who was known throughout Ghant as a warmonger and as a treacherous fool. *I can only imagine that Gronk was pounding the tables for all out war against the Regalian states*, he thought.

The Emperor and Empress sat upon their royal chairs on the platform at the base of the Landsraad Council Chambers, along with the secretaries of the session, including Oscar himself, and the Chief Councilman- the dreaded Malibar of House Dakmaran, Warden of the East, Lord Paramount of Dakmoor, and Great Lord of Dakar. A man of 55, with a hard, emotionless face, pale skin, short hair as black as night, a neatly trimmed arrangement of facial hair, and cold blue eyes, this man was arguably the most powerful and influential man in all of Ghant. *This is a man who will decide the fate of this meeting*,

Oscar thought. *And I cannot imagine that he will support the cause of war.* Malibar had no love for Laoni- his own daughter, the lovely Sophia, was a long time love interest of the Emperor, and when she was rejected by him for Laoni, the Great Lord was wroth. He did not trust Laoni either- he seemed weary and suspicious of her intentions, and questioned her character. So did some of the 500 lords and dukes of Ghant, who comprised the half circle that was the Council Chamber- there seemed to be a good deal of arguing and bickering amongst them.

The Emperor finally ended the commotion. "Great Lords of Ghant, we are assembled here in a meeting of the Landsraad to discuss one subject of great importance, and that is to decide who among you will support me in making my claim to the throne of not only Gillenor, but that of the other Regalian states, to which I hold an ancestral claim. As you all know, yesterday the Storting voted against a declaration of war to support my claim, by a 51% to 47% vote. Clearly there would be interest among the people to support my cause. The Constitution of 1866 protects my ability to call my banners to support a claim to a throne, as was stipulated by Emperor Nathan II, and agreed upon by the Parliament of the day. Neither the Prime Minister, the Storting, or the people can fault you for raising your banners for me today. We do not represent the Government of Ghant, only that of myself. At this time, in the name of your Emperor, I call upon you to help me seize my ancestral rights, by providing whatever men, resources and funds that you can muster, and help me return all lands in question to my rule, and to deliver them into my justice."

Almost immediately, the Dukes of Gahen raised their banners, consisting of variations of white crosses and Xs on black flags. *That is no surprise*, Oscar thought. All of the Lords of Gahen were descended from Robert I through the male line, and as a result belong to the same house as the Emperor himself, and would have a claim to the throne if the main line became extinct.

The second set of banners to rise were those of Gaemar- Fendulias made no secret of his interest in the campaign, and with the Gaemarians blood proximity to Regalia, this came as no surprise either.

Next came the banners of the Fortlands, with their castles and towers emblazoned on a wide array of colors. The Fortlords were old and proud- and full of imperial pride.

Then came the banners of the Greenlands, with their Green banners with trees and mountains. Also full of imperial pride, and hungry for glory.

There was a pause were there was no further action. The Emperor would need more provinces to declare for him then those.

Finally, the Ashenlands rose their banners- ugly grey and brown flags, representing their bleak and volcano ridden land.

Another pause ensued. Then, and without warning, a Reachlord by the name of Gorm rose to his feet. "Me thinks this Empress is using us to do her dirty work. If she means to lead us into battle, which I suspect, then she must think we are fools. A little pinky Empress thinks she can command the men of Ghant through her Emperor. Hah!"

The Empress rose to her feet in response. "Oh, do you think that I am not capable of commanding men? I believe that I am more then capable, especially of men like you."

Gorm roared with laughter. "You little pinky woman would dare question the might of Gorm the Cleaver?"

"Absolutely. If you don't think I am worthy of your allegiance, then perhaps I can prove it to you, through single combat. To the first cut, of course. Unless you don't think you can beat a pinky woman."

Gorm did not even respond. He jumped down unto the platform, and drew his sword. Instantly the Imperial Guards at the rear of the platform drew theirs in defense.

"Wait.", commanded the Emperor. He looked at his wife. "Are you sure that you want to do this."

"Yes", she replied. "Without a doubt." She stood and removed her cloak, and then undid her dress. Underneath, she was wearing nothing by a sleeveless shirt and a pair of slacks. She stretched, and drew her new sword, Nightshade. Sword in hand, she stepped out to the front of the platform, and stood at sword's length from Gorm.

"Now isn't that cute?" Said Gorm in a mocking tone. "Our little pinky Empress steps out to meet me in skimpy clothes. Do you think that will give you an advantage?" He rubbed the palm of his hand along the length of his greatsword.

"Why don't we find out?"

Gorm snorted, and then charged at her with his sword raised. Rather than meet him headlong, she stepped to the side. Gorm swiveled, and brought down his sword. Laoni jumped back, and swung her sword. Gorm brought it up in time to meet it, and Laoni swung twice more, each time meeting Gorm's greatsword.

Gorm brought his sword up suddenly and violently, and it sent Laoni back a few steps. She began to smirk coyly. He began to slash at her, but each time she evaded his swings. Gorm became more aggressive in his attack, and swung wildly. Each time Laoni dodged the swings, and continued to jump from side to side and back when necessary.

Finally, Gorm anticipated her jumping back, and swung his sword from side to side in a wide arch. Laoni was caught off guard and could not jump back. The swing was for her neck, and her own sword could not stop the swing. Quickly, she bent over backward, and used her offhand to keep from falling on her back. The sword swung over her. She pushed up off the ground back to her feet. By the time Gorm recovered from his wide swing, he just enough time to look forward. He didn't see the sword. It came down over his face, and he staggered back in pain, grunting. There was a fine yet noticeable cut down the length of his face, that went from his forehead, down over his right eye, and into his cheek.

"Looks like I got you", she said with a smile. "I could have killed you, but I didn't. I thought it would be more amusing to let the world know that you were defeated in single combat by a pinky woman."

Gorm grimaced, and then retreated slowly back to his seat. Immediately upon sitting down, over 100 banners rose, all of those belonging to the Reach. Fierce warriors who lived life according to the old ways, they occupied the largest province of Ghant.

As was often said in Ghant, "as the Reach goes, so goes the North". The Icelords of Greycoast rose their banners, followed by those of Thule, the northernmost province. The Great Lord of Thule shouted, "As long as Regalia is a place where men can take out their cocks for a piss without having to worry about them turning black and falling off, we would love to go."

The Emperor and Empress shared a laugh at that. "The weather there is quite nice, warm and breezy. I think you will like it."

At this point, only five provinces had yet to raise their banners- Dakmoor, Bloodmoon, Langaal, Onia and Nathia. The last three were urban southern provinces that followed the Storting to the grave, and would not dare contradict what they thought was the "will of the people." Dakmoor and Bloodmoon on the other hand were essential- Dakmoor for its size, strength, and fleet, and Bloodmoon for its Bloodknights, the fiercest fighting force in all of Ghant, and arguably of the world. *This meeting is done, Oscar thought. The Emperor will not sway any more lords.*

The Emperor turned to Malibar. "Will you support my claim?"

Malibar looked at the Empress with a scowl, and then to the Emperor. "No."

"Why not?"

Malibar turned to the Lords. "Great Lords of Ghant, hear my words. 800 years ago, the Regalians came to Ghant, with promises of wealth and great fortune,

as they defeated us in combat and seated their pink king on the throne of Ghant. He begat the Grey Kings, as you all know. All that they brought us was oppression, enslavement, and extortion. Dakmoor led the fight against these tyrants, and it took a 100 years to cast them out, and longer still to wipe their influence from our lands. Samuel the Great led the armies of Ghant against Regalia 400 years ago to aid Gillenor in its war of succession. This was not an act of charity for Gillenor, but an effort to bring down Regalia, and see its power ruined forever. The breakup of Regalia was the best thing that ever happened to Ghant. And you all seem so quick to forget all of that! What this Empress has brought before you is a plan to reunify Regalia, and reconstitute a unified state, forged with your blood. All who sail to Austra Regalia will die, and those who survive will be cast into the fire or worse. Hear me! Those who sail are forsaken! The pinkies have never changed. They are treacherous, deceitful, and they will use us like whores if it gets them what they want. And besides, there is no way you can win. This Empress and her Ghantish lickspittles will be seen by the people as conquerors and usurpers. They will not accept the legitimacy of your rule. She is mad for power- I do not doubt that you will win initially and unify the realms, but what then? Tyranny and subjection. It would only be a matter of time before you lose, and all your efforts will be erased. But the blood will still have flowed, and boys and men will not come home. I would rather die than become this Pink Empresses' thrall."

The Council chamber erupted in commotion after that.

"How dare you." Replied Laoni. "I am your Empress, show some respect. I offer you glory, adventure, and power, and yet you spit in my face. You sound like a bitter old man, mad because your daughter was turned down in favor of me."

Malibar stared at her in disgust, "Your offers mean nothing to me. I had a son once, noble, handsome and intelligent. Everything a man would want in a son. He sought glory, adventure and power, such as what you offer me now. He sought it in the last Rhodo-Eprarian War. He went off to fight, and he was blown apart, and no part of him ever came home. Also, my daughter is twice the woman you will ever be, pinkie. You are lucky that craven Fendulias found you in Anthorp. Had it been me that found you, I would have cut your throat and sent your sister your head."

The Council chamber began erupt with an even greater amount of commotion. Men were shouting.

Laoni drew her sword. The Emperor rose to his feet. "That is enough. Laoni, but away your sword. Malibar, do not speak another word. I have heard your argument, and so has the rest of the Landsraad. I know that the rest of the southern provinces are committed to upholding the will of Parliament. At this time, I would hear from Kame, the Bloodlord, his decision."

Kame, pale and bald with dark eyes, rose from his seat. "Bloodmoon cannot support this endeavor. We are committed to the defense of the realm, and we hold this sacrosanct. We cannot support the cause of conquest. Blood is sacred, and must be shed for the right cause, lest the Blood God grow angry."

"Kame, I must have the Bloodknights."

"I am sorry, your highness, but you cannot have them. My decision has been made."

"Very well. Thank you all for coming today. For those of you who have agreed to support my claim, you have my thanks. You will earn your share of glory and plunder from victory. Also, I would request at least 1,000 men from you, so that I might commit them to a special military project. No harm will come to them." The Emperor turned to Malibar. "Also, for those who have chosen not to support my claim, your lack of fealty will not be forgotten. This meeting is adjourned."

As the Lords began to leave the chamber, the Emperor turned to his wife. "I have contracted Prestige Services LLC in Tesseria for a number of services that we will use to help our venture. The cost will be \$200 billion. We shall pay for half of it up front, and the rest upon successful completion of the operation. Regalia and its riches will provide all the funds we need to pay for these contracts, and more. "

"That sounds quite good." The Empress replied, with a grin.

"I am also disappointed that we could not capture the support of more of the lords. Malibar and his cronies will make this much more difficult."

"The support that we did secure will be adequate." The Empress replied. "Malibar will interfere. He cannot afford to be seen as an obstacle. We sail in one week's time. Gillenor will be dealing with revolutionary uprisings, so the timing will be ripe for us. I suggest we contact other nations in the world for aid."

"How will the JNOR Regional Government respond to all this?"

"They won't like it, without a doubt. Tough shit- there is nothing that they will be able to do about it. The Regalian nations will be under our control, Ghant will have its hands tied behind its back, and the rest will either be dealing with their own insurrections, too scared to stand against us, or will be submitting themselves to us like dogs looking for a treat."

"Interesting."

"Indeed", the Empress said with a smile. "I want the fleet in the water in one week's time. We shall sail south- nobody will see us coming. Lets get things moving, shall we?"

Oscar was still sitting at his seat the whole time, taking down notes of the whole meeting. *Oh dear, things are getting serious. I must needs deliver these happenings to the Prime Minister.* With that, Oscar got up and discreetly walked away through the back door exit, hoping to go unnoticed. He was.

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Sat Jan 04, 2014 7:38 pm, edited 2 times in total.



Ghant

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

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

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

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



Ghant
Minister

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

by [Ghant](#) » Thu Sep 26, 2013 11:00 am



Chapter IV Now

"The Ghantish Government does not support or condone the recent actions taken by the Emperor. He acts on his own accord, and without the consent of Ghant itself!..."

The speech of the Prime Minister was being played constantly on T.V. and Radio all throughout Ghant, and had been broadcasted abroad as well. The Prime Minister listened to himself on the radio of his limousine. The limousine was moving slowly all afternoon. *What a nightmare*, thought Prime Minister Ormund Bortidoc. *I cannot believe that this is happening.* The streets of Ghish were lined with protesters, and police attempting to keep them at bay. The people of Ghant were very outspoken people, and the latest state of affairs was a powder keg, set to ignite.

The night before, the Emperor, his wife, and their cronies set sail for Osserheim, under the guise of night. They had tried to make this a discreet affair, but it became the focal point of national news. The Prime Minister, his family and other assorted Ministers and advisors watched the spectacle on T.V. in the Prime Minister's Office within the Government Building in Ghish. The ships of the assorted lords and para-military organizations sworn to this cause had gathered in the Eastern port city of Gaemarlán. There were at least a couple hundred ships of various sizes, and a steady flow of soldiers and volunteers unto those ships. Many of these volunteers were boys as young as 13, hungry and desperate, and dangerous with a gun in their hands. It was known that Ghantmen could wield a rifle with great accuracy at a young age, mostly out of necessity. Many others were farmer's sons and wood choppers by trade, in search of glory and a desire to make a name for themselves. Others

still were younger sons of lords, with little hope of inheriting anything of substance.

Gaemarlán was alite with fireworks and raucous celebration, waving Gbantish flags and chanting the names of the Emperor and Empress. Many in Gaemarlán also clung to the old Sunshard Creed, and threw pink roses along the road to the ships. Interestingly enough, the ships themselves were not bedecked with Gbantish flags, since the Gbantish Parliament rejected the call to arms, and forbid the Emperor from representing Gbant in his adventure. Instead, the flags flown were that of Old Regalia- a white cross, quartered by orange, yellow, blue and teal.

Many had come to see them off. The Emperor's mother, some cousins, and Sophia of Dakmoor stood about a rooftop near the flagship, the Green Treader. It had been said that as the ships sounded their horns and departed in the Ocean, that Sophia was the last to leave. She supposedly stayed and stared until the last ship was out of sight. *She loves him*, Ormund thought upon hearing that *such a tragedy that she is not Empress*. . Although there was no word in Gbantish for "love", the Prime Minister knew it well enough. He had married his childhood sweetheart, and had been happy with her ever since.

The boarding of the fleet was no smooth affair, however. As the entourage flowed out unto the ships, many others were protesting against the Emperor and Empress. College Students mostly, and other southerners, threw fruit and rocks at those who made their way to the ships. Supporters and Protesters even became violent with each other- to the point that riot police were brought out to contain the protesters. Gaemarlán was tame in comparison to the protests that were occurring elsewhere in Gbant.

In the south, protests against the Emperor were widespread. Onmutu had it the worst. The largest city in Gbant was an international hub, filled with immigrants, university students and young professionals. Most of them turned violent upon learning of the Emperor's plans. Cars turned upside down and lit afire, windows were broken, and people were throwing burning furniture out of their apartment windows. Clashes with riot police were ongoing for the past few days.

In other major cities, such activities were occurring on a lesser scale. And in some parts of the North, there were violent clashes between supporters and protesters, over pride and prejudices.

Ghish was a mild case. A city of conservative professionals and university students, they simply stood about shouting and holding up signs. They did clog up the roads though, much to the Prime Minister's chagrin. "I am tired of this. Let me out, and I will walk into the Government Building from here". Security opened the door, and the Prime Minister walked out with his security. As he walked down the street to the government building, people shouted at him. "Stop him!" "Do something!". "Don't let him get away with this!" "Gbant isn't good enough for him is it!" "Damn the Emperor!" "Give us a Republic!"

Finally, they reached the steps of the Government Building, and they walked past the security barricade inside. The Prime Minister wasted no time- he made his way straight to the elevator, and went up to the floor that his office was on.

Ormund stormed into the office, threw his coat on the rack, and sat down hard on the sofa. "The nerve of him! How dare he do this", he shouted. "Nathan has unleashed the biggest firestorm upon Gbant since the Mad Emperor back in 1936!"

"This situation is extremely delicate", replied one of his advisors. "The world might think that Gbant is behind such an expedition."

"It's not, and we must do everything in our power to prove to the world that we have no hand in this. The Emperor acts on his own accord, and does so without the support or participation of Gbant itself."

"What should we do?" A Minister replied. "As we speak, armed rebellion has begun in Gillenor, especially in the North, where Leoni's supporters number the strongest."

Another Minister chimed in. "By the time Nathan and Leoni arrive, the nation

will most likely be already plunged into civil war. Only the Gods know what type of domino effect a war of that magnitude will have on the world, let alone the continent!"

The Prime Minister spoke. "We will correspond with the governments of other nations on the matter. Especially our allies in Gillenor. We must know what they intend on doing. They and all the rest will know that Ghant stands against this type of foreign aggression, and will do what we can to end this business as peacefully as possible."

"What about national security?", replied an advisor. "Ghant is suffering from protests, riots and clashes throughout the country over this matter. We could also be at risk of terrorist attacks!"

"We will do what we can to calm the people down. In addition, I want the Ghantish Imperial Navy mobilized and in the water patrolling our shores. If anything from beyond Ghant comes anywhere near us, I want to know about it."

"Understood", replied the Minister of Defense, who promptly began contacting the naval commanders.

These are the times that try men's souls, thought Ormund. *Never for a moment did I think that I would deal with something like this as Prime Minister. What would Malderi Haribec do?*

Malderi Haribec was considered not only the greatest Ghantish Prime Minister of all-time, but one of, if not the greatest Ghantment of all time as well. A farmer's son from the province of Onia in the southwest, the same province that Ormund hailed from. It was a land of farmsteads, small villages and vast fields of gold. A place that many spent their entire lives living modestly and in perpetual bliss and happiness.

Haribec emerged in the early 20th century as a well-intentioned MP representing his shire in Onia, to a shrewd diplomat and champion of the people. He rose quickly and never forgot his responsibility to the people- and for that he became the most popular and well respected public servant in Ghant. He soon became the most influential man in Ghant to boot. He was elected Prime Minister in 1935, but came into conflict with the Mad Emperor Nathan III, and was imprisoned for his defiance of the Emperor on matters of state. The nation rose in rebellion as a result, and when Nathan III died a few years later, his grandson and successor, Michael, released him and was subsequently reinstated as Prime Minister. The people demanded that the monarchy be abolished, but Haribec refused to entertain that notion, saying that Michael was a good man and would rule Ghant well, and that the monarchy was what made Ghant great and kept it unified. Haribec would remain Prime Minister for over 35 years, and retired shortly before his death. Upon his retirement he was offered a great lordship, but refused it, saying that he wished to die a common man. The Imperial Square in downtown Ghish had a large statue of him in a fountain, with his arms held out and a smile on his face.

Malderi Haribec was long dead and buried, but many a Prime Minister since has asked the question, "What would Haribec do?" There was no way that Ormund would know the answer to that. The best he could come up with was simply to keep the peace, and preserve the integrity and reputation of Ghant.

More conversations ensued. One in particular of interest to the Prime Minister was the report on Prince Albert, the Uncle of Emperor Nathan. "As of this morning, he is moving south." Stated a Minister. "As are his rights as next in line to the throne, he has decided to take up residence in the Imperial Palace during the absence of the Emperor, and will sit the throne in his place while he is gone."

That is not good, the Prime Minister thought. *This is a man who can never become Emperor. If he does, he will tear this Nation apart.* The Prince had an infamous reputation. He was tall and overweight, with pale white skin and jet black hair, with small beady brown eyes, a high bridged nose and worm-like lips. He was mostly known for his sharp rhetoric- a disregard for the people and for Parliament, xenophobia, racism and imperialism. "What of his wife and son? Will the be coming as well?"

"No, it is just him. The Princess is ill and the son is maintaining their estate while his father is away."

"Make sure that Albert is closely monitored at all times. This situation is difficult enough as it is. We have to make sure that he stays out of trouble and does not make the situation worse then it already is."

"Aye, we shall do what we can, then."

After a few minutes went by of discussion of the important topics of state, the Prime Minister said, "thank you all for your help. I think at this time I should be alone, to gather my thoughts." Everyone left, and soon Ormund found himself alone. *I have to do whatever is necessary to preserve the peace and prosperity of the world, he thought. I have do what Haribec did- challenge the Emperor of Gbant, and stop him if necessary. That is what is required, for the betterment of the people, and for Gbant. This War began with Gbant, and with Gbant it shall end.*

How that could be done, however, vexed him. He sat alone in his room and thought, with his forehead in his hands. He had an excruciating headache. Such was the case when the weight of the world weighs upon one's mind.

Last edited by [Gbant](#) on Thu Sep 26, 2013 11:25 am, edited 1 time in total.



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

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

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



Epraria
Postmaster of the Fleet

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

by [Epraria](#) » Thu Sep 26, 2013 12:23 pm



Chapter V

" You think we can change our nation and our people to our former glory Juan?
" A man named Roberto said. He was a long and slender man with many scars and black hair. The man that he had asked Juan didn't respond initially but eventually he answered. " Yes sir i do believe we can. It will not be easy though. the government isn't stupid. They will hunt us down without mercy if they find us i believe. "

Roberto chuckled before saying. " Of course they would. They always will and they almost succeeded once. They are corrupt now though and they haven't showed any signs of knowing we have already infiltrated them. All we need is an opportunity and then we can strike from the shadows. "

They then stood silent for a few minutes until Roberto finally said " Contact the Gbantish emperor and his empress they can be important for our success. Especially in keeping the Gillenorians out of our plans. " With that said Juan turned and left to contact the Gbantish.

The plan that Roberto had would presumably bring glory and greatness to Epraria. Something the current government had failed to do.

CODE: [SELECT ALL](#)

To: Emperor Nathan and Empress Leoni of Gbant and Regalia.
From: Roberto Eliros
Encryption: Unbreakable.

Greetings my great emperor and empress of Gbant. I am Roberto Elviro Leader of an organization named the blood ravens. What I have heard Leoni is the rightful empress of Gillenor and not Tsuni and i am willing to support that claim and become your ally if you are to support me in my plans. You see Epraria is rulled by an corrupt and weak government and the only way that can change is if a strong leader can take control and change it. I and my organization is that answer Epraria needs. Help me destroy the corrupt government and i will support you with

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

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

[political compass](#)

[Sig memes](#)

[apartment](#)

Founding Member of LAVMEO

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



Loufe
Diplomat

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

by **Loufe** » Thu Sep 26, 2013 2:15 pm

QUOTE

Chapter VI

Krasnogerai, Krasno Oblast, Loufe

"*Diya vashem svaboda, mi dayom vi Zheliz! Krasno...*" the Choir sings. People, by the thousands, are crowded around the main square, *Hero's Plaza*. The annual singing of the Krasno Gymn, is being sung by the nation's most admired Choir. After a few more songs about the greatness of the Zheliz Regime, Premier Yuri Nikolaivich takes the microphone.

"People of Loufe," he shouts into the microphone, followed by mass cheering by the crowd. Ever since the uprising, the Luvenskii people have gotten extremely patriotic, "Today, marks the day of the uprising! Exactly today, we overthrew the corrupt government and the Tsar, and gave you the Iron Freedom," he shouts, and again followed by cheers, "With your help, our nation has come a long way. So let this be a day of celebration to all Ironists! To the people, to the nation, and to our eternal leader, Volkon!" The crowd starts to chant,

"*Nikita, Alexei, y Yuri! Nikita, Alexei, y Yuri!*" Yuri walks off the stage and walks into his black Kadivac limousine. The door opens automatically for him, as he plops down into his back row passenger seat. The car, adorned with portraits of Alexei Bakanski and Nikita Volkon, as well as some new ones of Yuri Nikolaivich. Ivan, the chauffeur, starts the car off, and they head off to Yuri's Presedential Palace. Alongside Yuri in the back of the car, is Buran, a Senior Member of the Luvenskii Communist Party.

... more to come, stay tuned!



Mizrad
Senator

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

by **Mizrad** » Thu Sep 26, 2013 4:02 pm

QUOTE

Act I, Chapter VII

Roaring through the skies above New Boston, Mizrad two UH-1Y Venom helicopters fly over the city. Approaching the Government sector a few blocks north of the down-town sector they begin to hover above a group of skyscrapers bearing the Mizradian flag along with the Presidential Seal on their heli-pads. Then suddenly one of the choppers begins to descend towards a helipad. The side doors slide open, and a squad of MSDG operators can be seen. Touching down, they immediately dis-mount as their masked leader waves off the two UH-1Ys. Turning around again, the men can become more clearly seen. In full desert combat gear, they walk over to the elevator heading down from the roof. The leader of the group then pulls down his shemagh as he is approached by the guard, in full black and equally geared up with an assault rifle.

Then noticing the man's face and name: Captain John Turner, raising his ID. The gaurd then moves out of their way and salutes. The four return the salute and then head down. Arriving at the level of the armory, they step out of the elevator and head down the hall way to the vaults. Men and women in full combat gear in the Government Sector hasn't and never will be something out of the ordinary, so as usual people just mind their own business. Making their way down to the vaults the operators are greeted by a large group of heavily armed troops. Again flashing his ID, Turner and his men are let in. Taking off and turning in everything but their BDUs, boots, dog tags, pistols and their holsters.

Then exiting the room they sign in to the log:

Captain John Turner, MSDG
Master Sergeant Allen Greene, MSDG
Petty Officer 2nd Class Jake Colton, MSDG
Tech Sergeant Donald Alden, MSDG

Finishing with that, they head back to the elevator and ascend to the briefing and meeting rooms. A ding rings out as they reach the floor, soon after they arrive in the meeting room. Three columns of four rows of chairs are set up to view a tac-table with hologram pop ups already reading the message from Ghant. All along the left wall is multiple other tac-boards. The right, a see through digital whiteboard with lines of computers and desks manned by Navy, Air Force and MCIA Agents. At the head of the room the four men walk into, stands President Ryan West, General Frank Douglas, Admiral Ray Smith and Commander Micheal Gorbetz. Gorbetz being the only MSDG man of the four leaders. With that, President West speaks first after everybody in the room salutes him and sits down.

"At ease. Now, as much as I put my trust in all of you as much as a man can what I'm about to say may be one of your hardest missions yet. Gorbetz, Turner, Greene, Colton and Amer I know you all were the men to rescue the Alantican Captain and I know your struggles. That job, executed almost perfectly by all of you was one of the greatest in Mizradian history. But, what I don't want is a sideshow that turns into a major operational fuck up in what I'm about to show you equal to what happened with the Alantican SF team deployed to help you. I don't need to mention what happened, you all already know."

General Douglas then steps in, his words roll off his old and fragile yet strong and wise structure easily with a smooth and powerful voice in a polite tone. "We received this message a few hours ago by the Ghantish government, clearly stating their want for us to aid them in rolling in and essentially tearing countries who they don't like apart. Problem is we don't know who to help, so far what we've learned after Agent Ross furtherly investigated was that there is issues in Gillenor the Ghantish invasion is aimed at fixing. Though, one of the issues for us is the recreation of a monarch empire. Although it's believed we have some leverage, considering our political and military power we'll be a force here."

Agent Ross then walks in, a young man, around 27 years old with multiple college degrees and years of experience in the field despite his age. With a business suit and a heavy Boston accent acquired he speaks up.

"A force to be reckoned with, that is. Ghant wants us on their side. It's also common fact we're a major influence in the GNI despite our size. Although size doesn't matter, which we've proved in literally every fight we've been in. With that being said a "Domino Effect" may be in place to ally the GNI with Panessos. Which Mizrad wholeheartedly agrees with. So it's near confirmed we'll be aiding Ghant. Just where, when and how is the next question. Admiral, you're welcome to answer it."

Admiral Ray Smith, a 49 year old man with an amazing Naval and Marine history has brought him to be the youngest commanding Admiral in the history of not only Mizrad but all of the Grand North Imperium. With that being said, he has a wide knowledge of the Navy, how to be in it, what to do and how to do it. That and an insanely high clearance level with the same Boston accent. "I will, now if anybody here doesn't have atleast clearance on level seven, get out of my room."

The two gaurds and a few people sitting in the chairs step out, shutting the entry way to the area of computers next door before they leave.

"Gorbetz and Turner, you will be dropped into Ghant as secretively as possible. We must destroy any evidence of the fact Mizrad is going to be in this war. Mat-"

Receiving a pissed off reception from Ross he catches himself.

"Agent Ross will escort you into the country, and then break off to cover your tracks with Gorbetz. Turner, it'll be your job to head with Greene to the Palace and meet up with the King and speak to him about our involvement. Colton, you'll be leading the first response team with the Alden and "Wire". As you know he's on his way now. I'll fill him in when he comes. Until then take what you need and say good bye to your families. We'll handle setting up the meeting. Don't mention anything about Ghant, remember it's a simple border clash with Maverica. Good luck, and dismissed."

With that, the men leave the room and head out to wherever they choose to go. The room to the computers is opened up and President West gives the order to send the message.

TO: The Ghantish Emperor and Empress
FROM: The Republic of Mizrad
ENCRYPTION: Level Five, Impossible

To Whom It May Concern,

We have received your letter, and have come to the understanding you want, if not need us to help you. Although we agree with your conquest in some ways, we need to enter the depths of your reasoning and both sides of the story. For that reason, we'll be sending operatives to your nation. Now before we go ahead with that, I'd like to ask if we could do this, and if a meeting could be arranged for you, your wife and my team. Please respond ASAP, this message is urgent.

For A Brighter Future,
President Ryan West, The Republic Of Mizrad

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

Now (10/16/2013) 10:00 AM



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Fri Sep 27, 2013 12:03 pm

QUOTE

Chapter VIII - *The Prime Minister's Office, The Spring Palace, Alexandria*

NB: The First part of this is, excluding the first paragraph and the recent party political circular, identical to the earlier post in the earlier RP. The Second part is notably modified.

The similarities and differences between the situation in New Boston and Alexandria were striking. Both were high-tech. Both were poking their noses into what looked like a nasty impending war. But that was where the similarity ended. Soldiers running around in helicopters? With guns? and with salutes? How precisely did that ensure health-and-safety?

Sir Henry Taylor, Prime Minister of the United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria, relaxed at his desk, surrounded by piles of paperwork. A new defence estimate that they would need at least another seven carriers to patrol Antesalia - he tapped his fingers on his desk as the sun winked in over the hills through the great windows on the right - check. Another purposefully incomprehensible press release from the Monetary Policy Office - he adjusted the red sleeve on his cloak as the trees in the vast Palace Park wafted in the wind - check. A series of very nice looking maps of the Chattakang development project - he fiddled with his gold buttons as a restorer entered the room on tiptoe to make quiet renovation estimates for the great Portraits hanging around - check. An unflattering party political circular, with annotated comments from his political advisers, about [the Government's stance on labour trading](#) - he frowned thoughtfully as he heard the sound of the newspapers arriving in his personal political office - check. A digest of all the news from everywhere within satellite reach including the sailing of an expeditionary force shortly after the marriage of the disowned and formerly imprisoned sister of the Gillenorian Empress to the Emperor of Ghant, with a note about a highly unencryptable Mizradian signal with a suggestion that this was a highly destabilizing situation and that MIS, the Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics, would send a submarine to intercept transmissions unless he desired otherwise - he tugged his chin as a cloud floated over the ornate government boat on the lake and the Duke Palmerston and Cabinet and Security Committees ate scrambled eggs for breakfast on the Veranda -

And POP! WIZZ-BANG! went his laptop, catching fire and leaping into the middle of the carpet, a near-priceless montage that fortunately had been fireproofed eleven days previously. The alarm rang loudly, set off by sensitive heat and smoke detectors, the guards at the door leaped in, and a water cannon on the ceiling (for party amusement) opened fire, extinguishing the fire within half a second.

"Don't worry," said the Prime Minister, who had almost been falling asleep, as the Cabinet Secretary Sir Arnold barged in from behind a fake panel leading directly to his room. The PM eyed the scene through the opening windows as the automatic ventilation system kicked in and the alarm stopped, a mere three seconds after it started. The Committees on the Verandah hadn't even had the common courtesy to pretend to be concerned. The Prime Minister's

tablet beeped - a message from the Duke Palmerston - the Foreign Sec - who said "I've told tech to get you a new computer". So evidently he had read the alerts instead of getting up from the table and running over to see if anything had gone wrong.

The Prime Minister frowned with annoyance. He was quite sure it would have made little difference to their mornings if it had been a bomb. He looked around at the room. The guards were retreating. A technician had just arrived with a replacement computers. The cleaners were swarming over the room to polish over the superficial damage. It was as though nothing had happened.

And what had he done this morning, he asked himself. Nothing of importance. "Stuff it," he said to Sir Arnold, who was watching him with concern - the only person around who seemed to be real. "I'm going for a walk." He picked up a walking stick, and the country continued happily on its way, impossibly confident in its liberal interventionism and thoroughly impervious to the possibility that someone might manage to set it on another course.

The Submarine, undetectable as always and perfectly imitating a blue whale, swam along into international waters south of Ghent while drones perfectly imitating albatrosses recorded every message they could detect. The computers whirred happily as they tried to make sense of a puny encryption... until they changed their attention to something else, because, despite having an information technology industry that matched the efficient bureaucracy perfectly, there were plenty of messages to decode, and anyway they needed to try out a new software upgrade because the technicians wanted to try a full-sized game of football with robots on the lawn...

The Veranda, The Spring Palace, Alexandria

"Cracked it," announced the Duke Palmerston over a memo, resplendent in the same embroidered turquoise silk tunic that he had worn to greet the Dalrian Embassy, as he turned his attention to a baguette, butter, and honey. He waved to the PM, who was stomping around miserably on the lawn with Sir Arnold, and continued to the Committees, "Not too surprising given that the WA is so kind as to rank our information technology industry so far ahead of theirs. Although, it had a quantum-entangled virus and they ought to know that we've intercepted it as a result, quite a clever little one really as we really weren't expecting it. First time I've seen a nation of their technological know how actually notice an interception. But anyway the virus didn't shut down the network for more than a second before the continuous reboot kicked in and most units didn't even see the nuclear standby notice as it cut out immediately - " he said blithely with feigned indifference to the start of the nuclear missile launch sequences. He ate a mouthful of baguette and honey and handed the memo to Sir Edmund, the Deputy Foreign and Intelligence Secretary, who was leaning over with the same casual lack of concern. Truth be told, that sort of thing happened a few times every month, but it had never yet got too late to stop.

"They want to keep negotiations secret, ergo they've something to hide, ergo they're considering invading Gillenor," Sir Edmund noted, wondering why they had not used normal diplomatic channels, which would not have interested Ausitoria. "Although that wouldn't hold up in court," he added, just in case some of the politicians round the table were considering leaking the interception. "What are we going to do about it?"

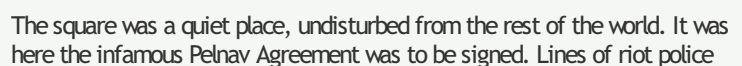
The Duke paused. "This will require some thought," he said thoughtfully, his jovial carefree expression fading into a more serious one. "It's not our war, and I'm not immediately inclined to make it ours. I'm dashed if I know which side is in the right anyhow, and that's a fact; not to mention that so far we don't know which side would be in our best interests." He was on the brink of adding "I don't know what to do". But he stopped. Of course he knew what to do: proceed with supreme confidence.

He continued smoothly. "Where there's trouble, we ought to keep an eye on affairs and gather information while we decide what to do. So send a fleet - two medium carriers, half a dozen escorts, and a few more submarines on a friendly surprise goodwill exploration visit to international waters in the area, and I want three new satellites overhead. It will serve to show our friendly interest, and, by being neutral, we will incline both sides to please us. Sir

They all nodded in agreement, and looked at each other as though about to rise. The Duke looked at his unfinished baguette, and the looked around the table. Food was eaten everywhere, and several of the civil servants pulled mournful faces. The Duke looked cross. Then he looked resigned. And then, just when everybody had given up hope, he suddenly broke into a broad smile. "But we'll finish breakfast first and still have time to slay the dragons after," he announced - an old and perfectly true Ausitorian saying.

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Wed Jun 11, 2014 7:56 am, edited 4 times in total.

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.



Posts: 88
Founded: Jun 11, 2013
Ex-Nation

laced the sidewalks around the square, awaiting the arrival of five very special guests. The first was Emir Krjec Seu, ruler of the wealthy Emirate Municipality of Ouh Ayah. It was very hot there, with temperatures in the scorching 130s. The Emir was garbed in draping green, red and grey robes, the colors of his nation, and adorned with symbols of Sunshard, the national religion. The second was Queen Thayet CLXXVIII, ruler of the island nation called Fabachor. She was a short, thin woman with the regal sword and sickle of her nation on her crown, her cape dappled with the Golden Quill, represented on her flag. Fabachor was a land of fruit. There was much agriculture there, and all Fabachorese cuisine was favored greatly in Recardian, so her arrival was welcomed. Next came President Respetyn Iurikof, democratically elected leader of Ienstovik, a northern nation bordering Suraland. It was said that the Ienstovik were deceitful creatures, capable of ripping a nation apart from the inside. He was garbed in a black pinstripe suit with a cyan tie. Lastly came Protector Florus Fabianus Pompilius Nonus Pelnavian IV, brother of Seneca Pelnavian, His Imperial Majesty.

Seneca Pelnavian stood upon a podium atop Valor Square, looking warmly down at the guests. "Welcome, esteemed leaders! It is here we sign the most important document of our time!" he said. The crowds cheered while the leaders clapped and smiled. Seneca Pelnavian had always been a very popular Emperor. He signalled to a worker who raised the symbol of the Pelnav Agreement, the flags of the nations embroidered upon a white background with laurel leaves and the lot.

Seneca took out a crimson-and-black quill dipped in red ink, and offered the leaders the utensil. They each stepped up and signed their names, agreeing to the terms Seneca Pelnavian had set down.

Behind their backs, Seneca smirked. They had fallen for his trick. Now it was time for Phase Two.

Federation of Recardian

"Nam Res Prospera!"



Mizrad
Senator

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

by Mizrad » Sat Sep 28, 2013 9:45 am



Act I, Chapter X

Ranger Mountain Underground Facility, a highly secretive base built into a mountain in northern Mizrad. With conditions here being a place where only the local Inuit population and Mizradian northerners tend to even think of spending an hour in, let alone live in permanently. A true example of the power of Mizrad, has been entangled in the threat of being compromised.

Inside the main conference room, two of Mizrad's leading military officials sit in video conference with the president and multiple other leaders. The question on everybody's mind?

"What do we do now, they really got us by the balls on this one sir."

Says the aging GOA. Frank Douglas. President Ryan West soon responds.

"Ghant just released a message, publicly announcing their intentions. This is something that absolutely changes the game, not just for us but everybody in it. The problem is the element of surprise is holding on to the edge. Now there's two ways that element can be saved. Either go public with the message, or as always just talk it out. Luckily, we've got decent relations with our little problem. I believe simple diplomacy can solve this. Now, if this does not work we can always reveal our intentions before they do. Thus, we can hopefully save ourselves some footing in this crazy world of ours. All in favor, raise your right hand."

All but two men agree, and Douglas is the first to defend the president.

"If you got any better ideas, you're welcome to share them."

With no response, it's decided to continue with President West's idea.

Although this didn't mean things much more secretive weren't going on.

2000 Miles West of Volvek

DAY TWO, 0243 HOURS, 9/28/13

Mizradian Air Lines A330 Flight 109 To Southern Ghant

1st Mizradian Special Detachment Group

OPERATION INFERNO RISING

Sitting on an Airbus A330 heading towards Ghant, the young Captain John Turner of the 1st MSDG patiently awaits his landing alongside the rest of his

group. Their mission was something only the group inside the briefing room had known, so even if somebody did manage to understand what they were trying to accomplish finding the infiltrators would be a much harder task. Especially with the deception of the Mizradians reaching out to those who had caught them. Eyeing each other as they wait for the plane to arrive at its destination only about twenty minutes away the silence is broken by the pilot speaking up.

"Hello Mizradian Air Lines passengers, thank you for choosing us to take you where you need to go! I'd like to thank our staff and you for making this quite the journey. Although we're going to have to end it soon. If you could please fasten your seat belts and turn off your electronic devices we'll be landing shortly, thank you."

Although landing shortly was a bit of an overstatement, the civilian plane hadn't been checked nearly as well as the equipment that the Mizradian soldiers were used to. Although to keep secrecy going, nobody on the plane knew who they were. To everybody there, the group was just a few tourists checking out Ghant. Unfortunately, this put them at the bottom of the food chain; right at the worst time. Looking out of his window, John is startled awake by both of the plane's engine stalling out and bursting into flames. Whipping around to the rest of his group, Turner wakes them up quietly and tells them to look out the window. Greene then starts to panic a bit but is almost instantly brought back down by Turner.

"You say one word, and this entire plane will awaken to their imminent deaths, let's grab our shit and bail."

They're then interrupted by a stewardess approaching, and then suddenly then plane shifts and begins to fall into a nose dive. With more and more people now waking up, the Mizradians grab their things and more conveniently, their parachutes. At one point in their mission, they're parachutes. Luckily their mission did involve a HALO jump. Just not from this plane.

Right after throwing on their chutes, the plane suddenly drifts into an all out nose dive. Now, the passengers begin to go insane. Without their seat belts on, the agents plummet to the back of the plane. Almost like a jump scare, the left wing's engine explodes and rips a hole in the left side of the plane. Now a growing cavity, the hole tears the plane in half. Then comes the right wing's explosion. In the blast, a shard of steel slices through the plane rips through a few people, including PO2 Coldert. Knowing they have little time left, the group jumps out of the plane. Greene, Ross and Jaeger make their way out as they dive out of the back and glide down to the ocean awaiting the right time to pull their chutes. Still inside the plane, Turner is rocketed to what remains of the small bit of fuselage attached to tail. Landing with his feet first, John begins attempting to pry the piece of steel holding down Agent Martin off. Doing so quickly, Turner grabs hold of his unconscious partner and kicks open the exit door. Then diving out, he whips past the falling debris and dodges the larger pieces of metal and fuselage. Seeing the chutes of his three other operators open up below him he lets go a sigh of relief. Despite his new found confidence, it's quickly broken as he goes to pull his chute. Suddenly to find, it's not there anymore. John then begins to yell out to himself. "Shit! Martin wake up! Wake up!"

Fortunately, he sees that Martin still managed to strap a parachute on before he was knocked out. Strapping himself to his friend, Turner rips the cord and the chute appears just in time to save him from smashing into the ocean. Ripping him up into the air as the chute opens up, the two glide down towards the rest of their group. Although the darkness of the early morning sky wasn't helping, until a flare went up a few hundred yards in front of Turner and Martin. Knowing how essential replying quickly would be, Turner fumbles around in his pockets for what few items he saved. Managing to find his shattered phone, he holds up the screen to reflect the light in Greene's direction. Then, as all Mizradian military operators are taught the response of one flare being shot up again is seen.

Guiding in his decent closer and closer to the rest of the group, Turner smashes the phone on his knee. Pulling it back up to see two large shattered pieces pop out of the remnants of the screen, he begins using them to cut away at the ropes on the chute. Approaching the surface of the water, he manages to cut off the last thread. Throwing the pieces away from his body as he falls as not to cut himself, John and Martin slam into the water from about twenty feet up. Bringing his partner's near lifeless body up to the surface with him, Turner begins to yell for the others as he swims towards the sight of the flare shooting up. Although suddenly the rough seas, becoming more and more

of a pain to swim in with the sinking fuselage beneath them begin to drag down Turner and Martin. Attempting to swim up, John finds himself being forced to make a very hard decision. Try to save Martin and possibly get both of them killed? Or save himself and let Martin drift away?

With his last breath, Turner disconnects himself from Martin and looks at him for the last time. Bringing himself back up, he gasps for breath as the waves crash over him. Still trying to yell out to his group, he uses all of his energy trying to survive.

"Allen! Matt! Where are you!?"

Kicking and swimming as the waves rail him two strokes back for every one he takes, Turner makes one last attempt at saving himself. Descending beneath the surface, John swims under the waves in the direction of the flares that had been shot up. Pulling back up to the surface, he breathes again but is smacked around by yet another wave. Coming back up, the almost angel like sight of his partner is seen. MSgt. Greene grabs Turner by the collar and the two begin to swim towards Gorbetz and Ross. Knowing that help, or the opposite would soon come; the group of four await patiently on the remains of one of the plane's wings. With mostly dark clothing on, their only hope of being found is their last two flares.

Little did the group know, they had crashed only a few clicks from their meeting point with the Ghantish fleet. All they can do now is hope they get to them first.

In The Interest of Time...

Typing up the last words of their message, the Mizradians inside Ranger Mountain put together their letter to the Librarian government. This time, simply using an actual letter. Despite low security levels, nobody would ever suspect a confidential message to be sent in public mail. Especially with the only things setting it apart known by the Mizradian government, and the receiver.

TO: The Librarian and Ausitorian Government
FROM: President Ryan West, The Republic of Mizrad

To Whom It May Concern,

Hello to all, I'm sure you are all aware of what has happened. I would like to be the first to say you have absolutely nothing to worry about. Although since I'm sure you know what is going on in Ghant, you are most likely thinking of taking sides. I can assure you that if we manage to keep our little meeting between Ghant and our overseas agents a secret, we can provide you with all the information you need to know. So long as you do not give away what we are doing, we'll let you know everything we know on what Ghant is planning to do. I'm sure you joining with us will be worth the while, right?

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

Last edited by [Mizrad](#) on Sun Sep 29, 2013 12:18 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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

Very little further seen!



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) » Sun Sep 29, 2013 2:17 am

QUOTE

OOC: If the aircraft was approaching Ghant, it should be more like 2000 miles west of Volvek.

How does the 1st Mizradian Special Detachment Group and the nearby Ghantish Fleet respond to the scrambled fighter squadron now approaching for the SOS? Do the special forces have any reflective material on them? How fast do the parachutes sink? How much is the moon shining? How rough are the seas?

Chapter XI - The Foreign Secretary's Office, The Spring Palace, Alexandria

FPO-MIS



To: Ommund Bortidoc, Prime Minister of Ghant
From: The Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics, The Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria
Encryption: Maximum, Top Secret

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your kind outline of the situation within Ghant. We are highly concerned by the threat to peace and prosperity.

The fact remains that while one of your own citizens (i.e. His Imperial Majesty Nathan IV) uses the Empire of Ghant as a base for destabilizing war you are enabling and supporting his actions. As nations consider pre-emptive strikes, we would therefore suggest that you attempt to minimize fall-out, e.g. by enacting and enforcing anti-firearm legislation that extends to your Emperor's war preparations, so that he is unable to turn Ghant into a personal weapons depot. Then the world will know that he does not operate under your protection, explicit or implicit.

We look forward to your reply.

Yours,
Duke Palmerston,
Foreign Secretary, *on behalf of*
The Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria

The bureaucracy really was quite magnificent, Duke Palmerston marveled to himself, as he reviewed in his mind's eye the intricate workings of the many offices, ministries, and agencies as he sipped a glass of sparkling water from the velvet armchair in his dark and ornately decorated office. Without asking for it, they had already written exactly the right message - a minimal hint of what the Imperial Commonwealth thought, a veiled threat, absolutely nothing committal, a veiled offer of help, nothing attributable; a message short, and to the point - and they had applied his signature on his behalf and sent it.

An office handling new matters of state had, entirely of its own initiative, formed a policy team on the incident reporting to MIS & the FPO from amongst the departments, the team had created a secretarial team from persons due for promotion, which had drafted the words; the policy team had checked the result, and referred it to appropriate committees within the main Ministerial Offices, who had modified the emphasis and approved it; and then the committees had ordered it to be sent, and that was all within eleven brief minutes. Three dozen people had spent thirty seconds each to decide, organize, or create this particular message, and all through it His Majesty's Government had taken its majestic course without a single hitch.

Perfect. Now all that remained was to keep watching for an opening where they would see where the interests of the Imperial Commonwealth and their creed of liberal interventionism might best be served.

The Nuclear Watch Office, The Spring Palace

It was, naturally, the Nuclear Watch Satellites that picked up the heat signature of an aircraft going up in flames. Designed to detect intercontinental missile launches, a great big stationary fire was as obvious as a light-house next door which, due to a mathematician misreading his own notes, accidentally used up the entire electrical output of the accretion disc of a galaxy-swallowing black hole. The first response of the Nuclear Watch Office, as they observed the aircraft in a low-sweep pointed towards the nearby Ghantish Fleet, was to vector in a fighter squadron from the nearest carrier - which luckily was a mere five hundred kilometers away. Although the fireball would appear to preclude the chance anyone had survived, someone might have been exceptionally lucky, and even if not, a wing might float for a while which would give them a chance to investigate the causes. As an international

incident in international waters, the Watch Office also dispatched a general SOS to all neighbouring countries for the location.

Aircraft did not usually suddenly catch fire and blow themselves to pieces, and the Nuclear Watch Office, after a further ten seconds of deliberation, called in the terrorist investigation squad. It was, therefore, a mere sixty seconds after the attack began that half the cabinet had been informed:

MIS Nuclear Watch Flash Report:

A commercial aircraft has caught fire and exploded between
This Report is Computer Generated. Please apply to the Ministry



The Spring Palace, Alexandria

Any message delivered to the Government - an ill-defined sprawling nonsense that only just managed to keep the country from the brink of anarchy - was handled in the first instance as a request by the Freedom of Information Office, which fortuitously was part of the Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics. The Ministry was well-managed, and thus although the message was opened by a civilian operating in a quasi non-government private company specializing in postal management, when the second line was read the message was immediately sent in a tube upstairs to the Verification Officer without further reading, who verified its point of origin before sending it upstairs again to a Watch Officer of the Special Operations Office, a thousand-person-office with a rotating staff designed to handle day-to-day emergencies like forced landings of aircraft, ongoing spying operations, hostage incidents, special forces, large scale motorway accidents, international declarations of war, and the like; and spent most of the time doing drills unless there actually were emergencies to worry about. The letter, now finally being read for the full contents, made the final bureaucratic jump to the Cabinet, with a note in the margin by the diligent Watch Officer that it might be related to the Nuclear Flash report. He had guessed the entire story in conjunction with the system reboot.

This was not the sort of message that the Foreign Policy Office could respond to without some sort of consultation, which delayed the response by a fatal sixty seconds, and the Prime Minister's Office had a mole in the TIS, and, distinctively nettled about being left entirely out of the process, demanded explanations for why the Prime Minister had not been informed immediately. The Security Committee's torturous and tautological reply failed to satisfy the Prime Minister Sir Henry Taylor, who barged into the luxuriously decorated office where the Duke of Palmerston had just worked out his preferred course of action, and was furiously forcing his decision through the top of government to keep the Prime Minister out of it.

"Look here," started the PM, but was forestalled by Palmerston. "I do wish you'd knock," he commanded, scribbling furiously. "We do not consider that this is at all appropriate behaviour," he added, enunciating each word distinctively, turning the PM a bright shade of beetroot until the PM realized that that was what Palmerston was writing. "It is not a sincere offer of assistance, it is an offer of convenience, and I suggest we sit on it and work out the diplomatic options," Palmerston finished. He looked up the PM. "What can I do for you?" he asked belligerently.

"What are you doing?" retorted the PM.

"Writing," replied the Duke scathingly. The PM took a deep breath.

"What are you doing about Mizrad? You're not to start a war without proper consultation, I won't permit it."

"That's what I've just decided to do. I mean, I've decided not to start a war without proper consultation," he clarified. "Look," he said, and passed the PM the untidy scrawl he was writing, which was clearly labelled to the Deputy Foreign Secretary, "Mizrad is conducting secret diplomacy and they sent a message *admitting* it, therefore we can blackmail them. An aircraft has exploded just East of Ghant - I don't know if you've been watching the news - on a probably related terrorist incident. If we outright reject Mizrad or leak, events will move faster, and we make an enemy before we even enter the war. By doing nothing about their message, we can gain information from all quarters - and our fighters are searching for survivors and buzzing the

The Duke smiled, a smile which slowly slid into a sigh. With a philosophical look on his face he returned to the business of running the government. The Prime Minister could be such a nuisance.

To: The Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics, The Imperial Commonwealth of
Libraria and Ausitoria
From: Ormund Bortidoc, Prime Minister of Ghant

Ghant
Minister

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

Encryption: Maximum, Top Secret

To Whom it May Concern,

The Emperor has taken what men and munitions were availed to him and has left the country. All that he had access to has left with him. There will be nothing else leaving the country now, what has left has left. We were powerless to stop him or those pledged to him. However, now that they have all since departed, Ghant can begin planning ways to deal with the situation.

Having said that, anti-arms legislation is not the answer, because the people would never consent to such a limitation. The Emperor is not using our country as a base of operations, only as a gathering point. That situation no longer exists here. He has received nothing else since he has left the country. All who remain are not in support of his agenda.

Ghant will not act in hostility by any means. This country is on lock-down. We fear that we will be held responsible for his actions, and we are prepared to defend ourselves as necessary.

We look forward to your reply.

Yours,
Ormond Bortidoc



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



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Sun Sep 29, 2013 2:44
am



Chapter XI (cont.) - *The Foreign Secretary's Office, The Spring Palace, Alexandria*

The Duke always liked to follow things to their logical, rule-bound conclusion, and in this case he was finding the conclusion delightful. Arrange to isolate the Emperor diplomatically from his home country: what a blow that would be to his cause! Then hope that everybody would go home again, although he feared it would not be so simple.

FPO-MIS

By Order of His Majesty's Government

To: Ormund Bortidoc, Prime Minister of Ghant
From: The Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics, The Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria
Encryption: Maximum, Top Secret

Dear Sir,

Whether you like it or not, you are responsible for protecting your citizens at home and abroad. That includes your Emperor and those amongst you who have joined him

If you are to be truly separate, you must be legally separate, and you must separate your self from your Emperor. There are a few ways we can think of doing this. First, rescind your Emperor's citizenship. Second, grant your Emperor and his fellow adventurers independence. Third, reign in your citizens by banning them from carrying out private wars. Your citizens are your responsibility.

We would suggest that you draw the attention of your Emperor to the possibility of these measures, and we shall see if we can put a stop to this before it really starts.

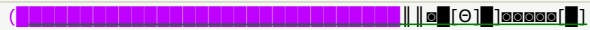
In any of these actions you would have the complete support of The Imperial Commonwealth.

Yours,
Duke Palmerston,
Foreign Secretary, *on behalf of*
The Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria

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

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



Gillenor
Chargé d'Affaires

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

by **Gillenor** » Sun Sep 29, 2013 11:28 am



The Imperial Palace, Osserheim, Gillenor

Empress Tsuni Yousloff sat in her usually place on the sofa in her living quarters, a cup a hot Oolom Tea on the table in front of her. She was wearing a blue summer dress, personally she hated the thing, it was way too feminine, but Alisa seemed to like it. The television was blaring on in front of her, it was GNA News, a report on how the recently escaped Gillenorian prisoner, and her sister were in Ghant. Laoni Yousloff was to be married to Emperor Nathan Gentry of Ghant. Tsuni was scowling at the screen.

"Please, do calm down Tsuni, I'm sure it's a matter that can be settled down quite easily" a man, John Hallander, The Gillenorian Minister of Foreign Affairs, sat in a chair opposite Tsuni. His hands out in a calm down gesture.

"Why would I do that!? Do they even know why she was detained!?" Tsuni screamed, anger in her voice.

"Well...no, we kept that classified" replied John in an apologetic tone.

"You'd think they'd get the idea though when we mention she's a terrorist!" She replied, still quite angry. "Not to mention she's complete psychopath and is probably going to turn Ghant against us!" she added. Suddenly she felt two arms around her chest come from the back of the chair, she turned slightly to find Crown Consort Alisa Nesterenko, her wife, hugging her.

"You're taking this too seriously" Alisa smiled "You always do, stop thinking with a tactical mind and think emotionally." Her arms around Tsuni, she could feel her calming down.

Tsuni's face changed from anger and she smiled slightly, Alisa was right, she needed to think differently for once. "You're right, but I know she's plotting something."

"Maybe Emperor Nathan just married her because of her bloodline? You know they're obsessed with all that Regalian nostalgia." Alisa replied, moving around the side of the sofa to sit with Tsuni. As she sat down she looked and smiled at her wife "Think about it, they marry for bloodlines and such, not like us who marry for love."

Tsuni smiled, she leaned forward picked up her tea and took a sip of it. "I suppose, Ghantish royals are flawed like that."

"Maybe we could ask them to put a sanction on her?" Interjected John.

"I guess, they probably won't though" Tsuni replied, her eyes now stuck to the TV. It was now showing film of the wedding, Laoni was walking down the aisle, you could see many different Ghantish nobles and government officials.

"I didn't know Sepuki was a Rosea" Alisa said, remarking her pink hair.

"She didnt used to be." Tsuni simply replied.

Last edited by [Gillenor](#) on Mon Oct 28, 2013 1:55 pm, edited 2 times in total.

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



Mizrad
Senator

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

by [Mizrad](#) » Sun Sep 29, 2013 11:53 am



-The delete button kind of failed to do it's job on this post-

Last edited by [Mizrad](#) on Sun Sep 29, 2013 7:26 pm, edited 2 times in total.

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

Now 100% nuclear powered!



Mizrad
Senator

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

by [Mizrad](#) » Sun Sep 29, 2013 7:25 pm



OOC: My past post was edited, hope it sounds better now.

IC:

Act I, Chapter XIV

Ranger Mountain Underground Facility
DAY TWO, 04:37 HOURS, 9/29/2013
Intelligence and Monitoring Sector
29th Intel Division
OPERATION INFERNO RISING

Sitting in the central computer room, the young and talented Intel Officer Helena Farland is the first to discover that the downed Mizradian plane was the flight that the Mizradian agents had been on. To keep things more secretive, only Farland and Ross' team were aware of what flight they would be on. Ross, because he was on it and Helena because she was tasked with being their handler. Although she had never thought things would go so wrong. Standing up and making her way to Chief Intelligence Operator Sanders, Helena begins to worry. If the Librarians were to somehow find the agents before the Gbantish Coast Guard did things could go horribly wrong.

Knocking on the Sanders' door she enters and sits down at his desk. "Mr. Sanders, Ross and his team's plane just went down off the coast of Gbant. I'm sure you're well aware of what the risks are to responding to this differently than any other civilian plane crash. Although the only three options we have are help them, leave them or act casual about it." Sanders sighs before responding. Reaching to the cup of coffee on his desk, he sips from it as he ponders upon what to say. "We're going to have to roll with it as casually as possible. If we can get Gbant to search for the "Survivors" for us, things will be all the better. I'll send the order for somebody to get a message to Gbant as soon as we can."

Ranger Mountain Underground Facility
DAY TWO, 04:47 HOURS, 9/29/2013
Foreign Relations and Communications Sector
Communications and Radio Operations Division
OPERATION INFERNO RISING

Receiving the message from the Librarians, a young radio operator immediately wires it to CIO Sanders. With a beeping noise coming from his computer, Sanders spins his chair around to see what it is. Finding the message he begins to read it quietly to himself. Then reaching the end of the letter, the sip of coffee in his mouth is ejected on to the desk in front of him. Although he is calmed by the thought of being able to turn things around on the Librarians if they were to do anything against Mizrad. This wouldn't stop him from informing the higher ups though.

In the meantime, the messages being typed up for both the Ghantish government and Librarian leaders are finished and sent.

TO: The Government of Ghant
FROM: Chief Intelligence Officer Ian Sanders, the Republic of Mizrad
ENCRYPTION: None

To Whom It May Concern,

I'm sure you are very well aware of the issue that has risen after the crash of one of our airline's planes in your nation. We understand this may be a bit of pain to you and your country but, if you were to take control of the search and rescue operation until a few Mizradian ships arrive your work would be very much appreciated.

For A Brighter Future,
Chief Intelligence Officer Ian Sanders, the Republic of Mizrad

TO: The Government of Libraria and Ausitoria
FROM: Chief Intelligence Officer Sanders, the Republic of Mizrad
ENCRYPTION: None

To Whom It May Concern,

We thank you for your support, although sending your resources off course may be unnecessary as both Mizradian and Ghantish assets are en route to handle the situation. Though despite that, any help you send would be very much appreciated. As an answer to your question; yes flares are standard on all Mizradian planes. This is simply as a survival precaution in case a situation comes up that they are needed. Now is a perfect example. Weather or not this crash was accidental or not is to be determined but, on the rare occasion that this was either a terrorist attack or a legitimate structural failure is up for debate. Although, this can be determined after some investigation. Thanks again for the help.

For A Brighter Future,
Chief Intelligence Officer Sanders, the Republic of Mizrad

Last edited by [Mizrad](#) on Mon Sep 30, 2013 3:51 am, edited 1 time in total.

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

Reply with quote



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) » Sun Sep 29, 2013 11:49 pm

QUOTE

OOC: You're leaving far too much IC time between posts. We would have fighter jets in the area conducting preliminary searches within fifteen minutes of the fireball, and we'd have helicopter-style search-and-retrieval craft within forty-five minutes. Would you/Ghant get there faster? IC:

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

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

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

Reply with quote



by [Kravia](#) » Wed Oct 02, 2013 11:31 am

QUOTE

Act I, Chapter XV

Kravia
Attaché

Posts: 69
Founded: Oct 06, 2012
Ex-Nation

The Kravian Imperial Palace, Kokorevka

The emperor looked at the face of the prince from his bed with an tired look. The Emperor Vladimir had been in bed since he had caught an disease and it had made him weaker and weaker to the point where the doctors didn't think he was going to make it. Those news had made him sad indeed and he felt that he needed to see his daughter again before he died just to know that his daughter was safe. " Artyum. " he said to the prince who looked at Vladimir and said. " yes father what is it? " Vladimir waited and took a breath before saying. " Where is Alisa? I want to see her before I die. " Artyum looked at him before saying. " Father she is in Gillenor. She isn't here. " Vladimir chuckled before replying " Then call her so that she comes here I want to see her before I die my son. " artyum went silent for a little bit before saying. " yes Father it will be done. " Artyum left the room and Vladimir was alone again awaiting his own death.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: The Crown Princess of Kravia Alisa of House Nesterenko.
From: prince Artyum of House Nesterenko.
Encryption: very hard.

Dear sister it is with sorrow that I must report that our father is dying and one of his last wishes is to see you again. So I am now asking you to go to Kokorevka and meet father one last time. Remember that you are the heir to kravia and you will need to take control of our fair nation when he dies.



Ghant
Minister

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

by **Ghant** » Wed Oct 02, 2013 8:56 pm



Act I Chapter XV The Sea of Ghant

The Emperor had the same dream every night. A memory that seemed sweet, yet somehow bitter.

The occasion was the 10th anniversary celebration of his reign, held in the Summer of 2006. The Emperor was 18, and was reaching an age when marriage was becoming a higher priority. Eligible noble ladies from all across dance descended upon Ghish that weekend, and the Imperial Palace was crawling with them. Hundreds of young women vying for his attention constantly. The Emperor had been overwhelmed that whole weekend. Especially during the Royal Ball.

The Emperor had danced with more of these women then he could keep track. They all tried to charm him, and he could not blame any of them for that. What young lady wouldn't want to be Empress of Ghant? How many of them actually wanted to love him, be with him? He assumed that many just wanted the crown, the title and prestige. For this reason, none of these women stood out to him, or captured his attention. Except for one.

It was late on the last night of the final ball. The Emperor had danced with the vast majority of the women that had come for the celebration. After he had danced with some forgettable northern lady, a woman had emerged from the crowd. Everyone in attendance, man and woman alike, stepped aside for her, and stared in awe. She was tall, thin, with hair as black as jet, fair skin, and deep blue eyes the color of the sea. She was wearing a red dress, and had a necklace of amethyst around her neck. He knew who she was, but couldn't believe it at the same time. Sophia, Princess of Dakmoor.

Their fathers were best friends from childhood. Nathan and Sophia had essentially grown up together as a result- spending much time together when their fathers visited each other. Even after his father died when he was 6, Sophia and her father frequented Ghish. Once he became Emperor at age 9, Nathan saw her less and less, but still did on occasion. One such occasion was when he and Sophia's father met at a conference in the Greenlands when they were both 13. Sophia had come along. It was at sunset on Lake Greenwater, when he told her how much he liked her, and how pretty she was. She was shy, but she blushed and held his hand. They shared their first kiss, and held each other close as the sun set over the lake. He wished that moment would never end, and wondered if she felt the same way.

The following day her and her father left, and he had not seen her since. She

had gone off to school, and his responsibilities as Emperor had increased. The royal ball was six years after that kiss, and the Emperor's feelings for Sophia had not changed in the slightest.

As she approached him on the floor of the hall, everyone watched, quietly. He never took his eyes off of her as she walked towards him, slowly and methodically. Her stride was fluid, and enchanting. She had a smile to die for- never had the Emperor seen someone so beautiful. When she finally reached him, he embraced her, and they started to dance. They talked, and laughed, catching up on old times. He was memorized. He wanted her badly. He made no secret of his desire. He told her how not a day went by in those 6 years in which he didn't think about her. He looked her in eyes when he said it. In her eyes, he was lost. While they danced, the world around him seemed to have stood still- everything was frozen, except them.

She had been drinking, that was no secret. After the dance was over, she broke from him. Instead of waiting for the next lady to dance with, he pursued her. They continued to talk, and laugh, over drinks. He ignored them all- his attention was devoted to Sophia. They left the ballroom and walked around the palace for a time. They continued to talk, laugh- and drink deep into the night. They eventually were away from everyone else, and found themselves alone. Somewhere deep in the palace, he kissed her, and she kissed him back. One thing lead to another, and eventually they found themselves in his bedchamber. They were all over each other. He didn't know what he was doing- but she did. He took her every way a man can take a woman. He had never been with a woman before, and it seemed to be over as quickly as it began. It was pure ecstasy.

As soon as the deed was done, they laid there for a time, embracing each other as lovers might. She seemed tense though. After a time, she got up abruptly, and began to redress. She said that she had to leave. He felt a sense of unease- she was clearly uncomfortable. He begged her not to leave. He asked her then and there to be his Empress, and rule all of Ghant with him. She said she couldn't. She said that she made a mistake, and that she was sorry. She said that it was the alcohol. She left in a haste, and he tried to pursue her, wearing only a robe he grabbed and slipped on in his room as he was running after her. She ran from him, and he couldn't keep up. He cried out for her, but she didn't look back. She was gone. He collapsed in some nameless hallway, lost and weak in the knees. He cried like a little girl, and cursed the Gods. He realized that she was all that he ever wanted, and she denied him. She denied a crown, and his love. He had seen her seldom since- she had went off to college and university, and became a model. He became more and more removed from the world as Emperor. He sunk into a deep pit of despair.

And then he would wake up, alarmed and sweating. *To hell with that dream*, he would think to himself. *Such is the way of womenfolk. Dreadful creatures truly.*

Laoni Yousloff was no exception. She maintained her own bedchambers aboard the ship, and would visit his room during random nights. They would go about their marital duties, and then she would leave, and return to her own quarters. It was always quick, and without passion. *She does not love me*, Nathan would think to himself, *she only loves the power and prestige that I give her.*

Tonight was no different. After Laoni left his room, rather than go to sleep, and face the possibility of having the same dream again, he got dressed in his evening clothes and went up to the deck of the ship. The air was still, and so was the water. The Sea of Ghant was still for the first night of the voyage. It was eerie- the water and the night were black. At the front of the ship stood Sepuki Yousloff, staring out into the void. Nathan approached her.

"What are you doing, sister-in-law?" He asked her.

"What does it look like I am doing?" Sepuki replied. "I am staring out into the sea. A truly wretched sea I might add. This is the first night I can ever recall the Sea of Ghant being still."

"The old legends say that the Sea of Ghant was put upon us a punishment for our sins. It is our cage, isolating us forever from the rest of the world, so that we may face our atonement."

"Fuck the Gods", Sepuki replied. "All they ever seem to do is make life harder

for us mortals. I swear, they enjoy tormenting us."

"Perhaps they do." That made him think of his recurring dream. "I will leave you to your solitude". Nathan walked away, and descended back to his chambers. The night was old, and letters needed to be written. He opened his laptop and got to work.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: Roberto Eliros
From: Nathan IV, Emperor of Ghant
Encryption: Unbreakable.

My wife and I would be honored to see you and your constituents ascend to power in Epraria. I will discuss with my wife ways that we can aid you in your venture, so that you might be better able to take power there, and be in a position to support our claim to the thrones that we seek.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

TO: The Republic of Mizrad
FROM: Nathan IV, Emperor of Ghant
ENCRYPTION: Level Five, Impossible

To Whom It May Concern,
We have received your letter, and we would be much honored and obliged if you would agree to meet with us aboard the Green Treader. There is much for us to discuss. Your team will be entertained and enjoy every hospitality that can be offered.

For A Brighter Future,
Nathan IV, Emperor of Ghant

After writing these letters, he tried to stay awake. Down in the depths of the ship, it was hard to know when the sun would come up, or if it had. Eventually he could not stay awake any longer, and fell asleep upon his bed. Then the dream occurred again.

He woke up to the sound of shouting. Laoni was pushing him and telling him to get up. "Dammit. What is the problem?"

Laoni yelled. "A plane crashed west of our ship. There are survivors!"

"And where was this plane from, and who are these survivors?"

"The plane, and the people were coming from Mizrad."

This ought to be interesting, he thought to himself.

Last edited by **Ghant** on Wed Jun 18, 2014 5:08 pm, edited 5 times in total.



Ghant



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

Commended by **Security Council Resolution #450**

Recipient of the **Greater Dienstad Roleplay Reward**

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



Ghant
Minister

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

by **Ghant** » Wed Oct 02, 2013 8:57 pm



Act I
Chapter XVI
Ghish

Sophia of Dakmoor found herself in a most unpleasant situation. Her father had been the Lord Paramount of the Landsraad, but was forced to take a leave of absence from his office in order to remain in Dakmoor in order to keep the Province from rebelling against the Empire. The moves made by Nathan and Laoni were especially unpopular there, but the Great Lord would not suffer rebellion. Despite his own personal dissatisfaction with recent events, he

remained loyal to the nation, and insisted that the rest of the Province would as well.

She recalled the conversation that she had with her father. "I need you to do something for me, Sophia." Her father said. "I need you to do something that requires much from you."

"What might that be, father?"

"During my leave of absence from the Landsraad, I would appoint you as my proxy as Lord Paramount of the Landsraad."

She was taken back by that. "Father, no woman has ever served as Lord Paramount of the Landsraad! There is no way that the other lords, or the government leaders would respect me in that role!"

"You might think that, and rightfully so. Although no woman has served in that capacity, there is a first time for everything. And you are no ordinary woman, Sophia. You are well educated in government and politics. You have enough knowledge in foreign affairs to put any minister to shame! And you have charisma. Everyone there adores you, and they will listen to you. I have absolute faith in your abilities."

"You humble me, father. But why not ask Michael? He is your son and heir, surely he could use the experience."

"Your brother does not have the skill and statecraft like you do. He prefers to spend his days drinking and hunting. You were always the one worthy of Lordship. Woe be to the Gods and to Ghant had you been born a man!"

She blushed at that. "What would you have me do in this role? I wouldn't even know where to begin."

"You have...familiarity with the Emperor. You know what kind of person he is, who he is. You will know how to react to this situation appropriately. You can use your popularity and charisma to calm down the Landsraad- they have been infighting for a month now over all of this. And you can aid the Prime Minister in handling the foreign affairs nightmare. Use your best judgment, your wisdom, and your education."

"I will try, father. I promise."

"Good. Thank you. Your mother would be proud of you. Now I must go. God's speed, Sophia."

The next few days were particularly stressful. She maintained an apartment in downtown Ghish. She watched most of the news covering recent events, and began researching things of import that might help her in her role. She was also nervous of getting involved in government affairs, but the time was neigh- especially after hearing of a plane crash off the coast. It was a Mizradian plane, and the crash seemed terribly convenient.

She put on a long purple dress with black trim, her nicest pair of boots, and grabbed her briefcase. She caught a cab to the government building, tipped the driver generously, and strode into the government building.

The security at the entrance was stiff. "Hold on there miss" said the guard. "You know I cannot let you in here without authorization."

"I thought you might say something like that", she said with a big smile. She then pulled out her father's seal, declaring her his proxy as Lord Paramount of the Landsraad. "How is that for authorization?"

The officer looked at it, and stepped aside. "Welcome to the Government Building, ma'am".

She went directly to the elevator, and pushed the button for the floor with the conference room. *This will be interesting*, she thought. *I wonder how all of these ministers will react.*

The elevator stopped, and the elevator doors opened. She stepped out and walked down the hallway at a brisk pace. She reached the double doors that

lead into the conference room, and again there were big security guards, asking her for authorization. She showed them her father's seal, and they opened the doors for her.

There were at least 20 men in the room, including the Prime Minister and his cabinet, all arguing over some maps, charts and letters. They all went silent as she walked in, and they all stared. Most of them stared at her chest, with the exception of the Prime Minister, who stared at her face, and with a blank expression on his face.

The Prime Minister spoke, "Sophia of Dakmoor! What are you doing here? What business do you have here? We are discussing matters of great national security."

"I know you are", she said as she approached him. "Take a look at this, Mr. Prime Minister." She threw her father's seal on the table in front of him, and then sat down next to him, and smiled.

The Prime Minister picked it up, and read it. "I can't believe this. Malibar has always been brazen, but this takes it to a whole new level! By what right does he name his daughter, a model, celebrity, recent University graduate, and a woman for that matter, as the Lord Paramount of the Landsraad! No woman has ever served in that role before."

"With all due respect, Mr. Prime Minister, I graduated at the top of my class from the Political Science Academy of Ghish, and with honors from the University of Onmutu. I am well educated and knowledgeable in foreign affairs, law, and statesmanship. That probably makes me just as, if not more qualified to be here than half the people in this room. And besides, aren't I nice to look at?" She said that last sentence coyly.

The Prime Minister grunted. "So be it. What do you propose we do?"

She replied, "Let me write these letters to Libraria and Mizrad."

"And why would I let you do that?"

She spoke bluntly. "Nathan has most likely already approached Mizrad about supporting his claim. If Mizrad joins him and Laoni, this will all be over before it even had a chance to begin. This 'plane crash' is clearly some kind of a ploy. Mizradian agents are most likely meeting with Nathan to discuss diplomacy. We need to intercept them, and we need to discuss diplomacy with them instead."

"It is most likely too late for that, my lady. The plane crashed due west of the Green Treader. Chances are that Nathan already has them aboard ship, or will soon enough"

"That is unfortunate. If that is truly the case, then we must wait and see what Mizrad does. I believe that they will want to gather all of the intel that they can before they commit to anything. They will speak to us once they are done with Nathan, I suspect."

"And Libraria?"

"I will deal with the Librarians. Just give me the laptop."

The Prime Minister feebly passed the laptop to her. Sophia began to type.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

TO: Chief Intelligence Officer Ian Sanders, the Republic of Mizrad
From: The Government of Ghant
ENCRYPTION: None

To Whom It May Concern,
We will do whatever we can to aid you in the search and rescue efforts. We will send out ships to find survivors. Not a man will perish as long as we can prevent it.

We would also like to arrange a meeting between representatives of your government and ours, so that we might discuss recent events of import.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: The Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics, The Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria
From: Sophia of Dakmoor, of the House Dakmaran, Lord Paramount of the Landsraad of the Empire of Gbant.
Encryption: Maximum, Top Secret

Dear Sir, and with all due respect,

We are bound by ancient Gbantish law to not interfere in this matter. The Emperor is not a citizen of Gbant. He is a "special individual", who operates by a different set of rules.

She pushed the laptop back over to the Prime Minister. "There you go. Now we wait. And also, may I speak to you alone, Mr. Prime Minister?"

"Certainly", he replied.

They went to a private room, and that was where she said in a quiet voice, "If the Emperor succeeds, we will be held accountable. There is only one way to ensure that this outcome does not occur."

"And that is?"

"Assassinate Laoni Yousloff."

Last edited by **Gbant** on Wed Jun 18, 2014 5:13 pm, edited 5 times in total.



Gbant



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



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

☐ by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Thu Oct 03, 2013 2:37 am

QUOTE

OOC: Long post warning. Everything until *** is background information concerning the colossal shift of power within the Ausitorian government. It explains the psychology of the government better - it certainly explained it better to me. IC:

It was the pleasure of a Ministry of Foreign Affairs quite unfettered to push for drastic action.

Normally the government of The Imperial Commonwealth had been run on the same principle of balance of power that they had so carefully enforced on a large scale within the regions they inhabited. The Cabinet Secretary and the Cabinet Office managed inter-departmental administration, tying everybody up in the most flexible of red-tapes that could not only halt an entire government department but whip another one into action. The Exchequer controlled the money, starving enemies of cash and rewarding friends with bounty and prestige. The Prime Minister occupied his office and fired policies into the fray, ordering whatever he desired. The Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics spewed ideas left-right-and-center, and gave information worth King's ransoms to their allies. Dozens of lesser departments angled for prestige and patronage. The Supreme Court kept all the competing policies within the confines of the law. And the Emperor quietly guided them on their long-term objective: infinite prosperity for all realities.

But with a vacant throne, a paralyzed Prime Minister, the Exchequer uninformed about and effectively excluded from goings-on in the corridors of power, and the Foreign Secretary running the Cabinet Office in cahoots with the Ministry of Intelligence and Statistics staff, the entire government was being run, *all* the time, by the Duke of Palmerston, a humble foreigner from an associate nation who had risen so startlingly quickly that it was a wonder

that he fitted into the system so perfectly.

The Duke was aware of his previously unheard of power, and was not a little disturbed by it. A lesser man than he would have already been corrupted, but he knew he was one of those termed 'Ausitorian Princes' - people who thought it was more of a mental challenge to be good than to be evil. Thus he paused as he again weighed up the facts, feeling the responsibility of the entire government, and indeed the entire universe, resting on his shoulders. He again considered the points.

1. *War should be stopped if at all possible.*
2. *Ghant should not be pushed into thinking we are an enemy.*
3. *Ghant should be pushed into helping more effectively with (1).*

He paused again and added another.

4. *Ghant should not be pushed into helping with (1) if it results in any act that I - he paused and time stood still. "I"? What gave him that power? Yes, he had that power! But should he use it? For one terrible half-second he wondered if he should cross the Rubicon. What was the motto of an Ausitorian Prince? Proceed with supreme confidence! He crossed it - and finished the sentence - would disapprove of.*

He paused again, visibly shaken. There, in his own handwriting, was proof that he considered himself to be the government. "De principio" he muttered to himself. In principle. If something was in principle the same, it was equivalent, and in principle he knew he was the government. "De principio" allowed pirates to be guilty but not liable for insider trading, allowed what most nations thought of as slavery, constitutionalized prostitution, had finally moved the nation to what those WA gnomes called anarchy, and now appeared to allow him to act like the entire government. No wonder the old Emperor had always skirted around the concept whenever possible, he thought.

So he had made that terrible step to absolute power. Absolute power within the law, so not strictly absolute, but "De principio absolute" he muttered to himself. He knew perfectly well that he would never do anything outside the law. But government was not designed for sole responsibility, he knew. Yes, he might be an Ausitorian Prince, but he had no desire for absolute power.

The cuckoo in the cuckoo-clock sprung forth. It was seventeen minutes past the hour, the wrong time, and the clock said so too. He lifted the lid, and his eyes alighted on a microphone hidden inside; with golden writing on it. "Think." The personal motto of the last Emperor.

He chuckled. He knew what that first Ausitorian Prince had done when he had discovered that he had absolute power. He had not been corrupted. But he had proceeded with Supreme Confidence through wars and bloodshed, and at the end, although he knew perfectly well that he had done his best, he had no desire to Proceed with that sort of Supreme Confidence any more, and, after setting the Empire back on the right course, had retreated from such a terrifying position.

Could he retreat now? A power vacuum would follow, he knew; he knew also that those who filled it would be given the same choice as him. "Hoisted by my own Petard," he said, as he proceeded with Supreme Confidence: he too would try to set the Empire back on the right course.

Regarding Ghant, he was now sure that he wasn't reasonably sure of the right course. The best thing to do was therefore wait until more information was gathered.

To: Sophia of Darkmoor, of the House Dakmaran, Lord Paramount of the Landsraad of the Empire of Ghant
From: The Foreign Secretary's Private Office, The Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria
Encryption: Maximum, Top Secret

My Lady,

If the Emperor is outside your jurisdiction, could you please inform us so; and

Yours,
The Duke of Palmerston
Foreign Secretary

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

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



"What do you mean that we can't maintain the reactor temp?" Jorg yelled into the red phone, sweat was running down his forehead, the alarm that signaled that everybody was to evacuate echoed in the background. "Listen, I suggest that you guys leave now, the reactor is getting out of-" He couldn't finish the

sentence. He was thrown to the ground by the explosion and the room immediately got very hot. He looked through the glass at the Reactor 3 room, smoke was bellowing out of the entrance, and in the background he could see fire. The heat inside the room was dramatically increasing. Jorg opened up the door to leave the room, smoke filled the inside. He ran into the darkness, never to be seen again. It was 02:31 whenever the reactor exploded, the radiation from the explosion had already head in the tide of the wind, and was aiming towards Central Epraria and Rhodesea.

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Economic Left/Right: -5.00

Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -2.56

I am a Marxist-Leninist Communist



Gillenor
Chargé d'Affaires

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

by **Gillenor** » Fri Oct 04, 2013 3:51 pm

QUOTE

St Lydia's Cathedral, Oceanus, Ostwyn, Gillenor

Archbishop Cathernius VruX, Head of the Sunshard Church of Gillenor closed the holy book known as the libro de Rosa et Glóriam, he looked in front of him from the altar box. Hundreds of people were sat in pews, all eagerly watching him, he had just finished his sermon.

"Go now, in the name of Auri-El!" He said with a smile, his arms raised.

The crowds started to get up and leave, many of them bowing before they turned and began their walk down through the mighty cathedral to its huge wooden doors.

Cathernius smiled to himself, he then turned to his left and undid the latch that locked the alter box. As he stepped down the steps and reached the floor, he was met by Brother Jo P'ffare.

Jo smiled, "Quite a service today, your sership" he said in a calm voice, bowing his head and handing a large metal Goblet with various religious decorations to Cathernius.

Cathernius took the goblet with both hands and drank, the blessed wine filled his mouth, a drink only fit for someone of his authority.

"Also, the representative on behalf of his majesty, Emperor Nathan IV has arrived." Said Jo.

Cathernius finished the wine, and smiled, his lips curled in an almost sinister fashion.

"Good, very good" He whispered.

Jo nodded and took the goblet, he then gestured for the Archbishop to follow him. They stepped down the long hall of the cathedral, on both sides were huge stained glass windows, portraying Rosea men and women fighting brutish raiders from the north.

Sat at the far back of the cathedral was a man, he had short black hair, and was wearing a suit. He looked up at the duo as they made their way towards him.

"That was an....interesting sermon, Mister VruX" Said the man, who now was standing up, holding out his hand to shake the Archbishop's. "I especially enjoyed the bit about the blessed Rosea destroying the vicious Ghantmen" He grinned.

Cathernius took his hand and shook it firmly. "Yes, quite a show we try to give here. Mr Lorus, I presume?"

"You assume correctly, sir" Lorus replied, admiring the Archbishop's fine white and pink robes. They were adorned with lining in the shapes of religious symbols, Kirin's and flowers of all sorts. Upon his head was a large bishop's

hat that was also covered in intricate patterns and designs. In the middle just about the forehead sat a large Fire Opal. "I wish to discuss with you, the Sunshard Church of Gillenor's collaboration with His Majesty Emperor Nathan the 4th and Empress Laoni Yousloff."

Vrux grinned. "Well, a Rosea on the throne would be much more acceptable than the K'nai we have now" He stated, "However, it would need to benefit our...establishment a little bit more. This is a coup we are talking about here."

"Of course" Lorus smiled "What do you desire?" He asked inquisitively.

"An Inquisition" Cathemius replied, a thin sinister smile forming on his lips.

"Then I think we might have a deal, Mr Vrux".

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



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