

by Max Barry



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Feroxi
Ambassador

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

Feroxi Introduction

QUOTE

by **Feroxi** » Mon Nov 04, 2013 6:02 pm



Here's why you can't exterminate us, aruetii. We're not huddled in one place—we span the world. We need no lords or leaders—so you can't destroy our command. We can live without technology—so we can fight with our bare hands. We have no race or bloodline—so we can rebuild our ranks with others who want to join us. We're more than just a people or an army, aruetii. We're a culture. We're an idea. And you can't kill ideas—but we can certainly kill you.
- High King Sev Marec

Analysis of the Feroxi

In five millennia, the Feroxi fought with and against a thousand armies on a thousand lands. They learned to speak many languages, and absorbed weapons technology as well as tactics from every war. Yet, despite the overwhelming influence of foreign cultures, their way of life and their philosophy remained untouched, and their ideals and sense of family, identity, and nation, were only strengthened throughout the years. The Feroxi language has more terms of insult than any of the more widely spoken world tongues. But whereas most species choose insults that are based on parentage or appearance, the majority of Feroxi pejoratives are concerned with cowardice, stupidity, laziness, dull conversation, or a lack of hygiene. It reveals the preoccupations of a nomadic warrior culture where bloodline matters less than personal qualities, faces are largely masked, and a clean, efficient camp is crucial to survival. Feroxi are surprisingly unconcerned with biological lineage. Their definition of offspring or parent is more by relationship than birth: adoption is extremely common, and it's not unusual for soldiers to take war orphans as their sons or daughters if they impress them with their aggression and tenacity. - Tracyn Skirata

Sev Marec, the reigning High King, sat at an intricately carved mahogany wood desk in his wide office. On said desk, were stacks of files, papers, his sidearm, and a frosted mug of black ale filled to the brim. He took a swig from the mug, while reading through a file reporting on Ferox's most recent economical statistics. While in the middle of reading a paragraph, he heard the loud rapping of knuckles on the tall doors to his office. "Enter," he said, and closed the statistics report then put it atop a stack of other similar files. The tall, metal doors slid open and two armor clad Feroxi officials entered; both men. The shorter man was none other than Cassus Vhett, one of Sev's long-time friends and most trusted aides, and the other, Jun Hokan, the Chairman of Ferox's biggest corporation: Aranov Armories.

The two did the standard Feroxi salute (one arm in front of the chest, and a slight bow), and Cassus said respectfully, "Sir, we have urgent news." Sev

gave a grin, sat up and walked in front of his desk to greet the two, and held out his hand for shaking, "Cut the formal osik, Cassus! Now, what was it you wanted to tell me?" The three exchanged hand shakes, then Jun spoke, "Trouble seems to be on the horizon, Sev." Sev let out a low exhale, "I told you, the aruetiise' problems don't apply to us." Jun quickly countered verbally, "Well, this time it does." The three then began a long discussion, as the two other men gave the High King the run down of what was going down in the realm of Panessos. Sev slowly turned around, and braced his gauntlet covered hands on his sturdy wooden desk. He let his head hang gently for a few moments, and Jun piped up, "What do you plan on us doing, Marec?" Sev muttered, "What we do best," slid on his helmet, and turned around sharply, "unite, seize opportunity, and smite anyone who stands in our damn way."

Last edited by [Feroxi](#) on Wed Nov 06, 2013 10:20 am, edited 1 time in total.

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

NationStates' resident knight in not-so shining armor.



Ghant
Minister

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

by [Ghant](#) » Tue Nov 05, 2013 1:25 am



Act III, Ch VII The Hermanian Ocean The Green Treader

Nathan was dreaming again. This time it was different.

He was at the entrance to the throne hall of the Imperial Palace in Ghish. It was dark- he couldn't see anything, except for the flickering of torchlight. That was the only thing he could hear too. It was cold. He looked up. Pieces of the ceiling were missing. It was snowing, and there was a blood red sky.

It gave him the creeps. He walked forward towards the throne. His steps were as loud as cannon fire. The more he walked, and the more he looked around, the more his spine began to tingle.

Finally, he reached the base of the steps that lead up to the Obsidian Throne. He looked up at the throne, and saw a man seated upon it. He was veiled in shadow.

"...Who are you?"

The man responded with a bellowing voice. "Who I am does not matter. What matters is that I will be...in time."

"Tell me your name, at least."

"...I have many names. Undoubtedly you know a few of them already. And if I told you any, it would ruin the surprise."

"Can you at least tell me why you are in my dream?"

"Because...I am in your future. You have the gift. To see without seeing, to peer into the void of time, and to know of things mere men of flesh and bone should not."

"...Show me more."

"Be careful what you wish for..."

The lights came on in the throne hall. The man on the throne had dark pink hair, and skin as pale as milk. His eyes were closed. He was clothed in robes of red and black. In his left hand he held a sword, with a blade the color of crimson, pointed downward. In his right hand he held a skull, turned upside down. He put the skull to his mouth, and drank from it. He then let it fall to the floor. It bounced down the steps to Nathan's feet, and then stopped. Blood poured out of it onto Nathan's feet.

The man then opened his eyes. His eyes were red- the color of blood. Surrounding the throne were human skulls impaled on stakes. He began to laugh, and the throne hall began to echo with the sound of his laughter.

Nathan was terrified. He turned around and ran for the doors at the entrance. The hall was lined with hideous ornaments of flesh and bone, and the walls were painted with blood. Unspeakable horrors. Behind him he could hear the man speak.

*"Do not ask who screams in the night,
Do not question who waits in the shadows.
It is my cry that wakes you in the night,
And my being that crouches in the shadows.
I am the master and you are the puppet
That dances to my tune."*

He began to laugh once more. It seemed like forever until Nathan reached the doors at the entrance. He pushed them open. There was nothing but void beyond. He jumped into it, and fell...

Nathan woke up, in a pool of his own sweat. He gasped for air. He passed out on the couch apparently- there was an empty bottle of vodka on the floor in front of the couch. *I need to stop getting hammered*, he thought.

A knock came in on the door. Nathan held his forehead and rubbed his eyes. "Come in."

Hemlock walked inside. "Hello, my little Emperor. There has been a problem."

Shit never ends, does it? There has always got to be a fucking problem. Why can't things just go according to plan? "What's going on?"

"We were...attacked by The New Lowlands."

"Attacked? Didn't seem like it."

"That chopper that you authorized to come in close was a ploy. They gassed the ship and that gas made everyone go unconscious. They then boarded the ship. I suspect that they intended to extract Laoni, in order to undermine your...operation."

Goddammit, first Clockenstein and now The New Lowlands. I bet the fucking Island of Flying Monkeys is going to attack us next. "...Sounds pretty clever. And for the past few minutes I thought I passed out from the vodka. Why didn't their mission succeed?"

"The Mizradians had gasmasks, and prepared a stand against them. They took on casualties defending the ship."

"...and where are these Lowlanders at now, exactly?"

"They surrendered to the Mizradians, and then they received a communiqué from the Lowland ship nearby demanding them to be returned to their ship, lest they utilize nuclear SRBMs."

Nathan didn't like that. "Pussies. They come on to MY ship, threaten me and my wife, commit violence against my guests, and then once they got their backs against the wall, they pull the nuke card. Seriously, fuck them, what a bunch of douche bags."

Hemlock nodded. "...Nuclear weapons are the weapons of cowards, no doubt. I am proud to call home a country that refuses to use such weapons."

"Agreed, I couldn't have said that any better myself. Might I digress, I get the sneaking suspicion that these Lowlanders are going to be like a thorn stuck in the soft spot of my ass. Pass on a message to my minister- if they lay off of me and agree not to resist me, then not only will I forget about this incident, but I will give them Gallico once I have secured Gillenor."

"Understood. And what of Sepuki and Heenor? Marlow has returned with them from the *Sealion*."

"Throw that rat-bastard Gaemarian Heenor in the brig. As for Sepuki- let her go. Laoni is already pissed off, and I cannot afford any more...tension between the two of us. Our enemies believe that they can make us turn on each other, but I won't give them the satisfaction. However, I want her

watched at all times."

"Very good, my little Emperor. I will see to it."

As Hemlock turned to walk away, Marlow entered. "You majesty, I come with urgent tidings..."

"Yes, Marlow, I am well aware. Thank you for your diligence, but I have seen to our business. Are the Mizradians still here?"

"Yes, but they will be leaving shortly."

"Bring them to me please. I want to express my gratitude to them personally before they go. And once they are gone, we will be full speed ahead. We won't be stopping until Hermanium. I have always wanted to see the Eternal City itself, and the opportunity is now. Plus, it would be a great opportunity to meet with the Pope, and the Virennese and Erastorians. There is much I want to discuss with them."

"Yes, your majesty. I will return with the Mizradians."

"Thank you, Marlow."

After Marlow left, Nathan sat there and rubbed his eyes.

Not too long thereafter, Marlow returned with the Mizradains. Nathan greeted them warmly. "Hello again, my Mizradian friends. I am sorry that your team got tangled up with the Lowlanders. I mourn the loss of your fallen."

Arriving in front of the Emperor, the Mizradian team would be covered in dust, water, blood and dried salt from the sea as they had little to no time brush themselves off. Speaking up first is Turner, sighing as he responds acts as if it had not phased him.

Hiding his emotions was something the Mizradian Captain had grown to become great at.

"Thanks, it means more than you think. Now getting down to the current issue, what was it you called us down here for?"

"I wanted to thank you for risking your lives for us. Men died for me when they did not have to, and that means more to me than words can say. Since I can not thank you enough, I feel the need to offer you this."

The Emperor reached over to a chest, and opened it. He then pulled out a bundle. He unwrapped it, revealing a sword. It was one-handed, with streaks of blue in the blade, and the hilt was solid silver, with sapphires in the pommel.

"Over 800 years ago, when Regalian Eric the Conqueror became King of Ghant, he had this Ashengard Steel blade forged for a knight who was wounded defending the King's life. Had it not been for this knight, the King would have died. As a token of gratitude, the King presented him with this sword, and it was named Honor. This knight left no children, and the sword soon had no owner. When the Regalian Kings of Ghant were overthrown, this sword was forgotten. I had found it and learned of its history, and meant to bring it with me to Regalia, where I might bestow it upon one of my loyal men for their service. However, I can think of no one more worthy of it than you."

The Emperor stepped forward and stood before the Mizradian Captain, the sword layed across his hands. "I would be honored if you accepted it, and give it the master that it deserves. It even resembles the colors of your nation, does it not?"

For the first time in years, Turner was finally truly proud. He had felt senses of such an emotion whenever he had won a war or something but, this was different some how. Meeting somebody for the first time and only days later

having them hand such an honorable item down to him was astonishing. Speaking with a bit of a stutter at first, John is obviously speechless.

"I-I would be honored to accept something this honorable sir. My only regret is that those who have fallen cannot receive anything but, for them I shall fight on much like my comrades. We will cherish this for as long as our lives last Nathan, thank you."

"Very good. You are most welcome. Perhaps this blade shall taste the blood of your fallen comrade's killers. Your sacrifices shall not be forgotten, for as long as I live."

Turner then grins, thinking about killing those who had brought him pain always brought him pleasure. Even more so was actually doing it, and now he had a tool to do so.

"One day it will Nathan, your help, gifts and hospitality are and always will be respected by my team and I. Unfortunately we must now leave, maybe one day we shall meet again in a better place with less worrying things hanging above our heads. Thank you again Emperor."

"Your welcome, and thank you. I bid you safe journeys, my friends. Perhaps we shall meet again, in this life or the next."

With that, the Mizradians and Marlow left. As soon as the Mizradians had departed, it would be time to start hauling ass into the Hermanian Ocean.

The sooner we are out of here, the better. Destiny awaits.

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Tue Nov 05, 2013 1:50 pm, edited 6 times in total.



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



Firmador
Minister

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

by [Firmador](#) » Tue Nov 05, 2013 1:21 pm



“ [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) wrote:
-snip-

Unrecognized Nation of Bvordsha

Gregor the Bloody finally approached the Chancellor's office building where dozens of public employees were constantly hustling and bustling about. It made perfect sense why the sirens were loud at his apartment, for he lived only several blocks away from both a police station and fire station. He had on his mind a list of chores for the Bvordshan Chancellor, Colonel Sponz. First was the political measure of having the customs authorities taken over by the 'regional' Bvordsha government. This would be the most difficult, as it would cause confrontation between the 'nation' and the greater Commonwealth. Second, he needed to know that his imports wouldn't be seized and for that he would ask for a more suborn custom official to be paid off, and a sympathetic company to launder in their weapons mixed with their inventory shipments. Third was the problem of CCTVs, they had kept most of his men locked in doors and effectively useless. Even Niel was only outside for his suicide mission and Gregor was counting the ticking seconds with every step. He wanted to hit the power grid, but he hoped there was a way to make it look like a lack of maintenance issue or shoddy regulation. Otherwise the move couldn't be used against the central government. Finally, and probably least importantly, he wanted to begin covertly training a paramilitary unit. But all these would come with time, as he entered the building.

Niel continued to fire as the street emptied, some bodies laid on the floor still either playing possum, dead or severely wounded. He stepped towards the bodies for the grim task of placing a nine millimetre round into their heads for

surety. He closed to a meter, raising one of his Mac-10s as police sirens began wailing en route to him. They grew louder, the chorus of dozens of cars begin to make the paved street rumble lowly. He fired one round into the person's head, their skull partially collapsing inward as blood spurt out and ran down the curb and then the drainers. Its viscous texture slowly creeping into the sewer. Niel felt a tight pressure in his chest as he turned to a nearby second person, whom had been playing dead, and now raised up to run. Niel was three meters from a small store, his vision blurred so he couldn't make out the type or name. Both Mac-10s went up, without aim he emptied to magazines into the runner. The second man jerked, then again and finally he fell back to the ground.

Niel's legs caved as he tried to fight against an immense weight that had been placed on every part of his body. His eyes drooped, he flicked them open, though in the end his retinas would be covered by skin. His body slapped the concrete roughly, the open gashes on his sensitive face went unrealised as the drugs took full effect. The police had finally made it onto the scene, their unarmed selves completely exposed to Niel's two Mac-10s. As he vaguely made out the sounds of approaching men, soft-voiced, he reached for his Mac-10s. He couldn't find them. Nor could he even tell if indeed his arms were physically searching for it. Something pushed his body over, his eyes were too heavy to open. Then he went out, the tranquillisers slowing the heart down to a regular cadence as a deep sleep took hold. Then the heart rate dropped again, the C4 detectors blinked a bright red from its embedded wireless detonator. The pounds of C4 strapped to his chest went off, eviscerating his surroundings. The front portion of the store next to him crumbled down into the street like a land slide. Anyone that had been unlucky enough to get near him was likely dead, but for the last minute or so of his life Niel had no idea, no conscious about what occurred. He simply died, for the secrecy and benefit of his nation.

Sandino, Firmador

Field Marshall of the Commonwealth-at-Arms Krieg and President-for-Life Amar sat together in Amar's spartan office. True, he had several leather chairs and the walls ringed with filled book cases most visibly protruded with little pieces of papers for notation or place keeping. The two men didn't like each other, indeed seven years ago they had fought on opposing sides. Krieg, after the total deportation of hundreds of millions of his fellow *campesinos* who were the backbone of the failed Revolution, was one of the very few farmer-boys left. Add that to his symbolism as the Firmadores equivalent of Democracy's Guardian and they made for opponents even off the battlefield. "Field Marshall, it's time for me to retire."

Krieg was shaken, in all his time he didn't think the Tyrant he had fought so long against, had so willingly starved his farming people and taken back Minx from the bastardly and perfidious Lollohians was finally willing to concede his throne. "But... I, why?"

"I am an old man now. The people no longer require a stronger, single, leader. The National Assembly and executive position of Over-Chancellor will be the new controlling entities of this nation. It will serve as an example of the Progressive ideals and Democratic leanings in the Cause."

"So, you resign tomorrow?"

Amar laughed, his fat stomach jiggling. "No, my old nemesis. Don't be so quick to rush me out the door! No, first we must spread the Progressive Crusade into Panessos. Once we have established safe havens in Bvordsha and, or Rhodesea we can easily spread the ideals."

"What about the Black Ravens?"

"Allies or enemies, they will aid us in the necessary proselytising or die off."

"And the People? Another large scale war will drain confidence in the system."

"And that is why now is the perfect time to strike. For change. If we fail, it can be blamed on me and my authoritarian warmongering regime. If we succeed I die a hero. Either way, with my resignation the New Democracy will be isolated."

"So how will we make sure the People associate this branch of the Crusade

with you and the 'old' regime?"

"I will lead it myself, prepare the Battlefleets."

"How much?"

"Fifteen carriergroups and two hundred thousand men in the first wave. How long will the fleet and army take to prepare?"

"A month, President."

"In my stead you will be Executive-Controller. Gregor will command the Bvordsha Campaign and I will personally lead the Rhodesea Front and hold strategic command in Panessos. Try and get into contact with the Black Ravens, on your way Field Marshall."

Krieg nodded, heading out the door as he prepared an encrypted telegram to the Blood Ravens

CODE: [SELECT ALL](#)

To: Blood Ravens

We are a third party in the conflict, wishing to support your cause and come to discussion on joint strategic objectives. We leave meeting location up to your decision.

Last edited by [Firmador](#) on Tue Nov 05, 2013 1:23 pm, edited 2 times in total.

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

[Official Wiki of Firmador](#)

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

“

Gallia- wrote:

The difference between stupidity and bravery is often the outcome.



Feroxi
Ambassador

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

Preperations Begin

by [Feroxi](#) » Tue Nov 05, 2013 5:14 pm

QUOTE

[POSTMOVED]

Last edited by [Feroxi](#) on Wed Nov 06, 2013 10:18 am, edited 2 times in total.

"One is to be admired for rebuilding thy self, not judged."

- The Self Proclaimed Master of Forum Chivalry

NationStates' resident knight in not-so shining armor.



Treneria
Diplomat

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

by [Treneria](#) » Tue Nov 05, 2013 6:41 pm

QUOTE

Field outside of Borneo

5:30 P.M. TCT.

The snow continued to fall down on and around the Borneons. Due to the fact they were native to the land, it didn't bother them any. They had been born in the snow and had lived in it all their lives. The militiamen stood around and conversed with one another whilst waiting for the Mizradians to arrive. Some of them had left their rifles in the trucks, though most still had their firearms on them. Despite the elders' slight suspicion against the Mizradians and their intentions, the soldiers weren't very cautious. Many of them had once upon a time worked with the Mizradians against nations such as Maverica. Those were bad yet better times. Tesseria hadn't crashed yet, and the economy was sufficient for everyone, rich or poor. Tesseria and Mizrad, alongside their allies, had more than less destroyed Maverica on the New Land in the Mist. Those times were ones that were good, before everything collapsed. War wasn't the best thing for the nation, but it did more good than harm.

Inside the Escalades, the elders were conversing about business. Ever since

the Apollo takeover, things were looking up for the community. Several businesses were beginning to prosper into what could be considered corporations. The cities and states continued to grow. The elders discussed their next tactic. They wanted Borneo and the other states to unite into one whole nation. Fighting and being split apart prevented them from prospering. With their recent acquirement of more advanced weaponry, the elders felt confident that they could take on several settlements that inhabited Treneria. It wasn't a matter of whether or not it would happen, just a matter of when. The elders listened to the one radio station that broadcasted in Borneo, a station featuring old music from when Tesseria was still an empire. Most of them were reminiscing about the old times as always. After a few moments of silence, they began to speak again.

"When do you think we should strike?" an elder asked.

"Soon. We're only prolonging the inevitable. The faster we move, the sooner we can get back on our feet and on the road to becoming a successful and powerful empire once again," another elder commented. He dug into his coat pocket, removing a purple grape-flavored cigar.

"We need men, however. Soldiers, and ones that are trained. That stand-off with Prestige Services was just luck. They were blinded by the snow and their egos. We won't get that lucky again," A female elder spoke up. She was one of the founding members of Borneo and thus was highly respected by the others.

A younger member of the elder-board spoke up. He was a former military general when Tesseria fell. **"She's right, you know. I've been doing this for a while, and it always proves best to act fast and with a lot of force; in situations like these, that is. I've already done my part of dispatching an adequate man for the job. He's working with the other militiamen now."**

"We'll strike when the next opportunity reveals itself. In the meantime, let's focus on the business at hand," the female elder stated. The elders were silent for the rest of their waiting time. Outside, the militiamen were conversing with each other and passing around cigarettes and chewing tobacco. A rather young militiaman brought up the topic of the attack on the Prestige Services compound.

"How's that sitting with you guys? Just kicking in the gate to some compound and killing them for their valuables?" The youngster asked. Most of the other men just gave him a dirty look and didn't answer. A man with scraggly facial hair spoke up to the boy.

"Sits just fine with me. They didn't need it, we did. Got a problem with that?" It was obvious the older man didn't care much for the kid. Like a wolf eyeing down his prey, he waited for the boy to respond. The boy kept silent and just kicked at some snow on the ground with his boot. They were silent until the Mizradians landed. It was a pretty nice introduction they did, landing in from the sky. Those who had rifles on them left them resting in their respective spots; in holsters, on straps. Once the Mizradians identified themselves as friendly, the older gentleman who had berated the boy waved a massive hand up in the air and shouted back.

"Friendly Borneons! We're here to talk!"

Simultaneously, another militiaman went to the Escalade and opened the door for the elders. They all piled out into the snow, ready to confront the Mizradians. The militiaman then went to the next armored Escalade, opening the door for that group of elders as well. They also piled out and waited for the Mizradians to arrive at their exact position.

There had been wide speculation about what the Mizradians wanted to converse. A lot of people betted that they wanted to get some assistance in the conflicts they had been twined up in lately. But many also disagreed with that theory, retorting with the fact that Mizrad was a strong nation and could fight its own battles. Nobody even dared to think that Mizrad would come looking for a hostile-takeover. Their history together was too rich to even go there. While nobody was really in a trusting state at the time, they definitely weren't going to put Mizrad on the spot as hostile backstabbers. After the ambassador introduced himself, a male elder stepped up and spoke. **"Welcome to our heartland, my name is Ben Penton. I'm the head spokesman of the board of elders, the main government body for Borneo. How may we be**

of assistance to you?"

**At the same time,
BPA Barracks, Borneo.**

Sergeant Steve Miller watched as his men fired at their targets. They were bad shots, terrible even. Steve was once a Captain with the Tesserian Army. He had seen some of the best shots in the world. He missed those men. Given that those amazing shots were incredible snobs and overall jackasses, he preferred them to sniveling amateurs who could barely hit the target. The Borneo people were natural shots with muzzle-loaders and bolt-action rifles. Ever since they had hit up the compound and gained access to numerous new weapons however, they've had to get used to whole new types of weaponry. With Miller having the most experience, he was tasked with training them. He willfully accepted the mission. Despite knowing that it would take a while, he had some faith that they'd catch on to using the rifles. Everytime he'd get frustrated, he just reminded himself of the days when he was as bad as they were. He'd once shot the person to his right's target instead of his own by mistake. Over the years of practicing, however, he'd come to learn how to fully operate, fix, disassemble and reassemble the weapons he'd been using. It'd just take time and practice. It'd all be worth it in the end.

The Borneo People's Militia had migrated into a whole army, renamed the Trenerian Army. This was just the first in many steps to becoming a whole, united nation. To become a nation however, Treneria would need an armed forces which included a navy and airforce. While they had neither of those, they were working on it. A national emblem and flag were in the works. A plan to take over the rest of the states was in order. A state-wide currency had been redacted as well. Telecommunications towers and telephone poles were constructed as well. Plans for a railroad connecting Borneo and Apollo were drafted as well. Borneo was starting to actually look like the capital of Treneria.

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



Cquactar
Secretary

Posts: 32
Founded: Nov 05, 2013
Ex-Nation

The Lion Rising

by **Cquactar** » Wed Nov 06, 2013 11:54 am



Chimeran Palace Hanland, Kingdom of Cquactar

King Tiber VIII was abruptly awoken in the early hours of the morning, his aide standing by the door. The King looked at him, with a confused expression; he could tell something was wrong. The aide was panting, his tie was loosened and shirt un-tucked, it was apparent that the aide rushed to the chambers in great hurry. "

"My liege, urgent message from Admiral Viralean" he barely got the words out of his mouth.

"Urgent message? well dont stand there, speak."

The aide fumbled with the messy stack of papers in his hand, removing a yellow colored sheet of paper.

"Urgent message from patrol group Alpha-1019 off the western coast. Patrol recovered wreckage's of war ships bearing the marks of foreign nations, among the wreckage's was a half sunken Cquacatarian Merchant Marine with its crew unaccounted for."

The king got out of bed carefully, as to not disturb her majesty from her sleep and slipped on a robe over his sleeping ware. The king was escorted to the foreign affairs chambers, with a small army of analysts, ministers and military officials already awaiting.

"This is the fifth time in which citizens of the Kingdom have been attacked during this wretched war. How much longer will we let this be?" said General Uriel Castergrom, sitting at the opposite end of the table."

"We must find a diplomatic solution to this action, we must remain neutral."
Retorted Prime Minister Eriel Barnett.

A great commotion erupted in the chambers, with verbal exchanged flying back and forth in the room. Yet the king sat there, clenching his fists on his chin; staring at the table. The commotion was growing louder and louder, with language becoming more and more colorful among the officials.

"ENOUGH!" roared King Tiber

The room fell silent, all eyes on the king. "The kingdom will not stand idly by as our people are harmed. Enough is enough. A country that wishes for peace must prepare for war. The aggressive nature of the Empire of Ghant must be halted, before they turn their attention towards us."

The king looked at Commander Jorhan Radece, commander of the military.

"Commander, within 24 hours I want a marine task force assembled and prepared to be deployed. In the meantime deploy the Currahee Salient to the border of the Sea of Ghant to deter any more incursions near our waters, I also want interceptors to patrol close to the Sea of Ghant immediately. We must help bring back stability and peace to these lands, or else it will explode and bring chaos and destruction to us all..." said the king in a stern and confident voice.

The commander nodded, 12 CGA- 545 Interceptor Aircraft were to be deployed to the western waters, in close proximity to the Sea of Ghant; deployed from the Currahee Salient, the largest warship Cquactar has to muster, a 340 meter aircraft carrier with space enough to carry 30 aircraft and was the flagship of the Royal Navy. However the Currahee Salient's age is more than most of the crew, the electronics and armaments were highly modernised; but its engine and armour is outdated and vulnerable. And finally expeditionary force of 30,000 highly trained men was prepared for deployment, Cquactar was gearing up for war. All reservists were called up for immediate standby, and all positions manned; never before has the nation come to such readiness. Even though no official conflict was declared, Cquactar was prepared to show that it will not idly stand by at the war that is raging so close to home.

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs sent a blunt and brief, coded telegraph to the Emperor of Ghant.

Hail Emperor of Ghant.

The Kingdom of Cquactar hereby demands that all incursions near our waters ends.

Lives of our citizens have been lost to your aggression, this expansion is a unacceptable show of imperialism. If the Empire of Ghant does not comply, ties will be cut and formal declaration of war will be enacted. Urgent need for Reply.

Long Live The King, The Country, and the for the Peace of these Lands

-Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Cquactar- Hanland, Cquactar.

Last edited by **Cquactar** on Wed Nov 06, 2013 2:45 pm, edited 3 times in total.

Glory to the Kingdom, and Long Live the King!

"Cquactar can into space, goddammit!" -Last words of King Staephan
"Spacebound" Viston III

"To Live is to Rise" - Motto of the Kingdom and its People.

Map of our glorious Kingdom : <http://postimg.org/image/ka5qkjme5/>



Feroxi
Ambassador

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

Letter to the Ghantish Empire

by **Feroxi** » Wed Nov 06, 2013 5:30 pm



To: The Emperor of Ghant
From: High King Marec

Greetings, Emperor Nathan. I am Sev Marec, the elected High King of the Feroxi warrior-clans. Most recently, my advisors and I have been observing both you, and your Empire. It seems that though your troops are already quite in tip-top shape, they could use more... advanced training. Imagine, your standard soldier having ten-fold the training and experience that your

opponent's troopers have. My determined men and women could help you achieve this goal. We Feroxi are renowned for our combative arts, cunning, and ingenuity. We're willing to assist you by training your troops with some of our most veteran soldiers, in return for some financial reward and independence when you gain control of Gillenor, and who knows, the majority of Panessos. I imagine a great union between our two nations, Nathan. I'm sure you'll choose the wise, and rewarding path.

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

NationStates' resident knight in not-so shining armor.



Mizrad
Senator

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

"The Whole World's Sittin' On A Ticken' Bomb"

by **Mizrad** » Wed Nov 06, 2013 8:59 pm



OOC: I would suggest listening to this as you read:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lrouRDxdlVU>

IC:

Southern Borneo, Trenaria
DAY 6, 15:32 HOURS, 10/18/13
Joint Mizradian/CLI PMC Operation
OPERATION SOUTHERN TROUBLE

Standing face to face with the Borneons, Mizradian A-SOG Operators in heavy woodland and arctic military fatigues under combat gear, high grade vests, equipment and so on await somebody to say something. Although the only thing coming to most of their minds is how much the nation of Tesseria had changed. It used to be the Mizradians who had no idea how to even hold a gun with the nation now known as Trenaria teaching them, now the tables hadn't been turned; they had been broken in half. The familiar faces that once wore prestigious ribbon and medal ridden service uniforms were now in leather coats, jeans and whatever left over BDUs they could find. Behind the Mizradians, was the Commoner Industries PMC's only make the divides look worse. They're bearing arctic BDUs under Dauntless-type Lyrax body armor with CLI designed, Mizradian produced AR Scorpions with high-tech headsets and general equipment. With all of this combined, along with the two F-35's hovering over head things only seemed stacked against the Trenarians. Although that sense of impending combat is broken as Ambassador Barton speaks up, reminding everybody that both nations are good friends.

"Well Mr. Penton, we were actually here to see how we could be of assistance to you. It's great to meet once more although the current situation looming over Panessos makes things quite hard. So moving on, we must get down to things. To start I would like to say I don't mean to offend you but, as everybody can see, you are underfunded, under equipped and poorly trained. All of these problems can be solved by simply aligning you and your nation with Mizrad once more. Proper training, funding and massive amounts of Mizrad's retiring vehicles can be yours. F-16's, M113's, Leopard 2A6's, M416's and proper training with these systems can all be provided very easily if you were to agree to Mizrad's terms. If you would kindly tell us anything else we may need to know before we show you these "Terms", please say so now."

The Green Treader, South Ghant Sea
DAY 6, 16:00, 10/18/13
1st Mizradian Special Detachment Group
OPERATION INFERNO RISING

Awaiting their transport off the Ghish ship, Turner stares off into the low lying sun in the distance with the sword he had been given being held strong by his right hand. In an hour or so, the entire sky would be a dark and lifeless black. Night was coming closer and closer due to the fast approach of Winter. Interrupting his thoughts, is Master Sergeants Allen Greene and Jeff Colton speaking up behind him. Colton, considering his knowledge of what's happened while the team was away does so first as to get his attention.

"Turner, are you OK? Get your ass in gear, we've got reports of revolts in Epraria, attacks in Libraria and Rhodesea is preparing to mobilize an army hell, the list keeps going on and if we don't get to these places before their shit hits the fan too, our mission is compromised."

Just staying in place with only his mouth moving, John responds.

"Jeff there's only so much we can do, all of Panessos' central continent is doomed and that's something that we can't change. Whatever is happening in Gillenor right now is our main priority, and this fleet is getting there faster than I thought they would, so any help we would have been giving to Epraria currently does not exist. Anyways that doesn't matter right now, anything else I should know?"

Jeff ponders for a moment, not on what happened but rather on whether or not John would be OK with being told of the current situation of the world.

"I would rather just show you when we get back to the carrier, come on we've got a chopper to catch."

Blowing dust and other debris around from above, is a Mizradian UH-72 Lakota trailing behind the *Green Treader* to make a landing. Finding its way to the correct spot to descend, the helicopter begins to make its way down. The skilled pilot gently sets the Lakota down as the skids slap against the aft deck of the Ghish ship. Not wasting any time, the five Mizradian agents board the chopper and begin to ascend towards the sky once more. Looking down from the fuselage with the side doors slide open, Turner and his men eye Martin's body being taken away by Mizradian sailors. The only thoughts of what to do now, would be to make sure his death wasn't in vain.

With the 1st MSDG Sniper Jeff Colton taking the place of the fallen MCID Agent, the group heads for the *Harry Michael Ryte*. This ship was very modern and had just recently been built, a beautiful *Citadel* class super carrier. Although the carrier's history only extended a few months prior to the current day, the name was that of a legend on the battlefield. Major Harry M. Ryte was one of the greatest Marines, officers, tacticians and so on that Mizrad had ever seen. Ryte also just happened to be the half brother of Turner, and unfortunately Harry hadn't been around for the last year and a half to see John fully bloom to his full potential. Although with nobody left to look up to, Turner had striven to take his deceased brother's position and hold it with pride; all for Harry. Now with another task in his hands, John will do nothing less than try his absolute best to make the remaining people he cares about proud.

Unfortunately the whole concept of plenty of people to prove himself to would soon fade as Colton speaks up.

"Sir, you asked about what else might concern you?"

Pulling himself out of the gaze he had going of the Ghish fleet fading away in the distance, Turner whips around to answer the question.

"Yes I did Jeff, mind answering it now?"

Sighing before speaking, Jeff responds to his superior a tad reluctantly.

"Well things are worse than we thought in Trenaria. The entire country is in far worse condition than we previously thought, they've gone from driving around million dollar, bomb-proofed trucks to walking everywhere. With that being said, the whole "Secular states" theory that you've decided not to believe in, sadly it's true. Casualties are fairly high and anybody you met with during your time in Maverica is most likely dead or too PTSD ridden to ever want to talk again. Prestige Services isn't even in existence anymore, Acer went dark months ago and just yesterday most of their accounts in Mizrad had mysteriously shut down. I'm sure you can tell what happened to both him and the country he was once almost a king of."

Blankly looking at the wall for a moment as Turner's face loses almost all of its expression, he begins to break down. Then to everyone's surprise, the unbreakable man began to break. Yelling out as he punches a flat metal section of the fuselage, a slight dent is left behind.

"Fuck! Why is everybody fucking dying so goddamned early!"

To his aid, Greene places his hand on John's head and just sits in front of him for a few moments before speaking in a gentle voice.

"Because shit changes John, you can't help them now and you couldn't have

helped them when they passed so just forget about it. There's got to be something left, and that's what we're fighting for now. To keep what's left alive. If we fail now, there may be nobody else left instead of just some people left. You've got to pull it together, you're always the guy telling us to suck it up when we get hurt or watch somebody else die. We need you to keep being that guy, for the sake of us; hell for the sake of Mizrad do it."

Reaching up, Turner grabs Allen's forearm. Smoothly pushing it away as not to hurt him he replies in a far more soothed out voice than the one had just previously aired.

"What about everybody else? What about operations in Rhodesea?"

"Finally, something better to talk about."

Says Jeff as he reminds himself of what else had occurred. Then remembering, he talks once more.

"Kruger has mobilized forces to head for Asasia and Epraria, and he's not playing around. There's a vehicle and infantry group heading out southwestern Rhodesea so large that it showed up on civilian satellites and they're going damn fast too. I'm sure whatever he's doing isn't hurting us but, if we want to prove ourselves to them now is our chance. The brass has begun drafting up messages to be sent to him regarding the Mizradian demand for changes in Rhodesea and if he responds the way we want him to, we'll have him as our pet for a while. Although we'll have to keep him satisfied, and that's where our air power will come in handy. If we could provide bomber support to him Kruger would most likely be a very happy man."

With the chopper settling down on the deck of the *Harry Micheal RYTE*, Turner finally grins and returns to his former self once more as he replies to the sniper.

"Good, so where are we headed next?"

"Gillenor"

**Diamond City, New Mizrad [Mizrad-Rhodesea]
DAY 6, 16:50 HOURS, 10/18/13
Mizradian Foreign Territory Management Branch
OPERATION INFERNO RISING**

Looking out over the fairly large, sprawling metropolis that was the skyscraper and beautiful building ridden area of Diamond city. The amazingly completed architecture of the massive glass towers shows off with each sunrise as the light glistens off of their dark glass and reinforced, chrome steel walls. From his position at the top floor of the tallest building in Diamond City, Governor Dylan Quintero could see his entire city below him. Knowing important matters keep pressing away at him and his time, he watches the sun set over the mountains and desert terrain far off in the distance before getting to work. Turning around from being plopped up against the window, he picks up his recently cleaned and ironed black suit jacket and tosses it over his rather appealing body. Dylan stood at 6'3 and weighed in at about 190 lbs., about average for Mizradian man. His shiny, gelled up black hair and blue eyes become more apparent than usual with the sun setting behind him. Unfortunately, the light being shed across his forehead lit up something else about him.

One thing nobody would ever guess, was this man's past. Despite his very soothing and warm appearance, Quintero had once served right alongside Agents Brett Volk and Quentin Herald in the second and third Rhodo-Eprarian wars. The reason for the faded scar across the governor's forehead? Brett had led the unit both Quentin and Dylan were in to set up an ambush on a Loufian government convoy believed to be carrying their leader at the time, Bakanski to a speech. Digging in to the side of mountain, Quintero and his brothers in arms concealed themselves until just the right moment when they jumped out over cover and blew explosives charges destroying both the first and last vehicle of the ten [Now brought down to eight] vehicle convoy. With that blocking them in, the assault began. Firing down from his heightened position, Dylan emptied the magazine of his M416 into the driver's section of an up-armored Ural truck. Killing both of those inside and injuring some in the back with stray shots, the others with him followed suit. AT-4's then began to rip

through the air and then straight into the sides of BTR-80's, T-72's and BMP-2's in the convoy. This causing the Loufian troops to begin to panic and then catch on to what had been going on, they had begun to rush for cover on the lower section of the mountain off the side of the road. Although the Mizradians had prepared for this too, jumping out of the drainage ditch lining the highway, was about thirty five troops all gunning down the Loufians. Volk, watching everything from an entrenched position right next to Quintero begins to call out orders to search the vehicles. Pushing in from both the higher and lower areas, the Mizradians enclosed the convoys two remaining BTR's. Moving in on the rear APC, Dylan reached to open the door when suddenly; it flung open in front of him and a Loufian soldier with a large knife emerged from inside. Slicing at Quintero, he managed to cut open from the top of his right eye to the hairline on the left side of his forehead. Despite the man being gunned down in seconds flat, the other BTR managed to punch the gas pedal and drive through the guard rail, killing a Mizradian soldier and crippling another in the process. Tumbling down to the canyon below, the inhabitants of the vehicle were believed to be killed and with no time to search the vehicle their target was in as it had been tossed like a toy car to the bottom of the rocky canyon, Bakanski had been labeled dead by the Mizradians.

Unfortunately this was not the case, Bakanski had survived and was on his way to becoming a martyr for Loufe. With his left eye becoming very vulnerable and not all that useful, Dylan was forced out of the Army to join a different lifestyle, the lifestyle of politics. Managing to redeem himself through rising to becoming the head of state for the colony of Mizrad-Rhodesea and living in a luxurious house with plenty of money and a beautiful family; Quintero still yearns to fight in the Army once more. The only thing he had wanted more than that, was Bakanski's life. With Ross and Quentin being promoted into joining the MCID as field agents, they had discovered something both they and Dylan were already almost positive of. Bakanski was still alive even after he had escaped death in not only Rhodesea, but Loufe as well. Although with personal lives and jobs calling them back, the three had to split up once more leaving their research and work to find the man they wanted dead behind.

Luckily the whole issue with Rhodesea and Loufe was bringing things back up again, and Dylan continues to hold a strong suspicion that Bakanski is hiding somewhere in or around the Mizradian Colony's neighbor to the northeast. Looking over to the knock on his door, Dylan calls out to it

"Come in."

With permission, Dylan's young secretary and friend Jake Miller walks in and slaps the drafted message for Kruger down on his desk. After a brief nodding of acknowledgement to each other, Jake speaks.

"Sir, I have all of your necessary files drafted and put in this folder ready to be sent. Anything else you need?"

Dylan, supping from his coffee prior to responding answers Miller.

"No, that will be fine thank you."

With nothing left to say, Jake gets up and leaves the office causing the governor to be alone once more. Reaching for the file, he picks it up and brings it closer and into his eyesight to read. Going through it and deciding it's good enough to be sent, Dylan then types it up on his computer and sends it to General Kruger.

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

To Whom It May Concern,
Hello again Mr. Kruger, I hope you've been having a good day so far. We here in the Mizradian Territories have recently discovered a massive mobilization of your forces and you continue to head west, fast. Although I would like to ask you something pressing enough that it's importance surpasses that of what extra time you may have. Apologies for sounding rude there, although I shall continue talking now. What Mizrad asks of you is for any information regarding the current situation in Loufe, Ghanit, the Emperor and Laoni be handed over along with you making your government more to the liking of a democracy, although of course you could always be a higher controlling power than whatever leader is elected.

One final thing we ask of you, is that we are able to keep Diamond city and the other far south lands of our colony as moving out of them will prove rather hard and bring too much of an economic issue upon Mizrad. In return for these tasks being completed, Mizrad will provide you with direct air support and supplies for your campaigns in Asasia and other areas. Anything else you wish for may be asked for, although we may not be able to give you them.

For A Brighter Future,
Governor of Mizrad-Rhodesea, Dylan Quintero

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

New title feature added



Ghant
Minister

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

by **Ghant** » Thu Nov 07, 2013 12:10 am



“Cquactar wrote:
Chimeran Palace
Hanland, Kingdom of Cquactar

King Tiber VIII was abruptly awoken in the early hours of the morning, his aide standing by the door. The King looked at him, with a confused expression; he could tell something was wrong. The aide was panting, his tie was loosened and shirt un-tucked, it was apparent that the aide rushed to the chambers in great hurry. "

"My liege, urgent message from Admiral Viralean" he barely got the words out of his mouth.

"Urgent message? well dont stand there, speak."

The aide fumbled with the messy stack of papers in his hand, removing a yellow colored sheet of paper.

"Urgent message from patrol group Alpha-1019 off the western coast. Patrol recovered wreckage's of war ships bearing the marks of foreign nations, among the wreckage's was a half sunken Cquacatarian Merchant Marine with its crew unaccounted for."

The king got out of bed carefully, as to not disturb her majesty from her sleep and slipped on a robe over his sleeping ware. The king was escorted to the foreign affairs chambers, with a small army of analysts, ministers and military officials already awaiting.

"This is the fifth time in which citizens of the Kingdom have been attacked during this wretched war. How much longer will we let this be?" said General Uriel Castergrom, sitting at the opposite end of the table."

"We must find a diplomatic solution to this action, we must remain neutral." Retorted Prime Minister Eriel Barnett.

A great commotion erupted in the chambers, with verbal exchanged flying back and forth in the room. Yet the king sat there, clenching his fists on his chin; staring at the table. The commotion was growing louder and louder, with language becoming more and more colorful among the officials.

"ENOUGH!" roared King Tiber

The room fell silent, all eyes on the king. "The kingdom will not stand idly by as our people are harmed. Enough is enough. A country that wishes for peace must prepare for war. The aggressive nature of the Empire of Ghant must be halted, before they turn their attention towards us."

The king looked at Commander Jorhan Radee, commander of the military.

"Commander, within 24 hours I want a marine task force assembled and prepared to be deployed. In the meantime deploy the Currahee Salient to the border of the Sea of Ghant to deter any more incursions near our waters, I also want interceptors to patrol close to the Sea of Ghant immediately. We must help bring back stability and peace to these lands, or else it will explode and bring chaos and destruction to us all..." said the king in a stern and confident voice.

The commander nodded, 12 CGA- 545 Interceptor Aircraft were to be deployed to the western waters, in close proximity to the Sea of Gbant; deployed from the Currahee Salient, the largest warship Cquactar has to muster, a 340 meter aircraft carrier with space enough to carry 30 aircraft and was the flagship of the Royal Navy. However the Currahee Salients age is more than most of the crew, the electronics and armaments were highly modernised; but its engine and armour is outdated and vulnerable. And finally expeditionary force of 30,000 highly trained men was prepared for deployment, Cquactar was gearing up for war. All reservists were called up for immediate standby, and all positions manned; never before has the nation come to such readiness. Even though no official conflict was declared, Cquactar was prepared to show that it will not idly stand by at the war that is raging so close to home.

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs sent a blunt and brief, coded telegraph to the Emperor of Gbant.

Hail Emperor of Gbant.

The Kingdom of Cquactar hereby demands that all incursions near our waters ends.
Lives of our citizens have been lost to your aggression, this expansion is a unacceptable show of imperialism. If the Empire of Gbant does not comply, ties will be cut and formal declaration of war will be enacted.
Urgent need for Reply.

Long Live The King, The Country, and the for the Peace of these Lands

-Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Cquactar- Hanland, Cquactar.

CODE: [SELECT ALL](#)

Hail Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Cquactar.

Your demands shall be met. We are only passing through international waters. We wish no harm upon anyone- let alone your fair and noble nation. As we pass through international waters en route to our...final destination, we have been attacked out of aggression by numerous nations. We have merely responded in self-defense. If you have suffered any losses, I apologize- however, I fail to see how I am directly responsible for any loss of life inflicted upon your citizens.

I do not seek expansion- I only seek to claim what rightfully belongs to me. Also, I do not represent the Empire of Gbant- they chose not to support or otherwise endorse my campaign, and I suspect that the Gbantish Government is actively working against me- plotting to undermine me however they can. Gbant is a

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



Souriya Al-Assad
Minister

Posts: 3280
Founded: Aug 26, 2013
Corrupt Dictatorship

Post 1 of 2 - Next longer post coming later

by [Souriya Al-Assad](#) » Thu Nov 07, 2013 12:52 am

[QUOTE](#)



"Allah, Suriya, Bilad ash-Sham, Hizb al-Ba'ath al-Arabi al-Ishiraki al-Souri, Jaysh Arabi Suri, Hizb al-Shuyuu'i al-Souri, Hizb al-Souri al-Qawmi al-'Ijtima'i, Maqawama, Intifada, Bashar Che Al-Assad w bas!"

Highly Encrypted: Secure Line
Dear Firmadorean government,

Ya Allah, we have a chance to expand the cause of the Axis of Résistance soon enough to open a larger front against the neo-imperialist yoke that be. Comrades, it is thenceforth in my staunchest opinion that we need to know which side you are supporting in all of this, as well as what their stances are at best. We will from there organise a joint synchronised plan to help you achieve the Résistance Struggle's cause in this particular situation.

Cordially yours,

Comrade El-Commandente Bashar Che Al-Assad, Brotherly Revolutionary Chairman of The Arab People's Republic of Suriya Al-Assad & Bilad ash-Sham, Saladin The Second, The Anointed One, The Glorious One, The Conqueror Whom Smites Sectarianism & Obliterates Neo-Imperialism, As well as The Unifying Lion of The Peoples.

Hasta La Victoria Siempre!

The Arab People's Republic of Suriya Al-Assad | SAA&Co defending Syria against FSA&Co

Allah, Suriya, Bashar w bas! - [EPIC](#)

[Show Spoiler](#)

Basically, [this](#). [Our form of gov.](#).

NS wars: [1/1/1/1](#).

[USSR/Yugo HDIs 1992 - Haters are going to hate](#)

[EPIC 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 Hezbollah Compass TRUTH](#)



Cquactar
Secretary

Posts: 32
Founded: Nov 05, 2013
Ex-Nation

The Lion Rising

by **Cquactar** » Thu Nov 07, 2013 9:19 am

[QUOTE](#)

Chimeran Palace Hanland, Cquactar

King Tiber pondered at the reply, knowing that war will be un avoidable in time to come. He decided it was now to pick sides, to help bring this war to an end and restore peace to the region; but must choose choose the righteous side. He poured another glass of whiskey, staring out of his office window and into Chimera Square. He gazed at the people walking in the night time life of the square, cafes were packed and a cello duo was playing a heart touching piece "The Warrior of Mine" gathering a substantial crowd. Personally the king believed in upholding the royal rights given to Emperor Nathan to claim his due, as it would be dishonorable not to. The king went for another sip, only to

realize that he drank the whole bottle. One issue was that public opinion of Ghant was not positive, after media sensationalism portrayed the sinking of our merchant vessels as a direct act of aggression; though the people do not distinguish between Emperor Nathan and the Empire of Ghant, this was all one big headache for the aging King. Peace would be his immediate option, but the war was a ticking time bomb; ready to explode at any time if not defused.

Aboard the RCN Currahee Salient 9 Miles off Sea of Ghant boundaries

The greatest ship Cquactar has to field, 340 meter, 100,000 tonne beast powered by 2 nuclear reactors along with other sources. Able to carry a complement of 6000 men, ship crew and air crew, and a total capacity of 90 fixed wing aircraft and helicopters whilst protected by a total of 6 AA Sparrow Missile Launchers and 2 Land Master 35mm auto-cannons. However this lumbering beast cannot hold its own and would need a escort to protect it, alone it is a sitting duck.

The ship was now 9 Miles off the boundaries from the Sea of Ghant, not wishing to tread forward to avoid any retaliation. The ordered 12, CGA 545 interceptors were already in the skies patrolling the boundaries; all with all weapons armed and ready. The sea was calm, the night air was still and conditions were good; the moon illuminated the ocean, creating a myriad of blue and black. The feeling of solace and solitude came upon the crew, it was calm and quite.

The peace was broken by blip on the electronic radar, and then again blip...blip...blip every time the intervals between blips became quicker and quicker. Before the crew had could react a massive explosion rocked the ship, the whole starboard side was ripped apart and the ship was rapidly sinking. The force of the explosion sent many of the men flying through the bridges window and out into the cold water, the planes and helicopters on deck slid into the ocean, along with some unfortunate crew members. The ship sunk within minutes, with minor explosions from planes and helicopters bringing it down even faster, only a few men made it to the rafts in time. Out of the 6000 man crew, only 100 men survived; unfortunately the Captain Guille Bernard went down with the ship.

The 545 pilots just witnessed communications with the ship get cut, static filling the comm's. To their dismay when they returned to the ship, they only found smoldering wrecks of what was left of the mightiest ship ever to fly the Cquactarian flag.

Chimeran Palace Hanland, Cquactar

News of this reached HQ within minutes, radioed in from the pilots; many communication officers who received the message asked for it to be repeated two or three more times, many did not believe what they were hearing. Once King Tiver received the word his hands shook and his expression went pale. "We lost 6000 men, the greatest ship of the navy, and we don't know what killed it!" The king raged on at his officers.

"How dare do these bastards destroy our ship and kill some of the finest men and women in the navy! how could have this not been avoided!" the king calmed down and snapped a look at Foreign Minister Korman Linlock "Cquactar will no longer be a docile cub, covering its head as the fight goes on; and no we will not be the aggressors. But the instigators of peace, sadly if the ink from a pen fails to stop conflicts; than the metal of our weapons shall. " Korman Linlock stepped forward and nervously asked "So... My liege... what do we do about the perpetrators of the sinking?"

The king sat down on his chair, and swiveled around to look outside into the plaza. "The Currahee Salient sank to the depths of the sea, taking any evidence of what caused it to sink; its a sad fact that justice cannot be enforced. So we must create our own justice, serve justice to the people of these lands, show them who we are. But who do we join? well the ones who need our help." The King kept gazing outside, looking at the vibrancy of life of his people, the laughter, the small chat, the music the culture. "I will not let our nation devolve into such chaos of total war."

Cquactars full military capacity was a potential of 300,000 men in the Army, 60,000 in the marines, 1000 tanks and APC's/IFVs, 2 fleet squadrons and 300 planes that would be ready to be deployed at a moments notice. It was a grand lion, only needing to wake from its slumber.

Glory to the Kingdom, and Long Live the King!

"Cquactar can into space, goddammit!" -Last words of King Staephan
"Spacebound" Viston III

"To Live is to Rise" - Motto of the Kingdom and its People.

Map of our glorious Kingdom : <http://postimg.org/image/ka5qkjme5/>



Firmador
Minister

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

by [Firmador](#) » Thu Nov 07, 2013 10:51 am

QUOTE

SIC:



Firmador

Comrade El-Commandente Bashar Che Al-Assad, Brotherly Revolutionary
Chairman of The Arab People's Republic of Souriya Al-Assad & Bilad ash-Sham,
Saladin The Second, The Anointed One, The Glorious One, The Conqueror
Whom Smites Sectarianism & Obliterates Neo-Imperialism, As well as The
Unifying Lion of The Peoples

The work of the Progressive Cause and global Neo-Imperial Resistance will be
travail here. The situation, almost cannot be explained for it is perhaps the
most complex intra-regional series of dynamics our extremely adroit
intelligence agencies have ever seen. And yet these imbroglis make each and
every state lithe to the maximum degree.

We will as per request explain to you our current deployments and plans:

“

Bvordsha, inside of the Austorian Union

This self-determined nation seeks freedom from the two countries that
currently dominate and occupy it. The Bvordshan Chancellor Colonel Sponz
has made contact with the dozen or so agents we've managed to sneak in
without detection. As per logistics the problems are more of a funnel. The
Austorian Union has one of the most sophisticated commercial import
beaucracy in the world. It is, however, inefficient and still holds the
greatest weakness of all institutions: the apostasy of an official owing to
human nature's weakness. We have yet to make these contacts, as talks
with Sponz have not concluded, but we hope to see the inflow of arms go
from a faucet's drip to deluge. There is an incredibly heavily invested CCTV
regulation, making it about equivalent to a Tyrannical U.K. These have the
weakness in the form of supply, as most things, being electrical stations.
They can easily be targeted by cruise missile strikes, however the backlash
to total power outage would be general public outcry. If, perhaps, we
stormed the regional electric station and held it hostage for a Free
Bvordsha then the Commonwealth Union would likely respond militantly and
re-take the facility. In such an event, it would be more politically
understandable to the laymen of Bvordsha that we had destroyed their, and
their neighbour's, source of electricity. Such we recommend a gradual
increase of deployed personnel until the hot spot begins to blaze with all
out war. We also recommend a public flight from Souriya Al-Assad to
Bvordsha for a showing of support to straighten Sponz's back and make him
more hardline. His leanings do not much include a dictate, but he seems to
be a relatively ardent nationalist. Fungibility is high.

Rhodesea, the Coup and Treneria, the Revolution

Left leaning Bakonski has been killed by a military coup d'etat led by a
General Kruger. Public support for his regime seems, from recent reports,
to be teetering on a balance. Some feel an alacrity having such a strong
central figure at the helm, others are disgusted by how the transfer of
power took place. Still, Bakonski, being Socialist has undone some of the

work that having a formerly corrupt Capitalist system would have done for us. He was an abhorrent, execrable manager and as such much of the nation's infrastructure is very ill developed. Rhodesea recently gained independence and is perhaps the most expansionist of the candidates. This can be used for future use in using covert pro-Progressive funded movements that have the dual goal, or at least internally, if not externally, perceived goal, of increasing the Rhodesean sphere of influence and hopefully increasing the inside-Panessos recruitment pool. As we speak a fifteen carriergroup battlefleet and two hundred thousand men are moving to oust Kruger for his illegal seizure of power and to install a peaceful democracy. Obviously this would be a pro-Cause country. The people, however, are as yet unknown to how they will react. Will it be like the 1688 Glorious Revolution where the Dutch came from the seas to invade and were met with open arms by the British folk? Or a violent tumult? Treneria is an extremely new nationalist movement based inside of Borneo. Contact has been attempted, but none replied to. Information is almost nil. We suggest you attempt to establish relations with the Treneria movement in Borneo while the bloody task of ousting Kruger is suggested to be left to us. It will likely label us poorly.

Homeland, the Transition

Amar has thrown his hand into establishing a pro-Cause democracy inside Rhodesea and standing by the old Empress. Amar will retire at the conclusion of this war, so that it will make him either a hero or villain but at least the Progressivism of Firmador will be maintained no matter what. Troop deployment levels, even with all the blame and glory lying flatly on Amar's chest, will have to remain below five million men but that is including our extremely high rotation rate so it would roughly equal seven hundred thousand men at full spate. Anything more than this will make the home situation volatile as food prices have recently sky-rocketed with the eviction of poor-soil owning farmers. Hopefully this will be mollified by subsidised capital investment into urban-based Vertical Farms but that move would take at least five years and is not in the expected time horizon of this conflict. Elsewhere massive planned material outpourings into the Karban Communists will also strain our ability to deploy into Panessos. All things considered the optimal troop deployment level would be roughly half a million to four hundred thousand into Panessos overall, with a relatively gargantuan deployment of armor and aircraft. What a Free Newspaper and Censor-less Internet will change in the future Progressive Assemblage of Firmador is something we will have to find out together. A Joint military Strategic command, however, can be set up if you are willing to take on the onus of invading Rhodesea with us, given so many variables. As for operations inside of Bwordsha, the Commonwealth and greater Panessos we will have the headquarters in Al-Assad as the Panessos General Staff (JGP) [Junta General de Panessos].

Last edited by [Firmador](#) on Fri Nov 08, 2013 1:46 pm, edited 4 times in total.

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

[Official Wiki of Firmador](#)

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

“

Gallia- wrote:

The difference between stupidity and bravery is often the outcome.



Ghanth
Minister

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

by [Ghanth](#) » Thu Nov 07, 2013 12:34 pm

QUOTE

“ Feroxi wrote:

To: The Emperor of Ghanth

From: High King Marec

Greetings, Emperor Nathan. I am Sev Marec, the elected High King of the Feroxi warrior-clans. Most recently, my advisors and I have been observing both you, and your Empire. It seems that though your troops are already quite in tip-top shape, they could use more... advanced training. Imagine, your standard soldier having ten-fold the training and experience that your opponent's troopers have. My determined men and women could help you achieve this goal. We Feroxi are renowned for our combative arts, cunning, and ingenuity. We're willing to assist you by training your troops with some of our most veteran soldiers, in return for some financial reward and

independence when you gain control of Gillenar, and who knows, the majority of Panessos. I imagine a great union between our two nations, Nathan. I'm sure you'll choose the wise, and rewarding path.

CODE: [SELECT ALL](#)

To: High King Marec
From: The Emperor of Ghant

That sounds most like a most agreeable offer. Feel free to rendezvous with our fleet, and train these men in my service as you see fit, for the duration of our voyage. Any men that you might be willing to pledge to our cause would be most helpful as well.

I hope to see you soon.

-Nathan IV

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Wed May 14, 2014 8:47 pm, edited 1 time in total.



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

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

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

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



Feroxi
Ambassador

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

Assistance

by [Feroxi](#) » Thu Nov 07, 2013 12:50 pm

[QUOTE](#)

Enroute to the Ghant Naval Force

After receiving the confirmation from the Emperor Nathan, High King Marec ordered the clans to contribute a medium sized force to the young Ghantish Emperor's war effort. Four gargantuan Feroxi Kandosii-class naval dreadnoughts, six Keldabe-class cruisers, and twenty heavy M10 Scyk drop ships began their voyage to rendezvous with Nathan's naval armada. The Feroxi force carried a large amount of cargo; 20,000 elite Feroxi crusaders, several regiments of Feroxi Komlrk-type tanks, a regiment of Orar-type amphibious armored personnel carriers, and two regiments of Cabur-class gun boats. The convoy was already in combat formation in the case of attack, and prepared for any altercations in their path.

"One is to be admired for rebuilding thy self, not judged."

- The Self Proclaimed Master of Forum Chivalry

NationStates' resident knight in not-so shining armor.



Cquactar
Secretary

Posts: 32
Founded: Nov 05, 2013
Ex-Nation

by [Cquactar](#) » Thu Nov 07, 2013 1:18 pm

[QUOTE](#)

The King, realizing the little differences in ideology, both wishing for peace and well being of the lands, sent Prime Minister Eriel Barnett to meet with Prime Minister Sophia of the Empire of Ghant. King Tiber's goal was to strengthen ties with the empire, and to learn more about their complicated current position.

Chimeran Palace

Hanland, Cquactar

The King was relaxing for once on one of the great leather couches in the royal families palace, reading a magazine of Tiberian Daily while his son, Louen played with his little army men. It was a rare occasion in the kings week in which he could rest and spend some time with the family, no press conferences, no late night ministry meetings, no bad news to plague his day.

"Papa, I want to be a army man when I grow big, like my toys and the ones we see at national day." said his son quite unexpectedly.

"Well my little lion, you are the next king after your ole' papa." The king said warmly

"No papa, I want to be a army man, fight bad people for you."

King Tiber looked grimly at his magazine, the last thing he would wish for is his son joining up in the military. The king was just like his son in dreams, except he did end up joining the Royal Marine Corps in 1970 against his

fathers (King Uriel VI) wishes. This was just in time for the "Cquacatarian consolidation of overseas territories" a period when Cquactar restored order to its colony of Isla De Cocos following the royalist civil war. In the Royal Marines your personality, your traits, your likes or dislikes, your status, your mind and your soul is stripped away and rebuilt; princes and street rats were equal here, all social statuses are stripped away; they are all equal, they are all royal marines. King Tiber at the time was in the first wave of landings of the island, highly effective and swift operations with minimal casualties. But when they had driven the rebels to the mountain and jungles, it was like they stepped from heaven straight into hell. Men lost their minds and souls in those jungles, King Tiber himself has seen things there no man should ever see. Since then he dreaded the day that such horrors are experienced by his kin or his people.

Last edited by **Cquactar** on Thu Nov 07, 2013 1:39 pm, edited 1 time in total.

Glory to the Kingdom, and Long Live the King!

"Cquactar can into space, goddammit!" -Last words of King Staephan
"Spacebound" Viston III

"To Live is to Rise" - Motto of the Kingdom and its People.

Map of our glorious Kingdom : <http://postimg.org/image/ka5qkjme5/>



Treneria
Diplomat

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

by **Treneria** » Thu Nov 07, 2013 1:34 pm

QUOTE

“ Mizrad wrote:

Show Spoiler

Outside of Borneo, 5:32 P.M. TCT.

The elders and the Borneon soldiers remained relaxed and calm as the Mizradian in front of them began to speak; until he mentioned that they were underfunded and under-equipped. The soldiers looked around at each other, then back at the Mizradian and the CLI troopers. They were right; compared to the outside world, Borneo's Army was under-equipped. The Mizradians and their colleagues were wearing military-issue gear with more fancy gadgets than a Swiss Army Knife. All the while, the Borneons were wearing common civilian clothing with old and scratched up rifles. It put them in perspective of a few things, one of them being how disconnected one could become from the rest of the world when facing a storm of trouble on their own homefront. The other thing that became evident was the fact that in a head-on-head fight with an outside nation, Borneon would most likely be steam-rolled over. Though, that wasn't taking into account various tactics that the Borneons used. It was difficult to decide who would win in a war.

The claim that they were under-trained was far off, however. The Borneons were natural fighters and survivalists. They were good shots with what weaponry they had. There were some black sheep in the ranks who weren't experienced enough to handle their weaponry though. But not enough to throw off the whole military. Many of the older generation was still active-duty as well, training the newer soldiers. Borneo wasn't the best war-machine out there, but they were survivors. Penton cleared his throat before speaking, knowing that the rest of the elder-board would agree with him.

"We appreciate you coming out here and meeting with us. But we're not off as bad as it seems. We're doing alright and only improving day by day. Right now, we're going to have to decline your offer. We'll stay in contact, however." Penton left it at that, with nothing further to say. Penton and the rest of the elders weren't necessarily insulted by the underestimation of their military, but they were a bit put off by it. They were improving things and by the end of the month, they'd most likely have a whole working military formation, with better funding.

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

by **Kravia** » Thu Nov 07, 2013 1:52 pm

Kokorevka
Empire of Kravia

EX-NATION

Kravia

Attaché

Posts: 69

Founded: Oct 06, 2012

Ex-Nation

QUOTE

The Prime Minister of Kravia Arkadiy was standing on the Balcony of the Imperial Palace. Below it waited the crowd that had been amassed. The event was the Coronation of Alisa to become Empress of Kravia since the Emperor sadly passed away a few days ago. While the Formal Coronation would happen when Princess Arietta who was going to court Artyum arrived the traditional proclamation of the Coronation was going to happen right here.

He currently wore a black suit. Black for the sadness of the Emperor's death which he felt that the Emperor's death in these dark times where bad news especially when Alisa was not the most experienced in ruling an entire nation. While he stood there he was waiting for Alisa to make her entry to it so that he could be done with this and the Formal Coronation could be prepared.

Eventually Alisa walked out to the Balcony she was imitatively greeted by cheers by the crowd below who were happy to see her after her time in Gillenor. The Crowd calmed down very quickly after that so that Arkadiy could talk.

" Dear People of Kravia. Sad news have hit us our beloved Emperor Vladimir IV is dead. Our Nation will stand tall though and get through this tragedy with Pride and Honor. All Hail the New Empress. Alisa I of Kravia. "

The crowd exploded into cheers and applause for the new Empress. While the speech was short it was a Kravian Tradition to keep the Coronations as short as possible with the Formal Coronation only being there because Alisa had wanted it. Despite the quite short speech that Arkadiy was happy that nothing bad like an assassination attempt had happened and that the People was taking it well enough. Now it was only to wait for the Ghantish Princess to arrive and the Formal Coronation to happen.

Arkadiy hoped sincerely that nothing bad would happen when the Ghantish princess arrived.



EX-NATION

Feroxi

Ambassador

Posts: 1410

Founded: Apr 27, 2013

Ex-Nation

Sea Bound Rendezvous

by Feroxi » Thu Nov 07, 2013 5:37 pm

QUOTE

Following a long voyage, at last the two fleets met at their oceanic rendezvous location. The well-sized Feroxi fleet slowed their approach, by order of the commander of the fleet, Commodore Visla. Visla was the perfect image of a Feroxi woman; intelligent, strong-willed, and truly stubborn. She stood at the bridge of the *Adenn*, a massive Kandosii-class dreadnaught and the flagship of this particular fleet, over-looking the Ghantish armada and her own. She pressed two fingers to the side of her helmet, and began establishing a signal with the communications of the Ghantish armada's flagship. She stood idle, waiting for the Ghant fleet to respond.

"One is to be admired for rebuilding thy self, not judged."

- The Self Proclaimed Master of Forum Chivalry

NationStates' resident knight in not-so shining armor.



EX-NATION

Asasia

Ambassador

Posts: 1338

Founded: Aug 05, 2012

Ex-Nation

by Asasia » Thu Nov 07, 2013 6:33 pm

QUOTE

Remagen Asasian Airforce Base, York Province, Asasia, 0230

The Asasian tundra in November was as bitter as ever, the un-populous region was so quiet that a simple conversation could be heard for miles. In this stillness of the night, airplane engines could be heard at the Remagen AAB in Southwestern Asasia.

There were 8 C-17 Turboprops outside with their engines roaring. 6 of these were on the taxiway, 2 were on the runway preparing for takeoff. The contents inside were supplies to help the Eprarian rebels and 4 firesquads per C-130 from the People's Union of Asasia Army Special Forces, who were going to be sent to help train the Rebels, and were also going to be sent on special missions. In the next 3 hours, all of the planes had successfully dropped their contents where it was needed.

Asa-Eprarian Border, 0430

The dirt road that lead from Sujvestad to the small village on the other side of the border was going to be used for what was possibly going to be the first time in multiple years. Three tank Columns followed by 4 Companies traveled the three-mile trek to the village on the other side of Epraria, this was one of many operations that were going on at the time. They prepared for an attack.

Remeden, Asasia

The forces of Rhodesea crossed the Kalo river and made it to Remeden. Now both the PUAA and the Rhodesean forces headed towards Pensalum, where the units there waited as well.

Last edited by [Asasia](#) on Thu Nov 07, 2013 6:36 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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

[RPs](#)

[Funny Stuff](#)

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

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 Nov 08, 2013 4:50 pm

QUOTE

Act II Chapter VI "The Outcast"

Number 12, Conquerer's Avenue, Osserheim, Gillenor

Prime Minister Julia Van Oranje was in her office, packing her files into a leather briefcase. All of the files were relevant to the current situation, maps, profiles and photos of Black Alliance bases in central Hermania. All ready for this conference in Loufe. Julia and her Cabinet had sensed something was going to go down at this conference, so they made sure many of the files were decoys, and nothing but crap. She heard a knocking at her office door, it startled her a little.

"Come in" She said, still looking over her files. The door opened, Tsuni Yousloff stepped in.

"Hey Julia, are you heading out to Loufe tonight?" She asked, in a kind of curious voice.

"Yupp, plane leaves at 11pm" Julia looked up "Why do you ask?"

Tsuni fully entered the room and closed the door behind her "Well, I was wondering....If maybe I could come with you?"

It took a few seconds for Julia to register it, she looked up quickly "What!?"

"I'll wear a disguise! It'll be fine!" Tsuni pleaded.

"Are you crazy!?" Julia exclaimed "You'll be killed if they found its you! Hell, Im in danger going to this!"

"Hey! I was in the 3rd Rhodo-Eprarian war, I think I can handle myself!"

Julia sighed, Tsuni reminded her of when she was younger, hot headed and eager to run right into the fight "I know that your a soldier at heart, but you mustn't forget, you're still also an Empress"

"Then it's only right I should be there, besides, we'll have eachother's backs" she smiled.

"Fine....but you'll need a good disguise, I'll organise something on the plane, go pack a bag quickly, nothing that will give away who you are."

Tsuni nodded with a smile and rushes out of the room, just then the phone on the desk started to ring, Julia picked it up.

"Hello?" she said

"Hey, it's Bryony, Tiber's on board and he's flying to Gilenor with Lord Wilson now" said Bryony DeFaire, Gillenorian War Secretary.

"Good, he'll be much needed in the future." Julia replied.

"I also have another question" said Bryony, in a serious tone.

"Yes?" asked Julia, curious.

"What of Allinor?" Questioned Bryony.

This took Julia back a bit, she hadn't thought about the horned ones to the east, the ones who had torn Olomoria to the ground.

"We pray that they don't notice the war." she simply replied.

Tsuni was walking downstairs hoping to catch a cab back to the palace, the came a noise from her cell phone, she took it out of her pocket and answered it.

"Hello?"

"Hey Tsuni, you have Prime Minister Bortidoc of Ghant and Queen Celeste of Clockenstein here to talk to you." Said Jenna, Tsuni's secretary.

"Thank's Jenna, Ill be over there soon, also can you organise for an extra seat on Julia's flight to Loufe?"

"Will do Tsuni"

Tsuni hailed a cab and within 10 minutes she arrived at the palace. She stepped into the large meeting room "Sorry Im late, I had a meeting with the Prime Minister before she set off for Loufe, anyway, shall we begin?" Tsuni said as she sat down.

"Hello your Majesties, it is both an honor and a privilege to be in your presence today. I only wish that it would have been under better circumstances."

"Hello, Mr Bortidoc, it is a pleasure to have you here" Says Tsuni, she stood up to shake his hand

Celeste interrupted the handshake, "Why are you allowing your Emperor to do this!?"

Bortidoc shook her hand and bowed. He looked at Celeste: "There is nothing that we can do directly to restrict the Emperor, I am afraid. There is no legal precedent for that."

Celeste looked utterly shocked and slightly enraged "You're the Prime Minister though!?"

"Indeed I am. Believe me, your majesty, I am as frustrated at these most recent events as you are."

He turned to Tsuni, "Your majesty, the current incident is a by product of a long-forgotten clause in the Ghantish Constitution of 1870, which was drawn up at the conclusion of the Ghantish Civil War."

Tsuni, who seemed wiser than the hot headed Celeste looked at him curiously "Oh? Do educate us?"

"Gillenor had observers there, if I am not mistaken. The Emperor was allowed to pursue claims to thrones upon his own prerogative, if he so choose. The clause was a concession to Nathan II so that he might make good on wrangling recalcitrant lords, and no one thought it could be...abused in such a manner. No Emperor prior to the current one has even considered the clause in the constitution. The Storting is reviewing amending the constitution to prohibit the Emperor from using the clause on foreign claims. The claims in question derive from Olda of Gyreveich, who was the niece of Leto XV, the last King of Gyreviech, and Queen Orta of Ghant, who was the grand-daughter of King Leto IX of the Magnus dynasty. Based upon these claims, Emperor Nathan IV believes his claims to the thrones of Gillenor, Clockenstein and Gyreveich superciede any of your claims."

"C...Cant you just change the Constitution?" asked Celeste shakely.

"We cannot change the constitution on a whim, I am afraid. There is a democratic process for that."

"So what do you expect us to do?" Tsuni asked.

"No Ghantish monarch since Orta has attempted to make good on this claim, do to the Ghantish-Regalian Pact made between Leto X of the Claudian Dynasty and Edward VIII in 1245. Since the Regalian state no longer exists, Nathan IV believes that the pact is now null and void." Replied Bortidoc "Hmm, this is quite the predicament"

Celeste jumped forward excitedly "However, I have something that could change the game!"

"Oh? And what might that be?" Tsuni questioned curiously

"This" She grinned and pulled out a transparent packet with a DVD from her pocket.

"A DVD?" Bortidoc remarked.

"Well....yeah, just watch" She put the DVD into a small DVD player next to a projector. She then pressed a button, the projector whirled to life.

Bolidoc stretched out in his chair, patiently awaiting what was on the film.

The projector spewed light onto the wall opposite. It showed a man in a Clockenstinian Naval Uniform

"This is Captain Oscar Turing, of the CIN Eltrusia" He braced slightly as the boat shakes, you could hear shouting and explosions in the background. "This will be the last message I send" He said, a tear coming down his left eye "We were ordered to stop the Green Treader at all costs, and were prepared to sacrifice our lives for it, but they're killing everyone out there." A large explosion rocked the camera "Shit, they're here!" He says, looking over his shoulder, in the corner of the camera, men enter through the door, guns pointed at the captain. The Captain raised his hands, however they open fire and his lifeless body falls to the floor*

"This could be a game changer!" Declared Celeste.

"Not in the way that you might think. Your majesties, I must inform you that our government has agents within the Emperor's company. We are briefed on developments occurring there on a regular basis."

"What do you mean?", asked Celeste, inquisitively.

"Nathan ordered that the men be rescued and detained aboard one of his ships. However, Laoni and Sepuki had other ideas. They worked with Gaemarians to undermine the Emperor and massacre those aboard the ship, as a show of force. This incident has created a rift between Nathan and Laoni"

Celeste spoke. "Then surely thats still a game changer against Laoni?"

"Very much so. Laoni and Nathan are now suspicious of each other's actions, and they may be working divergent agendas."

Tsuni jumped up and stated, "Should we present this evidence to the other Panessian nations?"

"I think that might be beneficial, so long as it is indicated that it was Laoni's prerogative."

"And how would we do that?"

"Say that it was Laoni who ordered it"

"And which Governments do you propose we send it to?"

"Whoever you are certain is not in league with Nathan or Laoni."

"And of those that are? I feel the Mizradians may be redeemable?"

"Indeed. Also, your majesty, there is another matter that I wish to discuss with you."

"Oh?"

"Has your wife departed for Kravia yet?"

"Yes, her flight set off yesterday."

"I feel as though I should inform you that the Kravian Royal Family and the Emperor have agreed to a match between the soon to be Crown Prince of Kravia, Artyum, and Princess Arietta of Ghant."

"Well that's nice, when is the wedding set?"

"No wedding has been agreed upon. Arietta is merely traveling to Kravia, so that she can get a feel for the country and get to know Artyum. If they are both in approval of the match, then a wedding will be arranged."

"I wasn't aware that the Kravians arranged marriages?"

"...Neither was I."

"Obviously, this situation will be interesting- your wife and the Emperor's sister could become sisters-in-law." Bortidoc smiled.

"Hmmm, yes I suppose they would" Tsuni remarked thoughtfully.

Private Jet heading towards Gillenor

"So who started this anyway?" asked Tiber, munching on a handful of peanuts.

"Your sister Laoni. We believe she helped Sepuki to escape Block 400 and get to Ghant. There they manipulated Emperor Nathan."

"Who?" Asked Tiber, with a mouthful of peanuts.

"Emperor Nathan Gentry? Of Chant?" Wilson said, hoping Tiber had at least paid attention to some news on his travels.

"Ghent is a Monarchy?" Munched Tiber thoughtfully "I always thought they were goody two shoes republicans"

"Yes, well anyway-"

"What's this Nathan guy like?" Interrupted Tiber, now opening a second packet of peanuts.

"Hmmm, he's a confused man who lashes out at the world" said Wilson

"So a bit of a prick then?" Asked Tiber.

"Yes" smiled Wilson, quite happy with that "You will be working with a Gillenorian field agent known as Outcast"

"Outcast?" Tiber replied, his curiosity now piqued

"That's what she calls herself, nobody else really knows who she is. When she was a child her city was burnt to the ground by the Tenesai during the border conflict. She was one of the only survivors, so they moved her to an orphanage, she had been traumatized due to the events however, apparently she went crazy and started killing and skinning people."

"Wow." Tiber said, mouth wide open in shock.

"So the Government took her away, and trained her, made her into an agent" explained Wilson

"And you intend to dump me in with this psycho!?" Said Tiber in a panicked tone.

"Nonsense!" Protested Wilson "She's fine now and can control herself!"

"Hmmm, we'll see" said Tiber, still suspicious.

Posting on behalf of Teneus

Valenberg-Tenesai Border

Commander Sari Wolfbane stood on the platform, binoculars over her eyes. She looked over the border at the poorly set up Valenburgish defence forces. Behind her was a large force of Tenesai infantry and armour.

"Commander, when shall we begin?" Asked a voice, Sali turned and saw her second in commander, Lieutenant Vyirr Telheart. She turned and looked back through her binoculars at the Valeburgish forces.

"Now" She replied "The Valeburgish are weak and unsuspecting, let us give them no time to wonder" she turned back to Vyirr "Go! Begin the attack!". Vyirr ran off to give the orders. A few minutes later, Sari was watching as her army marched across the border, cutting down the ill prepared Valenburgish, a cruel smile formed on her mouth.

Last edited by [Gillenor](#) on Sun Nov 10, 2013 11:06 am, edited 1 time in total.

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



The New Lowlands
Postmaster-General

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

by [The New Lowlands](#) » Fri Nov 08, 2013 7:36 pm



Skies over Costrufe, Epraria

The engines of the strategic air-lifter roared as the massive craft forced itself through the skies above the province of Costrufe. For several hours, the massive, four-engined craft had been en route, but now the land below them was unmistakably, conclusively, Epraria.

"ETA?" Colonel Rasmussen asked, glancing up at his neighbour, who shrugged back at the thirty-something year old Tilpashimi officer.

"Twenty minutes, tops?" he guessed.

Rasmussen nodded quietly, glancing through his briefing without another word. As the Commandant predicted, the aircraft touched down at Costrufe's main airport twenty minutes later, the plane taxiing neatly down the runway. It was not the only Lowlandian aircraft to arrive that day; as Rasmussen emerged, passing the crates of various supplies, he heard the road of another quartet of engines in the air.

Rasmussen approached the nearest Eprarian authority figure, saluting him in uniform. "Colonel Floris Rasmussen, Lowlandian Volunteers. We have a delivery for the Army."

The commandant approached Rasmussen, handing over an inventory, which Rasmussen read aloud;

"Roughly two point five tonnes worth of tank rounds, twenty tonnes worth of 5.56 millimetre ammunition, ten tonnes worth of 7.62 millimetre ammunition, seven point five tonnes worth of 9 millimetre ammunition, ten tonnes worth of MANPADS systems, ten tonnes worth of fire-and-forget anti-tank missile systems."

He glanced up at the official with a faint smile.

"Oh, and there's four more planes inbound."



Ghant
Minister

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

by [Ghant](#) » Fri Nov 08, 2013 8:25 pm



“Feroxi wrote:

Following a long voyage, at last the two fleets met at their oceanic rendezvous location. The well-sized Feroxi fleet slowed their approach, by order of the commander of the fleet, Commodore Visla. Visla was the perfect image of a Feroxi woman; intelligent, strong-willed, and truly stubborn. She stood at the bridge of the *Adenn*, a massive Kandosii-class dreadnought and the flagship of this particular fleet, over-looking the Ghantish armada and her own. She pressed two fingers to the side of her helmet, and began establishing a signal with the communications of the Ghantish armada's flagship. She stood idle, waiting for the Ghant fleet to

respond.

Lord Fendulias, the commander of the *Green Treader*, noticed the Feroxi signal- he had received intel indicating their arrival. He passed on the information to his subordinates.

One of those subordinates then send a message to the Feroxi contingent welcome and come aboard.



Ghant



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

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

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

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



Feroxi
Ambassador

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

by **Feroxi** » Fri Nov 08, 2013 9:33 pm



The dreadnaught *Adenn* gradually slowed to a stop, and Commodore Visla pressed multiple buttons on the bridge's command console. Afterwards, she exited the ship's bridge via a side access hatch, and walked down a flight of steel stairs. As she walked down the staircase, she pressed two fingers to her earpiece and the High King's voice sounded in her eardrum, "How's the situation?" She replied, "It's going swimmingly, so far. We're docking with the Ghant Empire's flagship and we'll commence training procedures immediately." High King Marec exhaled softly, and said, "Koyacyi. Good luck, Commodore. You damn well make sure they get their money's worth. Marec, out." She shook her head, gave a slight grin, and thought *what a hard ass*.

She reached the end of the staircase, and watched as long metal bridges extended toward the Ghantish flagship. The ends of the bridges had magnetic locks on them, and began to fasten itself to the ship's deck. Afterwards, Feroxi warriors began to jog over the bridges, carrying crates of rations, ammunition, and firearms. Visla walked across one of the bridges, and requested to meet Emperor Nathan IV face to face. She had much to discuss with the man.

Last edited by **Feroxi** on Sat Nov 09, 2013 10:56 am, edited 1 time in total.

"One is to be admired for rebuilding thy self, not judged."

- The Self Proclaimed Master of Forum Chivalry

NationStates' resident knight in not-so shining armor.



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Sat Nov 09, 2013 8:18 am



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

Breaking News: Terrorist Strike in Seberia

A crater "a hundred feet wide" was left in the City of Zepa after a lone gunman opened fire upon residents and tourists, with dozens now in hospital and nine feared dead. Zepa, normally an idyllic tourist village in the mountainous forests by Lake Lakab, was left reeling with shock along with the rest of the region, despite the stunningly rapid response of the emergency services and drones from the nearby Slotter Air Force Base.

The Prime Minister issued a statement at the Home Office, saying: "We fully condemn the reprehensible atrocity carried out against innocent residents and citizens of the city of Zepa and holidaymakers there. These incidents were clearly carried out by a deranged mind and we shall prosecute the attackers with the full extent of the law. We call upon members of the public to remain calm and civilized. We are treating the matter as an isolated act of terror and urge people to report to the police if they know anything about the perpetrators."

Further information should be available shortly.

TPCBVI4

BWC1

(OOC Note: I'm varying my writing style. IC:)

Let us introduce the character called Colonel Sponsz properly. It is high time, since he is a slightly unbalanced power-hungry lunatic currently running what would like to be a country. He would also like it to be a country.

This is what he looks like:



Very determined, isn't he?

Colonel Sponsz swept to power in ways accurately described in the very first point of that infernal nonsense known as TPCBM4, which means the Treasury Policy Committee's 4th Policy Notes Report on Bvordshan Independence. (The first such report discussed the matter broadly, summing the wide range of economic implications; the second discussed government monetary implications; the third discussed private monetary implications, the fifth discussed revolutionary war finances, and the sixth discussed post-independence financial estimates. This is the sort of thing which gives the Ausitorian civil service a bad name. But do they care? Of course not! Undoubtedly before the end of this story the Treasury Policy Committee will write at least four hundred more reports on the subject of Bvordshan Independence, many of which will actually be useful. But I digress).

Colonel Sponsz is surrounded by what he likes to think of as his "cabinet", which is composed mostly of ambitious characters like him, who believe in their own personal supremacy and in the supremacy of their nation. They are ardent nationalists, some of them are socialists, some of them are fascists, all of them think in terms of industry, and all of them long for the days when Bvordsha ruled the minor continent that they now rule less than a fifth of. They think anything is possible with hard work and brute force. It is a different philosophy, certainly, from Duke Palmerston's liberal interventionist 'creativity plus imagination plus equal tolerance leads to prosperity' creed.

Colonel Sponsz was waiting quietly and patiently in his chair for this emissary from abroad to help him in his struggle for independence. The colonel, despite his brutal nature and reality, likes to think of himself as a nice, fun-loving, cultured person when he's not crossed. He's anxious to make life better for people. He recognizes, also, that independence requires that he must win the minds of enough people for independence to be plausible: he knows that the Ausitorian government knows that they need consent to govern. Let that be his character note.

"Lieutenants" Klumzi and Kronic, two of what he likes to think of as his "Guards", ushered this Gregor in to his "war office" - a building run by one of the fake companies kept very quietly under close observation by the Ausitorian government. (The Colonel moves office with the ornate furniture and inspiring portrait paintings of himself, confident that the Ausitorian Government doesn't notice several very obvious lorries moving him and his "cabinet" around. Unsurprisingly his confidence is misplaced: the Ausitorian Government has at least seven agents in the same room, naturally including a great many of Colonel Sponsz' most effective bureaucrats).

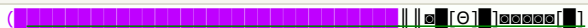
The Colonel stood as Gregor entered. "Comrade, what news?" he asked. "Can you give us security and help us win hearts and minds?" Which was, really, the important question that a great many Ausitorians were wondering about, and hoping was best answered with the word "no".

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Sat Jun 27, 2015 8:56 pm, edited 11 times in total.

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

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

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





Loufe
Diplomat

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

by [Loufe](#) » Sat Nov 09, 2013 12:44 pm





The Slavic Union March, Krasnoejeroi, Ivanovsburg-Krasnoe Oblast, Loufe

*"Soiuz nerushimyj respublik svobodnykh
Splotila naveki Velikaia Luv.
Da zdravstvuet sozdannyj volej narodov
Edinyj, moguchij Sovetskij Soiuz!"*

The patriots of Loufe, all in one place, singing in unison. A glorious day for the Communists of the Northern Slavic nation. Markovski, the leader of the Defensive Department of Loufe, stood up and took his place on the stage. People cheered for him as he started his speech.

"People of Loufe!", he shouted into the megaphone, with the heavy patriotic music in the background, "we come here today to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the Volkon Revolution!", with that, a telescreen lowers down with a portrait of none other than Nikita Volkon, "Our fathers and our leaders made it possible for us to have such freedom and liberty! Our fathers fought against the dictatorships of Mizrad and Volvek!" the people cheer. "Today, is the day, where us, the Luvenski people, will rule Panessos!"

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