

by Max Barry



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Allinor
Civilian

Posts: 1
Founded: Nov 04, 2013
Ex-Nation

by **Allinor** » Wed Nov 20, 2013 4:05 pm

QUOTE

Cair Anduin, Allinor

An eagle flew over the city, it's bright white buildings visible from high up in the air. It swooped down to get nearer, the sun shown down on the city, like it did everywhere, thus the name '*Land of the eternal sun*' was given to it.

The eagle glided through the glistening arches of the sun city, people went about their business, it finally reached a large building at the edge of the city, overlooking the sea, the Palace. The eagle finally came to a balcony, and landed on its stone railings, a man stood on the balcony waiting for it.

He was a tall man, golden eyes, black hair and large metallic horns coming from the side of his head. He wore white and gold robes, with designs of warriors killing northern barbarians on it. This man was Iago Taurus, the Rex of Allinor.

"Ah, Eradir, you have returned" He smiled, looking at his eagle. He then moved his vision to the sea, it was a glorious day, as it usually was in Allinor, grand trading ships entered the port from all over the Empire.

The doors behind him opened, he turned, a woman entered, she had long blond hair, metallic horns and green eyes, she was wearing ornate armour, more for ceremonial purposes rather than actual protection. It was Ophelia Telmus, head of his Royal Guard and a loyal friend.

"Iago, I have news from Hermania" She said, calling him by his first name, which usually wouldn't be acceptable, but they had been friends for a long time, so she was an exception.

Iago smiled "Oh? And what of?"

"The Loufenians, they are holding a conference, a peace talk."

"And who will be going?" Iago asked curiously, petting Eradir's head.

"The Gbantish, Gillenorians, Mizradians, Naybrians and Rhodeaseans" there may be more but that's all we know for now.

Iago looked out to the white city, he wanted to be a glorious Emperor, one that would be remembered for bringing Allinor out of isolation.

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"Then so will we" He stated.

"What?" Asked Ophelia, not quite believing it.

"It's about time that we started dealing with international affairs again, hell! Some people don't even believe we exist, to them we're the legendary horned devils that they tell their kids to scare them into being good, won't they be scared when we return." He explained.

"Very well, Iago. If you want this, I shall see to it" she bowed and left to make preparations.

Iago turned back out to the sea, thinking about future things to come.

Ten minutes later he entered the palace, carrying Eradir on his arm and started to walk down the stairs. Waiting for him was Chakos, his General.

"My lord" he bowed his head "I have heard that we are to descend upon this Loufenian conference"

"You have heard correctly, Chakos" Iago replied, continuing down the stairs, Chakos followed.

"My lord, I must object, this is not our war" he pleaded. Iago stopped and looked at him.

"All war is our war, Chakos. You of all people must know this. The nations of Panessos all have gifts they bring to the world. Gillenor brings beauty, Ghant brings snow and cold, Virennia brings drugs and Epraria brings food. We bring war. War is our gift to the world, every war is our war." He then continued his journey downwards.



Silverfield
Attaché

Posts: 89
Founded: Jul 07, 2013
Ex-Nation

by **Silverfield** » Thu Nov 21, 2013 7:50 pm



Bonus Chapter 3: Baptism
The House of Men Council Room
Bundestag Building, Hassenburg, Silverfield
14:36 Local Time

Inside the Bundestag, the largest government building in the country, was the 150 men and women of the House. They were the ones who help create and change the laws of the Republic. The security here was something that rivaled most high-value military bases on high alert. The ongoing in the House were not televised to the public and all electronic devices were dropped off outside the Council room. All were in attendance, including Prime Minister Olander for the first time in a month. They had been going back and forth over international interests for over the past 5 hours. Olander himself was petitioning the Councilors to seek reason in re-establishing the Office of Foreign Affairs. Like he feared he was meeting stiff opposition.

"So, Mr. Olander..." Lord Francis Gregg spoke, his tone was that of a mocking nature, "who would you appoint into your personal Cabinet of flunkies if we reinstate this office." Lord Francis Gregg, a holdover from the days of the Empire. His family and others retained their status as Lords and Ladies to appease them in the transition to a Republic. As of now only 11 House of Nobility exist in the Republic, House of Gregg being the most notorious to undermine anything that Olander attempted to pass.

"I hope you retract that rather harsh statement." Olander said, his normally calm voice, reverberated anger. The sounds of the other 148 people beginning to remark and murmur under hushed breath echoed throughout the room.

Lord Gregg, with a little laugh and a smirk on his face, pulled out a folder, "Why should I? They are flunkies, or minions if you would like. I have here evidence of our 'esteemed' Prime Minister participating in an affair with his secretary as well as other acts that would, or

should I say **WILL** force him from the office of Prime Minister!"

"Damnation you insufferable oaf, you know damn well that this is not something that is handled in the House." a rather robust man yells from another side of the Council room.

"You are just trying another power play!" a another cry from one of the many female Councilor is heard amongst the yelling of supports and detractors of the Prime Minister.

Olander was one to not get upset, but when it came to Lord Gregg that was another thing entirely, "**I WILL HAVE SILENCE IN THE HOUSE!**" he bellowed, his voice echoed in the room with much force that most hushed immediately. Olander himself, without exterior indications, was shocked it came to this.

The High Councilor of the House, one of the highest appointed positions outside of the Cabinet and the Prime Minister, rose to her feet, "Now that you have sullied this place of wisdom," she glared over to Lord Gregg, who was smiling at his accomplishment, "Gregg you are to take your 'evidence' to the Court for review, if deemed to be true then it will be used against the Prime Minister."

Lord Gregg, with a smile plastered on his face stood and bowed, "Of course High Councilor Horn, I only seek to enlighten my fellows of Olander's...."

"You will not say another word," the High Councilor interrupts harshly, "I'll bar you from any further Meetings of the House, again."

The chaos returns slightly for the rest of the meeting, murmurs of the possible implication of the Prime Minister are on the tips of tongues. Lord Gregg left the House not moments later, still wearing the same broad smile, *I win this round Olander.* he thought to himself.

**the Office of Prime Minister Nathan J. Olander the Third
Bundestag Building, Hassenburg, Silverfield
16:49 Local Time**

"Your a damn fool!" Ellis Vanhouser yells. His anger was evident enough already, but with the addition of things to come it was something even the great Großadmiral himself would have been at murderous tendencies.

"I'm sorry Großadmiral, but Mr. Olander is right, we got to do something." Whittler says reluctantly

"I for one agree with the Großadmiral this is suicide!" Rommel says looking back and forth at each of the people of interest in the room. To his immediate right sat the Großadmiral Vanhouser and his Oberstabsbootsmann Nastasja Dietrich . To his left sat his fellows from the 5th Helmut and Olmaus. Behind him sat the men from the 101st, Whittler, Torgison, Kinsman, and Perri. Before them however was the Prime Minister himself, his secretary Elena, and his wife Elizabeth.

"I understand, but this is critical!" Olander says, his hands trembling slightly in frustration

"Critical! Those little Lordly bastards want you out and I bet they are going to try and put Lord Gregg in!" Ellis argued almost throwing his cup of coffee at Olander in frustration.

"I don't mean to be rude, but why don't we just kill Lord Gregg?" Olmaus asks, his hand half raised as if he was in school waiting to be called on. The room deadens slightly and the sound of the AC blowing is the only sound heard until, "what?"

Olander places his right hand over his face to hide the smile and to try and suppress a laugh, "Points for originality, but this isn't something that we would even do. Especially right after the stunt he

just pulled."

"He's right. If we found out sooner we could possible nip it in the butt, but with him proclaiming it to the House like that he assured himself that he will not suffer swift retaliation." Ellis says, leaning back in his chair slightly.

"*Damn rat-bastard.*" Elizabeth says under her breath. She was more shaken then she let on. When her husband told her what was said she was livid. Not at the fact that there was 'evidence' that he was having an affair, but the fact that she knew that Olander would do nothing of the sort.

"That's besides the point," Nastasja Dietrich says stomping a foot down on the redwood floor, "We have a problem out in the world that we need to understand."

"My Oberstabsbootsmann right...like normal." Ellis says with a rather wide grin.

"So are we understanding what we need to do?" Olander says

"No, can you repeat that?" Olmaus says, his hand raised slightly once more.

A loud, agonizing, cry of frustration erupts in the back of the room, "And this is why we have security breaches!"

"Can it Torgison!" Whittler says jabbing Torgison in the side with his elbow.

Rommel shakes his head and pats the young Olmaus on the shoulder, "I'll tell you on the plane."

Ellis stands from his seat shortly followed by Nastasja, "You know that everything we do from here on out is without consent of the Parliament?"

Olander, his mind boggled by the multiple possibilities of failure, looked back up at Ellis, "Never stopped me before."

Ellis let out a loud, boisterous laugh, "This is why you remind me of your Grandfather! I'll do my part."

"Good," he replies, " Because you will be an important part of the upcoming conflict if things go the way I'm thinking it will."

Ellis walks around the others and toward the door, "Lets hope not." he says before opening the door to the office and exiting. Nastasja, politely nods at the others in the room, exiting as well, but closing the door behind her.

A few brief moments of silence are broken by Whittler, "So, when do you want to depart sir?"

"As soon as you gear up, but get to Lahm National Airbase quickly and quietly." Olander answer hastily.

Quickly he and his men stand from their chairs and make a quick salute, "Right away, Sir."

"So how are we going to inform parliament tat you have ran off?" Elena asks, puzzled at how was planning to pull off the disappearing act.

Olander smiled as the door to the office opened and closed again leaving all but Rommel, Helmut, Olmaus, Elena, Elizabeth, and himself in the room, "That's an easy, Lord Gregg gave me the out."

"I don't get it." Olmaus asks, this time Olander just laughs.

"Well, to be honest its because Gregg is trying to force me to hide

my face, so by acting if I am in seclusion," Olander's smile broadens, "I can sneak away with relative ease."

Olmaus ponders for several seconds, his eyes widened, "You knew he was going to do that!"

"What are you saying!" Rommel says trying to cover Olmaus' mouth.

Helmet waves his hands in frantic, random, motions, "He doesn't mean that Sir!"

"Yes." Olander says matter-factly.

"..." the three men of the 5th Grenadiers shut up and stare dumbfounded at Olander. Elizabeth looked at her husband with suspicion, while Elena is contemplating what is going on in her head.

"...what?" was the response from everyone in the room

"Just as planned," Olander says, standing up from his chair, "You have to keep your friends close and your enemies closer, as the saying goes."

"...um so when do we leave Sir." Rommel asks nervously.

"5 minutes ago seems about right." Olander replies while looking at his watch.

"Right! We left for Loufe 10 Minutes ago!" Rommel says quickly, standing from his chair and with a quick moment drags his fellows out of theirs and out of the office. They only pause briefly to salute and manipulate the door.

With them gone Olander looks at his wife, whose glare has yet to lighten up, "Really?" She says with a hint of annoyance in her voice, "you planned all this? Lord Gregg, the exchange in Parliament, everything?"

Olander laughs a bit to himself, "Honey, I am a manipulating, self serving, jackass from time to time, but to honest..." he pause momentarily to gather himself his look went from a comical smile to that of terror, "I feel that we are going into a storm, one bigger that this country has ever witnessed in of 150 years. I feel that everything is going to fall apart if we don't find a way to settle things down. We have the issues in Rhodesea, problems between Gaunt and Gillenor. I fear a war of biblical proportions if something isnt done." His hands once more shaking, not in rage or anger but in nervenous, in fear of what may come. The man that not moments ago was so strong, was now just filled with worry and self-doubt. Elizabeth new this side, the caring and worrying side that he hid from others. She reached out and took his hands, grasping them she stared back up into the man she loved eyes.

"Nathan, you are a real idiot sometime. Thinking you have to be the knight in shining armor." she leaned in and kissed him gently on the lips. Pulling away a small smile came back on his face, "Just don't get yourself killed, or I will marry Lord Gregg in spite."

Olander smiling a bit now chuckles at his wife's remark, "As if I would ever disappoint you." he leans in and kisses her back.

Elena, blushing a bit at the couples antics, clears her throat causing the two of them to come back down to earth, "So send the message?"

"Sure!" he says nervously, "Well goodbye honey, I'll miss you."

"Have as safe trip." Elizabeth says as Olander rushes out of the office.

Elena smiles as she finishes sending Olander's message, "So, Elizabeth..."

"I know," Elizabeth interrupts, "Lord Gregg will have his comeuppance someday."

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

TO: The Foreign Affairs Secretary Mkhail Ivanovic, of the Marxist Police State of Loufe
FROM: Prime Minister Nathan Jerrico Olander the 3rd, of the Grand Republic of Silverfield
Encryption Level: High

Greetings, I am aware of the meeting that you are holding in Loufe. I wanted to make mention that for the first time in years we are going to attend an international meeting. It will be good to take steps out of isolationism and into the world again.

**Hanger 13, Olander Armaments Private Hanger
Lahm National Airbase, Telfs, Silverfield
19:29 Local Time**

"Alright, as you know we are to escort the Prime Minister to the meetings," Whittler says addressing everyone on the plane. His fellows from the 101st are dressed in nice business suits. The bags at their feet are filled with duty essentials if something goes wrong. Each has a standard Kevlar undercover vest, MP-90 Sub-machine guns, an HP-77 Pistol, and 5 magazines for both weapons. .

"So, how are we inserted again?" Olmaus asks inquisitively. He like his fellows of the 5th are in civilian clothes.

Whittler sighs, as Torigson suppresses the urge to strangle the clueless youngster, "We separate at the airport, you take a back way out and keep eyes on the meeting from a vantage point nearby in case something stupid happens and we need covering fire while getting the PM out."

"Oh, sorry I thought we had some intricate plan that I was not informed about." Olmaus says with a smile.

With that the soldiers board the plane. Preparations are already in place and the plane begins to taxi to the runway. Olander himself had been on the plane for 30 minutes awaiting take off. He runs the official store over again in his head. [i]"I was invited to the summit to discuss recent developments overseas. Since we had no Foreign Adviser, I had to go personally. I was going to inform Parliament, but Lord Gregg's interruption of the Meeting made me....unwilling forget that it was to occur and I was leaving."

Whittler looks back from his seat at Olander, "Sir, whats on your mind, are you worried what we might find in Loufe?"

Olander breaks his concentration and looks at him. The look on Olander's face was that of unemotional, his voice was unnervingly calm as he spoke, "The prelude to war, Alphonse Whittler. That's what we **will** find in Loufe.

Bonus Chapters End

Political Compass

Economic **Left**/Right: -4.25

Social **Libertarian**/Authoritarian: -1.49

My Response:yup that's what I was afraid of.... words and numbers. Don't let a statistic judge who you are just keep doing what feels right for yourself and your country...unless its to bomb mine, go find something else to do, like play Russian Roulette with a harpoon gun or listen to Justin Bieber, they both will kill you.



Terripin
Chargé d'Affaires

☐ by **Terripin** » Thu Nov 21, 2013 10:29 pm

 **QUOTE**

**Hours before
Nova Astrif, Terripin**

"Sir, urgent news from the growing situation concerning the Gbantish Emperor. It seems that the Socialist Slavic Republic of Loufe has

Posts: 366
Founded: Dec 17, 2010
Ex-Nation

called for a global summit to be held in order to negotiate tensions. We have a choice of attending as well."

Higgen Welsh covered his mouth and yawned. It was early in the morning and Welsh had been going through paperwork due the very next day. He had not slept at all. Looking outside the window of his office, he saw the streetlights covering Nova Astrif in a sea of glimmers. A few cars slowly drove on a distant street. "Get a diplomat over there. I don't want us to be left out on anything just in case our predictions went horribly wrong. Foot it as a bill under administration for the annual budget check too."

"Understood, sir. I think you should get some rest soon. Tomorrow you have a lot of meetings scheduled," said the aide, slightly concerned for the amount of caffeine Welsh had consumed. The aide promptly left the room.

"I know, I know. But get this done as soon as possible so I won't have to worry about another headline reading 'Diplomat arrives late and sloppy'" Welsh yelled after he left.

Somewhere across the Hermanian Ocean on an airplane

Tristan Pertinax sat on the plane comfortably sorting through and arranging papers for the summit. A small group of men twenty feet away from him were chatting away. The Terripean Expeditionaries did their job with the cost of almost never stopping to keep their mouth shut. Looking out the window, Tristan saw the vast expanse of sea under him. He wondered how much longer it would take to get to Loufe.

"We'll be landing shortly in less than two hours," a man said behind him, almost guessing his thoughts.

Tristan jumped for a second. The man had seemed to appear out of nowhere. Looking back, he saw that it was an Expeditionary coming back from raiding the pantry. Tristan thanked the man quickly and then quietly muttered something about manners under his breath. As someone who had come from aristocratic descent, Tristan was still getting used to how "commoners" treated him. Though everyone now had equal rights, aristocrats still had some degree of wealth and considered themselves socially superior.

"Still, these men are protecting me, better to tolerate how rude they are than have no protection at all." he reasoned.

The plane's rhythmic sound of the engine gradually began to make Tristan sleepy. He hadn't slept a minute in the last 17 hours. He closed his eyes for a second and slowly began to dream.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

TO: The Socialist Slavic Republic of Loufe

FROM: The Republic of Terripin

ENCRYPTION: Medium

The Republic has decided that it must have diplomats present at the global summit. Therefore we are sending diplomat Tristan Pertinax and a small group of lightly armed guards. It is within the best interests of the Republic to see to it that a peaceful solution come out of the current situation. The Republic hopes that relative peace and prosperity will continue to exist within Panessos.

National Info

Storefronts



Mizrad
Senator

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

"When the Warnings Turn to Actions"

by Mizrad » Sat Nov 23, 2013 4:38 pm



The Eprarian Gulf

10:42 HOURS, 10/20/13, DAY 7

**1st Mizradian Special Detachment Group
OPERATION INFERNO RISING**

Rushing down the corridors of the *Harry Michael Ryte*, Turner jumps

through doors and dodges past sailors as he rushes for the bridge of the ship. With little time to get ready, he makes an attempt to throw on his BDU shirt. Finally throwing it over himself as he makes his way up a flight of stairs, he rolls the sleeves up to consume the rest of the time required for his little "Journey" through the massive ship. Finally arriving at the bridge of the ship, he is met by Admiral Talden with an utterly serious look upon his face as he speaks up.

"Ah Captain Turner, glad you could join us. I've got good news and bad news."

Shrugging as pushes the last button on his jacket together, John responds to his superior.

"No news is good news in war sir, go ahead and tell me both."

Laughing in a way that almost seems critical, the admiral answers the young captain.

"Well, we've got reports from very reliable sources that the Loufian Summit is going to be a disaster. The Democratic Part released to us that they will massacre everybody there and surround the building, cutting the rest of the world off from saving them. Although the commie bastards forgot about their other party, and that other party remembered us. Now we've already got sleeper agents heading there now but, they'll get taken out in moments against a larger force of what the Loufians are expected to bring. With that being said, you along with the rest of the 1st and 2nd MSDG Platoons will be raining on their parade. I've called Greene and the rest of your men up here for the brief- Oh, well would you look at that!"

Turning around, both Patrick and John see that Allen along with the 1st MSDG have made their way up to the bridge as well. Admiral Talden then speaks up once more as they all gather around a hologram board -With an exact replica of the four square miles of land in the Loufian city where the meeting will be taking place. The target building sits in a red coloring at the center of the "Map" among all of the other blue colored buildings.

"Here you can see what you will all recognize as the capital of Loufe, at the building where the summit will take place. It is believed that the building will be surrounded from the streets immediately around it, giving us the advantage. Colton, you will be leading the sniper teams positioned all around the building, setting up a 360* perimeter for about a two square mile radius. This can give us both accurate and deadly fire support, and a tactical over watch of everything we need to see. Turner you will be leading Hunter 1-1, acting as newscasters covering the event you will roll in on a convoy of broadcasting vehicles, their output of transmissions should be enough to mask your equipment and give a reason as to why there's so many people packed in these trucks. Greene, you will be providing support from the roof down. Rappelling from the neighboring building, your mission is to infiltrate the building and take out any threats from the top down as Hunter 2-1 whilst Turner and Hunter 1-1 enter the building from the first floor. Any questions?

Turner, with a straight face is the first one to answer.

"So when are we leaving?"

With a smile upon his face, the admiral responds.

"Right now."

South of Borneo, Trenaria
15:40 HOURS, 10/19/13, DAY 6
Joint Mizradian/CLI PMC Operation
OPERATION SOUTHERN TROUBLE

As Ben finishes speaking, a Commoner Industries PMC contractor approaches from behind the Mizradian ambassador. Whispered into his ear, is the news of the "Revolution" in Trenaria quickly summed up

into a few sentences. Then backing away, the operator stands behind Greg once more. With no reason to continue the talks, Greg gets his last words in as he hands the elder a note.

"Good luck with what you choose to do, and if you ever need to speak to us for any reason you dial that number and say "Icepick", alright? It was nice to see you all again and I hoepe what we did here today gets us a step closer to returning as the front runner nations of the world."

As he can't think of anything else useful to say, the ambassador along with everybody else all pack up into the Osprey and begin their journey back to Mizrad.

Diamond City, Mizrad-Rhodesea
11:00 HOURS, 10/20/13, DAY 7
Governor Dylan Quintero

Receiving a response from the Rhodeseans, Dylan reads it over and almost instantly whips the stapler on his desk across the room at the Rhodesean flag. Watching as it leaves a rip in the flag Quintero grins, especially with the Mizradian flag next to it still hung proudly. It was common for Dylan to do such a thing, as clearly noticeable due to the multiple rips and tears in the flag that he so often grew angry at. Although at the current moment, he was unsurprisingly more angry than usual. Somebody acting like the land that he not only lost his job and very soul in, but most of his friends. Running his fingers through his hair with anger, he eventually cools down to write up the response that would soon be sent to the Rhodeseans.

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

To whom it may concern,
I believe you are forgetting who is in charge here Mr. Krger. Whilst most other powerful countries chose to either ignore you or go as far as to attack you, we chose to aid you. Don't take that for granted, as the funding and equipment we supply you can and will be revoked within a matter of seconds. Mizrad had planned to give you most of your "Diamante" back, although the ten swuare miles of land that we've chosen to call Diamond City will remain in our hands -Under that name. That is all, Mr. Kruger.

For A Brighter Future,
Governor Dylan Quintero, The Republic of Mizrad

Krasnoejeroi, Loufe
11:00 HOURS, 10/20/13, DAY 7
Joint Mizradian Special Operations Group operation
OPERATION INFERNO RISING

"That's one big city sir."

"Damn straight Rolland, we'll burn it down one day."

Lying atop the roof of one of Loufe's tallest buildings only about a mile from the summit building, the MSDG's elite sniper team takes up position. Covered by urban camouflaged IR concealing blankets, their sniper barrels are the only thing sticking out. The two talking are Captain Ryan Masters and Chief Petty Officer Arnold Rolland, the team's leaders. Around the summit building are many other sniper positions much like their's, all of them setting up a perimeter around it. With this creating a square mile of coverage, the second they decide to start firing anything inside won't be getting out -and anything outside won't be getting in.

Turning to his captain, Arnold speaks up once more.

"Where the hell are all the diplomats? The meeting's supposed to

start in a half hour and I've only seen the newscasters show up."

As usual, Masters' response is that of a philosopher's.

"The wheels of fate turn slowly my brother. Oh, well would you look at that."

Pressing their eyes against their sights, they spot a small group of well dressed men surrounded by reporters and guards enter the building. Then placing their sights on the roof, multiple heavily armed sentries would be spotted. Suspecting they are simply guards, the team and all of the other snipers hold their fire. With the city buzzing to life, Masters rails the bolt on his M107 back before sending forward to chamber a new round as he prepares to fire.

"Well Chief, let's get to work."

Krasnoejeroi Airport, Loufe
11:22 HOURS, 10/20/13. DAY 7
1st Mizradian Special Detachment Group
OPERATION INFERNO RISING

As their private jet touches down against the runway, Agent Ross gathers up the team as they all get ready to do what they need to do. Having successfully acted as reporters for a Mizradian news station, no questions had been asked as to why a jet coming from Mizrad-Rhodessea had just landed in one of the biggest enemies of Mizrad. With multiple news vans already awaiting their arrival on the tarmac, the group of twenty men step out with their gear in camera crates and make their way to the trucks. With all of the gear loaded up, the only thing left to do is put the men inside and send everybody on their way.

Reaching the door to head out of the jet, Turner puts on his gold trimmed aviators as he looks out off the cold tarmac to the bustling city. Along with the ten man team of Hunter 1-1, they head for the news trucks. Greene and his team -To keep with their aliases all set off for the rental car section. As both groups mount up, they begin speeding away to their target destinations.

Turner and his two truck convoy all set off for the building, passing by the airport's exit gates and making their way through the city. After a quick journey into the heart of Krasnoejeroi, they arrive at the summit building. Near instantly, they depart their trucks and set up broadcasting satellites alongside other equipment. An idle news van wouldn't play the role of a news van, the group had to look their part as best they could. Once accomplishing that, they all arrive back inside the vans once more. This time, to hand out gear and weapons. Each man would be issued heavy Kevlar vests along with additional protective equipment along with gas masks and weapons. The MSDG had learned from their encounter with the Lowlandian and Loufian forces, both would be at the summit and both commonly used gas. This time, they were ready for it. Slapping the charging handle on his Commoner Industries ARS, Turner eyes his team.

"Let's try and do this quick and clean, if we get too sloppy a lot of dead politician's blood will be on our hands. Remember, the Loufians don't care about collateral damage or civilian casualties but, we do. So stay alert and don't get killed."

Around the corner from them, is Greene and his team. As they pull into the parking garage of the building next to the summit tower. As they are all dressed nicely, they play the part of musicians -with all of their gear and weapons inside what would look like cases for a jazz band. As most jazz instruments would appear to be full metal or close to it, their weapons are hidden under the brass equipment thus disguising they are there. Now all they would have to do, is wait for the order to head to the roof.



Cquactar
Secretary

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

A New King

by Cquactar » Sun Nov 24, 2013 12:13 pm



A few hours earlier Kings Square Hanland, Cquactar

This is it. Quintus stepped onto the balcony, the sunlight blinded him for a few moments. Once he became accustomed to the light in a few seconds, the sound of cheering came to him. Quintus looked across the square, thousands of people packed in to watch his speech. The roofs around were littered with flags, fluttering in the breeze of that sunny day. He took a deep breath and approached the microphone set up on the edge of the balcony. He lifted his hand for silence, the cheering came to a halt and all listened. Millions all over the country were peeled to their televisions, watching the new kings first speech.

"My people, we mourn the death of my father, King Uriel Tiber the eight of his name. He was a good and king man, who ruled over our lands with a fair hand. He shall forever be remembered as a harbinger of peace and unity in this world, and in the next. But I am not here to speak of my father, I am here to speak of myself. Cquactar is a beautiful land, from the mountains of the north, to the rolling moors of the heartlands - from the moon lit bays of the west and the flat expanses of the south; our nation is truly a gem. But we have suffered much, under a tyrant of a king two generations ago; it still bears a scar on us today. The grand revolution that brought the rightful heirs of the throne in power, tore our nation into shreds that we cannot patch together again. This has left us weak, a wounded animal preyed on by larger beasts. We are weak, the ones around us see it, it is only time until we must bend a knee to yet another tyrant.

But I will promise you, my people, that I will not let that be. Cquactar shall rise once again, be the power it once was, the days of King Aurelian Tiber the Great will be once again. But alas, I am only one man, and one man can not do such feats alone; so I am here to ask you, my people. Will you join me? join me to create a new Cquactar, a great Cquactar which the world will reckon with. The Lion will conquer its foes, and will rise to power so great that not even the heavens can hold us. To Live is to Rise, we have lived, now it is time to Rise."

A roar of applause and cheering burst from the crowds followed by chants of "Long live the King", the streets of every city, town and village was in uproar. People paraded in the streets waving the Blue and Gold colors of the monarchy, walls and windows were covered in flags of Cquactar.

Quintus looked up at the sky, not a cloud was in his way. He had the blessings of the heavens and the people, truly a new Cquactar was on the rise. He waved at his loyal people who applauded the new king. He gave his final blessings and went back into the palace.

The Captain of the Lionsguard walked up and saluted the new king, "Magnificent speech, my liege." he praised.

Quintus nodded and continued onward. Quintus was short on time and had to hurry through the halls, accompanied by his entourage of Lionsguard and aides.

"I want the Prime Minister on a plane to Loufe immediately, a conference about this mad war is being held and we will have our word in it."

The aid agreed and hurried off.

Quintus took a sigh of relief and slowed his pace, ordering his guard off. He walked over to the bath and threw his heavy cape and clothes on the ground, prepared himself a warm bath and slowly slipped into it. As he relaxed he stared at the mural on the domed ceiling. Of a lion battling a dark dragon, a finely detailed and beautiful mural which spanned the whole dome. Quintus closed his eyes and sank deeper into the bath and the same thing kept hanging around in his mind. "To Live is to Rise."

Kings International Airport Hanland, Cquactar

The security detail of fifteen men were gearing up, a black and white suit with a tie; protected by a lightweight bulletproof vest below the shirt. For emergencies a full military kit was stored on the plain, combat grade military vests, helmets, and HM 16 Assault Rifles for each man.

Prime Minister Eriel Barnett stepped onto the private jet which bore the marks of the Kingdom.

"How long is the flight?" asked the PM.

"About two hours, sir." answered his aide as he looked at his watch.

Barnett eyed the security detail as they loaded the emergency equipment, lugging assault rifles and kevlar vests, checking their sidearms and stowing ammunition.

"Oh lord, its like we are going to war, not a peace conference." muttered Barnett.

The engines of the jet fired up and took off, accompanied by two escort aircraft which later peeled off at the border of Cquactarian waters; wishing the delegation luck and offered their blessings for good fortune.

TO: The Socialist Slavic Republic of Loufe

FROM: The Kingdom of Cquactar

ENCRYPTION: Light

The Kingdom of Cquactar has decided to send a delegation to the global summit that your fine nation is hosting. Prime Minister Eriel Barnett, five aides and diplomats will be sent along with fifteen armed security agents to ensure their safety. It is in the greatest of interests of our Kingdom to find a solution to this crisis that is plaguing Panessos. You have our blessings and may you have good fortune in the coming times.

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/ka5qkime5/>



Ghant
Minister

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

by **Ghant** » Mon Nov 25, 2013 9:50 pm



Act IV, Ch. I. "When in Hermanium" Hermanium, Hermael

The stormy Sea of Ghant began to fade away, and gave way to smooth seas with calm blue skies. They were no longer in the Sea of Ghant. They were in the Hermanian Ocean. Smooth sailing was much appreciated, especially after having been stuck in the Sea of Ghant for almost a week, due to storms and multiple attacks.

The Emperor had never been beyond Ghant's borders. Suddenly he found himself in strange waters, and stranger weather. It made him sick. He often found himself puking and feeling nauseated. "Relax, my little Emperor. You have the Ghantish Flu, is all." Hemlock would tell him. The Ghantish Flu is what the Ghantish called the sickness that often plagued Ghantish people who traveled beyond Ghant for the first time.

The Emperor was bored, and restless. He had not seen Laoni since their argument following the Clockensteinian attack. To keep himself busy, he read his books.

The latest book he was reading was *The Siretok Chronicles*. It was

written in 1460. It was written by Davool Draknar, who was a Ghantish explorer who was sent into Siretok "the edge of the world", the Ghantish name for Boru, by the King of Ghant, Samuel I. Siretok had long been considered a forbidden land of demons, monsters and beast-men. Samuel's father, King Edward XV, sailed to Siretok, and never returned. Davool was a more competent explorer, and followed the King's supposed path. Davool recorded many things in his journal, and upon his return to Ghant, he was ridiculed and ostracized for his findings.

According to Davool, his ship sailed to "Adarrak" itself, and he saw the "Adar". The Adar were the fabled race of horned demon folk from the forbidden lands of Siretok, who often raided Ghant in ancient times. Ever the talented artist, Davool drew a few pictures in his journals. He had exotic beasts and sea monsters, a dolphin that looked like a shark, a crocodile that looked like a monkey, and then of course there was the Adar, which he allegedly saw while his ship was off the coast. The drawings were ridiculous:



Based on the illustrations, it was evident that Davool advocated that they had two horns. However, many a Ghantish person believed that they only had one horn. That was a popular argument among children in Ghant- when they were boys, Martin would say that they had two, while Nathan would say they had one. Nathan had always just assumed that Davool was either a dirty liar, or he didn't know what he saw. *I guess the world may never know*, Nathan thought. And Martin was dead, because of Nathan. Nathan hated himself for that.

Despite that, Nathan was always fascinated by this. He wondered if what Davool had seen was true. But then, he realized what was logical. *What a load of crap*, Nathan thought. *There is no such thing as Adar. Davool didn't find anything, so he made a bunch of stuff up in order to make it look like he didn't come back to Ghant empty-handed. The Adar are in the same category as Vampyres, Werewolves and Fairies. They don't exist.*

Nathan was flipping through the pages of the history book when a herald came to his chambers. "Your majesty. We are here."

Nathan put the book down and jumped up. "Yes, finally!" Nathan bathed, went about the usual hygienic routine, and began to get dressed in his finest tunic- white with gold trim. He even had the white gloves and white cape to boot. He then went above decks.

It was a bright, sunny day. The water was calm and blue. There

were sea birds, and clippers in the water. And in the distance, he could see Hermanium itself. The books and internet didn't do it justice- it was sight to behold. Sandy beaches, grassy common areas, and White marble buildings- tall columns, temples, and neat rows of buildings of various sizes. The air felt weird, and the water was bright blue. He stood on the edge of the ship and let the wind caress his hair.

Soon enough, their ship was at port. Nathan walked down the ramp onto the dock, surrounded by his guardsmen. A papal emissary was there to greet him. "Welcome, your majesty. It a great pleasure to have you here, in the eternal city." The emissary presented him with several white horses. "His holiness offers these white steeds by which you can go to the Great Basilica."

Nathan bowed his head. "It would be our pleasure." Nathan, Marlow, and Hemlock mounted some of the white horses. Behind them, Laoni and Sepuki approached. Laoni was wearing a white dress, trimmed with pink, gold, teal and blue. Sepuki was wearing a thick coat that covered most of her skin. The two of them each mounted a white horse.

Nathan rode out ahead, with Marlow and Hemlock to each side. Sepuki remained at the rear. Laoni rode up so that she was beside Nathan. That was how they entered the city.

However spectacular Hermanium looked from the sea, it was even more stunning inside the city. Everything was white and glistening, made of marble and stone. They were riding down the main road, the went straight to the center of the city, where the Basilica was. The road was known as Champion's Way, and Nathan could see why it was named such. People stood along the road, in the windows, on the balconies and on the rooftops. Many were watching, but others were cheering. They were throwing white roses down upon Nathan and his entourage, and the air was filled with white rose pedals. He couldn't help but wave at the crowd as he advanced.

He looked over at Laoni. She had a blank expression on her face. "Have you ever been to Hermanium before, Laoni?"

"Laoni kept looking ahead. "Can't say that I have."

Nathan wasn't even going to bother with her. She was uptight. He turned and looked at Hemlock. "Hemlock, what a magnificent city!"

Hemlock looked at him and smiled. "Indeed, it is. Not many a sovereign of Ghant have come since the Great King."

Of course, he was referring to Samuel V, King of Ghant during the mid to late 17th century. After his ascension as King of Ghant, he led a military campaign across Hermania en route to Austra Regalia to provide succor to Gillenor in its war against Regalia. That campaign featured the Sack of Hermanium in 1648, an event, which, among other things, led to the excommunication of Samuel V from the Suncross Church, and poor relations between Hermael and Ghant thereafter.

And, strangely yet, a Ghantish sovereign of Norcross persuasion was being welcomed with great pomp and celebration as he rode through Hermanium.

"Hemlock, what do you think the Pope wants to talk to me about?"

"Religion, what else?"

"Aye, religion, obviously. But what of it."

"...I am not sure, my little Emperor. But power will be a concern. This place was built, and has survived for thousands of years, because of its ability to project it."

"I am no stranger to power, Hemlock. Besides, it must be wielded

responsibility."

"This is a...different kind of power we are talking about. This is the power of Gods, and Church. You think you know about power, but that is your first mistake. There is a monster in every man, and it stirs when you put power in a man's hands. The more power a man has, the stronger the monster gets. Get enough power, and the monster can become too strong for even the strongest of men to subdue. Remember that." He glanced over at Laoni as he finished speaking.

Nathan listened and took very seriously everything Hemlock told him. He always had, and it never served him poorly. "I shall."

The rode for a bit longer, and then they arrived at the city center. It was a big, wide open circle. To the left and right were Church buildings, and in the center was a monolith, inside a fountain. In front of them stood the Basilica itself- a massive, ornate domed structure with balconies beyond count. The building was gaudy, made of marble and polished white stone, with silver and gold inlaid throughout. Nathan could feel the history, the power, the majestic nature of the place.

The large double doors creaked open. Out walked an old man, wearing a large white robe, trimmed with gold. He was wearing a tall white hat, and walked with a large staff. He slowly walked down the marble steps. Then he spoke. "Hello, your majesties. It is a pleasure and an honor to host you here in the City of God."

Nathan did a half-bow, as did Marlow and Hemlock. Laoni and Sepuki just stood and looked on. "And do I have the honor of speaking to His Holiness Pope Callixtus X?"

The old man smiled. "Indeed you do. Please, come inside and walk with me." He turned around and walked inside the Basilica. Nathan followed, with the others close behind.

The inside of the Basilica was filled with murals and frescos of many different events and people. Nathan was in awe, and he knew what each one represented.

They stopped at an altar. "Please, my friends, will you pray with me?"

Of their party, only Nathan accepted. "I shall, your holiness."

"Very good, your majesty."

And so they prayed, while the rest looked on. Nathan glanced into a nearby mirror, and saw Laoni roll her eyes- she was clearly not a fan of the Suncross religion. Nathan was not much of one either- but he still showed respect.

When they finished, the Pope spoke. "Your majesty, I was hoping we could speak alone, in my private chambers."

"Certainly."

And with that, the Pope and Nathan walked to his private chambers, while the rest waited outside.

Once inside, the Pope and the Emperor were alone. The Pope took off his hat. "Your majesty, can I offer you some water?"

"I am fine, your holiness. What is it that you wanted to speak to me about?"

The Pope stared at a painting on the wall. "This painting on the wall is of King Frederick I of Ghant, the patron saint of Ghant. He came here to seek out the favor of the Pope, and to carry the standard of God throughout Ghant."

"Yes, by launching a sustained crusade and inquisition in Ghant

against pagans and Sunshard followers. His actions sparked the Ghantish Wars of Religion, and brought the continent to its knees."

The Pope grimaced. "That is...one way of looking at it. I believe that the Ghantish were once among the greatest standard bearers of the Church...and they can be once more."

"What exactly are you asking, your holiness?"

The pope looked at him dead in the eyes. "...Abandon your heretical Norcross Church, and convert to the Suncross Church- the one true Religion of God. And then carry the standard of the Church to Regalia, and conquer it in the name of God. The one true Church has desired to deliver Regalia from paganism for centuries, and now that opportunity presents itself."

The Pope handed Nathan a letter.

It is clearly demonstrated that, as a good son and Suncross prince, you have rendered innumerable services to your mother, the Holy Church, intrepidly exterminating through hardships and military prowess the enemies of the Suncross name and diligently propagating the Suncross faith, thereby leaving to generations still unborn a name worthy of memory and an example deserving of imitation.

The Apostolic See must love with sincere affection and strive to efficiently attend, in their just requirements, those chosen by the divine Providence for the government and salvation of the people.

We, therefore, because of your qualities of prudence, justice and worthiness of government, take you under St. Petyr and our own protection, and grant and confirm by apostolic authority to your excellent domain, the Empire of Austra Regalia, full honours of kingdom and the dignity which corresponds to kings, as well as all places which, with the help of the celestial grace, you have wrested from the hands of the Sunshardists, and on which your neighbouring Suncross princes may not claim any rights. And so that your devotion and service to St. Petyr, prince of the Apostles, and to the Holy Hermanian Church may grow, we decide to extend this same concession to your heirs and, with the help of God, to defend it for them, as far as our apostolic magistrature is concerned.

"In addition, if you accept, I will revoke the excommunication of King Samuel V of Gbant, the one you refer to as the 'Great', and deliver him once more into the blessings of God. What say you, your majesty."

Nathan grinded his teeth. "No, I cannot do what you ask."

The Pope turned beet red. "And why is that?"

"I mean to become the Emperor that the people want, and will be willing to accept. In order to do this, I must become one of them. I plan on converting to whatever religion that will make more acceptable to the people of Regalia. I refuse to conquer them and impose a foreign religion upon them. Regalia is worth a conversion, I believe."

The Pope seemed surprised. "I get the feeling that this wife of yours has...other ideas. She has an aura about her that gives me a bad feeling."

Nathan laughed. "Believe me, you are not the first one to have noticed. She is harmless. All bark and no bite."

"And, yet, you will come into the throne with her by your side? I believe she represents...something in opposition to God, or at least that which is good."

"Maybe she does, and maybe she doesn't to me it matters not- I will

have my throne, and if she can help me achieve that goal, then so be it."

The Pope was livid. "Then know that we cannot support you. You are an enemy of God, and all true believers will know you as a heretic and a false king, who shall act in opposition to God."
"So be it. Once I sit the throne of Regalia, I will send you a postcard."

The Pope calmed himself. "The offer remains open for the duration of your campaign. With your permission, I will send one of my finest Priests with you, to not only act as my representative, but who can also consecrate you if you accept my offer upon a future date."

"I agree to this."

"Good. His name is Rodrigo Viseu. He shall await you onboard your ship. Having said that, I believe there is nothing else to discuss."

"I believe not, your holiness. Thank you, and it has been a pleasure."

Nathan left the room. Hemlock approached him. "Your majesty, a representative from Erastore wishes to speak with you."

"Erastore? Where is he?"

"He is in one of the public conference rooms, that way."

"Thank you." Nathan walked in that direction. He found the room, and inside there waited a man from Erastore.

The Emperor took a seat, and wiggled into it. "Hello. As I am sure you are well aware, war is engulfing Panessos, and spreading like wildfire. The eastern half of the continent is consumed, and it is only a matter of time before the west gets pulled in."

"...Indeed. How does that concern Erastore?"

The Emperor shifted. "Let me speak bluntly. The world disrespects Erastore, they cast their eyes down upon your nation. They hold you to a different standard. I offer you a opportunity to be heard. To send a message to the world- when the world fucks with Erastore, Erastore fucks back. Join me, and you can prosper and thrive in the new world order that is sure to come."

"Perhaps an alliance can be forged and we can work together to bring this new world order about, and perhaps for the sake of my dignity, we could make it not only a new order of peace and security but also an order of Suncrossism as is my nation's purpose."

He grew quiet for a moment then spoke again. "I would be happy to open free trade, unlimited access to land for convenient trade, military access, and open communication. A full scale alliance. I believe it is time Erastore became a more powerful nation as it was hundreds of years ago before this great division and spread of war."

"Indeed. Erastore's destiny is to become the preeminent power of Western Hermania, as it once was and should be once more."

Nathan shifted in his seat again. "I will leave it to you to decide in what way you want to be of assistance to us. One thing I will tell you though is that your neighbor to the west, Vireнна, and your neighbor to the north, Aeken, are of questionable allegiance. I am very generous to my friends, and I do not forget my enemies. Perhaps if you were to put on a display of force, then these neighbors of you might be...reluctant to oppose us. I mean to make my enemies...think twice before acting against me. Having said that, perhaps you can help me...persuade these nations against opposing me?"

"Yes, I will put on a vast Military parade and perform some live exercises by my borders. I can suddenly increase security, and show

dominance. If you wish, for the time being, I will fly your flag at equal height with mine to show our equal alliance. I will do as you have requested."

He turned to his butler.

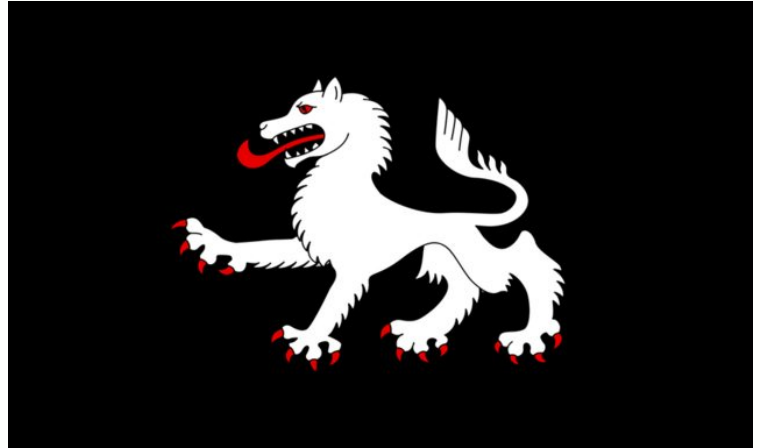
"Would you go to the supply truck and bring me back some hot tea, Jenkins?"

"Yes your majesty."

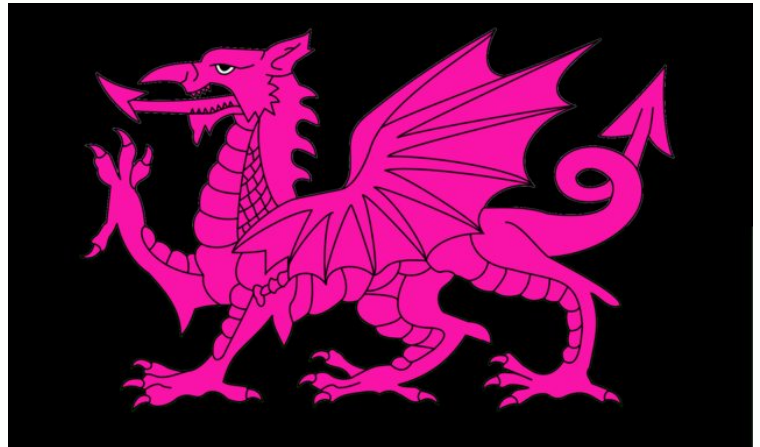
"When shall we begin the exercises my friend?"

"Very good. Here are our flags."

The Emperor handed him the first one. It featured a white wolf on a black flag:



The second flag featured a pink dragon on a black flag:



"Begin the exercises as soon as you see fit, my friend. I am only grateful for your...cooperation."

With that, Nathan got up and walked out of the room. He met back up with his entourage. "That is all, we should get going. We won't be stopping again until we reach Gillenor."

Zara moved through the crowds of Hermanium towards the Emperor's flagship, the *Green Treader*. She was wearing a large coat, and was well-equipped with all of the finest weapons- guns, knives, a sword. She wore a hood that covered most of her head. She was well ahead of the Emperor's entourage, which supposedly was on its way back to the ship. It was dusk now, and Zara planned on being deep aboard the ship before they returned.

She approached the dock. She walked up to the guards posted at the entrance platform to the ship. Naturally, she was stopped. "Hello

there. What business do you have here?"

Zara recited her story that she memorized earlier. "I have come from the *Maiden's Kiss*, I represent Lord Hyan of Morrigan. Lord Hyan has assigned me to the *Green Treader*." Zara showed them the Lord's Seal.

"...Welcome aboard."

That was easy, she thought. *Sophia was right*. Lord Hyan was Sophia's cousin, so obtaining the seal was easy. And Lord Hyan was also a friend of Nathan himself, so he was not a Lord to be doubted or inconvenienced.

As she walked onto the ship, and made her way to the cargo hold, she began to reflect on the plan. Kill her, and make it look like someone else did it. Easy enough. Sophia of Dakmoor wanted Laoni Yousloff dead, and Zara would deliver the goods. It might not be today, but at some point in between Hermael and Gillenor- Laoni Yousloff would be dead. The thought of freedom and having her name cleared made her smirk.

As the fleet began to sail away towards Regalia, Nathan stood on deck and watching the city fade away. It was dark out now, and strange stars filled the sky. They would be in Regalia in less then 3 days now. The suspense began to make him shiver.

Once the city was gone from view, Nathan went down to his quarters. Nathan took a seat on his couch. He reflected for a while about what the Pope had told him.

After some time, he turned on the radio to listen to the latest news.

"Today Erastore raised flags around the border, flags from the nation of Ghant. They flew level with Erastore's flag and were stunningly next to every Erastorian flag in the nation.

In other news, 50,000 troops have moved to the west border and 50,000 to the North. A military exercised was conducted where 100,000 men practiced a classified drill.

Bombers were moved to the borders and 70 Warships kept in storage were launched to reinforce the already strong fleet.

A military parade was held which appeared to be directed at Vireнна and Aeken. This is clear when the military marched through the streets in only their direction. It appears Erastore's emperor is interested in rebuilding Erastore's once massive Empire."

Nathan smiled, and cracked a bottle of strong champagne. He drank from it deeply.

He heard a knock on the door. "Come in."

In walked a young man, about his age. He was short with black hair and brown eyes, and he wore a white robe. "Hello, your majesty. My name is Rodrigo Viseu. I am a priest of the Suncross Church." He bowed.

"Welcome, Rodrigo, if I may call you such. Tell me, where are you from?"

"The Hermael-Imbrisia borderlands, on the Hermael side, your majesty."

"Please, call me Nathan. Tell me, why did the Pope send you to me? Be truthful, if you would."

Rodrigo looked nervous. "...I have...special gifts, that the Pope thought would be of special use to you during your adventure."

"...Such as?"

"Dreams. Of the future"

Nathan got goosebumps, and then he laughed. "Dreams like that, huh? I have those too. Perhaps we should share notes. Tell me about one you had recently then."

Rodrigo cleared his throat, and then he spoke:

"A white rose like no other
Like a child with no mother
Knows nothing but to kill
Lays on the dead
While no others words are said
Controlled by one; a daughter not a son
Living in fear and dread
She listens to the voices in her head
The reason the world comes to
an end."

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Tue Nov 26, 2013 12:35 am, 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



Naybra
Diplomat

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

by [Naybra](#) » Tue Nov 26, 2013 10:18 pm



The full moon shown down upon the building tops and glass-frames that dominated central Naybra City, the capitol and political center of Naybra. Light reflected off of the buildings' unique curves and angles, providing natural light for the city below. Grand General Monte gazed out from the balcony of his office in the Army's wing of NAY-DDO *Pronounced Neigh-doe*. The lunar light shown on his rough, half-shaven face and the numerous medals and ribbons hanging from his left breast on his military attire. He was very muscular and sturdy, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. His arms were held behind his back as he continued to stare at the moon through the cloudless sky, almost as if he was counting the craters of it's surface.

It reminded him to closely of the day his mother died. Almost two years ago, he attended his mother's funeral. She was a lovely women, sturdy and strong, but fit for her role as caretaker of both Monte and his younger brother Smith. She had a warm touch and a loving smile that always seemed to comfort Monte. She was the wife of a politician, President Malonk. The final term of a President is always a hard one, especially for the First Lady. President Malonk was making some questionable choices in policy-making and the realm of politics had finally caught up with her. She was found dead in her bedroom, the cause being reported as a drug abuse. If only she could see the state of things now as the world teeters on the brink of war.

Monte was closest to his mother, and the hit him harder than his brother. Monte believed deep down that it was his father's fault for her death and had it out for him. In his childhood, he would do chores around the house while his father was away in the capitol at work. This seperation already caused a bitterness in the father-son relationship, and Monte often thought of his dad as power-hungry and uncaring, willing to abandon his family for the political game. His mother would always take time away from managing the household to be with Monte, and talk about him about his day. Monte was a troubled youth, and always had stories of bullying from classmates and numerous engagements that broke out. These bullies were often lead by his brother, Smith, a handsome boy who seemed to be blessed with good fortune. His mother met with Monte's teachers frequently

to discuss his schooling. Many did not feel that the private-primary he was attending was for him, noting his aggressive nature and gruesome artwork.

For his late primary education and whole secondary, his mother tutored him privately in the comforts of his home while Smith continued to attend school. Monte grew into an anti-social person, preferring to be with his mother always instead of the school functions and social parties his brother frequently attended. After college, he joined the Naybrian Army at his mother's request. It was an honor to serve in the NAY Armed Forces and his mother knew he would need to learn to cooperate and communicate effectively with other people. Upon arriving at the recruitment training center, he was quickly transferred to the Cadet-Officer Training because of his impressive tactical genius and leadership skills. He graduated with top honors and quickly rose through the ranks, all the way to Grand General, the highest rank in the Naybrian Army.

He continued looking at the moon and star that surrounded it. The image was too closely similar to the night of his mother's funeral. Monte closed his eyes and drew in a deep breath, ridding himself of the haunting memories of his childhood. He felt anger for his father and brother. A knock at the door interrupted his dark thoughts and brought him back to reality.

"Come in," he said in a deep voice, "the door is open."

The door was pushed slowly open and a DoD (Department of Defense) Officer hurried in.

"Sir, we wish to inform you that NAY Secretary of Foreign Affairs and NAY Secretary of Defense have landed safely at the Loufe Global Submit."

"Good, any other reports from the security force?" he said in a voice clearly displaying his authority.

"No, they only say that there are large amounts of foreign diplomats and news agencies swarming the place. It would not be the optimal location to defend the Secretaries."

"I don't give a damn about the Secretaries 'safety.' They have to defend themselves from the arsenal of words that is going to be fired, and no amount of guards can protect them from that. The realm of regional affairs would certainly tear them to pieces. This is a diplomatic suicide mission. I hope my father realizes Naybra is not a powerholder of Panessos. We are merely the rebel colony of Gillenor that won its independence by sheer luck."

"Let's hope the Pink Dragon doesn't tear them to pieces first." the officer said jokingly.

Monte glared at him, obviously not amused.

After a brief silence, Monte replied, "Keep me updated on the situation at the Submit."

"Yes sir." the officer said and scuttled on out.

Monte turned back towards the moon. Clouds were starting to roll in from nowhere. The breeze picked up, ruffling the trees outside the balcony. Grand General Monte didn't need a DoD Officer to keep him updated on the Loufe Global Submit. From his years of experience, he knew what was going to happen. Violence would erupt in some form and diplomats would be killed in the confusion. If the Naybrian representatives were not killed in the panic, the guards were ordered to gun them down. Monte had formulated a plan to get himself in power. And there was nothing his President Malonk, his father, could do to stop him from taking revenge.



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Wed Nov 27, 2013 12:01 pm



Somewhere in Bvordsha

The Colonel Sponz, despite his thick skull and lack of an intellectual mind, realized that there was evidently a quite considerable cultural gap between them. He had, he realized, with a start, become used to the smooth running of a well-moneyed modern society, and talk of bartering cotton for bread seemed to him to be an outdated concept: what Bvordsha needed, he knew perfectly well, was money. With money the economy would run smoothly; without it, it would crash. Used to hard bargaining, he waited for Gregor to give away more and more, worriedly noting the vagueness of the offers. Perhaps this was an Ausitorian plot to trap him?

"That would be much more suitable in the immediate term," he said, when Gregor had finally explained how Firmador would supply a navy, fighters, and take a 30% haircut on bonds in the event of any conflict, which was a deal that could be immediately useful. "But as for your vague offers our people need money, not bread; for bread can be bought with money but bread cannot buy money. We must ensure that those who strike and those who would be paid by the Ausitorian government can have the money to buy directly from Firmador companies and to export to Firmador. Exactly what capacity of refineries, schools, hospitals, and factories would you be supplying? What exclusive cotton supply would you want in return for your assistance?" he asked.

The Spring Palace, Sebvorshka

There was a new woman in the Palace, Lord Palmerston, accidental supreme arbiter of the United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth, had been notified by his Principle Private Secretary. She was the Member of Paliament for the City of Westminster, in West Alexandria, and she was the newly appointed Minister for Government Policy. She was a liberal free trader, like Lord Palmerston; she was on half a dozen select committees, she was a rising star, a free-market thinker, a policy maker, and she was just a little bit... confident?

As he sat in his favourite armchair, surrounded by paperwork and gilded furnishings, Lord Palmerston spied on the Minister on his electronic paper at an image from one of the secret cameras littered throughout the Spring Palace, and, after trying to repress a mental note that she was extremely pretty – her curly blonde hair was delightful, for a start, and her eyes were a sparkle of confident enthusiasm, and perhaps she might join him for tea? – he had to wonder whether he was looking at a copy of himself. They were physically different – she was obviously a woman – but already this Minister was ordering reports, firing minutes at cowering officials, and generally making a nuisance of herself. Already the Treasury was preparing another tax cut. Already the War Department was planning a secret report on how they could invade Rhodesea. Already the Transport Department was investigating privatizing the whole bally system – roads, railways, air travel. Already the Education Department was planning cutting science funding and redirecting it to R&D allowances. Already the Home Office was on the brink of being abolished...

Lord Palmerston frowned. Abolish the Home Office? True, its police and fire functions and immigration policy could be run directly as part of the Ministry of Law & Order; true, it did practically nothing else, but as one of the five great offices of state – what if there were merely four? That would throw balance out of the window! And that, he supposed, perfectly predicting the future as he delved through the mists of time, was just what Victoria evidently wanted: to upset the balance and usher in some radicalization. He was quietly repelled at this notion of change, and started wondering how to tie Victoria up in red tape. It would be a tough battle, he was sure...

Then he remembered, with a start, that he was not a conservative, and that he could quietly agree with every single reform she was

instigating. She was a breath of fresh air, and even the Prime Minister had stopped stomping miserably on the lawn (perhaps because of the brief shower, which had evidently reminded him to be spontaneous), and the Prime Minister had started resuming some of his own powers – a direct threat to his own position, and it was about time.

But he still wasn't at all sure about Victoria. There was a balance to be preserved, and she seemed quite determined to improve the world. Perhaps a little over-enthusiastic? If he was to disseminate his carefully accumulated powers, would she not take over the government and wouldn't she use her position to the fullest, unlike him? Certainly the terrorist incident had set the cat amongst the pigeons. Questions would be asked, government action demanded. But they must avoid doing anything precipitate until they knew whether it really was a foreign power agitating. More effort must be made to preserve the peace. There was a power vacuum brewing... in Panessos if not in the Government.

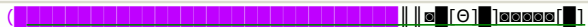
He shivered slightly and uncertainly, and consoled himself with the reflection that true confidence was the confidence to wait until the correct decision was evident. He gazed at her, trying to reach some conclusion on her character, failed, promised himself he would keep an eye on her, and turned off the camera.

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Fri Dec 20, 2013 6:15 am, edited 4 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.

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

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Vireнна
Diplomat

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

by [Vireнна](#) » Wed Nov 27, 2013 2:08 pm

QUOTE

Virennese Privateer Fleet The Hermanian Ocean "Lo Lobarie"

[Soundtrack](#)

She was born in her father's extravagant mansion in the countryside, not too far from the salt mines which made the Salcina Estate so prosperous. It was a calm night, the summer wind gently swaying the willows throughout the swamplands surrounding the palatial home. Fireflies flickered throughout the dark night alongside the sound of bubbling streams traveling through the reeds. The Patron of Salcina and his loving wife were overjoyed with their delightful little girl. Yet the daughter's mother unfortunately never got to see her flower blossom; she passed away from a particularly vicious bout of sleeping sickness, a plague surprisingly common in the mosquito-ridden marshlands of Vireнна.

Even from her young years in the world, it was clear that there was something different about her. Her eyes pierced all who looked at her, gave her a sense of power, of knowledge, over those who dared to looked into her verdant gaze. Some thought it was a sign of precociousness, a symbol of her powerful intellect and intuition; they were correct. Others saw them as a ill omen, a hint of a darker, cunning nature, a craving for power over others; they were also correct.

Although brought up in the wealthy home of one of the familiarres aunar, she loved to play with the poor children of the rough laborers who worked the salt mines. Among them, she was a queen; her pretty looks and commanding air quickly quelled all opposition. She would choose what game they would play- she usually choose tag

inside the derelict mines, a dangerous, thrilling ride that none of the adults knew about.

One fateful day her and the other children were playing in the dark caverns of the old source of salt; their yelps and giggles could be heard throughout the mine's dark recesses. Yet she was not happy. One of the children, Helece, had stolen her a necklace her mother had given her. She did not take offense at the loss of the jewelry, but at the affront to her power. Helece would have to suffer for it.

It didn't take long to find Helece. She was at the end of a corridor, a large drop behind her leading to the lower level of the mine. Helece smiled at the owner of her newfound wealth.

"Auche forgis, Mademe Katereen," Helece apologized with a smirk, holding out the necklace.

She took took back her belongings and gave a coy grin to Helece. It was a small joke among friends, Helece insisted. She would've given it back by tomorrow.

She nodded and hugged Helece, forgiving her.

One light push later, and Helece was screaming as she fell to her death.

It was easy getting away with it. Who would suspect a little girl? As far as anyone knew, Helece had fallen by herself, an unfortunate herald of the dangers of the mines. The kids weren't allowed to play there anymore- especially her, who's father said she shouldn't have been playing with "social lessers" anyway.

She felt horrible guilt every night. How could she have pushed Helece? Why did she take the offense so seriously?

Yet as time passed she rationalized the deed. Helece was a impudent little rodent. Who was she to dare steal from the daughter of a Patron? A lady of the familarres aunar? Helece questioned the might of a young goddess- she suffered consequences as a result.

Years passed.

She grew to be the epitome of Virennese beauty, with fiery, flowing locks of ruddy red hair that hung down her shoulders and shining emerald eyes. In her teenage years, her craving for control and power overtook any remorse she might have privately felt; she became a queen bee. She could be charming and manipulative- both a rose and the the deadly spider within its petals. She brutally bullied those who defied her will. Two students in her high school class committed suicide from her torments- though she got away with it, of course. All the while she argued to herself that she was simply carrying out the will of nature. She was strong, others were weak. It was her right to get what she wanted.

More time flowed on.

When she was a young woman, like most young and restless Virennese, she took to the seas. She became a privateer, and damn good one at that. Adventures across Regalia, Hermania, Ghant, Boru, and all the rest taught her everything she needed to know. She became notorious even in foreign nations, when she gathered multiple privateer vessels to form a fleet and ruined the shipping business for a few months, constantly raiding every cargo ship that shared the oceans with her. She became a representative of the privateers and the navy to the government, eventually even earning the status of Gran Admirel, a coveted military command position of immense influence.

The wealthy social circles of the familarres aunar began to call her "lo lobarie". The she-wolf. All feared her, despite her young age.

But she knew how to play the game. When naive young Guldin de

Thour took his father's office as Governor-General, she quickly began to use all the tricks she had. Connections she made through extortion and blackmail quickly allowed her to attend every social event, gain frequent private audiences with the innocent intellectual. Soon they had struck up an affair, Guldin not listening to his peers about the woman's sinister reputation.

She became pregnant, and they were married.

Augustine was born a healthy young baby, and suddenly all of the emotion that she tried so hard to hide came out when she saw his face. She was his; she was the one good thing she had brought into the world. And she would see that she would use her talents to give him everything.

Yet Augustine was a rift in her and Guldin's marriage. While Guldin loved his son, he began to see his wife's true nature show itself. After a few years, they hated each other. Yet she saw this as an advantage. Feelings for her husband would only get in the way of her plan. She resigned from her position and went back to privateering, Augustine going back and forth between his father and mother throughout the year.

Katereen de Thour blew out smoke after inhaling from her cigarette, smiling from the bridge of her ship, *The Empress Dowager*. The great blue of the Hermanian Ocean displayed itself before her fleet of twenty destroyers and three submarines, as well as five cargo ships picked along the way in pursuit of the Gbantish Emperor's fleet, full of Virennese arms after their original shipments were sold. It was Katereen's unique ability to be able to band together ragtag, individual privateer captains under her leadership; then again, privateers loved her. She could've been their queen, with all her tales of daring throughout Panessos. The submarines were a venture paid for jointly between her and her husband; she wished to have an element of stealth on her side.

The chaos erupting all over Panessos was a good fortune to the Virennese. Virennia had agreed to join the Allied Coalition against Laoni and Nathan on heavy conditions; tariffs of the Coalition nations were lowered specifically for Virennese exports, and piracy by Virennese privateers against the nations of Black Alliance was even encouraged. Virennia's coffers were swelling, and as a result, they wished for the conflict to continue.

Which was why Katereen took matters into her own hands, as she usually did.

"Vincente," she spoke to her first mate, reviewing reports by the ship's engineers, "Contact the captains of the *Viceroy*, the *Hermanian Maid*, and the *Reaver King*, as well as the crews of three of the cargo ships. Tell them to head to eastern Hermania."

Vincente, Katereen's first mate, looked confused. "Eastern Hermania? I thought we were cutting off the Emperor from his supply routes, harassing his outlying ships?"

"We are," Katereen looked to Vincente and smirked, "But we're also going to sell arms to the Pensic Front, Rhodesea, and the other forces in Epraria right now."

"Why? They're our enemies, they're in the Black Alliance!"

"The Black Alliance is Virennia's enemy, my husband's enemy, not mine. We're privateers; as long as we don't die and give some of our earnings back to the good old motherland, we are legally untouchable by our government. Besides, let's not play pretend; everyone knows we're in this for the money, and the longer the war drags on, the more money we get."

Now it was Vincente who was smirking. "You really are a snake

sometimes, Mademe."

"Not a snake," Katereen turned back to the horizon, concentrated. "A she-wolf."

Office of the Governor-General, Thourbon, Thour Rivar Estate Confederal Estates of Virennia

While the mistress of the familarre de Thour sailed toward Hermael's coast, her husband had much more pressing matters.

Erastore, the imperial land to the west, was suddenly awakening. A military parade with 50,000 troops just occurred right beyond the Virene mountains, Virennia's western border. It was clear the Erastorian emperor had big plans; he advanced a similar show of force along Aeken, before having the two forces conduct extensive military drills.

Guldin was worried, but took some solace in the emperor's mistake- he threatened two nations at once. Despite Guldin's usual indifference to foreign political affairs, even he knew it was wiser to intimidate and harass one nation first, and the other after rather than giving them cause to unite.

Guldin moved swiftly, hoping to quell the Virennese populace's fears of potential invasion before a general panic took underway.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

From: Governor-General Guldin de Thour of the Confederal Estates of Virennia
To: President Eden of the Socialist Commune of Aeken
Subject: The Erastorian Affair
Encryption: Very High

It is clear that as I contact you, the Empire of Erastore is attempting to outrightly threaten and intimidate our two peoples. I cannot speak for you, but I find this shameless display of aggression a marvel to be met with scorn and indignation. I suggest we show the Erastorian emperor who the true powers of western Hermania are, before he makes the foolish mistake of trying to invade our lands.

The Confederal Estates of Virennia would like to extend the hand of friendship

Last edited by **Virennia** on Wed Nov 27, 2013 6:15 pm, edited 9 times in total.

FLAG

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



Erastore
Political Columnist

Posts: 2
Founded: Jul 11, 2013
Ex-Nation

by **Erastore** » Thu Nov 28, 2013 12:02 am

QUOTE

The Holy Emperor was hopeful in taking his neighbors, but he knew he must tread wisely. His enemies knew more than he had wished for them to know. His armies were vast and his resources great, but if Virennia managed to enlist the help of others they would be almost threatening. He ordered an official broadcast be shown to the public.

"Citizens, loyal followers of the Holy Empire! The time has come for our right to rule again. Thousands of years ago no nation would dare look in our direction! In the next years to come this will be so again. Our armies will reclaim land controlled years before these nations ever arrived. We will expand our borders as far west as the sea and claim our large neighbor to the east. We have grown only stronger in waiting. In God we trust! And in him we will prevail!"

The broadcast ended and he walked away. His armies had moved to offensive positions and artillery had been moved to the West and East borders. In all, 70,000 men were being moved in to each border to reinforce the 50,000 already there. The initial wave, when launched, would be so massive it would be too large to stop. If it took

him till his death, this land would be his.

His Generals sat next to the throne in the Palace of Christ and spoke of plans of invasion. First, the enemy ground AA guns would be destroyed by Infantry allowing bombers to move in and take out border defenses. Fighters would take air superiority and then the main army would move in to occupy the cities after they have been pounded with artillery. If the sequence proved successful, then the enemy would fall in less than a year in the west.



Loufe
Diplomat

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

by **Loufe** » Sat Nov 30, 2013 7:23 am



CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: The Republic of Terripin
From: The Socialist Slavic Republic of Loufe

We are pleased to hear that Tristan Pertina, will be attending the Global Summit.
Proseperity towards your nation,
Ministry of Foreign Affairs

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: The Kingdom of Cquactar
From: The Socialist Slavic Republic of Loufe

We are pleased to hear that P.M. Eriel Barnett will be attending.
Proseperity towards your nation,
Ministry of Foreign Affairs

Last edited by **Loufe** on Sat Nov 30, 2013 7:23 am, edited 1 time in total.



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Sun Dec 01, 2013 11:56 am



The life of Miss Forpolov was a study of Ausitorian bureaucracy. Although nobody in the government dared to call it a bureaucracy! Whenever someone in the private sector (of whom there were a great many more than were usually suspected) mentioned to one of their friends who worked in government that this friend was a bureaucrat, the bureaucrat in question would testily reply that he or she was a technocrat in a meritocracy. To which the friend in the private sector would reply with the pithy remark that that was certainly what bureaucracy was about nowadays: administrative presentation. Particularly given that most of the hard administrative work had been privatized by giving the population monetary allowances to choose who was best at whatever service they wanted. For instance, most of the education and health systems were privatized, even if the customers were given the money to pay for it by the government. (On the whole it was a very successful model, even if nobody seemed to know if they should stop: there was now talk of privatizing the beaches and large parts of the armed force).

Miss Forpolov, however, was above such debate, partly because she was in the Foreign Policy Office, which was one of the areas where the government felt that it needed to retain the monopoly, even as it experimented with partially contracting out analytical work and some embassies. But anyway Miss Forpolov was quite excellent at her job. Having been born into the Civil Service, accepting the Civil Service as her family, people accepted her without question; she signed thousands of messages, she presented the public face of the Foreign Policy Office; indeed, she had even been promoted recently to the exalted title to which she now held. She had been on the civil service list to become a Dame three times already, and it was only her nature that held her back: she was widely derided, by those in the know, as a joke.

Before you, the reader, start feeling too sorry for her, I should remind you of her name. Forpolov. Where might that be from? What might that be a contraction of?


Surely not the Foreign Policy Office?

But, *why* would they do something like that?

Well, because when it came to signing something, politicians detested signing something they weren't entirely sure about, and yet the civil service couldn't wait for permission every time they did something! They wouldn't be able to get through a hundredth of what they needed to if they always waited for whoever was at the top to get round to fiddlesome bureaucratic minutiae! Government wasn't about who was in charge, it was about providing results!

Therefore, they had to create someone who could draw some of the flack for the unlikely times when things went wrong, and they had to have someone sign it, lest it look impersonal.

And thus Ms. Forpolov was born, and it was her entirely fictitious signature that yet again signed the bottom of yet another diplomatic communique.


Pax Prosperitas

By Order of His Imperial Majesty's Government

From: The Foreign Policy Office, The Ministry of Foreign Affairs, The United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria
To: c/o The Ministry of Foreign Affairs, The Socialist Slavic Republic of Loufe
Encryption: Confidential

Dear Sir/Madam,

It is normally our practice when invited to Global Summits to send several dozens of delegates, but since this is slightly costly, we have decided to dispatch five mobile interacting machines from our office, equipped with screens, monitors, and sensors to allow different members of our staff to interact.

We do hope their arrival can be facilitated on site via a VSTOL aircraft dispatched from our nearby carrier fleet stationed in the Northern Ocean: their battery packs should last for however long the conference lasts. Naturally they would be unarmed, excluding the ability of their circuit boards to safely self-destruct if tampered with.

We do hope this is agreeable.

Yours sincerely,
Ms Forpolov,
Permanent Foreign Undersecretary of State,
The Ministry of Foreign Affairs,
The United Realms of the Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria

Lest you still retain some feeling for pity for Miss Forpolov, if she could have, she would have sighed with pleasure. She was doing what she was born to do: what could be finer?

(Well, all sorts of things).

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Sun Dec 01, 2013 11:57 am, edited 1 time in total.

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

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



Firmador
Minister

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

by **Firmador** » Sun Dec 01, 2013 12:27 pm



“ Libraria and Ausitoria wrote:
Somewhere in Bvordsha

The Colonel Sponz, despite his thick skull and lack of an intellectual mind, realized that there was evidently a quite considerable cultural gap between them. He had, he realized, with a start, become used to the smooth running of a well-moneyed modern society, and talk of bartering cotton for bread seemed to him to be an outdated concept: what Bvordsha needed, he knew perfectly well, was money. With money the economy would run smoothly; without it, it would crash. Used to hard bargaining, he waited for Gregor to give away more and more, worriedly noting the vagueness of the offers. Perhaps this was an Ausitorian plot to trap him?

"That would be much more suitable in the immediate term," he said, when Gregor had finally explained how Firmador would supply a navy, fighters, and take a 30% haircut on bonds in the event of any conflict, which was a deal that could be immediately useful. "But as for your vague offers our people need money, not bread; for bread can be bought with money but bread cannot buy money. We must ensure that those who strike and those who would be paid by the Ausitorian government can have the money to buy directly from Firmador companies and to export to Firmador. Exactly what capacity of refineries, schools, hospitals, and factories would you be supplying? What exclusive cotton supply would you want in return for your assistance?" he asked.

-snip-

OOO: I'm just going to assume the on incident didn't have any affect on your tourism.

Somewhere in Bvordsha

"Firmadores companies will continually be open, we may even be willing to offer outside of bread (because bread will automatically be included in this) open credit lines. Firmador herself lacks any major automobile exporters, relying on the import of most intermediate Automotive goods. [Here's a list of our major export and imports by starred priority.](#)" Handed him documents inside a manila folder.

"We can provide more fighters quickly, but all arms shipments will be predicated on safe sea lanes. This is where our fleet comes in. We have a large over a dozen-carrier naval group moving towards Bvordsha. The problem is, if we move it into port we're certainly guaranteed a war. But if you declare independence, then out of the blue three hundred warships are in your main port, your fight for independence is all but won! All we'd have to talk about are troop ceilings, to help maintain a strong Firmadores presence and deter Commonwealth aggression."

"Refineries could be built extensively, especially seeing as much of your power grid is far too concentrated on one area. School and hospitals will have two branches, the Unitarian Arm which will be for all cities and small towns and the Altruistic Branch which will be funded by the state and administered by a local religion or community program so that every person has access to free healthcare and education. In the capital we can construct Universities, and in the meantime the youth can be educated in Firmador. Factories will largely be built by your private sector using Firmadores funds, outside Textile which Firmador is willing to be a silent 50-50 partner on the first 10 companies that plan on factory construction. We want the entirety of your domestic markets of cotton, but in return we will, free of charge, take the boats that have unloaded Firmadores cotton into Bvordsha be loaded with Bvordshan cotton into the World

markets."

Last edited by [Firmador](#) on Sun Dec 01, 2013 12:27 pm, edited 1 time 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

Aid to Virennia

by [Feroxi](#) » Mon Dec 02, 2013 8:24 pm

QUOTE

Ferox
Greycliff [Capital]
Capital Building [Senate]
POV [Sev Marec]

Sev Marec wasn't a very cool-tempered man, but this... this was madness! The Feroxi senate chambers were filled with furious screams and shouts, as angered senators participated in such a heated debate that the whole capitol building ought to be aflame. Sev's watchful grey eyes scanned the entire chambers slowly, as if he were a light house beacon, watching the entire dilemma go into the depths of hell itself. Finally, after several minutes watching in silence; he had both seen heard enough.

He slowly sat up from his ceremonial throne, and brought his trusted family blade straight into the metal disc on the ground before him. Upon the hard impact, a loud noise echoed throughout the senate chamber, similar to the distinct crack of thunder during a storm.

"Enough!" shouted the young High King, as he leaned against the blade's somewhat thick handle.

The collective mass of senators, gathered from every corner of the Feroxi territories, bowed their heads with the demeanor of ashamed children receiving and prepared for a long lecture. He would not give them the satisfaction. The senate chamber had fallen dead with silence, and the air still. "Now then," he started, "returning to the debate." Sev continued, "The Erastorian/Virennese conflict is going to become very bloody, very soon. The imperialist Erastorian's have begun a war of conquest against the Virennese, and yet another war is upon Panessos. Now, I know we all still have the horrors of the Stomalian war fresh in our minds, but..."

An elderly female senator stood up from the crowd, and shouted, "Why in hell should we get involved, Marec? How does Ferox benefit from all of this?"

Sev turned to her, his grey eyes were as piercing and soulless as a dire wolf's. "How does Ferox benefit from this? We benefit by building up a damn reputation, that's how. This nation will survive- thrive, even! After all of this, no man, woman, or child will ever have to fight for an aruetiise to put bread on the table, ever again! By this, I swear!" Gradually, the senate chamber erupted into applause.

So, it was put to a vote. Twenty five senators voted against stepping into the Erastorian - Virennese war, ten were neutral, and thirty had voted for the intervention. It was decided. **Erastore would have hell to pay.**

To: The Confederal Estates of Virennia

From: The Ferox Dominion

Dear, Governor-General

I am High King Sev Marec, elected monarch of the Ferox Dominion. My advisors and I have been observing you, and have decided to intervene in your upcoming conflict with the Empire of Erastore. We are willing to send a large armada consisting of naval, ground, and aerial units to aid in the

defense and possible counter-invasion of the nation of Erastore; for a price. What do you say? The Dominion is waiting for your signal. Ferox and it's son and daughters bid you good tidings.

"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.



Erastore
Political Columnist

Posts: 2
Founded: Jul 11, 2013
Ex-Nation

by **Erastore** » Tue Dec 03, 2013 10:15 am



The Erastonian military had finished recruiting 100,000 more citizens into the armed forces and has activated its missile shield. The navy finished construction on enough ships to put the navy at 650 ships and the army reached 12 million. The nations nuclear stockpile was readied in case of an incident with the neighbors became to difficult. Deep water mines were placed around the coast. The borders 12 foot tall 2 foot thick concrete steel plated wall was manned and the Titanium Steel gates closed. The military war machine of the holy nation of Erastore was activated. Their military would once again reclaim their part of Panessos.



Bavaria-Saxony
Bureaucrat

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

Dominion

by **Bavaria-Saxony** » Wed Dec 04, 2013 9:50 am



Gillenors largest Dominion, Bavaria-Saxony was only just beginning to taste the bitter end of the stick in these dark times. As foreign armies grew and diplomacy becomes less and less negotiable; Bavaria-Saxony sat in the ultimate cloak of shame, isolationism. While nations rose to prominence, they rested.

Hamsterdam (DsD- Hæmstadd), Bavaria.
Time: 2 AM

The flat lying skyline glistened behind a most watchful moon. The cobbled backstreets twinkled in the starlit moon and the spires danced amidst the the cold winters night. An aurora suddenly burst the night into a magnificent display. But behind all this awe and wonder; lay a darker city; one packed within a sinister gloom.

Officially, Bavaria-Saxony was a silent dominion that sat, engulfed in Gillenors cradle of power.

However, tonight friction would toast this mass of land.

The government acknowledged the fact they were in the same boat as the rest of the Gillenorian empire, but not all of Bavaria-Saxony appreciated Gillenorian intervention in recent global affairs. Saxony had long resented Gillenorian supremacy and the ministers of saxony desired to plot again their overrules. But not through empty revolution but via a more, darker tone. Old loyal Bavaria was a proud dominion of Gillenor and would crush Saxon resistance. However all that was needed was an excuse.

Inside the palace of Hamsterdam sat the viceroy, stroking his styled beard with careful precision and gorming into the abyss. He looked down at the Rhodesian map with lust. He theorised Rhodesea would attack Bavaria, this is because he was obsessed and bathed in his constant dreams. the dominion was fewer than 400 miles away at its closest point, the viceroy fantasised about the bountiful land of Rhodesea, so much so he hallucinated over the grandeur of his success over all of the South. A last it was a dream that diplomacy could not amount for. His blue eyes advanced around the map with deep Desires of conquest.

Last edited by **Bavaria-Saxony** on Wed Dec 04, 2013 11:16 am, edited 2 times in total.



Feroxi
Ambassador

Valm Rising

by **Feroxi** » Thu Dec 05, 2013 3:04 pm



Western Ferox
Regna Ferox [Capital City]
Point of View [High King Marec]

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

Subsection: Victory Square
Subsection: Dominion Capital Headquarters

High Marshal Olivia Kryze began walking down the somewhat labyrinthian corridors of the Ferox Dominion Capital Headquarters, her boots thudding on the almost ancient wooden flooring in a rhythmic pattern. As she continued onwards, she examined the building and its architectural structure. In a true Feroxi fashion, the whole building was designed to withstand a siege. From the maze-like corridors and steel bulkhead doors, everything was in place to be helpful in the event of a dangerous fire-fight. It was function and architectural beauty combined at its finest tier, and it was one of the most appealing things about Ferox design in her opinion.

She continued down a long hallway, until she had reached two antique wooden and metal brimmed doors. The doors were tall and the wood was covered in ancient rune carvings... it, like nearly everything else in the building, was a part of history. Olivia pushed through the two doors, and entered the High King's personal office. Sev stood hunched over a flat rectangular table, his gauntlet covered hands clasped behind his back. She began stepping forward, and he turned around to meet her eyes. She had hazel-green eyes, rather than the natural born stone grey that he had. She was born in Cerrania, the southern country that they had a bloody feud with for centuries.

"Olivia, welcome!" Sev outstretched his arm to her, and they did the traditional Feroxi handshake of clasping each other's forearm. According to tradition, this was used to prove your ability to haul your comrade to safety if need be.

"Sev, nice to see you! I see you're glad that I'm back in one piece from that shipment run to the Gbantish fleet, eh?" She said, smiling.

"Why wouldn't I be?" He smiled back, and continued with his statement, "I've been meaning to talk to you."

Olivia replied curiously, "Of what?"

He gestured her to the table, and the two both began walking towards it in unison. A large paper was laid across the long rectangle of furniture. Olivia took a second glance, and realized that it was no paper- it was a map. The map displayed the landmass Ferox was on, the gargantuan continent of Valm. Several lines of markers and pins were sprawling across the entire continent, most likely representing supply lines and battle plans. She knew what this meant, and the look of excitement both lit up each others faces.

Sev turned to her and lay his gloved hands on her shoulders, "Olivia, we've finally done it! The economy has been restored, and Ferox is on its way to becoming powerful enough to weather the harsh storms to come! But, you know that we can't achieve this alone."

She said, "Tell me what I must do, Sev. I'll gladly do whatever I must for the people, and you know that."

"I need you to send the word out to all Valmese nations that a long winter is coming, and none of us can face it alone. We have to unite. Tell them that despite our violent histories, we all have a common thing in the present reality- we all want to survive. Those nations that will not join us... must be taken by force. Are you up to this?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" She smiled, and nodded.

The two once again exchanged handshakes, and Olivia began walking to the doors she had entered minutes ago. The air almost seemed filled with dread, as the two hoped they would see each other again.

She pushed the doors open, but was stopped by something Sev said.

He said, "Oh, and Olivia... *k'oyacyi*."

She replied, "You too, Sev." *K'oyacyi*, to the outside world it mean't come back safely. In Feroxi, it was a literal demand... *stay alive*. **She was determined to fulfill those orders.**

To: The Republic of Cerrania
From: The Ferox Dominion

Dear, Cerranian Administration

We are not determined to sugar coat things, Cerrania. In both of our histories, we have butchered each other's people and refused to make a peaceful existence. We want this to change. We may not have many things in common throughout our histories, but we do have a similarity as of late: we both want to survive. A great winter is coming, Cerrania. If we do not unite as one, we are all doomed to the same hellish existence. So, what do you decide? A lonely death, or a friendly union? The Valmese Coalition calls, will you answer?

Signed, Ferox

To: The Republic of Terripin
From: The Ferox Dominion

Greetings,

The Ferox Dominion beckons you to join the newly founded Valmese Coalition, by choice. The grand fleets of Gillenor and Ghant near, and so does an everlasting winter. If the nations of Valm do not unite, we are all going to perish under the crushing boots of other empires. We all want to survive in a world that demands we kneel to it's rule, Terripin. So, what do you decide? The Dominion and the Coalition await your decision.

Signed, Ferox

Last edited by [Feroxi](#) on Thu Dec 05, 2013 3:06 pm, 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.



Cerrania
Minister

Posts: 2932
Founded: Nov 15, 2013
Ex-Nation

☐ by [Cerrania](#) » Fri Dec 06, 2013 9:29 pm



“ Feroxi wrote:

To: The Republic of Cerrania
From: The Ferox Dominion

Dear, Cerranian Administration

We are not determined to sugar coat things, Cerrania. In both of our histories, we have butchered each other's people and refused to make a peaceful existence. We want this to change. We may not have many things in common throughout our histories, but we do have a similarity as of late: we both want to survive. A great winter is coming, Cerrania. If we do not unite as one, we are all doomed to the same hellish existence. So, what do you decide? A lonely death, or a friendly union? The Valmese Coalition calls, will you answer?

Signed, Ferox

OOC

Official Communique

**From The Kingdom of Cerrania-High Lord Terran's Office
To The Ferox Dominion-Office of the High King**

Lord Marec,

Cerrania does not deny that our history has been less-than friendly. However, myself, and Cerrania as a whole, recognize the impending threat posed by the rest of Panessos. As this world grows smaller, it is good to have the comfort of at least peace with your neighbors. We cordially accept your invitation into the Valmese Coalition.

On another note, it would be a wonderful help if Ferox removed some of the *substantial* troop concentrations on the Cerranian-Ferox borders. The 103rd Vendoran has had more than one close call in assuming you were invading. We do not want to have to go to war over a silly mishap, do we?

Finally, Cerrania feels it appropriate, as the central-most nation in civilized Valm, to hold a summit to discuss the terms of this Valmese Coalition. The summit will be held in four weeks time from now, in Cerran City.

I pray for the continued wealth and prosperity of the Ferox Dominion and its people.

With kindest regards,
High Lord Terran

*"Ambition is a dream with a V8 engine."
-Elvis Presley*

I really enjoy running.



Ghant
Minister

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

The Ordos Affirmation

by **Ghant** » Sun Dec 08, 2013 2:37 am



Act IV, Ch. II. "The Ordos Affirmation" Ghish, Ghant

For only the second time since Laoni became Empress of Ghant, the Landsraad of Ghant held a complete and closed meeting. However, unlike the previous meeting, this once featured many new names, and many new faces.

With so many Lords away with the Emperor less then 2 days removed from Regalia, the uncles, cousins, brothers, nephews and sons of the departed Lords constituted the assembly.

And some Lords, who did not attend the first meeting when the Emperor was present, made their appearance now- before Albert and Sophia.

Albert occupied the side of the Landsraad chamber floor- he was bedecked in a black suit, trimmed with white and gold, with a pin on his chest. Surrounding him were his "loyal" men, the likes of which included Toregg Demonyo, who had as foul a reputation as any many in Ghant.

On the other side of the chamber floor sat Sophia of Dakmoor. She was wearing a purple dress with a white ribbon. Her hair was in a bun behind her head, and she wore the seal of the Lord Paramount of the Landsraad, the office that her father had been elected to by the Landsraad to serve for life.

The tension in the room between the two sides was obvious, and stifling. Business during this meeting was going to get ugly, that much was clear to Oscar, the Secretary of the Landsraad, who sat somewhere in between.

Sophia tapped her chair with a wooden gavel, and she rose to her feet. The Lords- numbering in the hundreds, went silent.

"Welcome, my Lords, and thank you for coming here today. There is much we need to discuss..."

Gerard of House Bole rose to his feet. "What right does a woman have to serve as Lord Paramount of the Landsraad?

"Weak and submissive creatures! This country is fucked up enough already, and a woman presumes to Lord over us?" said Thrawn of House Demavend.

Sophia stepped forward. "I have every right, by the laws of Ghant. I speak with my father's voice, and I serve in his stead."

Sophia had powerful friends and family present at the meeting. Her uncle, Matthias Mutu of Onmutu, stood up. He was dressed in gold and white, and sparkled from all the diamonds on his person. "The lot of you would be wise to remember that my niece is the acting Lord Paramount of the Landsraad, during the Great Lord of Dakmoor's absence. Surely you can understand the circumstances facing Dakmoor."

Michael of House Osuna was fast to respond. "Dakmoor is a den of traitors. The Lords Nam, Igal, Krull, Maia, and Vico had a force of 100,000 men and almost 100 ships ready to pursue the Emperor's fleet to take him from behind, and most likely kill the Emperor in the process. If they failed to do that, then they were going to go to Gillenor and wait for the Emperor and his forces, and then attack them unawares."

Sophia responded. "My father returned to Dakmoor in his haste to prevent these Lords from taking up arms against the Emperor. He believed that such a turn of events would solve nothing, and only make matters worse. But this is besides the point. I beseech the Lords present to consider whether Grand Duke Albert should be affirmed Lord Protector of Ghant."

Vladimir of House Vald replied. "Grand Duke Albert is a snake, waiting to bite the Empire of Ghant in the ass. I would rather name my last shit the Lord Protector of Ghant."

Arcturis of House Tantor laughed. "Look at this knight of his, Toregg Demonyo. That story of his ancestors slaying Adar is such horseshit, I could have pulled a better story out of my ass." He pointed down at the skulls. "Any idiot can dig up some skulls and superglue some goat horns to it, and call it Adar. The Adar do not exist, same as trolls and wyrms."

Aramis of Nightstar was enraged. "You are an idiot, Tantor. The Adar were real, and they were not beastmen. They were noble warriors who helped purge the land of Vampyres and other evil creatures. Everyone in Nightstar knows this. The Adar were not raiding and killing innocent people, but eliminating Vampire villages along the Icecoasts, before they could grow strong enough to terrorize the people! Those Icelords and the Wedge Lords are fools, and should be branded as traitors."

Vincent of House Villish countered. "Typical Nightstar lies, as expected. The Adar were fiends, and only had one horn besides! Davool was a dirty liar and those ancient drawings in Nightstar are pure fiction."

Grand Duke Albert was through with that. "Enough! I don't care about that- just like I don't care how many feathers were on the wing of a Pegasus. I am the Lord Protector of Ghant by rights, and my knights are loyal and true, regardless of the pedigree of their houses. This country needs a figurehead, and in my nephew's absence that responsibility falls to me. Confirm me now, because there is no reason why you should not."

The venerable Teemu of House Tulivuori was next to speak. "I think of several reasons why not to, Albert. You are a bigoted ideologue

who will drag this country into war, even with our biggest ally-Gillenor. Such a conflict would be disastrous for us, and yet you would forsake us all the same. Ghant would be better served by your own Uncle, the Grand Duke Edward, who remembers who our friends are."

Rygar of House Zool spoke next. A powerful Lord, people listened when he spoke. "The Ghanto-Gillenorian alliance has been good to us for many years. They bailed us out during the Great Civil War and the World War. We need them, and this is why Albert is a poor choice, because he would damage that relationship even more. Things could go ill for us with him in that position."

Aleric of House Aitor slowly rose to his feet, and put up his index and middle finger. Every other Lord in the chamber stopped and looked at him. "Indeed, the alliance has served us well for many years. But the winds of change shall soon blow. Watch this campaign of the Emperor. Any man with eyes could determine that Nathan heads for Oceanus, not Osserheim. And then on to Ardenhelm and Rosenberg-but not the south. Watch what happens. Gillenor will use Nathan to weaken the northern states, and then sweep in behind him. Why do you think that Gillenor has not raised a hand to Nathan and Laoni yet? Do you all really think its because they cannot do anything? If you think that then you are an idiot. Just like anything else Gillenor does, they are using this as an opportunity to gain power. They already have too much, they are fat on their Empire, upon which the sun never sets. They control much, and they want more, make no mistake. And this war in Regalia will leave them mostly untouched. They will grow even more powerful as a result of this, clearly."

The Lords of the Landsraad began to whisper amongst themselves. Sophia looked irritated. "What exactly are you suggesting, Lord Aitor?"

"...Gillenor is cocky, arrogant, and wanton. They mock us to our face, and act like they run the world. I say we put a stop to that. I suggest that while Nathan and Laoni attack Oceanus and go north, that the Empire goes all out on Gillenor, and we march on Osserheim itself...while they are distracted by Nathan and Laoni, we strike out at them. Once they turn to face us, we punch them right in the fucking nose, and knock in their teeth. They might even say something to the effect of, 'we don't recognize that, but when our foot is up their ass, they won't have any choice other than to recognize it. Lets get them now, while we still have the chance. Who agrees?"

Half of the Lords roared in approval. Sophia had to bang the gavel to get their attention again. "Enough of this talk, my Lords. That is treachery of the highest order. If anything, we owe Gillenor a favor, especially after what is happening with Nathan and Laoni. This slanderous talk is grossly inappropriate, and we cannot tolerate such notions."

Baelon of House Ix got up. "I curse you idiots for even considering that. Ghant thrives off of its relationship with Gillenor. I should kill everyone of you snakes for even bringing up such a foul idea. Shit, I would even declare all of the wealth of House Ix for Gillenor should you rat bastards even follow through with that. How absolutely disgusting."

They began to argue amongst themselves, until another gentlemen stood up. When he got out of his chair and raised his fingers, everybody sat down. The man was none other than Ebon Ordos, Lord of Draconis.

He spoke. "I think the lot of you are fools. Sophia is a smart girl, and I am proud to call her my kin, as my sister's granddaughter. Ghant has 4% of the population of Gillenor. Now is not the time for such talk. And we grow rich from their Empire, which benefits us immensely. We have the most powerful currency in the world, thanks to them. We owe them much and more. The Great King swore a blood oath to them, and many of Lords here swore fealty to the Emperor, in

which you recognized this oath of alliance. Forget that, and you are accursed, for no blood oath shall be broken, lest the breaker be damned to the abyss. Now, I am sure that we can at the very least agree on two things that can make everyone happy. First, we recognize Albert as Lord Protector of Gbant, all rhetoric aside. Secondly, no hostile action shall be taken up by any Lord here against Gillenor during this whole ordeal. Any Lord that does shall be held in contempt by the Landsraad, and seeing as how the Houses Ordos, Ix and Mutu each have 3 votes, and many more Lords with fewer votes as well, I will see to it that your Houses shall be rendered. Let me make myself clear- talk of war with Gillenor is damn near treason, and I will not tolerate another word of it. Even though it is known that Albert despises Gillenor and everything about it with a seething passion, such is the nature of compromise. Let him wear the iron crown of the Lord Protector, but let us all swear an oath of non-aggression against Gillenor." He looked at Sophia. "With all due respect, Lady Paramount."

Sophia nodded. "Thank you, great uncle. Now, does the Landsraad recognize Albert as the Lord Protector of the Empire of Gbant?"

A majority of the Lords Present raised their banners. Albert smirked at that.

"And, do the majority of the Lords present recognize Lord Ordos's motion to have all Lords present agree to not make open war directly against Gillenor?"

The vast majority of the Lords present raised their banners, some meekly. All but those of the House Famlar of Gaemar. Marius Famlar was the son of Fendulias, Lord Paramount of Gaemar and the chief belligerent of Nathan's forces.

Lord Ordos looked and pointed at Marius. "Watch yourself, Marius. We know what you are up to. Gbant and Gillenor will not go to war, no matter how hard you try."

Marius smirked. "If enough Gbantish Rosea die and disappear, they will come."

"Let's hope they do, so that I can personally present them with the wealth of Gaemar, and hand you to them in chains. I already half a mind to see about making Gaemar a colony of Gillenor, just to rid the rest of Gbant with you Gaemarian parasites. You and your ilk are like a gangrenous finger, in need of amputation."

Marius drew his sword. "Fuck you, old man. Maybe I should go down there and amputate that pretty niece of yours." He looked down at Sophia. "I could cut off your pretty little head and send it to your father back in Gaemar."

Several Lords angry with Marius drew their swords, among them Mutu, Ix and Ordos, and their men and followers. Every Lord of Dakmoor had to be restrained from getting to Marius. Security had to come in to keep them apart.

Sophia shouted. "I will not suffer any of your threats. Any Lord among you who does not agree to this non-aggression affirmation will be held in contempt of the Landsraad, charged with treason, and attainted, on my authority as Lord Paramount of the Landsraad." She then turned to Albert. "The Iron Crown of the Lord Protector belongs to you now, Albert. You too are bound to the same non-aggression affirmation clause. I will not suffer you advocating war with Gillenor, unless you too want to be held in contempt of the laws of Gbant, both Old and New."

The Chamber was in great commotion. Sophia smacked the gavel a few more times.

"This meeting is dismissed. Go back to your Lands and Seats, and remember the agreement. I will know quickly if any of you are in violation, and I will not hesitate to move against you. My cause is

peace, and my goal is harmony. I will strike down any Lord among you who interferes with that, and goes against the Ordos Affirmation."

The Landsraad went mad. Every man began to shout at once.

One after another, the Lords were escorted out, some by force. Marius had to be carried out by a group of guards, on account of so many men wanting to kill him. Albert glared at Sophia for a time, and then got up and walked away. He got his iron crown, but it was obvious that he wanted to antagonize Gillenor, and now he couldn't do that, on pain of contempt.

Lord Ordos was an old man, and walked slowly on his cane. Sophia shouted after him. "Uncle Ebon, thank you."

Ebon Ordos gave Sophia a smile. "There was a time when the Lords of Ghant were loyal, virtuous and true. Now they are a den of treacherous snakes. The nobility will be the ruin of this country, Sophia."

"Your great-grandfather, my father, once told me that true friendship multiplies the good in life and divides its evils. Strive to have friends, for life without friends is like life on a desert island... to find one real friend in a lifetime is good fortune; to keep one is a blessing."

"Great grandfather was a wise man, uncle. But will Gillenor remember us as friends, in spite of Nathan?"

Lord Ordos smiled again. "I think if I've learned anything about friendship, it's to hang in, stay connected, fight for them, and let them fight for you. Don't walk away, don't be distracted, don't be too busy or tired, don't take them for granted. Friendship is the only cement that will ever hold the world together. There are not greater friends in the world than Ghant and Gillenor. I think they realize that just as much as I do."

"I certainly hope so. You will have to excuse me, Uncle. I have some correspondence to tend to."

Sophia had a message prepared for the Prime Minister of Gillenor

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: Julia Van Orange, Prime Minister of Gillenor
From: Sophia Dakmaran of Dakmoor, Acting Prime Minister of Ghant, and Acting Lord Paramount of the Landsraad of Ghant.

Dear Lady,

In my capacity as Acting Prime Minister of Ghant, I have dispatched the Admiral Grand Duke Louis Gentry, with the Imperial Leviathan Dreadnaught to demand that Emperor Nathan yield unconditionally to the Admiral Grand Duke. He is to surrender Laoni and Sepuki to your government, and the Emperor, his men, and their ships are to return to Ghant at once. Every Lord who complies will be granted a full pardon, with the exception of Fendulias, who will face charges of treason, on account of initiating and organizing this foul venture from the onset.

Last edited by **Ghant** on Mon Dec 09, 2013 12:54 pm, edited 7 times in total.

Ghant

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

Commended by **Security Council Resolution #450**

Recipient of the **Greater Dienstad Roleplay Reward**

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



by **Terripin** » Sun Dec 08, 2013 12:12 pm



OOO: Contact me if there isn't a Feroxi embassy or any other problems and I will edit.

To: The Republic of Terripin
From: The Ferox Dominion

Greetings,

The Ferox Dominion beckons you to join the newly founded Valmese Coalition, by choice. The grand fleets of Gillenor and Ghant near, and so does an everlasting winter. If the nations of Valm do not unite, we are all going to perish under the crushing boots of other empires. We all want to survive in a world that demands we kneel to it's rule, Terripin. So, what do you decide? The Dominion and the Coalition await your decision.

Signed, Ferox

Private High Council Meeting, Capitol

Higgen Welsh looked into the crowd of the High Council seated and waiting for him to speak. They did not seem to be in a good mood when they heard the word "alliance".

"Senators and countrymen of the Republic. I know you have not heard of even the notion of alliances in Terripean politics for over a hundred years. Seven hundred years ago Terripin flourished in the Pax Concordia. Its armies were second to no one and its merchants extended their reach to every corner of Valm. The Imperial Republic had once conquered the fiercest of nations and tribes, adding them to it's ever growing Empire. Prosperity was enjoyed throughout eastern and southern Concorden, even the common peasant had much to eat. This was strengthened by alliances with other nations. "

Welsh knew he had their attention now. He switched to a different viewpoint. "Yet it only took one man to crash the dream. Three hundred years of built up peace and near-continental dominance had been ruined by a single folly. The appointment of a High Lord. His name is now lost to history. Never to be uttered again, say the ancient texts. All records of his name have been erased. To this day, not much is known about him except he nearly killed the Imperial Republic in one strike. Some accounts said that he was a demon, that his eyes grew red. Others said that he was possessed. It was difficult to separate the grain of truth from these rumors. We survived and struggled to rebuild. But in what is known to history as the Great Abandoning, our allies forsook us when we needed them the most. With hostile tribes from the borders and a economy in trouble, a civil war broke out." The senators were silent. It was almost possible to hear their own heartbeats in the room when Welsh paused for a moment. "This happened again in 1913. After that, our ancestors swore the Great Oath, vowing to never forge alliances again, believing in the idea of isolationism so long as the Imperial Republic's principles stood. But we are in trouble now. The summit in Loufe is just a catalyst for war. Do not be fooled with the notion of peace. Peace has lasted long enough and war will take it's place now. Blood will be spilled, no matter what we do or what stance we take. But we can make sure Terripin survives and flourishes in the end and not burn out like the Imperial Republic. I propose we join the Valmese Coalition, an alliance of nations of Valm proposed by the Feroxi. Are there any questions?"

"Our ancestors swore the oath. Do you mean to break it? Is this not treachery on the highest level?" Senator Alsmen asked.

"So long as the Imperial Republic's principle's stood. The constitution is built on the principles of the 'Republic Reborn'. I am sure some of you remember that this book was the cause of Terripin's formation today. Nowhere does it state alliances are not allowed. It is based upon the oldest principles of Aval and the Tablets. Let me remind you that in this world there is only one true binding form of agreement. Trust. And now we come upon a time where only trust can be used. We have nothing else. The armies of Panessos will crush us if we are alone. But if we are many and united, Valm will rise again as a continent to be respected even more. Our industry is strong enough to power the continent and our air force is perhaps one of the best in

the world. In the end, we are survivors. We are the descendants of survivors, from Aval to the countless civil wars. And WE WILL SURVIVE!"

"Motion to vote! Just skip the formalities! " yelled a Senator. A crowd of people roared, agreeing.

"All for joining the Valmese Coalition should the terms be 'fair and negotiable' under the Icae Clause?!" asked Higgen Welsh.

Ninety-two votes against fifteen was the final tally. Terripin never seemed so united for a principle. Perhaps it was because this principle was the foundation of all Terripean policies. To survive.



Republic of Terripin

Private Message (Paper-only, send to Feroxi Embassy to forward)

Terripin has had one of the bloodiest histories in the world. We share a common theme with much of Valm. Bloodshed. It is indeed true that the darkest hour is nigh. We cannot, will not stand alone in this fight.

The forces of Ghant and Gillenor have sinister intentions, and soon they will turn their eyes upon the blessed continent of Valm. The Republic wholeheartedly accepts your invitation and we will be joining the Valmese coalition.

Our time is limited before a true conflict begins and we must move quickly. I will attend the summit in Cerran City as High Consul of Terripin to discuss the terms of this alliance.

The Republic wishes the best for the Feroxi and continued prosperity for Valm.

Sincerely,
Higgen Welsh
High Consul

Last edited by [Terripin](#) on Sun Dec 08, 2013 12:15 pm, edited 1 time in total.

[National Info](#)

[Storefronts](#)



Feroxi
Ambassador

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

Bavaria-Saxony

by [Feroxi](#) » Mon Dec 09, 2013 9:12 pm

Ferox Dominion

Bavaria-Saxony Coastline

Tyran Armories Corporate Armada

Point of View: Colonel Saric Templar

Saric stood at the bridge of his personal flag-ship, the Tyran Armories naval dreadnought *Malevolence*. He gazed out the large panes of glass, giving him a wide view of the pristine blue ocean before him. The Colonel was a sailor at heart, for he had loved the sea and everything about it from the day of his birth. The ocean waves smashed against the metal hull of the dreadnought, sending a storm of salted sea spray upwards into the air. He walked to an air-tight side hatch on the bridge, and stepped onto a long metal staircase. Saric continued down the staircase, his boots pounding against the metal in a melodic thumping rhythm.

He took a step onto the dreadnought's deck, and watched as airmen maintained their jump-jets and drop-ships in a timely and orderly manner. The colonel continued walking across the deck, the airmen



and women flashing crisp clean salutes as he passed. He made his way to the most northern point of the dreadnought, and watch as the massive Tyran Armories armada approached the coastline of the nation of Bavaria-Saxony. He knew very little about the nation, which irritated him greatly. He did not appreciate going into the unknown, with his eyes blind-folded and his hands tied behind his back. Saric only knew two things: the nation was a vassal state of Gillenor, and he was not to piss Tyran's clients off in any way shape of form. He was to be on his best behavior.

Saric looked down to his right forearm, and unsheathed his arm mounted tactical pad. He tapped the touch screen with surgical precision, and patched a radio connection through to the Commodore of the dreadnought closest to him: Commodore Victor Lente. Lente was an elderly man, who had seen his fair share of war. He was also a major pain in Saric's ass, due to the fact he was notoriously hard to work with.

"Commodore Lente, get me a secure link with the Bavarian-Saxony governmental administration. Please, do so with haste. We are on schedule, and I'd like it to damn well stay that way."

Lente replied with an aggravated growl, "Yes, Colonel Templar." Lente did as he was ordered, and patched a signal through to the nation's head of administration.

"Greetings, Viceroy Wilhelm! I am Colonel Saric Templar of the Ferox Dominion, and I request docking rights to your nearest porting facility. We have orders from the High King of Ferox and Empress Tsuni Yousloff of Gillenor to bring you quite the armada." He waited for a response.

"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.



Bavaria-Saxony
Bureaucrat

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

a means to an end

by **Bavaria-Saxony** » Tue Dec 10, 2013 11:52 am



“

"Greetings, Viceroy Wilhelm! I am Colonel Saric Templar of the Ferox Dominion, and I request docking rights to your nearest porting facility. We have orders from the High King of Ferox and Empress Tsuni Yousloff of Gillenor to bring you quite the armada." He waited for a response.

The viceroy deciphered the foreign language with much relief and proceeded with stating;

Viceroy Wilhelm: "Evening colonel. Your arrival is much appreciated. We are sending you the coordinates to the port you are closest to 567224 (Fordburg) it seems our uses for your armada are more important than first theorised. Admiral Lukas von clauswitz is awaiting your arrival. We have been expecting you."

As the viceroy received the much anticipated call he ordered that Feroxiens were able to dock in the nearest port, Fordburg, a large, stunning city which magnificent lights that illuminated the skies. Admiral Lukas stood stubbornly in his blue admirals uniform. He was surrounded by the high command for the imperial fleet. He felt a demonic shiver shoot up his spine as the ships peeked from the distant horizon.

Admiral Lukas: "tell the viceroy, we may need a bigger port"

8 PM,

Hamsterdam.

Viceroy Wilhelm received word that the advancing fleet are on route to fordburg. Meanwhile his mentality had decreased dramatically. Some even suggesting he was not fit to be viceroy. Many did not speak against Wilhelms deteriorating health. They presumed it was a moral obligation to respect their ruler. Though as he was to oversee the national defence he was of the highest importance that what wilhelm did with his new fleet, sent from a foreign monarch and his empress meant that he must use it to its full capability and begin planning precautions and strategies.it became obvious to the governor that the viceroy was reaching the end of his life. Bavaria-Saxony didnt have time for a state funeral nor a new appointed viceroy. The nations fate lay upon a knife edge.

In just a short amount of hours Wilhelm was hospitalised. He held so much power that lay second only to the empress herself. It was unlikely the viceroy would see the fleet himself. It lay up to the confederate council or the empress herself to re-appoint a new Viceroy.

Last edited by [Bavaria-Saxony](#) on Tue Dec 10, 2013 11:56 am, edited 1 time in total.



Loufe
Diplomat

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

by [Loufe](#) » Tue Dec 10, 2013 6:07 pm



Krasnorejeroi Town Hall, Krasnoejeroi, Ivanovsburg-Krasno Oblast, Loufe

"Well, then, now we just have to wait." said Uimar Livna, the representative at the Loufenian Global Summit. His thoughts traced back to the last time the Panessos community held a meeting in this room. It was a Summer day, he was recently appointed Foreign Rep. of Loufe, and he'd attended his first meeting. He was just a neophyte back then, he hadn't learnt too much. Not long into the meeting, had he already gotten into a fistfight (or more like a chair-table fight), with Gillenorian rep. Amelia. *Ah, those were the good days.* he thought to himself. He had hoped to see Amelia again, maybe to settle thing with her. *No, no time for that, the Incident will occur shortly after they arrive. No friendliness.* The plan was meant to go like this. The predicted target would be the Rhodesian representative, he would be kidnapped not shot. His guards would be shot, and the rest of the diplomats would be hopefully escorted away safely. He didn't like the idea too much, but he wouldn't worry.

Red Hero Intl. Airport

The U.L.S.P. were to escort the diplomats to the Town Hall. Planes were already landing.

(@Gillenor, I had to add the part about Amelia, just to add some humor!)



Feroxi
Ambassador

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

Bavaria-Saxony/Eprarian Solution

by [Feroxi](#) » Tue Dec 10, 2013 7:59 pm



High King Sev Marec was not a man who waited for opportunity to come to him, he was a man who grasped opportunity by the neck and dragged it towards him. In the Ferox Dominion High Senate, there was once again another heated debate over if the Dominion should get involved in another foreign conflict. Alas, this one was not the Erastorian - Virenese conflict, yet a much more bloody one: the Eprarian Civil War.

Sev did not want to set boots on the ground in the conflict, yet unite the two sides diplomatically and gain another ally for the Coalition. The majority of the senators out-right refused to even mention entering the war in any way shape or form, while several pushed for an armed intervention.

High Senator Anton Vizsla shouted over the roaring crowd, "The Dominion's resources will be spread too thin! We must not even

consider entering this war! If we do, we'll all be damned to stagnation!"

Meanwhile, High Senator Myra Kellan countered, "You fucking stubborn fool! This war will bring us even more power! The world must know that Ferox is superior to all others!"

High King Marec shouted, "Silence! All of you- so help me god, you'll all be out of jobs for as long as I still breathe!"

The senators stopped dead. They turned to Marec, with open ears and closed mouths.

He began, "The lot of you are true, another war is not something we need right now. We must build our strength to weather the coming storm ahead. We are the backbone of the Coalition, and we must keep our heads high to give the other nations hope. But, if we resolve the Eprarian Civil War we will gain yet another supporter and another trading partner. The least we can do is attempt a shot at compromise."

The mass of senators nodded their heads in somewhat of an expression of approval.

"So, shall we put it to a vote?" He said.

The senate then put it to a democratic vote. The entire senate (save for one), voted for at least attempting to propose a diplomatic solution to the Eprarian Civil War. It had been decided.

To: Eprarian Loyalist Administration & Eprarian Rebel Government
From: The Ferox Dominion (Desk of High King Marec)

Greetings, esteemed leader

I am High King Sev Marec, elected monarch of the united Ferox Dominion and the head council member of the Valmese Coalition. The Dominion Administration of Outland Affairs and I have observed you and your civil war for quite awhile, and have decided to overture possible diplomatic solutions to end the conflict. See, we Feroxi are no strangers to disagreement, nor armed conflict and war. The Ferox culture was established on war... struggle... and survival. We are quite familiar with the concept, I assure you. It is a necessary evil in some circumstances, yet yours is not one of them.

In Epraria, brother is against brother and father against son. You shed your fellow Eprarian's blood, for what, a disagreement in ideology? It sounds very idiotic when presented in simple terms, does it not? I have planned to work out a compromise between your two factions, to end the needless bloodshed. You can start anew, and create a new government built on both of your ideals. Imagine, a glorious united Epraria with a surging economy and powerful military force. It is almost as sweet as a sugary piece of candy, one you shall soon taste. I would know, for I have just done the same with my nation. It was a shadow of it's former self, but now it is on it's way to becoming a world power once more.

So, what do you say? Would you be open to a series of diplomatic talks between the three of us? This is not for me, this is for the both of you and your people. For a united and powerful Epraria.

Ferox Dominion
Bavaria-Saxony Coastline
Tyran Armories Corporate Armada

Colonel Saric Templar had received the coordinates of his destination from the Bavarian Viceroy, and told his fleet's Commodores to head to the Fordburg docks. The large fleet lurched forward, in defensive formation in the case of a double-crossing for god knows why. The fleet separated, and began docking procedure. Saric climbed down

the *Malevolence's* deck side ladder, and jumped down to the wooden dock. He planted his boots onto the dock with a thud, and turned towards the Bavarian officials and the man known as Admiral Lukas Von Clauswitz.

He began walking towards them, accompanied by two slim yet muscular female special operators covered in black under-suits and light weight armor plates. The special operators were Tyran Armories capture troopers, lethal corporate assassin's who had been through both intense physical and mental conditioning. Saric stopped in front of the Admiral, and stuck out his black gloved hand for an outsider's handshake.

Saric said, "Admiral Lukas, hello," his voice was ghostly due to his helmet's breathing apparatus (mandatory for all Feroxi helmets), "I'm afraid our ships have filled up your entire port!" He gave a low chuckle.

"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.



Silverfield
Attaché

Posts: 89
Founded: Jul 07, 2013
Ex-Nation

by **Silverfield** » Thu Dec 12, 2013 7:05 pm



Airspace above Krasnoejeroi, Loufe Olander Armaments Private Jet 10:14 Local Time

"This is OA-01J requesting permission to land." the pilot was heard asking over the radio. It had been an event-less trip for the Prime Minister and his men, but not a relaxing one. Whittler and his men ran check after check on there equipment to make sure that everything was in order. Whittler himself wore his emotions on his sleeve like Olander himself, but it was apparent that he was more worried about the life of the Prime Minister then the life of the region. Olander continued to ponder why he was risking reprisal from his own government, risk his livelihood on something that many of the homeland would consider asinine. He concluded that he was an idiot, an idealistic idiot that probably knew nothing about the world that he wanted Silverfield to embrace once more. He sloshed his coffee around as he continued to look out at the city below him. Loufe was one of the largest developed countries, but even then he still could not quell the feeling of unease that surrounded him.

"Alright Mr. Olander! We got clearance to land! 10 minutes until touchdown." the pilot radios in over the intercom for all to hear. Olander watches as Whittler begins to check his equipment for the umpteenth time, all the while Rommel, Helmut, and Olmaus slept as if nothing was happening. That was why he picked all of them. Whittler and his crew proved to be professional and very driven in there duties, while Rommel and his bunch were unorthodox to the point of insubordination. He felt that he could relax under the watch of these men, but even with that he still was not able to shake that feeling. It was as if a dark cloud was descending over the world. To blot the sun from the sky and darken the horizon. *Why did I give up being a writer again.* Olander though to himself, a little chuckle escapes him.

"Hey, Prime Minister Olander, how are you feeling, sir?" Perri asks as he comes down the aisle.

Olander perks up and smiles a bit, "Nervous as the time we did Live Fire training at the Academy."

The young Perri laughed a bit as well, "Well Sir, I know for a fact that you did get to the rank of Oberst before taking office."

"When your family is as affluent as we are, you get some special privileges....that and military academy, Officer Academy, Business School....most the last three to be honest." Olander says, the whole time he was using his hand to count. His thumb, index and middle finger raised reflecting the three things that made him who he was.

"Good to know that Parliament didn't elect an idiot as Prime Minister." Perri says laughing a bit louder this time.

"Now I never said I wasn't and idiot!" Olander says, smiling wider then he has since leaving home.

The intercom chimes again, "All passengers buckle up, we are going to touch down momentarily." once more the pilot is heard. Perri excuses himself as he goes to join the rest of his squad mates. They themselves are buckled in and ready to his earth once more. The others, well they were at least still buckled in.

Krasnoejeroi, Loufe
En route to the Summit
Prime Minster Team
10:56 Local Time

The Loufeian escort was something to be seen. They had been waiting for all the delegates and so far most arriving rather quickly. Olander had spotted a few other personal aircraft of other nations leaders, but one not to waste time got into his own transportation and they began to move. The vehicle that was provided was not horrible, but it did lack that Silverfieldian charm. What were you to expect, when your country tries to limit imports from other countries as well as exports. Olander sighed, he was happy one thing was right if not perfect, the coffee was pretty damn good. Olander was flanked by Whittler and Perri. Kinsman was driver, while Torgison rode shotgun, literally. Somehow he procured a PS-19 Shotgun while on base, along with his already considerable array of weapons was nothing sort of strange. *He is the weapons expert of the squad after all.* Olander thought, trying not to dwell on the obsessions of others. Whittler found that had to order Torgison to keep the shogun or the sub-machine gun in the car. Olander himself wondered why he had a weapon. In a concealed holster he carried his M19 Snub-nosed Revolver. He kept a dozen loose rounds in his interior pocket but what worried him was still the thought that it was not enough.

"Alright gents, you know the drill," Whittler begins as he checks his Sub-machine gun again, "As soon as we park our vehicle we get out and walk flanking the Prime Minister. I will take front left, Kinsmen take back right, Torgison front right and Perri back left. Remember to watch your spacing and keep you eyes open."

"Alright mom!" Kinsmen yells, his youthful nature and slightly higher pitch brings a moment of laughter to the vehicle, while a beat red Whittler suppresses the urge to strangle the happy-go-luck youngster. True they were far from home and the utmost discipline was needed, but they needed that calm before stepping out into the real world again.

Olander took a pack of cigarette from his breast pocket, he yanks out one and his lighter from the half empty pack. He leans the pack and shakes it at Whittler. Who found himself compelled to take one as well. Olander points the pack at Perri who politely declines.

"I don't smoke," he says with a smile, "not planing to start anytime soon either."

"Thats what I keep telling myself." Olander says with a chuckle. Striking the lighter a couple times, a continual flame erupts from the well used and beaten lighter. He lights his, taking a couple quick puffs before lighting Whittlers. Once done, he closes the lighter and places it back in the pack, and once again loses himself in though. What would the other leaders of the world say when they see the now 33 year old Prime Minister? His government held close to isolationism for years and yet he tried to get Olander Industries as a company out into the world. Tanks, Guns, Food, Automobiles, Books, you name a product that was produced it was either by Olander Industries or a subsidiary. Some would call it a monopoly to be honest, he himself would agree. With little to no competition from foreign companies it left a gap in the economy, one that his father exploited. True the company has some international renown, but for his country renown

however was something else entirely.

Olander internally sighed as he thought back to his Grandfather. He was a man apart. When the Great War happened he was one of the few that saw the danger, but knew that they must fight to try and preserve the nations and others rights to exist. Then after everything that was done, Parliament pulled out and left the world to its own demise. Even now the shadows of the past were creeping up on the men and women of Silverfield, but what were they going to do. They country was based on national defense, would they [b]want[/i] to go out into the world? Olander himself knew the answer right away, he had to force them to accept this change or else it would destroy them...even if he was about to destroy his political career in the process.

"You OK sir?" Whittler asks, shaking Olander by the shoulder.

Olander stirred once more from his thoughts and smiled, "Yes, as well as could be expected."

"Ready then?" Perri says, getting his sub-machine gun's straps around his neck.

Olander quickly glanced at his watch, "11:12, a perfect time wouldn't you say boys?"

The fellow with him nod and begin to move out of the car first. Olander takes a brief moment to gather his wits before he himself stepped out of the vehicle as well. The crowd of journalists and reporters was inspiring to say the least. As if hope was restored, Olander waved to the reporters, his smile and cheerful nature returned, but still something was amiss.

"*Das Glück hilft dem Kühnen.*" Olander thinks to himself, making his way inside the Town Hall.

Political Compass

Economic **Left**/Right: -4.25

Social **Libertarian**/Authoritarian: -1.49

My Response:yup that's what I was afraid of.... words and numbers. Don't let a statistic judge who you are just keep doing what feels right for yourself and your country...unless its to bomb mine, go find something else to do, like play Russian Roulette with a harpoon gun or listen to Justin Bieber, they both will kill you.

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