

by Max Barry



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311 posts • Page 10 of 13 • [1](#) ... [7](#) [8](#) [9](#) [10](#) [11](#) [12](#) [13](#)



The New Lowlands
Postmaster-General

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

by **The New Lowlands** » Sun Jan 19, 2014 2:24 pm



Forward Operating Base Godesvall, Outskirts of Ghish, Ghant - Morning

Overnight, a square of land had been cleared outside of Ghish International, and a day and night's work had led to the construction of a large facility, walled off with Hesco bastions filled with soil, of temporary wooden buildings and corrugated tin roofs hastily placed and assembled to create something vaguely resembling a small city. This was the home of a large proportion of the Lowlandian Task Force, although a lack of accommodation meant a lot of the supposed inhabitants had to tough it out in tents and vehicles. Nonetheless, morale at camp this morning was high, for on the camp's outskirts, an Akida priest was leading the camp's faithful in prayer.

As the soldiers knelt forward on mats, prostrated before the rising sun, the Kiyai led them into prayer. Softly, the voices of the grouped men- and few women- could be heard, a rising declaration of faith and unity before their deity.

*"Heer, laat het goeie volk
der Nieuwe Nederlanden
niet ondergaan in haat
in broedertwist en schande
maak dat uit d'oude bron
nieuw leven nogmaals vloeit
schenk ons de taaie kracht
om fier vol vroom vertrouwen
met nooit gebroken moed
ons land hierop te bouwen
tot statig als een eik
voor U, Heer, ons volk bloeit."*

Ilham left the congregation with a smile, that peculiar smile only afforded to those with absolute certitude of their future happiness, which faded quickly when he saw the Brigadier. Nonetheless, Hasyim approached Demaes dutifully, saluting respectfully and speaking in the same fashion;

"I didn't see you at the service this morning, sir."

Demaes gave Hasyim a dark look, but after a while of ruminating, it brightened slightly.

"I don't tarry with that sort of stuff, Colonel," Demaes informed him. "Religion clouds the mind. You learn that in the Legion."

"But it provides the men re-assurance, sir," Hasyim replied, folding his hands

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behind his back. "Makes them less fearful of death."

Demaes shook his head. "Makes them less likely to follow orders."

Government Plaza, Ghish, Ghant - Midday

The four large wheels of the [Bunzing](#) trundled down the road, and Second Lieutenant Yama Pertiwi frowned as he observed the tall facade of the Government Palace nearing from the shotgun seat. Pertiwi had been sent out with thirty-six men from the second of two operating bases set up by the Lowlandian Task Force adjacent to Ghish's two airports, and thus four Bunzings drove out into the Plaza, quietly taking their place by the building. Quietly, the platoon emerged out into the streets, all armed; another platoon was standing by at a nearby parking tower. Pertiwi's men approached the palace, calmly, confidently, and quietly set themselves up by the Palace's gates; they didn't stop anyone, didn't ask any questions. All they had to do was look tough and keep their eyes open.

Pertiwi hoped it would be enough, as he examined his assault rifle.



Teurnai
Secretary

Posts: 30
Founded: Apr 25, 2012
Ex-Nation

by [Teurnai](#) » Mon Jan 20, 2014 9:24 am

QUOTE

Above Mizrad

The plane intercepted the transmissions from the Mizrad military fighters. A single message was sent back to them, and it was ominous.

"The game is over."

The plane spun out of control, zipping back behind the Mizradian fighters. As it slowed down, it fired several missiles at each fighter's engines. Blue flame licked the sky as they flew towards the planes.

Teurnai, Public Tower One, People's High Assembly

Ku Skaeol, the new President of Teurnai, stood at the podium at the top of the chamber. "Esteemed members. We will open a call with the President of Mizrad."

A screen came up behind him. Then the ringing started.

Democratic Hegemony of Teurnai

Anthem

Teurnai is a large, democratic socialist nation in Esquarium. It was originally a large nation encompassing most of the continent it was on before a greater power rose up against it and destroyed it. It has overseas colonies in the Great Esquarian Ocean and in the Central Ocean, which are small autonomous communities called *Zweidagon Iogai* (English translation from Teurnai'i: Temple Colony), *Xvasicvai Iogai* (Translation: Far Realm Colony), and *Venkai Iogai* (Translation: Inner Colony).

I am a proud supporter of socialism, green politics, and grassroots democracy.

Economic Left/Right: -8.00
Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -4.62



Treneria
Diplomat

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

by [Treneria](#) » Mon Jan 20, 2014 10:33 am

QUOTE

Battle at the Border.

Mizrad-Maverican Borders.

The APCs remained sitting on the fields, firing down at the Maverican forces. They firefight was intense, more then intense. It was a wide-open battle with several forces taking part. There was a subsequent aerial battle going on at the same time as the ground conflict. Machine guns were going off, people were being wounded and killed left and right. In the midst of the chaos, the Trenerian troops held together. Fighting side-by-side, they refused to concede and give into the Maverican offense.

The Trenerian side of the battlefield was laid out the same way it had been, being that nothing had changed nor moved yet. The APCs continued to fire a mix of cannons and stationary machine guns towards the enemy infantry troops. Inside the APCs, everyone was working their asses off. Fighting the blistering heat that turned the APCs into ovens, as well as the oncoming enemy fire that pelted the heavily armored troop-carriers, everyone assumed a new role with the exception of the gunners who were still doing their presumed

job. For instance, loaders were doing both the loading and the gunning. Drivers were working on gunning and loading as well. Commanders were the only ones who didn't take on a new role. They had been engaged with the task of making sure their vehicles were still running and keeping up with the fast-paced battle. Overhead, bombers and fighters were still continuing to pound the battlefield harder than a Taiwanese hooker. The APCs were firing Stinger-missiles up at them, but soon the supplement of ammo would run out. Numerous calls of desperation for ammo were made to HQ.

Outside, the infantry units were continuing to fight the good fight. They were taking heavy machine-gun fire, which the reciprocated. M240s and even M-60s were fired back at the Maverican troops. A couple of Trenerians had been hit by the enemy infantry fire. Several had died, others laid wounded in the battlefield. Medics huddled behind the APCs to hastily do a "meatball surgery" on the men; patching them up just enough so that they could survive. They would then move down the line to the next wounded soldier. Some of them had horrific wounds; one was even missing an eye but had miraculously survived. The soldier was breathing, but was more than less passed out on the floor from both shock and pain. The medics given him a dosage of morphine to ease the pain, and done their best to patch up his eye. A couple of APCs had been destroyed by enemy fire. The crews were killed with the exception of one crew who had managed to slip out of the APC before it exploded. The man hadn't made it far enough and was wounded by shrapnel. He would later die on the field before medical service could reach him. The story behind the older M-60s being used was due to the fact that the Trenerian budget couldn't support replenishing the military with entirely new hardware; surplus from the older years would fill the void. The M-60s were working well enough to keep the battle going for the Trenerian side.

In the air, the Apache formation continued their hand in the conflict. Their cannons continue to rain down on the infantry, as well as Hellfire missiles being fired at the Maverican enemy. They noticed the jeeps coming with supplies and immediately cracked down on them. M230 cannon rounds and two Hellfires were fired at the jeeps in hopes of ruining the supplies.

At that point, it wasn't clear who was winning. The Trenerian-Mizradian side definitely had the upperhand. They were pounding in on the Mavericks. The Mavericks had already made the call for reinforcements. As the reinforcements entered the battle from the Maverican 5th Cavalry, the Apaches laid down on them. Troops back on the ground emptied out machine-gun rounds, as well as automatic-rifle rounds into them.

Millier sat in his APC, working his ass off. He had removed his helmet and even his shirt due to the heat. None of that would save him if he got or his vehicle got hit. He'd be screwed either way. He did keep his Flak vest on, out of fear of reprimanded by his superiors. The APC across from his suddenly got hit by a rocket. The tank buster had somehow entered the APC, then detonated. This destroyed the vehicle and killed the crew inside. For the first time ever, a streak of fear hit Millier. The fire was getting closer. Was he next? Millier instincts kicked in right afterward, replacing the fear. He began to work harder and faster, loading and firing rounds out of the cannon. He heard a call out sent to HQ from his superior.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

HQ, we need ammo bad. We're running low here. Requesting a support unit.

The call came back:

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

Affirmative, we already have a unit on the way. ETA in an hour.

The superior, obviously in shock, shouted back.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

Damnit! We can't wait that long!

HQ told him there was nothing they could do about it. The superior, realizing

his defeat, gave up and continued to pressure his team to fight harder and faster, giving it all they have.

Last edited by [Treneria](#) on Mon Jan 20, 2014 10:34 am, edited 1 time in total.

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



Ghant
Minister

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

Mazadar

by [Ghant](#) » Tue Jan 21, 2014 1:03 pm



Act IV. "Mazadar" The Green Treader The Straits of Regalia

Another restless night befell the Emperor. He was feverish, and had been bed ridden with the retches and the runs. He kept a bucket by his bed.

But it was not the sickness that made Nathan shiver. It was the dreams. He saw *her* every night in his dreams. When they first met, when they first kissed.

Years later, they would be together again, as mates. But she went away. She left him. Abandoned him. Betrayed him. Destroyed him. Nathan was tormented by the thought that he could not have her. Everything she had told him was a lie. A lie that confused children believe in. She was no longer a girl, but a woman. And like all women, she chafed at him.

Even still, she haunted him like a ghost of years past. Her eyes, her smile, her laugh. It burned him on the inside. The closer he got to Oceanus, the worse it got. He realized that there was a decent chance that he would never see her again. He could die during this campaign. *Does she pray for me? Will she cry for me?.*

Maybe that was why he had to have Regalia. If I can't have her, then I will have greatness. I will have crowns. And thrones. That should help me forget.

Nathan doubted it. He never got anything he wanted. He wasn't like Martin. He was a coward. He was a liar. He was weak. He was ugly.

And he had bad luck unlike any other man. He imagined that he would arrive in Oceanus a commander, healthy and strong, ready to lead the charge. Instead, he was puny and sickly, bedridden and weak with fever and more. He wasn't the only one though.

He kept a journal of his thoughts, emotions and daily occurrences. He also wrote poetry.

*For each of these sleepless nights
The ones I let you steal from me
The ones where I lie in bed
And remember what you said*

*And when sleep does overtake me
I dream of the first day we met
The day I could never forget
With so much unspoken regret*

*I would give anything to go back
To before our love fell off the track
The sand slipped through my fingers
But my longing for you still lingers*

*And I shall fall asleep once more
The memories make my heart sore
I dream of the day you had walked away
And I wanted to beg for you to stay*

*But I let you go, I let you slip through my fingers
I am sitting at the edge of my bed late at night
Wishing I could rewind and make things right*

Wishing you could sit next to me tonight

*Time has slipped through and so have you
My open palm lets the sand fall too
At last, I will let the last grains slip by
But this will not be an easy goodbye*

*Tonight will be another sleepless night
Because these memories will still burn bright
And I will remember the words you said
Time goes on, I lie awake on my bed*

Fortunately, Captain Marlow walked in. "Nathan, your presence is requested on the bridge."

"You called me Nathan for a change, instead of 'your majesty'. I am impressed. Drinks on me once we get to Oceanus. And who wants to see me on the bridge?"

"A few of the Lords and Commanders have arranged a tactical meeting, at the behest of Lord Voor. They are all there, including the Empress."

Atticus Voor. Lord of Brahm. A man Nathan was glad to have by his side. Lord Voor was a friend and schoolmate of his father's, and came from a long line of seasoned diplomats and loyal subjects. The Voors were perhaps the second most powerful noble house in Gaemar, second only to the Gaeleres themselves. The Voors and the Gaeleres were also not terribly fond of each other either. The Voors, themselves descended from Regalians, betrayed the Grey King to Duke Robert during the War of the Ten Kings, fought against Gaemar during the Great Gaemarian Uprising, and sided with Emperor Nathan II during the Gbantish Civil War.

Lord Voor himself was educated at the University of Palan, as was his father and his second son Tytos. As such, he had intimate knowledge of Regalia, and thus his participation in the campaign was essential. He was very reluctant to participate, and Laoni hated him. The Voors were the only noble house in Gbant that were Artimist.

Nathan didn't want to waste their time. He dressed in a simple tunic and went above decks to the bridge. There were several people waiting. Hemlock, Kukavanger, Fendulias, Atticus, Laoni, to name a few.

Atticus Voor was the first to greet him. He was of medium height, with short red hair and blue eyes. He had a big smile. "Welcome, your majesty. 'Tis a shame that I have not had the opportunity to meet sooner. Oceanus is almost upon us. Its time we talked about that."

"Indeed. I was thinking..."

Laoni interrupted. "We take Oceanus quickly. Once we Oceanus, we must march south to Osserheim. If we have Oceanus and Osserheim, the war is all but won."

Kukavanger didn't like that idea. "That is suicide. We will be cut down by the pinkies before we even reach Osserheim. We would never win an immediate all out attack. Not even with ample allies."

Lord Voor nodded. "Marching south immediately would be a grave mistake. We lack the manpower, resources and ability to make such a maneuver. The original plan, to take Oceanus, and then San Carpello, Clockenstein and Gyreveich would be much more practical. Those areas are more Sunshard in orientation, and that makes Laoni more likely to be favored in those areas of the continent. They would be easier to take. Let's not forget your claims to those lands. I believe that some would rise for you there. And once we have taken Rosenberg, then we go back to Oceanus and consolidate our holdings. Make Gillenor take the next step. They want us to attack into the south first. Let's not- let's make them come up to us."

Laoni turned beet red. "Ridiculous. We march south, and all the north will join us. Gyreveich has no love for Gillenor. If they see our forces advance south, they will join us, and then help us reconsolidate the Empire."

Lord Voor fired back. "Gyreveich is not crying out for a monarchy again. They overthrew King Leto XV, and threw his sister's family out of the country. They will not take you and Nathan as their Rulers, except through force. Expect a fight to take Rosenberg."

Laoni was clearly annoyed, "I question your loyalties, Voor. Not only are you an Artist, but a Gillenorian sympathizer. Are you in league with my sister, trying to steer me away from her precious throne. I will take it from her, because I should be Empress of Gillenor. They are foolish and blind, and so are you if you believe..."

Nathan snapped in. "That is enough, Laoni. Lord Voor is right. Gillenor proper is too strong, and the resistance too fierce. We cannot hope to prevail against them with an all out attack. My claim is to the throne of Regalia, and Gyreveich. Those are my seats by right of blood, by Queen Orta of Ghant and Olda of Gyreveich, niece of Leto the Last. Queen Orta's heirlooms are on board this very ship, as are the remains of Olda, and even the heart of the first Grey King. I mean to rule in peace and prosperity, not in fire and bloodshed."

Laoni was furious. "Don't be a fool. The longer my sister sits upon the throne of Gillenor, the more tenuous our rule becomes."

Fendulias grinned. "There are ways of dealing with Tsuni that you might not be aware of, your majesty. Just wait. We don't need to worry about Tsuni. We just need to worry about Oceanus. We need to take it and dig in our heels. We can move on the south later, once we have accomplished our early goals."

Laoni was still angry. "The south is strong, and will only get stronger. I want the throne of Gillenor."

Fendulias was attempting to console her. "The Sunshard High Priest will most likely crown you as Empress of Gillenor."

"An empty title, that means little. I will not be Empress of Gillenor unless I sit the throne in Osserheim. I will have it, and I want it..."

Nathan was getting annoyed. "Enough, Laoni. All good things will happen in time. We will not be going south for a good while, at least not until the northern states are subdued and given over to our rule."

"But..."

"But nothing. It has been decided."

Laoni turned beet red and stormed off. Lord Voor grimaced. After she was gone from the bridge, Lord Voor spoke up. "She is an impatient one, isn't she? Eager to shed blood as well."

Kukavanger laughed. "There is a reason why she is called the *The Pink Dragon*, after all. She wants to fly and breath fire. You are the chain that keeps the beast at bay."

Fendulias grinned. "The world should rejoice that the dragon has a chain, then. Imagine what the dragon could do if it was unchained..."

Nathan laughed at that. They continued discussing tactics.

Laoni was upset. She thought her husband was an idiot. But that was the lesser of her concerns at the moment.

She had missed her period. Was she pregnant? The thought made her uneasy. *What if I carry my heir inside me now? My enemies cannot know*, she thought. She rushed back to her quarters.

She had a pregnancy kit, and decided to use it. She must know...

She sat down at her table and looked at the kit. It came back positive. She shivered at the thought...

And then from behind her came the piano wire, wrapping tightly around her

throat.

Laoni struggled to breathe. She struggled and kicked.

From behind her came a woman's voice. "Relax, let go. Don't fight back. Breathe easy. The White Rose sends her regards."

Sepuki has seen her that her sister was upset. She saw her rush down the hallway. At first she thought she might want the privacy, but Sepuki changed her mind. She casually walked down the length of the ship to Laoni's quarters. The door was locked- it was never locked. *Something's not right*, she thought. She had a great sense of unease. So she kicked down the door with one hefty blow.

She saw Laoni being strangled by a tall white haired woman with piano wire.

Nightshade was on the nightstand next to Sepuki. She grabbed it and unsheathed it. The white haired woman looked at her and snarled. She released Laoni and kicked up off the wall, and drew her own sword in the air. Their swords met, and a strange hum rang throughout the ship.

Sepuki was landing vicious blows with Nightshade against the sword of her opponent, and it made a strange song, ever so sweet. The white haired woman was exceptionally skilled with her sword, and she gave Sepuki everything that she had. Sepuki was getting overpowered, by swift, powerful strokes.

Then she heard shouting and foot steps. The woman with the white hair kicked Sepuki back, and she fell over some furniture. Then she ran out the door.

Sepuki pushed herself up and chased after her. Sepuki was faster. When she was only a few paces behind the woman with white hair, Hemlock stepped out from behind a corner and stuck the handle of his halberd out horizontally. The white haired woman ran right into it, and she was clothes lined by it. She fell the floor unconscious.

Sepuki slid up to her, and raised her sword. Hemlock reached out with his massive hand and grabbed her wrist. "No", he said.

"What do you mean no? She attempted to kill my sister. Some assassin, I reckon. Her life is forfeit. Get out of my way, so I can bring my sister her head."

Hemlock grunted. "She is going to the Emperor for questioning. We need to know who she is, and how she got here. She is undoubtedly an assassin, and someone must have sent her here to do the deed. We will find out who sent her. No get out of my way."

Sepuki was enraged, but she knew better then to tempt the mighty Hemlock. So she went back to Laoni's room. She found her sister gasping for air, clutching her throat. She was crying.

When the white haired woman came to, Nathan stared her in the eyes. She was strapped to a metal chair that was bolted to the floor. She couldn't move, no matter how hard she struggled.

Nathan found her beautiful. She was tall, with hair as white as snow, and eyes the color of emeralds. If it weren't for the scars on her cheek, she would be one of the most beautiful women in all of Ghant, without a doubt.

He held her sword in his hands. He knew the sword. When he figured out what it was, he nearly pissed himself and turned numb and cold. No one had seen this sword in over 100 years.

"You are back. Good. Who are you?"

"...I am...nobody."

Nathan didn't have much patience right now. He pointed the sword at her

throat. "Bullshit. I am not interested in playing games. Tell me, where did you find this sword. Did you steal it?"

The woman just sat there, and looked at him. "Just kill me, my life is worth nothing."

Nathan pushed the sword against her throat. "I will kill you, but I really don't want to. Tell me the truth, please. I must know."

"...The sword belonged to my father."

"So, your father was a thief then?"

"No. My father was a lumberjack and an alcoholic. And a fugitive. The sword belonged to his father, and his father before him."

That was when Nathan realized it. He dropped the sword and took a few steps back, meekly. "You are...the Mazadar."

"My name is Zara. Zara...Mazadar."

Nathan was astonished. *The Mazadars descended from the sons of Emperor Nathan I and his second wife, Ursula of Thule. Their oldest son, Karl, claimed the Obsidian Throne upon the death of his older half-brother, Emperor John III, claiming that John's son and heir, Nathan II, was the bastard son of John's wife and John's younger brother. This started the devastating Ghantish Civil War.*

When Karl and his allies in Dakmoor and the Reach descended upon Ashengard, they demanded that the forgemasters forge him an Ashengard steel blade, unlike any other in existence. For a year they labored, on pain of death, to forge a mighty blade of unprecedented power and craftsmanship. The sword that they pulled forth was named Mazadar, which was an ancient Ghantish word meaning "rightful ruler". Karl and his descendants, who failed in the three Mazadar wars, were referred to as the Mazadars. They were attained and stripped of all lands and titles, and a bounty was put on their lives. They were all supposed to be dead.

"I thought all of the Mazadars were dead."

"No. I am the last one. When they came for my father and mother, they hid me under the floorboards. I was seven, and I watched as they were killed. Bounty Hunters took them away in the night, and they never bothered looking for me. They didn't know that I even existed. Lucky me."

"Now, tell me who sent you. Do not lie to me, I will know if you are lying."

"...Bortidoc..."

Nathan pointed the sword at her again. "Liar! Bortidoc is a do nothing. All he does is talk! Tell me the truth."

"Sophia of Dakmoor!"

No, it couldn't be. "Lies!"

"No, it is true. She asked for the most dangerous and efficient assassin in Blizzard Bay, and that was me. She wanted Laoni dead, and you back in Ghant. She was convinced that if Laoni died, that you would return."

"Why would she want me back? She doesn't care about me!"

"To end the war, but also because her feelings for you are...genuine."

Nathan trembled. "No. That cannot be."

Zara smiled. "A woman knows. A woman can see things a man cannot."

Nathan thought about the implications of what she was saying. *Had I made a mistake? Does she love me? I would trade all of this away, just to have her again...no, she doesn't love me. This is a ploy to get me to return to Ghant at any and all cost. If I returned to Ghant, she would turn her back on me once*

more. I would have nothing. No, I have to do something that she wouldn't expect. She thinks she knows me, but she doesn't.

Nathan looked at his feet. "There may be many flowers in a man's life, but there is only one rose."

"That is beautiful..."

Nathan interrupted. "But that is irrelevant now. I am prepared to release you into my service, and pardon you of all crimes born against the Throne. All you must do is cut your hand, and swear your sword to me."

Zara's eyes grew wide. "What?"

Nathan looked at her again. "You are tired of running. Tired of being afraid and sleeping with one eye open. The last Mazadar war was over 100 years ago. And you are the last one. Swear yourself to my service, and obey me, and I swear to you by the Gods that all shall be forgiven. I will restore you to your appropriate titles and incomes."

"Accepted. Untie me and let me go, and I shall swear myself to your service."

Nathan cut her bindings, and stepped away, back towards Hemlock, ever strong and silent. Zara picked up Mazadar, and dragged it across the palm of her left hand, and showed it Nathan. Then she bowed, and offered up her sword.

"Very good. Now rise, Zara, the last Mazadar, sworn sword."

Zara rose to her feet. "Thank you, your majesty..."

"Please call me Nathan. You are a distant cousin of mine, we are family. You can call me Nathan."

"Thank you. I have a question for you."

"Please ask."

"What is the point of all this? This seems like what my ancestors did. Rise up for thrones that don't really belong to them. What good will come of it? Death and destruction is all that I see."

Nathan stared at the wall in front of him. "If truth be told, the closer I get to Regalia, the less inclined I am to follow through with it."

"Why not just abandon this reckless folly and return to Ghant?"

"I have already committed to much to this cause. My reputation is marked, and I have already lied, deceived and betrayed too much already to be forgiven. My friends forsake me. This is all I have left- without this campaign, I am nothing."

"You are a decent man, Nathan. We all make mistakes, and err in judgment. You can still do the right thing, and be a hero."

The Emperor looked sad. "Once I said that I think of myself as a hero, and heroes do not commit immoral acts. Well, here is the truth. Kings are not heroes. Every throne is made with blood, grief, treachery and lies, and mine shall be no different. Kings are merely men who kill more than others, who rob more than others, who lie more than others, who dress in gold and jewels as if outward beauty could signal inward purity, who claim the gods have favored their endeavors when in truth, there are no gods, and if there are then they have turned their back on me. It is all a lie and a game that we play because we are foolish and know no better. Why do they look at me as if I am the villain, when my enemies play the same game as I? I said it before, I shall say it again. These thrones belong to me by rights. And I shall do everything in my power to secure them. If I must lie, if I must deceive, if I must betray, if I must rob, and if I must kill, then so be it. Would if I could turn back and go home, but it is too late for me now- I am in too deep. I have made my bed. And now I must lay in it."

".. You sound like a Mazadar."

Nathan had no response for that. He simply said, "rest well, Zara. For tomorrow, we dine in Oceanus." Then he walked away.

Zara gathered up her things, and followed. Hemlock stepped in front of her. "You should hold true to your honor, girl. I know your kind. If you even think of betraying the Emperor, you will die."

Zara just looked at him. "What are you going to do, old man, duel me?"

"I don't duel, girl. I kill as a soldier kills, which is as a butcher kills, as quickly, efficiently, and with as least risk to myself as I can arrange. If I decide you die, you will die when I choose, where I choose, by what means I choose, and you will never see the blow coming."

"...Understood."

"Good". Then he stepped aside. Zara walked away.

Laoni was hiding around a corner, but she heard the whole thing. It made her furious beyond words. *My husband is weak, more of a liability than an asset. An assassin comes into my room and attempts to take my life, and then he sets her free and into his service..* She couldn't stand the thought of it. And the fact that she was carrying his child made her even more angry.

She paced around the ship for a time, clutching her throat. It still hurt. If her husband was any kind of man, then he would have killed this Zara bitch on the spot. Instead he tried to make friends with her. Laoni didn't want friends. She wanted subjects. She didn't want to earn respect, she demanded it.

And then she turned a corner, and saw a nice little wooden table. Sitting on the table was a single flowerpot, and out of it grew a single white rose. It was tall, strong and beautiful. Laoni stared at it as she walked closer.

She was close enough to smell it. It smelled so fresh, so pure. She reached out to grab it by the stem. She didn't see the thorns. She pulled back her hand in pain, and saw the blood on her hand. *By what right does the Rose defy the Dragon*

And then she remembered what her husband said in that room. *There may be many flowers in a man's life, but there is only one rose.* Laoni grew enraged. She grabbed the flower pot, and threw against the wall. The rose fell to the ground, and Laoni crushed it under her foot.

That was when she finally realized how much of a threat Sophia of Dakmoor was to her plans. She bent down, and picked up the white rosebud. *I should have killed that bitch when I had the chance. I will show the world why they are called the Bleeding Roses.* She held up the rosebud, and crushed it in her hand.

She stormed back to her room, and began composing a message.

CODE: **SELECT ALL**

To: Marius of Gaemar
From: Empress Laoni Yousloff

When I arrive in Oceanus tomorrow night and sit the Throne of Regalia, I want Sophia dead. I want her head sent back to her father. Turn the white rose red. For me. And I want Ghish under my control. Your Empress commands it. Do this for me, and your rewards will be greater then you could ever imagine.

Failure is not an option.

-Laoni

That should deliver Nathan firmly into her grasp. And if perchance that failed, then Nathan would be next. The Dragon had no time to play games. If she was going to be master of the world, then all those who stood in her way must be

dealt with. For in the War of the Two Empresses, there could only be one remaining.

End of Act IV.

Last edited by [Ghant](#) on Wed Jan 22, 2014 8:40 am, edited 3 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



Loufe
Diplomat

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

Conflict Arises...

by [Loufe](#) » Wed Jan 22, 2014 9:27 am

QUOTE

Krasnoejeroi Town Hall

"We come here today to discuss the importance of ensuring peace throughout the three regions." says Umar Kreyvijk, Foreign Affairs Minister, "The stability of the regions relies solely on the welfare of its people, and its land." The representatives from all across Esquarium, Panessos, and Hemitheia sit down.

OCC:PLEASE RP THE MEETING!



Maverica
Minister

Posts: 2225
Founded: Jun 05, 2012
Ex-Nation

by [Maverica](#) » Tue Jan 28, 2014 6:21 pm

QUOTE

Maverica City

President Nathaniel was sitting in his office planning what to do after the cease fire. He was angered a little by being forced to have a cease fire so citizens can evacuate from the area. As he was thinking he got the message from Mizrad. He read it and sighed.

"Well I guess we need to pull out." He said.

He then started writing a reply back to Mizrad.

To: President Ryan West Of Mizrad
From: President Nathaniel Of Maverica

Thank you for accepted a cease fire. And I will order my troops to pull back to Maverica. But Remember! I only offered a cease fire because some nations wanted citizens to escape the war zone. So this dose not mean we are friends!

Nathaniel slammed his fist on the table. It was the first time he sent a message to a Mizrad President in a while. He then wrote a message to General Henry.

To: General Henry
From: President Nathaniel
I have just agreed to the Mizrad President for a cease fire for a while so citizens can escape the war zone. So you need to have all Maverican units pull back to Maverica and wait for the cease fire to end

After Nathaniel finished the messages he got up and walked to a bookshelf . He the pushed it away revealing a iron door. He walked in and went down 5 flights of stairs till he reached a very large room. He walked over to a table with pictures of F-25. Nathaniel then entered another room where a airplane was being built. A man walked up.

"Project firebird is almost done." Said the man.

Nathaniel then walked away.

On the Desert Plain

Maverican soldiers were putting up a good fight against the Mizrad flanking force. But even if their commander was killed the Mizrads pushed on. Major Brando stood up and backed away firing his P-99. But just then a cannon shell

landed close to him and he flew back behind a rock . As he got up a message came over the radio.

All Maverican forces! Fall back to the Maverican side if the border now! A truce has been made so citizens can escape the conflict. If you do Not fall back you will be shot!
Over and out!

Brando stood up. "Damn! I thought our President would not do something so stupid!" Said Brando.

He then picked up his gun and yelled. "Cease Fire and Fall back!"

Brando and the Maverican soldiers turned around and started to retreat in full pace. As they ran back a soldier came up to Brando.

"Why in the hell are we retreating Major!" Asked the soldier.

"Because some truce about letting civilians get out. I do not know why we are doing it because the Mizrads never let our citizens escape!" Brando yelled at him.

The soldier looked away and fell back in marching order. Brando started thinking about his past. During the invasion of Maverica. Mizrad soldiers raided and burnt his hometown killing his parents and girlfriend. He also thought about the mass slaughter of Maverican POWs by the Mizrads. As he thought about old memories his hatred of the Mizrads grew. Just then it was too much to keep inside. He turned around and yelled at the Mizrads.

"You dirty murders! You all deserve to die! You murdered our families, you take our land! You took everything!"

As Brando yelled at the Mizrads, Maverican soldiers grab him and try to settle him down.

In The Valley

In the Valley Maverican infantry and Cavalry were taking heavy fire from the enemy. Soon a message came in.

"All Maverican troops! A truce has been declared. All Maverican units fall back to the Maverican border.

Over and out!"

The commander was relieved. After hard fighting his men were tired and were on the verge of collapse. He sounded out the order for all Maverican troops to retreat. The soldiers started to load up on the remaining vehicles and drove away. The infantry loaded up the artillery and started to make a quick retreat.

On the Maverican ridge over looking the Battle.

General Henry sent the last message to his troops to retreat. He then walked out and grinned. Since Maverica had a militia system militia came in from surrounding towns to help in the battle. But instead General Henry had them make defenses on the ridge. The construction was overlooked by engineers and builders from the army. Trenches, Breastworks, bunkers, and other defenses were put together. Also in front of the ridge defenses mines and barbed wire were placed. Only a few places were cleared so Maverican units could enter or exit the defenses. General Henry walked into a large bunker where several commanders were sitting. As Henry entered the commanders saluted. General Johnson who is Henry's right hand man stood up.

"Sir! I want to ask you if we can call in reinforcements?" Said Johnson.

"Yes. We need to get in are best soldiers..... The Highlanders." Said General Henry.

"Alright. We will call in the 1st and 2nd Highland Brigades along with the local militia." Said Johnson.

General Henry nodded in agreement and left while Johnson called for the reinforcements.

Philippians 2:14~Do everything without complaining, or arguing.

"We need to build a WALL!" ~ Donald Trump



Act V, Chapter II "Lies, Greed, Deception, Death and Redemption"

by Mizrad » Wed Jan 29, 2014 2:43 pm

Krasnoejeroi, Loufe

12:30 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7



Mizrad
Senator

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

Joint Mizradian Special Detachment Group/MCID Operation OPERATION INFERNO RISING

"Sir, you might want to take a look at this."

Exclaimed CPO Arnold Rolland to Captain Ryan Masters as he points to the roof of the Summit Building. Masters then begins talking after a brief glance through his scope zoomed in on said roof top.

"Jeff, why the hell would sentries need tear gas and breaching equipment?"

Colton sighs before taking a look himself. He soon finds that the rumor of a Loufian attack on the press conference were now far more likely to be true, and this time it was near positive. Not even removing his eye from the scope, he poses a question to his fellow snipers.

"Have you guys ever witnessed a turning point in the history of the world?"

Rolland and Masters both reply

"No."

Colton's facial expression turns serious, knowing what would soon happen. Turning his face from looking down his sight to his comrades, he speaks with a very flat and straight forward tone.

"Well then you better take notes, because we're about to watch the world go into another dark age."

Placing his eye back on the scope, Jeff targets in at the area to right above the head of a Loufian security officer on the roof preparing to rope in. At this distance, the bullet would arc and wind up somewhere around center mass on the guard. This was what Jeff had planned for and done for almost all of his adult life, and he was about to do it once more. The other two soon followed suit, picking their own targets as well. However, none of them pulled the trigger just yet -Although they were more than ready to.

Much like their comrades providing over watch, both Greene and Turner's groups were coming to the realization that the talks of Loufian forces shooting up the meeting were no longer just rumors, they were true. Greene and his men begin removing the windows of the skyscraper they're in to be able to propel down easily after they had already set up their ropes and hooked up. On the ground, one of Turner's men's hands rested nervously on the handle to the van's back door. They all knew full well once it was opened, there was no going back. If they did indeed head out, it would require the definition of chaos to be played out only inches away. Unfortunately a Loufian attack would meet the prerequisites of being dubbed "Chaos" quite nicely.

However even through all of this, the morale of the Mizradians held strongly. They lived and breathed chaos, death and destruction every second of their lives. They had trained for it and been through more times than the most decorated Mizradian soldier or the unluckiest refugee. It remains to this day what they persevere through regardless of the circumstances. Nobody knew the meaning of the phrase "Failure is not an option" better than the men and women of the 1st Mizradian Special Detachment Group.

Over the Western Coast of Mizrad

01:55, 10/23/13, DAY 7

7th Mizradian Strike Response Fleet, 2nd Wing
OPERATION HOME FRONT

"Fuck! Pop flares! Evasive maneuvers now!"

Yelled Captain Devin West of the F-25 Speedy 1-1 through his radio as he barrel rolled out of the way. Popping flares and hitting the afterburners, the interceptor begins to speed up but is clipped in the wing by an exploding air-to-air missile. Knowing another would soon follow and hit him, he tries to speed up but the wing tears away. Unfortunately before he would be able to bail out, another missile hits and fatally brings him and his plane down.

However it would be a different story with 2nd Lieutenant John "Speedy" Grimace. He may have been less experienced than his captain, but he was

sure as hell an amazing pilot and always kept a level head. After letting loose with an AIM-9 at the hostile plane, he immediately dumping his flares and using other counter-measures, he manages to evade all of the missiles unharmed. Now it was his turn to fight back. An advantage of the F-25 was it's record breaking flight ceiling. Railing his afterburners, the plane quickly begins picking up speed and altitude as it rises to a solid 55,000 feet, still 15,000 feet away from it's operational capacity but also far higher than his counterpart. On his way up, John explains calmly through his radio to command what just happened.

"Eagle Actual this is Speedy 1-2, Speedy 1-1 is down I repeat; Speedy 1-1 is down. Requesting immediate QRF to my position, over."

Eagle Actual responds in seconds.

"Copy that Speedy 1-1, re-tasking a squadron of F-35's to your position now ETA five mikes out hold on. Eagle Actual, out."

Reaching 55,000 feet Grimace goes dark once more, as he maintains radio silence he would become near invisible unless the enemy plane had an advanced on-board radar system, something that would be impossible to mount on a plane that demonstrated that type of maneuverability. Now staying steady at 55,000 feet and turning back to engage his target once more, John rolls in as he slowly loses altitude. Coming up on the hostile fighter, he begins locking on with an AIM-120.

Coming up to now visual range to the enemy aircraft, the odds of both pilots spotting each other would be fairly high. Fortunately Grimace had an AIM-120 to show him where his target was, unfortunately the second he had a positive lock it would most likely give away his position to the hostile pilot. However that didn't matter as of now, as Grimace was hoping that wouldn't matter due to the fact if the AIM-120 hit anywhere near the plane it would cause some serious damage.

Not waiting any longer, Grimace lets loose with his first AIM-120 after he breaks radio silence.

"Fox three away, lights out motherfucker."

Coming up within range of his 30mm GAU cannon, "Speedy" begins utilizing that capability. Pressing his finger against the trigger on his flight stick, a hail of hundreds of 30mm projectiles start accurately spraying at the unknown aircraft. Hits weren't a guarantee, but John knew he would most likely land more than enough effective hits.

Fort Thomas, Issac River, Mizrad/Maverica
18:17 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7
Joint Task Force 41
Operation "Sucker Punch" Briefing

With the Ausitorian SF troops now being ushered into the briefing room and the rest of the participating nation's operators already being in the room, General Amer orders everybody to take their seats. The massive group of about fifty operators do as they are told and find a seat. Outside, the other one hundred fifty men of the soon to be christened "JTF 41" await something to do. They couldn't all fit in the briefing room, however they would be briefed by their own commanders shortly. As everybody quiets down and finds a seat, Amer begins talking once more as the massive digital screen turns on to glowing black.

"Ladies and gentleman, welcome to Fort Thomas. You may not find the appearance quite to your liking, but you're the best your nation has to offer and I expect you are accustomed to situations like this. However this time things may be as grave as they could possibly be. We stand on the brink of world war and soon after that, our utter annihilation. Yet we will not stand by idly as this happens. We will face the apocalypse at our doors, and close the gates of hell once more!"

He pauses for a moment to take a breath, then suddenly an image appears on the screen. An eagle perched atop a globe with a knife layered behind the image, which all in turn become encased by a circle. Amer begins talking once more.

"My fellow men and women, I give to you the crest you may bear for the rest of your lives. Even after you leave this group and go back to your homes you will remember what you've accomplished here. If you pass a small training course that we here in Mizrad will provide, you and the other people who pass this course will join each other in a prestigious unit that will once more be resurrected. This unit, is known as Joint Task Force 41. Many decades ago, Mizrad faced a situation very similar to this one. The world was at war, and all seemed lost. The planet's only hope was a small force of about one hundred that nobody would ever even know about. They were dubbed Joint Task Force 41, and aided Mizrad and many other countries in bringing this region back together against a major threat. JTF 41 was disbanded immediately after the war ended, and nobody ever spoke of it until today. Unknown to you all, the roots of many SF forces trace back to JTF 41, even Mizrad's own MSDG. So today I give you all the chance to bring this unit back to it's former glory, and restore order to the world of shit we currently inhabit. You have a choice, either leave now and never be allowed back to this unit or stand by it, and preserve what it once stood for. What do you all say?"

Avery's Valley, Ten Miles North of Fort Thomas, Mizrad
18:30 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7
4th Cavalry Division
OPERATION HOME FRONT

Watching as Garcia rails another shell into the barrel as the sweat on his face glistens from the lights inside the tank. Slamming the protection shield down after it, he yells out over the screams outside and the roar of the engine and machine guns.

"MILANO! GUN READY, DO IT!"

Milano yells back as a look that would fit the Grim Reaper himself crosses his face.

"TARGET LOCKED! FIRING!"

Squeezing his finger against the trigger, a 120mm HEAT shell rockets out of the barrel and whips through the air and down into the valley. The recoil violently shakes the tank, yet it would cause something quite a bit more violent if the round connected with it's target. Right behind the two friends, the tank commander was busy on the .50 Caliber HMG. Shell casings might as well have been raining down as his strained arms and body hold the weapon steady while spraying accurate bursts of 12.7mm bullets on to the advancing Mavericks.

All around them the few surviving vehicles and infantry continue doing the same thing. Then suddenly, a loud whistle screams through the air. As if this wasn't enough to get the Mizradian and Trenarian's attention, the flares firing from the command LY219's smoke grenade dispenser surely did. The firing died down until finally the battlefield goes silent aside from the moans of the dead and the crackling fires. Somehow, some way the surviving twenty two tanks, eighteen LY219's and two hundred forty three infantry troops had not only survived -But won. Against all odds the small group of Mizradians managed to hold off the Maverican assault just long enough for West to get the cease fire going. Nobody was firing anymore, everyone would either have too much respect for the Mavericks in their bravery, scared of the consequences if they did or simply too tired or injured to do anything.

In only hours, about five hundred of the seven hundred fifty Mizradians who stayed behind to defend the valley lay dead. Vehicles all around remained burning out or destroyed, yet fortunately the injured would finally get the care they needed. Mizradian procedure stated that helicopters were only to be deployed in areas where absolute air dominance or at least superiority had been maintained, and even though it was the helicopters were still needed elsewhere up until now. A few long seconds later in an almost cinematic notion, a squadron of F-18Es soar over head and circle around the valley. Following close behind the jets is a squadron of MH-47s lead by two AH-1Zs. From the road on the Mizradian side of the valley, MTRV's, BRV-O's and even the Humvee's that were replaced by the BRVs and left to rot in the desert begin pouring in to the valley. Rushing from the vehicles, infantry and medics sprint to the wounded and begin placing them on stretchers or simply treating them on the spot. Roping down from the MH-47s, about two hundred Air

Cavalry troops pour into the valley relieving the Trenarian and Mizradian infantry. Then landing themselves, the Chinooks begin taking in wounded from all nations for evacuation.

Emerging from the *Bringer of Peace*, Milano and his crew begin laughing with joy at the sight of the incoming reinforcements. By now they were too tired to do anything heroic or cool looking, everybody was. Yet they made it, and this was all that mattered to them. Alfonso and Will stand atop the turret of their Panther and look out to the valley around them. Watching as the sun goes slowly out of sight way off in the distance, the entire begins to break down. Not by crying or by celebrating, but by simply heading back inside the tank and falling back with the rest of the remaining 4th Cavalry troops and vehicles which could still operate. The convoy would be far shorter than the one they rolled in with, although the flood of troops heading towards the border outnumbered the original 4th Cavalry fifty to one at the least. By now, the Army had scrambled more than two hundred thousand combat ready troops to the border, with far more on the way or already there.

As the pair eyes the setting sun, Garcia turns to Milano as they sit down on the turret of their tank.

"So sarge, when are we going to Maverica?"

He asks. In response to the question, Will holds a straight face as he replies.

"I don't know Garcia but when we do, we're gonna' burn it down."

This wasn't an invasion anymore, Mizrad was officially back in the fight.

Fort Thomas, Issac River, Mizrad/Maverica
18:30 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7
6th Infantry Division
OPERATION HOME FRONT

"HOLD FIRE!"

Yelled a commander as flares shot up in the air signalling everybody to stop shooting. Much like everywhere else across Mizrad, the Mavericks were falling back. Once more holding their fire, the Mizradians at Fort Thomas finally begin getting the aid they need. With Arrengard only five miles away and Fort Thomas being the single most important military installation on Mizrad's side of the border, the medevac flights were already consistent but now with the fighting dying down they start coming in far more than before. Constant flights of MV-22's, OH-72's, UH-60's and MH-47's swarm the skies. Dropping off entire battalions of soldiers and supplies, they load up the wounded and head back to Arrengard or wherever they came from.

Down on the ground, the 8th Cavalry had arrived to reinforce the men in the 4th who stayed behind or any survivors of Fort Thomas' indigenous cavalry unit. There were now man and machine alike covering the base like a blanket. Rolling in from all available entries are armored vehicles of all types and platoon after platoon of infantry. No time was being wasted anymore, combat engineering vehicles were already out in the fields pushing dirt up into massive protective barriers all across the desert with support from combat troops while everybody else was busy holding their position or bringing back the dead and wounded.

Not even a full hour after the fighting ended, defenses were already being put up or rebuilt. The civilians had fortunately been evacuated during the fighting, and anybody who still refused to leave was doing so to help give medical attention to anybody who needed it. The cease fire at this point was more to get the wounded civilians out, because flying them out during the battle would've been too dangerous. Yet ironically the only thing most Mizradians would think about is how lucky the Mavericks were to have the ability to evacuate their people from the kill zones. Because this time around, Mizrad wasn't playing anymore.

Government Tower, New Boston, Mizrad
13:00 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7
State Conglomerate meeting, President Ryan West

"Teaumai? Why the hell are they calling us?"

Was the thought of just about everybody in the room. Fortunately everybody "Important" enough to be directly linked with President West were already at an emergency Conglomerate meeting with the president, so nobody would need to be briefed on what was about to happen. Accepting the call and pulling up the holoscreen, Ryan is the first to talk with a voice clearly showing he was the one in charge. He wasn't going to give a welcoming message to try and ease the friction, or even a long angry response. A few sentences would do the trick just fine.

"Before you speak, ask yourself if what you're doing is logical in any sense."

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

New title Author avatar



Teurnai
Secretary

Posts: 30
Founded: Apr 25, 2012
Ex-Nation

by **Teurnai** » Thu Jan 30, 2014 8:18 am



Above Mizrad

The plane detected the bullets flying towards it, and released several missiles in response. The aircraft then swooped down underneath the cloud level, and sped off to New Boston.

The pilot, clad in a skin-tight black flight suit, called for reinforcements.

Venkai Iogai

Six K-655 air superiority fighters lifted off from the tiny island, inbound for Mizrad.

Democratic Hegemony of Teurnai

Anthem

Teurnai is a large, democratic socialist nation in Esquarium. It was originally a large nation encompassing most of the continent it was on before a greater power rose up against it and destroyed it. It has overseas colonies in the Great Esquarian Ocean and in the Central Ocean, which are small autonomous communities called *Zweidagon Iogai* (English translation from Teurnai'i: Temple Colony), *Xvasicvai Iogai* (Translation: Far Realm Colony), and *Venkai Iogai* (Translation: Inner Colony).

I am a proud supporter of socialism, green politics, and grassroots democracy.

Economic Left/Right: -8.00
Social Libertarian/Authoritarian: -4.62



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Sat Feb 01, 2014 7:37 am



Fort Thomas, Issac River, Mizrad/Maverica Operation "Sucker Punch" Briefing

It was usually silly to get rhetorical with Ausitorians, particularly ones of the sort used to juggling thousands of formations and considering obscure points of strategy and tactics. Fortunately for General Amer, the admiral within every Ausitorian was least felt amongst the close-knit fraternity of men that invariably forms in a muddy field when under fire. However unfortunately for General Amer, every self-respecting Brigadier acquires that 'stratospheric casual strategic mindset' (as Ausitorian psychiatrists described it) which is the product of increasingly detached and independent leadership on the lonely road towards commanding tens of thousands of troops in the organically multi-service formations that Ausitorian strategy dictated. If he didn't have it before he became a Brigadier.

Thus it was that the Brigadier looked up from the flash traffic on his electronic notepad and smiled wryly. Something of that independent Admiral woke within him in response to the news, and he composed his words carefully while the spontaneous but fortunately not too overenthusiastic clapping from the soldiers formed the company's reply to the General's offer. When they stopped he rose calmly, and addressed not only the General but also the fellow soldiers. It would not do to leave them wondering.

"Sir, your eloquent speech," he started, "makes it all the more difficult for me to say that whether we should consider ourselves part of Joint Task Force 41 or not: we are always Ausitorians, and that means we are the maintainers of the Pax Prosperitas so that others less fortunate than ourselves have the freedom to enjoy themselves." Eyes were upon him, wondering at his unorthodox reply - his planned speech had gone out of the window. He forged on. "While you have spoken the international situation has shifted: peace is always preferable to chaos; and Maverica is at peace, and," he somehow found time to pause briefly for emphasis, "us Ausitorians honour peace for as long as it continues. The Military Watch Office has just forbidden all units from engaging in anything that might be construed as overtly anti-Maverican; and we are going to need some redesignation of JTF-41's purpose." There were the inevitable titters, he noticed; and the even more inevitable flicking of screens as individual soldiers checked the watch office traffic to see for themselves. "Perhaps this force should be redesignated to train against Teaumai? We shall remain here while we await your response," the Brigadier finished, hoping that his opposite General was a quick thinker. He turned rapidly and spoke directly to his section leaders: his company's morale must be maintained. "Section leaders, rebrief your sections."

Certainly the cease-fire, unexpected as it was, called for a rather rapid readjustment. He walked over to the General for a private discussion, hoping he would be met neither by a deflated balloon nor explosion: what he needed General Amer to be was an Ausitorian Admiral, as calm and as cool as a cat and as decisive as the Death Star. Or else this would be a pretty little diplomatic incident for General Amer.

He saluted the General, and spoke quietly. "Sir, sorry for the bombshell; we seem to have brought peace with us." Was it safe to smile at his man?

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

Peace in our time? Usher in the Pax Prosperitas!

With the agreement to a cease-fire on the Mizrad-Maverican border (congratulations, Maverica!), confidential sources simultaneously revealing that the Ausitorian government no longer regards war with Teaumai as necessary or probable, reports from the (live) Loufe conference that our nation has been elected as Speaker of the Regional Senate on the platform of maintaining the peace and introducing economic cohesion with the passage of the free trade act, and leaked discussion with Mizrad and Rhodesea suggesting that a long-lasting settlement regarding a protected Diamante City and a relatively democratic and peaceable Rhodesea is attainable; new hope is leaping with joy between government and economy.

The stock markets that minutes ago were continuing their decline are now returning towards the pre-incident peak, buoyed by liquidity that the Reserve Bank has gained from the NSMF (New Standard Monetary Fund). Following the latest upward adjustment in interest rates, the average of inflation expectations has revealed predictions of 1.3-2.3%, up from a trough of 0.7-1.4%, with the Central Bank now projecting raising the base rate at next month's meeting to 1.5%, instead of lowering it to 0.5%. Commonwealth Capital has announced that in the next month it now only expects to remove 5% of GDP from the domestic economy rather than 10% and in spite of securing a position in both the

Astyrian and Sunalayan markets.



We've getting 5 Legion Class Battleships, NSMF Access, rapprochement with Maverica, the Speaker of the Senate, an elected Regional Government, peace negotiations with Rhodesea, and nothing to worry about from Teaurmai. A new dawn?

Image courtesy of Halycon Arms

While Nathan continues to sail upon Gillenor and war between Teaurmai and Mizrad rages on, the reversal of the nation's falling fortunes has seen those analyzing Ausitoria's decline ask instead why the government allowed so much panic over so little. The government's ongoing negotiations with Halycon Arms to procure further warships, and various other military acquisitions; has been temporarily delayed, pending a decision on whether there should be another strategic review first. Teaurmai has been warned, and has no significant ability to interfere in the Sea of Zamaria; with their home fleet still far away. The preliminary negotiations before the Loufe conference have resulted in the agreement on a nascent regional organization with its own elected government, expected to be chaired by Asasia, Urenus, and CFTP in turn.

Even though there have been no binding agreements and a protracted discussion concerning a regional constitution and a regional anthem is reported to be ongoing, here at last is a solid chance for peace. In that nauseating phrase, *The world is watching*, and all sensible nations that value prosperity should push for that peace.

Last edited by [Libraria and Ausitoria](#) on Fri Aug 28, 2015 3:16 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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

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

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

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our people, and our future. Among the many advantages, they offer economic growth, improvements in our limited educational field, and the chance to band together with other nations with similar mindsets to our own."

"But at what cost?" replied Councilman Aught, responding to Governor Sigmund and the entire Council of Men, *"Adopt our ways, and combine them with your own? Will we be forced to give up our culture, to cast aside our history as a warrior territory to join some silly group? It's preposterous to think that we will just change our ways that easily to join something we don't even need."*

"But we do need this," interrupted another Councilman.

"And why?" asked Governor Aught in a sarcastic, angered tone.

"I'll tell you why, said Governor Sigmund, stepping between Councilman Aught and the other Councilman, "I've stated this before, but maybe I need to spell it out. What can we get through joining the Dominion? Have you seen the state of Joingy, and more importantly Naybra? As much as I hate to say it, those Grenoble bastards are the only thing keeping our economy steady. It's been how many years since our independence from the Gillenorian Empire and after +50 years, we still haven't been able to rebuild ourselves. The islands of Barat and Grenoble put all or Conculls to rebuilding their cities, Joining the Dominion will give us economic stability, and we can break away from the islands holding us back.

The second is our education. We are a people of tradition. We hold our culture dear, but our sister islands refuse to help us out. We have some of the worst education in Naybra, and because of it, many Joignians, including many in this room, travel off-island for schooling. With the backing of this alliance, we can work together to improve our educational field into something to be proud of."

"But these would all be pointless if Nathan was to capture the Regalian states." commented another Councilman.

"Though if we were a part of the Dominion, we would be stronger, and would have an easier time dealing with his forces."

"This decision will not be taken lightly, but we are in a desperate press for time," commented High Councilman Guto, "I propose a vote among the High Council on whether to join the Dominion or not. It normal circumstances, we would have a longer debate than the ten minute talk we just had, but the speed of our decision is necessary for our future...I motion for a vote"

"I second,"

I third,"

"Then let is commence..."

CODE: [SELECT ALL](#)

To: The Ferox Dominion
From: The Island of Joingy, Council of Men
Subject: Official Declaration of Alliance
Encryption: Impossible

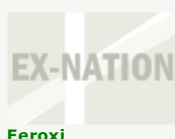
After deliberation and voting by the Council of Men of Joingy, we do hereby official request admission to the Ferox Dominion. We feel that it is in the best interest of both Joingy and her new allies. Once admitted, we will finish any other necessary procedures for admittance and take part in any actions requested from us thereafter. If there are any other forms that we are unaware of, please notify us immediately. Thank you for your time.
- The Council of Men

Last edited by [Naybra](#) on Sat Feb 01, 2014 11:00 am, edited 1 time in total.

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[Roleplay Information](#)

[Call me Naybra](#)



by [Feroxi](#) » Fri Feb 07, 2014 11:40 pm

[QUOTE](#)

Sev smiled. Oh, he did love when plans came together. He read the message from the Council of Men, delighting in each word as it flowed off the page. The Isle would now be a Dominion member nation, another useful tool in his

Ambassador

Posts: 1410

Founded: Apr 27, 2013
Ex-Nation

massive arsenal. The High Lord began planning his next move.

**To: The Council of Men
From: The High Lord of Ferox**

A wise decision, friends! The senate has approved the isle's admission into the Dominion with haste, so rejoice. In light of this, a well sized defense armada has been mobilized and has set course for your home. The group is accompanied with several translators and cultural specialists who will ease the transition and combination of our two cultural groups. I'm sure members of your council have had their doubts about the Dominion, accusing it of wanting to abolish your way of life and replace it with that of my own. I assure you that's not what I intend. I wish to combine them, into something of which the likes of the world have never seen. I thank you for giving this alliance a chance.

Note: I wish to host a speech in your capitol, addressing my plans for your Isle and perhaps the entire Dominion. I would appreciate it if the entire council were there to witness this historic occasion.

The fleet was prepared and set it's course for it's destination. Sev stood on the bridge of his flag ship, watching the snow fall clear as he got farther from Ferox waters. The time was coming for Ferox to show the world it meant business. It was no longer the pawn for foreign governments, and it's people were no longer nameless cannon fodder. Ferox was burned long ago, and it still bore the scars. Just like Aeron. But, the Dominion would rise from the ashes. Born anew, like a phoenix.

Change was on the horizon, and those who couldn't keep up would be left in Ferox's wake.

Last edited by **Feroxi** on Fri Feb 28, 2014 6:33 pm, edited 2 times in total.

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

NationStates' resident knight in not-so shining armor.



Loufe
Diplomat

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

To the Aid of Maverica!

by **Loufe** » Tue Feb 11, 2014 6:14 pm



Port Khaliz, Croacia SR, The Socialist Federal Republic of Loufe

Port Khaliz was bustling. Loufe was about to send, possibly, another detachment of men overseas. The *FNS Khaliz*, the ship that was about to head across the ocean, to the eastern continent of Tethys. The current situation, in the Black Desert, was hopefully to be avoided by Luvejan Military, but if all comes down to, the Luvejan Army will be forced to intervene with the situation. FNS Khaliz will be bringing supplies, military supplies, and basic supplies to the nation. This is an excerpt from a Federal Meeting concerning the aid of Maverica--

"The people of Loufe, united under one democratic banner, will help the forsaken people of Maverica!" says the Marshall Yuri Nikolaivich, "However, this is no military operation. We only seek to help the people by sending them basic supplies, supplies that the unjustified A.O.N has failed to provide. We act in our own accord, sending only food, water, and other basic needs to the people. Nevertheless, if conflict arises, the Luvejan people will be there to help. We will fight back the filthy fascist Mizradians, and help the Mavericks reclaim what was once theirs! The Black Desert will be free once more!" The Marshall, flips through to the last page. "In spite of this, any attempt of aggression or retaliation at Luvejan Navy Ships, will be an act of war. We repeat this, Mizrad, Treneria, any act of aggression is war on your land."
--

General Tomas Brynskovich, was to captain the FNS Khaliz. It made its journey through the dangerous ocean, towards the Luvejan Military Base, in Maverica tonight. All would be set.

"Turning Point"

by **Mizrad** » Fri Feb 14, 2014 7:33 pm

Soaring up in the sky far from their home fleet, the men and women in the E-2 Hawkeye designated "Spectator 1-4" all quietly go about their jobs. To their right and left were F-18Es with their eyes pasted to the sky around them, vigilantly watching the area as they escorted the E-2. Attempting to stretch in his confining chair, Tech Sergeant Bobby Royce yawns aloud before looking back to his radar screen. He'd been sitting in this position for the past ten hours and thirty minutes with the only excitement being the encounter with Teurnai'i fighters, which he didn't even get to partake in. So it was no surprise he was rather bored until something absolutely horrifying came up. Massive signatures on the sonar, and it couldn't have been anything friendly. Everybody on the plane knew the Ausitorian ships were station at least fifty to a hundred miles away and the Mizradian fleet was in constant contact with the AWACS plane. Quickly trying to take others into account, the Mizradian fleet suddenly comes over the radio.

"All call signs this is Neptune Actual, be advised Loufian forces have officially stated they are sending a fleet by our waters. If you come in contact with this fleet do not engage, I repeat do not engage. Radio me on this channel for further confirmation from AWACS birds if you think you've spotted them. Good luck out there sailors, Warlord out."

In unison, Royce and his fellow radar operator jump for their radios. Hearing the commotion, the co-pilot asks what's going on before realizing the shit storm they had just entered. Ordering the two men to get back to their stations, he reaches for his radio and calls out to the fleet's head communications officer.

"Neptune Actual this is Spectator 1-4, we've got reports of a Loufian fleet heading on our position please advise over."

Almost instantly, a voice comes back over the radio.

"Copy that Spectator 1-4, other radar and satellite reports are confirming this now. Keep your distance and follow the bastards, QRF is en route ETA twenty mikes."

The co-pilot looks at the pilot with a puzzled look. Neither of them send anything, but they both knew what the other was thinking. *What kind of quick reaction force of jets takes twenty minutes just to show up?* Hopping back on the radio, 2nd Lieutenant Michael Grant tries to see what's going on.

"Neptune Actual with all due respect, what QRF needs almost a half hour to be on sight?"

A few moments later, a very serious voice responds.

"Spectator 1-4 continue as planned, Neptune Actual is on bound. Sit tight, out."

No longer would Mizrad be screwing around, leaving behind a few destroyers, cruisers and littoral frigates to guard Port Warrior and the surrounding area the rest of the patrolling fleet heads at full speed to intercept the Loufian ships. This QRF wasn't made of planes, it was made up of twenty ships and submarines armed to the teeth and ready to defend Mizrad at all costs.

Meanwhile With the Fleet...

"Sir, the message to the Loufians is ready to be sent and all weapons and defenses are ready. Just tell us when to fire the warning shot."

Admiral James Santos sighs in his chair upon the words being heard. Despite having served with the military for the majority of his life, Santos despised killing and war. Although he knew that it would unfortunately happen no matter how much he protested against it. So deciding to stop complaining about how other countries tried to violently assert their rule, he signed up for the Navy and started shooting at them instead. Luckily this actually pleased him quite a bit, and James learned that the only way to fight a fire such as war was to spit fire right back in it's face. Scratching his neck, Santos finally speaks up and poses a question.

"How long before we're within visible range?"

Another sailor on the deck responds.

"About ten minutes sir!"

The admiral stands up from his sitting position and takes hold of the radio. Flicking it to an open channel where the Loufians would hear him, Santos begins speaking in a composed and calm yet scary and angered tone.

"People of Loufe, this Admiral James Santos of the Mizradian Navy. We come to you in peace as long as you do one simple thing: Turn around and go home. This isn't your war, don't make a mistake you'll regret. War is hell and you should all know that better than anybody else. The Mavericks attacked us, they do not require any care for they are the aggressors. I would advise you take my advice and go back to Loufe because there is a nation of almost three billion people all crying for war. Everyone from the most die hard followers of religion and the most hardcore atheists in Mizrad are all putting aside their differences to take up arms and fight together against those who stand against them. Right now, you're standing against them. You have ten minutes to divert your course back to Loufe or we will make sure you never leave the ocean you sail upon again. Choose wisely, or the wrath of multiple massive fleets will be released on you."

Turning back to the young sailor who had initially brought the news to the admiral, Santos begins talking to him.

"Order everybody on board to prepare for the biggest fight of their lives and send a notification to the Ausitorian fleet that they will be not be at a safe distance in the event of a battle."

The young sailor nods his head with a loud

"Aye sir!"

Before rushing off to the communications officer. Within minutes, the ships of the 7th Fleet were ready to go. Hundreds of missiles and rockets from both surface ships and submarines were loaded and locked on to the Loufian ships with many more in storage for another salvo. The CIWS guns and AA missiles along with other automated and manned guns all buzz to life with every sailor and Marine rushing to their post. The 5" cannons of the destroyers and cruisers all begin training their sights on the horizon as well as the fleet slowly closes in on their destination. On the decks of the assault ships and aircraft carriers, squadrons of F-18E's, F-35's and F-25's all roll on to the deck and begin prepping for launch with pre-flight checks under way. Right by their side is the VBSS teams loading into MV-22's and MH-60's as AH-1Z's get ready to act as escort choppers with the OH-72 Lakotas. Up in the air, the AWACS squadrons are reinforced with more fighters as the Mizradians quickly get two more wings of planes in the air to act as the second line of defense against enemy aircraft behind the long range SAM's. Santos knew it would be impossible to field a lot of aircraft in the sky, yet he was going to do his damndest to get a cloud of planes in the sky ASAP. With almost everything ready to go, the men and women of the 7th fleet nervously await the response from the Loufians.

**Over the Western Coast of Mizrad
01:55, 10/23/13, DAY 8
7th Mizradian Strike Response Fleet, 2nd Wing
OPERATION HOME FRONT**

Watching as his target gets away with heavy damage, 2nd Lieutenant John "Speedy" Grimace kicks in his afterburners and quickly finds himself behind the hostile plane. Immediately flicking his 30mm back on, "Speedy" acquires his target and begins dumping lead into it's engines. Watching as flames begin to spit from his enemy, Grimace breaks off and circles the descending plane. Suddenly it rips in half with an explosion which some how the pilot escaped from. However that wouldn't last for long as the flames encase him and burn him to death. With this confirming the kill, Grimace breaks off and receives a radio transmission from his reinforcement squadron of F-18Es which have now finally begun to arrive.

"Speedy 1-2 this is Wrangler 4-1, we're here to take you home. Good job out there brother, over."

Forming up with the squadron and starting their flight back to Mizrad, Grimace responds to the transmission.

"Thanks 4-1, any word on what's going on?"

An audible sigh is heard on the other end of the channel before a response comes back.

"Affirmative Speedy, that bastard was from Teaumai. The comms guys intercepted a message from him for a QRF force back on their colony but they bugged off when you shot him down. You probably just saved a lot of lives 1-2, over."

"I guess I can live with that, losing my friend doesn't feel like much of a victory though."

"That's horseshit Speedy, you did good. One live for a thousand is better than a thousand for one, don't forget that brother. Now let's go home, Wrangler 4-1 out."

OOC: I was given permission to do this from Teaumai as he's backed out of this RP

**Fort Thomas, Issac River, Mizrad/Maverica
18:20 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7
Joint Task Force 41
Operation "Sucker Punch" Briefing**

Stepping away from the crowd of tier one troops with the Ausitorian commander, Amer closely listens to the man as he speaks. Returning the grin along with his hand extended for a handshake, the general responds to the man after a quick laugh.

"Not a problem my friend, if you give me the honor to call you that. I understand your concerns and your orders however I do have very important news to give you. Tearunai has already begun backing out, I do believe just doing some team training with everybody as a whole for the next few days we can see how everything goes down. Yet my main worry is something a bit more important than chasing a group that we don't even know is even fighting against us anymore. What I am most concerned about is the research on downed F-25's the Mavericks are assumed to be conducting. Every plane of ours that goes down, they seem to try and get their hands on it. You can't do much with hundreds of metal shards that barely resemble the plane they once were, so the brass and I unanimously agree it's best if we figure out what's going on. Your guys can sit

out the direct action but I do request one thing of you son. Will you be able to conduct cyber attacks and attempt to intercept any transmissions about what's going down over there? Mizradian and Trenarian forces can handle any field missions as long as they have somebody watching their back and picking up where they leave off, which is what I'm asking you to do. None of you even have to hold a gun let alone kill somebody. Would this violate your ROE?"

Fort Thomas, Issac River, Mizrad/Maverica

22:00 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7

Mizradian Forces

OPERATION HOME FRONT

Coming in under the cover of night, thousands of Mizradian troops begin flooding along the border. The smell of smoke, gun powder and death filled the air as the dark night sky slowly began to mask the red colored air filled with the crap that had been filling it all throughout the day. However the horror and nervousness still didn't go away, upwards of 10,000 Mizradian troops and civilians were dead along with at least 60,000 Injured. About 1,500 people were still missing and search and rescue teams had been going at a vigorous search for hours now. Billions upon billions in damage had been done, yet that could fortunately be replaced. However lives and limbs couldn't be.

Dotting the desert and landscape now we're outposts and FOB's. Mizrad had plenty of them prior to the attack, although most were further from the border or heavily damaged in the attack. If Maverica had continued their assault and the Mizradians had lost air superiority, they would have broken the line. Yet that would now hopefully never happen again as about 250,000 Mizradian soldiers were now almost combat operational. Everybody was taking turns on watch or digging trenches, fixing broken vehicles or structures, pouring concrete, driving some sort of a vehicle or any other thing that was needed.

At Avery's Valley, a new armored division had replaced the 4th giving them some much needed rest and down time. All of the wounded and dead had been shipped out and with nothing else to do and a desire to return the gift of aid, a battalion of Domestic Guard soldiers volunteered to take the place of the Trenarians to give them time to regroup. A short few hours after the final shots of the battle had been fired, Mizradian engineers had already begun finishing what the 4th Armored's engineers had started by continuing to dig fighting holes for the vehicles, pushing tons and tons of dirt up to create a massive and near impenetrable wall and small trench systems for the troops to fight from. Taking brush and trees from the bombed out valley below, the Mizradians make an attempt to camouflage their positions or reinforce them with the lumber. Overhead, much of the returning B-52's land and re-arm with air dropped mines to drop in the valley.

It would most likely take the next few days to complete the defensive positions, however the second they were finished, it would become a fatal mistake to mount an assault on the Mizradians. Fortunately it would take even less time for the population's morale to recover, Mizradians weren't a people who got scared -they got angry instead. There had been lines outside almost every recruiter in Mizrad's door, and the capitalist economy wasn't going to miss out on an opportunity such as this one. Almost instantly, companies were pumping out everything from Mizradian flags and pride t-shirts for the public to tanks and bullets for the military. It was then projected that in under a month unemployment would be at a near record breaking low and people with jobs in manufacturing were already seeing their lives improve with higher pay and more hours available to work. The War of Two Empresses was no longer just a title that meant nothing, war had finally broken out on a far wider scale than ever thought to be. Things would be heating up very soon, for in the War of the Two Empresses... this was a turning point.



Loufe
Diplomat

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

by **Loufe** » Sat Feb 15, 2014 1:01 am



On the FNS Khaliz

"Sir, what should we do?" asks Srevya Zarjakovic, second in command of the *FNS Khaliz*,

"The only thing we can do," replies Naval Commander Andro Jovic, with a sly look on his face, he turns around to Srevya, "That is to, launch an attack on Mizradian Naval Fleet, which we are supremely outnumbered by, or head back home to Croacia." The Commander, sits down in his desk, and gets out the phone, "Call the Port," he says, "we need access to withdraw from the mission. Mizrad's got us pinned. And quick, we've barely got 10 minutes." He gets up and heads to the radio room.

"But, sir," shouts Srevya after him, "we can't just forget the mission?"

The Naval Commander replies, "Forget the mission, we can shoot off Mizradians another day." He then promptly walks off and changes the radio to and open radio,

"Mizradians, this is Andro Jovic speaking, Captain of the FNS Khaliz. We request that you give us more time to leave your waters, as we need access from Krasnoejeroi. I repeat, give us more time, and we will comply with your demands. Over."

Jovic, then heads out off the radio room, he looks out at the ocean. "This may be my last day alive." he mutters.

Ships of the Khaliz Fleet

FNS Khaliz

FNS Mlijet

FNS Cretvinja

FNS Vojvodija

Last edited by **Loufe** on Sat Feb 15, 2014 1:03 am, edited 1 time in total.



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Sun Feb 16, 2014 11:17 am



[OOC note: Apologies for short post, I'm afraid I'm too busy IRL.]

Fort Thomas, Issac River, Mizrad/Maverica Operation "Sucker Punch" Briefing

The Brigadier smiled. Evidently Mizrad did know how to train Generals. A laugh and a handshake and they were negotiating coolly and calmly. Teaurmai's supposed withdrawal was welcome news that he would report when the conversation was over, and he made a mental note while he started his automatic reply.

"Sir, we can certainly intercept and decrypt their communications: we do that all the time to all nations within eavesdropping range. But we simply won't launch acts of war, for instance against their civilians, e.g. overloading their power grids - that's quite out of the question. Nor am I certain that we could help you gain entrance to Maverica by literally opening their doors, since that would be aiding an enemy. Hmmmm. Let me think what help we can offer."

He paused for a moment, his mind racing. He gazed subconsciously at the hub-bub of the men, each wondering whether they would be of any use here, whether politics would pull them out; and whether any solution existed. Time seemed to stand still as the clocks ticked. All were looking to him for leadership, and what could he give them?

At such times, a General knows that he has nobody to look too for a decision. Hugo could easily wait for further orders, effectively capitulating to circumstance, and that was what he felt sure he would have to do. It was no very great failure, nobody would die, and it would merely entail some delay while politicians considered. Maybe three seconds had passed. He opened his mouth, about to suggest the problem be kicked upstairs to their superiors. But

"On reflection I see that Maverica has signed their own search warrant! Patent infringement is a matter that the courts would allow us to investigate: in legal jargon we would not be conducting military operations, only civilian operations." Beside him the Brigadier noted that his 2IC, Commodore Argus Finch, was grinning broadly and approvingly. With a note of triumph the Brigadier continued to the General. "So Sir, if you can pass on enough evidence that Maverica is copying your fighters to our War Office watch office; or failing that have your government declare the suspicion; our courts should be able to square the hypothetical question within two hours. That would entitle you to enjoy our full assistance even in battle, short of us firing first."

And Commodore Finch saluted this confident Brigadier who had just made the jump to Admiral. For the Brigadier was indeed ready for more than following and perfectly executing orders. He was ready for strategic command.

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

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



"Schijtaan!" Pertiwi cursed, glaring out nonspecifically onto the square's

various individuals. He hesitated, then nodded at Witt.

"Alright, sergeant. I'll see what I can do. Keep an eye on them."

Witt nodded, merging back into the crowd. As soon as he was gone, Pertiwi hurried up the steps to the Government Palace, brusquely stopping the nearest Palace employee.

"Where's the head of security?" he demanded. "I need to speak with him. Sooner, rather than later."

Last edited by [The New Lowlands](#) on Sun Feb 16, 2014 5:40 pm, edited 1 time in total.



Loufe
Diplomat

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

by [Loufe](#) » Mon Feb 17, 2014 8:19 am

QUOTE

Global Summit, Krasnoejeroi Town Hall

Everything was going fine. The talks were initiating, and the people were talking about peace, *in general*. Outside the Town Hall, a group of Pyatskan 'terrorists' were conferencing on their next attack. One of them, Lokir, got into a van, filled with dynamite, C4, and other dangerously explosive materials. The group followed, and the van took off from Volkon Garage. The ride took approximately the amount of time the Luvejan Minister's speech took. He was explaining the dangers of war. After the applause on the importance of peace, and the "fight" against violence, the front entrance of the building blew up. Smoke went through the front entrance, and the delegates and ministers were rushed to safety. The Spetzcom Soldiers of the Luvejan Special Forces, came in threw the windows, and helped evacuate the men. It was a suicide bomb attempt. Sparked by the recent civil war in Pyatsko. Thankfully only a couple of men were injured, and the scene was done. However, a couple men were missing.

Where had the Rhodesean delegate gone?



Maverica
Minister

Posts: 2225
Founded: Jun 05, 2012
Ex-Nation

by [Maverica](#) » Thu Feb 20, 2014 6:53 pm

QUOTE

Camp Wilcox overlooking the Black Desert

General Henry looked out over the desert. Just on the horizon he could see Mizrad soldiers pouring in to defend the Black Desert. He looked behind him towards the foothills of the Issac Mountains. More Maverican militia and soldiers marched in the camp. The units of Maverican soldiers at the camp is, the 1st and 2nd Divisions, the 10th, 11th and 12th Highlander Brigades, the 3rd and 5th Cavalry Brigades and under 1,000 militia. There is also a few squadrons of F-29 Warriors and F-22 fighters. The camp was defended by machine gun nests, bunkers, trenches, artillery, mines, and barbed wire. Even as Defences were put up over 12,000 Mavericks were dead, 50,000 wounded and 2,100 missing. The Mizrads even about wiped out the 5th Cavalry. But this did not discourage the Mavericks. This just made them angrier. For under 2 years anger about the Mizrads was bottled up. But now they can release that anger on the Mizrads. General Henry sat at his desk thinking about the Maverican soldiers who died just to fight the common enemy. As time past more people came to camp to help fight. They came from many backgrounds. But they all had one thing in common. To get revenge on Mizrad.

Port May in Maverica

Admiral Jones sat in the control room. Till a soldier walked in.

"Sir! We have reported a disturbance out at sea! We think it might have something to do with the Mizrads!" Said the soldier.

Admiral Jones looked up.

"Well then! Send a squadron of F-29 Warriors and F-22 fighters to see what is going on! I will lead a few ships to see what is going on also."

Admiral Jones walked out and ordered 1 battleship, 2 destroyers, and 4 cruisers to come with him. As the ships were ready to leave dock the squadron of Maverica planes flew over head towards the disturbance. The ships sailed a full speed towards the objective. If it had something to do with the Mizrads it might get ugly. Admiral Jones was on the battleship the MSS Smith. The MSS Smith was a modernized battleship. It was equipped with 10 missile launchers, 1 200mm cannon, 2 anti aircraft missiles, 2 anti aircraft guns, and modern radar and electronics.

The Maverican Highlands (The Isaac Mountains)

The Maverican highlands is a very peaceful place. There is beautiful snow capped Mountains, lush green fields in the valleys and a plentiful supply of wild animals. Most people in the highlands are either a Farmer, fur trapper, a trader, or a rancher. The people here live in a great area but they are tough people and almost everyone in the Highlands know how to shoot a gun or throw a tomahawk. Which makes them good fighters in the highlander units.

But now that there is a chance if General Henry is pushed back into Maverica it would leave the highlands might fall to the Mizrads. So ever available man from ages 10 to 70 are called to defend their homeland. Most of the middle aged men left to fight in the army as highlanders so most of the Militia in the highlands were young boys and old men. But they are united by a old 56 year old man named Frank Drandle. He is a farmer that used to be in the military. But was discharged after killing a Mizrad prisoner during the 1st Mizrad Maverican War. But his militia was only ment for if the Highlands was attacked so he ordered his men to dig defensive positions all over the northern part of the Highlands.

" If Mizrad dose push back General Henry and destroy Fort Williams. They will have to be stoped at the Highlands at all costs!" Said Frank Drandle when being interviewed by a local newspaper.

Brandy Island in Maverica

It is a normal day on Brandy island. Maverican naval ships sit in the harbor. Fighter jets fly around doing patrols. Villagers walking around in the village. But in a underground bunker something was happening. It was under high security and heavily guarded. Only carefully picked people know what is going on in the bunker. If anyone told someone both people would be killed. Dr. James entered the building. He was the 2nd in command of the project. As he walked down a very long hall way soon reached a door. When he opened the door a large area was revealed. In the room a airplane was being built. Scientists and military officials were all over the room working. A table in the corner had several pieces of a downed fighter plane sat. The workers took notes of the pieces and gave them to the designers. The designers them made models and notes trying to find the weaknesses of the downed plane. Everything about the project was written down in books and documents so if someone hacked on the computer they would not get the information. Dr. James then walked out of the bunker.

Maverica city

President Nathienel was walking down the hallway of the Goverment building. He entered his office and sat down . He just got back from a meeting disusing the war. Just then a tall man entered the room. Nathaniel looked up.

"Well it is about time Dennis!" Said Nathaniel.

"I have not come all this way just to say hello! Now what do you want?" Dennis replied.

"Well I would like to get a contract from you since you operate factories. I want your factories to start producing weapons, uniforms, planes and other supplies to support our troops. I will also help by providing several new factories to help make supplies. This is also a great time for people to get a job at the factories." Replied Nathaniel

"OK. I will do that for 100,000,000 Jacks a year!" Said Dennis.

"Deal!" Yelled Nathaniel

Dennis then left the room smoking a cigar. President Nathaniel then pulled out a Colt 1911 and placed it on his desk.

Philippians 2:14~*Do everything without complaining, or arguing.*

"We need to build a WALL!" ~ Donald Trump

"Hunters"

by Mizrad » Mon Feb 24, 2014 7:42 pm

Southwestern Coast of Mizrad

02:05 HOURS, 10/23/13, DAY 8
7th Mizradian Strike Response Fleet
OPERATION HOME FRONT

Waiting for a response from the Loufians, Admiral James Santos stands by the radio in order to respond quickly. Then their enemy finally speaks up requesting more time, in their ninth minute. Being the man who liked peace more than most other sailors in the fleet, Santos replies.

"Not a problem, just turn around and head home and you won't have an issue. Why would drag more lives down into this conflict?"

The crew takes a breath of relief as they all calm down for a moment. However that all changes as the reports from an AWACS bird comes in. A squadron of presumably Maverican fighters were closing in on the two fleets and right behind them was a fleet coming from the direction of Maverica. Utilizing the ship's radar and then confirming the problem with another pass by AWACS planes, most of the weapons and defenses on the fleet swing into action to fire on the Mavericks. Some missiles and guns remained trained on the Loufians but Santos learned to never expect a Maverican to come in peace when Mizradians are involved. Taking a few moments to shift the majority of the ships in the fleet around, the 7th MSRF changes their attention to the Mavericks as Santos speaks on his open radio channel once more.

"Unknown ships, please state your nation of origin and your reason to come close to our waters or we will fire on you."

Fort Thomas, Issac River, Mizrad/Maverica
05:30 HOURS, 10/23/13, DAY 8
Joint Task Force 41
OPERATION SUCKER PUNCH

Stepping in front of Juan Montez and Drake Wayne, two of Mizrad's top candidates for the JTF 41 project, General Amer begins speaking.

"Okay gentleman now that everybody else has been organized into their respective training teams, I can order you two around a bit for our first operation. Good news first, Teamai has backed out of this conflict and we no longer have to worry about them. The Loufian fleet has also been intercepted by the 7th and they're already on their way back commie land. All of that and then there's the fact that our defenses are approaching being completed. However one issue remains here. A handful of downed F-25's have been taken by Maverican forces and we can't seem to figure out where they go afterwards. Some say they go into the Isaac mountains and some say there's a secret base somewhere. The only accurate way to find out is to put you two in. Nobody is going to ask questions when you two show up in a Ford driving through Maverica carefully following that truck, I picked you two specifically for this operation. You're both highly experienced with this type of stuff and you look the part. You'll be driving through what's left of Avery's Valley under the cover of night and then a mile past the border into a small village where this truck will have to pass by."

An image of an eighteen-wheeler escorted by some other trucks appears on the screen at the head of the room before Amer continues.

"This big ol' bitch is what we can't follow. Why would a convoy of Maverican trucks be picking up parts from our downed planes and transporting them god knows where? We're hoping it's just to clean up the border but that's highly doubtful. Our next thought is that they're reverse engineering one of the few things that they can't take on with anything else. So you'll be following this truck to it's destination and all the while recording it. Any questions?"

Nobody speaks.

"Good, then start getting ready your transport will arrive in a few minutes."

Exiting the bunker and heading to their rooms, Drake and Juan toss on civilian looking clothes. Jeans with Timberland boots and sweatshirts due to the cold of the desert at night are all they wear. Heading across the base to the vehicle depot, a lone Ford Ranger pickup truck sticks out like a sore thumb among the tanks and armored vehicles. Stepping inside of it to find two M45's in the glove compartment and concealed dashboard camera mounted on the

dashboard of the truck, Drake starts the pickup as the engine roars. Settling down as they begin their drive exiting the base, the two quietly think about what lies ahead of them as they drive through the country side and desert. Any bodies the Mavericks didn't take with them were being sorted and identified on massive sections of open land staining the sand and sending an inescapable stench through the air. Most of the vehicle wrecks which were burning had been put out, however nobody had the time to drag them back to safety. All around, vehicles, troops and structures were being put into place and made ready to fight as the short amount of peace time they would get during the conflict is used up. Heading up into the hills and mountains before driving into Avery's Valley, the once lush greenery inside the valley had either become nonexistent or a black crispy substance with only a faint reminder of what was once there. Up on the ridge, they already saw hundreds of vehicles and troops eyeing them suspiciously. Nobody fired, however nobody knew what the Ford was doing there either. Any radio calls asking about were only replied to with a brief "It's friendly".

Pulling out of the valley and heading into Maverica through rougher and uncharted terrain, they spot massive amounts of destroyed Abrams tanks and jeeps all around as even some bodies remained. The smells and sights of destruction were all around as only the chirping of crickets and the sound of the wind provided the background noise. Tying a Maverican flag to the antenna of the truck, the two then set off on their journey inside the foreign land to their destination.

Krasnoejeroi, Loufe
12:30 HOURS, 10/22/13, DAY 7
Joint Mizradian Special Detachment Group/MCID Operation
OPERATION INFERNO RISING

Hearing a massive explosion, Turner looks out of the van's front windshield as he starts speaking freely.

"What the fuck was that?"

Noticing a van that starts speeding away, the Mizradian van whips around and begins following it through the smoke with caution. Turning on his radio, Turner makes contact with Jeff.

"Colton what the hell just happened?"

Jeff picks up his radio as he keeps an eye on the speeding van.

"Uhh you just survived a terrorist attack sir, I thought you were dead."

Turner laughs through the radio before replying.

"You know I'm invincible son, mind telling me who I'm chasing?"

Jumping back to his scope and watching the van bolting away, Jeff responds.

"Right, he's heading north towards the outbound roads. Damn this motherfucker moves fast!"

John yells back.

"Well then keep an eye on him!"

Greene butts in as he hears the radio chatter and spots the two vans booking it through the crowded roads.

"What the fuck are you two doing!?"

Jeff and John reply in unison.

"Hunting"

Turner then continues.

"Rappel down and make sure everybody got out OK, I can handle this one."

"Aye sir!"

Turning to his squad, Allen orders everybody out. Already hooked up with weapons in hand the nine special operators begin sprinting for the open windows. Diving out and running along the side of the building being supported by their cords, the fire team sets down on the roof and unhook themselves. Rushing towards the edge of the building nobody notices that Greene is missing. However once they did, the nine just continued with their mission. Seeing the Loufian sentries had already rappelled down to see what was going on the Mizradians use the same equipment and reach the streets through the smoke and debris. Taking control of the team, Chief Petty Officer Danny Canton begins moving through the roads with the team before they find the petrified ambassadors. Looking to Donnie, the team's tech specialist, Canton speaks up.

"Everybody just blend in, nobody will be able to tell us apart from the Loufian SWAT teams. Don, do a head count and make sure the ambassadors got away."

Looking through the crowd and taking a picture with his helmet camera and utilizing the cameras on Masters' sniper the pair hastily checks names off a mental list. Missing a few people, he goes through it again and narrows the only missing people down to the Rhodeseans. Doing another check, the same results come up. Speaking through the radio as the team begins jogging through the streets behind other police officers and then into the alleyways to link up with the snipers, Turner comes in contact with Don.

"John, field intel suggests the van you're chasing is filled with Loufian ultra-nationalists and the Rhodesean delegate. I'm sure the brass would like to see the headline "Mizradians save helpless Rhodeseans from murderous threat" on the morning paper so go give those fucking whack jobs something to praise."

"Like hell I'm leaving you to handle that chase."

Thought Allen as he rushes across rooftops at an all out sprint in black BDU trousers, combat boots, a bulletproof vest and a grey t-shirt with his M45 as he vaults over gaps caused by alleyways in between buildings. Sliding over a building's transformer and under clothes lines he picks up the speed attempting to cut off the Loufians. Reaching a massive gap between him and the next building over a street, Greene dives for the fire escape ladder and slides down to the street level. Quickly finding the fastest looking car he can, Allen pulls a driver out of his sleek looking sedan and promises he'll give it back. Railing his foot down on the gas, Greene begins dodging by cars, trucks and other obstacles as he spots the two vans swaying across the road a block to his left.

In the rear van, Turner picks up a microphone used for projecting the newscaster's voice up and begins yelling through it to the Loufians in Russian ordering them to stop. Fortunately John had learned the language due to Mizrad's heavy ties with it. In the ghettos of New Boston where Turner grew up, many of his friends spoke it as their main language and Turner was quick to pick it up. He may have been lying about his affiliation but it would hopefully work.

"Pull over now! This is the Loufian Police! We have you surrounded and will fire on you if you don't stop! Pull over and your lives will be spared!"

Turning off the microphone, John spots a sedan smash through a fruit stand and drift a bit before the driver regains control and gets in front of the Loufian van. Yelling through the radio, John makes his point.

"Who the fuck is the idiot driving that sedan!?"

"Watch your mouth John, you don't know who you're talking about."

Replies Allen as he begins losing speed at a steady yet ironically slow rate. Not bothering to respond, Turner catches on and begins boxing in the van. Suddenly over the radio Jeff's voice can be heard.

"Hey guys, try and make it a little less obvious that we pose a serious threat to Loufe why don't you?"

Turner makes a sarcastic response.

"Thanks jackass, any other advice you can give us?"

"Actually yes."

Says Jeff before he continues.

"Head for the airport, it shouldn't be too far from where you are now. Just break a right and start heading for where our plane was. That's our only way out of this country so try not to get it destroyed for us. We'll meet you there and good luck Eagle Eye, out."

Getting up from his position, Jeff whirls his fingers in a motion familiar to the Mizradians meaning "Pack it up". Without having to say a word, the twelve operators quickly gather everything up and descend down to the hectic streets. In all the chaos, a SWAT team had left their truck unattended. Walking over to it as the dozen men would seem to be with the Loufian Police, everybody hops in and they drive off to the airport before anybody can start asking questions. Hopefully nobody would have to fire a shot and everything else would go smoothly but sadly, things usually aren't that simple for hunters.

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

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Loufe
Diplomat

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

by **Loufe** » Tue Feb 25, 2014 12:47 pm



Krasnoejeroi High Command Center for Naval Missions, Krasnoejeroi Military District, Krasnoejeroi, Loufe SR

"Incoming request from FNS Khaliz to return back to home port, do you copy?" says the Chief of Radio Operations, Peter Tomavarik,

"Deny access to return back," replied the General, "They're getting reinforcements from General Henry," Peter shrugged, it didn't concern him if the FNS Khaliz sunk or not, he really didn't care what happened. It was just his job to exchange messages.

"Roger, sir" responded Peter, "I will get word to the Commander Jovic as soon as I can."

"Good, and tell 'him that we'll be sending some reinforcements of our own," said the General in a grunt, possibly a chuckle hidden somewhere inside there, "a couple Sukhoi's ought to do the trick."

"Roger." replied Jovic.

Aboard the FNS Khaliz, Main Deck

"What do you mean our permission to return has been denied?" shouted Jovic, "How can they just betray us like that?" he shouted at the top of his lungs. Srevya stood calmly and repeated what had been sent to them.

"Maverican planes are heading this way, along with a couple of Sukhoi's from the mainland. The Mav's should be here any minute now, but the Sukhoi's will come in at the last minute. We might just pull this off, with a bit of luck, and some extra reinforcement we can do this." said Srevya. For the first time feeling some pride, and confidence in not only himself, but his country.

"Srevya, you boast a certain work ethic," said Jovic, "That is greatly appreciated by the Zhelizni Party." he nodded with a smile. "If only we survive this," he said. Srevya chuckled, "But still, it'd take days for the Sukhoi's to get here, and we're clearly outnumbered even with Maverican aid. The Mizrad navy is one of the best in the world. We can't stand up against it with a tiny fleet of five. We'll die!"

"Death doesn't scare me at all!" he replied, "We're Luvejans, tough till the bottom!" he looked up at the foggy gray sky, his eyes with a patriotic sparkle, "Did we run from the Rhodesian wars, no! Did we run from the Resimiz crisis, no! Did we run from the Republican Civil Wars, no! Did we run from the exploitation and corruption of the Crown Prince, hell no!" he screamed, "We're Luvejans, and we're the toughest kids on the block! Nobody can stop us!"

NOBODY!" he started crying, his tears dripping slowly down his cheek.

"Srevya," said Jovic, "you've got a point there." he said calmly. "But lets just be realistic, lets try to sort out a solution to this problem without any conflict for once? I'll send a broadcast to Mizradian ships telling them we're here for a peaceful diplomatic mission with the Mavericks. If they attack, then the other democratic nations of the world will be forced to intervene and help us. Come on, lets go!"

LNN Broadcast Breaking News, Krasnoejeroi Town Hall, the Scene of a Resim Pyatskan terrorist attack

'This is Svetlana Ljublana reporting live at the scene of a terrorist attack on the capital. Earlier today, a van was seen driving up to the town hall. According to authorities, the van was loaded with C4, and dynamite sticks, and was set off at approximately 2:34 PM. Fortunately nobody was killed, and only a handful injured, but a few have gone missing. We will get back to this story after the other highlights of the day. Back to you Ivan.

Last edited by Loufe on Wed Feb 26, 2014 3:39 am, edited 3 times in total.



Libraria and Ausitoria
Negotiator

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

by **Libraria and Ausitoria** » Wed Feb 26, 2014 10:40 am



The Aerodrom, Krasnoejeroi, Loufe T+0 seconds.

The explosion went off - a rumble insignificant and largely unnoticed in the airport. But it was not unnoticed by the Watch Officer, who, without any conscious thought, calmly picked up the phone as they watched the explosion fade on the monitors of the teleconferencing equipment, while reading out the number on his desk that had been prepared in case of just such an eventuality.

"Vulture scramble."

The words rang over the radio set in the military transport airport the Ausitorian peace delegation had arrived in. The lights bleeped an ominous red, and the message was repeated in writing, with the ominous words listing the sender appended: *Watch office*. The people who made the urgent decisions.

The pilots sprang back forward into the cockpits from the game of cards they had been playing with the soldiers who were hiding in the back - the co-pilot had been winning, and was vaguely annoyed - and the helicopter was soaring into the sky almost before they had even strapped on their seatbelts, let alone given air traffic control a chance to reply to their demand for priority. The pilot's visor directed them down the fastest route to the town hall, dodging the clusters of buildings - fortunately Krasnoejeroi was a mere low-rise city with less than 2 million people - while the co-pilot calmly informed the air traffic authorities that the watch-office, Alexandria, knew better than he did why they were flying at a perilously low altitude, and no, they were not about to stop flying.

In the town hall, the Ausitorian agents were extremely put out. In the event of an attack, they had been prepared to fill the room with smoke. But the explosives had already done so. They had been prepared to obliterate the electrical light switch with a taser. But the lights were already flickering. They had been prepared to commence an orderly evacuation of the building. But the Loufe special forces were already on the job. There was absolutely nothing left for them to do except give anybody who wanted it first aid and to listen to the watch office traffic being broadcast to their earphones in the private channels from the satellite above. So they gave everybody first aid and listened to their earphones for instructions.

Somewhere Near The Mizradian Exclusive Economic Zone

It was time-honoured practice for Ausitorians to observe everything in the seas and skies that passed within 5000 km of their fleets. It was also normal practice for Ausitorians to eavesdrop on every message they could possibly decrypt. They weren't *entirely* sure of what was being said, but they could have guessed it from the movements of the ships. Something was wrong in Loufe, and it wasn't merely the helicopter clattering above the streets. So when the nearby Ausitoria carrier informed the war office that a war between Loufe and Mizrad looked as though it might just possibly be about to start, the watch

office started becoming fatalistic. Which was bad news for Loufe.

His Majesty's Ship Toweroct to FNS Khaliz. Please be advised that there are Ausitorian forces in, on, and above these waters. Naval interference in Mizradian waters will not be tolerated while Maverica is also maneuvering nearby. Please return to Loufe.

The Watch Office

T+60 seconds.

Well this all certainly put the cat amongst the pigeons, remarked the Duke Palmerston, who had rushed downstairs to the watch office from the broadcasting room when the explosion went off while he was in the middle of applauding. It had been a good speech, too. But now it was all action: a helicopter was flying to the rescue and a combat air patrol flying towards the bay of Khaliz, in case heavy-duty support was needed. Undoubtedly Loufe's air force would go berserk at all these territorial infringements. Hopefully they would confine their protests to words, for Ausitoria was treating the incident with all the seriousness of an act of war, and was not about to allow Loufe to shield the culprits.

It had taken a room scan by the slightly damaged mobile teleconferencing machines twenty seconds to notice the absence of the Rhodesean delegate. A scan of the extensive databases was immediately started. The helicopter was racing towards the scene to pick up His Majesty's agents - until they noticed two trucks which seemed to be involved in a dangerous race away from the scene. The helicopter had swerved to follow it.

But then, to top what looked like an exciting chase, there had come this sudden message from the Admiral Lord Arthur Kaisovsky commanding the Ausitorian fleet near Mizrad. Something was going on in Loufe, and the Watch Officer approved the Admiral's planned message with barely a glance to his superior. For this watch officer, cloaked in the mask of anonymity of the civil service; was supreme ruler in times of potential peril. And this was a time of potential peril. But there were some things he couldn't do when the Foreign Secretary was actually available. And the Duke in question was standing next to him.

And the Duke nodded. The cat might be amongst the pigeons, but one of those pigeons could switch from dove to a hawk within three seconds if the Watch Office commanded it.

"Time to evacuate Loufe," he remarked. It meant the end of this peace conference. But something was far too wrong to allow the immediate return of peace. Who was this Rhodesean delegate and what was the FNS Khaliz doing off Mizrad?

The Watch Officer nodded his agreement, and barked out a string of orders. They watched as the helicopter stopped, a mere half-mile from the vans, and twirled around, launching a drone to keep an eye on the truck in question, which couldn't expect to escape a helicopter. The agents on the ground needed to get into the air quickly, before Loufe had a chance to respond. They had first priority.

A telegram was being sent to the Marshal: prepared earlier by some unknown bureaucrat, just in case.

From Ms. Forpolov, Deputy Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs; to Marshal Yuri Nikolaivich, Leader of the SFR of Loufe.

Your Excellency,

Greetings in the aftermath of this terrible attack. Our agents and the agents of peace in the City Hall have been attacked by persons unknown. Time is of the essence. We are hunting them in Krasnoejeroi. Your assistance would be preferred to your interference.

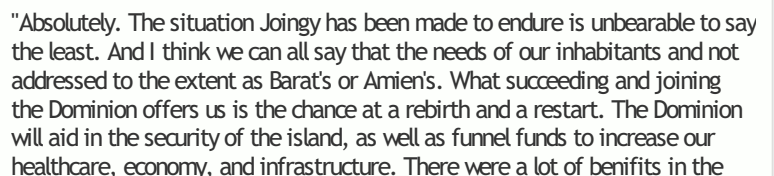
Regards,
Ms. Forpolov,
Deputy Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs,
The Imperial Commonwealth of Libraria and Ausitoria

P.s. Please note that we have a fighter wing entering your EEZ in three minutes

The helicopter approached what was left of the city hall, sending dust clouds flying, dropped a net, and the agents jumped in before anyone had a chance to stop them. And the helicopter roared into the sky to return to the chase. Who were those who had jumped out and were now heading towards the Airport, the Duke wondered, as the drone observed the chase?

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.

([20 purple boxes] [green box with circle and minus sign])



offer, and I'm glad that these weren't overlooked."

A little lost at first, Georgía looked at her notes, but quickly regained herself, "You kind of answered my last question with your previous response, but what benefits, or additional benefits do you see in the deal?"

"Well as I said, increase in our standard of living and much needed infrastructure improvements. Though what I think is the best 'pro' is being able to participate and send a delegation to help govern the Dominion. This gives Joigny the opportunity to play a more active role in the realm of international politics. We participate alongside notable nations, such as Feroxi, and join in this continental community that will bring us all together. Another benefit I see is the Dominion's military aspect. Individually, our nation's couldn't stand against a threat to our security, but together, we are up at the point that we can compete with the Mizradians and fair well."

"You mentioned the Mizradians as a competitor." Georgía said quickly jumping on Alexander's miss-wording, "Do you feel that these will be the main, and I use this term lightly, 'enemy' for the Dominion?"

"No, not in the least" "I was just using the Mizradian military's readiness as an envision of the potential of the Dominion's."

"It's been a pleasure talking to you. We will continue to hear your opinions in the time to come. Until then, I'm sending it to Alice who is in the center of it all, Alice?"

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[Roleplay Information](#)

Call me Naybra



Maverica
Minister

Posts: 2225
Founded: Jun 05, 2012
Ex-Nation

The Sea Soldiers!

by **Maverica** » Sat Mar 22, 2014 3:33 pm



Mizrad / Maverican Ocean

Admiral Jones was sleeping on a chair till a soldier woke him up.

"Admiral we got a message from Mizrad ships surrounding the Loufe fleet.

They want us to identify ourselves." Said the soldier.

"Tell them nothing! We will attack that fleet and sink it! Order the men to get ready for battle! We are close enough!" Replied Admiral Jones.

The soldier saluted and ran to tell everyone.

Jones got up and looked on the radar. He seen the whole Mizrad fleet on it. He picked up his binoculars and looked towards the Mizrad fleet. The Maverican ships aimed their missiles, torpedoes, and cannons at the Mizrad fleet. As the ships were getting ready for battle the Maverican F-29 fighters stood on stand by to attack any enemy aircraft.

As the Maverican planes got in place Admiral Jones knew the time was right. He picked up the radio and yelled.

"Let's give it to them boys!" In the radio. Almost instantly missiles, cannons and torpedoes were fired at the Mizrad fleet. Admiral Jones looked in his binoculars towards the Mizrad fleet as the Maverican ships opened fired on the Mizrads.

Maverican Lines on Mizrad / Maverican border

At the Maverican HQ General Henry was reading scouting reports taken from Maverican soldiers looking out into the Mizrad line from Maverican lines. Just then General Johnson walked into the small bunker.

"Sir! Another division of troops have reached our lines. Our forces now number up to 270,000 men." Said Johnson as he sat down on a barrel. General Henry looked up at Johnson.

"Send a request for more men. Also get me Major Brando!" Said Henry. Johnson saluted and ran off to find Major Brando. He walked into a trench filled with highlanders. He kept walking till he reached the 25th Highlander Battalion. The group of soldiers were well trained soldiers. Most were veterans of the 1st Mizrad-Maverican war. As Johnson looked he seen a officer giving a cigar to a soldier. Johnson walked up to him.

"Are you Major Brando?" Said General Johnson.

"Johnson! I thought you were at Brandy Island living the life!" Yelled Major Brando as he shook his hand.

"Well nice to see you Brando. The Old General wants to see you." Said General Johnson.

Brando put his pistol in his holster.

"Well something is up. He does not ask me for something usually." Brando replied.

"You better be getting in your way Brando. I will see ya around!" Said General Johnson as he walked away.

Brando walked out of the trench and towards the HQ. Before he entered the bunker two guards saluted to him. He saluted back as he entered the bunker. There in the corner was General Henry.

"Hello Major Brando. Sit down please." Said General Henry.

"Yes sir. What can I do for you?" Brando said as he sat down.

"I have a mission for you. This truce can not last forever and I want to strike first." Said Henry.

"Go on sir." Said Brando as he gave a cigar to Henry.

"No thank you. I want to try to break through the Mizrad defenses at Avery Valley so we can move troops around and flank the Mizrads." Said Henry.

"Sir I see one problem though. If we are to attack the Avery valley it is just suicide!" Said Brando as he smoked on the cigar.

"Ah! But that is were you come in. If we can gain control of the surrounding mountains we can gain control of the valley." Said Henry.

"Genius! But we need to get control of the air if we want to attack though." Said Brando

"I know I am working on it. But you and your men will be moved to the left flank. Good day." Henry said.

Major Brando and General Henry both saluted. Brando walked out of the bunker then and walked to his men's position. When he got there he got his men together.

"Men! We are moved to the left flank so we must go now!" Said Brando.

His men got their stuff together and started to march towards the Maverican left flank defenses.

As they left the HQ camp the Maverican military band marched forward and began to play the national anthem of Maverica.

Maverican Outpost Left Flank of Maverican Lines.

A soldier looked out across vast desert. His name was Sgt. Trandler. He was the commander of a small outpost on the Maverican/Mizrad border that guarded one of the few roads that connected the two countries. Suddenly he seen a cloud of dust out in the Mizrad side of the border coming towards him.

"Men! I think the Mizrads are coming! Look." Said Sgt. Troy pointing to the cloud of dust. His men loaded their weapons. But as the cloud came closer he seen that it was a truck with a Maverican flag on.

"Hold your fire boys! I think it is one of our boys." He said.

Troy stood up out of his fox hole. He had 2 other soldier come with him as Troy walked towards the truck. He walked 20 feet out till he stopped and let the ford truck come to him. He was ready for anything.

Brandy Island Secret Lab.

The engineers were working all around the clock on the new prototype plane. But for maximum security more guards were put around the facility and even a new 20 mm auto cannon was put in place above the entrance. To speed up the research more scientists and engineers were hired. But as excitement was happening in the lab very few people knew anything about what was happening.

Philippians 2:14~Do everything without complaining, or arguing.

"We need to build a WALL!" ~ Donald Trump



Firmador
Minister

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

by **Firmador** » Sun Mar 23, 2014 3:28 am

QUOTE

SIC:

"There was only so much, so long, that could keep Capitalism standing."

"The travail of its ignorant working classes."

"Yes, but now we see."

"Oh, they over-extended."

"Mhm. And the time has come to ensnare them."

"The inextricable trap."

"Our Divisions?" President-for-Life Amar asked, in private consul with his second-in-command, Over-Chancellor Gregor 'the Bloody'.

"As per your request Active units are being railed to Fort William in northern Maverica. Has the official declaration of war been sent?"

"No, not yet. I want to keep most rail activity running only at night, only active units to be sent off and Reserve units to take their place. The Mizrads probably have some satellites over us, just as we do them. Intel reports from those?"

"Shit. There's just too much going on, they were a low priority. We only have one sat orbiting them daily."

"Task some."

"It should be difficult for them to notice. I'll have three re-orient in a spaced out period of three days."

"Good. Combat strength in Maverica?"

"227,000 troops, but no formations are organized. We're in the process of transitioning some air units into Maverica. But they don't have adequate hanger facilities to hide too much growth from Mizradian sats."

"Armor?"

"Five thousand tanks on rail, but we're moving an Armor army of one thousand LeClercs via tank-carrier from the highway. If anything, they're the most combat capable unit we have at the moment. At night, as would be expected."

"How long until full mobilization of the Maven Front?"

"Give or take two months until we have our one million men deployed. We never planned for this large of a deployment, Maverica or us. The railways and highways are going to be clogged soon, especially once Mizrad catches wind of all this."

"How's basing Loufe going?"

"Shit. All this is too new. We simply don't have the infrastructure for the massive scale of this international excursion. Plus, we've sent a fifth of a million oversea to Bvordsha not too long ago. With the eighty war vessels occupied in that errand, the multitude of other engagements across the globe we have with fellow Socialists, we can only send a small group of three carriers and thirty-nine warships to attempt a blockade."

"That will never be enough!"

"That's very true, our only hope is to knock out their anti-submarine capabilities in the initial stroke, withdraw and institute unrestricted naval warfare."

"And the repercussions of those?"

"We'll simply have to deal with that later."

"Leave me, Over-Chancellor. I have much to celebrate. Cc me on the private line of any new developments. You're right. This is all going too quickly. But we must act, there are no other ways about it."

[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.





Loufe
Diplomat

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

by **Loufe** » Mon Mar 24, 2014 5:10 am

QUOTE

The Mizradian-Maverican Sea

"Goddamit! There's fire coming from the Maverican ships!" shouted Commander Jovic, "*Can you tell me if the Mavericks are shooting or if they are being shot at?*" asks Jovic to the Radio Control. Promptly, the Radio Control answers, "*Thankfully, its the Mavericks shooting at the Mizradians. I suggest we hold our fire for a bit, and try to flank 'em as they are surely going to target us, the ships that they can actually see.*"

"I'm not sure that would work." says Jovic, "We can't just flank them when we're stuck in the middle of gunfire and missile attacks!" Jovic thinks to himself, "We'll need to use the cruise missiles."

"Get the missiles ready!" he shouts.

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311 posts • Page 10 of 13 • 1 ... 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

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