

by Max Barry



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Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Fri Mar 06, 2015 7:08 am



Tyland Island

"Moves, and counter-moves..." Muttered Admiral Sir George Cutting as he read the latest intel reports.

"Sir?" Asked one of the bridge crew who'd overheard him.

"Just the musings of an old sea dog." Replied Cutting. "As you were."

"Aye sir." The sailor nodded and went back to his task, leaving Cutting to loose himself in his thoughts again. Deciding that it would probably to relocate to a more quieter area to be alone with his thoughts, Cutting exited the bridge and headed out to the exterior platform that ran around it. From out here he could see down onto the flight deck of the *Audacious* class aircraft carrier HSS *Eagle*, plus the other ships of the Commonwealth fleet. There was close to a thousand vessels assembled here; six other *Audacious* fleet carriers aside from the *Eagle*, four of the smaller *Centaur* class commando carriers, the *Vanguard* class battleship HSS *Valiant*, seventeen *Tiger* class cruisers, over a hundred or so destroyers and frigates of differing classes, four dedicated troop transports and over five hundred other vessels including landing ships, tankers, supply ships, landing craft, minesweepers and submarines. Total troops were something like 150,000 soldiers of the Morridane 5th Army and the First New Garrack Army, plus the 3rd Commando Division of the Royal Morridane Marines. Such a large fleet required a great of organisation and Cutting expected it would be a few days before the entire fleet was under way as various ships set sail in order, though he doubted that he would ever see anything like it again in his lifetime even if this was the first wave.

It was a huge risk sending a large part of the Royal Morridane Navy and part of its New Garrack counterpart north to assemble them here at this remote outpost, it certainly weakened the naval presence in the Commonwealth's home waters. But Cutting was more surprised that they'd managed to pull this off given the length of time the fleet had been sat here, though he guessed that the Kessler Cascade caused by a Imbrinium ASAT attack almost a year ago was a blessing in disguise as it probably meant alot of the Imbrinium spy satellites had been knocked out. Still, it remained to be seen whether the Imbriniums even knew of this fleet or the fact that it was now sailing south. They would in for a world of trouble should the Imbriniums spot them early but Cutting was hoping, praying even, that the first the Imbriniums knew of the fleet was when the Morridane soldier landed on their northern beaches.

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Wanderjar
Ambassador

Posts: 1895
Founded: Feb 17, 2006
Ex-Nation

by **Wanderjar** » Sat Mar 07, 2015 10:01 pm

QUOTE

Castledose

Lieutenant Piet Kruger noted with pleasure that they had finally arrived at their intended point of interception with the army of Imbrinium. A bombed out village flew their flag, and Imbrinium soldiers patrolled the outer perimeter with due attention. He called out in English to get their attention, stating calmly, 'Comrades! We are Afrikaners and allies! Do not shoot us!' and waiting for them to turn to sight. He waved the platoon forward, and Lieutenant (j.g) Riaan du Toit lead them out of the dense forest they'd traversed all night.

Kruger was somewhat annoyed that they had been slightly behind the schedule he had intended, but given the nature of their mission it was quite irrelevant. He moved forward, being recognized by the allied soldiers and asked for their patrol leader. A soldier stepped forward and introduced himself as a corporal. Kruger asked him to point him in the direction of the battalion commander's tactical operations center (TOC).

When the soldier had explained how to arrive there, and cautioned the NCDU operators to take care as Castledose militias were still operating in the area, the twenty-three man platoon set out to locate them. Turning down an alley, Kruger aimed his FN CFGR carbine rifle around the corner to check for hostiles and moved quickly through. At the other side, they diagonally crossed a street and entered yet another alley before coming across the outer perimeter of the battalion command position. When they had verified their credentials to the outer picket, they were motioned through a roadway which led to what had been a police station and was now the temporary command post.

Entering the doorway and into a spacious room filled with desks and a stairway in the rear, he was directed to move up the staircase and head to a room down a long corridor to the left. Before walking up the stairs, he saw Imbrinium soldiers hurrying about, converting the place into a suitable command center for the area they were occupying. He told his Chief Petty Officer to have the men relax any way they could for a bit, while he and the XO Lieutenant du Toit touched base with Imbrinium commanders.

The TOC was filled with more desks and communications equipment, maps and tactical displays. Markers showed the location of subordinate commands of the battalion and their intended positions. The battalion commander, a lieutenant colonel, was seated in one such desk talking loudly into a radio phone when the Lieutenant approached. The colonel looked over his shoulder and gestured that he'd only be a minute, and the Lieutenant nodded patiently. After finished, the colonel turned, and Kruger saluted.

'Lieutenant Piet Kruger, Royal Afrikaner Naval Combat Demolitions Unit Team 15,' he said, introducing himself. The lieutenant colonel returned the salute and shook his hand.

'Well, I can honestly say I'm surprised to see you guys here, didn't know you all were getting involved.' The man's face was of an intensity that showed years of hard earned experience in a combat branch of a major world power, and his shined bald head and sharp features gave physical evidence to the man's own discipline.

'Officially, we aren't, sir,' Kruger replied casually. 'But our government honors its commitment to allies and wanted to send even a token force to give support anyway it can. That's why we're here. Point us in the direction you want and we'll be on our way. A few other platoons are moving in from other areas to do similar things. We were to make contact with the first major command we found and make ourselves useful.'

'That's good to hear son,' the Colonel replied. 'We're getting cozy in this little town at the moment. There's some insurgent activity but nothing to significant. A few kilometers north is the front line though, you could probably cause some hell for the Castillians or root out some of these fucking Castledose militias. Up to you really,' he said shrugging. He paused for a moment and handed Kruger a paper after writing on it with a nearby pen. 'This is our radio frequency. Connect with my comms staff and we'll get you into the system. We need something from you, we'll let you know. Likewise goes for you though Lieutenant.'

'Thank you, sir,' Kruger said, nodding. With that, the Lieutenant exited the room after giving the Colonel a salute. He and the lads needed a rest after the night long movement to this position. After that, they'd work on their next move to help this battalion win it's little piece of the war.

MT

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Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Thu Mar 12, 2015 6:10 am

QUOTE

Lilyshire Air Base, Castille de Italia

The still night air was broken by the whine of a pair of Rolls-Royce Sprey turbofan engines as a RMAF Blackburn Buccaneer came into land, the first of many that would be arriving throughout the night. Another Morridane aircraft, a Short Belfast, had arrived earlier carrying a RMAF advance party of ground crew and RMAF Regiment soldiers along with a load of [Sea Eagle missiles](#). About two thirds of the thirty six Buccaneers, of what was No.57 (Maritime) Wing RMAF, also carried four of the Sea Eagles each whilst the remaining twelve Buccaneers had been configured as aerial tankers. The reason for No.57 Wing's presence here was simple, the principle of "*The Enemy Of My Enemy Is My Friend*". The Commonwealth did not trust the Castillians, but saw an opportunity to do some damage to the Imbrinium Navy and took it. There would be, of course, be a sizeable RMAF Regiment presence of a full field squadron and an air defence flight equipped with Rapier SAMs which were to be flown out on further Short Belfast flights.

For as long as the air base remained safe the Buccaneers would carry out round the clock sorties against the Imbrinium fleet, the strike aircraft making full use of their low-flying characteristics by almost skimming the wave tops to get in under Imbrinium radar. The 'strike' would be six aircraft in total, though split into three groups of two aircraft each that would approach the Imbrinium fleet from different directions. Each aircraft would fire off a single Sea Eagle at a time during their attack, but had the option off firing off more missiles if the chance arose. Their main targets were anti-air defence vessels and carriers, supply ships were also high on the list but other vessels were considered to be secondary targets that could be attacked if the opportunity presented itself. For the Buccaneer aircrews it would be an intense deployment, their success or failure would determine whether any additional aircraft and crews would be sent out to join them.

HQ Mordent, Lindun

Lieutenant-General Gerald Walters was not in a particularly happy mood, having your area of responsibility being invaded was not exactly helpful to one's mood. The attack had been expected and Walters' troops had prepared best they could but had to do so with one arm tied behind their back to avoid arousing suspicions from the Imbriniums, there wasn't a strong enough defensive force on the Trans-Mordent Border as Walters would've wanted and now the Imbriniums were making some headway taking back land they'd lost in the abortive Morridane invasion of the previous year. Walters was forced to throw units into the line simply to halt the Imbrinium advance before he could even consider launching a counter-attack of his own. He needed something to buy himself some breathing room that the Imbriniums wouldn't expect, certainly something that they wouldn't be prepared for. An idea struck him and he snapped at a passing aide. "You! We still have a stockpile of riot gas yes?"

"Erm...I...I'll find out right away sir!" The aide hastily saluted before scrambling off to find the answer to Walters' question.

CS gas, Walters remembered it from his younger days in the Army being used to quell riots in Mordent. During a particularly nasty three day long riot he recalled thousands of canisters being fired by the Morridane Army resulting in a sort of thick fog covering the Cragside Estate for days afterwards, something that at the time made him glad of his gas mask. When the Imbriniums originally invaded Mordent a few years back the stockpile was

removed by the Morridane Army as it was pulled out, later reinstated when the Imbriniums handed West Mordent back over to the Commonwealth and Walters doubted whether the Imbriniums knew of its existence. The other factor that played into his hand was the fact that the Commonwealth had always obeyed the laws of war, least when it came to unconventional weapons amongst other things. Whilst the Imbrinium tank crews and mechanized infantry would be protected by their own vehicles, Walters doubted that the average Imbrinium infantryman would not be which would be critical to his plan. If he could non-lethally incapacitate a large chunk of the Imbrinium forces then the situation would improve dramatically in the Commonwealth's favour.

Last edited by [Morrdh](#) on Thu Mar 12, 2015 7:13 am, edited 1 time in total.

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Imbrinium
Diplomat

Posts: 589
Founded: Mar 03, 2008
Ex-Nation

by [Imbrinium](#) » Thu Mar 12, 2015 2:54 pm

QUOTE

Deep within the 2nd army's HQ the battle was playing out on screens and on a 3d computer model that was in the middle of the room. The battle was going to plan the cavalry and armored divisions were doing well and swiping enemy units to the sides at first the fight was getting harder as the shock subsided and the Morridane military got their shit together.

The first wave of the 20th Corps had regained land lost in the last conflict and now was moving to gain new ground. The 21st corps was moving into position to be the second wave to invade west. The first of the cavalry units were moving into the first villages and seeing combat operations, the second platoon of the 3rd troop of the 22nd cavalry div were moving into the first village the Morridane forces there were ready to fight the village. The first in units where MA9A2s mobile guns support by the Recon and infantry models, some light armored vehicles were destroyed right off in the first blocks of the battle.

UAVs deployed by infantry were sending live intelligence of where some armor vehicles were stationed and some troop movements. The plan was simple move in and the village street by street block by block, and push the Morridane's out. To backup the cavalry units were battalions from the 7th light infantry and the 3rd armored divisions, two platoons of the armored division moved into the first blocks backing up the cavalry units, the fighting was picking up and there was wounded starting to pile up plus fourteen dead.

The skies over the country were faring a lot better, M.Cs 82s and the F/A 60 aircraft were working with LY-908,909s and 910s based inside East Mordent where pounding ground targets as well taking on the RMAF aircraft. The fleet air arm was busy taking on countering any aircraft from getting to close to the fleet and getting close in attacks on the RMN ships. The only heavy bombers left in East Mordent were two squadrons of naval bombers which were now being geared to strike the RMN ships. The new RMAF's LY-909s were handing out some punches but their numbers were not effective enough, the older aircraft caused more of a headache mainly cause of their numbers but it would only take a short time have air superiority. Command and control aircraft were heavily guarded and kept away from harm. The lessons learned from the last invasion by Morrdh forces and the runaways were being protected, the goal was to knock out West Mordent airfields, and either sink or push the carriers away from the area to limit their impact on the battle.

When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Gente Del Agua
Envoy

Posts: 259
Founded: Oct 20, 2006
Ex-Nation

by [Gente Del Agua](#) » Thu Mar 12, 2015 7:01 pm

QUOTE

SIC

Ernesto, a green volunteer, was proud of the service he was going to do for his country. Three months and a half they said, then they'd hit land. He looked up at the large barges, some "opened" oil tankers were being fitted with T-90s and Sprut-D tank destroyers. Their crews rumbled about among the common infantry until they were put on the more humane oil tank lodgings. Ernesto,

everyone, was butt naked. That was to say, they had no arms on them, not even a pistol. Everything was stashed away on other ships that had already set sail when Imperialist Imbrinium began its unnecessary invasion of Castledose. Obviously Nicaro-Firmador's purposes were far more noble. Tens of thousands of guns would arrive a few days in advance of the main army of ten thousand guerilla fighters, a mix of professional and new Internationalists and soldiers. They would be followed by more, in a steady stream of increasingly defended escorts waylaid at San Castello. At the very least, that was the current operational plan.

Fighting in San Castello had already been dictated, it was now a matter of cleaning house. Even the limited forces already deployed there, and they would be strengthened, were nothing compared to the DANC's strength in the region. While the government continued to broil over, one dilemma took greater presence among the brass. The DANC issue. On one hand you had an entrenched and effective guerilla fighting force that more often than not proved to be beneficial and promote the Paradise's agenda. On the other, they could ostracize Nicaro-Firmador from the increasingly important agricultural markets. Fur trapping, especially of the mink and beaver variety, was a new export promising huge sectors of growth for the sheer overpopulation. Then, there was the Afrikaner Wanderjaren state, which was a far greater potential ally, strategically based to bypass dependence on both Lamoni and Lyrans trade routes for eastern trade and a legitimate cause to boot.

The next round of troops would make way to northern coastal San Castello where they would establish a series of military bases, including a huge static sensor blimp for detection of Wanderjaren take offs and flights passed the border. Nicaroan fighters, professionals in San Castello, would find themselves increasingly establishing an emplaced military training school in a north-eastern port where most of their contacts would be held with the DANC. In exchange for this relative freedom, this gift if one would, Nicaro-Firmador secretly offered DANC high command to deploy soon-to-be-retired, and in some cases, soon-to-be-re-retired, Nakil tanks. While they were of high quality the crews were slowly being retrained to operate tank hunter-killer HIFVs and smaller cannon-based assault guns based on a doctrine of extremely high and equally distributed mechanized mobility amongst all ground forces. Assault guns provided a cheap and less difficult to man tank destroying platform. It was along the lines of the old greek phalanx, with weak flanks necessary to be covered or all would be lost.

In fact, this was becoming the mainline path for the brass, which was de facto in charge of huge swaths of foreign affairs policy once deployed and mandated by the nation's commander-in-chief, Gregor 'the Bloody'. They would dump immense amounts of military aid into all sectors of the DANC fight, mostly centered around the aging and costly to maintain Harrier IIs and retired T-64As, with lesser amounts of T-90s and Sprut-Ds. Many older vessels remained, few for museum value, most operating on a poorly thought-out leasing program for retired naval ships. These would be, almost unanimously, the old Arleigh Burke class frigates that used to see combat across the globe in the name of "The Global Revolution". As talks with DANC leaders, vague as they usually were, drew out the rebel commanders would find themselves inundated with offers of almost-free equipment and technical support in exchange for basing rights in San Castello. Even if they purchased, say, the vessels for the stated price, the rebels could easily make millions on the resale alone.

With this supply deluge it was hoped that once the DANC needed to be betrayed, primarily the San Castello enclave to biased international police states like Lamoni and Lyrans, they would be able to weather the storm using the indirect funds and hard assets dispersed amongst the organization. Bridges would be burned, but DANC would still destabilize the regions wanted by the government and resurging agro-markets and overall trade wouldn't be threatened. The plan had its detractors, even if it was the one mostly being put into play, and they centered around a possible DANC-supported campaign in the future Nicaroan occupied Castledose along with some elements of home grown terrorism sponsored by these mavericks. But, due primarily to the heavy racism against the 'nigger' in the nation, most of the brass felt comfortable with the current course of action.

The ignorant Ernesto stepped forward, once from a huge cloistered mob, to a clamoring line-ladder leading to what would be his home for the next four months. Another step. He was getting closer to the mountains of Castledose.

Where he wouldn't like his AK-74. No, the mountains would be sniper land. Treacherous. Him, and probably most of his friends, would shed blood and drop for their country, for Internationalism, to gain a few thousand more square kilometers. If that. The barge itself look diseased, supply crates stacked in the middle with the green paint chipping unevenly across. He had no idea he'd be shitting off the bow and lose touch with toilet paper for the next four months.

Last edited by [Gente Del Agua](#) on Fri Mar 13, 2015 3:04 pm, edited 3 times in total.



Imbrinium
Diplomat

Posts: 589
Founded: Mar 03, 2008
Ex-Nation

by [Imbrinium](#) » Fri Mar 13, 2015 4:10 pm



At D+2 the fight was still going on with units calling in stating that they were fighting more regular type forces instead of just militia. The first UAVs and soldier images from the front where coming and the commanders where seeing patches and it wasn't what the commanders wanted to see.

"What the fuck is that there?"

"Where Sir"

"Right fucking there that patch on that dead soldier"

"Sir I believe that's a Castilian army patch sir"

"I know what the fuck are they doing this far north, where was the intelligence on these guys at, we are fighting regular army soldiers from Castille, I need HQ's on the line now!"

When the news got back to Fleet command HQs and made its way to the Crown the ball got dropped on the intelligence that this mission was based off of and it was going to be pretty. When in an hour after the intelligence failure was noticed a message from the Castilian Government with a Declaration of war against the Crown, the Crown and parliament assembled for a emergency meeting about the now war in Castledclose.

After a late night in debate over the operation the crown, voted to halt all combat operations and seek a ceasefire and withdraw of forces due to the lack of intelligence before operation took place. The King and prime minister where upset to a degree yet seen, after the parliament meeting the Crown requested the director of the Imbrinium intelligence agency and the top naval commanders to the castle, and after an hour everyone had arrived the meeting was short and to the point.

"Ladies and gentlemen we are here this early in the morning because of failures, failures on my part as a leader not to making sure that a foreign power wasn't already in former Castledclose. The other failure is on you my intelligence agencies, the failure of the IIA and naval intelligence are costing lives of our young service members. That is unacceptable to me, and it should be to you. So what I'm going to do is fire you all of you, I expect your offices handed over by the close of business tomorrow. I will try to dig our way out of the hole you all have dig for this kingdom."

D+3

The morning started off quietly the hold on combat operations except in defense only, had held units dig in where they could and sat, the ground commander requested UAV and aircraft intelligence flights to give a complete picture of what was in for the day. Early reports showed a large counter force south of the marine force.

Marine's light armored recon units where just down the street of the Territorial Office, they seen the white flags and the upside down castille flag. The LAR reported what they have seen and requested orders on what to do. It didn't take long for orders to be sent back to the LAR platoon to make contact with those inside the compound and request a meeting between their highest ranking personal and the commanders of the IAF.

The unit moved up slowly with a small squad level UAV to look around on the roof tops to make sure that this wasn't a trap. The squad leader got on a PA system and talked inside the compound.

"I am Sgt Boni with the RIM, my commanders would like a meeting with your

leadership how do you respond?"

When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Mon Mar 16, 2015 8:03 am



Trans-Mordent Border

Never has a town in the Commonwealth suffered as much as Moorby has in the wars fought over Mordent, what was once a thriving market town was now a collection of burnt out ruins, rubble, wrecked vehicles and other debris of war. Even though it was little more than a ghost town, War had stubbornly refused to release its grip upon the town until it had sounded its final death rattle. The Morridane Army had taken full advantage of the town's battle scarred state and incorporated it into its border defences, where the streets were once filled with people they were now filled with barbed wire, tank traps and landmines scattered amongst the ruins. The various cellars and sewer tunnels of the town had been adapted and reinforced to make them into a bunker system to house munitions stores, whilst a large playing field or recreation ground on the western side of Moorby had been turned into a firebase housing 105 mm howitzers and some Rapier SAM batteries.

But now the Morridane Army was pulling out.

It wasn't a disorderly route of a beaten army, rather the withdrawal of an army acting under orders. Part of the reason was to give some ground in order to shorten the Morridane Army's defensive line in front of prepared positions, the other reason was that Moorby was about to play an important role in Lieutenant-General Walters' plans. As Morridane infantry fought from dug in positions to the east of the town, sappers of the Royal Morridane Engineers went about setting up demolition charges throughout the ruins of Moorby and the tons of munitions that sat below it. In effect Moorby was being turned into a giant booby-trap with tons of explosives sat beneath the Morridanes' lines of retreat, enough to inflict severe casualties when they were detonated. Every effort was made to lure the Imbriniums into the trap, chiefly in the form of a fighting withdrawal by Morridane soldiers who kept firing potshots with their SLRs to keep the attentions of the Imbrinium soldiers.

Once the last Morridane soldier cleared the town and the first Imbrinium was spotted on the western outskirts of the ruins, that was when the Morridane sappers detonated the explosions. At first the town seemed to heave before a gigantic fireball ripped through the ruins as a deafening roar of thunder rolled out, the very earth itself shook as the piles of munitions cooked off. Moorby's death rattle was both heard and felt far and wide, making it amongst one of the largest non-atomic manmade explosions in history. A great cloud of dust and smoke rose hundreds of feet into the air, a moment later the first debris from the explosion started raining down in chunks of dirt and unfortunates caught in the blast. Where Moorby once stood, now there was only a massive crater that the Morridanes rushed to occupy before the shell shocked Imbriniums had the chance to recover.

~ ~ ~

Elsewhere the Morridanes were employing guerilla tactics in the form of a series of ambushes to slow and wear down the Imbriniums, never committing to full battle as they nipped at the Imbriniums' flanks. Much like at Moorby efforts were made to lure Imbriniums into traps, either an ambush, pre-sighted artillery or over land mines. In the skies roving packs of [Westland Lynx helicopters](#) armed with TOW missiles sought out Imbrinium armoured units to deal with, often co-ordinating their attacks with ambushes made by Morridane tanks. The Morridanes were determined to make it clear regardless of whether West Mordent fell it would be a tough fight for the Imbriniums.

A lot of it was designed to keep the Imbriniums busy.

With each ambush small units of the Morridane SAS attempted to seek through the lines whilst the Imbriniums were kept distracted, their job was to target weaker second line units and generally wreck havoc with the Imbrinium battle

lines. The SAS teams other objective was to identify priority targets for artillery and air support to deal with, plus disrupting enemy communications where they could. All the while Lieutenant-General Walters' plan was shifting into gear, a stockpile of smoke rounds had been placed up and down the line for artillery and mortar batteries to cover most of the Imbrinium lines in smoke. Then using the smoke as cover, thousands of CS gas canisters would be fired into the Imbrinium battle lines where it would be masked by the smoke until it was too late. The Morridanes were under orders to wait until the smokescreen had been formed before donning their gas masks, partially to keep the Imbriniums in the dark and partially it was expected that enemy fire would slacken off considerably.

As the first smoke rounds were fired off it was time to see whether the plan worked.

~ ~ ~

A relief force with 50,000 troops, hundreds of tanks and two squadrons of Sparrowhawks had set sail from Morrdh and was taking a long northern route round to reach Mordent. The part-time soldiers of the Mordent Defence Regiment had started to be mobilized, made up of some twenty battalions the MDR counted for some 15,000 soldiers to help bolster the Morridane battle lines.

Fort Bainsbury, Imbrinium Occupied (East) Mordent

The Fort Bainsbury Guildhall was a stout, stone building with flint facing that had served at the seat of government in eastern Mordent for over two centuries. As well as housing the local government, it also housed a law court as well as civic records. It was often seen as the heart and centre of Fort Bainsbury, which was a shame far as Captain Wenlock was concerned. He and [his team](#) had crossed over into East Mordent a couple of months prior and made contact with some of the local militants that were harbouring anti-Imbrinium feelings, Commonwealth Intelligence had already done much of the legwork in identifying the groups and supplying them with military grade weapons. The Imbrinium invasion in the west played quite nicely into the mission, effectively to spark a revolt against Imbrinium rule in East Mordent and the Guildhall was going to be that spark.

Having parked their car opposite the building, Wenlock and a couple of men got out and crossed the road whilst the fourth man stayed in the driver's seat. Each of them wore long coats, not unusual given the chill at this time of year, but the coats concealed the suppressed Sterling SMGs that each man carried but hoped they wouldn't actually fire. Another three men, similarly dressed and armed, emerged from a car parked further down the road and were another SAS team that was supporting Wenlock's mission. Every man was a veteran who'd volunteered, knowing full well the risks involved and what might happen if they were caught. But Wenlock could not hope for more capable men, each knew their tasks and had the means to carry them out. Once inside the entrance lobby of the Guildhall, Wenlock nodded and the men pulled out their SMGs as the Captain called out. *"YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE! WE ARE NOT HERE TO HARM ANYONE, SO PLEASE LAY FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR AND YOU WILL NOT BE HURT! THANK YOU!"*

There were cries of alarm, but when the staff saw that Wenlock's men were armed and meant business they meekly obeyed Wenlock's command. Satisfied, Wenlock nodded to his men and four of them headed off leaving Wenlock and two men to guard the entrance hall. Out of the three who headed off, one was to act as lookout on the upper floor whilst the other two headed for the roof leaving a couple of guards on the way. The sole man who made it up onto the roof sought out the flagpole located there and tore down the Imbrinium, then ran up the Commonwealth Jack in its stead. As a parting measure the man set the Guildhall's brass bell ringing to attract attention to the Morridane flag now flying from the mast, meanwhile Wenlock and his men made their escape.

Admiral Cutting watched as the rating took down the message transmitted by the signal lamp on a nearby ship, it was primitive and time consuming but it was vital to maintain radio silence at this stage. But Cutting did not need the rating to tell him the message for he had spent more time than he cared to admit using a signal lamp, he was able to read the message being flashed and knew that the first landing crafts were now being cast off having been loaded with troops. Other than the waves lapping against the iron hulls of his ships, it was virtually silent. The guns of his warships had not fired in anger and weren't likely to any time soon, likewise the flight deck of the HSS *Eagle* was quiet save for the crew manhandling aircraft around the deck best they could in the dark. It was Cutting's own idea in addition to radio silence, treat the cover of darkness as a friend and use it to get most of the troops ashore before the enemy realized what was happening. When their ruse was up it would be like all hell had broken loose when the warships were finally let loose with their guns, but at this stage they would do things the stealthy way.

Once ashore the troops would push inland, though trying to avoid making contact until the Morridanes had a firm foothold which could be resupplied and reinforced. The plan was that by the time the Imbriniums discovered the invasion the Morridane troops would already be dug in, part of that plan did involve cutting communications in the form of knocking out radio stations, cutting power lines and taking out telephone hubs in order to keep the Imbriniums in the dark for as long as possible. It was certainly hoped that most of the six divisions of LY4A1 Wolfhound MBTs the invasion force processed would be ashore before the Morridanes were discovered. But as long as they could hold out for another day or so for the second wave to arrive then they could see about properly securing ports and airfields, the latter was particularly important to reduce the workload of the carriers.

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - [Factbook](#)

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Stevid
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevid** » Fri Mar 20, 2015 4:02 am



TF 25 20 Miles SW of West Mordent

Despite the continued aggression in the island, TF 25 had yet to really introduce itself. The Empire was still playing for time, peace talks had not yet officially begun and had to do so before the war could either continue or end. But Morrdh, unfortunately, had distanced itself from the conflict in Stevidian S. Greal and thus the Empire viewed the spat between the Crown Kingdom and the Morridane Commonwealth as a separate affair. Had Morrdh heeded the Stevidian rally call at the beginning of this new Dienstadii War, the Stevidian Army Group would still be in Mordent and Imbrinium would not be so on the front foot in mordent.

Despite the political wrangling The Empire was still allied to Morrdh even though military's hands were tied in order to prevent direct support. Stevid had already voiced her concerns on the Morrdh's chances of victory in Mordent and had so TF 25 had orders to annihilate ports in western Mordent should the enemy be poised to take them. This preventative measure would only be taken if Morridane forces evacuated before hand and if there was little to no chance of retaking the port. The whole idea behind this was to prevent the enemy getting access to modern port facilities that would directly challenge Stevidian naval supremacy in central Greater Dienstad; an accolade the Holy Empire was unwilling to lose. It would mean firing on friendly positions but would be the scapegoat the Empire needed in order to deny Imbrinium the chances to take the ports whilst not actually firing on Imbrinium forces.

In addition to this task force was providing some limited humanitarian relief to some of the harder hit areas of Mordent. The heavy lift helicopters from the carriers ferried medical supplies to the territory and even conveyed wounded to the *HMS Trident* assault ship, which had dedicated hospital facilities on board.

Furthermore a rare request had been received from Morrdh requesting additional aircraft to help fight in the conflict. The Empire was reluctant to deliver the more specialised types of vehicle to Morrdh, especially the 5th and 6th generation aircraft that would require months of training and huge teams of dedicated Stevidian Air Force men and women to assist Morridane pilots to grips with the aircraft. It was decided instead to deliver the Sabré GR.1 strike aircraft employed by Stevidian light carriers. The aircraft was designed as a cheap export aircraft but a brilliant service record as a capable naval attackers, land strike aircraft and even fighter meant that it had been adopted by most of the Royal Navy's light carriers, especially those in the 10th Fleet where 5th Gen aircraft would generally be overkill in small world hotspots.

Three hundred of these aircraft would eventually make their way into Mordent in dribs and drabs using the carriers of TF 25 as a stopping off point before continuing the final short leg of the journey.

[\[Stevid Embassy Exchange Programme\]](#) | [\[Stevid MoD\]](#) | [\[REANIMATION DIRECTIVE \(Nov. 2014\)\]](#) | [\[Craxx Archipelago Colonial Signup Thread\]](#) | [\[SeaCul - Oil & Gas Exploitation\]](#) | [\[SternGuard - Private Military Contractor\]](#)



Lyras
Ambassador

Posts: 1145
Founded: Jul 26, 2004
Iron Fist Consumerists

by **Lyras** » Fri Mar 20, 2015 4:21 pm

QUOTE

It would take some time to become known to the wider world. It wasn't dramatic, in a physical sense. There were no explosions, no fleet launches, no assertive open messages to the leaders or parliaments of neighbouring nations.

It was really a simple thing, but, at a stroke, incorporated nearly a million square kilometers of territory into the Protectorate.

TO: LYRAN UNITS TPF
FROM: EXECUTIVE COMMAND

AS OF 1000 21 MAR 2015 FORMER TPF TERRITORY WEST OF 22ND MERIDIAN IS INCORPORATED INTO LYRAN PROTECTORATE. PEACEKEEPING FORCES PRESENT WILL BE RELIEVED AND RE-DEPLOYED AS PER INTEGRATION PROTOCOL 1 OCT 2010.

TPR TERRITORY EAST OF 22ND MERIDIAN IS INCORPORATED INTO GALLIC SOCIAL REPUBLIC OF VARESSA. LYRAN UNITS EAST OF 22nd MERIDIAN WILL HANDOVER DUTIES TO ON-STATION VARESSAN PEACEKEEPING FORCES UPON VARESSAN CONFIDENCE OF MAINTENANCE OF CIVIL ORDER.

QUESTIONS TO EXECUTIVE COMMAND.

ENDS

Lyro-Varessan forces had kept the peace within the territory of TPF for five years, since the collapse of government within that state. Internal strife had climaxed with the Port Finch nuclear incident, with a nuclear weapon being detonate aboard a TPF-flagged bulk-cargo carrier inside the harbour of the largest Lyran shipyard.

The Lyran response had involved putting the 7th and 19th Orders across the straights, with over 300,000 aircraft, supplemented by the 2nd and 9th from the south. At that distance from the Protectorate, with no organised central government or military command structure, the rebels and insurgents within

the former TPF-Reich had collapsed quickly, though civil disorder and criminality had continued in areas devoid of Lyran presence. At Lyran invitation, Varessan peacekeepers had joined the mission... now, with no legitimate government, and a well expressed reluctance on the part of the domestic population of TPF (long-allies of the Protectorate and generally aghast at the conduct of those who launched the initial attack) to be left to their own devices, the territories were being officially annexed, divided along the 22nd meridian.

Nothing would change overnight. But the Protectorate, the source of food, education and security for TPF for 5 years, would now be the only official government of the western half of that country. Integration would take time, and patience, and it was expected that many people would choose to emigrate to the Varessan-controlled east, but that was regarded as acceptable. Lyras bore TPF no malice, and the peacekeeping had been conducted with restraint, and with generally reciprocally positive sentiments.

Quotes

[Lyran Arms](#) - [Lambda Financial](#) - [Foreign Holdings](#) - [Tracker](#) - [Photo](#) - [OOC sentiments](#)



Lord Sumguy
Spokesperson

Posts: 133
Founded: Apr 27, 2007
Ex-Nation

by **Lord Sumguy** » Sun Mar 22, 2015 12:52 pm



Morrdun, Morrdh

A bright and warm day lingered over Morrdun, the sun glinting off of office buildings and national monuments across the city. It was a quiet and peaceful day, at least for an urban center, and one would not think to guess upon first impression that this city was the center of a commonwealth embroiled in war. Amidst such a setting and pining for the cooler temperatures of his own hometown, Mufti of the Order of Megiddo Dr. Amir El-Amin stood before the Morridane Foreign Office. The Lankartan had been dragged from his planned lectures at Pneumopolis University to play diplomat for the Order, a role that he was both honored and annoyed to fill. Straightening his tie, Dr. El-Amin waited for his two companions to exit the rental car that had brought him to their present location, and together the three approached the building.

As the three men were greeted by guards and ensured not to be saboteurs, impostors, or simply people with no reason to be at the Foreign Office, Amir ruminated on the instructions that he had been given before leaving. The Order had for almost a year been watching with growing concern and outrage a wave of rapid expansionism on the part of several of Greater Deinstad's major powers, a phenomenon that seemed only to be spreading at an ever increasing rate and which had already subjected several nations to subjugation and dissolution. The Order, an organization that viewed all earthly claims of power or sovereignty to be shaky at best, was no longer willing to be a passive onlooker to this new age of conquest, and had chosen Mordent as one of several locales where they would begin to act in resistance. Amir, for his own part, was unsure if the Order was up to the task it set before itself, as before long the Lankartan entity would assuredly make enemies of nations who's power and reach were terrifying in scope. The mufti hoped, as he prepared to catalyze Megiddoan intervention into the Morridane-Imbrinian war, that his fellow councilors knew what they were getting themselves and their country into.

After several minutes of processing through security, the three Lankartans found themselves in front of the private secretary to Sir Gedney Hill, Morridane Foreign Minister. Amir flashed her a smile, bowing slightly. "Dr. Amir El-Amin here to see Sir Hill, accompanied by the Reverend Jonathan Moor and my personal assistant; Kendall Jameson." The Mufti straightened up, checking his watch. "I do believe that we are seventeen minutes early. I apologize for any inconvenience that this may cause Sir Hill."

Last edited by **Lord Sumguy** on Sun Mar 22, 2015 9:02 pm, edited 1 time in total.



Castille de Italia
Minister

by **Castille de Italia** » Mon Mar 23, 2015 5:48 pm



Annexed Castleclose Territorial Office

The compound was now surrounded by a moderate force of Royal Imbrinium Marines. There were

armored vehicles but nothing in the terms of heavy armor. There didn't seem to be any enemy air units nearby at the current moment either. The sounds of gunfire in the distance echoed as the Imbrinium forces fought against Closian militiamen and police units across the city. But in the current area it was deathly quiet as the Castillian State Marines took cover behind the sandbag wall in the front courtyard, the Royal Imbrinium Marines in a standoff, tucked away behind their armored vehicles.

It was obvious that the Castillian Marines were outgunned and outmatched.

Suddenly, after the several minutes of lifelessness, a voice called out from the Imbrinium side. *"I am Sgt Boni with the RIM, my commanders would like a meeting with your leadership how do you respond?"*

The Sergeant behind the sandbags in the courtyard slowly poked his head out from behind the sandbags. His olive drab colored helmet was one of the few pieces of military equipment he wore, as he was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. He quickly grabbed a bullhorn and called back out. *"I am Sergeant White of the Castillian State Marines. I've got the Governor of Annexed Castleclose inside this building. You can send in your men, unarmed, and we'll bring out the Governor to the Courtyard. Governor Winters is going to be your commander's source of contact with the Chancellor himself. We've got a secure line to the Chancellery, so you decide if your coming in or not."*

The Sergeant then gave out a loud whistle, and slowly heads rose up from sandbag walls, and guns that originally had picked targets had lowered their barrels. Inside the embassy, one of the comms officers gave word to the Chancellery that contact with the Imbrinium forces had been made, and that a meeting may possibly be arranged.

The Castillian Federation | La Fédération Castillia

Fraternité sous notre Fédération

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Lamoni
Game Moderator

Posts: 9045
Founded: Antiquity
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

by **Lamoni** » Tue Mar 24, 2015 12:40 am



Various Morridane naval facilities

At naval bases all over Morrdh fifty-four Lamonian carrier battlegroups were docking at their assigned docks. With renewed hostilities between the Commonwealth of Morrdh and the Kingdom of Imbrinium, the Commonwealth had requested large scale Lamonian naval support, so that the Morridane Navy could focus on the fighting without having to worry about the Morridane homeland coming under attack. The request had been granted with alacrity, resulting in a large scale Lamonian naval presence in and near the Commonwealth. The Lamonian carrier groups had strict orders to defend the Morridane homeland, as well as conducting naval exercises either with other Lamonian ships, or with Morridane ships, as required. The Free Republic would not be going to war against Imbrinium at this time, but having this many ships backing up Morrdh, the deployment would serve as its own kind of message to the Kingdom of Imbrinium.

As the flagship of the newly named 'Lamonian Fleet-Morrdh,' the Formidabel class aircraft carrier FRLS Franchessa Marconi was one of the last ships heading into port while others took up patrol stations around Morrdh itself. Though maybe not as interesting to some as the powerful Kalmar class guided missile cruiser, the Formidabel class did possess something that the Kalmar class never would; a complement of F/A-30 "Lagrel" Naval Multirole Fighters. Paired with the three light carriers that were also part of every Lamonian

carrier battlegroup, and you had a complement of one hundred ninety three multi-role aircraft per battlegroup, more than enough between the aircraft and missiles to ensure that each Lamonian carrier battlegroup could look after itself, within reason.

Onboard the carrier, Admiral John Hardcastle was waiting for any reception that the Morridane Navy and/or government saw fit to provide, as the ship pulled into port. He had been ordered to show any courtesy toward the Morridanes that would not violate operational security regulations, and given that the Lamonians were here at the invitation of the Morridane government, the Admiral had already formulated a preliminary plan consisting of ship tours, joint planning at Morridane naval facilities ashore, and the addition of Morridane liaison officers on each of the carriers of the Lamonian force. This would both ease communications between the two national forces, as well as giving their ally a view of Lamonian naval operations. The difference in technology between the two forces was also marked, and it was also quietly hoped at the highest levels in the Lamonian government that enough Morridane naval officers would take an interest in the technology aboard the Lamonian ships to nudge their government to update the Morridane naval forces.

At the moment however, the first meeting would need to go right. Lamoni and Morrdh had been allies for a long while now, but military diplomacy had always been full of potential pitfalls, and it was best to move out of the way of any falling sandbags that might appear.

[National Anthem](#) [Depressed or Suicidal? M-SAD Assessment My Factbook](#)
Resides in [Greater](#) [Lyrans Arms](#) [The One Stop Rules Shop](#)
[Dienstad](#). (Former) [GHR Page](#) [My Moderator Theme Song](#)
Mayor of [Equilism](#).
[I'm a Senior N&I RP Mentor. Questions? TG me!](#)

[Quotes](#)

Part of the [Meow](#) family in [Gameplay](#), and a [GORRAM GAME MOD!](#) [My TGs are NOT for Mod Stuff.](#)



Imbrinium
Diplomat

Posts: 589
Founded: Mar 03, 2008
Ex-Nation

by [Imbrinium](#) » Wed Apr 01, 2015 9:49 am

[QUOTE](#)

Moorby West Mordent,

The troops of the 22nd Cavalry where blocks in the town there was almost three hundred or so and vehicles moving slowly into the town. Things where quite too quite, UAVs reported a pull back of forces from the town but that couldn't be taken to chance. Another company was moving up to back those already in the town in case shit hit the fan.

When seconds the soldiers of the 22nd lives would change not only for those caught in what was about to happen but this would reach to the top tiers of the crown. When seconds the town of Moorby was gone in a huge explosion which shook the battlefield and the core of the crown, within seconds over eight hundred soldiers where dead some dead inside the town others were killed inside their armored vehicles from the overpressure and the sucking the oxygen out of the air in the mushroom cloud that followed with a fiery cloud. Within seconds over a thousand soldiers where dead or dying on the battlefield.

Safe in an underground bunker minutes after the explosion the first reports came in as a tactical nuclear weapon being used on the front. Commanders scrambled to find out if it was a nuke or what. Within minutes the commanding general walked in and wanted a briefing. Commanding General Agatino Napolitano was a 56yr hard nose commander of the 2nd Army.

"What do we have first reports say a tactical nuke if so who theirs or ours? I want answers now? Who was involved? Has anyone got on the rescue and recovery operations yet? The medevac or combat hospitals told? Give me these fucking answers gentlemen we have dead and dying on the battlefield that need us to do our job!"

"Find me the closest CBRN unit and see if they have anything on their sensors"

About five miles from the explosion a message came over the BMS asking for a report on the explosion. When in minutes the CBRN unit had vehicles linked with the sensors on some of the vehicles still able to get reports from and

nothing was coming out of the reports not radiation or chemical particles picked up, the unit then flew a UAV into the cloud and also got the same results.

“Ok we now know it’s not nuclear or chemical, let’s get forces in there to pull those boys out and shore up that hole in the front. I want those injured on the battlefield in the hospital within the hour.”

Outside Moorby,

It was a living hell on earth, armored vehicles burning and bodies everywhere. The medical personal where working hard while medevac units landed and loaded the wounded and transported to the hospital, some combat personal that had come around where in a heavy firefight with Morridane forces.

The units where calling for close air support and artillery support to destroy the Morridane units trying to push back against the 22nd forces in their stunned state. A few miles north two battalions heard what was going on and raced to the area these where armored units of the 87th heavy mechanized infantry division.

Forward Combat Hospital 23 FCH23,

The first of the injured were being unloaded from the medevac helicopters and rushed into the medical ward. Those that needed surgery were prepped and rushed in to save their lives; one of the nurses noticed a bloody soldier. She recognized the soldiers face but could place it till she wiped the blood off his face some more and looked at his dog tags. The thought to herself oh my god it’s the prince, she screamed out for a doctor when one came up with another nurse what’s wrong the nurse composed herself and whispered into the doctors ear.

“Sir it’s the prince laying here”

The doctor looked down a looked at the soldiers name tag and dog tag and realized that this was the crown prince.

“Ok prep me an OR stat now have a tier 1 here let’s move people now!”

With that an urgent message was sent to 2nd army HQs that a tier 1 person was in the FCH 23 and needed to be transported ASAP, the rear.

Back and the 2nd army HQs bunker the news wasn’t what anyone wanted to hear over a thousand wound or dead along with them the crown prince whose fate was still unknown do to being on the table and a forward combat hospital. To be a leader in a war is hard even in the best day, but when there are days like this that make things hardest to bear.

Gen. Napolitano walked down to his office and sat down behind his desk and put his hands over his face and rubbed his fingers through his hair then picked up the secure line and made the call.

“This is Gen Napolitano from 2nd army I need to speak to the king, and it’s dreadfully important.”

After a few minutes of the checks that a call had to go through and after to speaking to the chain of command all the way up the chain he finally came to the one person he needed to speak to.

The king “Yes Gen Napolitano the King.”

“Sir it’s with my deepest sympathy I bring you this news, this is to inform you there was a very large explosion what wiped out the town of Moorby, elements of the 22nd Cavalry was in the town when the town exploded we thought it was a nuclear weapon at first but it wasn’t but the reason I called was its prince Augusto sir he’s been seriously injured and is in the operating room right now.”

“I see general, this is grave news indeed I must wake his mother. Have the wounded home as soon as possible general”

“Yes my lord”

The king hung up the phone and left his office and returned to the royal residence to inform the queen of the fate of their son.

Western Imbrinium Air force bases.

All through the night crews prepped hundreds of bombers of five squadrons, two of these squadrons are the stand-off bomber the LY-912s which will be delivering over 210 hellion 2s while the other three hundred bombers will be carrying 26 hellions, these bomber force will be the first wave of round the clock bomber operations against targets in West Mordent. These targets will include military targets to include every airfield in West Mordent. Also targets include command and control infrastructures, ammo dumps, fuel depots and civilian targets too power stations, transport hubs roads and rail. Along with this massive air raid the carriers and airbases of East Mordent will conduct massive tactical raids to knock out fighters and anti-air systems. The fleet air arm will also be engaging the two carriers in waters around West Mordent.

The bombers would be taking off just before dawn and the second wave would follow a few hours after that. Almost 1500 hundred bombers will either be in the air or getting ready to take off or land around the clock till either there is nothing left standing in West Mordent or the ground forces owns it.

OOC: More to come later

Last edited by [Imbrinium](#) on Wed Apr 01, 2015 9:54 am, edited 1 time in total.

When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Mercea
Civil Servant

Posts: 9
Founded: Mar 31, 2015
Ex-Nation

by [Mercea](#) » Wed Apr 01, 2015 10:39 am



The image you are requesting does not exist or is no longer available.
imgur.com

5th Fleet; International Waters -- Patrolling Mercean Delta-3 Trade Route

The clouds drifted like mighty castles over the vast deep of the azure waters, which were disturbed only by long trails of white and the cutting of grey bodies through its waves. The fifth fleet had been returning from naval drills at *Saint Bellina*, a strategic island base out in the ocean that cut the Delta Trade Lines in half.

At the head of this collection of ships was the *HMS Galiant*, a *Tullridge-Class* CVN and the flagship of the fleet under the insightful command of Fleet Admiral James P. Barkely. Though news had travelled of the recent happenings involving Imbrinium, Mercea had remained relatively out of the conflicts and furthermore the loop in reality. They were more focused on their preferential trade, and paid little mind to the squabbles of their neighbours.

"Admiral, I have word from *Citadel*" a man said, stepping into the older gentleman's office. The man at the chair turned to face the subordinate, his face was tired, but his eyes were sharp like knives. The hair along his side burns has begun to turn white, and the black had dulled over the years. "And?" the Admiral asked, sliding from his chair.

"*Citadel* has ordered us to regroup and steam towards a rendezvous point with the 2nd Fleet, Admiral *Perchetta* has been ordered to wait for our arrival" the man said. His body was stiff in the position of attention to the Admiral, typical respects paid in the presence of a senior officer. Barkley nodded, "I see - Has *Citadel* given a reason?" he questioned, looking out through the window over the ocean for a fair moment.

The man nodded, "Yes sir - it'd appear that things with Imbrinium and other parties have been escalating, and Citadel has started to feel the Assembly's concern.". Barkley shook his head and rubbed his face, "Bloody hell - have they not considered that this manoeuvre may look like a provocation?".

The man didn't know what to say, "I've no idea, Sir - We've been ordered to maintain a defensive posture until we arrive with Perchetta's fleet"

Barkley sighed, "If the Citadel has ordered it then, alert the helm - tell them to start steaming toward Perchetta's rendezvous. I want air-cover over the fleet, and an hourly report on scouts from one of our AWACs. We'll move the capital ships into the aft, alert the subs to break off and form a line ahead of us." - the man nodded, saluting the admiral, "Understood!" he said, about-facing and leaving the room once dismissed.

Barkley pinched the bridge of his nose in irritation, "I feel there's more to this..." he grimaced, shutting his back with a slam as he re-adjusted his collar to head for the bridge.

Last edited by [Mercea](#) on Wed Apr 01, 2015 10:41 am, edited 1 time in total.

The Merchant Republic
Ille Republica Merceatica

[Guide to the Merchant Republic](#) | [Reman Catholicism](#) | Trade(To come)



Esalonia
Ambassador

Posts: 1162
Founded: Aug 15, 2014
Ex-Nation

by [Esalonia](#) » Mon Apr 06, 2015 8:30 am



OOC: [Backstory of why I have troops in the Bendian Northern Islands](#)

Bendian Northern Islands, Kaliptzy Reich of Bendicion



"Beryllium 4, Iron, what's your status, over?"

"Mehh...snowstorm. Very dense here, I can't hear you well over the radio, Iron. Not much of a thing other than endless white to see here. I can also barely see what you're shooting on my satellite feed-too much interference."

"Roger that. Keep us posted every five or so minutes Beryllium 4. In the meantime we got drones, patrolling over. Iron out."

This was the average day in the EATA Peacekeeper Force in the Bendian Northern Islands. Esalonia stationed an entire Combined Arms Corps-the 10th Corps-in those islands. It consisted of these divisions:

- 46th Armored Division
- 47th Mechanized Division
- 48th Artillery Division
- 49th Heavy Armored Division
- 50th Heavy Mechanized Division

Which amounted to about 100,000 troops. The 2nd Fighter Wing, about 125-strong, were stationed. It consisted of:

6th Fighter Squadron
7th Fighter Squadron
8th Fighter Squadron
9th Fighter Squadron
10th Fighter Squadron

This was how dense the troop concentration was in the Bendian Northern Islands, where EATA Peacekeepers were stationed. Esalonia gave the 50th Corps and the 2nd Fighter Wing as the Esalonian EATA Peacekeeper Force. The place that time was decorated by a snowstorm that made everything less visible, and the fighter wing, whilst being all-weather, can only take so much torture. If anything, not even the clouds can be seen.

Few things before we RP

Quotes about Esalonia

A Proud Adherent to the Nordic Model



Stevид
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevид** » Thu Apr 16, 2015 3:38 pm

QUOTE

A Gulfstream G100 business jet taxied to the end of one of the three runways of the Empire's busiest airport, Capita Gateway Airport in Stevid Capita, and awaited all clear from air traffic control. Once the go ahead was given it quick gathered speed, took off soared away from the fortress city extra-wall airport and headed in a westerly direction. The jet was quickly accompanied by two Eurofighter aircraft charged with internal homeland air defence, which escorted the G100 out to the Sea of Rubet and then to Rubet itself. The escort peeled away on crossing over into ATC Rubet airspace and was joined shortly afterwards by a single XF-26 Assassin air superiority fighter. The stealth fighter was a product of the bloated war economy and was one of only a handful in 'frontline' operations. This brand new aircraft was still in the midst of getting all it potential capabilities fitted as it was touted as one of Greater Deinstad's first 6th Generation fighter aircraft. This jet escorted the G100 all the way to former Stevidian Guffingford, a territory that was no longer an Imperial possession and currently under going governmental transition to a Macabee territory.

Jets of the Golden Throne met the duo. Pleasantries were briefly exchanged and the Assassin turned for home whilst these foreign planes escorted the G100 to its destination in the capital, Fedala.

The cargo on board the Stevidian jet was important, delicate and alive. It was the primary delegation team sent by the government to start Phase 2 peace talks with the Kingdom of Imbrinium. Phase 1 talks had already been started between the Protectorate of Lyras and the Holy Empire months before the ceasefire came into effect. Back then Stevid had only just withdrawn from Vanderburg city and the fifth fleet's support and troop/equipment transports had taken a solid pounding from a Lyran missile attack. The talks ended with both sides agreeing an end would suit both parties and that the Crown had made several wartime decisions that were questionable. Best efforts by Stevidian diplomats to deflect similar accusations against the Empire were neutrally received. Further efforts to get the Lyrans to provide more clarity on their official stance and intent was more difficult as the opposite delegation reiterated their commitments and casus belli was within the articles of the Covenant. Stevidian retorts were met negatively, but respectfully.

The next phase of talks had been delayed indefinitely as the war changed more favourably towards the Empire has the invasion slowed and Hapsburg forces failed to steam roll through. It also gave experienced Stevidian 'collectors' (otherwise known as interrogators) to examine the footage and speech of the phase 1 talks. The Lyrans were a high ranking official and clearly had a solid, intelligent and strategic mind when it came to negotiating - that much was certain. He was far too clever to build a rapport to a point where Stevidian collectors and delegates could exploit him. But the common military themes that the two nation's share brought with it a mutual respect, in fact one could even detect an element of sympathy from the Lyrans diplomats. Whilst not sympathy in a wholly literal sense in the same way one sympathises with another over a death and bad luck, but in that the Lyrans Protectorate continually wished to see a strong Holy Empire after the war. Collectors believed that this had to do a lot with a restless Golden Throne.

Furthermore the Lyrans highlighted actions Stevid had committed during the war that were either controversial or illegal. The Imperial delegation was quick to admit failings of the Empire and addressed the concerns by talking about the legal actions being taken against pilots who had bombed Crown hospital ships. The same couldn't be said when Stevidian diplomats riposted by putting contentious issues, actions and events that Imbrinium was responsible for. The Lyrans position had been comfortable, replies generally revolved around the mutual alliance through the Covenant - almost akin to 'Our hands are tied'. It was believed that pressure on Covenant delegations, be they Imbrinium, Lyrans, Hapsburg, even Lamonian if necessary, would concentrate heavily on politics and economics over the military situation. Eventually the bigger strategic picture of the conventional war would be introduced together with selected contentious issues.

But this was only phase 2 talks and would almost be exclusively between Stevid and Imbrinium. It was not believed that anything concrete would come of the talks, in fact it was highly possible more harm than good would come of it. But the Stevidian delegation had their plan and they had their methods. The talks would not be about tabling final offers, it would probably be more about letting off steam and actually getting used to each other more than anything else. Nevertheless, the Stevidian delegation were confident they would be able to get a solid look into the enemy's psyche whilst keeping their own poker faces.

The jet touched down a few hours later and the delegation as met by representatives of the mediation team from the Golden Throne who were hosting the talks. Imbrinium diplomats would be arriving too and talks were scheduled to begin the moment all three parties were happy to proceed.

Last edited by [Stevd](#) on Thu Apr 16, 2015 3:38 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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by [Imbrinium](#) » Fri Apr 17, 2015 6:32 pm

30miles inside West Mordent

EX-NATION

Imbrinium

Diplomat

Posts: 589

Founded: Mar 03, 2008

Ex-Nation

QUOTE

Troops along the front where moving up slowly when another artillery attack started, the armored crews buttoned up inside their vehicles as the soldier stuck outside hit the ground or found shelter where they could. The first rounds where smoke which could have been an opening volley of a counterattack. As reports came back from different units and their headquarters the command was putting a picture that this could be a counterattack that was not expected from the retreating Morridane troops.

The armored units looked through their sights and seen smoke then they saw through the IR sights men choking and puking the first thoughts where chemical weapons. The armored crews switched on their NBC systems and radioed that a chemical attack was underway.

There was shock inside the command center, disbelief that the Morridane would use chemical weapons on their own soil. Back on the battlefield men put their gas masks on and some that have spent years being hit with CS gas. The soldiers that where a ways off from the from the gas attack put there CBRN suits on expecting a follow attack with something more than CS gas.

Miles behind the lines counter battery radar and counter artillery batteries opened fire on the artillery that opened up on the front line troops.

Higher command was pissed and requested to use chemical weapons on Morridane troops as pay back. But the answer would have to come direct from the Crown and would take time to send up the chain.

Annexed Castleclose Territorial Office

Sgt Boni radioed the landing force headquarters and told they'd made contact with the Territorial Office and the Castillian marines inside. They stated they have the territorial governor and they are willing to talk.

The command told the marines to move in and setup a meeting and the general was going fly out there to setup a ceasefire and withdraw of forces for the area.

Sgt Boni and his radio man moved up slowly with his men covering them as they moved up under a white flag.

"I'm Sgt Boni with the RIM, I'm under orders to speak to who's in charge and setup up a ceasefire as soon as possible, my commander is on his way out here to setup a formal ceasefire and withdraw of our forces from your shores."

Along the coast Gen.Romani made his way to his personal helicopter and took off with two escort headed to the territorial office.

When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Stevie

Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497

Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevie** » Sun Apr 19, 2015 7:08 am

QUOTE

Commodore Price was the CO of Task Force 25 (TF 25) and the CO of the Lustria class assault carrier HMS Trident. Sat before him were the commanders of the other sixteen ships of the task force that made of the 'Mordent Monitors', a token fleet permanently detached to Morridane ports on West Mordent, and part of the Empire's 10th Fleet. The purpose of the meeting was routine enough in that every week the commanders would meet to discuss the local strategic environment occurring's and how it effected the defence interests of the fleet and Empire. West Mordent was now in full conflict with the east, fought between Morrdh and Imbrinium respectively. As TF 25 was attached to the Morridane bases there and that Morrdh was still an ally, the fleet had put to sea to prevent the enemy targeting it during the ceasefire (which seemed to be still

holding). The fleet had also been responsible for the transfer of 300 attack aircraft to West Mordent to bolster the defences there, but the Empire had refused to offer combat aid to Mordent in light of the Commonwealth's flat refusal to fight the Covenant in Stevidian South Greal, despite the enemy being the same. It meant TF 25 was left in a very uncomfortable political position where it could deploy to brigades of Royal Marines plus armour and aircraft whilst be in a position to strike Crown bases and shipping while they sat at anchor. As it was, they could do nothing but watch.

"Thank you all for coming. Good to see everyone again and I hope you've all had an easy week." Price started. "We'll start with the on going conflict in Mordent. I can inform all of you that our ROE and AOR has not changed at this point. We are, in no uncertain terms, to assist the Commonwealth in their fight to keep Mordent beyond transfer of medical aid and patients, and the sharing of information. In respect to information, I believe Captain TARTH of the Cromwell has something quite important to share with us. Captain, you have room."

"Sir." TARTH bowed as he stood up.

TARTH was the captain of the *HMS Cromwell*, an [Antares class AAW cruiser](#) that had such sophisticated sensory equipment, jammers, super computers and eavesdropping technology that it was starting to rival the potency of the ever rarer Defiler class command cruiser. The *Cromwell's* job, on top of area defence, was to monitor the transmissions of allied and enemy forces in Mordent as a whole. Ordinarily this would be difficult as monitoring encrypted military signals without interference, or even success at all, was rare. However the Imbrinium missile strike had left the combatants of the war in the lurch in terms of command and control networks, it meant that the flow of traffic over insecure nets was more common. With the Antares class' ability to hack and exploit local cellular networks passively it meant this job was achieved even quicker. Whilst the intelligence gathered was larger than usual, friendly and enemy call signs were aware of the fragile state of the battlespace and had been extra vigilant on the insecure nets. So information on positions, specific battle groups, morale, strength et cetera, was vague or unknown. Calculated guesses on numbers, however, were believed to be more precise.

"The Cromwell has spent the last week devoting much of its resources to intelligence gathering on the conflict in Mordent." TARTH started. "Clearly the enemy have made several successful advances into West Mordent with similar ferocity as we experienced in Stevidian South Greal. The past week has enabled us to build a decent strategic picture in lieu of our position here off West Mordent. Commonwealth forces are very well entrenched across east-west divide; they are well-supplied and determined to hold what is theirs. We believe the addition of 300 hundred Sabre aircraft will bring over all total towards thousands with a mixture of 4th and 5th Gen vehicles. The only issue they have, in terms of successfully fighting this conflict is the huge distance from the homeland or any other support - short of Stevidian."

"The enemy?" Price quizzed.

"This is where figures seem to side against the Commonwealth. We have a reasonably detailed picture of the force composition in that there is easily at least two or three whole Army Groups deployed there. Estimate numbers range from 800,000 to 1 million combat troops... minus support elements. This does not include armour or air equipment but it does include several mercenary groups and local militias. Naval support is very high and they have between 6 and 8 marine divisions, equipment and aircraft inclusive together with several fleets with a total of around 1,500 vessels. These fleets are scattered north, east, and one to the south in our area of interest; two Royal Navy TFs further south are tracking this fleet.

"In my estimation and professional opinion, using the intelligence resources we have together with communiqués at 'Gimmick' and the Admiralty, the Commonwealth will but up a very big and bloody fight - but will ultimately lose West Mordent unless the strategic situation for the west changes."

"I see..." Price mused. He fears had been confirmed and the orders he had been given should the situation in West Mordent turn for the worst were edging slowly to realisation. The Task Force maybe required to strike currently held Morridane sites of importance to prevent the enemy from taking them - specifically the numerous ports on the island territory. With this brought its own issues, especially the Morridane 'want' to keep the territory. "We should make preparations for the inevitability. Should the Imbrinium forces take the territory they have a key strategic hold in the north of the region. This outcome is unacceptable."

"My department heads are willing to put boots on the ground should you wish it Commodore." Said a Colonel of the Royal Marines. "Two brigades of Marines will be more than enough to prevent Imbrinium taking the key port facilities."

"Commodore," Another Captain chimed in. "If one is still contemplating the use of superior firepower to destroy Morrdh's ports and coastal airfield to prevent capture, a de facto invasion by Royal Marines would only amount to the same end result politically. As part of the 10th Fleet we need only have justification to commit such acts with prior Parliamentary approval."

There was a murmur of accord across the table and Price found himself agreeing, somewhat, to the good Captain's idea. With a ceasefire in effect and both parties willing to uphold it (and with allies of the same frame of mind) Imbrinium was likely to ignore the Stevidian presence on West Mordent. But putting boots on the ground to secure the facilities would amount to an invasion and act of war. Two brigades would be more than enough to evict the current occupiers but the ramifications of such an endeavour would be quite tremendous.

"For now... we stick with the original plan. We will probably need some extra support from RAF bombers. But we should wait until the conflict unfolds further before making rash decisions - and there are phase two peace talks too. The fleet is to remain at condition yellow until further notice and is to continue providing aid to West Mordent. We shall

reconvene in a week or earlier depending on circumstances. Tarth, send all 'concrete information' you have on the enemy to Morrdh but nothing more and nothing less. Nothing on our course of action; nothing to do with the peace talks."

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Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Mon Apr 20, 2015 4:13 am

QUOTE

“ Lord Sunguy wrote:
Morrdun, Morrdh

After several minutes of processing through security, the three Lankartans found themselves in front of the private secretary to Sir Gedney Hill, Morridane Foreign Minister. Amir flashed her a smile, bowing slightly. "Dr. Amir El-Amin here to see Sir Hill, accompanied by the Reverend Jonathan Moor and my personal assistant; Kendall Jameson." The Mufti straightened up, checking his watch. "I do believe that we are seventeen minutes early. I apologize for any inconvenience that this may cause Sir Hill."

"No, not a problem sirs." Answered Maggie, Sir Hill's private secretary. "If ye would wait a moment I'll see if he's ready fer ye."

Maggie then disappeared briefly into Sir Hill's office before reappearing and declaring, "He's ready fer ye."

The Lankartans were led through to a modesty furnished office, nothing too fancy to distract from the business like nature of the room. Aside from Sir Hill's wooden desk, there were a few armchairs, wooden cabinets and a [framed painting of the Archduchess](#). Sir Hill himself was largely an unremarkable man, past middle age with greying hair and a small pair of glasses perched on his nose. He also wore a modest suit, though one that had been tailored for both fit and comfort. As the Lankartans entered he looked up from the document he was ready and nodded a greeting. "Welcome gentlemen, I trust the trip wasn't too uncomfortable?"

"Though this isn't a social call?" Sir Hill said after Maggie had left the room. "So shall we get down to business?"

HSS *Collins* RMN Naval Base, Ramarck, Gwentia, Commonwealth of Morrdh

HSS *Collins* was the Royal Morridane Navy's primary base on Morrdh's western coastline, home to the Navy's Western Fleet and had extensive facilities to support the various vessels of the Fleet. It would serve as the main designated port for the ships of Lamonian Fleet-Morrdh, though other ports had been made available for Lamonian use to ease the burden on the already incredibly busy naval base. Though signs that the Commonwealth was at war was visible everywhere ranging from recently built air raid shelters and armed Royal Morridane Marines, the latter deploying one of their Air Defence Troops to man SAM batteries scattered throughout the base.

Waiting on the quayside as the Lamonian carrier FRLS *Franchessa Marconi* was eased into dock with the aid of some of the base's tugs was Commodore Richard Hensley, whom would be serving as the Royal Morridane Navy liaison officer onboard the Lamonian flagship. Commodore had served in the Royal Morridane Navy for a little over two decades, having originally enlisted as a rating start after leaving school at the age of sixteen and later getting an officer's commission through the Admiralty Interview Board. He'd commanded a small number of vessels which included the *Tiger*-class cruiser HSS *Thunderbolt* as his last command up until he was assigned liaison officer duty just a few weeks ago. His old ship had since put into dry dock ahead of her scheduled overhaul and refit, though his attention was distracted by the horn of the *Vanguard*-class battleship HSS *Valhalla* as she greeted the Lamonian carrier as she departed the base and put to sea.

Gradually the *Franchessa Marconi* was eased into dock and moored, once the mooring ropes had been lashed gangways were extended to the quayside to permit access. Hensley headed to the nearest gangway and called out, "Commodore Hensley, Royal Morridane Navy. Permission to come aboard."

Fort Bainsbury, Imbrinium Occupied (East) Mordent

After raising the Commonwealth Jack flag at the Fort Bainsbury Guildhall, Captain Wenlock and his men raced through the streets in their respective cars towards their next target. The various militant groups been co-ordinated and detailed by their Commonwealth Intelligence handlers to strike specific targets throughout Fort Bainsbury, mostly police stations and utilities related buildings. The SAS men on the other hand had been tasked with a much more important target, namely the Imbrinium installed governor. Their priority was to take him hostage if at all possible, failing that their orders were to kill him and move onto secondary objectives such as neutralizing as many Imbrinium commanders as they could. After that their orders were to wreck havoc behind Imbrinium lines.

(West) Mordent

Gosgrave Park Military Hospital in Lindun had near enough been swamped by the sheer influx of wounded since the fighting began, the doctors and medics being almost overwhelmed and barely having time to take a breather. Though it displayed a large red cross backed by a white square on its roof and its function as a hospital had been communicated to the Imbrinium under international law the Morridanes weren't taking any chances, a protective ring of SAM batteries had been deployed round it along with an extra thick padding of sandbags for protection. It was still questionable as to how safe it actually was, but regardless the medical staff carried on with their duties attending to the never ending stream of wounded that was literally pouring into the hospital.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Private Griffith desperately wished that he could just rip his gas mask off and breath fresh air again, but his section commander Corporal Robson had stressed the importance of keeping the gas masks on due to the CS gas which Griffith had painful memories off from recruit training. Matters weren't helped by the lenses of his gas mask misting up and how his own heavy breathing seemed to muffle all over noise, not exactly useful in a combat situation like the one he found himself in now. They'd taken refuge behind whatever piece of hard cover they could find, the thick fog of smoke and CS gas certainly provided a degree of concealment from the Imbrinium soldiers further down the road but the tank was another matter. Corporal Robson had said something about the tank being equipped with infrared which was why the section had hunkered down whilst he and one of the other privates headed over to the nearby petrol station just round the bend, the Corporal apparently had a plan.

After a while Griffith noticed the faint smell of petrol and glancing over spotted a steam of petrol running down and spreading across the road towards the tank, the private that had gone with Corporal Robson appeared at his side and signalled for Griffith to get ready. A moment after the petrol had spread past the tank there was a *whoosh* sound as flames raced along the stream of fuel from the petrol station and engulfed the tank. Corporal Robson appeared in a nearby doorway and fired off a shot from a Carl Gustav anti-tank weapon at the tracks of the Imbrinium tank before ducking back out of sight. There was a muffled *Go!* from somebody and the section charged forwards with SLRs at the ready, the section's machine gun opened up on the Imbriniums with supporting fire from Corporal Robson's Sterling SMG as he ducked from window to doorway. Griffith, caught up in the spirit of the charge, tried to aim as he fired off his SLR but wasn't sure whether he'd hit anything especially given the recoil that the SLR was infamous for.

A Imbrinium appeared out of the haze and in panic Griffith swung his SLR round, the rifle's butt smacking hard into the side of the Imbrinium making him stagger. Another soldier in Griffith's section finished off the Imbrinium with a well aimed shot that took the Imbrinium off his feet and ensured that he would be staying down for some time to come. After the brief skirmish they hurried down the street towards the nearest corner and piece of hard cover in case the tank was still in action, though it was hoped that the tank crew would have their problems to deal with as the flames engulfed the exterior of their vehicle. Corporal Robson found them a safe refuge where they could take off their gas masks for a little while and get their rations and fluid into them as he planned their next course of action.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The first of the trickle of Stevidian Sabré GR.1s started to arrive and were introduced to their crews, chiefly Buccaneer and Phantom crews that had had their previous aircraft destroyed. The crews only had a few hours to familiarize themselves with the new aircraft before they were expected to fly their first sortie on the type within a few hours, a much longer conversion period would've been ideal but the situation required the aircraft to be pressed into service as soon as possible. It was hoped over time the crews would gain the experience they needed in the heat of battle and that the weight of numbers in terms of aircraft that the Commonwealth could eventually put up would tip things in the Commonwealth's favour.

Northern Imbrinium

Sergeant Johnston had to admit it was damn odd walking along the highway in an enemy country and not be under fire, in the day or so since they'd put ashore his platoon and the rest of the company had been steadily advancing inland. They had yet to see or hear any signs of battle and even the crews of the LY4A1 Wolfhound MBTs were riding with the hatches of their metal steed open, taking advantage of the fresh air and late spring sun. Even Johnston had the zip of his DPM jacket undone to help keep him cool, though he could still feel sweat pooling up in his armpits and dripping off his forehead. He'd hung his steel helmet from his bergen and cradled his SLR in his arms, generally not the best of ideas in a warzone but thus far there had been no shots fired in their direction.

They'd had gotten strange looks from passing drivers who then stepped on their brakes when they realized there was a tank rolling towards them, though thankfully the cars were moved off the carriageway and the drivers placed in the protective care of the MPs. Regardless Johnston's company along with the tanks continued advancing towards their objective, a nearby intersection of two highways where they would be setting up a roadblock. There would eventually be other roadblocks encircling the entire area before the Morridanes started digging in.

Any civilian police encountered were pulled over for a conversation with one of the Morridane officers before being sent off back to their station/precinct with a couple of soldiers to deliver a message. The message was relatively simple; *"We're here and we want to talk."*

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - [Factbook](#)

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Imbrinium
Diplomat

Posts: 589
Founded: Mar 03, 2008
Ex-Nation

by **Imbrinium** » Wed Apr 22, 2015 7:21 pm

QUOTE

Fiorentini Royal Air Force Base northeast Mordent

As a C-17 came to a stop and the rear door lowered the crew chief and ground crew started to prepare to unload the cargo and passengers. Three of the passengers were in civilian clothes and carried only side arms the rest was regular soldiers some replacements and new soldiers fresh out of basic. The cargo was personal gear and some replacement parts and such.

Col. Matteo, Castiglione was an Ex-SAS officer and knight of the Oculum. One of the few that left both to do something else inside the military no one really

knew his whole story. The two accompanying the Colonel where his closest assistants major. Saverio DeRose a SAS officer whose role with the colonel was kind of a blur and it was kept that way for a reason. The third person who shared was even more of a mystery no one knows or willing to say if she's military or not but she's has more tattoos than most men and can handle most kinds of weapons like most women can their shoes. Her name is Abela Romani.

The three walked off the plane into the chill of the air, a group of personal came up to rush everyone off the plane and told them to get the dam cargo off and to prep the C-17 to carry wounded back to the mainland.

Three armored SUVs pulled up and asked them to get in, Ablea told them that she would make sure their gear would make it and one of the guys in the suits stated he'd send a truck to pick them up and gave her a number to call. The Colonel and the Major both climbed in and the three vehicles drove off quickly picking up a military escort just off the tarmac and head to combined headquarters.

After about an hour at JCHQ, Col. Castiglione and Maj. DeRose both checked in with the higher commander and since their mission was call for by the crown the command have their blessing and went back to their battle.

Matteo called Ablea and told her to meet them at the East Mordent governmental building in down town Fort Bainsbury. The first thing was to talk the governor into issuing martial law, with the events at hand today that shouldn't be too hard.

Major DeRose called the commanders of both the SAS and Fa' Amaoni Toa and requested that a team be deployed as personal protection detail ASAP to the government heads of East Mordent. Within fifteen minutes after the call the first teams where rolling out to the governor's office.

With the terror bombings and the local attacks on East Mordent and the IAF the governor quickly signed martial law into effect. The IAF and EMNP and their special units were reassigned to the JCIOC (joint counter insurgency operations command) these special units involved both police and military units both undercover and uniformed personal. The hunt has begun.

In the air above Mordent:

The first waves of LY912 had reached their release point and they spread out to release their payload of deadly Hellion 2s. The crews locked onto their hundreds of targets mostly military targets but they also included bridges and government buildings, power plants, rail way systems etc. The first squadron of a hundred bombers launch their 21,000 missiles and decoys and turned for home. The next set of bombers would be one station in the next 8hrs which could be increased to every 4hrs depending on how long it would be to break the back of the Morridane forces.

Northern Imbrinium:

The Morridane forces couldn't have picked better place for them and a worse place for the crown. The area was full of farms and cattle ranches with only two major roads in the area the A318 and A320 which where narrow two lane roads which were to be replaced by I2 or coastal highway which had been under construction for years. There were two railroad tracks near the area one was a cargo line the J line and the passenger line L line. The largest town Kirkudbright was about 2000 residents and the major junction between A318, A320 with a major southern route A400. The OTH system which was called crystal castle which was an interlocking network which reported their intelligence to what was called the keep.

Royal air force tech sergeant Ramiro Onio was the radar operator at the time the Morridane navy fleet showed up and SGT Onio reported it as the royal navy doing exercises. No other operator bothered to check up further do to no missiles had been fired and the orders where to look for airborne targets.

There were starting to be talk missing person reports where starting to come in and some post on the internet of military units detaining civilians in the area.

A constable from the village was sent out by the Kirkudbright police department to see what was going on in the area.

When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Thu Apr 30, 2015 9:54 am

QUOTE

Zona Azul FOB 77th ParaTrooper Division Some where in Castleclose

Mokan Army troops played football(soccer) in the field within the temporary fences put up weeks earlier. It had been awhile since they jumped into Castleclose(third jump onto this large island) and with everything at a stand still, there was little to do. Technically the higher were bringing in additional shipments of supplies, many which would end up "lost" again or simply "mishandled." Not to mention many Castlecloseians wanted by the Castillian authorities would just happen to disappear and "another soldier" was flown back home on a routine supply ship.

A few dozen kilometers North the kingdom's troops had set up their own camp. Occasionally patrols would pass each other, but unlike the spite shared by conscripts in South Greal, the Veterans of war against Castille de Italia showed their counterparts respect. With many wondering why they don't join forces and march south together.

Luckily, high command managed to keep their troops disciplined enough this time to prevent anything from breaking out. North or South. Still, the Mokans were here as peace keepers, and they would hold the peace as long a peace talks continued. Until then, they would continue to resupply from the mainland and wait for further orders...

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Quotes about Mokastana:

QUOTES



Imbrinium
Diplomat

Posts: 589
Founded: Mar 03, 2008
Ex-Nation

by **Imbrinium** » Wed May 20, 2015 7:28 pm

QUOTE

As the A380 slowly came out the clouds on its final approach into a Macabees military airport the government plane with its black strips and flag on a white plane. On board there was almost a hundred and twenty government personal onboard plus press staff in which where to cover the peace talks with Holy Empire of Stevid. It was late and the peace delegation was already late to the talks the Holy Empire had already arrived but with the last minute change in personal due to the massive loss of life in West Mordent and the terrorist attacks both in West Mordent and at home things got set back but hopefully things would go faster once on the ground.

The prime minster had a lot on his plate but his main focus was peace talks with the Holy Empire but there were some things that needed to be worked on with the Golden Thorne. Upon landing they where meet by a formal Macabees military guards and government officials, and the Imbrinium embassy staff with transports for everyone to take them to their rooms to settle in.

The peace delegation was headed up by the prime minister with his staff and some military advisors; the second team was a military team there to discuss a naval exercise to better build joint operational togetherness for any possible military actions in the future. The third team was a joint team from the JSC and ISA to work out the details of the joint operation in space to go to the moon and build a base for mining and future operations.

The Cormond international airport

The prime minster and a peace delegation headed to Macabees for peace talks with the Holy Empire. But before the prime minister boarded the plane for his

long trip to Macabees, he made a statement to the press about the current conflict in West Mordent.

Before I leave to open the door of peace with the Holy Empire of Stevid I have a message for the Morridane government. Pull your forces out of West Mordent with anyone else who would like to leave and not be under the rule of the Crown. The IAFM is and will force you out of West Mordent either with or without its cities standing. If the Queen and her government care of all of the people of West Mordent she would move her forces out West Mordent.

And with that the prime minister boarded the plane and within a while off to Macabees.

East Mordent

The orders came through to the IAFM command and those orders where to move all three corps along with the armor from another corps to move west and destroy all enemy forces. This force included thousands of tanks and armored vehicles ready to move in and destroy anything or anyone with a weapon.

The naval commander's main focus was to gain and maintain air superiority and go after the two confirmed carriers in the area. The focus of the royal air force was to knock out the airbases in western mordent and military targets.

When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Thu May 21, 2015 5:23 am



Near Kirkudbright, Northern Imbrinium

The Morridanes had been busy, digging trenches and dugouts as well as sitting Rapier and Skyguard batteries. Tanks were brought up as they were brought ashore and put in hull-down positions as artillery batteries were beginning to be placed some distance behind them. Soldiers were sent round to warn the local civilian population of the possibility of hostilities and strongly urged them to leave the area for their own safety, whilst medics did the same for the local hospitals which were noted down as 'No Fire Zones' where artillery weren't allowed to aim. Every effort was being made to avoid or reduce collateral damage as much as humanly possible, especially given the Kingdom of Imbrinium's *gung-ho* nature.

The constable who'd been despatched to investigate found himself approaching a roadblock across the highway and ordered to halt by soldiers in Morridane Army DPM uniforms. Though the soldiers didn't aim their SLRs at the constable's patrol car, though they kept their rifles cradled in their arms ready to be brought to bear quickly if needed. One of the soldiers, bearing the stripes of a sergeant, walked over to speak to the constable. "Sergeant Johnston, Morridane Army."

"Look, we need ye to pass a message onto yer superiors, basically that we're here and we want to talk." Johnston explained. "We also need yer help evacuating the civvies in case yer lot decide to let their guns do the talking."

~ ~ ~

(More to come)

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - **Factbook**

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Castille de Italia
Minister

Posts: 2314
Founded: Mar 22, 2012
Iron Fist Consumerists

by **Castille de Italia** » Fri May 22, 2015 1:01 pm



Annexed Castleclose Territorial Office

Two Castillian Marines ran up to the compound's gates unarmed, opening them slightly. The RIM sergeant walked in unarmed with a few of his troops, under a white flag. Two more Castillian Marines set

up a folding table and two chairs, as a man with parted black hair and dark sunglasses, wearing a suit with a khaki double-breasted trench coat came out from the main building of the Territorial Offices, escorted by two Marines in full dress, black jackboots and grey tunics and breeches, with peaked covers to match accordingly, swords drawn as they marched alongside the man.

"Sergeant Boni, I am Governor Jonathon Winters, commissioned by the Chancellor of the Castillian National Socialist State to preside over all affairs relating to the Castillian Unorganized Territory of Castledose. Please, have a seat," he said as he motioned for the sergeant to sit down, doing the same himself.

"Now Sergeant, let's get down to brass tacks. I am the Chancellor's representative to these peace talks. We only want one thing and one thing only, the complete withdrawal of all Royal Imbrinium Military forces from Castledose and the Viridian Isle, and no questions will be asked, and all actions against the State will be forgiven. No reparations has to be paid by the Imbrinium Crown, just the withdrawal of military forces. Do you understand our position, Sergeant?" the Governor asked.

"Right now, I will let you know several divisions of the Castillian Armed Services are ready to strike numerous critical Imbrinium positions should the Imbrinium Crown not choose to withdraw. You may use your communications to let your superiors know our position, or wait for their arrival, the choice is yours Sergeant."

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Diplomat

Posts: 589
Founded: Mar 03, 2008
Ex-Nation

by **Imbrinium** » Thu Jun 11, 2015 9:40 am



Western Front West Mordent;

Operations had taken a quick pause waiting on the moving up of the 2nd army's armored and mechanized infantry divisions. These new divisions moved to the front as a new far reaching plan came into play the full on armored thrust into West Mordent, the plan was to move head long at full speed destroying everything in its wake. The armored divisions along with mechanized infantry divisions would push west avoiding small towns and focusing on heavy engagement of Morridane and West Mordent defense forces. The goal was to break the back using heavy armor and missile and air support to pound the Morridane into nothing. Commanders pushed by the MOD was to end this battle for West Mordent as quick as possible, commanders where told to use everything in the arsenal if needed. The royal air force was to continue pounding the airfields and military and some civilian targets in west mordent, with the first reports that more than half of Morridane airfields in West Mordent where now unusable due to the countless missile attacks by the RIAF.

The FLOT:

The front lines had been static for about a week as forces are moved up and new orders given out, artillery units lined the rear areas brought up to pound targets as the armored push moves west. The armored push was almost 23,000 tanks and other armored vehicles. The operation even had a name the in which the war would be judged.

Operation Judgment:

This operation would it was hoped to end the war and destroy all Morridane forces in western mordent; the goal was to push Morridane force into the ocean. The order to the IAFM was to destroy all who oppose. It was only a

matter of hours before the operation starts the division commander of the 22nd cavalry was calling in favors all through the command to get his division into the head of the fight. Finally the news came down that the 22nd would be leading out the push west with only units.

Major General Danilo Genovese called as many of his troops around him and had his entire units switch the division radio net.

"My troopers of the 22nd we have spent more time in this country than any other division in this country right now. I just got new that our mission here is not done here there was rumors that we would be pulled back to the rear for rest and re-equip. That is not so as of earlier today we will continue this fight and push those Morridane bastards into the ocean, we have lost great soldiers along the way here but for the honor of them we will be tossed aside we will fight and fight with the honor we have always had. We shall fight; fight for our bothers our sisters, and our kingdom. For king and crown, hail the king and for Prince Augusto and our comrades we fight"

The 22nd was ordered to spear head the advance into the west on the southern front.

Northern Lochconnon:

Constable Vitale Marchesi approached the road block with what he knew weren't a friendly force on the kingdoms soil. The first thought was to pull his side arm and do what was expected of him by the crown. But his second thought was what he did since the Morridane soldier never approached him with a weapon pointed at him. Vitale stopped and rolled down his patrol SUV's window.

"Hi there I believe you all are in the wrong country"

The Morridane soldier told Vitale that they needed him to get a hold of his higher and they wanted to talk. Vitale picked up his radio can called the village of Dundee which was only 20kms away and the closest village around.

"Dundee this is 22C"

"Go ahead 22C this Dundee sheriff dept."

"Yeah we have a problem out here on A318 I need you to patch me through to HQ in Stornaway"

"Roger you need help out there 22C"

"Negative I can handle this just need to pass on some information"

"Roger 22C patching you through"

When in a few seconds the dispatcher at Dundee patched officer Vitale to town of Stornaway which was the closest town and the country seat, Stornaway had also the only full time sheriff department and highway patrol base.

"This is Stornaway dispatch, go with your traffic"

"This is 22C out on A318 and with some soldiers who have a message for someone"

It took a second before the dispatcher answered

"Roger 22C do I need a supervisor in here?"

"Yes dispatch"

Vitale handed the radio microphone over to the Morridane soldier.

When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.

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