

by Max Barry



WORLD ASSEMBLY



THE WORLD



DISPATCHES



STORE



HELP



NEWS

Latest Forum Topics

[World War 3\[CLOSED\]](#) (76)

[Does Your Nation Support?](#) (3,183)

[Ask a random citizen of BN](#) (1,294)

[Culture shock the Above Nation: Resur...](#) (10)

ADVERTISEMENT

[Remove ads](#)

[Board index](#) < [National and International Roleplaying](#) < [International Incidents](#)



[Members](#) [Create a Nation](#) [Login](#)

Moving is never easy! (Semi-open,GD)

ADVERTISEMENT
[Remove ads](#)

POSTREPLY ↩

280 posts • Page 6 of 12 • [1](#) ... [3](#) [4](#) [5](#) [6](#) [7](#) [8](#) [9](#) ... [12](#)



Lamoni
Game Moderator

Posts: 9045
Founded: Antiquity
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

by **Lamoni** » Tue Jun 03, 2014 3:30 am

QUOTE

Outside Hvarten, Lamoni

At the Lamonian Space Organization's main space launch facility outside of Hvarten, Lamoni, rockets carrying new satellites designed by New Hayesalia were being prepped for launch. In what was being dubbed the most expensive Lamonian space launch campaign after that which helped to realize the Lyran Damocles Satellite System, a new Lamonian national satellite system consisting of [MIRAGE](#) and [FORTITUDE](#) satellites was being established both to replaced damaged satellites, as well as replacing older Lamonian satellites which had previously filled the military communications and photo recon satellite functions that these new satellites would take up.

While the Lamonian media was full of stories of commercial Communications and Earth Observation Satellite systems, this was a cover which was being employed in case anyone else got too nosy, and wanted to test Lamonian reaction times in space. The Lamonian spacefleet was already busy assisting CCA efforts to clear the recent Kessler Syndrome caused by Imbrinium's massive ASAT attack, and enough progress had been made to make these launches feasible, if still a bit risky. Another major reason for the rushed launches of these new satellites was a request from Stevid for usage time on Lamonian satellites. Stevidian military and intelligence satellite systems had taken a pounding in what the Lamonian public was calling the "South Greali war," forcing the Holy Empire to turn to other friendly nations for assistance. This was assistance that the Free Republic was all too happy to provide, but first the satellites had to be launched, so that they could fulfill their functions. Representatives from both Stevid and Morrdh had been invited to Hvarten to witness the launches and be briefed on the new satellite systems, and the Free Republic had paid for the Domestic Production Rights for the two satellite systems for both itself, and the Holy Empire of Stevid.

In the case of Morrdh, they had been invited for two reasons. First, there had been an unknown amount of damage to Morrdane satellite systems during the war, as evidenced when Morrdane troops had not gotten word to cease-fire, and had gotten into trouble with Imbrinium over the incident. Secondly, these two satellite systems could be used as a starting point for a CCA-wide satellite system, making things easier for the CCA as a whole. Now that rival space blocs were coming about in the region of Greater Dienstad, it would pay for the CCA to be prepared for anything which might come their way.

[National Anthem](#)
Resides in [Greater Dienstad](#). (Former)

[Depressed or Suicidal? M-SAD Assessment](#) [My Factbook](#)
[Lyran Arms](#) [The One Stop Rules Shop](#)
[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.](#)



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by [Morrdh](#) » Tue Jun 03, 2014 4:39 am

[QUOTE](#)

Stevidian South Greal

With its four Rolls-Royce Tyne turboprop engines throttled back, the [Short Belfast](#) glided over the threshold of the runway and touched down before applying its brakes to slow down and then eventually rolling off onto a taxiway. Onboard were 250 newly enlisted troops for the recently formed Commonwealth Volunteer Corps of the Stevidian Army, the majority were Morridane Army soldiers up until a few days ago when they received their discharge papers to allow them to enlist in the Stevidian Armed Forces. There were of course a few from the Royal Morridane Navy and the Royal Morridane Air Force as well as the armed forces of other CCA nations like New Garrack, whom had also received their discharge papers a few days earlier. Though these men still wore the standard [Commonwealth combat uniform](#) and still carried their L1A1 SLRs, they were for all intent and purposes Stevidian soldiers with papers and insignia to prove it.

In addition to the land forces there was also an air element in the form of the Commonwealth Volunteer Wing (equiv to a USAF group) that consisted of three squadrons of 20 aircraft each, Hawker Hunters formed two of these squadrons with the third containing Blackburn Buccaneer. These aircraft along with the soldiers' equipment and ammunitions had been purchased by the Stevidians, further supplies would be sold by the Commonwealth to keep the CVC up to fighting strength.

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Stevид
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by [Stevид](#) » Mon Jun 09, 2014 4:41 pm

[QUOTE](#)

OP FIDELES – Part 2

Operation Fideles (Faithful) was now in full swing having begun in the late hours of the night previous and into the small hours of the morning. Already a sizable amount of units had managed to vacate the city without let or hindrance, few vehicles had broken down and no battle casualties had been sustained. The enemy's response had been slow and the diversionary efforts further west had probably done enough to keep the Imbrinium chain of command guessing at what the Imperial objectives were initially. Now with morning truly here the dawn light had surrendered and now the full scale of the situation was becoming apparent to the Imbrinium invaders. Stevid was withdrawing completely from the city and so tables were now fully in Imbrinium's favour – units in the north of the city pushed on buoyed by the fact that instead of meeting hardened resistance a few metres down the road they would meet none whatsoever. The destroyed buildings and roads still created a labyrinth for the enemy to navigate through and so their progress would not be quick, the darkness, the comms blackout, the guerrilla warfare and maze of destroyed urban building meant that Stevidian evacuation was going extremely well – considering the terrible circumstances facing the Army.

Division HQ, many miles from the front, would be pouring over their maps that were hastily updated by hand through what battle space data they still had, and through other mediums such as comm and recce reports. The Kingdom was directly attacking from the North and where now starting to speed up their encirclement of the city, which had slowed over the past couple of days due to the resistance in the city. Now the gig was up and it had become apparent that

Stevid was withdrawing, Imbrinium started to seize the initiative and was now probing into the east of the city and even had fighting and command elements in parts of the south. The Stevidian breakout in the east had only worked thanks to the armoured support from the 12th Royal Lancers (The Twelfth). By now over half of the Imperial garrison had left the city with other unit already pouring out and well on their way westwards with other unit then swinging south circumventing the Kingdom's beachhead with a push to more fortified Stevidian positions nearer the sliver of Stevidian South Greal neighbouring Sumer and Intelligent Neighbours.

With daybreak present Division HQ with new problems, most notably time. The evacuation was a success, surprise was achieved and the units were withdrawing orderly. But the cover of darkness and element of surprise was now gone and enemy units were bound to try shift their engagements from indirect naval and land artillery fire to more direct assaults on Stevidian armour. Airpower was now a problem with defensive AA units likely to be working overtime now the density of the city could no longer be used as cover. Helicopter gunship support was now minimal to none, the value of such units was too great to risk for just a defensive role and thus could only be call upon when combat situations became truly precarious.

Heavy Imbrinium resistance had finally pushed the 18th Light Dragoons back on the western flank of the city, all armour and a smattering of AA defence had withdrawn almost directly south to head up the convoy escort duties to guide the escaping units to safety. All that remained were mechanised and motorised infantry platoons mimicking heavy resistance of part of a 'frontline' that was actually nearly forty kilometres away – they themselves would withdraw west once enemy counter-attacks became too hot.

The Twelfth were providing most of the security at the 'withdrawal rendezvous' point in the SSW suburbs of Vanderburg. The small pockets of infantry fighting sections that dotted the suburbs to cause carnage on the advancing troops reported whole enemy units advancing north and west to try and encircle 'perceived' Stevidian resistance in the centre and cut off escape routes. Since then this division had been engaged and now the day had broken, the Stevidian withdrawal had become apparent. Some of the more 'tired' and mechanically questionable tanks of the Twelfth were highlight to reinforce the defences north east of the rendezvous point to clash with advancing enemy units and stall for more time.

Even as the Division HQ debated their next moves, reports filtered in of an enemy airborne assault to take the city. Collectively, Privates to Warrant Officers, 2nd Lieutenants to the lone General that worked in this large planning room, broke the usual disciplined atmosphere of the HQ – and cheered. Had the operation been stalled for just a day, perhaps even only a few hours, the Army in Vanderburg would be facing a slaughter.

S Vanderburg

1050 hrs

2 Section of Alsace Platoon had continued southwest towards their next objective zone, REME units had travelled through the area only hours before and left a key unobstructed route towards the rendezvous point rigged to blow. The drop point for the detonators were left in was a small four-bedroom house in what used to be a very quaint and idyllic suburban estate – a far cry to the suburban slums of some of Stevid's major cities.

Cpl Stanis was starting to feel the rigours of war. Since the incident with the APC and subsequent ambush, 2 Sect had had two other small firefights with enemy troops that had been hunting them down. One close call in an alley whereupon another one of his men had been seriously wounded and had been left with a full medical kit and food to keep him alive until captured; and other in a small block of flats that 2 Sect decisively won only through luck that the enemy were already searching the building when 2 Sect hit it. Now the objective

was the same as before with the APC only this time the report of the radio mentioned that nearly a whole enemy division was advancing. Heavy armour and mechanised units, likely with gunship support, were to be expected. His kit was a mess, his face dirtied and his whole body ached and yet he and his section continued to push on. Any reprieve they got was spent cleaning their weapons and eating, prolonged stops meant that one or two of the men could get their heads down for twenty minutes for some well earned sleep.

Now they were poised for battle again, the advancing columns of enemy armour were easier to spot in the open daylight and less dense inner city suburb but it meant that heavy armour was more mobile and efficient than it would be in the city centre. Fronting the attack was a Wolfhound, formidable at the best of time but impossible to beat for a battle weary combat section.

It was the same drill as before, the tank would bear the brunt of the IEDs placed along the road once the vehicle made it passed the marker (in this instance a fire hydrant) and this would be followed by a heavy attack by 2 Sect on Imbrinium soldiers as they responded to the attack. Behind the tank with IFVs that would probably engage directly, they might even dismount troops but would likely form a base line by the tank once the attack started and physically push back Stanis' section through sheer weight of firepower. The attack began as planned; the sewage-drainage lines running adjacent to the roads were perfect for ambushes such as this and better yet because the enemy had little choice on which direction to head since the Stevidian troops had destroyed most other routes into the city or barricaded them with whole buildings or giant craters lined with munitions. The road erupted with a huge explosion that completely enveloped the Wolfhound and this explosion then daisy-chained the next four bombs further down the road. The enemy were learning though and the distance between vehicles was much larger now, only one vehicle behind the tank was caught in the following blasts. However, the REME and engineers had put more thought into this group of IEDs, using the interconnecting drains and sewage system they had placed the explosives in such away that the integrity of the road itself would buckle. This resulted in four explosions, a pause and then thundering roar as 50 metres of road collapsed in on itself forming a deep trench. The Wolfhound looked crippled but the vehicles behind had deployed smoke launchers and were trying desperately to drive out of the 'road trench'.

2 Sect rained hell. Charlie fire team fired off the AT missiles left behind by the REME and Engineers blindly into the smoking scoring several hits while another fire team member put down light machine gun fire. Delta fire team assault the trench. They made towards the front of the trench where the Wolfhound sat helpless for the time being but was still busy firing away with its main gun and machine guns. Charlie checked fire to the flanks while Delta hurled a few grenades down the trench to catch any counter attack before they reached the tank. Two members affixed SLAM mines to the Wolfhound placing charges between the main body and turret, the rear armour and rear part of the turret. In amongst all the smoke and debris, fighting turned close quarter with silhouettes and shadows being fired at indiscriminately, some fell and some continued drifting with the smoke.

Charlie spotted that an IFV had made it out of the trench and immediately engaged the side armour with the last of their ATGMs. The vehicle was shaken but no troops disembarked and were probably in the trench line or behind the vehicle. Charlie now continued to pour light arms fire into the flanks of the trench and towards the IFV that had escaped, in the near distance up the road more armoured vehicles could be seen. Delta had minutes to fix their mines to more armour and kill whoever they could in that time. Stanis could only listen to the carnage within the smoked out trench but got slivers of information over the comms. The Wolfhound was mined, as was another IFV that had been 'cleared' however although mines were fitted to a third vehicle the enemy resistance was substantial. Two friendly KIA and one seriously wounded – Delta was at half strength. Stanis ordered the withdrawal and reorg and, seconds

later; Delta emerged from the smoke front of the trench. They dived behind a parked car while Charlie continued to suppress the enemy troops that were now finding their way out of the trench and into cover outside of the smoke. It was then that the section 2i/c dived his own detonator for the SLAMs and destroyed the vehicles they had rigged. By now enemy firepower was fierce and Delta surged left into a house near the car they had been beside and would make their way through the gardens and back to Charlie fire team two streets away for the reorg. There was no victory here this time for 2 Section – just chaos.

Verrier (Capital) Stevidian South Greal Coastline

The port city was now a gigantic hub of military traffic and was now practically commandeered by the Stevidian military. Prior to the Lyran missile attack on the 2nd Fleet's 2nd Splinter force, the amount of naval traffic flowing in and out of the harbour was tremendous. ExPed Army Group A and B had deployed both complete sets of HQ elements, an initial logistic and artillery force and a two mechanised infantry regiments. However with the 'missile blockade' now in force due to the Hellion's extended combat range over the Royal Navy's the amount of cargo being brought in was down to little more than a trickle, sometimes only one or two ships a day and only every so often were these actual military reinforcements and not general supplies. Regardless, civilian and neutral shipping continued unabated – part of the reason allied shipping managed to slip the net. The ferry of Mokan and Morridane 'volunteer' troops and equipment was a welcome sight to the Royal Navy's Verrier Harbour Master WO1 Craine.

A large transporter had already docked within the tired looking pier in Verrier Port and from its mast flew neutral colours. Craine stood a few hundred metres away observing the unloading of the transporter as soldiers unloaded further troops and equipment. Craine strode over to the disembarking men and equipment and spied a tall man wearing dark olive drab combat fatigues but had plenty of stars to indicate his rank. Craine snapped a stiff salute and attention to officer in front of him.

"Sir!"

The officer turned and saluted in kind, the drill movement was distinctly Morridane.

"I am Military Harbour Master Warrant Office Class One Craine, Sir. Stevidian Royal Navy – 2nd Fleet, 2nd Splinter. You must be the new volunteers we have been told about?"

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



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Mon Jun 09, 2014 5:13 pm



Top Secret:

Operation: Saol Blue

Scope: The rescue of a Tier one HVP (Majestic Knight) and their security detail by special operations from enemy territory.

Unit (s): Elements of the 3rd SAS Group, and two companies of the 10th commando division one combat and one Support Company. Group 14 of the SADSOG IIA, 103rd special operations squadron with a support company.

Mission: The rescue mission will take two MV-22Ls and one MV-44E to move north along the coast from Mokastana to the North West coast of Morrdh. The goal is to link up with Blackjack and Majestic knight either in route to a safe house or at the safe house to affect

a rescue and return to Mokastana.

Support: Two MV-44Es with commandos on board will be close to the border to affect support in case it's needed. Four AV-22s will support the commando's if needed with direct air support.

Once HVP is rescued and returned to Mokastana, the HVP and detail will be flown to Osea for medical and debriefing before being flown back to the Crown.

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** » Tue Jun 10, 2014 8:04 pm



Verrier (Capital) Stevidian South Greal Coastline

"GO GO GO!"

The commanding officer of the Mokan volunteers rushed the men forward, getting them into formation for presentation to their new commanders from Stevid. Unlike the other soldiers in traditional Mokan uniforms with no visible markings of any kind, their commanders wore their claws proudly around their necks and had red arm bands tied around their right biceps. They were officers from the Jaguar Society, here to confirm kills and help ensure that those soldiers who volunteered for this chance to fight would get the chance to become Jaguars themselves. For Mokan Military culture believed Warfare for the sake of Warfare, and if you were deployed under a different flag and got a kill, that was still your kill. If it was confirmed, you could rejoin the Mokan Army after your discharge and work towards your claws.

The majority of volunteers here were aiming for those claws. No doubt their Stevidian commanders would see the eagerness in their eyes, and no doubt some would make stupid or rash decisions to get a kill in the battlefield, but they had been trained to avoid such behaviors (Another reason the 'Military Advisors' with red arm bands were here). Experience had taught them that Mokan Military culture made it hard for soldiers to integrate into other military forces, such as the Fegosian Union Rapid Reaction Forces. As such, whenever Mokan soldiers were deployed, these officers would be there to smooth relations and help get the Mokan grunts to follow other military cultures with relative ease.

Alternatively, the host nation could keep their Mokans separate from the main force and just point them towards a target. Mokans worked better when given some independence after all.

"Attention!"

A parade ground of 100 Mokan Soldiers of various backgrounds stood at attention, surplus FX-05 assault rifles over their shoulders. In total nearly 2,000 volunteers would be deployed to Stevid.

Geosynchronous Orbit, Above Greater Dienstad

It was time to test Mokan Space weapons against the Haize threat. For while the Haize Space vessels were scattered, the Mokans had been collecting theirs within orbit. Not many typically left Earth orbit unless they were on operation with the CCA. However with tensions as they were, even those missions had been cancelled.

Five Mokan warships in total now sat in various orbits around Greater Dienstad. Each now watching a demonstration of the ability of the Haize space weapon to shoot down missiles. It was, better than

expected. However that meant the Mokans now had the best chance to shoot down the unbelievably sized weapon of war the Haize had in orbit.

First, from the Ocean based fleet below, a wall of RIM-161 Standard Missiles would be fired up towards the target. In total an initial wave of 140 fled their VLS tubes from the 33rd Assault Fleet, screaming upwards towards the sky. If the situation called for more, more were on standby, but for now the Naval commanders waited to see what would happen.

In orbit, four Orcas and one Hibernia Class Capital Ship opened fire with their missile tubes: guided rockets with a W80 warhead modified into a [Casaba Howitzer](#) would now race towards the Haize space cruiser. For the second time in Moka history, the battle had finally gone to space.

Twenty four rockets now launched towards the one Haize vessel, with another 24 fired soon afterwards, bringing a grand total of 48 nuclear tipped missiles now flying towards one target.

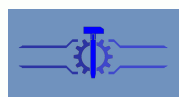
As if the above was not enough, 18 Eagle Star Fighters raced from their bases in Wellovia, coming from below they would avoid any orbital tracking the enemy might be using, and instead would seem to be large bombers or transport planes. It was only when they would turn up and fire their ordinances would the truth be revealed. Each was armed with two 30mm Anti-Satellite Gauss Rifles and one Casaba Howitzer Missile just like the ones the fleet fired. The goal would be to get in range and fire their Casaba Missiles if the initial wave did not take it out. Then engage with 30mm Gauss rifle fire as the fleet moved in continuing to fire with Casaba Howitzer Missiles. The Fleet did not want to get in close enough to use their 76mm and 155mm cannons, but if the situation called for it, they would resort to firing tungsten bolts towards the enemy craft. They would be slow and probably easily dodged, but a laser could only do so much damage against slugs, and high speed liquid magma could be just as dangerous as the armor piercing rounds they once were.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Tue Jun 10, 2014 8:58 pm, edited 5 times in total.

[Factbook](#)
[Montana Inc](#)

Quotes about Mokastana:

[QUOTES](#)



Haishan
Diplomat

Posts: 687
Founded: Sep 08, 2010
Father Knows Best State

☐ by [Haishan](#) » Wed Jun 11, 2014 8:57 pm



OOO: Written with permission of -Italia- on the destruction of his space vessel.

High Earth Orbit

The Haize Interstellar Armed Forces can be concretely described as a patient hunter, carefully arranging its every step in line with Haize national doctrines that advocate optimal force projection, clearly represented by appearance of just single Kruhnze-class Space Siege Vessel above the skies of Greater Dienstad rather calling all three of them to service in the same locality. The space hierarchy knew that anything which involves orbital weapons are potentially a slippery slope and undoubtedly a thorny issue as recently demonstrated by the Junta own diplomatic protests against the United Ditorates of Titanicia's orbiting nuclear warheads prior to the Empire haste retreat from regional lands.

Insofar like the rest of Haize Armed Forces, the space arm remained on defensive posture as reflected by HXC Overseer which didn't fire a single shot of anger toward Imperial States or People Unified Federation space assets even though both parties were responsible for the initial Haize Kessler problem which sent twenty Haize dead and majority of Haize satellites destroyed in the orbital fiasco. It's not until the Kingdom of Imbrinium thousands of ASAT attack that HXC Overseer fired several shots in attempt to reduce chances of a second Kessler to be realized from their apparent targets of

Morridane, Stevid and Haize remaining space assets.

While the defensive attack was furious befitting Mokaan space vessels attempted assault on the siege vessel, it didn't go well as what the HIMF have expected; recent news release by Fedala Times of Golden Throne origin indicated several Macabee space assets were compromised by the indiscriminate ASAT cloud launched by Imbrinium even though the space vessel have directly attacked the incoming munition with extreme prejudice.

HIMF covert free space optical communication satellites above the skies of the Holy Empire could provide additional proof of the collateral damage as the adaptive satellites carefully record every detail of the collision but there's only much a handful of HIMF satellites could do given the space arm cannot risk discovery of SCNS-cousin satellites toward hostile nations in order to maintain technological advantage against would-be aggressors.

The Mokaan space fleet attack however are clearly anticipated as the HXC Overseer rapidly darted out of its previous position in geosynchronous orbit above Haishan while screaming twice the orbital escape velocity to move into High Earth Orbit as fast as possible. The south eastward-bound vessel can almost instantly see the approaching Mokaan nuclear-tipped missiles by the flare of their propulsive engines some thousands of kilometers away; judging by both closing velocities, HXC Overseer have one major advantage being its massive speed to literally outrun the nuclear weapons.

The launched RIM-161 ASAT from Mokaan 33th Assault Fleet however will never reach the obviously speeding HIMF warship, clearly separated by immense range gap of at least some thirty thousand kilometers away; like the nuclear-tipped missile, HXC Overseer almost instantly recognize the ASAT missile characteristics based on HIMF extensive studies on conventional ASAT weapons by momentarily probing the missiles with a defensive radar and applying rapid spectra-chemical analysis on their exhaust flares.

The same cannot be said on the approaching Mokaan nuclear missiles given HIMF haven't encountered them before but by considering space armament theories coupled with the same probing mechanisms, HXC Overseer determined they're some kind of nuclear weapon, obviously in Mokaan crude space design in contrast of more refined and utilitarian aspect of HIMF. As the warship rapidly gains distance from Mokaan space fleet in vicinity and the wall of ASATs from the sea below, HXC Overseer intense exhaust flare could be said to literally light up above the skies of the region as a miniature star, almost outshining the Sun as it moved away from Haize airspace.

HXC Overseer in its haste rapidly alerted HIMF space assets in vicinity of Earth by pulsating various multi wavelength chaotic infrared soliton pulses, finally classing the entire People United Federation of Mokaastana as a hostile State and a war target for the Junta. Such escalation of arms previously have been clearly avoided by the Junta even when it involved Imbrinium massive ASAT attack but a direct nuclear attack on HIMF vessels is instantly recognized as a legitimate act of war.

While it's projected the nuclear-tipped missiles cannot reasonably reach the space warship, the plotted trajectory paths of Mokaan ASAT have caused serious alarm; the incoming kinetic kill vehicles will impact HIMF smaller vessels in Low Earth Orbit in proximity of Haize airspace. The space behemoth rapidly dispense its own specialized intercept munitions, some encapsulated kevlar nets with bunch of rocket engines attached and some space-adapted thermobaric missiles to interdict the incoming Mokaan nuclear missiles and ASATs simultaneously but all is in vain as the ASATs are projected to arrive first by sheer separation distance between the rapidly accelerating-away space ship and the suspected collision area. This obviously caused the vessel to reorder majority of its intercept munitions to target Mokaan space nuclear missiles instead though some of the Haize intercept munitions are left to accelerate towards the approaching Mokaan ASAT swarm.

The Moka kinetic kill vehicles collisions quickly made their mark, work and way through the HIMF shuttles before any of the defensive munitions launched by HXC Overseer could arrive; some HIMF shuttles immediately lost their wings and engines while others literally exploded in shower of deadly space shrapnel and red paint as the indiscriminate ASATs slammed into their fuel tanks and initiating a chemical reaction via rapid mixing of the shuttles' oxidizers and fuel thanks to the ASATs penetration on their lightly armoured superstructures. Some unfortunate HIMF taikonauts have also received the fury launched by the Moka sea fleet, resulting in mists of red paint and dismembered limbs as the hostile munitions impacted them no less than five kilometers per second.

The leftover ASATs and resultant radicalized space debris from the collisions immediately impacted Italian space station Galileo in proximity of the international orbit clean up operations; the Italian Orion cruiser docked at the space station tried to fire at the rapidly approaching debris swarm with much valour but the debris rapidly overloaded the cruiser mighty defenses, sending its multi tonnage hulk brushing with the Italian space station as apparently a large HIMF space shuttle wing debris directly impacted the space vessel's front. Galileo space station internal fuel stores then immediately explode one by one due to combination of multi-megajoule impacts from leftover Moka ASATs and fragmented debris from destroyed HIMF shuttles. This is then followed by inevitable collision of the Orion cruiser's half extended metallic droplet space radiators and the large tamper pusher plate of the cruiser which literally digs through the left side of the space station.

The explosive reaction that followed the Italian cruiser ongoing laser, CIWS and missile attack on the incoming debris then ripped straight into the heavily armoured belly of the space vessel through the metallic droplet radiator structure as the rapidly expanding hot plasma mixture of combusted gasses, some unreacted fuels and some charred human limbs initiate the explosive fillings of the cruiser's nuclear pulse units and auxiliary fuel and coolant pipes in proximity of the rupture. This in effect generated a fresh orbital debris which is literally littered with unexploded nuclear ordinance of the Orion cruiser and some fizzled out nuclear pulse units in addition of variety of metal fragments from the destroyed space station.

Should HXC Overseer assumed and retained its previous location, such collateral shouldn't occur and thus the commander of the space vessel have deeply regretted his decision. Potentially in their futile attempt to down the space behemoth, some of the Moka nuclear missiles detonated which send stream of radiation and metal plasma toward HXC Overseer, nevermind the fact there is an immense gap of several thousands of kilometers between the offending missiles and the HIMF vessel. All of Haize metal augmented charge missiles then rapidly explode as soon as they're in range of the rest of Moka nuclear missile swarm to prematurely detonate some of the Casaba missiles.

The rest of the Moka nuclear missiles however will find their orbital paths interdicted by recently deployed defensive Kevlar nets projected by HIMF munition that is originally designed to deal with Kessler-type situation. The same is also directed toward identified Moka space vessels by HIMF assets in Lunar Orbit, as clearly indicated by additional ten missiles detaching from the space behemoth missile cells with each missile carrying around forty Kevlar nets to immobilize and interdict the hostile space ships. Unlike the Moka space fleet, the HIMF vessel refrained using nuclear weapons on them in order to not spark any potential international backlash. Other HIMF intelligence assets in vicinity have carefully recorded the impacts, to serve as backup evidence on the shenanigans of the People United Federation.

In concert of rapidly developing orbital situation, Haize Aerospace Defense Contingent anti ballistic units immediately alerted relevant States being Alfegos, Italia, Morrdh, and Lamoni of the second initial Kessler in proximity of Haishan, particularly on the new deadly space

debris generated by the now destroyed Italian Orion cruiser. Haize anti ballistic missile units then swing into action, by activating majority of Haize anti-space defenses to track and potentially interdict new space debris as indicated by variety of megawatt-class lasers emitted from key locations in Haishan, although the amount and the orbital speed of the generated debris is simply too much for currently available laser units to respond effectively. Haize ground-based anti ballistic missiles however are not immediately launched in order to firstly assess the situation and predict the orbital path of the new debris.

Last edited by [Haishan](#) on Wed Jun 11, 2014 10:01 pm, edited 4 times in total.

STATE CAPITALIST WITH CHAOS THEORISM | THE TECHNO-INDUSCRACY OF HAISHAN
ORDER THROUGH DISORDER
"Nyhizi kizcyk kur"

Misc



Malgrave
Negotiator

Posts: 5723
Founded: Mar 29, 2011
Democratic Socialists

by [Malgrave](#) » Sat Jun 14, 2014 6:43 am

QUOTE

Interrogation Room - Tillingham Airbase.

"You are part of an organisation that was responsible for launching a biological and chemical attack upon a civilian target and I suspect that you are hiding something from me" Hajek said walking to the door and collecting a large file from a nameless soldier. "I'm not one for politics but the government is extremely concerned about how the fallout from these attacks could impact its chances of re-election. It is extremely unlikely that they will lose but they don't want a decreased majority....and thats where you fit in. You see if you don't present us with reliable information on those responsible for the attacks then you shall be charged with a multitude of offences including but not restricted to crimes against humanity, mass murder and of course unauthorised usage of illegal weapons.

International Hotel - Maldon - Malgrave

Helen Magnus grumbled before turning around to face her assistant, Malgravean scientists were well known for becoming easily engrossed in their studies and after several tragedies the government had been forced to send research assistants to make sure they kept hydrated and fed during long study sessions.

"What urgent matter has required you to interrupt me at such a crucial venture? I'm supposed to meet a Doctor Allende in a few hours to discuss the virus and everything must be finely tuned" Helen said returning to her computer simulations. In general Malgraveans were quite adept at setting up research centres on the go so within a few hours the basement of the Volta International Hotel had been transformed completely into an efficient laboratory with connections established with universities and research centres across the mainland and the distant research colony.

"It has been several hours since I contacted you last. I came here to say that Doctor Allende has arrived and is currently waiting near the entrance of the basement." Marcus said emotionlessly pointing towards the clock on the wall.

"Of course. I just got caught up on my work again....it won't happen again" Helen said scooping some folders from the table and rushing towards Allende, ignoring the look from her assistant who knew that it would most likely happen again today.

Magnus had some good news for Allende. It seemed that only a few citizens from Mokastana lacked the common sense to remain within the city, this meant that the disease was confined within a fairly short radius and the Ministry of State Security was currently carrying out an operation to track down all those who could of had contact with the infected tourists.

"Doctor Allende. It is a pleasure to meet you although it is obviously disappointing that we had to meet under such dire circumstances I hope that we can work together to eradicate this horrific virus."

Helen said adjusting the collection of folders in her hands in order to be able to shake Allende's. "We've managed to form a basic genetic analysis of the viruses RNA sequences and we're currently running more detailed scans in order to understand the virus origin and relationship to other virus. Hopefully after that we should be able to start work on a treatment" the Malgravean Scientist said guiding the Mokan Doctor to her computer station.

IC Information.



Stevid
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevid** » Tue Jun 24, 2014 3:15 pm



2015 hrs Tue 24 Jun Somewhere in Northern Stevidia

Cruising at about 180 kph was a very long freight train in the densely forested area of northern Stevidia region known Connan Forest. The train had travelled an extremely long way, all the way from the Capita and through the hostile Stevidian Wastelands to even reach this far. This was no ordinary long distance haulage freight train, for if a casual observer (not that there would be any at all this far away from civilisation) were to look upon the sides of some of the carriages they would see the Royal Coat of Arms of Parliament emblazoned on the side signifying it was an official governmental transit train. The contents within could be literally anything from simple consumer goods to things far more sensitive and official and certainly not for the public eye.

Also inside this particular train was a scientist, Sir Matthew Bielefeld of Keele University in the southwest corner of Stevid. A renowned government scientist and an expert in microbiology and virology and also an advisor to the government's Imperial Ministry of Science, Imperial Home Office, and also the Ministry of Defence. He was probably the most important individual on this train; his status gave him that accolade at least. Trains were one of his more favoured methods of transport, it was slower than flying which allowed him to complete more work before arriving at his destination, and government trains were free and also allowed him to work in complete isolation. And there he was, sitting in the rear carriage of a train of fifteen (with only the rear one being designed to accommodate VIPs) that continued to snake its way through the woodland. The interior was sleek and modern, like an expensive inner-city hotel with a variety of amenities to occupy him should he grow tiresome of his work. But there was no way he was going to get bored, not with the subjects he was studying and, once he arrived at his destination, he'd be even less bored – in fact he was relishing working around fellow scientists who would inevitably tell him to "Get some sleep." It wouldn't be the first time.

In stark contrast to the interior of this carriage, the outside of the train was much more sinister. The locomotive was charcoal black with a plough at the front for removing ash drifts in the wasteland but also came in handy for removing obstacles laid by the bandits that frequented the Wastes. On top was a heavy remotely operated 50-cal heavy machine gun and towards the back there was another. Every three carriages there was another manned heavy machine gun but also along the sides of the locomotive and carriages/containers were small gantries. These were patrolled by a single armed military contractor agent either side of the carriage with a further four on the final carriage. This was for additional protection in the Wastes but also to protect the valuable contents within – especially on this train.

Suddenly, the train burst from out of the forest and into the brightness of the day. It startled Matthew enough to make to look up from his papers. What he saw was ominous, he'd heard of this place before, whispered rumours he knew to be true - that the place actually existed, yes, but never any fine grain details. Left and right of the train was now an open grey wasteland probably only 10km wide, Matthew could just about see trees in the distance, and ahead of the train, only 5km or so from the railway entrance into Connan Forest was a [large fortress wall](#). Not nearly as big as that that surrounds Stevid Capita, Milton or Keele and about a ¾ the size of

the partial one around western Sunderland, but it was big and he knew this thing surrounded his destination, which was still fifteen minutes away. Adjacent to the track on either side were 12ft tall barbed and electrified fences and patrolling them on either side were light armoured recon vehicles of the Stevidian Territorial Army. What ever lay beyond, the government wanted unknown people out and away from it. A large blast door opened to allow the train entrance into the fortification. There was only one railway line so the need for documentation was irrelevant, this train was supposed to be here. Barely two minutes past inside a tunnel through the wall before Matthew was greeted with an equally similar spectacle on the other side. A short gap this time though, before the train entered the rest of Connan Forest – maybe 1 or 2km, but the security was all the same – strict and oppressive. It seemed to Matthew that at least one of the rumours was true... something's within were not allowed to leave once they entered.

A smidgen of fear crept up inside him but he banished it with a simple thought of work, he dived frantically back into his paperwork remembering that he only had fifteen minutes until he arrived at his destination. These last fifteen minutes, much like the foliage he passed en route, slipped by in what felt like a moment's notice before Matthew was again disturbed. A soft 'ping' noise came from within his carriage asking for his attention.

"This train is approaching its final destination. In the interests of private, national and public security, please bring all personal belongings with you as you leave and mind the gap between the train and the platform edge. All change."

Matthew sighed to himself. He was the only person here, surely train operator could have told him all of that himself without the patronising shrill of that automated announcement? His disgruntled thoughts didn't stay with him for long as the forest outside became far less dense. Through small gaps he could make out small outbuildings and armoured cars before the train passed through another double fenced, electrified perimeter before sliding to a halt at the platform. The train had stopped inside what looked like a building or shelter, obvious part of a huge complex, but his carriage almost poked out of the end and into the sunlight. But as he stepped onto the platform he didn't have much time to take in the highly militarised environment he was now in, a man slightly taller than himself greeted him almost instantly and was in military FAD No.2 Dress. A highly decorated man with several medals and braids on his jacket, this had to be the Commandant for the establishment and the military contingent therein – Col Lawrence Heart, Stevidian Home HQ Land Forces.

"Sir Matthew!" He beamed extending a hand.

"I prefer Doctor Bielefeld." Matthew replied shaking his hand in return. *"So this is it, the rumours are true? I can't quite believe it."*

The two of them started to walk side-by-side down the platform and deeper in the complex flanked by armed soldiers, behind, and in front. Further down the platform worker started to open up the freight doors of the other cargo carriages and start to unload the contents.

"Yes Doctor, it is true. Welcome to Camp 4." Col Heart said slyly. *"Well, I say the rumours are true, but Camp 4 has been around since the rise and then fall of the communist regime nearly two decades ago. It may not have the public profile it had back then as a gulag but it is still here as the largest maximum security prison in the Empire – with an element of forced labour."*

"At least that part is true – of the rumours I mean." Matthew said, keen to keep the small talk going – Camp 4 was an infinitely fascinating place with very few official records available to read. A lot about the Camp was a complete mystery. It had it's own wiki article being only a paragraph long but with no coordinates, pictures or detailed information; only a few sentences explaining it was a prison where the least volatile inmates would mine coal for five hours

a day four days a week – and that it is 'estimated' to accommodate 30,000 inmates.

"Yes... the coal mine I mean. Look Doctor," The Col said, stopping midway down the length of the train. There was far more security at this freight carriage than the others. "I will be happy to give you a tour and more than happy to continue talking about this facility until your meeting with the Board of Prison Councillors later today... however your luggage is of paramount importance."

Matthew looked confused as he beckoned back towards the carriage he'd just come from. *"Err, it's back in there, Colonel."*

"Ah ha!" Heart chuckled. "No doctor. No, the other more delicate cargo you have for these good people." He gestured a few metres up the platform towards ten men heavily kitted out in CBRN gear, four military soldiers escorting six civilian scientists dressed in a yellow version of the equipment but theirs was more environmental with full head enclosure and their own breathing apparatus as opposed to the Army's GSR respirator and CBRN overalls.

"Oh yes, of course! Most of the stuff in here is my own laboratory's equipment. I know, or rather I've heard, this place has world-class facilities but I brought it just in case. The 'package' is in the bombproof container that is bolted to the floor and wall."

A few minutes later one of the civilian scientists exited the train carriage holding a stainless steel case with a biohazard marking upon it. The civilian was immediately surrounded by guards who all then turned and faced outwards. A muffled cry came from one of the soldiers, *"Ready!"* All soldiers cocked their rifles and escorted all the scientists towards the station exit.

"Is that safe?" Heart said nervously. "I've heard abou..."

"Perfectly safe Lawrence. The Mokans forwarded me all the fail-safes of the case. Should any one of them fail, the water-based solution of the vial inside mixes with pure phosphorus that annihilates that solution. It's airtight so no leaks or break-in, it can only be opened with a pin code that, other than the Mokans, only I know." Matthew said before then tapping the temple of his head. *"And it's all up here."*

"Glad to here it. Follow me then doctor..."

The pair walked off the indoor platform and into the main prison complex and Heart started to explain the facility more in depth.

Camp 4 was secret, heavily secret. On the face it was a fully working, functioning and legitimate maximum-security prison – for all of the Empire's most horrid of delinquents. In here were also more uncommon criminals to the free world: radical extremists, heretics and apostates, Satanists, political prisoners who harboured other ulterior motives/agendas/unworldly schemes. Not all charges were proven in court but they were all extremely dangerous men and women. The least violent worked in the coal mine, the rest were exercised for an hour a day and then were shut away indoors for not only their safety but for those of the civil prison guards. The prison complex itself was huge and was able to contain up to 30,000 inmates in four wings or cell blocks and was surrounded by a large fortress wall. Inside the wall was a dense forest with dirt tracks all patrolled by vehicles and sniffer dog crews; several internal electric fences and check points and only three ways out – all by train through blast doors in the wall. One through Alpha gate in the southwest, the most heavily armed of the gates with two rail links going in and out. Bravo gate, the one Matthew came through in the south; and Charlie gate in east, also heavily armed and featured only one railway line that transported food and other assorted cargo direct from a port in the wasteland some three hours away. The prisoners enter Camp 4, and on those rare occasions when there was a release – exit, via Alpha gate.

There had never been a breakout, never been a riot or violent disorder. This prison was as close you could come to permanent lock down.

On the official face of it at least, this was what Camp 4 was – and it was actually the truth. But it harboured something else, something much darker, and insidious – some might even call it evil if they were ever to find out. Something so dark that on official records it simply did not exist and no way to prove it did.

From the surface (be it ground level or satellite), the Camp 4 was a very large prison complex built square and rectangle modules with brick with a colliery in the northwest, surrounded by forest and the faint outline of a fortress wall until you came to a clearing where the vastness of it all became apparent. The structure below surface extended below ground some more, least four stories down and it was here that the more dangerous of criminals were kept in almost total lockdown. But there was more, unseen to those above, unseen to the public and the world- for the 'façade' of the prison was perfect and taken as a matter of fact. One of the railways from Alpha gate didn't end at the prison complex with the other railway at the sheltered internal platforms. This railway was lost among the dense forest and disappears into a tunnel that takes it nearly a kilometre underground before stopping at a subterranean platform almost directly underneath the Camp 4 prison complex. This was the true 'Camp 4' – a subterranean structure nearly a kilometre underground and from there stretched out for nearly two more and extended further into the earth for another 20 stories or approximately 66 metres. Four service lifts and one huge general goods and heavy lift elevator connected this underground complex with the one above. Down here civilian and military scientists and analysts conducted the darker arts of science and exploitation, all the while the Church watched on and fully sanctioned the acts. For little over fifteen years, Camp 4 had been the government's key research facility in for CBRN weaponry and naturally occurring diseases and pathogens... and their mandate was boundless.

During the communist dictatorship that founded the facility and now with the current government, the forests and the gulag within meant that a constant fresh source of wild animals and human beings provided the Camp 4's research facility (then 1km deep but only a further three stories deeper) with all the test subjects they required. Studies conducted by the military included effects of torture through use of physical, psychological and audio abuse and the myriad of forms they take. The studies went further to look into the effects of radiation and chemicals on the environment, flora and fauna, and humanity. Scientists would sometimes work apart from the military and would sometimes cooperate on projects. Known chemical, radiological and biological agents occurring naturally or employed within national arsenals were acquired in small amounts and replicated. The effects of the weapons administered were analysed and documented expertly and thoroughly by the military and civilian staff. Hundreds of wildlife and human 'specimens' were killed in the simple documenting of effects first hand in a controlled environment. Data gathered would be further analysed in order to synthesise cures for diseases, viral and biological weapons; agents or medication to combat chemical infections or radiological exposures. These trial 'drugs/vaccines' were tested on more subjects and the successes, failures and side effects monitored and recorded. No weaponised agents were ever, and will never be implemented by the Stevidian military as per policy.

Prisoners would not be missed. To have a prison sentence to Camp 4 is to lose all sense of known freedom due to the heinous crimes committed – prisoners will only see family, friends or loved ones again if ever released. Because of this, the military, civilian scientists, and the Stevidian Church, had first pickings on the truly evil and most forsaken of prisoners, of which all were kept in appalling conditions. Small, dank concrete cells or within tiny reinforced Plexiglas 'cages' were the only homes these people had anymore. Once the embers of their pathetic existence faded away, the bodies were burned in the same furnaces that heated the entire facility – underground and top.

The equipment and laboratories used were world class. The scientists were some of the finest in Stevid and the most discrete; everyone was vetted weekly with extremely strict and stringent tests. Questioning was conducted by the Holy Order of the Inquisition, attended also by clergy and the Knights Templar. In some cases the Inquisition's specialised sub-branch, the Ordo Hereticus, was called in to conduct questioning so bizarre and leading that it was truer that a person questioned was actually 'guilty until proven innocent'; and of course all those questioned were never allowed any form of legal representation.

Camp 4 was the literally the raw embodiment of fear.

For all the quashed ethics and evil that occurred within, Stevid and the Empire as a whole had benefitted immensely. Stevidian civil defence and military CBRN drills and counter-measures were second to none. Safety drills, vaccines and anti-chemical agents against the most common biological and chemical agent attacks were now so potent or effective that Stevid was one of the most prepared nations in the world for an enemy attack with weapons of mass destruction – including nuclear attacks even at in peacetime. The National Health Services (included Church sponsored) and private services had easy access to the latest treatments for infectious diseases at a steep price; and the State would openly applaud laboratories and universities that 'made' these discoveries when the real architects remained secret.

And so it was, Camp 4 was the perfect place for Matthew and the facility's crack bunch of civilian and military scientists to finally pull apart and analyse the specimen he had brought with him from the capital. Matthew was now dressed in a fully enclosed environmental suit with one other civilian and a military scientist too. They stood in an airtight room that had been vacuum sucked so that it was as airless and deadly as outer space. Matthew tapped the keypad buttons several times on the container from Mokastana and watched with great anticipation as it clicked then hissed open revealing a small, innocent looking vial about two inches long and half an inch thick – inside was a helix looking shape filled with a light blue aqueous solution. Matthew removed the vial from the form protection of the case and held it up to light. There were no visible bubbles, colour taints or visual contaminants – integrity tests would either prove or disprove this. Matthew smiled at its perfection.

"Good." He snarled.

Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Tue Jun 24, 2014 3:23 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

☐ by [Imbrinium](#) » Tue Jun 24, 2014 4:26 pm



1,000km north of Imbrinium,

The four Pijl-class arsenal ships had completed their missions and where headed south at full speed their missile banks empty, the farthest eastern ship the HMS Aello picked up a flight of aircraft coming from the Northwest.

In the CIC the radar picked up a flight of fast movers, the captain ordered Condition 1 throughout the ship.

"Weps what do we have to defend ourselves?"

"Sir we only have point defense systems sir."

"Dam have the bridge move to flank speed and contact command and tell them we have unknown aircraft moving in on us."

"Aye sir"

"Radar ETA of possible bandits"

"Five minutes and they are coming in fast and low"

"Great prefect height to hit us with missiles."

Within minutes the flight of aircraft where in visual sight of the Aello, just then they passed over and broke both left and right.

"No weapons seen on broad sir and the Morrdh Naval!"

Well they know where the ASAT missiles came from now, alert fleet command let's hope they lost enough of their networks for it to take time for the their report to get back.

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



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Tue Jun 24, 2014 4:51 pm



Interrogation Room - Tillingham Airbase.

Commander Mazzi leaned back in his chain and listen to what his captures where asking him.

"Gentlemen I really don't know how things work in this country but in the Crown, the only people that can order an attack on a civilian city with CBRN weapons would come down from the either the King and or the prime minister. Now if you don't mind you have people that need to be saved and that's what the Crown sent me here to do was heal what we had done."

"I have the cure for your people but it doesn't do you or your people any good sitting in my aircraft, so who is the cause more harm to their people me and my government or you and yours?"

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** » Wed Jun 25, 2014 12:28 pm



1,000km North of Imbrinium

Seeing that the ships hadn't opened fire upon them, the pilot of the lead Buccaneer called out over the radio. *"Imbrinium vessels, this Navjet Zero Three Two."*

"We've been ordered to overfly and NOT engage, I repeat we've been ordered to overfly and NOT engage." The lead Buccaneer pilot explained as he observer took photo after photo of the arsenal ships. *"Please convey onto your command, Navjet Zero Three Two out."*

"Okay lads," Said the pilot as he switched the frequency to the flight's own channel. *"We've got more than enough snapshots, lets head back to the Dommie."*

There was a chorus of acknowledgements from the other pilots before the Buccaneers turned onto a course that would take them home to the HMMS *Dominion*. Back on the aircraft carrier itself other Buccaneers were in the process as being fitted out as buddy tankers and fuelled up so that they could top up the returning aircraft and give them an even greater safety margin for them to land in.

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - **Factbook**

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



by **Lamoni** » Thu Jun 26, 2014 2:02 am





Lamoni
Game Moderator

Posts: 9045
Founded: Antiquity
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

100 km from Stevid

QUOTE

The Lamonian [CFU-17A Sky Rider MRT](#) was now only 100 kilometers out from landing at a pre-arranged Stevidian Air Force Base. Onboard, were samples of [S1R1](#) and [S1R4](#), two of the major viruses in the secretive Lamonian biowarfare program. These samples (five of each) were stored in plastic containers, which were themselves clearly labeled, and protected in a locked stainless steel case. To prevent unauthorized entry into the case, an numerical lock was connected to a thermite bomb, which would kill the virus cultures within via extreme heat. The combination for the case was known only to the Lamonian and Stevidian governments, and then only to authorized personnel.

With the symptoms that these two viruses presented in an infected human host, no precaution was too great. S1R1 started with sneezing, dizziness, fatigue, and the sweats. It would later move on to delirium, dementia, amnesia, as well as muscle cramps and spasms. By five days after infection by S1R1, the patient would experience inability to chew or swallow, psychosis, violent behavior, and hallucinations. For the so-called "late infected," S1R1 victims would have heightened adrenaline, brain swelling and inflammation. They would become extremely violent, with muscles spasms and seizures. In addition to all of this, their brains would retreat into a more primitive state, where the infected would move after anything they notice which acted like prey, especially fellow humans. For lack of a better term, S1R1 would place the victims into a (for lack of a better term) zombie-like state. It was estimated that within two months since the last person was infected with S1R1, they would die due to dehydration and malnourishment. This estimate does not take the infected being killed by other (especially violent) means into account.

S1R4 was even worse, in that it was found to kill infected patients within 78 to 100 hours. Within five hours of infection, a person infected by S1R4 would have no more white blood cells left in their body, with platelets also being affected. Shortly after, an infected would begin bleeding from their eyes, ears, and nose. During this time, blood would also work its way into the lungs, causing an infected to cough up blood, while the virus goes into the central nervous system at the same time. This leads to brain swelling and inflammation. By the twelfth hour after infection, the infected suffers amnesia, hallucinations, and extremely violent behavior, as the virus ravages the victim's brain. It is recommended to shoot the infected on sight once they reach this stage. Twenty-four hours after being infected by S1R4, the victim will begin to sneeze, cough and vomit up blood, while being very dangerous and contagious, and have lost all higher level cognitive function. After seventy-eight hours, the S1R4 virus enters its final, deadly stage. Motor functions will rapidly decline, leading to extreme muscle spasms, seizures, and paralysis. Receiving an injury during this time will lead to severe loss of blood, where infected can die from blood loss. As all those who are infected with S1R4 are dead within three to four days, the (non-Lamonian) creators of the S1R1 and S1R4 viruses saw the S1R4 virus as a means of rapidly clearing out zones of those who had been infected by S1R1. The longest recorded survival of someone who had been infected by S1R4, was a Bulgislanian man, who survived the S1R4 virus for 96 hours and 34 minutes before the virus brutally terminated his life.

Lamoni had obtained samples of both of these viruses from their ally in New Edom, promising to research a cure for both viruses. While that was indeed the primary purpose for both viruses, the Lamonian government had diverted some of the samples for both viruses into a top secret Lamonian

bio-warfare program, using the Lamonian government's top-secret supermax prison known (to those in the government who had the clearance to know about it) as [Camp 18](#) as a source of test subjects for the program. Like Stevid's Camp 4, the top-secret bio-warfare program was located underneath the already subterranean prison facilities. The facility was perfect for the testing, because of the tight security surrounding the complex, coupled with its underground location, and the fact that the facilities were separated by airlocks, which could be flooded by water from the nearby Lexington River, at need. Indeed, the facility was considered to be nearly escape-proof, and already came with their own cremation facilities, which burned very very hot, so as to kill any bio-agents which the test subjects might be infected with.

The bio-weapon facilities underneath Camp 18 had been constructed well before Imbrinium had unleashed Varathon Blood Fever upon Malgrave, but the bio-attack had spurred on Lamonian bio-weapons programs, eventually leading to Lamoni obtaining samples of the S1R1 and S1R4 viruses as part of the program. To this day, Stevid was the only Greater Dienstadi nation who knew that Lamoni had these viruses, and that they had only learned a few days in advance, as the Lamonian government had asked the Stevidian government for help in finding a cure for both viruses. Not even the Stevidians were told about the Lamonian bio-warfare program, but they were told that the Lamonians had obtained the virus samples from New Edom, who had somehow obtained them from Bulgislavia, in the region of Tyrrhennia.

Once the aircraft carrying the samples landed at the pre-determined Stevidian RAF base, the container would be given to whatever team that the Stevidian government had assigned to the purpose, and the interior of the cargo portion of the aircraft would then undergo NBC decontamination procedures. Only when this was complete, would the aircraft be allowed to fly back to Lamonian territory for normal use. These viruses were simply to severe to mess around with, and the sooner that a cure was developed for them, the better.

[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](#) » Thu Jul 10, 2014 9:22 pm



S Vanderburg;

With ambushes and IED attacks hitting units trying to move into the inner city, command decided to hold what had been gained and with the commando raid to secure well underway and quickly turning in to a win. The commando raid had most of the port area under control and searched, the units had found some explosives on some ships in port to sink them to make parts of the port unusable. The orders where to secure the port but not outside the direct port confines, commandos where to setup a perimeter and hold, other forces where to secure a causeway along the coastal highway south as a MSR. Two divisions will secure the southern and eastern flanks of the city to create a corridor for supplies and units to move south from the port.

One division was to secure the southern flank south of the city using a four lane divided City Street as a break point to stop and reinforce their positions. The division was told to dig in and defend, the

western division was order to link up with the commando group at the port and secure from the port to south to the forward lines of battlespace. This would be done by patrols and patrol bases setup along the north south coastal highway.

The city would be won later, and raids would be done as needed with commandos and drones. The rest of the marine forces would be ordered to chase down and destroy Stevid forces before they had time to regroup and be reinforced in the west. The orders where to pursue and destroy and offer no quarter and no mercy.

Imbrinium;

The powers at be inside Imbrinium leaders were ready to issue new orders to its forces around the region. There was a few new operations take on Stevid and his allied forces around the region.

Operation Burmese:

Operation Burmese was a massive naval operation to cut off and hunt and sink Stevid's naval forces from reinforcing Southern Greal/ Stevid. Fifteen fleets will take part along with a number of submarine squadrons. The goal was the stem the tide of supplies and personal from making it to Southern Greal.

Operation Trophy:

Operation Trophy is a massive air operation from RIAF squadrons based in Lyras, aimed against Stevid naval forces. These squadrons mission is to intercept naval shipping and attack Southern Greal's ports.

Operation Top hat:

Operation Top hat is a massive air operation from both land and naval aircraft aimed at tracking down and destroying Stevid's naval forces in the western part of the region.

The orders where signed and sent out within hours the missions would reach the units involved and start within their own time lines.

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



Stevid
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

☐ by **Stevid** » Sat Jul 19, 2014 3:07 am



Quite secret IC

Camp 4

The room was dark and warm. Dr Bielefeld stood facing a reinforced Plexiglas wall that sectioned off half the room with only a small halogen light above him for light. The rest of the room, on the other side of this see-through wall was pitch-black give or take a few feet. He stood motionless, gazing into the inky blackness of the room in front of him as if watching something unseen. Behind him a door hissed open and a light blue fog wafted out before a tall man appeared from within. This was the de-contamination booth separating this particular room from the laboratory adjacent – separated by nearly 3 feet of reinforced concrete.

"Doctor?" The man asked.

Matthew Bielefeld twitched with surprised as he was interrupted from his trance. He quickly turned his head and raises a finger to his lips.

"Shhhh. Dr Stone... come here and watch..."

The tall man, Dr Stone, walked to the side of Matthew and stared into the darkness in front of him. He saw nothing, nothing at all – just Plexiglas, a few feet of flooring lit by the bulb above him and then nothingness.

"What am I watching for, Doctor?"

Matthew didn't reply, but a silhouette caught the eyes of both men. It was hard to make out at first, it looked like a person hunched over but it could easily be a trick of the mind. That notion was put to bed in an instant. The darkened figure charged towards the two men with wanton rage and slammed against the Plexiglas making the whole thing vibrate in shock. Matthew grinned as his colleague yelped and staggered backwards in fright at the creature in front of him. The figure on the other side of the glass could now be clearly seen. It was middle-aged human male, for the most part. It wore hospital scrubs for patients, was bare foot and had a medical tag around its wrist. More disturbing was the physical appearance and aggressive demeanour. It had black greasy hair but blood shot eyes that were slightly sunken in the sockets, the skin was a very pale yellow and the mouth was covered with blood. The creature roared behind the protective wall, pounding and clawing at it trying to attack the two men. It's snarls were muffled enough to allow the two men to converse but the wall did nothing to censor its aggressiveness as it started smearing blood all over the partition.

"What the hell is that? Doctor, that better not be what I think it is..."

"Well, Dr Stone, what do you think it is?"

"Sir, you've been here long enough now to have heard what happened here several years in the north-west wing of this place several floors below us. These 'creatures' are, well, they're trapped down there. It's under permanent quarantine and armed guard. How did you get this thing here?"

Matthew chuckled.

"Fascinating isn't he?" Matthew said as he walked up to the wall standing face-to-face with the enraged creature on the other side whose relentless attack continued. *"Yes I've heard all about the Reanimation break out that occurred several years ago, and the directive that came out of it. I've also heard of a similar incident occurring in the South Pole recently but, to release you of your fears, this man here is very much alive."*

"This isn't the Reanimation Virus?"

"No – this is something far simpler. This man was infected with the viral pathogen known as S1R1. It is a little known virus, and that it and it's genetic off shoot S1R4 are extremely contagious. It can be fatal, if not that then it is detrimental to society as a whole. The host starts to hallucinate and experience bouts of dementia after a few days of incubation. Symptoms start normal enough with sneezing and coughs, but after five or so days the infected revert to a very primal state. Extreme rage towards their fellow man and living creatures - driven by nothing other than aggressive need to kill and feed. Should the creature be unable to eat or drink anything substantial it will die in about two months. The similarities between it and the R-Virus are shocking to say the least – more so because the subject isn't technically 'dead' it doesn't fall under the remit of the Reanimation Directive."

"I thought we were working on the Blood Fever agent?"

"We are, still, and coming along nicely too – I'll show you something in a minute. But we've also been tasked to look at S1R1 and R4. We received the samples yesterday."

"Where from?"

Matthew smiled again. *"You would never be able to guess. Not in a*

million years. It was a gift from the Free Republic."

"Lamoni?" Dr Stone said looking somewhat shocked. *"Why do they have it?"*

"Probably for the same reason we do. Know your enemy and his capabilities and you won't lose to him. I'll give it to the Free Republic, they know a threat when they see it – and this a beastie. But yes, the angelic state of Lamoni. Anti-slavery, pro-democracy... all that. A shining beacon to the world on how great and prosperous a tolerate nation should be – a country every other country should look to and take inspiration from... in possession of one of the most horrible potential plagues on this Earth. Astounding how little we know about our friends."

"Are we working with them on this virus?" Dr Stone quizzed.

"Yes," Matthew sighed turning away from the pathetic creature in front him – still clumsily biting the Plexiglas. *"But this is the juicy bit. We're never going to meet them in person. All data sent to us is legitimate but certain aspects on test subjects, et cetera, have been redacted. Honestly I wouldn't be surprised if they had a similar facility to this one. Well, I would be surprised but given the data we have been sent it just means the existence of such a facility is more plausible. Especially since we're working together but not directly. We're to help develop a cure - not to weaponise."*

"Well, at least it's not what I thought it was. You mentioned the Blood Fever?"

"Yes. Walk with me."

The two men left the creature to its own pathetic existence, through the de-contamination booth and off through the underground facility.

"I have another one of those creatures holed up in another room a short walk from here Dr Stone. Along with a very unique specimen infected with this Varathon Blood Fever from Gholgoth, it will prove to be quite a spectacle and will hopefully prove or disprove a theory I've had about how the immune system copes with this virus."

"We've made great progress in developing some rudimentary medicines to combat the Blood Fever. Not a cure yet but, if I'm honest, it is probably only a week or two away now, Doctor."

"Could you, perhaps, concentrate on the medicines to boost the immune system? That should help my theorem somewhat, the lasting effects of such drugs can be analysed to create a perfect vaccination or drug to fight the infection. Ah!"

The two entered another de-contamination room and exited through the blue mist into a room similar to the one before, minus the Plexiglas. The lighting was brighter but still had a single light suspended above an occupied chair in the middle of the room. The chair was welded to the floor and had a young girl strapped tightly to it, her head slumped forward – chin to chest. As the two men approached, features became more discernable. The hospital patient scrubs, the medical tags, et al. But the girl herself was quite different. She looked to be in her very early twenties, pointed chin, slender frame and large bust – in all quite an attractive girl aside from some very obvious irregularities. The ears were half covered by hair but were pointed, almost triangular with no lobes and had had brown fur around the outside. Behind her above the buttocks was, incredibly, a small tail about a metre long with brown fur.

Dr Stone was mortified. *"Is... is that a..."*

"A SIN!" Cried a voice behind them from a corner in the room. *"Sin is the word you are looking for Doctor. That is a shameful, 'natural', sin."* The man stood very tall and aloof. Dressed, adorned more like, in a heavy royal purple coloured robe with a jewelled chain (like that which a mayor wears) round his shoulders and chest. Dangling from it

was a large golden crucifix and underneath that was a black and gold icon: the letter 'I' with a skull in the centre, the mark of the Holy Office of the Inquisition. Matthew turned and bowed to the man.

"Inquisitor Malachi, I thought you might be here to witness this. Dr Stone may I introduce His Grace, Inquisitor Malachi of the most Holy Office of the Inquisition and also of the Ordo Xenos – the branch that investigates odd and terrifying mutations within Humanity's gene pool."

The Inquisitor bowed in reply and sneered at Dr Stone. *"I trust you'll restrain yourself in future, good Doctor. The experiments we conduct within these walls are gaunt and haunting at the best of times and even the subjects lend themselves to the depraved depths of Hell themselves in terms of their appearance or nature. Such as this creature before us."*

"She's a," Stone swallowed. *"She's an Animalpolian? From the Second Hanover Conflict, correct?"*

"Yes she is!" Matthew beamed. *"A charming girl when she wants to be, but also stubborn. I can't blame her; she has been here almost eight years. She was captured when the Templars first landed in AHSCA and abducted several individuals in the dead of night to prevent word getting out about their presence before an invasion was mounted. The actions that followed have marred this country's past, but Government always denied the abduction and, in fairness to them, they had nothing to do with it and still have little or no knowledge."*

"The Church has always operated independently of the Government." Malachi chimed in. *"The actions of the Templars were solely military, but the decision to take the subjects in because of their truly abhorrent mutations was solely that of the Ordo Xenos. She has undergone many traumas since coming here and we have discovered much about her...feline... features and natures. But we are still clueless to the overall origins. Had the Second Hanover Conflict turned out differently, things here would be clearer. The Government is unaware of her presence here and it shall remain so, besides, she is the last of her kind in this facility."*

"What makes her so special?" Stone asked. Matthew nodded and crouched beside the young girl who hadn't moved so much as an inch the whole time the men had been conversing.

"Her immune system. It's incredible. Looking at her now in her blood stained scrubs, her poor skin condition, her posture... soldiers have referred to her condition as, err, 'shitstate'. Quite apt I think. She's been infected with Blood Fever." Dr Stone took a step back in fear. *"Oh don't worry Dr Stone, she's not contagious anymore – thanks to the medicines you have created. She is still infected but her immune system is in control of the infection. Her body is battling the viral symptoms of the infection preventing the spasms, vomiting of blood and overall bedlam that accompanies this disease. In fact, even without the drugs she battled extremely well, better than the Stevidian men and women before her and we believe that her human-feline-mutant, or whatever it is, white blood cells are reason for this. But she is nonetheless still infected and every now and again she will exhibit violent episodes of the tradition symptoms of this Blood Fever. Her body is fighting a huge battle and is in a delicate balance but the drugs you have supplied have rendered the virus, for the moment, unable to fight. I believe she will make a full recovery within a month."*

"That's incredible Doctor!" Stone beamed with pride. His own work had come to fruition and even though it had been used on a very strange inhuman looking creature, it was still a positive start. *"But, what does this have to do with the virus S1R1?"*

Matthew snapped his fingers and to figures from the darkness appeared carrying a chair with a gagged man strapped to it. He struggled and muffled growls to his helpers with bloodshot eyes and

he was popped down about an arms length from the Animalpolian girl. She twitched nervously as the men then bolted the S1R1 infected man's chair to the floor, obviously afraid of the horrible creature beside her. Matthew grinned and crouched beside the girl and whispered in her ear.

"Elizabeth? Elizabeth?" He turned and gave Dr Stone a wink and then moved closer to the girl's ear. "ELIZABETH!"

The girl squeaked in fright and shook her head.

"It's rude to ignore people. I've brought you a friend, someone to keep you company. You've had a hard few weeks, what with being dreadfully ill and all. I thought you might enjoy a little bit of company. I hope you like him because he certainly likes you... take a look, my dear."

Matthew shuffled behind her and used his hand under her chin to guide her head to face the crazed man next to her. She heaved with fear at the horrible sight of an enraged creature with dark, sunken, blood shot eyes, pale skin and a face strewn with bloody smears – looking straight at her, hungrily leaning towards her. His murderous intent was only too clear.

"You don't like him it seems. Such a shame, he's been desperate to meet you. I think he'd even kill to be with you... having said that I'm not a fan of domestic abuse and something tells me he'd be a little rough. He likes to bite, could be a problem too. Perhaps you two should get to know each other a little more?"

He nodded to the two guards to ungag the creature and released the torso straps so the creature could lean in close but just out of reach of the girl – his arms and legs remained firmly attached to the chair. The creature roared with angry hunger and tried desperately to bite the girl. She grimaced and leaned away as the creature was mere inches from her arm and face. She screamed in terror and struggled desperately to get away only to be held firmly in place by her own bindings. The horror lasted seven minutes before Matthew gestured for the creature to be restrained.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" He yelled and grabbed her head to control her fearful bucking. "Listen to me! You're okay now, he's tied up!"

This seemed to calm her but the distress was clear.

"You remember him don't you? Well not him but his kind, yes? Those creatures from a few years back... in the deepest darkest depths of this place in the Northwest Wing? You survived remember? You got out with a few other prisoners and staff. You escaped the bloody horror, when those things stalked the halls and attacked all those people and tore them up. You remember?"

She nodded ever so softly.

"Do you remember when they came to your medical wing, with you and your mutant friends, and how the guards fought to protect you all only to fail and allow those things gorge themselves on your friends? Lucky help came otherwise you would be one of those shuffling things right now. It's horrible what happened, truly. Worse when you saw them later, mauled and blooded – but yet walking and trying to kill you... and yet here is one sat next to you now."

The girl grimaced again, horrid memories of her past within these prison walls resurfacing as she recalled the outbreak of the Reanimation Virus several years ago and how she barely escaped with her life. Matthew chuckled and continued.

"But you see he isn't one of them, Elizabeth! He is very, very much alive. We think it is a form of rabies or a major offshoot of the virus that underwent a major genetic shift hundreds of years ago. It's truly something, very deadly and scary. Mimics our own R-Virus extremely well – just not as potent, the incubation takes days but

doesn't take the life. Incredible really."

"*You're sick...*" A muttered curse came from her lips. The Inquisitor glared at her with a look of pure evil and revulsion. He clenched a fist and strode over. Matthew held up a hand just in time to prevent her being dealt a terrible strike.

"I'm sick? Why say such things?"

"To play with it... after all... this time." She gasped – then turned to the Inquisitor. *"And 'I'm' the evil creature?"*

This time the Inquisitor didn't hold back as he struck her with the back of his hand.

"I've no patience for your heretical mewling, Creature!" Malachi spat, conjuring up every bit of hate he could into the words.

"But he's alive, my dear." Matthew continued, undisturbed by the assault. *"The virus you escaped from had to kill first before it took control. And you know as well as I do that research into that stuff has ceased. The Northwest Wing on that floor has been shut ever since, no one goes in or out."*

Elizabeth gave no reaction.

"I know it troubles you. You lost friends in there, so did many others... Right now you're pouring over these words and why I've brought this creature to you. Yes. You. Why you and not some degenerate from Stevid? We don't play with you nearly as much as before, hell, some would say you actually live a life down here. So why subject it to you all over again?"

Still no reaction, but one could almost see the cogs of her brain turning inside. The repressed memories and anger surfacing once again – after all the years that had gone by.

"Because you're special – and I have a theory to test. But I also have a little secret for you Elizabeth, a terrible, dirty, dark little secret. This 'thing' here." He said beckoning to the raging creature behind him still desperate to take a chunk out of him or anyone it could reach. *"He's afflicted by a rare disease. It's not Stevidian. Surprised? No – yes? Probably are, because we people are sadistic little bastards aren't we? Forgive the sarcasm. Not like those chivalrous nations out there, those that gallop to the rescue of the oppressed peoples of the world. Those that abhor the acts we commit down here, strength and unity of freedom and democracy! Ha-ha!"*

The girl seemed to relax and look from the floor slightly; Matthew quickly noticed this.

"Aha... bringing back some happier thoughts I see. Do I remind you of someplace or someone?" Matthew asked glaring eye to eye with Elizabeth, still crouched now in front of her. *"Yes I do don't I? A certain country or person does seem to tick all those boxes of morality and chivalry in your memory. But let me tell you my little secret. The virus we have given to that man there... it is nothing Stevid has discovered or developed. A close friend gave it to us – now close associate. The Free Republic of Lamoni."*

Elizabeth snapped her head up to meet Matthew's gaze. She frowned, twitched her nose in rage and spat in his face.

"Liar! Lair!" She screamed defiantly. She struggled at her bindings desperately to lash out at the man in front of her. Matthew quickly restrained her but let her continue to vent and curse him. After a few minutes to relaxed but whimpered and began to cry. *"You are lying."*

"Elizabeth," Matthew said with a genuine friendly tone of sympathy. *"I've seen you every day since I've got here. We've talked and we've fought. But you must know I've never kept anything from you. Ask*

yourself, what have I got to gain from lying to you? Honestly now I have money, freedom, the ability to practice my science with no boundaries. You have a life but a compacted pathetic one. Because of what has happened to you and what you have seen, you will never leave here alive. Because of this, you are probably one of the most well informed people in the whole Empire. You harbour the secrets of many hundreds of men and women who have spoken to you – they are safe in the knowledge that you will take these things to your grave. So ask yourself again, why would I lie?"

There was a long and uncomfortable silence. All three men stood and watched the sobbing girl, all the while the infected man next to her continued to muffle growls at everyone. She finally sniffed and looked up. Apart from a bruise left by Malachi her face was immaculately beautiful.

"You're not lying... I've spent too many years down here that I can judge a lie when I here one."

"Good girl. When this is all over, I'll make it up to you... but first this." He gestured again towards the creature's guards to ungag him but before they could Elizabeth cried out.

"Wait! Tell me this one thing!" She said as the tears began to flow again. *"Lamoni as been a friend of my homeland for years, and years. You must know, why do they have these things?"*

"Because, my dear, we are no angels. No one is without sin. We're all as bad as each other. Should it help with clarity, this country can make a good educated guess that the Free Republic has a facility very similar to this one. They are a noble and peaceful people. But no country is without its stains and scars – the Free Republic is no different. This country has more in common with Lamoni than I thought."

"I bet they don't do this to people!" She screamed defiantly.

"Oh I don't know," Matthew said cheerfully. *"The reports they sent us redacted how they conducted certain experiments... take that as you will. Safe to say no one with ever know what goes on over there – maybe their Camp 18 is a little like our Camp 4. Rest assured, neither of us will ever know."*

All the men gathered turned and left the girl with the creature, both still bound to their chairs but with the hungry snarls and lunges allow to continue without supervision.

OOC: Post with war stuff is ongoing

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



StevId
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **StevId** » Thu Aug 14, 2014 5:12 am



OP FIDELES – PART 3

13 miles SSW of Vanderburg

Sgt McKinley stepped out of his 4x4 TP post tent at the sound of distant engine noise. The ground was wet and muddy at his Military Police traffic post checkpoint having had literally thousands of vehicles pass through over the past 24hrs. He was jittery and nervous, he wasn't ordinarily but the radio had been buzzing with local contact reports some 13 miles away towards the city suburbs as Kingdom marines pushed out of their combat zones to try and kill off the last remaining Stevidian convoys. Now whenever he heard engine noise he expected enemy tanks or APCs to appear; but as he stood outside he glanced at his watch – 1639hrs, the next convoy wasn't due for a further 16 minutes. It wouldn't be unusual for a

convoy to be early especially since the enemy would be snapping at their heels, but due to the local contacts reports it also wouldn't be unusual for the convoy to have been destroyed and for the engine noise to be from enemy vehicles. McKinley exercised the better part caution and darted back inside his tent grabbing his rifle and chest rig, and replacing his scarlet red beret for a helmet.

"*One Section, stand to!*" He screamed at his fellow Royal Military Policemen who also grabbed their combat kit. "Charlie fire team on me, Delta fire team taking position facing the direction of the engine noise!"

The section split into two forces, Sgt McKinley and four men gathered at the tent before moving into a nearby treeline while the Section corporal pushed his fire team 70 metres up the mudded road and took cover in the trees and long grass by the side of the road. A single lance corporal fired up the antiquated snatch Land Rover that had been requisitioned from a local farm and had improvised steps welded to the side to accommodate more people – this would be their escape vehicle should the enemy force prove to be more than just a recon party.

Sgt McKinley depressed a button on his section intercom headset.

"All section call signs, fire only when ordered. Maintain low profile unless ordered otherwise. If anyone sees the vehicles, immediately appraise me if ID friend or foe."

Delta fire team Cpl acknowledged the order and the section held firm until the engine noise grew louder yet – for ten minutes the section sat inert and combat ready and then the first vehicles rounded the corner. An army Land Rover followed by MAN logistics truck with a green convoy flag mounted on the front vehicle and a blue one on the rear. Sgt McKinley sighed in relief and stood his section down to resume their usual TP duties. The Sgt flagged the front vehicle of the convoy down and a REME captain greeted him.

"Sergeant. It's good to see a friendly face – in fact I thought I'd never be happy to see an MP!"

"I think I'll take that as a compliment sir." The Sgt replied without saluting, remaining tactical given the current fluidity of the frontline. *"You're early sir, problems at the rear?"*

"Yes, the enemy ambushed the final four convoys, only three behind us. You won't be seeing them. The enemy pushed through the last infantry remnants acting as rear guard defence and scattered them – I haven't heard anything from them."

"What about the convoys?"

"Just housing equipment for the Mechs – furniture basic spare parts and other mechanical parts for Land Rovers and Intruders... err... they were destroyed. The enemy has pursued and destroyed what retreating elements they find. The sixth convoy reported passing the fifth that had been ambushed, all men dead and the equipment wrecked. A contact report came in from Six Section in the convoy behind them; I overheard the battle, I'm sure there are no survivors. Then the convoy behind was ambushed – about nine or ten miles away. I was told via the contact report they tried to escape with one of the Intruders trying to suppress the fire, but the enemy surrounded them. A young lad, LCpl Hanna, he give the enemy a surrender request but I could still hear gunfire. They maybe alive but from the reports I hear of the enemy systematically destroying any straggling Stevidian elements they find... well I'm not optimistic for their chances."

"Sorry to hear that Sir... at least your Company made it."

"Yeah, but Captain Julius, he was a good friend and we're the same regiment – he didn't make it, he was in the last convoy. Do yourself a favour and pack up now Sgt, the third convoy along is now the last

and will be here in an hour. The defences have now scattered and the enemy will probably be here in two or one and half. If you leave it too late, you will be over run... and likely as not, will be killed."

"Duly noted Sir and thank you. Carry on."

The Captain nodded and beckoned the rest of the convoy to follow him up the road. The Sgt then order Charlie to pull the TP down in preparation for bugging out, Delta were to continue to man the TP proper but to no longer flag down convoys in order to speed up the withdrawal. It would be tight but McKinley was confident of not being over run.

Stevidian artillery had ceased firing at the port facilities and were now concentrating on the suburbs preventing further incursions out of the city. The IED strikes and ambushes had worked a treat and slowed the enemy down immeasurably, even though the city had been lost, the majority of the garrison force of Vanderburg had managed to retreat out of the city with now only the straggling elements get caught up in the belated advance out of the city. Small pockets of infantry sections still ambushing the enemy in the city were slinking away in amongst the chaos of the occupation – they were reporting back that the enemy were now starting to hold firm and dig in. While it would prevent taking the city back, it meant that breakthrough strikes were unlikely. The enemy had likely expended vast resources into taking the city and the casualties were estimated to be extremely high given the dogged defence; the city itself was dirty and dusting shell of its form self, skyscrapers had been razed and strategically important city assets had been demolished. Among the most impressive of these had been the huge explosion in the city port marking the beginning of the withdrawal in the first place. Word (but nothing concrete) had reached Stevidian commanders that enemy had fully captured the port and disarmed charges on ships at port that had failed to detonate on time, no doubt they would be combing the harbour for further booby traps which would take more time and slow the stream of supplies into the harbour – but nonetheless the harbour was practically useless in a practical sense as almost all cranes, piers and equipment was either destroyed or damaged during the scorched earth retreat – although the port would allow for supplies to enter the city more directly.

As a tactical holding, Imbrinium had something firm and tangible to hold on to. But the city was a wreck, roads were blocked or destroyed and, in several cases, had whole buildings and/or skyscrapers blocking them completely. Supply trains would have to navigate a labyrinth of routes in order to leave and the whole clearance of the city could take months. The Army had made sure that the city, as a viable strategic asset, was completely useless. The other side to this was that the condition of the city made it extremely defensible for the same reasons the Army had used it during the retreat. It was sound logic to believe Imbrinium would use the city's appalling condition to prevent a counter attack.

The 'Twelfth' had now withdrawn with the bulk of the retreating forces back to the well-entrenched Stevidian the lines almost twenty miles further away. These lines had also received a welcome influx of fighters, armour and equipment from Mokastana in the form of foreign 'volunteers'. Their tenacity and ferocity made them ample shock troops and worthy of a hardened fight against a ruthless Imbrinium army. The 18th Light Dragoons split their force with smaller half diverting south towards the Sumerian border with elements of the retreating RLC and made excellent progress. The rest fought a fight retreat against forward elements of the Imbrinium marines and made their way westwards towards the Stevidian lines that were becoming more and more fortified with every passing day.

In the North the Wanderjarian advance had incredibly ground almost to a complete halt with Stevid scoring incredible victories in the far west of the theatre also suffering comprehensive defeats in the east where Wandy-Imbrinium forces had linked up and eradicated the pockets of the resistance. However following this the advance had

stalled due to the initial tactical bombings and SF infiltrations behind enemy lines in the North to disrupt the flow of supplies. The whole northern front encompassed several divisions and brigades totalling nearly 2 million combat troops and had been move south en mass. The tactical, strategic and, most importantly, logistic implications were huge – it was no wonder the offensive had floundered. Yet the enemy had made excellent progress in the east where the north eastern and mid-eastern coastlines were now completely occupied while Stevid still held the far south eastern coast. In the mid north Wanderjar had penetrated a deep 100km and in the west a barely penetrated 40km; the Morridane 'volunteers' were sent to reinforce the north eastern and mid northern sectors of defence while Stevidian mechanised troops and paratroops started to counter Wandy gains in west. Loaned Morridane and reinforcement aircraft were deployed south of Verrier in the smattering few airfields that survived the initial assault from the enemy on the first days of conflict.

Further west out at sea the trickle of supplies continued at its painfully slow and leisurely pace so as not to flag up so colourfully on the OTH sensors of Lyras or on the recon aircraft of Wanderjar of Imbrinium – though it was known that Imbrinium currently had no fleet assets directly west of Stevidian South Greal. The wounded 2nd Fleet still had a comparatively undamaged 2nd Splinter and was reinforced by the 7th Fleet that had now been tasked with conducting anti-ship and ASW operations from Independent Hitmen into the seas directly north but in limited numbers of task force size and composition. The mauling of half the 2nd Fleet had come as a shock to the nation, but now the replacement and procurement programme of the MoD to roll ships of the production line to replace those lost had come into its own. Ship replacement would take weeks or months to fully complete but certain damaged warships were given quick and much needed upgrades to their modular systems.

A little over a month ago SBAE and LAIX arms combined their knowledge and resources to develop a new missile that was supposed to be used as an alternative or counter-weight to the Hellion 2. Named Contrado in Lamoni and Titan I in Stevid, the missile was initially designed as a shore based coastal defence cruise missile. Stevid was tasked with designing the launching method as well as exploring a sea and air launched variant, SBAE succeeded in modifying the missile VLS launchers on several classes of vessel from A70 launchers to a newer A90 model able to accommodate the missile with further minor retrofitting was conducted on Stevidian submarines tubes for an additional launch method.

* * *

7th Fleet, 1st Splinter, Task Force 6221

[Show Spoiler](#)

Task Force 6221 was small and mobile, very much unlike the larger task forces the Royal Navy had scattered around the Empire's AOR to deal with Imbrinium forces that strayed too closed for comfort. This task force was different to the others in terms of not only its composition but also its overall mission; it was an important cog in a much grander plan that required a scalpel rather than a sledgehammer and involved wounded the pride of both the Kingdom of Imbrinium and the Protectorate of Lyras.

The make up of the task force was extremely important, the Centaur-X class chiefly. These ships were bought in bulk from the Freethinkers many years ago but were still a rare addition to any fleet, however their technological advantages would come into their own. The task force was deployed SW of the main IH isle and sailed some 100 miles further east but well within the range of allied aircraft. The ships had been taken from elements of the 2nd Fleet that had been part of the initial naval attack from Imbrinium from the onset of war. The Centaur-X class ships had 'Zeus' OTH radar that

would be used as an advanced early warning for any counter strikes, while the HMS Procella would dispatch her 'rejigged' air wing of nearly 70x Scorpion attackers armed with two Titan I missiles and two Holy Grail ASHMs each would depart for north and north west to conduct their combat sorties. HMS Tempestora, Astrum, Mavors and Greenwich were to also partake in the anti-ship mission, all were laden with the new Titan I missile mounted in the new A90 VLS cells.

There were two targets, the Lyrans Armada that was blockading Stevidian South Greal with its long range radar and Hellion missiles all from over 3000km away, and Imbrinium military shipping making its way south towards Stevidian South Greal in order to end the trickle of supplies into the territory once and for all. But their course would have to take them east of IH and west of New Empire to save time and for safety else they would cross into Stevidian highly controlled waters. Of the 70 Scorpions deployed to battle, 30 would be targeting the Lyrans fleet while the others would attack Imbrinium shipping that was moving south. The rest of the 7th Fleet, in splintered and numerous task forces would harass the enemy shipping with carrier-based aircraft with great tenacity.

To the Imbrinium ships, the majority of attacks would be from Stevidian planes based from carriers and in IH and would be attack from the west. The sortie of remaining Scorpions armed with the new missiles would use the information and target data recovered from these initial strikes and attack the fleet at extreme range with the Titan I missiles. With a range of 3,050km, there was no chance of the aircraft being detected or considered a threat, not when the rest of the 7th Fleet elements were attacking in strength to the west.

However the more daring aspect of the plan was the one against Lyrans. This enemy had a lot more fangs and could still damage the Empire significantly. Although Lyrans had stood true to her allegiances, Stevid continued to work tirelessly to convince the Protectorate to relinquish their support for the Kingdom – the 'show no mercy' policy seen in Stevidian South Greal would probably work in their favour, but the Holy Empire had little in the way of bargaining against the Protectorate or much in the way of threats. A show of force was needed to prove to the Protectorate that the Empire would fight back – while continuing to state that it rather wouldn't. It was a complex military and diplomatic situation, one that neither side wanted to lose face in. Lyrans had struck an early surprise, and decisive blow against the Stevidian Royal Navy to which there had been no immediate response. It wasn't presumed that the Lyrans sailors would have let their guard down by now, but a lot of time had passed since the attack and little effort had been made against the fleet – surprise, this time, favoured Stevid.

The Stevidian Submarine Service was one of the most secretive in the entire world, one of the reasons it had survived the majority of Imbrinium attempts to destroy it was due to this secrecy and lack of commitment from the Service to enter battle. The Service struck only on terms it agreed with. It was a slow and patient branch of the Royal Navy, rarely seen and rarely caught when attacking. This patience served it well and was able to penetrate almost anywhere in the known world, Lyrans waters were no different – though Lyrans was still thorough with their ASW patrols and it kept the Service at arms length which meant few Lyrans ships had been engaged or shadowed. To date, no submarine had fired on Lyrans shipping and none had been hunted and caught. This was about to change; Stevid had approximately 25 submarines between Independent Hitmen, Erid Lor, Lyrans and Greal. Approximately 7 of these were currently working together within a 50-square mile radius in a wolf pack while the others were dotted around the sea the separated Lyrans from Erid Lor. 40% of this submarine force were armed with the Titan I missiles, the others had other missiles and torpedoes. These submarines were to launch 50% of their missile complement towards the Lyrans fleet; enough rudimentary satellite data and imagery from one or two shadowing submarines identified the approximate location of the Lyrans Armada. This would total approximately 200 missiles and would come from almost all directions, the attack would be synchronised to occurred a few minutes before a salvo arrived from Task Force 6221.

Task Force 6221 would launch its compliment of Titan I/Contrado missiles well in advance of those launched by the submarines but would be time to arrive minutes after the Lyrans Armada would engage the first salvo. It was believed that the missiles arriving from multiple directions would confuse the enemy initially so a counter attack would be slow. HMS Tempestora, Astrum, Mavors and Greenwich were all able to fire these missiles in bulk and in staggered waves. Each wave was preprogramed to approach the Lyrans fleet from alternate attack vectors so as to keep the direction of attack ambiguous. The total amount of missiles fired would be 350 minus reloads of the larger vessel that would be able to pump out more should it be required. The 30 aircraft would fire their missiles slightly closer but would form part of a third salvo, the total number of Titan missiles when fired en mass by the sortie would be 60 giving a final total of 610 missiles fired minus ship/submarine reloads. Compared to the Lyrans missile attack on the Royal Navy at Stevidian South Greal this was but a pin prick, but it was hoped this pick prick would be to something fatally important.

The missiles were faired at range with a calculated trajectory to intercept the Lyrans fleet. Individual targets had not been highlighted; the missiles were free to engage military targets at will. This was simpler than it sounded because of the popularity of Lyrans products. While the Lyrans fleet composition was for the most part unknown, the details of the ships that would be incorporated into such a fleet were thanks to the abundance of these vessels on the international military markets. Designs, dimensions, schematics and weapon systems were common knowledge and this knowledge was incorporated into the Stevidian BATTLEnet for the missile to draw reference from – thus the missiles would be able to identify Lyrans military shipping by themselves without any need for addition command input. High profile command targets were given top priority to the missiles such as carriers and the three Longsword dreadnoughts but other escort ships were to be destroyed as well, particularly in the first strike so as to soft the counter AA barrage. The dreadnoughts were given the highest priority, it wouldn't take much to sink one – it doesn't take much to sink any SDN so long as it is hit in the right place, and the Admiralty was confident of striking a deathblow to part of this colossal fleet with a surprise missile attack.

On its own, this small attack would not be enough against Lyrans. It wasn't impossible to assume the attack would fail completely. Surprise had to be maintained and this called for a further distraction. Lyrans Moat OTHR would be able to fix its eyes in certain grid areas and one of these was definitely the sea west of Stevidian South Greal. The Royal Navy 1st and 3rd Fleets had been sent to reinforce but were kept away from the main combat zone due to the reach of the Hellion 2, but circumstances had changed, and the enemy needed a big distraction in order for the missile attack on the Armada to succeed. Lyrans had expended a tremendous amount of firepower in terms of the Hellion strike against the 5th Fleet, to replenish properly would take a long time. A long time had passed but probably not enough, it was believed, for the armada to have gained full missile complements again especially on the Longswords. The 1st and 3rd Fleets were safe, from attack for the moment by staying out of the Hellion range; the plan for distracting the Lyrans armada further was to send the 3rd Fleet to Adaptus Astrates to guarantee its safety further but take almost all of its escort fleet from it and attach it to the 1st Fleet – Astratii naval forces would pick up the escort duties.

These escorts would be used en mass to guard a stream of convoys to Stevidian South Greal. Thousands of ships would be employed in 'running the gauntlet' and would light up the enemy OTH radars, if they were looking in the correct grid position and it was hoped they would so as to draw further attention. Stevidian Reef Class frigates would heavily escort the transports and the renowned Lemartes Class destroyers backed up by heavy air support in the form of Nightwalker, Hawker and Sabre air defence sorties from the carriers of the 1st Fleet would also join them. Should a Hellion attack come the convoys would be more than prepared unlike the 5th Fleet was the last time, losses would not be so extreme. There were many

variables and possible end results, but the Admiralty was staring at the potential to knock out a Longsword or two along with many other Lyran vessels with a brand new weapon, a surgical strikes against Imbrinium forces still massing before attacking the west coast of Stevidian South Greal, and a major landing of troops, equipment and supplies in Stevidian South Greal.

The first phase of action would be the heavy stream of escorted convoys moving to Stevidian South Greal, to grab the attention of the Lyrans. The second phase involved nearly forty task forces of a decentralised 7th Fleet intercepting attacking the western flanks of Imbrinium warships moving south with aircraft and ASHMs where applicable. The third phase involved the launch of aircraft from Task Force 6221, some would move north and directly attack Lyran and Imbrinium shipping discovered by the air elements of the other task forces of the 7th Fleet. Fourth, Task Force 6221 would fire their Titan I missiles and watch for counter attacks via air or missiles with the Centaur-X's OTHR – air cover would be provided by Stevidian squadrons based in IH. The fifth phase would be the 30 aircraft from Task Force 6221 would launch their Titan missiles and continue their approach in small three plane 'wings' and engage Lyran picket ships with Holy Grail missiles if enemy air defences were deemed weak enough – otherwise the Scorpions would retreat. The Sixth phase would be a massed Titan missile strike from all directions from Stevidian submarines. These missiles would arrive first, followed by the ship launched ones, and then followed by those launched by the Scorpions.

These coordinated attacks and diversions were to give the attack a much greater chance of success due to the Lyran Armada having much more to deal with, counter strikes would have to be given in a multitude of directions and, most importantly, would be expected by a Royal Navy determined not to be caught off guard again.

* * *

Operation Top Hat was the ambitious plan of the Kingdom of Imbrinium to launch a mass air crusade against Stevidian air and naval assets around the Home Isles and Greater Dienstad. The Operation was debunked by Military Intelligence but only after initial damages had been done. Royal Navy 8th Fleet assets south of West Mordent had been heavily crippled or destroyed in these opening attacks with several carriers damaged or sunk with over a hundred small escorts destroyed. The 8th Fleet, like the 9th and 10th were small in comparison to the lower digit titled fleets and were usually assigned to Home Isles defence and colonial defence duties. The 10th retained its commitments to the Empire around the world but the 8th and 9th remained in Greater Dienstad, the 8th in the North and Northwest, the 9th in the South and Southwest. The 8th Fleet's proximity to Imbrinium was exploited by the Kingdom and had managed very long-range tactical strikes.

While costly to the 8th Fleet, that had now lost 30% of its carrier force, the enemy had been bruised in return and had now played their hand. The goal of trying to destroy the Stevidian Royal Navy in the west of the region would be met with a cunning brute force they had yet to experience. The Kingdom was now starting to overstep itself, galvanised by their recent military successes. This massive air operation would fall on its face at the behest of the Stevidian Royal Air Force and Fleet Air Arm.

Because of the deteriorating situation in Stevidian South Greal and the lack of airfield coupled with the difficulties in reinforcing the territory, the Royal Air Force was freshest branch of the Stevidian Military with huge deployments of Air Groups in Independent Hitmen, Liberated America, Stevid, and now the Dersconi and T'Kadavu colonies.

Regional air defence units across the Empire were put on full tactical alert with air command and control centres with live feed strategic boards displaying enemy, friendly and neutral aircraft brought online

to full combat readiness. It was like something out of Battle of Britain, the RAF combat sorties were near continuous – day and night, 24 hours a day. These sorties pushed out to the limits of their range and then further with air-to-air refuelling, but the Stevidian pilots were closer to home than their enemies who had travelled thousands upon thousands of miles to reach Stevidian controlled waters and air space. This is what Stevid would exploit upon. The sheer logistical magnitude of a massive air operation like this was no secret and impossible to hide. The enemy would require thousands of support aircraft to refuel their bombers and strike craft with further support craft to support those support craft. Given that the enemy had no idea as to the exact locations of the Royal Navy ships, recon missions to scout and find them would be needed or else waste Hellion missiles by randomly shooting them in various directions. AWACs aircraft would also be needed to support the recon effort as well supporting allies during combat meant the more support craft would be required for this too. Because the support craft would be vital, they would need escorts of their own which in turn would require support aircraft.

The RAFs goal was simple and incredibly easy to achieve. Choke the combat aircraft by annihilating the enemy's combat support aircraft.

Over the course of two weeks, the RAF would sortie en masse in squadrons to attack the support craft. AWACs and refuelling aircraft would be easy to find and engage due to the heat signatures, size and distinct lack of stealth features – and given the size and complexity of the Kingdom's operation, the number of support aircraft would be so huge one actually expected to run into them by accident.

No. 82 Sqn, No. 11 Group, No. 19 Fighter Wing, RAF Fighter Command

Sqn Ldr Ben Harris and his flight of XF-23 Nightwalkers were cruising at maximum speed NNE of Eldrich, Northern Stevid. Coastal and sea based long range radar stations had verified enemy airborne targets detected by a Royal Navy echelon of three Reef Class frigates that can be engaged by a small missile swarm. Though they had survived the attack, they had triangulated the direction of the attack and intercepted oncoming aircraft, following a short engagement the echelon had detected the presence of support aircraft nearby but couldn't determine the types of support aircraft. This was Sqn Ldr Harris' squadron's job, to identify, engage and destroy the enemy support aircraft in that area; the Navy's three-ship echelon would steam NNE as well to lend addition air support if required should they make the rendezvous in time.

The Nightwalker's advanced radar lit up the inbound targets and cross referenced the readings with those supplied from the Royal Navy over the BATTLEnet, radar picture targets were confirmed to be the same identified by the Reef Class frigates an hour earlier. Five support aircraft intermixed with escorts and aircraft that had attacked the navy echelon. Harris' squadron in this location had two flights totalling nearly ten aircraft with his other two flights about 20 minutes south conducting their own intercept mission.

"Alpha 1 to all call signs, targets confirmed, one AWACs and four fuel tankers confirmed, enemy combat aircraft in the mix. 1 Flight, with me, to engage the support aircraft. 2 Flight, harass and distract the enemy fighters, they can't avoid to waste fuel we can. Make 'em jump. Secure comms, break silence as and when needed. 82 Squadron – engage."

The Nightwalker formation split in two, five aircraft in each. The enemy AWACS had alerted the defending aircraft that then turned to intercept the Stevidian flights, immediately making a beeline to 1 Flight. 2 Flight surged ahead at max speed while 1 Flight slowed to allow the friendly flight to gain ground and draw the fire of the enemy planes. 2 Flight fired short range missiles at the escort fighters making them break to evade and continued to harass – but two short explosions followed as the Stevidian planes finally became engaged,

scoring one kill and then almost instantly suffering a casualty. No one bailed out, but even if they did both would have no rescue party coming to fish them out of the unforgiving sea below.

1 Flight seized upon the chaos of the ensuing fur ball and soared around and above the fighting, twice they had radar spikes against them but enemy forces were chased away as 2 Flight 'escorted' Harris' 1 Flight towards the Imbrinium supporting aircraft. Harris armed his medium range missiles, as did the other four aircraft of 1 Flight and targeted the support aircraft. Five missiles screeched towards their targets that broke to evade, but the sluggish aircraft would be unable to outmanoeuvre such fast missile so deployed their own active countermeasures. The missiles missed, but then 1 Flight deployed the rest of their missiles and flew in close to fire their short-range missiles. All targets were struck with confirmed kills. The AWACs had incredibly survived the salvos but was savaged by cannon fire, tearing at the radome and wings.

With the damage done, 82 Sqn fled towards the safety of the Navy ships sailing towards them and were enveloped by their AA umbrella.

Hit and run attack sorties just like this one commenced all across the extremities of Stevidian combat airspace. Deep enemy penetrations were rare and quickly destroyed by the numerically superior RAF. The assaults on the enemy's airborne logistics would cripple their assault and would also mean many of their aircraft would not actually make it back to friendly airfields and would have to ditch in the sea – seas controlled by the Royal Navy. Stevidian islands south of Guffingford were prepped for a large influx of Imbrinium prisoners of war. The folly of this enemy air attack would quickly become apparent to Imbrinium, but the Stevidian counter-attack would continue to a point mid-way between the two countries and no over step this mark. At this range enemy Hellions would be detected in enough time to deal with them so long as combat air patrols were available and the AA defences of Royal Navy ships prepared. The enormity of the enemy strike had blunted the Royal Air Force as well as the Navy with losses high but acceptable with pilots more easy to recover due to the proximity to the Home Isles. The damage to Imbrinium was believed to be intolerable even though they had lost vastly less combat aircraft, the loss of support aircraft would hopefully negate the effectiveness of the mission and almost put the enemy air force out of contention with the RAF completely, at least at these sort of combat ranges.

RAF defences and flights were rotated constantly over 24 hours to keep the pilots fresh; this also included the ground maintenance teams. Pilot refreshment was all well and good, but if the jets were damaged or required maintenance then they wouldn't be flying at all. Arms industries and civilian factories requisitioned by the MoD as part of the war economy were now no longer producing replacement ships and parts there of, massive effort was thrown into aircraft replacements and part replacement. Engineers of all trades, particularly civilian aviator mechs and car garage mechanics were off extra part time employment to help with the general running of the airfield maintenance workshops. All these enactments helped make these 24/7 combat sorties possible until the enemy decided that Operation Top Hat, even after just a few days, was too costly to continue; with heavy military losses for Stevid in return for thousands of destroyed enemy combat and support aircraft and the additional loss of enemy combat pilots projected in coming days.

Last edited by [Stevld](#) on Thu Aug 14, 2014 7:31 am, edited 4 times in total.

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



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417

by [Morrdh](#) » Thu Aug 14, 2014 7:30 am



Stevidian South Greal, Northern Front

"*INCOMING!!!*" The cry went out along the line as the Wandarjarian artillery opened up, prompting a chorus of curses as the Morridane 'volunteers' ducked down as low as they could in their trenches.

Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

Seconds later it felt like the world had been up ended as the barrage landed with a thundery crash, dirt was throw high into the sky whilst the ground violently shook. Men screamed and died as it seemed like the wrath of the gods was unleashed upon the earth, an orgy of flame, smoke and thunder. After the last thundering roar had died away a new sound took its place in the form of the enemy's armour moving up to attack. Morridane NCOs rallied their surviving troops and cried out. "*Stand to! Stand to!*"

The surviving soldiers stood to on the fire step of their trenches, their rifles were L1A1 SLRs fitted with SUIT scopes that had an inverted sighted post that allowed rapid target re-acquisition after the recoil of the firearm raised the muzzle. There was also one L7 general-purpose machine gun per section with the commanding NCO of each section, a Corporal, typically armed with a SLR like the rest of his section. Each section also had an anti-tank weapon in the form of a Carl Gustav recoilless rifle, usually issued a rifleman within the section who also carried a Sterling SMG as a backup weapon. A decent amount of firepower even if the SLR was a semi-automatic weapon, though Morridane doctrine favoured marksmanship over sheer weight of fire. Though the Morridanes were waiting for the order to open fire, which was given when a platoon sergeant shouted out loud. *"SLOT THE BASTARDS!!!!"*

Whilst not as great on the ear as the Wandarjarian artillery, the Morridane small arms fire was still impressive in its own right. The GPMGs opened up with short bursts, mainly to stop the barrels from overheating too quickly and to provide a degree of suppressive fire as the SLR armed riflemen picked off enemy infantry and tried to make each of the 20 rounds in their magazines count. The riflemen selected to act as Carl Gustav gunners focused their attentions on enemy vehicles, attempting to at least halt them by damaging their tracks so that they would become much easier targets for friendly artillery and air support to knock out. The platoon command section supported the three rifle sections under it, either with it's 51mm light mortar or by calling down artillery fire upon enemy positions and relying the situation as it unfolded up the chain of command.

Last edited by [Morrdh](#) on Thu Aug 14, 2014 7:31 am, edited 1 time in total.

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - **Factbook**

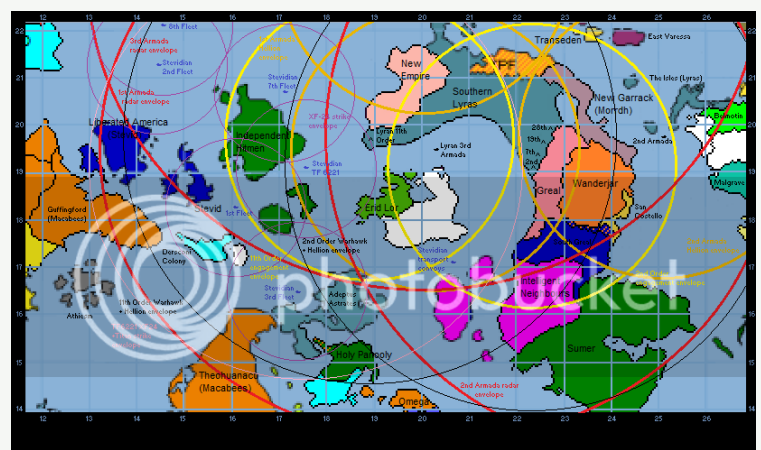
In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Lyras
Ambassador

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

by **Lyras** » Thu Aug 21, 2014 12:53 am



```
+++Lyrar Warship Longsword+++
+++Northern Sea of Greal+++
+++Grid 0204, 0195+++
+++1345 Local+++
```

The Lyrans attack on the Stevidian 5th Fleet, unexpected though it had been for most of the world, had been but the opening shot in the Lyrans involvement in the conflict that was raging across Greater Dienstad. No one had been naïve enough to think that it had really been the end of the fighting, though there had been some who had voiced optimistic hopes.

The Stevidian counterstroke had been expected, though its manner had not been known or predicted with any certainty. But the Protectorate was nothing if not thorough. Each Armada (of the three that Lyrans had active in-theatre) had three *Longsword*-class supercapitals, and each of the three had their OTH arrays co-ordinating not just with the other arrays in the armada to which they were attached, but between the three armadas as well.

That was why when 3rd Armada, of which the *Longsword* itself was the flagship, first detected the Stevidian convoys, more or less as soon as they left the commercial traffic lanes just off the south coast of Stevid, contact was maintained. Until the convoys, passing just north of Adeptus Astrates, entered the range of the radar arrays of the *Warmarshal Gregoir McAndrew, Courageous* and *Remembrance*, of the 1st Armada, just rounding the north of New Kereptica and heading south west. With that, 1st Armada kept the Cromwell networks fed with data, tracking the stream of thousands of Stevidian ships as they made their way east, presumably in an attempt to breach the blockade of South Greal. After the convoys passed the 019 easting, they were handed over to 2nd Armada, located nearly 6,500km away, on the other side of the continent, and not far from the Lyrans-controlled Isles of West Mussleburgh.

It was, in a sense, too easy. The convoys were escorted, certainly, but not in anything approaching the required force to prevent a serious attack from overwhelming. It was a red rag to a bull. But there was no rush. The convoys would have to get all the way to Southern Greal itself. 3rd Armada was under orders not to engage merchant traffic. Ground-launched Hellions or ground-based LY908 Warhawks (carrying Hellions) could be utilised by the 2nd Order. 3rd Armada would hold on to its ammunition, and continue to focus on providing targeting telemetry, and ensuring its stockpiles allowed it to hold on-station for as long as could be reasonably maintained.

Shortly after the convoys passed into 2nd Armada's area of responsibility, 2nd Order was asked to conduct the strike missions. As standard, 2nd Order fielded aerospace divisions. Within those aerospace divisions, the nearly-40-million-strong 2nd Order fielded 13,500 fixed-wing combat aircraft. A Lyrans Order was a full-sized military in its own right, often the equal of a national army and air force, combined, and in the case of the 2nd Order, that included 2,440 examples of the LY908 Warhawk, in a number of differing variants. As of the onset of hostilities, triggered as they had been, to a large extent, by 2nd Order's own actions, 2nd Order's aerospace assets had been on a maximum of twenty minutes notice to move. When the commands came in, all of the Warhawks began moving, heading southwest towards the 020,017 grid. Each Warhawk carried a load of six LY589B Hellion 2s. 2,500km out from the target area, telemetry being fed in by the radars of the 2nd Armada, the Warhawks dropped their Hellions, then turned for home.

14,640 Hellions dropped from belly recesses and inner wing pylons, and arced towards their targets. A small number misfired, failed to ignite their motors, or suffered other miscellaneous system or mechanical failures. The remainder spread out, and flew towards the thousands of somewhat-escorted ships that were passing between Stevid and South Greal. Escorts would be targeted first, with Hellions attacking in packs to ensure kills, with un-required missiles moving on the attack the no-longer escorted merchantmen if and when the escorts were neutralised.

It would take at least a handful of Hellions to destroy each escort, of that there was no doubt. But there were many thousands of Hellions. And when the Warhawks returned to base, they would be re-armed, and then the pattern would repeat.

It would take approximately 110 hours for a merchantman to travel 3000km from the 019 easting to 'safe' harbor in South Greal. Warhawks would comfortably make ten sorties in that time, and for the last 72 hours of that travel time, ground-launched Hellions would also fire, if any merchantmen had got through those first 1,000km of the Warhawk's hunting grounds.

The initial tally was unknown. But it was sure to be high.

The situation was a little dissimilar to the north-west. The Lyran 11th Order, based in the former Dukopolious-controlled territory south of New Empire, had also been placed on 5 minutes notice-to-fire as of [Apr 2](#). Order-Marshall Jessup had been running drills to keep the formations sharp, and the situation had just gone from 'standby' to 'engage'.

But not in the way that the Protectorate would have preferred. A small Stevidian battlegroup, barely 25 ships, but including a *Sanctus Mare*-class carrier, and an *Emperor*-class BCGN had been logged, and was being tracked, by both the 1st and 3rd Armadas. It was well within range of the 11th Order. It was, broadly, of far less concern than the Stevidian 7th fleet, postured to menace Kingdom of Imbrinium shipping movements down the west-coast of New Empire. It was hoped that there would be no need to engage them, and that the Holy Empire would not give the 11th cause to fire.

But the rapid launch of 100 aircraft from the supercarrier had set off alarm bells. Stevidian aircraft were the equal of any in the world, and the potential damage the strike could do was not something that would be ignored.

25 artillery divisions, one-sixth of what was available to the Order, launched their Hellions from the assortment of Manticore and Cockatrice launchers. Too late to prevent the sortie. But as many thousands of missiles made their way towards the task force, it was fairly apparent that if any of the Stevidian strike aircraft, which appeared to be headed for both Imbrinium transport convoys and the 3rd Armada, survived the deployment of their weapons, they would be unlikely to have ships left to return to.

Jessup was not going to leave things to chance further north, however. The 7th fleet, poised as it was to engage Imbrinium's shipping, had also come well into range. Half of the Order's artillery divisions, a full 75 of them, fired at the 7th, with coarse-data provided by 1st Armada, and more precise telemetry by the Hellions themselves as they got closer. The terminal sprint engines would minimise the reaction time that the fleet would get, and the very-low RCS missiles would not provide much of a detection footprint until the terminal engines kicked in.

11th wasn't done yet, however, and despatched its own Warhawks, roughly 2,000 strong, to carry their payload of Hellions. Tasked to take their time, they were to press on towards the Stevidian 2nd Fleet, in grid 1421, but only after the many hundreds of thousands of weapons ground-launched by 11th Order's Manticores and Cockatrice MLRSs had silenced the 7th. They would carry 12,000 weapons with which to hit the 2nd Fleet, and reveal the extent of the Protectorate's reach when pressed.

3rd Armada, and the 11th Order's own assets, tracked the 60 XF24 aircraft from the decks of the *Sanctus Mare*-class outwards. They had travelled barely 100km, however, when they turned back, scant minutes before the lead elements were to have been engaged by AIM-220 Velvet Glove weapons carried by Sparrowhawks scrambled by the 11th to intercept. Admittedly, attempting to fly 2,000km towards a hostile armada, past ground-based aircraft, and into the engagement envelopes of multiple weapons systems, would have made the likelihood of a round-trip small, but that would have been known before the mission began, making its inception odd.

Radar controllers 7,000km apart from each other scratched their heads in collective confusion. The XF-24 'Scorpion' medium-weight multi-role fighters were a capable aircraft, but the Holy Grail AShM missiles that they generally carried had a total range well-short of the 3rd Armada and, in any case, nothing was immediately apparent on radar.

It was nearly three hours that, at about the same time that 11th Order's Hellions were due to reach 7th Fleet and the smaller task force to the south, 3rd Armada solved the riddle of why the XF-24s had turned, and not sought to penetrate further.

CVBG 18 of the 3rd Armada was not an unusual formation, in its own right. Centered on two *James Lawrence*-class aircraft carriers, it was escorted by nine *Hatchet*-class frigates and a single *Battleaxe*-class cruiser, the *Port Finch*. The CVBG carried over two hundred aircraft (fixed and rotary) between the twelve ships, and was, for most navies, representative of a very considerable element of combatant firepower. It also received very little warning, with the Cromwell system lighting up less than 15 seconds before projected impact. The automatic systems sprang to life. LY4031s screamed out of VLS systems on the escorts, and the high-acceleration weapons slammed into the first of the weapons to come across them. Each of the escorts got off four missiles in the 15 seconds, and nearly all hit. A credit to the radar system, the automated response systems, the launchers and the LY4031 missiles.

But nearly all hitting was not nearly all hit. The 60 inbound Titan missiles, establishing in milliseconds that the salvo lacked sufficient potency to destroy all of the targets presented, prioritised the most valuable. Of the 60 missiles fired, 38 were intercepted by counter-missile weapons from the *Hatchets* and *Battleaxe*. One was brought down by CIWS on the nearer *James Lawrence*, the *Righteous Endeavour*. Eleven struck.

The *Righteous Endeavour* was the first ship hit. It took the missile just above the waterline on the starboard fore quarter. The half-ton warhead shook the carrier from bow to stern, and an arrestor line snapped from the impact, just as a Sparrowhawk was attempting to land. The aircraft spun horizontally, like a rock thrown into a lake, and the pilot ejected as his plane careened into the water. A fire began, and crewman rushed to assist the automated systems.

The *Port Finch*, milliseconds later, became the second to be impacted, taking the impact amidships, just below the auxiliary port dual-purpose secondary. The blast punched through the armour, and set the deck and newly-exposed internal ablaze. Oily black smoke poured out of the wound, and the impact damaged the engineering spaces behind the armour. In the process, the *Port Finch* became the first Lyrans warship in over two hundred years to be damaged in two separate wars. A second, third and fourth missile punctuated its port flanks with burning gashes, the last of which tore metal to below the waterline, and set the cruiser to listing.

FFG31677, a *Hatchet* configured for the ASW role, took an impact on the rear port quarter, narrowly missing the engine room, but instantly flooding several sections. Concussive damage throughout the area set the bulkheads leaking, and emergency pumps kicked in in a desperate attempt to prevent the frigate foundering.

The remaining *James Lawrence*, the *Audacious*, took the last five. The first exploded low on the port rear quarter. The second, likely guided by the Titan's advanced AI system, targeted the bridge, and struck it squarely, its 380kg semi-armour-piercing high explosive incendiary warhead detonating a split second later.

The damage was catastrophic. The entirety of the bridge crew were killed in an instant, and flaming debris touched off secondary explosions as the aircraft on the flight deck went up in turn. Within seconds, the top of the carrier was an inferno. Impacts three, four, and five hit the forward hangar bay, the port amidships aircraft elevator and, critically, the already damaged section adjacent to the engine room at the rear. The prop-shafts tore clear of their mountings, and the carrier settled in the rear, flooding nearly a dozen compartments, and drowning their occupants.

The *Audacious* wouldn't sink immediately. But it was well and truly out of the fight, and likely out of the war, to say nothing of its air wing. If it managed to avoid sinking at all, it would take years in a drydock to be restored to seaworthiness. Nearly 3,000 Lyrans sailors were killed in the strike.

The break was short. Scant minutes later, the OTH radar of the *Falchion* detected new contacts over Stevidian naval units in grid 1719, contacts which then, almost immediately, dropped off the radar. Fresh from the impact of the earlier wave, the newly stirred and hyper-alerted Armada didn't take long to presume further incoming. The Armada went on to high alert, and interceptor missiles were armed in the launch tubes.

The difference made for seconds extra warning, if that. But, across the multitudinous ships of the Armada, those extra seconds made a considerable increase in the number of missiles in the air, and a considerably higher degree of support from missiles launched further from the contact zone.

This was, however, somewhat offset by the tremendous increase in the number of missiles that the 2nd wave had put up. 60 had come in the first wave. 468 were to come in in the second.

The hit ratio was considerably lower, however, shifting from 1 in 6 to closer to 1 in 10. Almost identical, in fact, to Lyrans projections of average hit-ratios for long-range cruise missiles against a prepared defender.

42 of the Titan missiles hit 36 ships, sinking seven of them, most notably including the *Anubis*-class heavy arsenal ship *Resolute*.

But the attacks were still not over. Minutes after the Titans had stopped, radars and sonars came alive as plumes of water erupted from the seas around the armada. Upwards of two hundred blasts of water had been detected, and, once more, the fleet braced.

Again, the missiles came in, and again the toll was counted. 25 more impacts, and 21 crippled or sunk ships. The final tally had 57 sunk or crippled beyond within-war repair, and over 13,000 Lyrans dead.

All told, the Stevidian Titan-strike had claimed more lives than the last two wars Lyrans had participated in. A baptism of fire for the new missile, certainly. But also the beginning of a major strategic shift for the Protectorate's anti-shipping operations. From this point onwards, any combatant element within striking range can and would be hit. The operational tempo was going to increase, and the Protectorate's advantage in firepower was going to be pressed, and pressed hard. The blood spilled would have its recompense.

That was not, however, the last action of the day. At Lughenti Aerodrome, in Lyras proper, the first fifteen of the brand new LY912 Dragonhawk superheavy stand-off bombers of the 892nd Strategic Aerospace Division lumbered down the specially constructed runways, before taking to the air, in the platform's combat debut. They angled to the west, and flew several hundred kilometers before igniting their LYDC-2A nuclear ramjets, and passing through Mach 2. Several hours later, passing the 1758 easting just north of the 22 northing, on course 180, the Dragonhawks released their payloads, 210 LY689B Hellion 2s each, then banked right, and headed home. Three hours later, 3,150 Hellions would strike at the Stevidian 8th Fleet, already battered and likely running low on counter-missile munitions from protracted operations against Imbrinium forces, hopefully finishing off what Imbrinium had started, and showcasing the striking power of the Protectorate's new aircraft.

2nd Order's Warhawks striking south, towards the South Greali-bound convoys.

2nd Order's ground-launched Hellions were prepped to engage the convoys once they came into range, if anything of them passed through the Warhawks.

11th Order had striking in great force to the west, launching many thousands of Hellions against the small cluster of ships that had wrought such havoc against 3rd Armada, and also, in far greater numbers, against the Stevidian 7th Fleet that was targeting the Protectorate's allies.

11th Order's Warhawks ranged further west, engaging the Stevidian 2nd Fleet with ~12,000 cruise missiles.

892nd Strategic Aerospace Division hitting damaged Stevidian 8th Fleet.



Haishan
Diplomat

Posts: 687
Founded: Sep 08, 2010
Father Knows Best State

by **Haishan** » Thu Aug 21, 2014 10:41 am



"A man may imagine things that are false, but he can only understand things that are true." (Isaac Newton)

Evulsi Jungle, Varathron Haize Research Expedition #12 Mechenzika, Haize Colony

Special Defense Researcher Katalina-Karev flashes her grey irises over the flat screen monitor, "Greetings Doctor. The new method seems to work almost perfectly."

"Almost? What is the success rate?" The thin display flickers slightly as she continues to remotely manipulate a robotic surgical arm in an adjacent video feed. Within the feed, lies the name ☐ *Varathron Hemo Pathogen* ☐ and a single, securely strapped bleeding man.

The researcher then swipes her gloved hand across the monitor, bringing several new application windows into view, "Almost hundred percent..meaning zero so far. The virus rebounded, it's mutating and moving a bit too fast."

"The fastest microorganism in the world can only do as much in few minutes at best. There's no way for the pathogen to evade error catastrophe." As she continues to listen to the secure broadcast, Katalina-Karev draws a brown file from a nearby cabinet, leaving the robot arm into automatic mode.

She flips its contents as she proceed with the conversation, "Well Doctor, I suspect it's a bio-engineered weapon thus incredible pathogen properties."

"If you suspect it's a military BW, they're usually designed to burn hard and fast. Do I need to remind you over three volumes of such subject on the matter?" The researcher then stops upon a single page, scrutinizing its content as the conversation flows.

Katalina-Karev slightly shrugged in response to the broadcasted voice while putting the file away, "Oh Doctor, you got me haha. We've identified a few of the viri's key expression genes, but it will take us a while to fully map out the pathogen for the interference method to work. Assuming things go well, a proto-vaccine could be made under one month for Phase Two, Doctor."

"Great, I will contact you later then. Set comlink sync for next five hours and godspeed. Remember this well, we and them are similar; we're just codes." The voice then slowly disappears to the distance.

The researcher instinctively saluted while being seated, timed to match the fading voice, "Affirmed, Doctor and godspeed."

LLP Caleho 480 km from Stevidian 2nd Fleet Haize Special Response Group Haize Aero Ballistic Forces

The lone platform cruises underneath bluish-obisidian waters of Central Greater Dienstad, staying within a seventy meters confines of an undersea ravine. Streams of energetic thermocline currents slowly wisps above its position as the platform prepares itself to emerge from the ravine. Its two-hundred meter-long imposing size clearly contradict the platform exceptional underwater agility; the object effortlessly cruises out of the ravine that would sent most platform commanders think twice of entering yet sail through it.

It's of course is no other than a dedicated armed logistic platform made specifically for the needs of Haize Aero Ballistic Forces pertaining to bulk movement of strategic materials and other relevant items deemed to be too valuable for deliverance via conventional airlift or shipping or even orbital services. LLP Caleho, as designated by one of the model primary users also draws direct Haize experience from other platforms, such as the Triui-class which featured the first-ever functional magnetic cloak system in Haishan, that made it invisible from most magnetic anomaly detectors.

However, when the matters involved are huge, certain tradeoffs must be made and engineering limits must be accepted; LLP Caleho cannot hide its displacement entirely from intelligent opponents. This is particularly true for the platform, as it's carrying several physical samples of Haize technologies intended for Holy Empire of Stevid such as FM-91K advanced quasi-ballistic missiles and strategic LA-Sudoon anti-air missiles, causing it to ply underwater routes more deeper than most conventional nuclear-powered platforms.

Assigned to the platform is Captain Laika-Tashenko which is selected from a secret pool of HPNF naval commanders, "Set bearing to new coordinates as listed. We need to unload the packages as soon as possible."

"Acknowledged, Captain. Further orders?" His deck mate quickly responds in tone of well-arranged professionalism.

The clean-shaved Captain sharply eyes the sonar screen, given the very existence of his platform is a well-guarded secret even to most levels of the Junta, "Maintain sonar *silence*. Tell Gunnery to be prepared for any contingencies as well."

"Ready sir." His subordinate could understand the tension; the Haize platform is sailing straight into the warzone between the Holy Empire and Protectorate.

Right now they aren't discovered by both warring sides but should the situation calls for it, the deck mate is more than prepared to press the self-destruct button even if his Captain ordered not to. The platform contains more than ten years of intensive Haize research and development seen nowhere else than the most secretive governmental research facilities in Haishan and the Junta wants it to be directly delivered to the Holy Empire as a good gesture of somesort; should the Empire fall on the hands of Protectorate, one of cornerstones of SCNS constellation could be in grave danger.

Last edited by [Haishan](#) on Thu Aug 21, 2014 11:23 am, edited 1 time in total.

STATE CAPITALIST WITH CHAOS THEORISM | THE TECHNO-INDUSCRACY OF HAISHAN
ORDER THROUGH DISORDER
"Nyhizi kizcyk kur"

Misc



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by [Morrdh](#) » Sun Aug 24, 2014 1:16 pm

QUOTE

Southern New Garrack

Field Marshal Arthur Norwell climbed out of the Land Rover, looking at the weather beaten sign that sat beside the track and tried to make out the largely faded words on the worn wooden board; *Johans Farm*

Looking further along the track was an old farm, in a rather sorry state after having been abandoned at some point presumably when drought finally caused the farm's last owners to finally quit. The cluster of wooden buildings had been simply left and slowly decayed over the intervening years, though now the New Garrack Army was moving in. The reason was relatively simple, a scant few miles south of the farm was the border with Wanderjar and a mixed Commonwealth force of New Garracker, Morridane, Gilbertian and other CCA colonial troops were digging in on the New Garrack side of the border. There wasn't any intention to attack, rather it was hoped that the Wanderjarrians would notice the large force sat on their northern border and send some of their forces north. If the

Wanderjarians did split their forces and thus relieved the pressure on the Stevidians in the south then the plan would've worked, though the large force led by one of the Commonwealth's top commanders was something that the Wanderjarians couldn't ignore.

It was true that the New Garrack Army had stationed a few troops on the border when the war in South Greal began, but this troop surge was the Commonwealth's way (other than sending volunteers) of helping its Stevidian ally without direct military action. New Garrack's border with Lyras in the north had also been bolstered, though this was more defensive with a mass deployment of Skyguard batteries to give the Commonwealth a remote chance of levelling the playing field if the Lyrans did end up attacking. The Commonwealth was treading carefully, after Mordent it was making damn sure that it didn't fire the first shot if it ended up re-entering the ongoing war. Having the Wanderjarians fire the first shot would play into the Commonwealth's plans quite nicely, but there was only so much that the Commonwealth could do short of provocation.

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by [Imbrinium](#) » Fri Sep 19, 2014 8:56 am



A few miles in from the coast a large hospital where now where a farmers field once stood. Hundreds of wounded and dead from the front and frontline combat hospitals close to the forward edge of battle, this hospital was a full hospital able to place the wounded in ICUs or whatever was needed to care for soldiers before being loaded onto hospital ships and transported home for care.

In a bunker built to house the ground commanders not far from the hospital. The ground commanders and its staff looked over tons of intelligence every minute from every imaginable source. The battlefield is a fluid place and operations change minute with reports. Reports from the north where starting to turn in the way for the commands hopes, operation to free up the port was successful but still could be days or weeks to confirm that the port could or can be used.

With marine forces pushing Stevid forces west at a fast pace the focus was now of the leadership was to turn north and seal enemy forces north without an escape forcing them to fight to death or surrender. The intelligence sector had pushed reports of foreign fighter now fighting for Stevid. With the porter of Vanderburg taking so long and maybe still months off from being opened the command started the off load of the army on the causeways. The plan was to have the army to form into army corps 1st corps would move south to secure the southern flank 2nd corps will move southwest to push Stevid forces west, lastly 3rd corps would act as the northern flank of the three corps. The marine forces have formed task forces along of the same lines as the army corps to move on the center and northern flanks.

There had been raids by fast moving units to cut off the last of the convoys headed south these had brought a number of EPWs to be interviewed and some intelligence but nothing on what waits ahead on the battlefield. The battlefield was abuzz with drones both in the sky and ground over a thousand airborne drones where near the front lines with ground drones not far from that number. The pace of the movements inland had slowed down it was taking time to clear buildings and villages making sure no one was left before raising the buildings to the ground. The general order was to not leave a building or crop or anything anyone could use to support an insurgency behind the lines. Stevid's forces where being forced out along with the civilian populations. Command and control was done through mobile command posts and commanders being on the front in the battles. With the general order to destroy everything and leave nothing behind this also went for anyone left behind with the military showed up, but most of the time and left over civilian population was left to move out of the area, while any enemy military was usually shot on site.

The main battle plan was now a race of sorts trying to make it to the west coast of Southern Greal/Stevid before Stevid forces in the north where able to push back south. The plan is to cut them off and force them to surrender or be destroyed in place.

Imbrinium southern command;

With the downing of a C4ISR aircraft over the ocean and the crew missing the command was now faced with supplying fighter escorts for the support aircraft, drones now would pick up the long range heavy work. Southern command also as part of ongoing operations planning a massive strike on forces in New Empire, the forces left behind there had been helping the insurgency attack Stevid forces still there this was on going. The new plan was to wipe those forces out with a combine massive airstrike and ground attack by local forces to if not destroy Stevid's forces to attack IAFs moving into the area but also hinder their strike ability. At southern bomber bases some 800 air force and naval bombers where loaded down with 26 Hellion 2 missiles and there fighter and support aircraft would take off and hit the C3I commands and support centers in New Empire.

Indras port of Botoşani;

It is after midnight when a small fleet of some 20 ships of the RIN slowly pulled into the outer limits of the port of Botosani. The ships included two light carriers just modern day jeep carriers from WW2 but these where modern and carried only 8 aircraft and 6 helicopters, the other ships where destroyers and two cruisers but these where jus the escort for what was the mission. The mission was to escort 10 sub tenders and support ships to friendly water south of Stevid to affect raids and come back for crew swaps and resupply. This was part of a major operation to knock out Stevid fleets and shipping.

In the waters south of Stevid lurked dozens of SSKs and SSNs on the hunt for every ship with a Stevid flag, there were also SSGNs in the area to launch mass missile attacks on prime targets such as carriers or supply ships.

The pieces where coming together for the big three operations that hope would put an end to Stevid's navy forces as a threat to the crown.

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



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Sun Sep 21, 2014 6:41 pm



600km east of Holy Panooly:

Two sister SSKs worked their way south toward Indras to link up with supply fleet to get ready to start operations north against Stevid shipping. The HMS EDENTON and HMS GYRE where close enough to act as a supportive team with the HMS Edenton close to the surface tracking surface traffic by their EMASST signals and the HMS Gyre was deeper listening to the deep for subsurface targets.

Aboard the HMS Edenton, captain Loggia was sitting in his chair at the CONN when the electronic weapons officers starts picking up signals that match Stevid naval ships.

"Conn, EMASST possible surface contact bearing 154 degrees possible enemy surface contact."

"Conn, Sonar I confirm surface contacts screws matching possible Stevid naval shipping."

"Conn, aye NAV turn right heading 154 and alert the Gyre that we got some quarry ahead and turning to possibly engage targets."

As the HMS Edenton turned and informed her sister ship of possible targets the HMS Gyre slowly came up to pick up the possible fleet in front of them. Within minutes the answer came from the massive computer program with thousands of stored info on ships from countries all over the region and world. These signals were confirmed to be Stevid naval shipping. The next step was to attack them but how wait till the two ships get close or attack from a distance with missiles.

With the ships being so far away and not knowing their plans and being unable to catch them if they are heading away from them. The EMAST systems were cut down to only pick up out so far as not to make a large signal that could be picked up by another ship or sub in the area. There was another option on the table possible secure a true kill on the fleet ahead. There was another sub in the area but she was in deep water and another 600kms south of the twin ships. The only hope a confirmed kill was all three ships to attack the fleet with missiles. It would take a chance on being picked up by the Stevid fleet but it would be worth it Captain Loggia's eyes.

And with that Captain Loggia walked into COMMS and had the COMS officer patch into the SATNET system to send an ELFM to the HMS LEFTWICH which was a SSGN head to the same port in Indras.

FLASH MESSAGE:

SMALL ENEMY FLEET PICKUP GRID HU12J 19576 14697 WOULD LIKE TO OUR THREE SHIPS TO ENGAGE WITH MISSILE. OUT

Within about 15 mins from the original message was sent a reply was sent back to the HMS Gyre.

FLASH MESSAGE:

COPY GRID AND WILLING TO HELP SPINNING UP MISSILES IN 30MINS WOULD LIKE YOU TO BE READY.

And with that the attack would commence from three subs, the crews readied their missiles and stationed their boats in missile launching hover and awaited the time to click down to the launch. With all six torpedo tubes loaded hellion 2s and the four vertical missile tubes ready to launch also.

Some 174 missiles readied launch the target was a small fleet. As the clocked ticked down and when the time ran out the keys were turned and the buttons were pushed and the missiles ripped from their births and raced toward the surface and their 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



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Sun Sep 21, 2014 9:05 pm

QUOTE

CODE: SELECT ALL

FROM: The People's Unified Federation of Mokastana, Wellovia, Aqua Anu and Associated States
TO: The Illuminatus Kingdom of Imbrinium

The variation of Varathon Blood Fever that had been launched as an offensive weapon against the nation of Malgrave has spread to the Federal Region of Belmotin. As of now, over 50 have been infected and containment is in effect but not guaranteed.

As a fellow member of the Bredubar Covenant, we request immediate assistance in the form of assets or information you have regarding a cure or treatment for Blood Fever. We would like to prevent further deaths and/or stop the spreading of Blood Fever to additional countries.

**MBSA Biological Research Station
Isla Muerta
Mar del Moka
(approx 200 Kilometers off the coast of Mokostan Island)**

Special Situations Director Calvin Amarillo stood in the observation room of one of the many underground laboratories on the island. Like most small islands in the Mar del Moka, this one was secured as part of the Island Defense Network, but unlike most IDN/RDI islands, this one housed more than just missiles and a token military presence.

Underneath the small shacks and chain link fences on the island, the military buildings led much farther down into the solid rock beneath the small island. Tunnels had been dug and reinforced with concrete and rebar in case of attack. In addition, in case of sabotage or infiltration the base could be, in theory, detonated with the onsite nuke, sinking the island in the sea and thus hiding the secrets within. Only a few islands in the Mar del Moka were set up this way, each with their own secrets locked under the sea. It was here that the Mokans had been working on a few home grown variations of diseases long thought phased away, and now it was here that research began on the Varathon Blood Fever currently attacking Belmotin.

Calvin looked at the man in the lab, restrained and surrounded by doctors in full biohazard gear: getting readings and determining the effectiveness of the latest round of drug testing. The color was lost on the man's face, the front of his bright yellow outfit stained with the vomiting and effects of chemical cocktails pouring out of his body from any way possible. If there ever was an image that could truly emphasize the meaning of the Moka punishment 'forfeiture of body', this was it. Prisoner #6481, killed two little kids and a Marshall during a Cartel bomb attack outside of Ecuador. The National Police managed to kill most of his crew but he was taken alive. After a short court battle he was sentence to 'Forfeiture of Body', turning over his biological assets to the use by the Federation. Often times this mean a swift execution and turning safe organs over to medical use, other times it meant slave labor in a hostile environment, but every now and then, a special situation would come up that required 'less moral' testing. This was one such case.

Prisoner #6481 would pay his debt to society, and thanks to his suffering, many Moka lives would be saved. With that, Special Situations Director Amarillo left the observation room to continue his work on getting SSD Cruz the treatments he so desperately needed.

International Hotel - Maldon - Malgrave

*"Doctor Allende. It is a pleasure to meet you although it is obviously disappointing that we had to meet under such dire circumstances I hope that we can work together to eradicate this horrific virus.
"We've managed to form a basic genetic analysis of the viruses RNA sequences and we're currently running more detailed scans in order to understand the virus origin and relationship to other virus.
Hopefully after that we should be able to start work on a treatment"*

"Greetings Doctor Magnus, we both hope that this Virus can be eradicated, for it seems that it has come to Belmotin as well. I came to share with you our research, but it seems that the virus has a much higher percentage of infected with no symptoms than previously thought. Our research indicated that to be nearly 20% percent. Here is the information we pulled from our sources, but we need to retest a lot of individuals now with this bit of information. Initially we thought it was false positives, but it seems we were wrong. How well is the quarantine coming along?"

**5th Army Blockade-Peacekeeping Operation
Refugee Camp 17G**

Stevид-South Greal

Captain Jacob Parks sat on top of his LY224 'Sorcha' HIFV, staring at the road in front of him. Smoke rose up from over the horizon as he ideally listened to the radio chatter in his headset. SkyGuard divisions had spread out across the area, monitoring both sides airborne assets and creating the illusion of air cover in the event things went to hell, but the truth was there was no way they were going to stop anything if the Imbriniumians decided to strike first and ask questions later. Yet, if any missiles were tracked to be inbound towards the refugee camps they were to be shot down without question. Better safe than sorry, and wasn't that what Peacekeeping was all about?

A convoy of refugees in Moka Army trucks was heading to the airport to be flown out to Greal and then Mokastana. Food shipments were delayed at the airport. Stevid forces were falling back from such and such. Volunteer/Stevide soldiers who made it to refugee camps were to be treated as refugees and given a chance to escape the country. Etc and so forth.

The cry of a young child got Parks' attention, causing him to look back towards the civilian foot traffic that was fleeing the Imbrinium invasion. A young woman carrying her son, a boy crying from losing everything important to him: Home, friends, and God only knew what else. War was hell, and though Parks had the luxury in growing up in Wellovia rather than Mokastana, he remembered the stories about the Goldenburg riots and what might have been, had the government not willingly joined the Federation.

Parks had not been stupid enough to sign up with the volunteer corps to help out Stevid, but seeing this made him almost wish the Kingdom would do something stupid so he could engage them and claim 'self defense'. Based on information they had been collecting from the refugees, the Kingdom's forces were laying waste to the area, trying to clear the populations out of South Greal with no regard to their future well being.

It would be more humane to just kill them outright rather than starve them and force march them West.

Early Warning Radars had shown the Kingdom's forces were heading this way. So Parks continued to watch the highway and wait for them to arrive. Moans and cries continued to fill the streets next to him, his knuckles white from gripping the binoculars.

[Factbook](#)
[Montana Inc](#)

Quotes about Mokastana:

[QUOTES](#)



Stevide

Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497

Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevide** » Fri Oct 10, 2014 9:50 am

QUOTE

*If only you would slay the wicked O God!
Away from me you bloodthirsty men!
They speak of you with evil intent;
your adversaries misuse your name.
Do I not hate those who hate you, O Lord,
and abhor those who rise up against you?
I have nothing but hatred for them;
I count them as my enemies.*

*Search me, O God, and know my heart;
test me and know my anxious thoughts.
See if there is any offensive way in me,
and lead me in the way everlasting.*

Psalm 139: 19-24

The Empire's naval situation was becoming desperate and as a consequence so was fighting in Stevidian South Greal. The Lyran 'arm's length' blockade was effective at preventing Stevidian support reaching its overseas territory, the knock on effect was now beginning to be noticed. Though while

former Lame Bums used to be a highly industrialised nation before the 'Fall' following the Golden War of Succession, most of the military equipment was Macabean and only several industrial sectors of the capital in the west of Stevidian South Greal had been reconfigured as arms manufacturums for Stevidian weaponry. However the fighting in Stevidian South Greal, while defensive, was proving suborn enough to prevent Wanderjarian and Imbrinium forces overwhelming the country altogether – the volunteers from Mokastana and Morrdh had certainly helped in that regard, but everyone was quietly confident that the end was inevitable – the question of when had been quickly stamped out by the SNCOs and officers of the Stevidian military and national militia.

Out at sea the situation was bleaker. Stevidian tacticians had not completely factored in that the Lyran Army had been given order to engage merchant and naval shipping travelling in the waters between Stevidian South Greal and the west of the region. It was a reasonable assessment enough as the same Stevidian tacticians did not believe the Protectorate would use such brash measures on the incredibly busy shipping lanes of central Greater Dienstad. As it happens, they were and much to the horror and bewilderment of the Admiralty and several civilian companies and contractors. The attack on the convoys by air launched Hellions was damaging but manageable with loss/casualty estimates within 'acceptable' levels (If there was such a thing any more – the figures had been high so far). The Escort convoys were staggered hundreds of kilometres of part; sometimes more and sometimes less, all took various routes and trajectories and all due to arrive over two or three weeks. It was not so much a mad dash convoy but rather a stream of ships as opposed to the usual trickle. The spread was so extreme so as to allow some convoys to remain out of certain sectors of the Moat OTH radar coverage, but with potentially three fleets looking at the waters where the convoy was travelling the tacticians could only speculate on whether all Lyran eyes were on convoy 'route' (More like sea) or that they were looking else where. With the assumption that no less than three Longswords were looking at the route, some of the convoys had a chance of reaching Stevidian South Greal – but none had a chance of reaching the destination unscathed.

The escort ships of the 3rd Fleet and the aircraft and escorts of the 1st Fleet heavily escorted the convoys. The 3rd Fleet's capital ships and the majority of its carriers had moved to Adaptus Astrates, the full strength 1st was splintered and scattered between the Imperial dominion and Intelligent Neighbours. The amount of escorts and replenishment tankers escorting the convoys was huge. But the additional attacks from Lyran Order Hellions applied serious pressure. Many convoys were overwhelmed despite a marginally successful diversionary attack in the north that had the

Lyran 3rd Armada's cage rattled.

When the first convoys arrived in Verrier there was much celebration until the news filtered in that over 90% of the convoys had been eradicated. Worse yet, though in the political and diplomatic sense for Stevid- not so, reports of non-military Stevidian merchant and non-merchant traffic had been destroyed or damaged plus further information on foreign distress calls from shipping caught up in the battle. The point and shoot mentality of Imbrinium and Lyras when it came to distance attacks was proving to be reckless now with innocent and sometimes civilian shipping being sunk simply because they were within the strike envelope. Weather affected the OTH signatures with choppy seas a major contributor to the clutter; for with all the technology in the world, busy civilian shipping lanes, Stevidian tankers and ships sized and shaped similarly to civilian counterpart vessels, coupled with constantly shifting water with various sized waves leant to the clutter and possible false readings on the OTH. The Stevidian Ministry of Defence put out a general message of caution to all civilian ships in the combat area but this was met by muted response as companies and contractors protested at how they were to conduct their business without being attacked by accident. In fact the only silver lining on the cloud that had seriously dampened the mood in Stevidian South Greal was that mostly material, not manpower, had been lost. But this in itself was testament to amoral tactics exhibited by the foe in that sinking humanitarian ships damned innocent people in Stevidian S. Greal to further suffering. On the other hand, additional war materials had been lost as well much to the discontent of Stevidian commanders on the ground in Stevidian S. Greal. But what ships that did arrive did so in greater numbers than before, but they would have to permanently anchor off the coast else run the gauntlet again.

In the West the 7th and 8th Fleets were under attack, as was expected – particularly the 7th who had engaged Imbrinium shipping looking to form up with the 3rd Armada. The attack had been praised a success but the Lyran counterstroke had taken its toll forcing the 7th to withdraw west at nearly quarter strength. The 8th Fleet received early warning on the Hellions bound to its position but had little understanding on how they had been delivered. Initially it was thought to be submarines but the high velocities and altitude belied this belief, it would eventually be learned that the new Dragonhawk super bombers had been guilty of the attack, presumably rushed into service to counter Stevidian diplomatic propaganda over the use of the Titan/Contrado missile. The 8th Fleet was mauled and only relocated slightly further east to shorten supply lines to the RFA fleet tenders. At a smidgen over half strength, the 8th Fleet could no longer go on the offensive. TF6221 was an oddity, too small to have been reasonably suspect and the amount of aircraft

launched and tended to by IH support craft was not supposed to have aroused suspicion. At any rate the fleet new that a counter attack in some form would be coming due to their own missile launch and so retreated a few hundred kilometres northwest after the launch but still remained well within the Hellion strike envelope. Even though the Holy Grail Type II missile's range outstretched that of the principle Lyran AA missile, the Scorpions were ordered back to Hitmen territorial waters without engaging. RAF C4ISR aircraft and smaller Royal Navy carrier based EW aircraft waited and watched for the Lyran counter attack and it came with a flood of Hellion missiles. Being so deep in Hitmen airspace and waters allowed a swift aerial counter counter-attack on the missiles but the end result was that several missiles were able to penetrate deep enough and destroy the fractured task force with the carrier wounded to the point where she would no long participate in the war, the Emperor-Class too damaged to the point that it was unlikely she would participate in the war and may even be scrapped. Only the Antares Class cruisers escaped destruction as they had been diverted directly west to aid in the attack on Imbrinium strike and support aircraft undertaking their long distance missions. In truth, sending both turned out to be an error whereby leaving one behind with TF6221 would have increased the chances of survival of all the ships immeasurably.

* * *

*Rescue me, O Lord, from evil men;
protect me from men of violence,
who devise evil plans in their hearts and stir up war
every day.*

*They make their tongues as sharp as a serpent's;
the poison of vipers is on their lips.*

*O Lord I say to you, "You are my God."
Hear, O Lord, my cry for mercy.
O Sovereign Lord, my strong deliverer,
who shields my head in the day of battle-
do not grant the wicked their desires, O Lord;
do not let their plans succeed,
or they will become proud.*

Psalm 140: 1-3 : 6-8

The Kingdom's move against the Empire in the west was brash and optimistic; the massive waves of aircraft they had sent in order to 'hunt down' the Royal Navy with little or even no intelligence, up-to-date or no, on the whereabouts of the fleets had allowed a very structured and disciplined defence of Stevidian and allied airspace. The Royal Air Force in Stevid and Independent Hitmen had been untouched by the war thus far and were fresh so the deliberate counter attack on all Imbrinium support craft had been a success. AWACS, intelligence craft, fuel tankers, their fuel tankers and in some cases even their fuel tankers had been systematically targeted to great effect. It forced Imbrinium combat aircraft into scenarios they would not be comfortable with. They could either withdraw knowing that they could not search for and

destroy the Royal Navy at these ranges without live support craft or air-to-air refuelling, dump the payload by launching it in directions towards Stevid in the hope the Hellion computers could decide on appropriate targets correctly with minimal data, and in some cases crash into the sea as their craft ran out of fuel. The logistical mess that Imbrinium would be in was almost unimaginable but this was no deterrent for the RAF – no time for remorse. Having the home field advantage meant the sorties were almost round the clock and the Imbrinium Air Force was pounded time and time again. As their support craft dwindled, the more brave Imb strike craft that dared to venture into the extended combat ranges of the Stevid fighters were now targeted.

The enemy had reacted to the counter attack, noticing that the amount of pilots the coast guard, Royal Navy and RAF were fishing out of the sea and interning them as POWs was sure to be a problem. Modern era fighter pilots were crack veterans of piloting skill, even those without combat experience. Such individuals literally required years of training and could ill afford to be lost. As a counter weight to the large losses, the Kingdom started to replace the manned combat aircraft with drones. The RAF remained undeterred although priorities shifted; as it became apparent drones were being introduced over manned combat planes. Support aircraft would still be targets and given preference over drones should they be in the same vicinity, however they were no longer top priority. Drones lacked distinct and modern anti-air capability and even minor signal delay due to the chaotic mess of satellites in orbit. Drones also lacked the manoeuvrability of most 4th generation fighter planes let alone 5th and 6th, and so with this in mind the pilots of the RAF were free to engage drone strike craft at will without ignoring them in favour of support craft.

Below these brave pilots was a scattered Royal Navy. Small task forces and echelons were being widely used to mitigate potential mass Hellion attack as the small formations blended in with the sea clutter and heavy sea traffic between IH, Stevid and Liberated America. While the floating bodies of downed Imbrinium pilots were becoming more rare, the ships were very active in defending themselves and attacking the drone and strike aircraft. The RAF and MoD stopped short of declaring victory but the statements released echoed the calls of the government for praising the valiant efforts of the RAF pilots for protecting the Empire.

* * *

*Set a guard over my mouth, O Lord;
keep watch over the door of my lips.
Let not my heart be drawn to what is evil,
to take part in wicked deeds with men who are
evildoers;
let me not eat of their delicacies.*

RMS Princess Jane
Monarch Class Ocean liner/Cruise ship
50NM NW of Adaptus Astrates territorial
waters

The **RMS Princess Jane** was a **Monarch Class ocean liner**, older sister but shorter build to the world famous RMS Princess Zaneta that entered the world stage of luxury cruise liners over three years ago. The Monarch Class liners were the envy of the world; the very name of the class spoke of grandeur, stateliness – all accolades the three vessels of class quite rightly deserved. RMS Monarch, Princess Jane and Princess Zaneta were the pride of Pardalote Line's large fleet of cruise ships, and although they were much smaller than some of the world's largest cruise liners, none could compete with the elegance of the vessels' internal and external architecture, and fewer yet could compete with the extravagance the passengers on board were subjected to. Her namesake was the third in line to the Stevidian Throne, Princess Jane, who was serving in the Army Medical Services as an officer in Stevidian South Greal; she had been delighted and flattered by the naming of the vessel and had been guest of honour during the launch with the additional honour of breaking the champagne on the bow. With 13 decks for the passengers to enjoy on their long voyages, each loaded with entertainment and amenities for guests to splash their cash on, the Monarch Class were a throw back to the bygone era of the Golden Age of Ocean Liners. People of countless nationalities were on waiting lists for months in order to book the cheapest cabins (If there were ever such a thing on Pardalote's Monarch Class!) just so that they could experience the finest in Stevidian luxury and marine engineering.

The three ships would rotate every six months to conduct the traditional Biscay (Stevid) to Caliban (Adaptus Astrates) ocean run, a much sought after trip and quite an expensive one too. This time it was the Princess Jane's turn to run the route while her sister ships flew the Stevidian flag elsewhere around the world, bringing their elegance and local admiration to wherever moored. RMS Monarch was busy running the Stevid to Ixania route while the Princess Zaneta was on a proper cruise in a different region entirely. Pardalote Line had been one of the thousands of recipients of the message sent out by the MoD across the region about the dangers to civilian marine traffic; they had also been made well aware of the change in Imbrinium tactics that allowed for unrestricted warfare against any shipping flying Stevidian colours. However to stop commercial shipping would be a final disaster and so Pardalote extended the warning to passengers noting to them while it was unlikely, the Princess Jane was a potential target while in Greater Dienstad. This had not deterred customers, some had decided the risk was not worth taking but there were many

thousands of people who thought otherwise and so the ship was full to its 3,190 capacity. As a 'Royal Mail Ship' (RMS) she also carried official mail for the Empire and the world if it was destined for either Stevid or Adaptus Astrates and as such she flew the scarlet ensign of the Royal Merchant Navy – separate from the military Royal Navy.

Three hours into her journey and she had slipped beyond the territorial waters of Adaptus Astrates and steamed her way northwest towards Dersconi Territory and Stevid beyond. She had no air or naval escort although she had been accompanied by and Astratii fighter jet for thirty minutes of the past hour, but now she was alone. In the distance out west and east were very faint white lights of foreign tankers making their way south to either Adaptus Astrates or Theohuanacu, but other than that she was alone – or so she thought.

As a civilian ship tailor made to provide the highest quality of service, elegance and luxury to her guest there was little room from electrical sophistication. She had top of the range weather and navigational radar, nothing military – no sonar do tracking surface or air search radar. Being a Merchant Navy vessel she could be requisitioned but even since the outbreak of war with Duko near New Empire the government had declared full mobilisation but stopped short of civilian requisition orders – a policy that had remained throughout this conflict. She had no armaments of any sort and no way of knowing the Imbrinium submarines, who had orders to sink all Stevidian shipping as part of their unrestricted warfare policy, were shadowing the vessel at long range.

The hours slipped by and night descended on the Princess Jane. The social ambiance on board was now in full swing as the passengers arrived for dinner and evening entertainment at the many venues on board. But the dreams of the most wonderful of cruises were shattered at 2014hrs. The majestic ship rocked to starboard as something loud punished the port amidships of the ship. All the lights on the ship flicked and went out for a couple of seconds, the ship disappearing into the inky blackness of the night for a minute or so. Initial panic set in on board as frightened guests screamed and shouted in the pitch black. Within minutes the emergency lighting was replaced by normal lighting and ship was once again visible on the water. The ship staff members quickly tried to calm guests who were most displeased at the incident, food, drink and crockery covered dining room floors and other guests around the ship had fallen over too.

On the bridge there was a heightened state of tension and the gravitas of the situation was becoming painfully clear – the ship had been attacked, probably by a submarine's torpedo.

The ship began broadcasting emergency SOS signals across all channels and was immediately contacted by the Lemartes Class *HMS Swordfish* of Echelon 76. E76 was a four-

ship destroyer and frigate formation of two Lemartes Class destroyers and two Reef class frigates and were only forty minutes away. Acting on the report from the Princess Jane two ASW helicopters launched to sanitise the area of enemy submarines. The enemy submarine likely heard the broadcast from the Princess Zaneta and acted accordingly. The ship was victim to another unnatural jerk to starboard as a second torpedo struck the stern. Fires were reported on decks 4 and 5 in the Standard staterooms and Excelsior staterooms, fires in the Zaneta restaurant with physical deck damage on decks nearest the two impact points. A spa had been destroyed, as had the lower floors of the Grand Lobby. Smoke was now engulfing the port amidships part of the ship with the staterooms being the primary concern – despite the fact it was post-dinnertime and evening social time on board, a lot of the staterooms were occupied by guests looking for an early night. Now they were faced with trying to escape before the smoke choked them to death. The Captain gave no hesitation following the second blast and sounded the general alarm calling the guests and crew to evacuate the ship. The ship was listing to port and gradually taking on water but the automatic damage control systems were handling the influx of water well, but not enough to save the ship – she had about an hour and a half of life left. In ordinary circumstances this would be more than enough time to evacuate all crew and passengers safely two times over, but the situation was in stark contrast to the crew's training. It was all the same in principle but searching staterooms engulfed in smoke would be a challenge and that damaged parts of the ship were now inaccessible.

The '*Gabriel*' life rafts looked more like orange mini submarines than actual rafts and could accommodate 36 people and the large boat like rafts could hold 130 each, both with cramped and cold conditions. Passengers queued for the rafts patiently with a degree of apprehension as the ocean wind blew black smoke over everyone. The biting autumn cold wind howled around the passengers as spare crew handed out blankets to those that needed it, most people were still wearing formal dinner dress and gowns and so were far more vulnerable to hypothermia. A testament to the training and engineering of the vessel was that there were no faults with the life saving equipment, the lifeboats were flawlessly filled and then lowered to the water. Elsewhere in the ship, bridge officers paired off and gathered their assigned search and rescue teams to comb through the ship looking for straggling passengers. In the damaged or smoke and fire filled portions of ship they had to don protective clothing and respirators. After an hour had passed (thirty minutes longer than it would have taken had the ship not been damaged) the crew reported that there were no passengers or lost crew remaining to be evacuated, but had noted a total of two hundred and forty eight dead bodies, five of which were crew members. The bodies had been searched for belongings and or room keys

to identify them at a later date, for now the remaining crew and bridge officers abandoned the ship.

The Princess Jane now had a noticeable tilt as she sat silently waiting for aid. As the final lifeboat containing the officers, search and rescue teams and the Captain descended, the now familiar noise of shouting and crying from passengers was shattered by the roaring sound of a King Arthur ASW helicopter, passengers in one of the other life boats pointed out another helicopter circling in the distance with dull thuds of explosions as they hunted the enemy submarine. It wasn't too long until E76 arrived on scene with one of the Reef Class vessel pulling alongside the Princess Jane to begin trying to support her. After another ten minutes an RFA recovery support tanker, *Sir Anglesey*, arrived on scene. She had picked up the distress call too and had been en-route to Stevid following a recovery mission further east with the convoy mission to Stevid South Greal. This was probably the best news Pardalote Line could have, knowing that the Princess Jane could be save albeit being out of commission indefinitely until repaired.

All four ASW helicopters were now in the air and had pushed further out with the two Reef Class frigates in support as they chased the guilty party away from the scene. The *Sir Anglesey*, together with the two destroyers picked up the survivors and began the reasonably short three-hour journey back to Adaptus Astrates. Fire crews from the RFA tanker and the destroyer got to work extinguishing the fires that had been left unchecked by the Princess Jane's own fire suppression system. This all took nearly two hours before the flotilla got under way but one Reef Class did not return while the other return also trailing smoke – as it turned out the enemy submarine had been chased away and may even be damaged but at a cost. The enemy submarine had managed, incredibly, to completely destroy one frigate and damage the other before retreating.

Word had now gotten out about the attack on such a famed and yet so innocent ship. The Astratii Navy headed the escort as soon as they could with another four ASW and AA vessels while the same Astratii fighter plane as before accompanied the small group of ships all the way back home. The Stevidian government, together with Pardalote Line, were shocked and appalled by the reckless attack on civilian shipping solely because it flew a Stevidian Merchant Navy flag. Both released a statement of condemnation; the Government bluntly and angrily summoned the Lyran ambassador and also sent a further blunt request to the Kingdom of Imbrinium calling for an explanation for the use of unrestricted submarine warfare against any ship flying Stevidian colours. The public however were in shock. Jewels of Pardalote Line emphasised Stevidian luxury, marine engineering, and the country's national pride and relationship it had with the sea. No ship on the planet could compare with the splendour of these ships,

their facilities and the service provided. Though she had been saved, it was of little consequence and would be out of commission for years. There seemed to be kind of social national mourning behind the attack; in the morning following the attack people did appear more subdued about the war than usual. Days later a national paper's opinion poll on the attack showed that national opinion of the war in Stevid had been affected very negatively by the 'loss' of RMS Princess Jane.

* * *

*O Lord God Almighty, the God of Israel,
rouse yourself to punish all the nations;
show no mercy to wicked traitors.*

*They return at evening,
snarling like dogs, and prowl about the city.
See what they spew from their mouths –
they spew out swords from their lips,
and they say, "Who can hear us?"
But you, O Lord, laugh at them;
you scoff at all those nations.*

Psalms 59: 5-8

Blaichach, 28mi SW of Vanderburg

Blaichach was a small village but quite strategic on the main road, the B15, out of Vanderburg towards the southwest of the country although the next nearest town was another 12 miles away. Stevidian opposition had been non-existent in the village, as forces had retreated further back towards more rugged and densely forested terrain that was more defensible. But the ethnic Lame population was stoutly pro-Empire and proudly betrayed this with Stevidian flags flying from nearly every building. Some families had already packed up and left following the news that Vanderburg was under siege, now the city had fallen and convoys had frequently passed through the village – it was enough to convince those still of two minds that they too should move west. However, nearly 500 people still remained, determined not to cave into aggression from invaders – all this in the face of the public knowledge that Blaichach could be a target for Stevid's 'Final Solution' should the military position in Stevidian South Greal fall apart completely.

Imbrinium forward recon units had conducted hit-and-run attacks on several of convoys that had been last to leave Vanderburg. Some survived and escaped but in some cases the soldiers had been butchered, in other rare cases soldiers managed to escape with their lives on foot and had made it to Blaichach or other villages for refuge. Nearly 80 soldiers turned themselves over to the hospitality of the town and its local militia; the militia too had remained in the village so as to start an insurgency on the enemy formations that would soon be heavily using the B15 road.

But the scorched earth policy of the Stevidian military didn't exactly mirror that of Imbrinium.

The Army mined the road with IEDs, tank and AP mines, destroyed railways and sabotaged transformer stations relaying power eastwards or water pump stations delivering water to Vanderburg, but apart from population centres under siege the Army had stopped short of destroying civilian property to prevent enemy use. This is now where Imbrinium and Stevid differed in their methods of war – the policy on destroying any building or crop that could be used for insurgency was becoming painfully obvious to the local population. When enemy units rolled into the village they were the de facto police force as loaded rifles kept the local officers away.

The fighting against Imbrinium had created a surge in Imperial pride across the Empire as this foreign country in the far northern reaches of the region lazily went about invading sovereign territory in a part of the region it was neither near nor welcome. This attitude of the locals now created an emotional barrier against the occupying force – a barrier that was going to turn very physical.

In one of the houses that looked onto the town square, a soldier peered through the curtains of one of the top floor windows. Cpl Stanis, of 2 Section that had proven so difficult to track and kill in Vanderburg, looked down into the square. He saw a motorised infantry platoon disembark from their transport, the Imbrinium markings on the vehicle and soldiers were clear as day.

Fear gripped him, only three members of his section remained following the fall of Vanderburg to enemy forces and he had only just made it the Blaichach with his life as enemy troops began to overtake them. Fortunately his friends in the other cap badges had mined almost every road and fortified position upon retreat that had now stalled the enemy's advance enough to get him to safety. Upon arrival in the village nearly two days ago Cpl Stanis managed to get twelve hours solid sleep – the first time since the ground war had begun. Now rested, the arrival of enemy troops had him fully alert.

He watched in silence as the new arrivals barked orders at the local populace who were stood at the doors of their houses and businesses. Stanis spied one man in particular, probably an officer given his cultured accent and pompous tone of voice, declare loudly that the village was now under Imbrinium control and that the local populace was to evacuate immediately. Stanis' heart sank at the declaration, the Kingdom was becoming more ruthless; the guerrilla tactics had cost the enemy dearly in its advances and were showing little mercy in their relentless pursuit to cut out any insurgent infestations before they began.

There was shouting below, loud and argumentative – and female. Cpl Stanis frowned and peered around trying to find the source of the commotion. A group of five soldiers stood at the front door of a house and in the door frame was a woman and four children, with the woman shouting at the soldiers.

*"I'm not leaving! You'll never make us leave!
This is our home and has been for decades
and I will not be pushed around by the like of
you bullies, Imp!"*

Cpl Stanis twitched a smile as the final insult jerked a chain of one of the soldiers. They fervently argued back insisting that she leave and tear down the Stevidian flag fluttering from her second floor bedroom window.

*"Get lost! We're Lame-Stevidian and proud to be! Me, my husband and children will never leave this house, this town or this country.
This is our home."*

Suddenly there was fresh quarrel across the square as the resident and business owners become more and more agitated all demanding the same thing, blocking their doorways and refusing to move. Some defiance leaked out further with some people humming or out right singing the national anthem with small smirks on their faces – the local police watched on, with similar smirks. The commotion didn't last long as the soldiers started to get agitated before the women who originally had argued screamed as the soldiers burst through her little barricade and into the house. The aggressiveness stirred the population as civilians started hurling food and patches of garden flowerbeds at the occupiers. *"Hail, the glorious conquerors!"* Stanis heard them mock with anger.

The rabble was silenced suddenly by two snap gunshots from the house of the women followed by a high pitch scream and crying children. The pause allowed the soldiers throughout the square to go about completing their orders and barged into other houses to start searching them. Cpl Stanis remained at his window, peering through the curtains to see what had happened in the woman's house. After about five minutes there was activity at the front door and the Imbrinium soldiers dragged out a body dressed in Stevidian military combats. Stanis looked on mortified as he recognised the face of a Private from 2 Section, Alsace Platoon - his section. The body was dumped in the street as the soldiers reported to the officer that they had found the Stevidian soldier hiding in one of the bedrooms. There was another shot and Stanis realised the extent of the occupation and the levels of anger exhibited by the foreign troops towards the Stevidian Army. Stanis fumbled around in a pouch of his Osprey rig and pulled out his personal smartphone and thumbed it on to record what was happening. There were a few more gunshots and following these out came the bodies of more Stevidian soldiers. The local population was incensed and became violent to soldiers that approached their houses or that were already inside, hitting them and spitting at them – Stanis recorded it all in horror. Even amongst the chaos the people remained steady, all those willing to leave had done so days ago, the ones left were the patriots of the village who still refused to leave and, unbeknownst to Imbrinium, many males were

members of the Lame-Stevidian Militia.

Suddenly there was louder screaming and shouting coming from downstairs; his 'landlords' were having their building searched. Stanis slung his loaded rifle but kept his phone in hand, whispering into it the whole time documenting everything. He bolted onto the upstairs landing and pulled down a ceiling ladder to the attic; once inside he crawled through the cramped room to find something to hide under and found some old bed sheets, and stayed there until the commotion finished. It only last a few minutes but this was enough time for him to turn the smart phone camera on himself, give his number rank name, date, time and the address of the house he was holed up in and end the recording. After a few more minutes, his accommodating civilian told him it was safe and Stanis climbed out of the attic. The husband of the woman he was staying with was part of the Militia although he now preferred the term '*Resistance*', Stanis asked to borrow his communication equipment and after half an hour made contact with the HQ element of a Stevidian FOB some 20 miles further west.

"Jesus, Stanis! Never thought I'd hear that name again!" Came a cheerful reply on the radio. *"We have elements of your platoon here, including your platoon commander."*

"That's brilliant!" Stanis beamed with jubilation, a feeling he thought he'd forgotten since this ground war had started. *"Zero, tell him I'm okay – it is imperative I speak with him later. This isn't an official line so I can't give my location, but I need his mobile telephone number and that of any officer in the FOB. I have something they really need to see."*

That very night, offices of military and political personal across Stevidian South Greal and the Home Isles were burning the midnight oil. The footage from Blaichach was harrowing and showed a brutal occupation but also resistance, something the military chiefs could take some solace in. The video was officially handed over to the media by the Government and MoD, including foreign media sources, but also to university and independent groups for analysis. Reports that the footage was faked were quickly quashed, the video was so long and in graphic HD it was hard to ignore the legitimacy of the footage. The town square was in clear view, the road signs, the businesses and statues – in fact it did not take much professional or amateur scrutiny to realise the video was genuine. Better yet for the propaganda were other reports from outlying satellite villages of Vanderburg describing similar scenes but these either had still photographs or nothing at all other than first or second hand accounts. The Stevidian government also added the incidents to its list of topics it wished to speak with the Lyrans Diplomatic Corps about and also sent a further demand to the Kingdom of Imbrinium for an explanation for the ruthlessness and for the forced relocation of innocent civilians from their homes.

* * *

*Let a righteous man strike me – it is a kindness;
let him rebuke me- it is oil on my head.
My head will not refuse it.*

*Yet my prayer is ever against the evildoers;
their rulers will be thrown down from cliffs,
and the wicked will learn that my words were well
spoken.*

*Keep me from the snares they have laid for me,
from the traps set by evildoers.
Let the wicked fall into their own nets,
while I pass by in safety.*

Psalm 141: 5-6 : 9-10

The victories for the Royal Navy had come, for the most part, at tremendous cost of life and material. The Royal Navy had suffered at the hands of masses Hellion strikes against any shipping the lifted a finger against either Lyras or her allies. The amount of loss of life had caused great stirs of discontent in Stevid. Support for the war was falling (especially since the attack on the Princess Jane) but at the same time the sheer magnitude of dead and the plight of Stevidian South Greal caused a huge wave of nationalism and national unity in the face of the crisis. Support for the war was still very high but many had come to realise that The Covenant was ruthless enough to kill off hundreds of thousands of people with but a push of a button – something the Admiralty was now only too aware of.

In a bid to turn the tables, and calm an anxious public, the strategy had changed. While fighting Imbrinium Stevid could easily fight pitched naval battles, but even then avoiding decisive engagements was something the Admiralty preferred. Now it was a given due to the enemy hiding behind Lyras protection and able to do as it pleases. Stevid's control of the seas of Eastern Greater Dienstad was never a given but now it was impossible. She still retained overall supremacy in the centre where Stevid was situated with only the Golden Throne as a contender in west, so without enemies in the west and centre, the home colonies and isles were secure. But the war could not be fought properly from home and so the Admiralty turned to the only true option it had left.

Never had the highly secretive Submarine Service (SS) been relied upon so heavily. Their counter-submarine actions and their engagement of the Lyras 3rd Armada had been exemplary and, consequently, had been hurt very little in the war. They rarely travelled in packs and communicated infrequently back home; the enemy had been trying desperately to change these circumstances by 'hunting down' the Royal Navy in the west with minor attacks from Indras and the long-range air strikes. The SS' secretive tendencies should never be underestimated, only a secret few individuals at the Admiralty had any idea were

some submarines were but they never had the full picture. Even submarine commanders only knew where friendly submarines were when locale to them. To find an allied Stevidian submarine by any means was a tall order, for the enemy it was an unenviable task. The defence of home waters and slightly beyond by Independent Hitmen from the start of the war was perfect for the SS as allied submarines took up the defence at home while the SS prowled elsewhere.

In the light of the massed Hellion attacks the Royal Navy returned to a pre-war state of formation. Fleets were deconstructed and the Navy as a whole operated as either Echelons or Task Forces minimising their signatures and chances of being found (Home Fleets remained a Splinter fleets); the SS in the north now had a different role to play altogether. Though it pained the Admiralty to admit it, control of the seas east was lost and that they now had to resort to WW2 German naval attrition, it was the only true option left to them. Stevidian Submarines were now to focus heavily on Lyran merchant shipping in two locations in particular: The very hot area of seas between Lyras and Imbrinium, and then outside the region of Great Dienstad itself.

Lyras relied heavily on arms trade and Imbrinium did so too. Stevidian submarines would now target Lyran and Imbrinium shipping that were transporting arms goods between each other but, most importantly, outside of the region. The amount of custom Lyran Arms receives is huge, so huge that the bustling arms trade in Lyras requires much in the way of air and sea freight to deliver goods to foreign states. This would be exploited as freight could not be escorted the entire trip else Lyras wouldn't have a navy to protect its shores, which was why attacks outside the region were most practical. Long-range submarine tenders already operated outside the region because of Stevid's extra-regional colonies, many of these would be diverted to secret locations outside the region to be utilised by friendly submarines in need of munitions replenishment.

OP PLAUDITE TONITRUI – PART 1

(OP THUNDER CLAP)

Northern Indras

What with being so close to Adaptus Astrates and Holy Panooly, Indras was well within Stevid's sphere of influence, reports were very quick to reach local theatre operation rooms that Imbrinium now had a naval presence and a port in Indras as part of a pact signed with a resurgent Golden Throne prior to the outbreak of all out war. It was a dilemma to be sure but the Holy Empire politically felt that the recent cooling and now warmer, friendlier, relations with their closest neighbour had given them the edge in diplomacy. Favours were called

and consuls summoned within an hour of the enemy ships had being reported preparing to depart - the Royal Navy and RAF had been given the go ahead and the Holy Empire would turn the tables against the enemy. Since the war had begun in Stevid South Greal the Empire had been on the defensive, long enough for the Kingdom of Imbrinium and her Lyran babysitter to believe the Empire was on its last legs. Foolhardy was the word here; the situation in the west and south was in stark contrast to the despairs eastwards - this was Stevidian home turf and the Kingdom was a long, long way from home.

As part of the [Hoogenbosch Treaty](#) between the Throne and the Empire, Stevid had gained leases on many ports that were under political control of the Throne, including several on the Guffingfordii coast and on north-eastern Indras. It was home to a small and quiet task force, more so now than ever since the enemy submarine attack on E6 operating out of Adaptus Astrates. The small Audacious class carrier, an Antares class cruiser with a handful of destroyers and frigates remained moored in the harbour but on an almost constant state of condition yellow or conducting random local ASW patrols. Once they received orders from the naval command in Adaptus Astrates, the ten helicopters of the Audacious class carrier took off with a complement of two Holy Grail missiles each (20 missiles in total) and headed west and then north over Macabean territory towards Botoşani. The Audacious and Antares Class' CELLDAR array tapped into the Indras cellular networks to use the foreign antenna towers as additional relays for the passive radar in order to locate the enemy ships without giving away the position of the fleet or the fact the enemy fleet were being monitored. Sure enough, the fleet was spotted several miles out of harbour steaming northwest. While still deep in Macabean territory, the King Arthur helicopters retrieved the targeting data for their missiles through BATTLEnet and fired them all at the fleet before scattering afterwards. With a maximum range of 360km the helicopters stayed well outside the range of the principle AA missile AIM-220 'Velvet Glove'. The targets for the missiles had already been predetermined and would focus on the submarine tenders and support ships with four of the missiles to strike the aircraft carriers first. These four missiles would arrive first and draw the enemy anti-air fire to them while the others would strike the support fleet 'reasonably' unmolested. The attack would define the term 'surprise attack'; not only was the enemy unaware of the extent of Stevidian and Astratii naval operations in the south but the missiles were coming from the direction they had just come from without any prior indications on the radar. The Antares class cruiser also put her TOMBSTONE suite to use by trying to electronically attack the enemy fleet's computers and sensors. While not exactly a hack, the flooding of the spectrum and use of the Indras coastal cell towers the Antares class tried to mask the approach of the missiles until they reached a mile or so off the coast. This element of the

attack could not be guaranteed to succeed but it meant the enemy had an EW attack to deal with as well and they it may confuse the early warning sensors on some of the ships. With Indras being an area of tension recently, ten helicopters would never arouse suspicion if they could even be seen on radar at all. The missile launches were staggered so the first four would draw and evade fire if possible while the others would swarm the support shipping at terminal speed seconds later.

The task force prepared itself in case the attack didn't quite go to plan, though it seemed very unlikely that no damage would be done at all. The ships went to condition red and action stations. All carrier-based fixed wing aircraft were ready for launch but did not do so, to reduce the radar and heat signatures the fleet put out. All AA defences and anti-ship defences were at the ready including further Holy Grail missiles. In a bid to make sure the attack succeeded, the task force commander ordered the Antares cruiser and the Reef Class frigates to launch their Holy Grail missiles firing hundred fifty in three waves and to approach on multiple vectors to keep the enemy AA on its toes. The Holy Grail missiles were a far cry from Hellions; the Holy Grail was a dedicated anti-ship missile not a cruise missile and as such had a much shorter range, however each missile packed a mighty 700kg of explosive ordnance. The explosive power with the heavy Du cap allowed just a small few of these missiles to sink a super dreadnought and just one pulverise any other form of shipping out of immediate commission. The 20-ship supply flotilla's mission would be ended before it begun.

The helicopters, bar two, scattered into individual flights and headed back towards the task force in harbour; one transmitted an encrypted message back to the task force confirming the attack had taken place and that it would swiftly continue as per briefing. It was only two words:

'Vae victis'

Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Fri Oct 10, 2014 10:01 am, edited 3 times in total.

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



Stevid
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

☐ by [Stevid](#) » Sat Oct 11, 2014 3:10 am



OP PLAUDITE TONITRUI – PART 2

(OP THUNDER CLAP)

Northern Indras, 20 miles inland

With the attack against the 20-ship Imbrinium flotilla now well underway the King Arthur helicopters turned and scattered in the direction of Vasoza harbour in northern Indras. This was the port in Indras leased to the

Stevidian government as part of the Hoogenbosch Treaty with the Golden Throne. It was a medium sized military and civilian harbour and been quietly reinforced by individual ships over the past few months since the treaty was signed. This task force sized flotilla included the [Audacious class carrier](#) *HMS Tumidus* that had launched the helicopter attack in the first place. However this operation had only just begun for two helicopters did not withdraw towards the carrier. These two helicopters, codenamed Archangel 1 and 2, were loaded with forty Royal Marines each, paired together and swooped low to the treeline and made headway towards the port of Botoşani.

The two medium lift helicopters quickly reached top speed and stayed as low as they could to the trees using all available terrain mask to prevent the radar from the enemy fleet detecting them, although this was more than unlikely because the fleet should be handling the contact from the Holy Grail missiles at this point, together with the fact it was Macabean territory in northern Indras – and that Indras was bustling with military activity at the moment.

The lead vehicle, Archangel 1, continued on its way with its partner helicopter 70 metres behind. It was then HMS Tumidus radioed in over the BATTLEnet comm system.

"Archangel wing, confirmed no expected third party activity. Commence Thunder Clap. Max aggression, good luck. Vae victis".

The pilot and co-pilot exchanged grins. "Ya hear that back there, fellas?" The pilot yelled.

A loud and familiar Spartanlike "Ahoo! Ahoo!" roared from the helicopters forty passengers as the marines approved of the message. They all readied their personal weapons and conducted final checks of each other's equipment. Designated door gunners readied the 40mm MGs on both sides of the helicopter while the 'heavies' loaded their shoulder missile launchers. The raid of Botoşani was about to begin.

"3 miles to target – 1 minute!" Shouted the co-pilot over the intercom. The company commander of this eighty-man raid was Major Oswald, a relatively new officer with insurgent combat experience only, but this sort of raid was typical of counter-insurgency/anti-partisan warfare. He took the information from the co pilot as his cue for the final pep talk.

"Marines! This op will go swimmingly if you remember your drills and apply maximum attitude and aggression to the target. Objectives are simple, timing is critical, and damage is to be extensive. Don't fuck up – and you'll heroes for the day. Ahoo!"

"Ahoo!"

As the Archangel flight finally approached Botoşani harbour, both helicopters soared a

few hundred feet into the air. The flight immediately identified two support vessels in the harbour while the rest of it was empty with the exception of a few civilian tugs and tenders – because the flotilla had already departed over an hour ago. There were small collections of people gathered in a large open cargo loading area, large enough to service an aircraft carrier. The helicopter thermal imaging cameras showed they had stopped working and were watching the helicopters. Further down the side of one of the larger quaysides were large domes for ship fuel, and along the entire quayside were huge cranes on tramlines for loading bulk cargo items onto shipping. The port facilities were the targets as were any identified Imbrinium military personnel. Even at these close ranges the people on the ground still looked like they could be either civilians or military. The chance wasn't taken to take them out but that didn't stop Archangel 2 opening fire with its starboard 40mm MG.

Super-heated lead pinged off the ground several feet in front of the gathered people in the loading areas. The mix of roaring hovering helicopters and the clattering of machine gun fire made the ground personnel bolt for cover. Marines in Archangel 1 used the initial commotion to ready a shoulder launched missile inside the helicopter; they fired missiles at the bridges of the two moored military tender ships, the explosions tore the bridges apart with huge explosions.

Two minutes had past; Archangel 1 swooped down to the main quayside with covering fire from Archangel 2's two MGs. Archangel 1 hovered a few feet off the ground as the first 40 Royal Marines, A Coy, disembarked and formed into their four sections and immediately set about their assigned tasks. Upon completion of the disembarkation, the helicopters switched roles only this time Archangel 2 assaulted the second, smaller, quayside with B Coy under covering fire from the lead helicopter. Major Oswald remained on board Archangel 1 to observe and direct the operation from the air.

A Company

A Coy arguably had the toughest job, the whole quayside was nearly 1.5km long but considering these were marines, covering distance by running was not an issue even worth worrying about. 1 Section, with the command element immediately made a beeline for the quayside admin offices to clear the buildings of enemies and civilians and destroy office and computer servers. 2 Section assaulted the moored Imbrinium support vessel and was immediately contacted by the small detachment of enemy marines on board tasked to defend the ship. 3 Section went about placing charges on the crane tramlines built into the concrete, they would then move up the quayside clearing it of hostiles as they went until they reached the harbour fuel depot where just one charge of C4 would annihilate the depot and engulf the quayside in flames. 4 Section were to place charges at the base of the four huge cranes on this quayside,

destroying them and removing the ability for ships to resupply.

1 Section assaulted the offices. The attack had caught the defenders completely by surprise, and the quayside was busy with Imbrinium sailors and civilians; most darted for cover in the offices where they were now engaged by Archangel 1 and 1 Section. The defence was panicked and haphazard, the marines engaged the offices until the helicopter laid down appropriate fire then they peeled left towards some warehouses. The marines entered and blatted off warning shots with their rifles scaring away civilians that were hiding inside, one or two enemy sailors tried to repel the attack but were quickly dispatched. The 8-man section each thumbed and incendiary grenade each just before they left the warehouse and tossed it into the cargo stored there. The firestorm licked away at the cargo, as it burned away, now forever useless. This was repeated in the next two warehouses taking up only five minutes of time. Once they entered the offices resistance was stiffer as several enemy sailors had got their hands on some weapons and created a small barricade. A marine used the last missile of his shoulder launcher to clear the resistance and the section entered the quayside offices, setting charges in the server room and tossing incendiary grenades as they left the office proper.

2 Section assaulted the ship. This was a diversionary tactic, as it was believed the ship would have a contingent of marines for self-defence and would provide a nuisance and decent counter-weight to the marine raid. Using nearby concrete bollards, and cargo containers, 2 Section dispersed and engaged the enemy marines directly with the goal of keeping them occupied. Archangel 1 intermittently suppressed the enemy marines whenever it was thought the Imps were gaining the upper hand. There wasn't any real danger of the enemy marines getting off the ship, they would have to use the shore walkways that were narrow and very, very vulnerable to Stevidian small arms fire. To that end, an RPG and grenades were used to destroy the three walkways from the ship to the quayside – the enemy would have to jump and it wasn't a distance any sane man wouldn't take a chance on particularly when under effective fire. 2 Section would keep the enemy busy until the operation was complete.

3 Section had the most demanding physical work by rigging the crane tramlines and fuel depot to blow. The 10-man section each had four demo-charges for rigging set points of the quayside tramline. This wasn't standard equipment for frontline marines but the charges weren't complicated – the Coy Commander in Archangel 1 would detonate them once they were ready to leave. The Section came under almost constant small arms fire attack but the attacks came from either isolated sailors or teams of three or four. Once the enemy was defeated or suppressed they would push on. Two marines were

wounded in one engagement against five enemy sailors. The two men remained where they fell but behind cover and continued to put down as much fire as they could. Once the last charge on the tramlines was rigged the remainder of 3 Section assaulted the fuel dump. As a fully automated modern refuelling system there were few guards and the security system wasn't exactly specialised enough to deal with warfare – the men even managed to smile and wave at the CCTV cameras. A single C4 charge was planted on one of the fuel silos and the section withdrew with its injured men to the HLZ a short run away.

4 Section were rigging the cranes. With only four cranes to rig and plenty of cover this was the easiest task and was completed in around seven minutes. Each crane had three blocks of C4 rigged at the base before the section withdrew. Once all call signs of A Coy signalled their tasks were achieved Archangel 1 landed at the HLZ with fierce covering fire from Archangel 2. Initial ground reports on casualties were six wounded and four KIA – A Company's operation lasted 9 minutes in total.

B Company

B Coy's tasks were almost exactly the same as those of A Coy with the added benefit of that there was no fuel dump on this side of the harbour. B Coy conducted their operation simultaneously with A Coy to maximise efficiency. 3 Section had less work to do because of the lack of a fuel dump so lent a hand to 2 Section. Enemy marines on this ship tender were faster off the mark than their fellow sailors across the harbour and managed to get off the burning ship and on to the quayside. The additional help for 3 Section prevented 2 Section from being overwhelmed and the HLZ being lost. B Coy's overall mission time was also 9 minutes but suffered ten wounded with one critical but alive, and five KIA.

The whole operation had so far lasted ten minutes and the grand finale was due. The two helicopters of Archangel flight left the local harbour airspace with small arms fire rattling around the fuselage. The two helicopters flew an asymmetrical course so the passengers got a good view of what happened when Maj. Oswald depressed his detonator. The huge amount of explosives placed in the harbour produced a short blinding flash akin to a small nuclear device. The shockwave even buffeted the helicopters a little as the explosive tore the harbour apart. The grandest explosion came from the fuel dump that incinerated everything within a few hundred metres before raining flaming debris down on everything else. Cranes buckled, tortured metal screamed with the contortions and when the supporting struts eventually splintered the cranes toppled to the ground like children's toys.

"Good job everyone." Maj. Oswald said congratulating his men. *"Efficient and ruthless, exactly what we're supposed to do. Now, let's*

wait for the political fallout of this raid."

He allowed himself a small grin. A sergeant next to him saw and grinned as well, more broadly. Others noticed too, then chuckling started and before long the drone of the helicopter rotor blades was drowned out by fits of laughter.

But this wasn't the end, not quite. The *HMS Tumidus* had dispatched two [Sabre GR1](#) multi-role aircraft to provide the last killing blow and final escort for the helicopters. Armed with four 500kg bombs each, the Sabres were to see off any buildings that 'looked' undamaged. In truth there wasn't much left. Two bombs were dropped on a warehouse that looked like it had gotten off easy on the B Coy quayside and one each on the tender ships still smouldering from the initial RPG attack. One final bomb was dropped on the A Coy quayside warehouse because the pilot felt 'It wasn't on fire enough'. Following the drop there was little or nothing left.

12 minutes. In 12 minutes the one port that had given Imbrinium a key stepping stone in the south of Greater Dienstad was in flames. It was now at this point the Royal Navy task force put to sea and began rigid ASW drills and combat air patrols.

Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Sat Oct 11, 2014 3:13 am, edited 1 time in total.

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



Stevid
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

☐ by [Stevid](#) » Sat Oct 11, 2014 3:47 am



In the Depths of Camp 4, Stevid

On the computer screen were thousands of rotating spheres all joined together in many thousands of helix strands, they came in a multitude of colours on the strands as they differentiated certain parts of said strand. The computer screen was rendering an interactive representation of a real life strand of a polymeric molecule - Ribonucleic acid or RNA. This particular strand of RNA was that of the virus of the Varathron Blood Fever that was busy causing panic in eastern Greater Dienstad. The operator of the computer selected a sector of the RNA coloured in red; the spheres flicked and magnified themselves on the screen whereupon the operator highlighted another part of base called hypoxanthine. He repeated the process again in other spheres within the helix and observed several base pairs of genetic code, scribbling down notes and comparing the helix with others on a separate screen.

This scientist was one of nearly forty all working on the same project, to develop a flawless, perfect cure to the Varathron Blood Fever. A cure that could not only remove the symptoms but quash the virus within a four day period at any point during the infection. It was doable and the Stevidians were close,

tantalisngly so. Another scientist, Dr Stone, had already successfully synthesised anti-viral drugs to specifically combat VBF, which had managed to lessen the pain and effects of the symptoms while also rendering the patient no longer contagious. The downside was it was no cure, the virus would still be present in the system and if the patient didn't continually receive twice-daily doses of the medicine they would become contagious again. Worse yet, the constant use of the drug would eventually make it useless as the virus would mutate and adapt to the drugs. It was a good stopgap measure and ideal for use in quarantine zones where patients were under medical observation, but not applicable for general public consumption.

Imbrinium had touted that they had a cure but had so far not released it, and it was believed to be a rushed job. Imbrinium had had the virus within its borders since February last year but had now weaponised the virus. The differences between the virus in its natural state and weapon state were found to be quite distinct. A cure would be for the weaponised virus, a version that had probably only been around for approximately 6-8 months; if there was a cure it was unlikely to be a pleasant experience or easy recovery period for the 'lucky' patient. Stevidian scientists were working on something grander and knew they were capable of doing so. Despite the differences between the weaponised version and natural one, the virus' genetic composition was basically the same in that both could be transmitted by air, water and physical touch with infected blood through breaks in the skin, swallowing or skin absorption. The symptoms were all identical too; the differences in the genetic coding were minute enough to allow enemy scientists to create a vaccine with only simple alterations.

Stevidian scientists could already do this, so in that regard they already had a cure, but the patients still exhibited non-infectious symptoms for nearly a week, sometimes two, after having the cure administered to them. During this time several test subject died through complications even though the virus was no longer a threat.

The scientists had enough information now, however, to develop the perfect cure. With the help of the interactive mRNA/DNA manipulation software scientists could tinker with the VBF samples (be they dead or alive) and accurately simulate possible effects and possible mutations during RNA replication. They had dead and live samples of the virus, the VBF anti-viral drugs and dozens of bio-reports on the intricate workings of the drug, a low quality cure, information on the effects of the disease, and lots of 'willing' subjects to test the final results on.

From working with fresh samples of the virus from Mokastana, together with medical reports 'obtained' from other states affected by the virus including Malgrave, Imbrinium and Castille de Italia, dead samples from prison test subjects and the anti-viral drug, the scientists

knew that the battle had to be fought in the blood stream – from there patients would usually develop so many complications the immune system couldn't cope. By fighting the virus in the blood stream the complications could be avoided and save the patient from the horrors of profuse bleeding and high fevers. Fighting backwards the cure would stabilise the patient and travel through the bloodstream to all parts of the body thereby killing the virus completely. The anti-viral drug had been the first in the world able to combat the virus because it used dead versions of the virus in order to give the immune system a blueprint in which to fight the virus. However this had not proven to be completely effective and only just kept the virus in check depending on the strength of the immune system. This was put down to protein decay in dead samples used.

The team of forty scientists believed that genetic engineering and gene-splicing the virus was the key. It would quite expensive but the reason these labs existed in the underground vault system of the prison was for exactly these reasons. To cure dangerous pathogens to the Empire by any means necessary – no matter the cost. By manipulating the base pair genetic sequencing and removing traits of the virus that allowed it near invincibility when fighting the immune system and making it more noticeable to the immune system earlier, they could develop a cure. The virus RNA sequence proper was far too complex to simply engineer out the symptoms and how contagious it could get, but months of hard-core study into virus had pinpointed many key traits of the virus that could be manipulated.

The team believed they had reached a break through, a live specimen of the virus had been successfully categorised and genetically manipulated to be easily identified by an immune system whilst also removing the genetic traits that gave it rugged resistance to anti-viral drugs and white blood cells (by copying some of the material over from the drugs developed a few months ago). The specimen was then killed off and the full RNA sequence recorded before the proteins started to decay. The virus was then immediately packaged securely and transferred a few levels down to the head of the genetic research wing of the camp, Dr Matthew Bielefeld.

* * *

*There is none to uphold your cause,
no medicine for your wound,
no healing for you.*

Jeremiah 30:13

Matthew Bielefeld walked into one of the larger medical research labs in the complex. It was very blue and brightly lit, almost like a typical medical office crossed over with an operating theatre. Separating the room in two was a metal divider with a reinforced window and a retracted metal shutter. In the room already was his accomplice Dr Stone, a few other scientists and a Templar who stood guard at

the only door through the divider.

"How's my patient?" Bielefeld said greeting his colleagues.

Stone turned towards him but his eyes were fixed on a clipboard he was holding and far too distracted by what was on it to look up at Bielefeld. *"Your favourite pet is in there... we haven't yet administered this new cure the research team have developed."*

"Let's hope this works on her then. Those lazy bastards have come out with eight variants and we've lost almost twenty subjects because they didn't get it right... She's far too precious to our research to have us waste her on yet another inferior batch."

"Hmmm, quite." Stone mused sounding a little disinterested. *"Just another specimen to me. She may be an Animalpolian and the first subject to respond successfully to previous treatment – but she is just a subject."*

"Whatever you say – her blood is the key."

"Her blood is in this batch, Doctor." Stone said finally looking up. "Yes, the team a few levels up managed to isolate some Lymphocyte white blood cells and unravel the protein of the anti-bodies it produces to fight the virus. They replicated the RNA sequence successfully and then managed to include it in the genetically modified version of a dead VBF virus. The anti-body protein is a key ingredient I hear."

"Excellent. Then this should work." Bielefeld said sternly. He nodded to two doctors in biohazard suits on the other side of the pressurised room divider. The Animalpolian, Elizabeth, had been sedated for hours now. She had been taken off the newly developed VBF anti-viral drugs to allow the virus to reassert itself in her body. As of 0600hrs that morning her prognosis was very bleak and doctors believed that her beleaguered immune system wouldn't last more than a week.

The young girl came round squinted at bright hexagonal spotlights glaring down on her. The doctors were out of view as they collected a trolley of equipment and a fresh sample of the newly developed cure. She tried to move but something tight gripped her biceps, wrists, ankles and upper legs – she was unable to move anything but her head. She glanced down to her right saw her arm was bound to an operating table. Her eyes widened in fear; she shot a glance left to look at her other arm and then saw the pane of Plexiglas and a numerous doctors watching on – including 'Him'. Panic started to creep into her psyche as she realised they weren't watching her; she tried to look behind her but the table prevented her from seeing, it was only when the doctors in the room with her wheeled a tray into view that she realised she was again the favourite lab rodent of day. She watched with growing anxiety as the doctors fumbled around with instruments on the trolley before

they turned round with one holding a syringe filled with a yellow looking serum. After being subjected to the horrors of a S1R1 patient some months back she now feared the worst.

Elizabeth screamed violently and shut her eyes while trying to lean away, bucking her head and body as best she could. Her shrills of horror did nothing to put off the doctor holding a syringe while the cries were muffled to dull noises by the divider so the doctors on the other side heard little of the commotion. Worse yet, the depressing scenes of such a tormented girl being subjected to these tests didn't even raise an eyebrow to those gathered – not even a heart rate. She continued to scream, helpless to do anything. A hand gripped down on her elbow to expose a vein in the forearm, she dared a glance as tears streamed down her face. The needle was centimetres from her skin.

"Oh please, God, no!" She shrieked.

On the other side of the divider only one person that responded to her plea was the Templar. It was a noticeable twitch in his shoulder, one that betrayed sudden agitation. Not for the young girls plight, but for her blasphemy. Everyone else watched on undisturbed.

Her cries turned to bellows of utter desperation and dejection as the needle punctured her skin and she felt the serum surge into her. She continued to thrash about as much as she could but while bound to the table her efforts were less than pathetic. There was nothing she could do now. She had no idea what they put into her, no idea that it was in fact a cure for her VBF affliction, but even if she did she cared little. The violations never got any easier to deal with, a fact that puzzled her psychiatrists. The doctors who had administered the serum left her to sob in peace – the metal shutters on the window came down and the doctors on the other side talked among themselves.

"Congratulations, Matthew!" Stone said first.

"To early for that, we'll have to see if it works first. Though I must say I am quietly confident. Her immune system is quite remarkable. Regardless of the result here being a success or failure we can't basis future combinations and reports on just one test. Dr Stone, inform the labs to synthesise more of that batch and administer it to another ten infected subject at various stages of infection. I want a complete study on the effects – successful or not."

"Understood, Matt." Stone said but then continued. *"But do we really need that Templar there."*

He beckoned towards the towering man who still stood motionless at the door. Bielefeld chuckled heartily.

"Ha, Dr Stone, that man is the one person

that can stop the other guards from molesting that 'creature' in there. One should never trust a soldier alone with a vulnerable girl."

As it turned out, two days later, Elizabeth was cured of the virus minus anti-viral drugs. The potency of her immune response to the virus was incredible. The effectiveness of her antibodies together with the immune system having a blueprint on how to fight the virus effectively meant that her immune system countered the VBF virus in the bloodstream and steadily killed it off in the respiratory system soon afterwards. She had a lingering fever so her body temperature killed off the last of the virus naturally. But the cure was complex and difficult to replicate in these early stages of development. Stevid would not yet release the cure until it could be properly replicated. However, the VBF anti-viral drugs were now officially released – it wasn't a cure but the next best thing as it could help late sufferers of the disease survive long enough for a cure (be it Stevidian or Imbrinium) to be administered.

* * *

4 days later...

**Stevidian Airways Flight SVD665
En route to Mokastana via Lamoni**

Dr Bielefeld actually felt quite relieved to be able to leave his dungeon of Camp 4 for these few weeks. The cramped conditions and artificial light was starting to take its toll, and although he regularly walked the prison grounds that were separate to the main prison facility, he knew that just a few kilometres beyond the forest was a long double electric fence and a huge concentric circle wall ringing the facility. He felt as much a prisoner as the real ones. But now he was excited, not for being able to leave for once (although that was partly the case), but because he got to see the Varathron Blood Flu in flesh and in the wild.

He was on board with a team of three hundred men and women of the Stevidian Civil Defence Group (SCDG), a government organisation that were present in many major towns and cities in the Empire. They were in charge of running the civil defence bomber shelters, evacuating civilians from areas of the city that had been bombed or attacked, and were to assist emergency services in their tasks. This included a specialised CBRN branch that was tasked with setting up triage and quarantine facilities in unaffected population centre areas that had fallen victim to CBRN attack. Stevidian expertise in the field weapons of mass destruction had been requested by Mokastana in the aftermath of the VBF pandemic that was now starting to sweep the east of the region.

Stevd often touted, and proved, that it was highly prepared for WMD attack. The SCDG with the Army and RAF CBRN units were testament to the preparedness of the nation. In fact recent government and independent opinion polls suggested that Imperial citizens believed that the nation would still be able to function in the aftermath of a mass WMD attack. Thankfully, this had yet to be put to the test. For now, SCDG and Dr Bielefeld would hone their skills on whatever Mokastana had in store for them. But on a personal level, Dr Bielefeld reminded himself that as far as the world was concerned, Stevid was working on a cure but not testing on live people... and certainly not on a 'citizen' of AHSCA. Moka relationships with that collection of islands plus Aqua Anu was not lost on the good doctor who was fully aware of the politics behind the bad blood the Empire had with those states. Now was not the time to drop the ball and sour Stevidian-Moka relations, now was the time to see what Mokastana had discovered on the virus. A third party was always welcome; Moka insights into the virus may actually help refine the Stevidian cure faster.

Last edited by [Stevd](#) on Sun Oct 12, 2014 2:07 am, edited 2 times in total.

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

❖ [Previous](#) Display posts from previous: Sort by [Next](#) ❖

POSTREPLY ↩

280 posts • [Page 6 of 12](#) • [1](#) ... [3](#) [4](#) [5](#) **[6](#)** [7](#) [8](#) [9](#) ... [12](#)

ADVERTISEMENT

[Remove ads](#)

❖ [Return to International Incidents](#)

Jump to:

WHO IS ONLINE

Users browsing this forum: [Fasisia](#), [Jubiloso](#), [Land Vicot](#), [New Ixania](#), [Relikai](#)

[Board index](#)

[Delete all board cookies](#) • All times are UTC - 8 hours [DST]