**Last of Her Blood**

When Fiana was younger, she loved to play in a maze of corridors that Snowflake Palace was composed of. Generation after generation it was expanded - both upward and below, to show the glory of the prince dynasty of the north. Seven crystal towers rose well above other structures of this kind in the Evefrost - known not without a reason as “City of the Crystal Spires''. Now however it felt… empty. It’s not like there were no other ponies living here, in fact it was quite the opposite - the royal guard, librarians caring for a vast collection of books, servants… However, except for a few old servants, she had no one she could entrust her fears and doubts with. Her mother perished years ago, stricken by a disease, her father and brothers died fighting the wretched Skynavians… When she, the last of the Snowflake - then just a scared filly was crowned years ago, she did not yet know what kind of burden was bestowed upon her shoulders. She tried her best - but it seems that all attempts have failed - griffons were slowly winning, and she could do nothing to stop them.

Every day she listened to pleas of other ponies and tried to ease disputes among clans - but as time passed, fewer and fewer even cared for her opinion. More and more listened to Euan Stormshield and his griffon friend, Oscar Plumenjar. She had nothing personal against Oscar, he was a charming person and lived among ponies for many years, respecting their ways… But Euan used him to preach a message of “becoming more like griffons”. Perhaps it was the way? Perhaps old ways, the ways of her father and countless ancestors have indeed failed? Doubts, endless doubts… The impending Great Council will be decisive - she could feel that. Her support could be decisive…

Button: ...but could she make a good choice?

**The Forbidden Knowledge**

The priests of Ice were rare guests in Snowflake Palace - they always tended to stay in their ice vaults, and left them only if dire need appeared. It was even weirder then, that Gavin the Frost Beard decided to personally arrive at the capital and requested an audience. The Druid was… ancient - frail and white haired, he looked like he could be as old as the palace itself, and rumors about his age ranged anywhere from ninety to three hundred years… He moved however surprisingly swiftly.

“Princess Fiana…” Druid said as he approached a throne and slightly bowed.

“Archdruid Gavin, pleasure to host you in the capital… Bring the venerable Gavin a chair!” She ordered servants. The Druid quickly took a seat with a sigh of relief.

“Thank you, your highness. My knees are not as good as they used to be… Buut, it’s not the reason why I asked for an audience, princess. We, in a Circle of Ice are aware, how dire the situation is… And we might have a solution for our problems. One of my students has recently found a map that may lead us to the Vault of Broken Swords…”

“Isn’t it a place where Kings of Blizzard, defeated by my forefather, were buried, along with their armies?” Interrupted Fiana.

“Precisely, your highness! I must admit I am surprised you heard this story and must praise your diligence in studying old stories…” Archdruid smiled warmly. “If only more young ponies cared to study history… But getting to the point… You probably know what the story says about powers the Blizzard Kings held, and how they crushed entire griffon armies that tried to conquer our lands…”

“I also know that they were consumed by their powers and later ruled like tyrants. It was my ancestor that defeated them, and freed eastern tribes.” Replied the princess.

“Yes, that’s unfortunate.” Old pony nodded. “But I studied old legends my whole life… I believe it was not the power itself that corrupted them, but darkness in their hearts. We need such might, ponies once wielded, princesses. And once war is over, we will bury the old knowledge where its place, to not use it unless in time of greatest need…”

Fiana stayed silent… She knew these stories - about ponies whose hearts turned into ice, and who were bloodthirsty tyrants. But indeed - they were once great heroes of the ponykind, who fought with all kinds of creatures - both mortal and supernatural who threatened the ponykind… And well - she knew the archdruid - he was once a friend of her father and was always kind to her. He was a good pony, and she could trust him…

Button A: “Just please, be careful…”

Button B: “Risk is too large, archdruid.”

Effect:

Button A: Last event in the initial tree is now “Blizzard”. After 7 days get event “Dreams”

Button B: Last event in the initial tree is now “The Council Convenes”. After 7 days get event “Wayward Druid”

**Forging an Alliance**

East to the Elf Lake lies a famed Holy Forge - a seat of power of the Moltenrock clan, from which a bulk of magical sword and armour used by northern ponies originated. One of the five great clans, and only one composed nearly solely of unicorns, a Moltenrock clan was among the most influential and rich of tribes. Even though spears and swords could not beat modern fireguns, without a steady flow of equipment originating from the clan's forge, the pony situation would be even more dramatic. Other ponies however often considered Moltenrocks to be a bit… unhinged - for sure a normal pony would not want to live next to a volcano, and harness its power using magic… Not to say about their unhealthy fascination with fire and metal… Many ponies in the forge were wearing metal masks or even had their body parts replaced with magitek prosthetics that sometimes looked… disturbing.

“I must say, it’s quite an impressive piece of machinery…” One such pony was currently examining a machine gun imported from the south. Half of his face was covered with burns, and eye was replaced by a crudely shaped crystal, placed in a metal socket. “Older metalshapers were for years opposing the usage of gunpowder and griffon technology, claiming it lacks… soul. But with such marvellous examples of engineering, even they are getting excited by the prospect of improving it…”

“So…” Oscar Plumenjar cleared his throat to get over enthusiastic pony attention. “Do we have a deal?”

“Ah yes… Yes, we have. Clan Moltenrock will support Stormshields as long as we will be the first ones to study any foreign technology which will be obtained. We will support you during the Council.”

“Thank you.” Oscar nodded his head. “I’m sure our cooperation will be bountiful for all.”

“Yes, yes, I’m sure it will… But if I may ask… Why are you, as a griffon, supporting the Euan cause and helping us fight other griffons? And why really bother with our clan politics?” Magitek's eye turned towards Oscar, while the organic one was still focused on the machine gun. Griffon almost shuddered seeing such an unnatural move…

“Well… I love this land, its traditions… Ponies accepted me and helped when I was exiled… It’s my home, more than Cloudbury. And I do not want to see it overrun by Skynavians… Even if it requires ponies to be more like griffons…”

“It’s old chiefs talking.” Smirked unicorn. “We need to protect old ways. But you know what? They forgot that here in the north you always need to change and adapt if you want to survive. It’s like smelting metal and pouring it into a new form. It’s of a different shape, more useful now...”

Button: “...but it’s still the same metal.”

**Friend from the East**

City of Frostbell… Well - “city”, as it was more a collection of fisherponies’ huts and houses, taverns and other “establishments”, visited by sailors crazy enough to sail around the Dread Peninsula to travel east - towards rich pony nations of the Riverlands. The route was a dangerous one, plagued by changeling or hillpony pirates and deadly beasts, borned from dark magic that held the Peninsula in its clutches. But it was also immensely profitable - a daring captain could sell furs, crystals or works of art and bring modern weapons from Bakara… And there was always a need for weapons during the seemingly eternal struggle with Skynavians...

Sudden blow of wind made Euan tremble - he covered himself tighter with a furry coat and stopped daydreaming about distant lands… Ship was slowly approaching, and after a few minutes it moored to the wharf. A small, steam powered freighter was nevertheless the largest ship in port. After a few more minutes, when the crew was busy unloading crates, a young mare went down the ladder. Euan waved to her.

“Amber, over here!” A mare quickly trotted towards him and they hugged each other.

“Long time not seen!” She laughed. “I hope you did not have to wait too long.”

“Three day delay is not that bad considering… By the way, how was the journey?” Asked Euan

“Surprisingly quiet, only once something that resembled a giant shark tried to ram us... How are things here?”

“Same as usual, the princess does not know what to do, old pricks say all was better before the Skynavians, snow was whiter, grass was green…” Stormshield shook his arms. “And how about…”

“...the deal? Good, even very good. Though I did not manage to talk with anypony of power, there were more than enough businessponies interested in this little… venture. If you secure the northern passage, they will pay us handsomely and are willing to invest in our mining operations.”

Button: “This is excellent news!”

**Dreams**

Sky turned dark - starting from the east, it slowly turned from usual blue into darkest black - darker than even during summer storms… Something was coming - and it made her tremble in fear. She looked around - however there was nothing she could hide behind - all around her, up till horizon there was only a flat, ice wasteland. And even if - she could not move even for an inch, paralyzed by a fear of what was coming…

A blizzard - an unstoppable force that came from the east, was closer and closer - and the only thing she could do was to stand and watch as it came closer and closer…

She woke up, when a blizzard hit her - like many nights before, today she also suffered from recurring nightmares. Recently it was getting worse and the feeling of anxiety was returning even during daytime. Something was wrong, she knew it… Many druids have approached her, claiming something is wrong - spirits were angered and… terrified, and it affected those susceptible to their influence - and as a member of Snowflake clan she had special ties to the northern spirits…

But what could have caused it? Her thoughts followed archdruid Gavin - it’s been weeks since he travelled to the Valley, with few of his students - and there was no news about what happened there. Perhaps it was a bad decision to let him go… Only thing she could do now was to wait - no one except the archdruid and ponies who followed him knew the way to the long forgotten crypts…

Button: Those are just dreams...

**The Clans**

Petty rivalries and generations-long feuds are a norm in the Tìr Deighe - even though all conflicts are regulated by a set of ancient customs and laws, northern ponies are stubborn ones and easy to be offended. For centuries the most important job of the princes and princesses was to mediate and be a neutral judge - one, whose word was respected even by the oldest and most obstinate clan elders.

Though there are many clans, so called Five Great Clans are the ones who actually “run” the nation - and all the petty tribes are usually in one way or another related or allied to one of the Great Five. Each of these clans has been blessed by one of the Spirits and its members were often blessed with specific kinds of elemental magic. When Cainnech Snowflake unified the tribes, they began to work together for greater good - and thanks to spirit magic they turned northern tundra into thriving land.

Arrival of Skynavians changed everything - before that, interactions with southrons were rare - occasional trade and raids conducted by bandits living in mountains or young vedinian knights looking for glory were considered normal, but only the always restless Stormshields were eager to contact outsiders. Now, when the Skynavian threat looms in the west, many started to listen to Stormshields and adopted more and more of griffon technology. Famed artificers of the clan Moltenrock have already allied with Euan Stormshield and so did many smaller clans. There were rumors that Barkcoats may also be willing to support them… It made Brightflames and Greenhooves a minority in tribal council - even if they were supported by the Speakers of the Dead, which though not a clan, thanks to their role as custodians of clans history held a substantial amount of influence.

As alliances shifted, Princess Fiana found herself in a precarious situation - many expected her to support the cause of traditionalist clans, but in that way she would alienate a large number of northern ponies… Even now however her word still had a certain power, and whoever she supports - would benefit greatly during the Great Council.

Button: It’s worse than herding cats…

**Wayward Druid**

We just received news - apparently archdruid Gavin ignored princess’ will and with a group of most trusted students, headed east towards Vault of Broken Swords. Those in the Circle of Ice who disagreed with Gavin decided to warn us - and with their help we may be able to track the archdruid and prevent him from releasing whatever malevolent forces were buried in this cursed place.

Button: Gather warriors!

Effect: Get event “Vault of Broken Swords”

**Vault of Broken Swords**

If not for Sorcha, they would never have even a remote chance to find Vault among all these snow covered rocks. Sudden blizzard masked the tracks left by Gavin and his students, therefore making traditional ways of tracking impossible - luckily a young druid was able to navigate, using barely visible symbols left by creators of the vault.

For many hours a group of warriors was traversing a vast valley. Despite being veterans of two decades of war with griffons, battle-hardened ponies huddled together… Something was wrong with this place, yet they could not say what exactly. For sure, even nature seemed to avoid this godforsaken place - they heard no birds and even the trees were in some unnatural way deformed and… twisted.

Their destination was near - a large barrow, whose entrance was once blocked by enormous rock - now broken into pieces by an unknown force. Warriors drew their weapons and entered inside. Walls inside were covered in symbols of long forgotten language - known only to a few, eldest members of the Circle of Ice - yet even a remote knowledge she possessed, made Sorcha shudder, as she tried to decipher symbols.

“It is some kind of warning… Damnation and undoing of soul… And pleads for mercy for those who are burrowed here. We must hurry.”

Warriors grumbled in confirmation and followed the druid. Soon the ground started to lower, and the group entered the underground part of the vault. Wood and earth were replaced by ice, and beyond it one could see vaguely pony shapes - typical way of burial for northern ponies. Though the vault resembles rather a maze, the druid led a group firmly forward, heading in a direction only she knew was the correct one. Young mare was moving stiffly as if each step required overcoming an invisible obstacle. It took a long time, but finally they reached a large chamber. But even before they entered it, they all could feel a metallic smell…

Button: ...of blood.

Effect: Get event “The Aftermath”

**The Aftermath**

Only one pony returned from the group we sent to the Vault. Young druid refused to answer any questions about what exactly happened in the Vault, saying just that both the warriors and archdruid Gavin have perished, and after that she collapsed the entrance and destroyed all signs that could let anyone else find this cursed place. Soon after that, she left Evefrost - with the last traces of her found in the southern mountains. Hopefully no one else will try to find the Vault and per our request Circle of Ice has destroyed all documents in their archives that may contain information about its location.

Button: Some things should be forgotten.

**Blizzard**

The Hall of Gathering was filled with ponies - elders of the clans, their advisors, allies and various “guests of honour”... Princess welcomed one delegation after another, desperately trying to recall all the names of those of the ponies she hadn't met for years… Later, her servants showed each group their seats - all was carefully planned to avoid placing feuding clans next to each other and avoid brawl… Suddenly doors opened with loud “BLAM”, hitting the walls as if pushed by some powerful force. Behind it stood a group of ponies, wearing ceremonial robes of the druids of the Ice - including hoods covering their faces. Nevertheless Fiana recognised the old pony leading them - it was archdruid Gavin himself.

“Venerable Gavin!” Fiana welcomed him. “Long time no see… I trust your journey was fruitful?”

“More than you can imagine, princess.” Said Gavin. There was no trace of elderly weakness in his voice - he sounded like a pony in his best years could. “I have returned from the Vault of Broken Swords with knowledge… And solution to all our problems.”

“From where?!” Head of the clan Moltenrock nearly choked hearing this. “Princess, what is he talking about? I thought it’s just a legend to scare naughty foals!”

“It’s not a legend!” Disagreed one of the invited druids. “But for a very good reason it was nearly forgotten. It was a place of great evil... “ Pony shuddered. “Archdruid, explain what...” Princess tried to speak, but Gavin was quicker.

“Elders and clans leaders…” He started to talk while walking forward, completely ignoring Fiana. “For years I was looking for a solution to bring us salvation. To defeat our enemies and let us take a position we, ponies, deserve. And what did others, who try to lead the ponies of the north, do? Just pointlessly argued, unable to find a way to save our kind. They wanted to imitate the despicable griffons.” Druid pointed towards Euan Stormshield. “Or misunderstood what it really means to honor the way of our ancestors, binded by superstitious fear… All of you know stories of the winters that lasted for years, of ice storms so destructive, they razed entire cities… And I found a way to unleash such powers. Not only this, but also how to create armies that will slaughter the griffons! Behold!” Group of ponies accompanying him took off their hoods, revealing the faces of the long dead, raised from their ice graves, their faces still covered with not melting hoarfrost. Archdruid himself removed his own robe - his eyes were blank, and there was a large scar on his chest - and beneath it - a pulsating blue light. The reactions of the crowd were mixed - some ponies were clearly fascinated with this sight and by druids words, others - terrified or disgusted.

“I have liberated myself from the shackles of life and death!” Gavin nearly screamed. “And so may you, who will follow me. Great power awaits all of us. We will no longer serve weak spirits, instead we will command them! Join me, so we can finally inflict our revenge upon griffons! For every slayed pony, we shall slay tenfold as many griffons! Winter shall be eternal and we will be its masters!” There was something hypnotic about Gavin's words of Gavin, something that exaggerated all the anger and hatred ponies felt...

After a brief moment of silence, one of the druids shook off the shock.

“This is sacrilege! Madness and sacrilege! Stop this madpony!” What followed was utter chaos - many ponies drew their weapons. Few less brave ponies decided to run from the Hall… Archdruid simply raised his hoof…

Vortex of snow and ice surrounded him - shards of razor sharp ice started to tear apart those who dared to oppose him - and his resurrected warriors also joined a slaughter, as those who decided to join Gavin fought the rest of the assembly.. . After a few minutes the hall was filled with bodies, and the floor was slippery of all the blood that was spilled - but the archdruid and his followers were victorious. Princess Fiana just stood there in the middle of this madhouse - unable to move, tears ran down her face…, terrified but all this mindless slaughter.

“Well… I hope their successors will be more… willing to cooperate. And about rest… You made a wise choice, friends. The task ahead of us is great… But we will prevail. No, go to your clans and bring them joyful news. We are going to war.

“To war! Revenge!” Screamed the gathered, raising their weapons.

“Good.” Smiled Archdruid. “Get the princess.” He ordered his undead henchponies. “We will need her.”

Few miles away from the city, thousands of undead soldiers were marching towards the capital...

Button: ...ready for war.

Effect: Loads supremacy tree, -100 population in Everfrost, -10% stability, Supremacy becomes ruling party, Supremacy changes name to Circle of Ice, Archdruid Gavin becomes Supremacy leader, +50% supremacy support, get three divisions: “Ice Warriors”, “Harbingers”, “Raised Warriors” (recruit, 4 infantry brigades each), Replace “Divided Clans” spirit with “Rebelling Clans” (-75% political power -25% stability), demilitarise Vastmush,

**The Council Convenes**

Despite the princess’ fears the Great Council proceeded without any major incidents, barring some typical activities of clan leaders like empty threats towards their traditional enemies and recalling whose grandfather stole others' grandfather's very expensive sheep. Sadly it was the only good thing that could be said about the clans gathering - no kind of compromise could be reached; reformers and traditionalists spent countless hours pointlessly arguing and it quickly became obvious neither side had enough support to dominate the Council. A large enough number of neutral clans looked towards a princess for guidance - and it was up to her to decide what route Northern Tribes will follow.

Button A: It is time for reforms!

Button B: Old ways are the best ones.

Effect:

Button A: +30% non-aligned support, load reformers focus tree, change ruling party to non-aligned, get national spirit “Princess Fiana II” (+5% stability), give Euan trait “Shrewd Manipulator” (+5% daily political power gain, opinion gain factor +20%)

Button B: +10% harmonic support, load traditionalist focus tree, Enables “The Magic of Spirits” decision set

**The Broken Metal**

The gates of the Holy Forge could not stop the rage of the winter - deemed impenetrable sans with large caliber modern artillery, they fell under the power of the unnatural frost, shattered into million pieces with simple telekinetic strikes moments later. After the gate fell, most of the defenders were slaughtered - however lots of Moltenrocks decided to surrender seeing further resistance is futile. Many metalshapers have perished and Holy Forge may be irrevocably damaged… Now we need to decide what to do with traitors who are still alive.

Button A: We will be lenient

Button B: We need to make an example.

Effect:

Button A: -10.000 ponypower in Elf Lake, +1 military factory in Elf Lake, -3% non-alligned support

Button B: -50.000 ponypower in Elf Lake, +5% stability, +1000 infantry equipment, -8% non-alligned support

**Dubious Loyalties**

We are fighting for the clans, not against them… But not all seem to understand it. Though only few have supported Euan Stormshield, many are still hesitant to join either side. We need to convince those who are still faltering that our goal is to save the northern ponies - and that we are the only ones able to do so. Luckily, our adherents offered to travel to other clans and negotiate with them if needed. It may however require some concessions and promises towards clan leaders if we want these negotiations successful… Or we can just get rid of troublemakers and replace them with ponies much more… receptive towards our offer.

Button A: We are in this together.

Button B: They are with us, or against us.

Effect:

Button A: -75 political power, +3% stability,

Button B: -1000 ponypower in Liftauf, -1% stability, -10% harmony support

**The Punishment**

Even after events of tribal council, Euan Stormshield and his followers continued to oppose the archdruid. Clan Stormshield and many of his allies have gathered in the east, hoping to strike back. However their hopes were quickly crushed, as an army of undead warriors and loyal clansponies have descended upon the city of Frostbell. Fight that ensued was long and brutal - Stormshields were aware they would be given no pardon. Though they repelled a few initial assaults, undead warriors kept attacking day and night, giving Stormshields no time to rest. After a few days, when defenders were utterly exhausted, time for the final strike came. However, to archdruid irritation, many of the ponies which had gathered in Frostbell left the city before or during the siege - either heading towards lands of Arcturians or by ships, towards the East. Euan Stormshield himself also fled - the coward did not even have enough courage to fight for his cause like all those he left behind. Most of those were however either too young or old to fight, and the majority of warriors have been slain - therefore reformer clans should not pose any threat to us in the future. After short deliberation Archdruid decided not to pursue them - clan Stormshield have been broken, and all its members have died or fled - with this, the reformer cause is lost and there is no need for further bloodshed. Though we have suffered some casualties, by raising the slain defenders of Frostbell we were more than able to recuperate our army.

Button: So ends their cause.

Effect: Vastmush -100.000 ponypower, Moonrise -25.000 ponypower in Cubria, Moonrise, Morker, +3% Stability, +25.000 ponypower, Arcturian Order gets event “Influx of Refugees”, Farbrook gets event “Refugees Arrive”, -10% non-alligned support, Remilitarise Vastmush

**Influx of Refugees**

Headmaster, we bring urgent news. Thousands of ponies have crossed our western border - there are so many of them, that knights guarding this land initially thought it was a full scale invasion! However they all are refugees - running from what seems to be an internal conflict within Tìr Deighe. News they bring are grim - apparently druids of the Ice have gone mad and seized power, using dark magic. They raise undead armies and slaughter anyone who disagrees with their action, calling for total war against Skynavians and their complete eradication. It is obvious, land of ponies have fallen into grasp of dark powers and we must be wary of their actions - luckily however they seem to concentrate their hatred against the Skynavians and do not seem to have any connections to the Dread League - but we should carefully watch our western border…

Button: Worrying

Effect: +50.000 ponypower in Chloeland, -5% stability,

**Refugees Arrive**

A large fleet, filled with refugees has just reached Blackwater port - apparently they are all running away from Tìr Deighe. Apparently lands of northern ponies are now under control of dark magic users - the Cult of Ice, which are purging all the dissenters. We are unable to do anything with it due to sheer distance between our nations, but at least we can help these poor ponies find a new home in Farbrook.

Button: It is our duty.

Effect: +25.000 ponypower in Furland

**The Price**

It is not easy to reach a ghost of a dead creature - most of them is too far away to be reached - at least without outright resorting to necromancy - and then what was summoned was usually just a twisted shade of the soul. However there were creatures powerful enough and unwilling to abandon the material world - souls that would stick to their corporeal remnants. There was a reason why druids avoided them - they were often twisted and vengeful. And always wanted something in return when asked for help. It could be said they were much more… focused than in life - lost souls obsessed by past failures, that could not find peace, or spirits who thirsted for a long lost power and life - and soon this desire became what determined them. The longer they were stuck between life and death, the more they desired to experience once again what they have lost.

Ever since he made a pact with Blizzard Kings, Gavin could feel their presence - they were always watching, always whispering… For a long time they were deprived of life, until they became just a shade of ponies they just were - all that was left was thirst for vengeance on those who wronged them, and desire for power… and life. But they still had their knowledge - about magic long forgotten - knowledge they would share with the archdruid. But what he wanted to achieve was impossible for any druid or sorcerer in the northern lands - not even Blizzard Kings unleashed that kind of power - and it would require sacrificing tens of thousands lives - without guarantee to succeed. There was a way however - one life to save the entire nation.

Members of the clan Snowflake were blessed by all northern spirits - a unique trait, they owed to the founder of the royal dynasty - and which could be used during a ritual meant to destroy Skynavia - and eradication of the bloodline founded by one who defeated them would please the Blizzard Kinds.

For Gavin it was a fair price - one life for salvation of his kinsmen.

Button: It needs to be done.

Effect: None

**Deadly Threat**

Few of our pony comrades have brought the most disturbing news - they sense a great disturbance in magical energies - apparently the ponies of Tìr Deighe are trying to cast a spell of incredible, destructive power - and are going to use it against us! While we are not sure what is the exact nature of this spell, our mages are certain it would unleash a cataclysm on an unprecedented scale. We need to act and stop these madponies!

Button: To arms!

Effect: +20% war support, +50.000 ponypower

**The Destruction of New Skynavia (SRS Version)**

The mages are screaming in terror or outright dying as they feel how reality is being torn apart by dark magic. Even the griffons instinctively cringe, as they can sense the upcoming danger. The sky goes dark, and clouds cover the sun. Whatever animals are in Skynavia, they run in amok, trying to escape from the doomed city. It’s getting colder and colder… In just a few minutes temperature drops tens of degrees, while the wind picks up. Not even the fire and shelter help, as temperature keeps going lower and lower - and soon even the metal starts cracking and breaking. The doom is approaching the city with an unnatural blizzard. It would last for days, as buildings were covered in snow and ice - one that kept… expanding, covering everything in the city. Not even the fire, magical or natural, could stop it, and each one who tried to leave a safe shelter died in just a few seconds, as their lungs turned into ice. But not even the buildings offered refuge - they just prolonged the agony of the Skynavians.

Some prayed to the gods, hoping for salvation - but gods turned their back on them.

Few of the most brave one tried to escape the doomed city - the trails to it were covered in bodies, as more and more of them were falling, unable to push forward.

Others have chosen quick death by guns - preferable to slowly freezing to death.

When the blizzard passed, Skynavia was no more. Streets were covered with bodies of the dead, and inside the buildings, those who clenched to life longest, could be found in frozen piles of bodies - hugging each other, in vain hope of finding a bit of warmth.

When the pony scouts reached the city they found no one alive - the New Skynavia was no more, the dream of equality and socialism had died with it. The streets were quiet - and the city was still covered in ice and snow that did not melt - and would never melt.

Skynavia would forever remain the frozen tomb - and not even the spirits of its inhabitants would be able to leave the fallen city.

Button: So the dream died…

Effect: NTR get event “The Ritual”

**The Ritual**

The air is buzzing with magical energy as druids are chanting the phrases of an old ritual. They were doing so for many dies, and not all of them survived - yet even after death, they still continue their tasks, as their bodies keep rotting - but the spirit still clings to the corpses, tied by unnatural powers filling the chamber. In the middle of the room, princess Fiana is chained to the floor, her coat covered with blood from the symbols cut directly on her body. Blood loss and exhaustion have taken a toll on her - but she still somehow remains conscious.

The ritual reaches its culmination - druids stop chanting, and Gavin reaches for an old, rusted knife he recovered from Vault of Broken Swords - the same knife he used to cut his own heart… Though, when he embraced the power of the Kings of Blizzard, the gift of eternal life, he felt reinvigorated and stronger than even in his youth, now each step towards the princess seems to be a nearly impossible task. But it must be done - it is the only way.

As he raised the knife, the archdruid recalled the days when everything was simpler - days before the arrival of griffons, when he advised the father of Fiana… Everything was so much simpler then…

With one move, the archdruid carves the chest of Fiana open and rips her heart out of it. He raises it up, still beating… Any trace of life fades away from the eyes of a princess, yet the heart keeps beating…

Finally after a few seconds that seemed to last an eternity, with the last beat of the heart, the ritual is complete. The spirits of the North are being robbed of their powers, as the blizzard forms over Skynavia - and their tie to the ponies is being severed. With the death of the last of the Snowflake in sacrilegious ritual ends the communion of the ponies with their deities - the druids across the Tìr Deighe feel what could be described only as lose of the part of their soul - as having the strongest connection with spirits, they are the most affected.

As those who have perished during the ritual turn into dust, the archdruid looks one last time on the body of Fiana. Voices in his head howl in joy - their vengeance upon Cainnech Snowflake fulfilled, their thirst for power sated.

Button: The ponies are saved…

Effect: Get event “Destruction of New Skynavia (NTR Version)

**The Destruction of New Skynavia (NTR Version)**

The mages are screaming in terror or outright dying as they feel how reality is being torn apart by dark magic. Even the griffons instinctively cringe, as they can sense the upcoming danger. The sky goes dark, and clouds cover the sun. Whatever animals are in Skynavia, they run in amok, trying to escape from the doomed city. It’s getting colder and colder… In just a few minutes temperature drops tens of degrees, while the wind picks up. Not even the fire and shelter help, as temperature keeps going lower and lower - and soon even the metal starts cracking and breaking. The doom is approaching the city with an unnatural blizzard. It would last for days, as buildings were covered in snow and ice - one that kept… expanding, covering everything in the city. Not even the fire, magical or natural, could stop it, and each one who tried to leave a safe shelter died in just a few seconds, as their lungs turned into ice. But not even the buildings offered refuge - they just prolonged the agony of the Skynavians.

Some prayed to the gods, hoping for salvation - but gods turned their back on them.

Few of the most brave one tried to escape the doomed city - the trails to it were covered in bodies, as more and more of them were falling, unable to push forward.

Others have chosen quick death by guns - preferable to slowly freezing to death.

When the blizzard passed, Skynavia was no more. Streets were covered with bodies of the dead, and inside the buildings, those who clenched to life longest, could be found in frozen piles of bodies - hugging each other, in vain hope of finding a bit of warmth.

When the pony scouts reached the city they found no one alive - the New Skynavia was no more, the dream of equality and socialism had died with it. The streets were quiet - and the city was still covered in ice and snow that did not melt - and would never melt.

Skynavia would forever remain the frozen tomb - and not even the spirits of its inhabitants would be able to leave the fallen city.

Button: So the dream died…

Effect: NTR annexes Skynavia, Skynavia -500.000 population, City of New Skynavia is renamed “Ruins of New Skynavia”, Skynavia turns into pastoral province, Remove all factores from Skynavia province. Remove all cores of Skynavia, -15 VP to New Skynavia city, Harmony changes name to “The Clan Council”. Milana Greyheart becomes leader of harmony party, Remove spirit “The War in the North” Get world event “Skynavian Cataclysm”

**Skynavian Cataclysm**

The certain magical disturbance could be felt by many mages across the world - which apparently originates from the far north of Griffonia. Due to limited contact with this part of the world, no exact informations were available about what exactly happened there, however few merchants who were travelling to Skynavia report that the land have been overtaken by highly aggressive tribeponies from the east, who chase away all that try to approach the city of New Skynavia. Among other dark rumors of purges among the clans and widespread usage of dark magic, one can only fear what exactly has happened in Skynavia…

Button (NTR): Victory, but at what cost…

Button (others): Who cares about Skynavia?

**The Revival**

Even animals seemed to avoid the New Skynavia. Gavin was fully aware why - the city was not really… abandoned - ghosts of its inhabitants were still there - unable to leave their ice tomb. Even the average ponies felt something disturbing, and the group of warriors that accompanied the archdruid instinctively huddled together, while moving deeper and deeper into a city. As for Gavin… It was much, much worse for him - he could sense all these souls, their anger, fear and pain… But he had to be here - he had to witness the result of his actions - it was the right thing to do - it was his duty to carry this burden. Hundreds of thousands must have perished here, and Skynavia will be forever tainted by dark magic…

As Gavin continued to walk the streets, the pressure kept growing and growing. Ghosts could feel the living and flocked to them, like a moth to the fire. Archdruid could no longer handle this - all he wanted was to retreat deep into himself and cut himself off the souls he had cursed for eternity…

But there was no respite - he longer felt the presence of the Spirits, ever since he carved out his own heart, to replace it with a block of ice, no more reassuring presence. Now there were only voices of the long dead, vengeful tyrants from the past, whispering about revenge, power and control. There was nowhere to run - but the archdruid would not fall without a fight.

Archdruid collapsed on the ground, seemingly lifeless - but as his companions gathered around, unsure what to do, he suddenly opened his eyes. There were no longer Kings of Blizzard, and there was no longer Gavin the Frost Beard - a new entity rose - gone were the regrets, but something of an old archdruid remained - a desire to protect his kin, the ponies he tried to lead for many decades - and who would claim the place they truly deserved - to no longer live in fear, but to rule over the Griffonia. And so...

Button: ...The King of Frost was born.

Effect: Load the second part of the supremacy tree. Country changes name to “Tyranny of Ice”, Supremacy leader changes to “King of Frost”, Get national spirit “Broken Ties With Spirits” (-25% stability, -25% war support, -50% population growth, recruitable population factor -20%)

**The Orphaned Nation**

Since the death of Fiana and destruction of New Skynavia, Tìr Deighe has been slowly dying. For thousands of years, ponies lived in communion with spirits, and their magic flowed through this land. The powers of the druids were the most visible gift of the spirits, but in some way nearly every pony was blessed by northern spirits. Now the magic is gone. Though ponies are in general magical creatures, the northern ones were highly reliant on their deities - and very often the natural talents of the ponies are not enough to survive in this harsh land. While the crops die, weather becomes more and more erratic and clans start to fight each other, many elders and druids start to question if they made the right choice…

Then, unexpectedly all the druids were invited to Everfrost, where they were promised to get a salvation for their tribesponies. They could witness the powers which those who were following archdruid Gavin harnessed, unaffected by the punishment of the Spirits - and were offered a… solution. Many have refused - and those never left the Snowflake Palace, but those who have accepted the Frost King offer and pledged allegiance to him soon found themselves reinvigorated. They got the power they needed - and power which their tribesponies needed.

Button: There is no turning back now

Effect: -3% stability,

**Ascension**

Many think that modern magic is nothing more than just another branch of science - that it’s place is in universities and factories - and that the age of gods and archmages that could shatter the world is gone. But the Tìr Deighe is different… It is a place of old magic - one that is no longer present in many other regions of a world. Now however, North had a new ruler, a new tyrant, who ruled it with an iron hoof. War with Skynavia changed northern ponies - more than anyone had thought - and there was not much needed to reveal what they became. Gone were days of peace and harmony. Once, ponies were conquerors - and became them once again. Their gods were weak, and had to be… replaced. When the army of the Frost King marched south, ponies sacked every ancient vault, every library and every repository of magical knowledge, griffons possessed. There was much to be gain - and much that griffons have buried, trying to forget that such knowledge has ever existed. Meanwhile griffon cities were burning and thousands died - and many more griffons ran south, hoping to save their lives from pony conquerors - and bringing with them news about atrocities committed by invaders.

Now however all was set for the great finale - the ritual don’t seen since the ancient days. In dozens of the holy woods, springs and places of magic, followers of the Frost King have performed their dark magic, sacrificing hundreds of griffon prisoners to open the way into the realm of spirits, and make them… vulnerable.

As northern spirits were dying, stripped of their magic, Frost King power only grew. He became the living god - one able to rival alicorns - and the one who will bring eternal slavery to the griffons - and reward the faithful handsomely. The ponies felt… reinvigorated, as their connection with spirits was replaced by something new. And those few, who left the Tìr Deighe, running from the madness that consumed it, would always, till the end of their lives feel a void - their guiding spirits were dead…

Time: And the Tyrant was born…

Effect: Remove spirit “Broken Ties with Spirits”, add trait for Frost King (God of the North: +0,2 daily political power, +5% stability, +25% war support, +10% division attack, +10% division recovery rate, -50% opinion gain modifier [negative], -25% casus belli justification time), add -100 modifier for relations with every other nation (Dangerous Maniacs), -500.000 ponypower in Cloudbury, -100.000 ponypower in Winghagen, Kungland -300.000 ponypower, Ostland, -200.000 ponypower, Brantbeak, -250.000 ponypower, All the Herzland nations get event “Refugees from Tìr Deighe”

**The Tyranny of Ice**

The northern reaches of Griffonia were ignored by a most - considered a frozen wasteland, where nothing of interest can be found. However, after defeating the Skynavian griffons, local ponies apparently fell under control of the mysterious cult led by the so-called “Frost King” - and started their genocidal campaign against griffons in the south. Hordes of tribal warriors, accompanied by undeads and utilising dark magic marched south, conquering many griffon nations, slaughtering all that resisted and enslaving the rest. But this was not the end of the Frost King ambitions, as this being somehow managed to absorb the power of the northern spirits, becoming what can be described only as a demigod, able to rival equestrian alicorns. Probably all the mages in the world could feel the effects of this event - and be horrified by them. Few knows what happens in the so called Tyranny of Ice, but rumors and testimonies of refugees show it a nightmarish warmongering state, eager to march further south and seek revenge upon griffonkind.

Button (NTR): New God Has Risen!

Button (griffons): Prepare for war…

Button (others): Worrying.

**Refugees from Tìr Deighe**

Thousands of griffons are reported to have crossed our borders recently, begging for a refuge - apparently northern nations have been invaded by an army of… ponies - alongside which march undead hordes. The invaders were merciless and many griffons decided to run south, rather than risk death or enslavement. It is our duty to help these poor creatures - and we must prepare to repel this pillaging horde, when they try to march further south.

Button: Disturbing news.

Effect: Random province: +50.000 ponypower, -3% stability,

**The Blizzard Over Herzland**

The day many have feared has come - the armies of the Tyranny have crossed the border and are invading the Imperial Heartlands. Hordes of bloodthirsty ponies, their undead thralls and griffon slaves forced to fight their brethren are marching south, and their goal is enslavement and subjugation of griffonkind. Where they arrive, northerners pillage and commit various atrocities, while Frost King unleashes the power of his magic against the griffons. Many fear what may happen, if Tyranny is not stopped - and it may be the beginning of a dark age for Griffonia…

Button (NTR): Griffenheim will be ours!

Button (Griffons): We fight, or we die!

Button (Others): Most disturbing news

**The Imperial City**

Griffenheim - the capital of the Empire and City the Griffonia Desires. The fight for a city was bloody and long - however finally it came under control of the pony warriors. Not long after that, Frost King ordered them to destroy all the grandiose symbols of the Empire - and so, the pillaging horde started to destroy the Imperial Palace - and soon after other buildings and monuments followed. Noble mansions were pillaged, temples razed to the ground , and monuments shattered. However, when ponies assaulted the Grand Temple of Boreas, the population of the city, which they thought was beaten into submission, rose - thousands took up arms and fought back - with the entire city soon falling into anarchy. The fires ignited by ponies came out of control, consuming entire districts - with no one to quell them. Perhaps for the first time, both revolunatiories and imperial loyalists who stayed in the city fought side by side - against the foreigners who seeked to destroy the heart of Griffonia. Brutal infighting took three days - after which the pony warriors largely retreated from a ruined city, leaving it in claws of battered rebels. Nevertheless, chieftains leading our armies reassure us that we will soon be able to reclaim the Griffenheim - and punish the griffons for their impudent resistance.

Effect: -100.000 population in Griffenheim, 2 levels of damage for infrastructure, 2 levels of damage for civilian factories, 2 levels of damage for military factories in Griffenheim, -25.000 ponypower, -5000 infantry equipment, Demilitarise Griffenheim province, -5% stability

**The Landscape After Battle**

It was one of many such places in the Heartlands - a vast plain, once bustling with activity of many farmers - not covered with rotting corpses and destroyed equipment. Locals, if not escaped before the battle, most likely shared the fate of the fallen soldiers - and the only trace of their existence were burned down remnants of nearby villages. The sun was already setting when a small group of griffons traversed the outskirts of the battlefield. Most of them covered in dirt and wounded - a pitiful state for proud knights of the Silberkralle Order. They had to move fast - though hopefully, the pursuers lost the trace already, it was not a safe place. In the distance they could see some barely visible figures - perhaps those were just robbers or scavengers… But it could be much worse - an undead monster raised by dark magic, or one of the monsters that seemed to appear out of nowhere recently - as if the war has awakened horror that all thoughts are long gone…

Grandmaster Hector stopped for a brief moment - they did not have time to bury even part of the dead - and the only thing he could do was to pray shortly for the peaceful rest of those who had perished. Now they had to move - south, towards the forests, where they could find a refuge, regroup and prepare.

Button: Not all is lost yet…

Effect: All Heartlands provinces -10.000 population,

**Long March North**

Getting through the Herzland was an easiest part - invaders were mostly busy fighting with whatever remained of local militaries or pillaging the cities, and it was easy to avoid most warbands - biggest issue were stray groups of undead, which ponies either lost control over or were raised spontaneously by residuals of the dark magic spells used during various battles. Nevertheless, Grimclaw's group quickly traversed the Herzland and entered the Cloudbury - here things started to complicate. Ponies had time to solidify their rule here - and locals knew the price for insubordination. First mistake Erik made was to stop in a small village, hoping for a bit of rest and getting some supplies. Though the locals were poor, they seemed welcoming and generous… Only to send an envoy to a nearby garrison, denouncing the knights. If not caution, that made Grimclaw set up a sentry, they would be slaughtered - and yet, the ensuing fight took lives of the half of Argentumdämmerung knights who followed him north. Among the burning village, knights dragged the village leader - an older griffon, who sobbed and begged for mercy - they had no choice, he said - if ponies found out, they would all be killed, or sent to the mines. And in reward their burdens would be lowered, and they would have more food to survive the winter. In the midst of these pathetic excuses something cracked in Erik - he grabbed his sword and decapitated a traitor.

“Kill them all and take all the food.” He ordered his men. “They deserve no mercy. And be quick. We need to attack the garrison today if we want to leave no clues.”

Effect: -100 ponypower

Button: A small price for salvation

**The Edict**

All he could do was to watch and silently cry. Gerhard was never a brave griffon - so when the ponies arrived, he ran away from his temple - leaving old priest Heinrich behind - the old fool refused to leave a church, where he led sermons for decades. Gerhard could only hope his mentor got a quick death - and that he would find peace in Boreas golden gardens. Now, he hid in bushes, several hundred meters away, watching northern barbarians put a temple on fire. They already took all the items that seemed valuable to them - and some of them were arguing among themselves for their part of loot. A small fight occurred, when two particularly hot-blooded ponies could not agree which one will take a particular ornamental book - however their leader cut it short - literally, by cutting a book in half - ponies quickly ripped the insides and stuffed the cover into their bags. After an hour or two, when the building was burning down, the warband left it, heading further south. It took another hour before Gerhard mustered his courage to leave the bushes. He headed towards a place he called home for so long - and tried to pick up whatever remained from the holy books and symbols scattered among the mud...

All across the conquered griffon lands a royal edict is announced and reinforced - all forms of worship of the griffon gods are forbidden and the only god griffons can and ought to worship is the Frost King - the one who punished their wickedness and weakness and the one who shall rule them for eternity. Pony warriors are assaulting the temples, desecrating them and burning them to the ground - in a final show of superiority over defeated griffons. As once ponies have bested their own weak deities, now they shall do so with griffon ones.

Such acts of course met with nearly immediate response - our warriors have to disperse numerous griffon rebels, who are trying to protect their places of worship - and all across the Griffonia, when news about our actions arrive, the priesthood calls for holy war. However, as divided as they are, griffons are unlikely to unify in their resistance and we should be able to proceed with orders given by Frost King.

Effect: -5.000 in all provinces of Herzland, -5% stability, -5% war support

Button: Burn them all!

**The Mission**

Though they mostly moved during the night and tried to avoid all the settlement, they continued to lose more and more knights - fights with pony warriors, local bandits and harsh elements took its toll on a group, unprepared for the brutality of the northern lands. Yet they pushed forward. On this particular day, harsh winds prevented them from flying - and so they had to march through the marshy forest. All the remaining knights were battered and weakened by weeks of arduous journey. Finally, the last in a line, which had been lagging behind for many days, wounded in the last fight collapsed on the ground. The group stopped, yet Erik, after a brief examination of the fallens state, just said.

“Take his supplies and leave him. We cannot be delayed.”

“But grandmaster…” One of the knights started to speak.

“No buts. Our mission is greater than life for any of us. We are entering the heart of darkness, to save the entire Griffonia.” Responded Grimclaw.

“At least we should leave him some food, he can catch up with us!”

“Don’t you see? He is already dead, and supplies will be more useful for the rest.”

Group quietly took all the useful things their fallen comrade was carrying - and without a word left him to his own fate. For many hours, no one said even a single word…

Button: Sacrifices must be made

**The Meeting**

Scheisswald Forest for a reason was a refuge for all the bandits, rebels and revolutionaries in southern Herzlands - and those who managed to survive in this monster infested place became even more battle-hardened than before. And now history repeated itself - as Herzlands were occupied by foreign invaders, many griffons found a refugee in Scheisswald - and many of them were more than willing to fight back.

A small cabin, located in the midst of woods - once a bandit refuge, was filled with griffons. Former imperial officers, rebels once fighting alongside Bluhm, few priests and knights of defeated orders… It took a lot of effort to gather them all here - and prevent this gathering from turning into slaughter over old grievances. Still, most of the griffons kept to their own groups, looking suspiciously on others.

“Brothers and Sisters… Friends.” Hector started the meeting. “I’m grateful you all agreed to arrive and put aside our differences…”

“Let’s not be that haste.” Interrupted a griffon in reichsamree captain’s uniform.

“Put aside our differences and cooperate,,,” Hector nevertheless continued.  
“You can see how \*they\* are willing to cooperate.” Snarked a griffon wearing a red bandana.

“Cooperating with you would be treason…” Responded imperial officer, yet Hector stopped a brewing argument by hitting a table with his fist.

“Quiet everyone! This is exactly why we are here, and our homes are burning. We just keep bickering, while ponies are pillaging cities and murdering thousands. Yes, we were enemies. But now we are all in this together. If we continue fighting, there will never be a hope for Herzland. You have seen what this Frost King and his monsters do. Armies of undead, dark magic… You might have heard stories from refugees, about slavery, opression and tyranny they established in a North. When we stayed here, Griffenheim burned. And you know what? It’s denizens fought together. They did not argue, they fought and they pushed the invaders out of the city. Yet if we do nothing, ponies will return and this time finish the job. Griffenheim will fall and reign of terror will continue. We MUST unite. Divided we can only die, united we can win. Our enemy is vulnerable, overstretched. It is time to strike, and if we coordinate our effort we can liberate the Herzland. Together.”

There was a long moment of silence, when Hector stopped talking. Finally, a vocal imperial officers rose and said

“Together. Me, and my griffons will join you.” Soon others rose from their seats and started to pledge their allegiance.

Button: Together to victory!

**The South Rises**

Our control over the Heartlands has been… shaky at best. Now however, all over the south multiple rebel groups have banded together and launched an uprising against us. Vast amounts of supplies and groups of volunteers are crossing the border, while rebels uncover the arms depots left by militaries we have failed to fully defeat. This event makes a strike on Griffenheim impossible, and we have to reorganise our forces and crush the southern insurrection first - they are a much bigger threat than starving and poorly armed citizens of Griffenheim.

Effect: -30.000 ponypower, -5% stability, -5% war support, demilitarise Katerin and Angriver provinces, -5.000 population in all Katerin and Angriver provinces, remove spirit “Pillaging Herzland”

Button: Regroup! Counterattack!

**The Cause**

This time they found a refuge in a small, half ruined hut - probably once a home of a hunter, abandoned years ago for reasons unknown for griffons - and for reasons they did not really care about. Only half a dozen of Argentumdämmerung knights remained - and they no longer resembled proud griffon warriors - all of them were wounded and covered in dirt, weakened by diseases and hunger. Yet they pushed forward - towards “the seat of darkness” in Everfrost. Erik felt, however, that his companions had long ago lost faith in the success of their mission - and his leadership. Whenever he was close, conversations were cut short. The sun was setting - it was time to move.

“We need to resume marching. We are close.” Said Grandmaster and rose from the floor. None of his companions followed. After a brief moment of silence one of them said quietly.

“You repeat it every day. Every day \*we are close\*. And what? Everfrost is nowhere to be seen, and more of us just keep dying and dying. We should have stayed in Katerin Erik, and fought for its griffons, not go on this mad quest.”

“Doing so would be pointless. We need to strike evil directly and kill this self proclaimed god. Now move, there is no time for pointless discussions.” Responded Erik.

“Screw you!” Responded knight. “I’m going back home. Your madness consumed enough good griffons, and I’m not going to be its next victim” Griffon moved towards the exit.

“I will not tolerate treason!” Half saif, half screamed Grimclaw and drew his sword. “You all swore fealty to me, and have to obey MY orders!” In response, the knight drew his own weapon.

“I reject your authority Erik, you destroyed Argentumdämmerung and all we believed in. You ordered us to slaughter villagers, to steal from them, to abandon our own comrades. You do not deserve to lead us!”

With a wild scream, Erik charged. Fueled by rage, he was quick - too quick for a weakened knight he attacked. Even though the first attack was enough to kill his target, Erik continued to stab and slash body for a long time. Finally however, when he came back to senses he realised he was alone - all the others ran away during a fight.

Button: Only I can do it…

**The Rebellion Spreads**

All across Heartlands griffon rebels are joining the fight. Our forces, spread too thin and busy with pillaging and attempting to subjugate the locals - and destroy their faith and pride were unable to properly react and were either slaughtered or pushed out of vast swathes of Herzland. Another revolt took place in Romau, with another thousands joining the liberation armies - and we were forced to retreat further north. What is worse, our magic seems to weaken and rebels for some reason are often unaffected by it - fighting our undead warriors with… unnatural vigor, as if the griffon gods themselves decided to support their faithful servants.

Effect: -50.000 population in Romau, -5.000 population in all Yale, Greiffenmarschen and Yale provinces, -50.000 ponypower, -5000 infantry equipment, -5% stability, -5% war support, demilitarisation of Romau, Greiffenmarsche, Yale and imperial provinces

Button: It is getting out of hoof too quickly!

**The Heart**

Probably no one expected that a single griffon can get as far north - and Erik quite easily traversed the streets of Everfrost. The city was rather empty - though not touched by atrocities of war, it was quite obvious that many of its denizens marched south, joining Frost King army - and never a very populous city was disturbingly… quiet. Luckily, locals were more busy with their own problems - and as long as Erik avoided the marketplaces or taverns, he was safe.

Guards of the palace did not really pay much attention - probability of an enemy being able to get so far North was truly miniscule - and besides - how could a mere mortal kill a god? Erik quickly climbed the walls and glided on the other side - soon he was inside of the vast structure. Inside the palace, once decorated with ornate reliefs and paintings depicting the history of northern ponies, were now covered in snow and ice - often forming weird and… unnatural shapes. There was no one inside - and Erik traversed the corridors hearing only the sound of his steps. He was here for the first time - yet somehow he knew where he should head.

Frost King occupied an old Hall of Gatherings - now turned into his throne room. Undead guards stepped aside as Erik entered the room, granting him passage. The Frost King himself sat on his throne - elderly pony. so frail in comparison to the grandiose of the hall - yet even Erik could feel a power vibrating from him.

“Welcome, Erik Grimclaw, grandmaster of the fallen order. I was waiting for you.” Said pony.

“Waiting? You know I’ll come?”

“Yes, of course I did. Here, in my domain, few things escape my sight. I must say I’m… impressed. You exceeded any expectations I had.” Frost King smiled slightly. “Griffons are such weak and miserable beings, so inferior and worthless… And yet you rose beyond the limits of your race.”

“Miserable?” Said Erik quietly. “Weak? And yet I stand here, and I will be the one to destroy you and free the griffons from your tyranny.”

“You can try to do it. But… Are the griffons really worthy to be free? Your companions failed you, cowards and weaklings. They were supposed to be the best of the best. And yet they failed. Time after time griffons fail, fight among each other and bicker. I took the few, the ponies of the North, those you laughed at. And yet they conquered the City of Emperors! They proved to be strong, and now they will rule the griffons in my name. The weak do not deserve mercy or freedom. They exist only to be ruled. And I deem you worthy. Join me, and you shall be elevated among the worthless griffon kind to be one of my chosen champions. You will wield powers unimaginable to you, and you shall be among the rulers of griffonkind.

Erik Grimclaw drew his sword…

Button: ...and laid it upon the steps of the throne.

**Retreat Continues**

Following the fall of Romau and connecting with rebels in Griffenheim, griffons have pushed further north, reclaiming most of Feathisia, Strawberry and Bronzehill. Luckily their offensive seemed to lose its strength and we were mostly able to contain rebellions in the part of Herzland remaining under our control - and in griffon lands further north. We need to prepare for the inevitable and as rebels continue to consolidate their forces, counterattack must be planned.

Button: I want them dead! All of them!

Effect: -5.000 population in following provinces, -25.000 ponypower, -2.500 infantry equipment, -3% stability, -2% war support, demilitarise following provinces of Heartlands: <https://i.imgur.com/BA4ZWIl.png>

**The Herzland Rebellion**

Even his pony servants fear the rage of the Frost King - many of them have been punished for their incompetence, and now the armies of the Tyranny are amassing in northern Herzland, preparing to fight for their master - and punish the rebellious griffon. Fear of punishment, hatred of griffons or desire for riches of the south… Many things push the pony army forward, while undead are driven purely by the will of their lord.

Meanwhile the griffon rebels rise en masse, knowing it is their final fight - if they lose, they will be slaves of the Winter - perhaps for eternity, oppressed and crushed every day. Priests bless the squads of volunteers who march in front, and in a rare display of unity, it seems that the entirety of Griffonia is for once supporting - even if only vocally, a Herzlanders fight for freedom.

Button A: For the Frost King!

Button B: For Freedom!

Effect:

Both buttons:: Get world event “The Spring in Herzland”, NTR gets spirit “Widespread Unrest” (+25% garrison size needed, +50% daily resistance growth, -50% compliance gain), Rebellion (I think we can use either Katerin or Empire tag for it, or we can try make our own tag for it), is released in demilitarised provinces, these provinces stop to be demilitarised. Rebels get the army size of NTR (to be discussed) and spirits “The War against Winter” (+5% division attack, +10% division recovery rate, +5% recruitable population, +10% surrender limit), “Economical Devastation” (+10% consumer goods, -10% stability, -20% population growth, -10% resource gathering efficiency) and “Disorganized Army” (-5% division organisation, -10% max planning, -20% land doctrine research speed), Rebels also get extra ten divisions, each composed of 8 knight brigades, Rebel nation is named “Herzland Liberation Army”, is harmonic (70% support, 20% is non-aligned, 5% communist, 5% supremacy) and led by Grandmaster Hector Ardensson. Rebellion gets core on all of Herzland, Enable last batch of focuses for supremacy NTR

Button A: Finish the focus “No Rest for the Wicked”

Button B: Finish the focus “No Rest for the Wicked”, Switch to Herzland Rebellion

**The Spring in Herzland**

Following the conquest of Herzland, Tyranny of Ice started to brutalize its population, pillaging the region and committing all kinds of atrocities. However their actions against griffonkind quickly caused an uprising of truly massive proportions, as griffons of Herzland have risen in rebellion - united not by an ideology, but in common fight for survival and freedom. However Tyranny managed to crush the Herzland nations once - and some fear it will do so another time.

Button (NTR): They will suffer!

Button (Rebels): Freedom!

Button (other griffons): Good luck!

Button (others): Do griffons even stand a chance?

**Romau Burns!**

Romau, one of the largest cities in Herzland, was also one of the centres of the griffon rebellion against the Frost King. However, despite the valiant efforts of the griffon rebels, undead armies have recaptured the city - and started a methodic slaughter of its inhabitants. With artillery fire, explosives and magic ponies and their undead servants laid waste to entire districts and killed all who tried to escape the doomed city. In what is one of the most horrible acts of genoice in Griffonias history, the Eternal City ceased to exist…

Button (NTR): Delenda Est!

Button (HRR): We have failed…

Button (others): Horrible!

**Destruction of Griffenheim**

News spread across the world - the city of Griffenheim has been destroyed by forces of the so-called “Frost King''. As his pony warriors and undead hordes march south, crushing resistance of rebellious Herzlanders, Frost King orders the destruction of the defiant city. Most of its inhabitants have been slaughtered, and the city is turned into ruins, with all its once famed landmarks turned into dust. Tyranny atrocities against griffonkind have been universally condemned by an international community, yet it does not seem to bother the sorcerous overlord of the north.

Button (NTR): Vengeance!

Button (HRR): The end is near…

Button (others): Barbarians!

**Planning the War**

Snowflake Palace hid many masterpieces created by great craftsmen of the past ages - one of them was a giant “map”, carved out of stone to resemble the northlands. Though it lacked the precision of modern military maps the princess saw a few times in her life, it was nevertheless a useful tool and helped to easily explain one's plans. Today the princess invited a few more experienced chieftains and clan leaders to discuss the ongoing war.

“The truth is princess.” Sighed Gordon, also known as the Archer. “That we are losing. Even the blind sees it.” Few laughed hearing this joke. Though Gordon was not really able to properly command warriors in a field considering loss of his eyes during one of battles with griffons, he was nevertheless an experienced leader - and widely respected among warriors. “If we continue fighting as before, well… It won’t end well. Every day more of these crazed communists arrive in Skynavia to fight for their cause, and they simply have bigger, better guns.”

“Not to say.” Added Euan Stormshield, most recent, though still not very enthusiastic addition to princess war council. “That some of my ponies caught Skynavian spies. They were meant to sow dissent and cause an uprising. What is worse, some ponies listen to them.”

“Only because you kept talking about all these subversive ideas.” Snarked Gordon.

“Please, let’s not argue.” Sighed Fiana. “We do not need another argument. We need solutions. That’s why I called you all here. I know it’s not good, but there must be something that might be done.”

“Just fighting them in small skirmishes is pointless.” Said Euan. “We need to strike, and do it before the Skynavians do.”

“I agree with young Stormshield.” Added Gordon. “We know this land better than they do. We can send some scouts to prepare routes for our warriors.”

“What about our defences?” The princess asked.  
“Well, we can expand some forts and hope they hold.” Continued Archer. “But it will take some effort, and we won't have much time and ponies.”

“About ponies.” Smiled Euan. “There might be some solution. “I made contact with some smugglers, who reached the ponies who remained in the west. Their warriors are ready and willing to join us. But we need to decide quickly, otherwise the Skynavians will be here first.”

Button: Choices, choices…

**Ponies Rise Up!**

After our arrival, most ponies in this already sparsely populated land fled east. However a number of smaller clans remained - they were mostly trying to avoid us and caused no problems… Until now. Galvanised by reactionary tribals in the east, locals have decided to rise up. They are rather a nuisance, but in the face of incoming war with ponies they can be an actual problem, sabotaging our supply lines, hunting patrols and providing pony warriors with recon. Hopefully we will be able to deal with them quickly, however it is just a sign of greater threat - as we received news about an army of tribals gathering in the east, whose numbers are much greater than just a raiding party we used to deal with.

Button: Disturbing news.

Effect: Get national spirit “Tribal Resistance” (-10% attack against NTR, -10% defense against NTR, +20% supply consumption for 180 days)

**Old Warrior**

Gordon the Archer - few other ponies fought as long as he did - and lost so much. Hailing from one of smaller clans, which was nearly wiped out many years ago by griffon raiders of Sunstriker, Gordon continued to fight griffon menace on every opportunity - vedinian knights looking for “glory”, raiders from the south, and Skynavians… He fought them all. Even when he lost his eyes a few years ago, when he miraculously survived a nearly direct hit by an artillery shell, he insisted to be let to continue fighting - and even though he was not very useful in a field, his experience was invaluable. Most chieftains respected him, and the princess believed that gaining his help may be the best way to force the unruly chiefs of various warbands to fight together, not just compete for glory. And now she sat vis-a-vis him, and wasn’t really sure what to say. Old pony was polite, yet even without eyes to look into… Fiana could feel that he did not treat her seriously - for him, the princess was clearly just an inexperienced child, playing a leader.

“It’s not like I do not appreciate the invitation, princess, but I’m a busy pony. You know, when you are old, each day counts, as there are few of them left…” Out of nowhere, said Gordon. “What is exactly the purpose of this meeting?”

“I want to ask you for your help. Our warriors need one leader, but chieftains do not listen… But you are well respected by most of them, no matter the clan allegiances.”

“And this leader I guess would be you?” Said Gordon, clearly not waiting for an answer. “You might be a princess, a symbol of unity of clans, but you have no experience in leading the warriors. It would do more bad than good. Just keep smiling at leaders of the clans during councils and all will be fine. Let the grown ups deal with war.”

“Yes, I might have no experience.” Replied a princess, trying to keep composure “But even I see, constant bickering just hinders us. Yes, I might have no experience, but unlike stubborn old fools who lead our warriors I at least want to learn and listen to others. I simply ask you for help, because it's a faster way than meeting with every single chieftain with his delusions of grandeur. But I will not be offended in my own home. Role of the princess is to lead her people not to just “smile”. And I’m going to fulfill my duties.”

“You have guts, girl.” Laughed Gordon. “You indeed are a Snowflake, you all may seem nice and quiet, but you are warriors deep in your hearts… I will help you, princess. Just try to listen to the advice, like you said you will. We have to many hot-blooded youngsters now, when we need calm and tactics”

Button: Went easier than expected…

**Better Stormshield You Know**

Euan Stormshield… Princess always considered him to be a smartass, irritating in his admiration of the foreign lands. Yet, he convinced many ponies to his vision, and even now without his support it would be difficult to lead the tribes. Luckily, Stormshields were not just warriors - but also merchants, and as such they were much less stubborn than many other ponies. Now, he invited the princess to present his newest purchase - a cannon, brought straight from Riverlands. Few of his tribesponies, assisted by a Moltenrock unicorn were busy preparing it, while Euan kept talking about new, fascinating prospects of cooperation with the East.

“And it is not the only thing we can get from them, princess! Weapons, electronics, new farming and mining equipment… We need it all. I think they are ready!” After a moment, with a loud, thunderous sound a cannon fired, turning nearby rock formation into a dusty mess.

“I must admit, it is quite impressive.” Fiana used this opportunity to finally say something. “But what about other clans? They do not want to abandon the ways of their forefathers in favour of pretending to be griffons.”

“It is natural to fear change.” Responded Euan. “And though I’m not pleased with it, I’m aware that other clans may not be as… receptive as mine. But I believe that we need to change if we want to survive.”

“But we cannot forget who we are.”

“That’s a fair point, princess, but perhaps in the future… Well, that’s not a conversation for today I guess. For now I’m pleased with the current deal. Moltenrocks are more than happy to experiment with weapons like one I just showed you, and I promise that results will be even more impressive…” Euan went back to his monologue. Princess looked towards the destroyed rocks and briefly wondered if indeed the future Euan talked about was inevitable - even if they tried to tame it, like a wild beast…

Button: Times are Changing…

Effect: 1x10% artillery research bonus, enable industrial company “Foreign Traders” (-5% industrial speed research, -5% electronic speed research)

**Fate of Skynavia**

The city of Skynavia was simply… ugly. Princess could not describe it in any other way. Long rows of buildings more resembling barracks, lack of any overarching planning or harmony of their designs… It was more a camp which somehow turned into permanent dwelling than a proper town. Yet, the city remained lively and vibrant. Even now, with pony warriors guarding the streets, griffons crowded it, dealing with their everyday issues, many of them not bothered by what happened and even trying to be friendly towards ponies. Yet, many older griffons who were not born here, and partook in conquest of this land, were clearly on the verge of getting into open fight with “reactionary occupiers”. Luckily there were not that many of them, otherwise the situation might quickly escalate into violence.

Once princesses have arrived, multiple griffons have requested an audience - most of them were quite polite, not savage brutes depicted in stories by warriors - and they all talked about the future and peace. They were tired of war, which lasted for twenty long years - many of them were born here or arrived as children - and their leaders were mostly dead, or already fled Skynavia. They hoped for rapprochement and a new start. However in the east, many were vengeful, and wanted payback. They said that there can never be peace between griffons and ponies, and that griffons must get back south - and if they will not want to, they need to be forced.

It was up to the princess to make a decision - one that will surely shape the north in the years to come.

Button A: It is our home.

Button B: Perhaps we can be friends…

Effect:

Button A: -500.000 population in Skynavia, -20.000 population in other skynavian provinces +5% stability, All nations in Griffonia get event “Skynavian Exiles”, enable focus “Land of Ponies”, remove all Skynavian cores

Button B: -100.000 population in Skynavia, -5% stability, +5% communist support, enable focus “Land of Ponies”, Enable focus “Princess of All”

**Skynavian Exiles**

A remote nation of Skynavia was founded over two decades by communists from the Griffonian Republic. After they travelled north, they spent many years fighting local ponies - ultimately losing the war. In an act of revenge, ponies banished most griffons from their lands, and now these unfortunate griffons seek for a new home across Griffonia. Some of them have arrived in our nation and due to the chaotic nature of their exodus, we were not able to stop their settlement here.

Button: Hopefully they won’t cause any troubles.

Effect: +10.000 population in random state, -1% stability, +1% communist support,

**Unexpected Request**

Some might say our attempts to reconcile griffons and ponies have proven to be a little bit… too successful. Many griffons still prefer to live among their kind, however many younger griffons migrate eastwards, mingling with local ponies - most of them live among the more reformer minded clans, like Stormshields and Moltenrocks. Now we received numerous rumors about some of these birds becoming members of these clans. While being adopted into different clan would not be weird in case of a local pony, it was extremely rare for an outsider, and specifically griffon to be let to do so - most of (relatively small group) griffons living among us for centuries formed their own clans, however such cases happened in a past. However recent influx of new clansmen caused a serious disturbance among most of the tribes and a number of chieftains and elders have requested to disallow such practices in a future, as it is seen by them as an insult against our deities, who provide clans with their blessings since times immemorial. Reformers argue that such action would violate the ancient right of each clan and princess has no right to impose such a law. Result is a truly bizarre situation, when usually not willing to give up even a smallest privilege traditionalists have taken a completely opposite stance. It would be funny, if we did not have to solve this mess. Whatever we do, someone will be disappointed.

Button A: Forbid griffons to join our clans,

Button B: It’s each clan’s choice

Effect:

Button A: +3% harmony support, +3% stability, -80 political power,

Button B: +3% communism support, +3% non-alligned support, -5% support, Enable political advisor “Hans Silberflugel” (Griffon Scientist +5% research speed, -3% stability)

**The Issue of Communes**

Skynavians are a weird bunch - while we tended to see them as unity, and had at best vague knowledge about what this “communism” exactly is… Well, it’s much more complicated, and griffons are much more ideologically fractured than we are. Luckily most of them can be reasoned with - however there are numerous groups of radicals, who we are not really sure what they are even believing in. Some Skynavians tried to explain it to us, but it only made our head hurt. Like seriously… Hive mind communism? What does it mean? They eat bees? And it is supposed to be a serious thing, and there is a group practicing it somewhere in the woods. No matter what they call themselves, these groups mostly refuse to submit to us - luckily they wish to be left alone and we can probably just let them be… Issue is, many of them occupy the land that belonged to ponies - and our clansponies are not happy with being evicted from their homes by some squatters - and not being able to return. We can send our warriors and disperse these communes - but it will probably result in numerous losses - but hopefully no one will bother, not even the rest of Skynavians like these weirdos, or we can just let them be.

Button A: Get rid of them

Button B: Let them be

Effect:

Button A: Hail Forest, Braunles, Ostfloy: -20.000 population, -25.000 ponypower, +1 building slot in these provinces,

Button B: +3% communist support, -2% stability,

**Successful Assault**

Our brave warriors managed to reclaim a rightful pony territory from griffon claws. With this success we are one step closer to reunifying all the northern ponies in one state.

Button: Wonderful news!

Effect: +3% stability, +3% war support

**Ponies Attack!**Northern ponies raiding parties have invaded one of our territories and defeated a local garrison. With more and more warriors crossing the border we were forced to abandon our positions. Ponies for now stopped their assault and seem content with their gains, but who knows what they will do next…

Button: We lost to these savages?!

Effect: -5% stability, -50 political power

**Defeat**

Despite their best efforts, our warriors' assault has been repelled by enemies. Now, when the enemy will closely watch our activities on the borderlands, it is unlikely we will ever be able to launch another attack in this region.

Button: Unfortunate…

Effect: -3% stability, -50 political power, -2% harmony support,

**Pony Attack Repelled**

A northern ponies warband tried to cross a border and harass our garrisons, in hope of taking one of the border regions. Our brave soldiers managed however to repel and assault and secure control over the province.

Button: Good job!

Effect: +1% stability, +50 political power,

**A Calm Day**

Being a ruler - actual ruler, not just a puppet or hoof weaving “symbol of unity” means a lot of work. Good side of it was that it kept Fiana busy - and in this way kept the dark thoughts and fears away. There was always someone requesting an audience, a decision to be made, a Very Important Festival to attend… However, now with a griffon problem solved, everything calmed down. After years of hard work, Fiana found herself one day… lacking anything even remotely important to do. There was no single dispute among clans, none of her subordinates asked for orders… Peace and quiet. It was in fact… a bit unnerving! She roamed a palace for some time, distracting servants until finally decided to rest a bit in one of the greenhouse gardens. Gardens of Snowflake Palace were one of its many wonders - merchants brought many exotic and beautiful plants from the south, which were cultivated here - both thanks to pony magic and mastery of craftsmen who built these structures. When she was a filly, Fiana liked to play in these gardens, imagining she had adventures in mysterious southern lands, trekking through vast jungles and exploring lost temples, as she read in one of the books found in the palace library. Those were better, simpler days… Fiana sat on one of the benches, simply enjoying the smell of blooming flowers.

Was it how her life was going to be now? Quiet, nearly identical days - with the old way triumphant, few will change in the North, and with bonds between clans stronger than ever, even once a tedious task of dealing with their disputes wasn’t really that occupying any longer.

Yes… She hoped it would be like that. She will not miss days of war, struggle and fear. After twenty long years, her ponies deserved peace - and she did too. But, to not get completely bored, she definitely needed to find a hobby. Or maybe even two…

Button: Ice sculpting, perhaps?

**Risky Investment**

Most merchants who visited the North knew it for it’s rare types of wood, fish oil or animal fur. However there were many more riches hidden beneath the earth - precious metals, crystals, coal and oil… The North was in fact abundant in natural resources - however ponies never needed to exploit them. Times have changed however - and these resources could be used to finance a war - and later a modernisation of the nation. Euan sent more envoys to Riverlands - with promises of great wealth in return for help. And luckily for the northern ponies - there were Riverlanders interested in what the North could offer - namely a deposit of gold, which they could freely exploit, and for which purpose would Euan provide them with labourers. There was however a problem - it lay on the land considered holy by one of the smaller clans. However it was not an issue that could not be solved - elders just had to be convinced through monetary means this land was not ‘that’ holy - and even if many still considered it a sacrilege… Well, before they end arguing, gold will be already mined, and promised weaponry will be shipped to Frostbell.

Button: Money can buy everyone

Effect: +2500 bakaran infantry weapons, -1% stability, -25 political power,

**Young Blood**

There are few creatures more stubborn than an old pony - and in the North some clan conflicts could last for generations - a single slight was enough to ensure that some clans will simply not get along. To add insult to injury , some older chieftains were seemingly opposing any change because they were not the ones who proposed it - and letting anyone else decide the matters of their clan… It would be dishonourable! It took Euan years to convince first his own clan and later Moltenrocks to support him - and Barkcoats followed only because of princess support. In moments like this, Stormshield did not envied Fiana and her ancestors - ruling the North was an absolute nightmare. Normally he would spend a few more years trying to get support from other clans - but there was no time for such cautious actions. Luckily, every chieftain and elder has few power hungry and ambitious underlings - who being younger were much more susceptible to Euan’s words - and if helped would be in debt to him - and debt is a serious thing in the North.

There were of course a few clans which due to centuries old grievances would not support him no matter what - they would rather perish… But it was actually a good thing - as they also had enemies. And so messengers were sent to reluctant clans - with bribes, promises of great wealth and power that trade will bring, favourable sentences issued by a princess, that favoured more complacent clans over hardliners… And where it did not help, all kinds of help for the pretenders was provided to challenge old leaders and depose them. It did not take long before resistance to planned reforms melted like snow during a sunny spring day. Clans supported Euan - and if he leads them to victory, it will be enough to cement his position… If not, well…

Button: It will be the last of his problems.

Effect: +5% non-aligned support, -3 stability, -25 political power, remove theorist advisor “Gordon the Archer” (available for all under normal circumstances, military theorist)

**War Plan**

Twenty years of low-scale war led to nothing - we are exhausted, and Skynavians are growing stronger every day. With volunteers arriving every day to join their revolution, it is obvious that Skynavians will be soon ready for the final showdown. They have much better guns, better tactics and are fanatical believers of their communist cause. They however grossly underestimate us, believing we are just savages. Time to prove them wrong. We will no longer wait for inevitable idly - we will prepare for war, and start it on our own terms.

But there is an issue of how to act. Though a large part of warchiefs suggestions are worthless, we actually got from them a few interesting ideas. First, we could simply fortify and provoke Skynavians to attack our forts - bleeding them out in the process. However due to the sheer length of the border it may be problematic to protect it - so perhaps a more offensive approach should be taken. We can try to sneak a few warbands across the border and order them to harass Skynavian supply lines and wreck as much havoc as possible. Finally we can try to contact ponies that still live in the west and organise them into warbands, that will join our cause - hopefully letting us to flood Skynavians with a sheer amount of warriors.

Button A: We shall fortify.

Button B: Offense is the best defense.

Button C: Numbers solve everything.

Effect:

Button A: Get 1 level forts on entire border with Skynavia

Button B: Get spirit “Prepared Assault” (+10% attack against Skynavia, +10% defense against Skynavia for 270 days. -5000 ponypower

Button C:Get 2 divisions of infantry, each composed of 6 infantry brigades, experience 2/5. Divisions are named “Western Warriors”, “Vengeful Sons”

**Dealing With Skynavians**

Now, when Skynavia is under our control we need to face a problem of ponies lusting for vengeance. Many of our tribesponies have some legitimate ire towards Skynavians and over twenty years of war caused lots of destruction and suffering. Most of Skynavian leadership have however perished in battles or escape to fight for communist cause in some distant lands (and hopefully we will never see them again). It would force us to punish some low-level officers and more-less random griffon soldiers and surely put a strain on future relations with griffons. It might be better idea to forgive Skynavians - and punish only those who are actually guilty of direct harmful actions against civilian population - though many clans will be against it, such an act of forgiveness might be a good fresh start - and with enough of equestrian-like talking about friendship even most obstinate ponies will perhaps one day start to believe that coexistence is indeed possible.

Button A: Let them have their revenge.

Button B: I will not punish innocent griffons!

Effect:

Button A: -10.000 population in Skynavia, +5% stability, -50 political power, +5% communist support,

Button B: -500 population in Skynavia, -3% stability, +25 political power,

**Land Reclamation**

Another day, another problem… And it seemed that all will be fine after conquering Skynavia… Of course it wasn’t going to be that easy. With reconquest of the west, exiled clans wish to return to their ancestral lands… However large swathes of it are now occupied by its new griffon inhabitants and used for mining, forestry or farming… It is obvious that griffons are not pleased with being forced to move away and to be honest… They do quite a good job with taming these previously wild wastelands of nearly zero value - now filled with communal farms or thriving industry. While tempting to let griffons keep the land, we cannot really do this - backslash would be immense and Euan would probably see his head on the pike in the worst case. Forcing griffons to move away from these lands is the simplest solution, but we will not benefit from it in long term - perhaps however we can convince both sides for some sort of arrangement, where both would share the same land and griffons would pay for right to use it to the rightful pony owners… Afterall, money can solve any conflict.

Button A: Just order Griffons to move.

Button B: Negotiate with clans…

Effect:

Button A: Remove spirit “Exiled Clans”, +3% harmony support

Button B: Remove spirit “Exiled Clans”, +1 building slot in every former Skynavian province, -100 political power, +3% communist support,

**Wind of Changes**

Once nearly void of life Snowflake Palace was once again filled with ponies - and also recently - griffons. Euan Stormshield and his various aides occupied more and more halls and rooms - and nascent bureaucracy seemed to grow nearly every day. Things were going rather smoothly, Skynavians were eager to cooperate and despite complaints from some, Euan invited many of them to help him with governing a reunited Tìr Deighe. Malcontents were silenced by his recent successes and his control was nearly absolute. Fiana, always shy and timid, rarely opposed his actions and if she tried to, he was always able to make her leave through lengthy tirades about the necessity of changes and previous successes. To be fair she was a kindhearted pony, but lacked a resoluteness a leader should possess - and apparently felt better in a role of symbol, waving to her subjects during parades. Perhaps griffon republicans were indeed right - and days of monarchy were long gone… Nevertheless Euan found Fiana useful, and even though more radical of his new skynavian advisors suggested some more radical actions - he knew that having such a unifying symbol is very useful.

But even with his usual hyperactivity he could not be everywhere - he needed to delegate tasks - and could not even though it would simplify so many issues, rule alone. He needed support from both ponies and griffons if he wanted to achieve his dreams. With clans weaker than ever he could finally create a centralized government, where merits, not origin would matter - or listen to Skynavians and reform the Council to represent not tribes - but creatures itself, with more fair, and democratic representation - in this way hopefully in future mending the divisions between clans once and for all.

Button A: Democracy… Sounds nice.

Button B: I know better than clans.

Effect:

Button A: Get national spirit “Democratic Institutions” (+10% stability, +25% ideologial drift defense), change non-aligned party name to “The Council”

Button B: Get national spirit “Centralized Government” (+0,2 daily political power gain), change non-aligned party name to “Royal Government”

**North Rises!**

Halls of the Snowflake Palace were filled with both ponies and griffons - for decades Everfrost had not seen so many creatures from far and near visiting the capital of the northern ponies. But rarely one has the opportunity to see a coronation - and indeed a first one of its very kind. Today, princess Fiana was meant to be crowned Queen of the North. With this act a new state would be born - a nation of both ponies and griffons. Many of the foreign guests were astounded by the fact that ponies managed to conquer such vast swathes of northern Griffonia, but even if it seemed improbable - it indeed happened, and few could deny how astounding victory it was. Eyes of everyone were turned towards Fiana, as she was crowned by the eldest of druids with a newly forged crown. Chieftains, elders of the clans and leaders of the griffons kneeled to pay homage to their new sovereign - and one of them shouted loudly “Long live the Queen! Long live the united North!”. Moments later the rest followed. But while crowds praised Fiana, the true architect of this moment oversaw the whole ceremony from one of the balconies. Euan smiled warmly - years of his work finally paid off, years of plotting, fighting and arduous diplomacy… He was tired - tired, but happy.

“They should belaud you instead.” Shouts of the crowd let Amber to approach without alerting Euan. “You are after all the one who made it possible. And now they will probably write in the books something like \*princess wise leadership united the north and brought peace to it\*”.

“They probably will.” Responded Euan. “But I never cared much for the splendor of rulership. It can get rather boring I think, considering how princesses tend to behave. And all these empty rituals… I needed more action.”

“Yeah, that sounds like you… So what now?”

“Well… There is still some work to do, problems will not disappear only because our ruler has a fancy new title… I guess it will keep me busy for a few years. And later… I think I’ll go to see all these places I read about. Perhaps Equestria? From what you told me, it is truly marvelous.”

“It is.” Smiled Amber. “Well, when you decide to retire from being a shadowy figure behind a throne, I guess I can be your guide.”

Button: “It would be great, Amber.”

Effect: Get national spirit “Fiana I” (+10% stability, +5% division recovery rate), get world event “Queendom of the North”, country changes name to “Queendom of the North”

**Queendom of the North**

Few cared for the frozen wastelands of Northern Griffonia - land inhabited by tribes of ponies, which attracted only the desperate skynavian communists. However to everyone's surprise, not only ponies managed to defeat the Skynavians, but also entered a path of modernisation, letting them rival - and even conquer, griffon nations around. Now, following these conquests, a new kingdom has been proclaimed, and Fiana Snowflake has been crowned first Queen of the North. Few know what the future will bring for the nascent state, but for sure northern ponies can no longer be ignored by the rest of the world.

Button (NTR): Future will be bright!

Button (others): That was unexpected!

**Joining Northern League**

We have just received a message from our northern neighbour - ponies have apparently decided to stop their self-isolation and are reaching out to other nations. Pony diplomats have suggested a creation of an alliance, meant to protect an independence of the northern nations. Shall we accept their offer?

Button A: Yes, we can benefit from this.

Button B: Alliance with them? No!

Effect:

Button A: NTR gets event “X joins us!, nation joins NTR faction

Button B: NTR gets event “X refuses

**X Joins Us!**

Good news! Our diplomats have returned with a response, and X decided to join the Northern League. With a new ally, we are one step closer to a safe and peaceful north.

Button: Great!

**X Refuses**

Sadly, griffons of X have refused to join the Northern League. We are on our own now…

Button: \*Sob\*

**Envoy from [NTR country name]**

Northern end of Griffonia is the land of ponies - not even the Empire in its glory days bothered to conquer this backward place and if not Skynavians, probably nothing would change there. However recently, ponies have started to rapidly modernise and now we have been visited by their diplomats. Apparently, they want to join our alliance. While having an ally in Griffonia may be tempting, we must consider that it makes it very probable that we will get engaged in wars on the eastern continent…

Button A: They will make a good allies

Button B: They would be just a burden

Effect:

Button A: NTR joins Northern Bloc and gets event “Joining Northern Bloc”

Button B: NTR gets event “Nova Griffonia Refuses”

**Joining Northern Bloc**

We have received a reply from Nova Griffonia - we are accepted as the newest member of the Northern Bloc! Now, with such a powerful ally, no one will dare to attack us.

Button: Cheers!

**Nova Griffonia Refuses**

Not willing to meddle in griffonian affairs, Nova Griffonia have refused to let us join the Northern Bloc. We are on our own for now.

Button: We should have expected this…

**Tìr Deighe Submits**

In a rather surprising turn of events we have been visited by a pony diplomat from northern Griffonia. It seems that these ponies managed to create a modern, functioning state and even conquer some griffon lands. Now however, facing our might they are willing to join us a vassal state and swear fealty as long as we let them for self-governance. Shall we accept their offer or reconquer the northern reaches of the Empire? Of course we can also demand the return of all the griffon lands they have previously conquered and let them keep the northern wastelands.

Button A: They can have it.

Button B: We will demand griffon lands

Button C: No deals with ponies.

Effect:

Button A: NTR gets event “Our New Masters”

Button B: NTR gets event “Imperial Demands”

Button C: Empire gets wargoal on NTR, NTR gets event “War with Empire”

**Our New Masters**

Our diplomat has returned from Griffenheim - the imperial regent has accepted our offer and now we are an imperial vassal. Though we have given up our freedom, we are mostly let to self govern and considering our remote location, the Empire will most likely not interfere with our governance.

Button: Good, I guess?

Effect: NTR becomes vassal of Griffonian Empire, recolour NTR to imperial colour,

**Imperial Demands**

The Empire has demanded that we return all their “rightful lands” we have been “occupying” - and only then they will accept our offer and let us keep control over the northern territories and in return be treated as an ally rather than a vassal. Of course it is not really an offer, but rather an ultimatum and if we refuse, imperials will without a doubt invade us…

Button A: We must accept this.

Button B: Never!

Effect:

Button A: Empire gets all territories of Griffonian Republic, Sunstriker Clan and Vedina which were held by NTR, NTR joins Reichspakt, Empire gets event “Ponies Accept”

Button B: Empire gets event “Ponies Refuse”

**Ponies Accept**

Not wanting to risk our wrath, ponies have accepted our demands. It is a great victory and we managed to reclaim our northern territories without firing a single bullet!

Button: Wundebar!

**Ponies Refuse**

Apparently having their brains frostited, ponies decided to defy us and refuse to surrender the lands they have conquered. Well - apparently we will have to do this the hard way.

Button: Ready the tanks!

Effect: Empire gets wargoal on NTR

**War with Empire**

The Empire has rejected our offer and it is obvious they are going to march north and try to conquer our lands. It will be an arduous task, but we need to prepare our defenses and hope we can survive this onslaught!

Button: May the Spirits protect us!

**Unexpected Visitor**

North of Griffonia is inhabited by yet another group of ponies - even more backward than hillponies. However in a truly unexpected turn of events they managed to somehow modernise and are even reaching outside their state! We have been approached by diplomats from Tir Deighe, who proposed a treaty of cooperation and friendship between the River Coalition and northlanders - and recognition of their state as honorary members of the Coalition. In return for our assistance they promise us access to their internal markets and help in opening northern sea passage for trade. While there is not much to gain from this arrangement, on the other hoof it would not be a very expensive endeavour. Some more idealistic members of our government claim it is our duty to help our hopeful northern brothers and sisters in their attempt to fully modernise - but is it really worth it?

Button A: Why not…

Button B: Politely refuse

Effect:

Button A: -100 political power, All River Coalition nations get spirit “Northern Trade” (-3% resources to the market, -1% consumer goods), River Coalition leader and NTR get +100 in mutual relations (Friendship Between Ponies), NTR gets event “Coalition Assistance”

Button B: NTR gets event “Coalition Turns Us Down”

**Coalition Assistance**

Our diplomats have returned from the Riverlands - Coalition agreed to help us and granted us a status of honorary member. With it comes much easier access to their technology, markets and a small, yet beneficial for us aid programme. It’s good to have friends!

Button: Excellent!

Effect: NTR gets spirit “Coalition Ties” (+5% research speed, +10% factory output, -2% consumer goods, +5% resources to the market)

**Coalition Turns Us Down**

Our diplomat returns with nothing - Riverlanders refuse and apparently we cannot hope for their help. What a bunch of jerks!

Button: \*Sob\*

Effect: None

**Visitor From Land Faaaar Away**

First we thought it’s just an elaborate hoax, but after checking the geography books and questioning a few adventurers and merchants we can confirm it is happening for real - we have been visited by a diplomat from Tir Deighe - a backwater pony nation in northern Griffonia. For centuries nothing interesting happened there, and most maps just depicted this area with something like “Here Be Ponies”, “Some Tribes” or “Snowy Wasteland”. Now apparently these ponies decided to finally embrace modernity and ask us for help. Best way to do so will be by letting them participate in our joint-research programme and in this way get some useful knowledge and perhaps also in the process learn something about friendship. Of course we can just say we cannot help them, it’s not like anyone in Equestria really cares about such a distant and remote place…But, wouldn’t it be just rude to ignore new potential friends?

Button A: We should help these ponies.

Button B: Nah, refuse their request.

Effect:

Button A: NTR joins equestrian joint-research group, -50 pp for EQS, NTR gets event “Equestria Provides Assistance”

Button B: NTR gets event “Equestria Refuses”

**Equestria Provides Assistance**

Apparently ponies of Equestria are indeed as friendly and willing to help as it is rumored. Our diplomat has returned with astounding success - Equestria will share their technologies with us, and we can in a process greatly advance our knowledge of the modern world.

Button: Great!

Effect: +5% harmony support

**Equestria Refuses**

We could have expected that - after initially claiming our state is not real, Equestrians refused to help us and said they have other, much more urgent problems. Apparently they are not so friendly after all!

Button: Disappointing yet expected.

**Question of Taxation**

If we want to modernise we need to obtain modern industrial machinery and technology. Of course no one will provide it with us for free - we need to pay. While exporting timber, animal furs or minerals may provide us with a steady amount of cash, it will surely not be enough. Due to the nearly non-existent nature of our ‘government’, until now there was not really a need for a well organized tax policy and we were able to rely on gifts and tributes from various clans. However perhaps it is time to introduce proper taxation. Of course the higher taxes we’ll demand, the more ponies will complain and our position shall be weakened.

Button A: Just increase tribute.

Button B: Introduce proper taxation.

Button C: We need more funds…

Effect:

Button A: +100 political power

Button B: +150 political power, get national spirit “Modern Tax Policy” (+0,1 daily political power, -5% stability)

Button C: +200 political power, get national spirit “Harsh Taxation” (+0,20 daily political power, -10% stability)

**The Fallen One**

Everfrost stank death and smoke - like every other city after prolonged battle. And the battle for Everfrost was long - pony warriors fought till bitter end - either out of sheer hatred towards griffons, or fearing their ruler's reprisal. Streets were littered with bodies of both living and undead, and many districts have been completely destroyed. However, over this all destruction Snowflake Palace still stood, taunting griffons - not even the artillery fire was able to destroy its walls - whenever a hit, holes were being filled by magical ice, replacing all the damage inflicted to the structure. Frost King might have been cornered in his lair - but attackers could not get to him - every squad of soldiers or knights who entered inside did not return.

Hector Ardensson stood in front of the gate of the palace. For days, first when he slept, now even during daytime he heard a… call. Frost King was speaking to him - taunting him and demanding that the leader of the rebellion fought him in person - not by just sending underlings. And though other commanders tried to dissuade him, Hector knew it was his duty. Old knight went through remnants of the once intricate gates and entered the palace. Inside were also covered in ice - forming all kinds of weird ornaments and sculptures - some of them after closer examination turned out to be frozen bodies. He did not know how long he wandered through the corridors and empty rooms - but after many minutes he found a large hall - and inside it a single creature - a griffon.

Erik Grimclaw seemed to be asleep - leaning on his sword, his head lowered. However, as Hector approached, the younger griffon raised his head. “Hector. Frost King told me, you will come. Again, he was right.” Hector looked on as a fallen knight with utter contempt. “When I was told, you were seen on the frontlines, leading these undead monstrosities… I did not believe it. I thought you have perished in this grim land, and now Tyrant taunts us, like many times he raised others he has slain. But yet you are here. Tell me… Why?” Erik stayed silent for a long moment, his eyes gazing somewhere far away, as if he was somewhere else… “The living ones are weak. We just fight, bicker and betray each other. Do such miserable creatures really deserve freedom? For over thirty years griffons have been killing each other, for petty reasons. They do not deserve freedom, they deserve punishment for their wickedness. You think something will change when you win? These weaklings will just complain and tear apart whatever you build.” Hector drew his sword. “If we were like you believe, I would not be here. Armies of your ‘king’ would not be defeated. We might be weak, but inside every griffon is a spark, a potential for greatness. We will prevail. And we will build a better world.” Erik shrieked and jumped towards Hector, raising his sword. Ardensson was surprised by the speed and strength of Grimclaw - he might be younger, but nevertheless he should not move this quickly - and the old knight was quickly pushed into defense. With every dodge or paired strike, Hector felt, as he was losing his strength. Erik kept attacking and attacking… It would not be long before Arsensson would not have strength to raise his sword… He needed to finish this fight now. His chance was to use Erik rage against him. Hector deliberately feigned slipping - and when Erik tried to strike him down, he managed to get one, decisive stab. Erik stopped abruptly and stared on a blade protruding out of his chest. Fallen knight moved a few steps backwards, and then fell on the floor. Blood pool was quickly growing and it was obvious it was a fatal wound. Hector grabbed Erik’s sword and stood over him. Young knight said nothing, just lowered his head, reconciled with his head. With one strike, Hector cut Erik’s head off. “I can only hope gods will have mercy upon you, Erik.” He said. There was now only one thing left.

Button: ...to kill a Tyrant

Effect: Get event “To Slay a God”

**To Slay a God**

Old Hall of Gatherings, now the Frost King throne room… Place resembles a slaughterhouse - dozens of the slayed griffons covered the floor, alongside Frost King undead guards - however most of them were killed by magic, rather than swords. The Tyrant of the north sat on his grandiose ice throne. Even if he tried to be terrifying and regal, it was obvious that holding against artillery barrage and battle of Everfrost took a heavy toll on him - parts of his body were rotting, sometimes even to the bones, as if his magical powers were slowly destroying him.

It was almost a pitiful sight - a lone, self proclaimed god, hiding in his palace, even his stolen powers betraying him… But Hector did not pity the creature that killed so many - and wanted to enslave rest. “So, you have finally cometh. I guess, my pawn is dead then? I’m not really surprised, he was more talking than fighting… But yet I at least presumed he will be able to wound you. What a disappointment.” Hector did not answer, just slowly approached the throne, his sword drawn. “No threats? No accusations? No calling the names of your pitiful gods, griffon? You are a knight, you should be all about the honour, talking about great things… I’m not amused.”

“You deserve nothing, but a quick death, fiend!” Said Hector and charged towards the Frost King. Pony raised his hoof slightly, as if he was bored by this scene. Wave of ice cold air hit Hector, with strength that should knock down a full grown minotaur… And moments later turn him into ice sculpture. Yet he still moved forward. Indifference in the eyes of Frost King was replaced by surprise… and fear. Shards of ice started to rise from the floor, piercing Hector's body - yet he still continued his charge. Visibly desperate, Frost King raised his hoof and a sword shaped icicle appeared in it. Ice hit the steel.. And steel shattered.

Hector fell on the floor, exhausted and weakened by wounds. Frost King stood for a moment silently… And then started to laugh.

“You fool!” He cackled “You thought you could kill me?! That you could kill a god?!” Frost King stood right over his defeated foe. “I will kill you. But not now. Slowly. So you could witness as I unleash my wrath upon your pitiful comrades and…” At this moment Hector suddenly reached forward… breaking the skin, covering Frost King chest and grasping his ice heart. Before the sorcerer could react, Hector ripped it out of Tyrant's chest… And shattered it, with one hit on the floor.

Frost King screamed - and fell down - his body rapidly decaying, until nothing but few bones remained. Hector got up from the floor. He could hear trembling - and pieces of ceiling started to fall around - it was time to run. Despite his wounds, he tried to run - to get as far away from the palace as possible. He barely managed to do so - moments after he passed the gate, it collapsed behind him. Hector gave it one last look. There were some griffons, running towards him and screaming… But he did not really hear what they were talking…

Button: ...fainting from the blood loss.

Effect: Liftauf -200.000 population, supremacy party for NTR changes name to “Warrior Lodges”, Gavin the Archer becomes leader of NTR supremacy party, get world event “Thaw”

**Thaw**

Frost King has been defeated! After a long and destructive war, griffon rebels managed to defeat his hordes of pony and undead warriors and marched directly on his capital in Everfost. While details are unclear, it seems that grandmaster of the Silberkralle and leader of the rebellion, Hector Ardensson have personally slayed Frost King, ending his mad attempt to conquer Griffonia. With Frost King death his remaining undead servants have turned into dust, and ponies lost all will to fight. While many have perished and war has devastated central and northern Griffonia, survivors are celebrating on the streets - the nightmare is finally over!

Button (HRR): Victory!

Button (others): He was not that much of a danger after all…

**To Forgive the Monster**

With Frost King's death his undead servants turned into dust - however his mortal underlings remained. Many of them continued to attack our forces - but the death of their master somehow made them lose all will to fight - many of those we have captured just sit and do not even eat or drink. We did not even expect something like this to happen, and even our battle hardened soldiers pity these creatures. There are also many clansponies that did not have much in common with events of last years - and just lived under the reign of Frost King, never hurting a griffon. We now need to decide the fate of them - while some wanted vengeance - as brutal as possible, Hector Ardensson using all his authority convinced rest of the rebel leadership that instead of repeating the cycle of oppression that led to this moment, what is needed is forgiveness - and that griffons and ponies should learn how to live together, without hatred and war. Still a question remains, what to exactly do with Tir Deighe - some suggest letting clans self-govern, while many believe we should keep garrisons there - just in case ponies decide to release another ancient evil…

Button A: Trust, not occupation,

Button B: Safety first!

Effect:

Button A: Release NTR in NTR and Skynavia starting lands, change their country name to “Tir Deighe”, change their focus tree to generic one, -100 political power

Button B: +20% compliance in all Skynavia and NTR lands, -5% stability

**Matter of Centralisation**

The Liberation Army consisted of many groups - and only the most deranged of the griffons refused to join it. While fighting together against Frost King created a unique unity, despite political differences, it is obvious that socialist revolutionaries and old imperial loyalists cannot cooperate any longer, and this weird alliance will come to an end. Luckily, there are enough griffons willing to cooperate and with some concessions we will save our state from collapsing into civil war. Most, except the most die-hard imperial loyalists, did not seek to restore the Empire and atrocities of the war made ideas of waging another one to create a pangriffonian state rather unpopular. There are of course still many issues, like land reform and privileges of nobility - nobles shall be compensated for their land, and there is not much resistance against this idea. More radical republicans however suggest completely abolishing noble titles and all vestiges of feudalism, while imperials wish to maintain some degree of an old system - of course within reason and laws of the new Federation - noble estates would be integrated into the Federation, and comply with its laws. Surprisingly enough they gained the support of many griffons who see this as an opportunity to strive towards greater decentralisation - with more diverse regions being let to maintain a large degree of autonomy.

Button A: Compromise with nobles

Button B: We will centralise federation

Effect:

Button A: Get national spirit “Decentralised State” (+10% stability, +5% special forces limit cap, -5% consumer goods)

Button B: Get national spirit “Centralized State (+5% recruitable population factor, +10% political power)

**Power Balance**

As we prepare for the first elections, time has come to decide what will be the political system of Griffonian Federation. While limiting power of the president and making parliament most important branch of government will please both masses and autonomist politicians, many argue that war with Frost King proved the need of a strong leader, capable of leading nation during war - and that president needs to have larger control over government to be able to act more swiftly in case of danger for the state.

Button A: Power to the parliament!

Button B: Power to the president!

Effect:

Button A: Get spirit “Parliamentary Republic” (+10% stability, +10% daily compliance gain, -0,1 daily political power)

Button B: Get spirit “Presidential Republic” (+0,1 daily political power gain)

**Federal Elections**

Ever since the end of war, Heartlands and northern Griffonia have been bustling with political activity. Political parties rose, fell and merged, various leaders tried to sway griffons to their side and convince them they were the best leader of the newly formed Federation. Hector Ardensson has resigned from the leadership position and retired from politics - while unanimously proclaimed by the new parliament “Father of the Federation”.

However the most important were presidential elections - in few weeks three major candidates emerged - Gabriella di Karthin (who recently distanced herself from the remnants of the National Republican Party), former senator from Romau, promising further democratisation of the Federation, Heinrich Kingfeather - an old republican politician from Cloudbury, running on platform of maintaining traditional values and empowering minorities, and Gerben Kogchel - demoratic socialist, who managed to rally varied and internally divided communist movements of the Herzland.

Button A: President Gabriella!

Button B: President Kingfeather!

Button C: President Kogchel!

Effect:

All buttons: Harmony changes name to “Harmonic-Republican Herzlander Party”, Non-alligned changes name to National Republican Party, Communist changes name Hearzland Social Democratic Party, Supremacy changes name to Herzlander Unity Party, Gabriella di Karthin becomes harmony leader, Heinrich Kingfeather becomes non-alligned leader, Dietrich Mach becomes supremacy leader, Gerben Kogchel becomes communist leader,

Button A: Harmony becomes ruling party, Gabriala gets trait “President of the Commongriffons” (+0,1 daily harmony support, +10% stability)

Button B: Non-aligned becomes ruling party, Heinrich gets trait “Old Republican” (+10% political power gain, +0,1 daily non-aligned support, +50 acceptance of harmonic diplomacy), +50% non-alligned support

Button C: Communist becomes ruling party, Gerber Kogchel gets trait “Demoratic Socialist” (+10% daily population growth, +1% consumer goods needed, Same ideology monthly opinion +50%, +0,1 daily communist support, +50 acceptance of harmonic diplomacy)

**Envoy from Tir Deighe**

We were approached by a diplomat from the northern pony land of Tir Deighe. While isolationist, ponies have recently crossed the mountain range and conquered Cloudbury, disturbing the balance of power in the region. With their newly gained territories ponies have been forced to take a more active stance and offered alliance to us… How shall we reply?

Button A: We can surely be friends.

Button B: We will not ally with savages!

Effect:

Button A: NTR forms factions “Boreal Alliance”, Vedina joins faction, NTR gets event “Vedina Accepts!”

Button B: NTR gets event “Vedina Rejects Our Offer”

**Vedina Accepts!**

We just received news from our diplomat - Vedininas have agreed, and we have formally signed an alliance treaty. Surely, together we will bring lasting peace to the entire North!

Button: Splendid

**Vedina Rejects Our Offer**

These snooty Vedinians apparently think they are better than us! Our diplomat was treated like an unwanted guest, and the monarch of Vedina has refused our offer of alliance. While it was incredibly stupid and rude of them, hopefully they will not try to wage war against us, and will just continue to recall their past, long gone glory.

Button: Pesky griffons!

**New Order in Herzland**

An unbelievable thing happened - Herzland has been conquered by… northern pony tribes! Few have heard about these peculiar equines, yet somehow they not only defeated socialists of Skynavia, conquered Cloudbury and then marched south, towards Herzland, toppling the mighty Griffon Empire. While victorious pony warriors march through Griffonia, neighbouring nations react with disbelief over these absurd events. Princess Fiana, ruler of the northern ponies had declared that the Empire shall be dissolved, and its lands integrated into her Princessdom. Griffon nobles were however let to keep their power, as long as they bow to their new sovereign.

Button (NTR): Long Live the Princess!

Button (Others): What just happened?!

**Birth of United Kingdom**

Few have expected that backward northern ponies can not only conquer their neighbouring griffon states, but also defeat the resurgent Griffon Empire and conquer the entire Herzland. Even now, the other griffon nations are baffled by what is described as a “weird and anticlimactic” fall of the mighty Empire, and some even claim, clearly some higher force favoured ponies. Northern ponies have already made numerous concessions towards griffons, and to further cement her rule, princess Fiana was crowned today in Griffenheim queen of Herzland, formally rejecting any claims towards imperial title. In this way, a United Kingdom and Princessdom of Herzland and the North, also called simply the United Kingdom has been born.

Button (NTR): Bright Future Awaits!

Button (Others): What just happened?!

**Kill a Bird and a Dog With One Stone**

Situation in which Grover ended was… weird, to say so. After taking Griffnheim these strange pony warriors did not assault the palace and their chieftains started long and tedious negotiations with remnants of Barkingians, still guarding the imperial palace. Ever since, envoys have been travelling to the palace, and negotiations Grover did not fully understand continued. After many weeks the commander of the Guard, while seemingly heartbroken, informed the young Emperor that ponies had sent an offer… Or rather an ultimatum - Grover will renounce his claims to the imperial throne and in return will be appointed a new ruler of the Bronzehill. Old dog begrudgingly suggested accepting this offer, as there was seemingly no hope for the arrival of any help.

And now, Grover was leaving his home, to probably never return to it. He tried to look as dignified as possible, surrounded by Barkingians wearing their gala uniforms. Procession was overseen by a group of ponies, wearing weird, tribal outfits and among them - a pink haired mare, as Grover heard, ruler of the Northerners. Princess expression could be described as… melancholic. She said a few words in a weird, unintelligible language. Blue coated pegasi standing next to her translated, in heavily accented herzlandish.

“Princess expresses her sadness that it had to end like this. She was also forced to watch her nation be plunged into chaos, being too young to rule and unable to do anything. She hopes that you will find peace and not have to endure what we had to. It is unfortunate that fate brought upon us.”

Grover left towards the station, where a train to Bronzehill waited for him, even more puzzled than before.

Button: Another story ends…

Effect: Liberate Bronzehill as vassal, with Grover as ruler, colour the nation on map on the same colour as NTR, +50 political power, +5% stability,

**Moving Our Capital**

Our country now stretches across half of the continent and the majority of princess Fiana subjects are in fact Griffons. It is becoming more and more difficult to manage such a vast and diverse nation. While Evefrost is the traditional capital of the tribes and symbol of our unity, it is simply too far north, to allow for efficient administration. Perhaps we should move our capital south - to Cloudsbury. In this way we will both have an easier time with managing the United Kingdom and show some goodwill to the griffons. Of course, whatever place we choose, will surely witness a rapid growth, as our subjects will arrive in the capital en masse…

Button A: Evefrost is our home!

Button B: To Cloudsbury!

Effect:

Button A: -100 political power, +200.000 population in Everfrost, +2 civilian factories in Everfrost,

Button B: +5% stability, -50 political power, +400.000 population in Cloudsbury, +2 civilian factories, +1 military factory in Cloudsbury