**Every event for the HOI4 OWB Submod “Law and Order”**

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**Patrolmen**

Event: Why Here?

EVENT TEXT:

The lights were off in the Patrol Chief's office. Then the door squeaked open, a hand reached in, and the lights turned on. The chief opened the door fully, took two steps inside, hesitated, turned the lights back off, and closed the door. Then he staggered over to the hideaway bed he'd forgotten to hide away that morning and flopped face-first onto the thing. After a minute or so, he summoned the energy to pull himself full onto the bed, and he sank his face into the pillow and groaned. He had a headache and he knew he wouldn't be able to sleep for a bit, but he'd still give it an effort. That effort was rather rudely interrupted when the chief felt something wet and scratchy stroking the edge of his left pinky finger. He chuckled a bit, then turned himself over in the bed. "Hey there, Sully." He reached across the bed a couple feet and turned a small overhead lamp on. Sully, the chief's old cat, meandered up the bed and sat down in front of the chief's face. "'Oh, come on, Callahan,'" the chief mimicked the cat saying, "'you can't go to bed yet, I need my food.' Heh, lil rascal." The chief sighed and waited another minute until the cat started impatiently pawing at his face. "Alright, alright. I'm awake." He sat up and paused for a moment to pet the old fart, then he stood up. He wandered back over to the office's light switch and flicked it back on again. Then he went over to the kitchenette the office came with and opened one of its cupboards. He pulled out a small can labelled "Bayou Beach Snapper" and dumped its contents into a bowl. He set it on the ground and waited. "Look, kitty, I can stand 'ere all night. You comin'?" After a moment of standing pompously on the edge of the bed, Sullivan III jumped down and strutted to his food, where he indignantly poked it a few times before eating it. The chief shook his head and sighed, then walked over to the fridge. He stopped and stared at some of the pictures taped onto its time-stained surface. The one that always caught his eye was the flashy one at eye-level. A bright mushroom cloud rising over a city. He turned back to face the cat. "I ever tell you 'bout the time this city got bombed?" He had done so many times, of course. "Well, we still ain't sure what they had 'gainst Lafayette that made 'em so eager to blow the place to kingdom come, but it only took one big'un. Seems kinda pointless, if you ask me." He turned back to the fridge and opened it, pulling the last beer from the bottom row. He inspected the label just to make sure it was the right brand, then he closed the fridge and walked back towards his bed. "They were mighty stupid back then. So much death."

OPTIONS:

1. "The city center was obliterated." (Remove 1 arms workshop from Lafayette, -1000 population in Lafayette, +10% war support)

2. "I think the suburbs got hit the hardest." (Remove 1 civilian workshop from Lafayette, -750 population in Lafayette, +10% stability)

3. "All'a Lafayette burned to the ground." (Remove 1 civilian workshop from Lafayette, remove 1 arms workshop from Lafayette, -2000 population in Lafayette, +10% war support, +10% stability, +100 political power)

Event: Life Goes On

EVENT TEXT:

Sullivan III didn't pay the Patrol Chief any attention. "Well, what's this, now?" The chief had been pacing around the office when he noticed a binder sitting on his desk he didn't recognize. "What could you be...?" He gave Sully a glance—still eating his chopped-up fish—and sat down in his creaky chair. He took a moment to pry the cap from his beer. Then he paused and stared at the cap for a moment, pondering how strange it was that they'd strap a currency atop something so simple as a bottle of beer. He put the cap down and took a sip of the beer. He coughed lightly and chuckled. "Heh. Disgusting." He shook his head and took another sip before reaching for the mysterious binder. It was a normal, white, pre-war paper binder. There was a note in the front.\n \n"Sorry it took so long for me to get you this. I know your father wanted you to have it once you took over the Patrol back in '55, but to be frank, I just forgot. Hope it's not too late for your to appreciate some old mementos. - Patrol Lead Franklin"\n\nCallahan's eyebrows went up when he read the signed name. "Hey, uh, Sully. D'you see Franklin come in earlier?" He looked just in time to see Sully give him the feline facial equivalent of the middle finger. "Guess you must've been asleep," the chief muttered. He turned the binder over. There was nothing special about the back. He took another sip of his delightfully rancid beer and opened the binder to its first page. There was a sealed envelope labelled "Adam." The chief recognized it as his father's handwriting. "Man, I'm too tired for this." He pulled the letter from its sleeve and put it in the desk's top right-hand drawer. "I'll get back to you, dad. Gimme a bit." He flipped the binder to the next sleeve and saw some pictures he recognized. Photographs of the first settlers picking through the rubble of downtown Lafayette nearly 50 years after the bombs dropped were a sight any citizen of the good city would recognize, and the chief could've sworn he'd seen these specific pictures somewhere when he was younger. "Those men knew how to take something bad and make it better," the chief told himself. "Wish I knew how they did it." Sullivan made a clinking noise, and the chief looked over. There was still fish in the bowl. Must've been the big guy's collar bumping against the bowl. "Y'know what those fine folks did, Sully?" He smiled, and the cat looked up for a moment. "They were smarter than I am." The cat sneezed and returned to its food.

OPTIONS:

1. "They built back what they remembered." (Add 2 infrastructure to all owned states, add 4 building slots to Lafayette)

2. "They started fresh and went into farming." (Add 2 infrastructure, 1 civilian workshop, and 2 building slots to Moss Bluff)

3. "They turned preserves into logging zones." (Add 2 infrastructure, 1 arms workshop, and 2 building slots to Moss Bluff)

Event: It Had to Happen Eventually

EVENT TEXT:

The chief spent the next few minutes flipping through the clear sleeves and looseleaf papers that made up the contents of the binder. There was a lot to go through, and he hadn't expected to get so caught up in it. The first few sleeves were filled with a handful of other pictures from the earlier post-war history of Lafayette. Some of them seemed happily familiar, and one picture of some settlers shaking hands with a small group of ghoulish traders struck the chief as having been on proud display in his father's office. The next few pages were transcripts from various meetings regarding the formation of the Patrolmen peacekeeper organization. The chief smiled when he saw one he recognized, and he stood up. Sullivan had finished his fish and was staring into the bowl, clearly unable to understand that there was no more food inside it. "Hey, Sully, I think you're done there." The cat looked up at the chief, gave a sour look, and wandered back over to the hideaway bed. His majesty jumped up and immediately flopped sideways, fat and happy. The chief wandered to the other side of the room and opened a cabinet, pulling out a small box of old cassettes. He fingered through their spines until he found one with the right label, and he pushed it into the cassette player on top of the cabinet. He hesitated on pressing the play button when he noticed how much dust had built onto the player's surface, but he shrugged and gave it a gentle push anyways. Then he walked back to his desk and took a seat, pulling the transcript up in front of himself while the cassette played across the room.\n"Well, we've gotta do somethin' about it! I mean, have you heard some'a the stories outa Texas? Cannibals! Like, the typa people that eat other people! We just gonna sit 'ere and do nothin' about it?"\n"It's not our fight! This is only the first time we've had a run-in with bandits since we rebuilt this city, and—I mean, come on. Texas is a big place with its own problems. You want us to go try and conquer the entire region just to slaughter some people doin' disgusting things?"\n"Nah, but we've gotta stand up for ourselves! Somehow. I dunno, maybe..."\n"How 'bout this. We've never needed cops, but a handful of sheriffs and deputies to patrol outside the city's limits couldn't hurt. Why don't you start some sorta patrol group to do that, like a town watch?"\nThe chief smiled as the recording played out. The Lafayette Patrolmen had always been a casual people's response to a deadly serious issue. He thought briefly about the raid on Lafayette that inspired that all-important meeting, and of how the average citizen went out of their ways to take up ancient arms to defend their homes without anyone having to tell them to do so. Sullivan meowed grumpily from the bed, pulling the chief away from his thoughts.

OPTIONS:

1. "Our folks were never in real danger." (-25 manpower, add 250 common infantry equipment to stockpiles, add national spirit: "Louisiana's Rest Stop" (+15% monthly population growth, +10% division defense on core territory, +10% division attack on core territory))

2. "It was a closer fight than we'd like to admit." (-250 manpower, add 100 common infantry equipment to stockpiles, add national spirit: "Hard-Won History" (+10% construction speed, +5% factory output, +10% division defense on core territory))

3. "My great grand-daddy saved this city." (-500 manpower, add national spirit: "The Legendary Lawman" (+10% division organization, +5% division breakthrough, +15% experienced soldier losses))

Event: Noble Beginnings

EVENT TEXT:

The chief sat back and kept listening to the cassette tape recording of the fateful Lafayette City Hall meeting that formed the organization his family would grow to head. When it finally ended and the cassette clicked out of its spot, the chief closed his eyes and let out a deep exhale. "Y'know, Sully. I wish you'd understand what a pickle I'm in. It'd sure help knowin' you'd know." He opened his eyes again and sat up straight. He glanced over to his bed to see Sullivan III hadn't even bothered to look the chief's way. "Alright, keep to yourself, then." The chief grinned a bit. Then he remembered the envelope in his desk's drawer and his grin fell away. He waited for a moment, glanced around himself for no reason in particular, and pulled the drawer open. He gingerly removed the letter and opened it with as much care as he'd given his revolver that morning during its weekly inspection and cleaning. There was a small, firm card inside. He pulled it out and saw it was a generic pre-war birthday card. "A toast to you, on an excellent birthday!" read the front. It was joined by a truly ridiculous edit of a picture of a piece of toast with eyes and a smile. Callahan laughed a little, starting to get a little sad. He flipped the card over; nothing special on the back aside from miscellaneous copyright and trademark information from the card's publisher. He opened it and immediately broke back into a smile. "Since you're not quite making bread just yet, here's a little dough to get you started!" An old American two dollar bill slid out of the card. Callahan's grandad always used to make jokes about those bills and how pointless they were, not that anyone cared. The chief set the bill aside and read the brief message inscribed under the cheesy built-in text.\n"Happy Birthday, Adam! If you're seeing this, I probably didn't make it out of that last op, and Franklin's probably the one that handed you this card. Bit of bad luck, that, but hopefully my death bought the patrol some much-needed time. There's some issues with bribes and stuff that've been going on, and you'll need every bit of time you can get to sort all that out. Still, I've recommended you to take over the Patrol, and I've got no doubts that you'll do an excellent job. You know your mom and I always loved you, and we believe in you. Make me proud, son. - Dad"\nThe chief felt tears starting to form at his eyes. He carefully put the card back in its envelope and put that back in the binder. He closed the binder, stood up, and picked up the two dollar bill. He stopped to think for a moment, then he walked over to the coat rack by the door. He picked his blue Patrol Chief's hat from the rack and tucked the bill inside its inner ridge, just out of view. He put the hat back in its place, then he walked over to his bed, grabbing his beer on the way. Then he laid down next to Sullivan and spent the next half an hour stroking, and the cat purred appreciatively the entire time.

OPTIONS:

1. "We're trying our best." (Add national spirit: "Mild Patrolmen Corruption" (+5% consumer goods factories, -10% trade node income, -5% war support, +10% stability), +10.00% people support)

2. "I'm trying my best." (Add national spirit: "Widespread Patrolmen Corruption" (+7.5% consumer goods factories, -15% trade node income, -10% war support, -5% stability, +15 passive caps income), +5.00% people support)

3. "Dad would be sad." (Add national spirit: "The Death of the Gold and Blue" (+10% consumer goods factories, -20% trade node income, -15% war support, -15% stability, +15% division attack, +10% division defense, -10% division org), +10.00% ruler support)

Event: Cap'n Crinkle's Big Defeat

EVENT TEXT:

"Alrighty, well, thank y'all again for comin' out tonight, and let's have a good time. S'mores ingredients are over by the grill somewhere off yonder, we got plenty'a firewood by the fence ova'there, and you've just gotta find y'all's leads to know which fire's yours. Enjoy!" The crowd of blue hats gave a brief applause before dispersing. Most of the boys split up and found their patrol leads by the fires spread around the Lafayette City Memorial Park, a few wandered aimlessly chatting with friends from other patrols, and a small cluster gathered by the grill to pick up their crackers and marshmallows. Callahan wandered over and pulled up a lawn chair alongside the campfire of 5th Patrol, Grenham's Guardians.\n"Heya, chief! You gonna join your old boys for a few stories?"\nCallahan flashed a smile at patrol lead Grenham. "Yeah, it's been a while since I've checked up on the fifth. Figured it'd be a nice way to see some of y'all again by hearin' the stories y'all've got to tell." He did a quick sweep around the campfire and gave a polite tip of the hat to any of the older lawmen he used to lead on patrols personally back when he'd been in charge of the 5th Patrol, Callahan's Clankers. "Who we waitin' on?"\n"That'd be me," a new patrol boy chimed up. His arms were full of various bags and ingredients, and he distributed the s'mores materials with as much haste as he could manage. Callahan passed on the offer but thanked the boy for his kindness.\n"Alright, maybe I'll start us off." Grenham leaned forward and waited for any objections. None came, and the chief closed his eyes to listen. "Well, this one's gonna be short, just 'cause I wasn't there for most of the fight, but y'all remember one certain Cap'n Crinkle?" A light round of laughs and nods went around the campfire. "Well, for the newbies with us, he's one'a them Texan muties. Came down from out west a good few years before that Attis guy showed up, and he put together a crew'a pirates. Just back in '63, he made a raid on the Cannery down south. Guess he just wanted some fish or somethin'." Light chuckles. "Well, the fifth got called down to help hold 'em off while the rest'a the patrol figgered somethin' else out, but we teamed up with the Cannery's guns and sent 'em packin'. The big chief led us in, and he got the daylights knocked out of 'em by an unlucky club to the 'ead just a minute into the battle, but the rest of us got 'em outa there and sent the muties packin'. Reagan—who here remembers Reagan?" A few folks raised their hands. "Reagan snuck away in the bastard's hold and blew up a big chunk'a dynamite before swimmin' back to shore. We don't think the bastards sunk, but we haven't seen 'em since, and we doubt we'll see 'em again." Grenham leaned back while he received a polite amount of applause from the rest of his squad. Someone's marshmellow fell off its stick and into the fire, earning a round of "ooh"s from the rest of the patrol.

OPTIONS:

1. "Everyone knows how that one went down." (+100 political power)

2. "But it wouldn't hurt to look into it more." (1x 50% Research bonus for Land Doctrine)

Event: Down the Mississippi

EVENT TEXT:

Chief Callahan noticed the sun was no longer in the sky, and the fires were starting to be the main source of light in the park. Grenham looked around the campfire. "So, uh, who's next? Don't make me call on y'all."\nAfter a dozen seconds of hesitant silence and awkward glances, one of the older members of the patrol spoke up. "Alright, lemme show you young'uns how it's done. How many'a y'all remember the battle of Alexandria back in '43?" Three of the older members raised their hands, including Grenham.\nThe chief opened his eyes and sat up for a moment. "I heard the old chief's stories 'bout that battle. But I don't think I ever heard a perspective from on the ground. You were there?"\n"Aye, I was. Here's how it went." Callahan nodded and leaned back again, though he kept his eyes open and stared at the emerging stars. "Back in '43, there was a guy named Kruger who joined the patrol. Came over from Texas and claimed to have been a part of the Texan Rangers, back when they were a thing. He was a good marksman and he seemed to want to settle down, so the old chief let 'em in. Turns out he wasn't only not from Texas, he had a contract with that old bandit leader Reanolds Claw up in Alexandria. Well, I'm sure you know the history so I'll skip the details, but this Kruger fella had been the one organizin' kidnappins in broad daylight in Lafayette, and when his cover got blown—by yours truly, of course—he shot two of our nicest guys dead on the spot and headed back on up to Alexandria. We mustered the patrol and followed 'em there. Fightin' in the swamp wasn't easy, and depite most of the Gator Gang bein' away on 'business,' the few guardin' the town put up a good fight. Casualties were three and one favorin' the bandits." He paused briefly to catch his breath and took a bite out of a s'more someone had handed him. "Well, 'ere's how they fought that took us with our collective pants down. Buggers would find a muddy spot next to a buildin' they knew'd be searched soon, then they'd cover 'emselves in mud and lay down. When any'a our patrols walked up, they'd sit up and blast 'em then and there. Lost the entirety of the 7th Patrol to that stupid trick before we learned. But once the old chief got wind of the plan, he got news out to the boys fast enough, and we lit up any mud pile lookin' bigger than a folded bodybag." He paused again, and a cloud rolled over one of the stars Callahan had been watching. "Well, in the end we found the folks they'd kidnapped. Most were still alive, but a few'd been shipped off to who knows where by that point. Rumor's still around they ended up in cannibal lands, but we don't know for sure." He ended on the solemn note.\nGrenham leaned forward and piped up with a smile. "But hoo boy, did we get a lotta loot outa that raid before the bandits showed up again!" That seemed to reset the mood, and some people got up to go get more marshmallows.

OPTIONS:

1. "We sure showed them swamp things!" (+25 army xp, +25 navy xp)

2. "Y'know how many boats we liberated?" (Add 50 convoys to stockpile)

Event: The Battle O' Libercity

EVENT TEXT:

Patrol lead Grenham's eyes narrowed as he glanced around the crackling campfire. After a minute or so he locked eyes with Lead Sheriff George, arguably the oldest man in the 5th Patrol. George met the man's stare, smiled, and laughed. "Ha, alright, alright. You've been askin' long enough. I suppose you want the Battle O' Libercity?"\nGrenham shrugged innocently. "No idea what you're talkin' about, Georgey, but if that's the story you're gonna tell... Well, don't let me stop you."\n"Hmph." Callahan continued staring up at the stars. It was completely dark out, and he had a bit of trouble seeing the more distant twinkles through his shades, but that didn't particularly bother him. "Alright, we'll start at the beginnin'. Y'all know how Texas used to be a much nastier place that it is now, right? Cannibal culture ran rampant over there for about a century, startin' up about the time our ancestors finally resettled the heart'a Lafayette. Well, since Attis's muties and the Brotherhood chasin' them showed up, the cannibals just can't seem to catch a break. They're still around in a few places down south, but that's only 'cause we showed 'em how the lay'a the land was back at Libercity. Spring of '39 and I was a newbie on the force. This was back in the days of the 9th Patrolmen, before the Orleans Affair brought on the 10th that our new chief's headin' these days." He paused and gestured towards Callahan, who stopped watching the stars just long enough to lift his head and give a casual salute. "Anywho, y'all've heard just how incompetent the Rockets runnin' Houston and it's neighbor cities are. I ain't gonna dispute that record. But credit where credit's due, there's some good folks livin' over there, and that made 'em a prime target for a cannibal rebellion. See, with the Brotherhood slowly pushin' the cannibals back in north Texas and with the muties too busy mutatin' and slaughterin' any humans they found in the south, there wasn't much room left for the cannibals to go raidin' in. We got a message sent by short-range radio of all things, and this Callahan's grandaddy led us on over to help them folks out. To be honest, there ain't much of a story to tell. We showed up on the outskirts'a town, surrounded the place in secret, then the old chief went in alone to talk to 'em. He told 'em we'd got 'em all surrounded and they could piss off or fight, and they chose the latter. Pretty sure the chief expected to get shot then and there, but the cannibals let 'em return to our lines regardless. Maybe they thought 'e was bluffin'. Anywho, all I did in that fight was clear a two-story 'otel, and there was only one cannibal smokin' in the lobby who surrendered when we caught 'em. We rounded up the survivors of the cannibals and the townsfolk, asked 'em all who'd been seen eatin' people and who'd just been along for the ride, we strung up any of 'em who'd been seen chompin' on some poor man's liver, and the rest we disarmed, branded, and let go. Then we returned home; didn't even ask for payment. It was a good time for all."\nGrenham started the applause and smiled wide. "Well, we sure showed 'em even back then! And what lesson'd we learn and teach?"

OPTIONS:

1. "Keep yer cannibal filth to Texas!" (Add national spirit: "The Civility of Lafayette" (+5% defense on core territory, +10% production efficiency growth, -5% population nomadicity), +10.00% ruler support)

2. "We did our part in that bigger fight." (Add national spirit: "Part of Something Bigger" (+5% division organization, +5% production efficiency cap, +5% recruitable population factor), +10.00% people support)

Event: Orleans' Big Stink

EVENT TEXT:

Finally, Grenham leaned back and whistled. "Well, wouldya look at the time." Chief Callahan looked at his family's watch and whistled himself when he saw it was just past 3am. He started to stand up, but Grenham caught his eye with a sarcastic wave. "Hey, chief, maybe you've got a story to tell? Y'know, to help some of the new boys settle in."\n"I was afraid you'd try askin' that." He smiled and sat back down. "Alright, I'll tell the only one worth tellin', and I'll let y'all make yer own judgements on who I am after the tale. Who here's heard how my old man met his maker?" Unlike so many other casual remarks made throughout the night, the chief's comment was only met with solemn silence. "Alright, I'll take that as mild approval. 'Bout two decades back my old man got word that some bandits outa New Orleans had been responsible for a particularly nasty bit'a battle over in the Bluff, and he decided we'd need to take 'em out where they came from. I was only twenty years of age, but I was leadin' the 5th Patrol back then, and we'd been given vanguard duty. 'Parently some mobsters over in Orleans caught wind of our plans—probly through a mole or somethin', though we never did figger out how—but they made a nice ambush for us. Whole gun line in the bushes on the outskirts'a town and everythin'. They lit us up and we lost a third'a the 5th then and there. Nasty business." Callahan looked around. A few of the old timers were nodding their heads sadly. The newer members were giving their full attention. "Well, there was just enough of a mound for us to hide behind, and we held out 'till help came. The old Chief Callahan and the 1st Patrol rode up behind the mobsters on some'a them silent bikes we got for special business, and we ambushed the ambushers. But, uh..." The chief paused and adjusted his shades. "Well, it wasn't a flawless victory. We went over the bodies and found between the ambushers and a few other battles close by with similar results that we'd killed just 'bout everyone we'd come for without even settin' foot in Orleans itself. Maybe the mobsters knew to throw away some'a the men we wanted most just to keep us from bein' a real threat; I've thought about that quite a bit. But my old man got shot in the stomach durin' the rescue, and he bled out waitin' on his wife to come by with the stimpaks. But he didn't know she's already been killed in another ambush 'bout an hour before his battle happened." Callahan paused and sniffed. The rest of the 5th respectfully held their silence. "Well, I was by his side when he went on to the Lord's land. He told me to take good care'a my mom, and 'e told me to make 'em proud. Told me I'd save our good city someday." Callahan laughed a little and looked back towards the sky. "Blubberin' fool that I was, I kept tellin' him he'd be alright 'till the second he passed. Didn't even realize how much energy it must'a cost 'em to say 'I love you' at the very end." The boys nodded, and when the chief leaned back in his chair again, they all gave a respectable round of applause. The chief looked up and noticed some other eavesdroppers wandering away who must've been listening. "Serves 'em right," the chief muttered to himself.

OPTIONS:

1. "Keep your mobsters in Orleans!" (+100 manpower, +10% war support, +10% people popularity)

2. "And we'll keep away ourselves." (+100 manpower, +10% stability, +10% ruler popularity)

Event: The Honest Truth

EVENT TEXT:

"Thank y'all for comin' in, gentlemen. Have a seat." The chief motioned towards the long desk that dominated the majority of the space in the James Callahan Lafayette Patrolmen Conference Room. "I'm guessin' y'all have had suspicions 'bout why I called y'all in for such a formal meetin'." The dozen patrol lead members took their seats. All but Old Man Franklin reached for one of the glazed donuts in a bowl that got casually passed around the table.\n"What, we gettin' a raise?" one of the newer members joked. Most of the men at the table laughed.\n"Well, uh, not exactly. Kinda the opposite, really." That got their attention. "See, I've been hearin' some troublin' rumors from y'all's subordinates, and a few do-gooders among the newbies to the Patrol asked me to check some things out." Callahan pulled up his chair at the head of the conference table and sat down. "Donut?" The tension loosened slightly as one of the patrol leads slid the nearly-empty plastic bowl across the table. Callahan reached in and plucked the slightly-less-shriveled of the two remaining donuts from its basin. "Franklin, not hungry?" The old man at the other end of the table shook his head and raised his right hand apologetically. "Well, more for me." He took a moment to chew and noted the donuts that morning were just a little too sugary for his tastes. That'd have to get fixed. So much to fix...\n"Well, uh, chief..." One of the more veteran of the leads—a middle-aged guy about the chief's age named Rockwell—leaned over the table and spoke with his mouth half full. "What's this all about? We—mmm—we've been meeting our quotas, the boys are happy, and we've been making more money than ever before. What's the issue?"\nCallahan's brow raised, and he lowered his sunglasses for dramatic effect. It was chief's policy to wear the uniform's shades at all times, after all, so even a brief sighting of the chief's emerald eyes was to be taken as either a great compliment or a source of great concern. The chief intended the latter. "That's part'a the problem. See, we've always gotten our fundin' from the good people of this good city, but I've been gettin' reports y'all have been takin' more than we've really needed. All we need's enough caps for food and guns, seein' as how we've got no issues with water an'the patrol barrack's enough sleepin' space for the whole patrol." The chief glanced back and forth, noting which leads had looks bordering on guilt and which ones kept the pokerface. They'd all been doing it, he knew—even old Franklin. "But that's just the start of it, and I've let it all go on too long. Figured it's about time I set some people to fixin' some problems. As for one of our bigger issues..."

OPTIONS:

1. "Our guns are gettin' old and we need more." (-10 political power, 1x 75% Research bonus for Infantry Equipment)

2. "Our fightin' ain't what it used to be." (-50 political power, 2x 50% Research bonus for Land Doctrine)

Event: Tavern Talks

EVENT TEXT:

Callahan pushed through the rotating glass door of the Particle Row main street bar and took a look around. A few patrolmen in the left corner of the room looked up and waved to him; he did a casual two-fingered salute back. The rest of the bar was empty, save for a few lone patrons drinking their sorrows away at scattered empty tables. The lights were turned a cozy low, and the chief admittedly had a slight bit of difficulty making out some of the more haggard faces from beneath the shades that tradition demanded he keep mounted astride his face at all times. "Hey, Johnny!"n\"Howdy, chief!" The bartender waved back as Callahan walked up to the wooden bar that spanned the length of the back wall. The chief took a seat, gave the bartender a sideways glance, and the bartender nodded. He pulled one of the many glasses from the wall shelves behind the bar and rapidly filled it to the brim with a tap beer brought in from New Orleans. "Long day?"\nCallahan chuckled and shook his head. "You've got no idea." He took a long sip. "First I get the boys together to talk about some 'bribe' crap that's been goin' on behind my back..." He took another long sip. "Then I get told to my face that most o'the problems I've just gone and cited for 'em all are just apart a'the job and most a'the boys just agreed with 'em."\nJohnny looked up from the glasses he'd been dusting off and gave the chief a knowing smile. "Can't say I'm much surprised, boss."\nCallahan looked over. "Now wotchu mean by that?\nJohnny laughed. "Well, what I mean by that's gotta do with the monthly fees I've been payin' your boys just to keep the place clean." He nodded towards the small crew of Patrolmen newbies drinking in the far corner of the bar. "See those boys? They're here to keep the peace and I pay 'em in beer and caps. Problem is, sometimes they're the ones who need the peace kept from. See what I'm gettin' at?"\n"Jeez, that ain't right." The chief took another long sip. "How long's it been like this?"\n"They've been chargin' about as much as the beer costs for a year or so now, but off and on crews like 'em have been goin' 'round makin' similar bargains since your daddy's day."\nCallahan gave the boys at the other end of the bar a long look. Eventually they awkwardly waved, and the chief awkwardly waved back. "Look, I'm gonna get to the bottom of all this. Somethin's gotta change. We're here to protect y'all by patrollin', not by loungin' about drinkin' y'all's beer. Gimme some time and I'll see what I can do."\n"'Preciate it, chief." Callahan finished his drink, plopped a trio of bottle caps on the bar, and left the building the same way he'd come in.

OPTIONS:

1. "I know the boys'll disagree with my conclusion, but..." (-10 political power, +5% stability, +10.00% ruler support)

2. "Well, it just feels like the right thing to do." (-100 political power, +5% stability, +10.00% people support, +100 command power)

Event: The Dealer's Best

EVENT TEXT:

A little bell positioned above the store's entrance jingled when the chief entered. An absent-minded voice spoke out from behind a large counter two dozen feet into the store. "Hey there, welcome to Dynamite Danny's, what can I get for you...?" The chief looked around at the various locked containers and sealed crates that littered the floor of the shop. Some had various Spanish markings that indicated probable origin from the Caribbean or Mexican dealers Danny was connected with, but the vast majority of his stock had always been and would likely always remain direct imports from the Texan industrial powers and the illicit gunsmiths of New Orleans. "I said, what can I get you for?" Danny finally popped his head up above the counter, making a show of holding a vintage revolver up.\n"Well, I ain't a common thief, if that's what you were expecting." Callahan flashed Danny a quick smile, and the arms dealer eased up.\n"Well, well, well, if it ain't the chief. Been a minute since I've seen you 'round these parts'a town. What, your daddy's pistol jam again?"\nCallahan chuckled. "Nah, but I've got a lotta stuff that is jammed beyond repair. Seems the boys just never bothered tellin' me 'bout it and now I'm sittin' 'ere holdin' the bag." The chief walked up to the counter while Danny set his antique revolver and cleaning tools to the side. "I've got a bit of a proposition for ya, Danny. Been hearin' a lotta crap from some of my boys."\nDanny lowered his eyebrows. "Nothin' too bad about me, I hope."\n"Nah, you're in the clear. It's the boys I've been gettin' worried about. Quick question. How much they been chargin' you for protection over the last couple years?"\nDanny's face scrunched up a little and he did some mental math. "I... I can't say for sure. Changes each year. I remember it was just the twenty cap fee everyone pays back in your father's day, but these days I'm doin' a hundred a month. Tried turnin' 'em away once and a shipment went missin' without a trace. Figured I'd better pay up after that one."\nThe chief whistled a note of surprise. "Well, lookie here. I've gotta replace some of our crap gear that nobody's told me was crap 'till just recently. If you can exchange our broken stuff for some newer stuff, I'll make sure the boys don't give you any trouble for the next couple years, and it'll be back to the 20 cap fee after that." He extended his hand across the counter for Danny to shake. The dealer looked at it skeptically. "Look, I'm mighty sorry I let things get this bad. Honest truth, I didn't know. I'm tryin' my best and I'm makin' offers like these all over town."\nDanny waited for another moment, then grunted and shook the chief's hand. "Well, I'd better know what you're lookin' to do so I can get you wotchu need." The chief lowered his shades and grinned.

OPTIONS:

1. "We've gotta be ready to go adventurin'." (Add 300 basic demolitions equipment to stockpiles)

2. "Come on, we'll protect our homes." (Add 300 basic fireteam equipment to stockpiles)

Event: An Awkward Meetup

EVENT TEXT:

Callahan could see the pair of shadows standing outside his office door through the frosted glass window. They moved around a bit, making wild hand motions. Multiple times they got close to the door, then backed away again. He was patient; he could wait. After about ten minutes of this back and forth game only one of the three players knew they were playing, one of them finally grew a pair and knocked. "Hey, uh, chief? You in?"\n"Yup! Come on in, boys." The door opened slowly and a pair of young men walked in. "Take a seat, if you please." A pair of chairs had been set out in front of the chief's desk, and the two sat down. The tall patrolman with the bright orange puff of facial hair took the chair on the chief's left, and the shorter patrolman with the acne-ridden face took the chair on the chief's right.\n"You, uh... You wanted to speak with us, sir?"\n"Yes indeedy. See, I've been doin' some homework on a lotta the day-to-day boys who've been entrusted with some'a the more basic tasks regardin' the runnin' of this 'ere city. Both'a you are on that list, as I'm sure ya know. 'Course, there's plenty'a boys like you throughout Lafayette, but I needed to narrow things down a bit. So I got one of the boys to turn PI for me for a week or two, and he dug some stuff up. That stuff might concern the pair of ya specifically." The chief looked back and forth at the increasingly-sweating pair before continuing with a closed smile. "Well, one'a the issues this patrol's been facin' lately comes down to a lack'a public trust. And that one really comes down to the boys askin' for more money than our patrollin' needs. Now, Tim, I been hearin' some stuff 'bout how you convinced the boys over at Delano's by the Bluff that his humble restaurant warranted a fee of upwards of a few hundred a month just for protection from the same bandits that other restaurants in Lafayette pay the standard twenty a month for. Now, why is that?"\n"Well, I—"\nThe chief raised his hand and cut Tim off. "Question was rhetorical; no need to answer. What's important is it ain't right and I'm sick of it." The chief turned to Kim, who was still waiting for his turn to be cowed. "I'll keep this brief, since I know the both of you's probably already paid in guilt enough over this, since I think the both of y'all are still good, decent men beneath all the dirt. Did you, Kim LeSeur, shoot a surrenderin' bandit in the head and bury 'em in secret back in '72?" Kim remained silent, but his head dipped and he started shuddering. "That's about what I thought." The chief stood up and pressed his palms firmly down on the desk. Neither of the sitting patrolmen raised their eyes to meet his shade-obscured glare.

OPTIONS:

1. "Look, just... Keep quiet, yeah?" (+5% stability, +10.00% ruler support, add national spirit "Boys Come First" (+5% recruitable population factor, +2 weekly manpower, -10% division training time, -0.10 daily political power))

2. "Tim, for yer own sake, please leave." (-5% stability, -1 manpower, +5.00% ruler support, add national spirit: "Overlooked Aggressiveness" (+5% division attack, +5% division breakthrough, -5% division defense, -5% division org))

3. "Kim, you don't deserve that badge." (-5% stability, -1 manpower, +5.00% people support, add national spirit: "Overlooked "Bribery"" (+10 passive caps income, +10% resource gain efficiency, -10% production efficiency cap))

4. "Both of you get the heck outa my office." (-15% stability, -2 manpower, +10.00% people support, "Callahan's Stand" (+5% research speed, +10% division organization))

Event: Jim's Ash

EVENT TEXT:

The chief was sitting at his desk filling out paperwork relating to a series of annual purchases from Dynamite Danny's Weapons Shop when he heard a commotion outside his office. There were angry shouts, a thud or so, and then a quick knock at his office door. The shouts continued while he shouted "Come on in!" He'd gotten totally off-track and lost his train of math with the papers he was filling out, so he pushed them to the side and told himself he'd fix the issue later.\nThe door opened and two men staggered in, dragging a third man by both arms. Callahan recognized the third man as Deputy Jim Lopez, older brother of the Lopez Twins that had been rapidly rising in popularity among the Patrolmen. The 27-year-old deputy—who had evidently been handcuffed and slightly beaten up—got slammed down in the seat opposite the chief's desk and held there by the two other men, who were both sheriffs in the 6th Patrol group that Jim was a part of. "I keep tellin' you guys I didn't do anything wrong! Lemme go!" Jim kept shouting and struggling against the elder sheriffs, not that that did anything.\n"Alright, Sheriff Slink, y'mind explainin' what's goin' on 'ere?"\nThe sheriff on the left gave Jim an extra squeeze on the shoulder. "So we're out patrollin' around the Efrafa Bar a couple days back, right? Jim 'ere decided to go gamblin' with a few folks in his down time, myself included. There was a Brotherhood Paladin there too. Like, not the Dallas type. The Alamo type. Real armor and everythin'. This paladin buys in with a hefty bet, and he gets his cards. He immediately got a two pair'a aces and threes after Jim kept raisin' on his pair'a kings." He gave Jim another squeeze. "Jim immediately draws his gun, points it at the paladin's head, asks if he was cheatin' the paladin looked freaked out and said no, and Jim shot 'em dead right then and there. We've been walkin' for the last day and a half to get 'em here."\nCallahan's mouth dried up. "This true?" He faced the other sheriff, who nodded gravely.\n"I'm tellin' ya," Jim shouted again, "that tin can bastard was cheatin'! There's no way he coulda had two aces; I saw Leon's hand! He only got what he 'ad comin' to 'em!"\nThe chief looked carefully at Jim. "Jim, did you shoot and kill a member'a the Brotherhood'a Steel over a game of poker?" He waited for a few seconds. "And wasn't it just last year you got a red warnin' for killin' a bandit who'd already put his hands up?"\nJim looked indignant. "For the last time, I'm tellin' you he was cheatin'! We're supposed to keep to the law; ain't there gotta be justice if someone cheats?"\nCarefully, Callahan pulled his desk drawer open. He pulled a jet black pistol with a silencer out of the drawer and pointed it up at the deputy, who suddenly froze and stared right down the pistol's muzzled barrel.

OPTIONS:

1. "Leave your badge at the door and get out." (-1 manpower, +10% stability, +10% people popularity)

2. "Too far, Jim. You know what I gotta do." (-2 manpower, -10% stability, +10% ruler popularity)

Event: Life in the Buffer

EVENT TEXT:

Callahan stood outside the Bar on Particle Row and stared at its windows. Foreign flags draped down on both sides of the main entrance, and stange folks frequented the bar now. He shook his head and sighed while he walked away. The flags were posted in pretty much every storefront all the way down Particle Row and onto Marquis Lane. The chief took a turn and wandered onto the open greens of Lafayette City Memorial Park. He saw patrol lead Franklin on a bench, and the chief wandered over to him. "Heya, chief."\n"Howdy, Franklin. Can I have a seat?"\n"I don't see anybody there."\n"Cheers." The chief sat down and grunted. "Gonna take some gettin' used to, seein' all those flags around that ain't the 10th Patrolmen flag."\n"Yeah."\n"D'ya wanna know a secret?"\nFranklin gave the chief a sidelong glance and a smile. "It probably ain't a secret from me, given how old I am. But hit me."\n"Thing about the 10th Patrolmen flag. There were a couple'a times when Dad could've declared the 11th Patrolmen during his time, what with all the crises he dealt with. But he had a thing for maps, and he thought the 10th Patrolmen specifically was good."\n"I'll confess I haven't heard this one," Franklin muttered thoughtfully.\n"Well, if ya look on some old maps 'round Lafayette, you'd see we're up next to a highway. The ol' I-10, if you'd believe it. Back in pre-war days, the state patrol our uniforms are based on would use that highway quite often. Dad always figured it'd be a nice bit'a symbolism. Keep the 10th 'cause we'd been through nine big issues so far, but also because Lafayette's right next to the ol' I-10."\nFranklin gave the chief a low chuckle. "Now that is interesting. And I will say I'd wondered why the defeat at Alexandria never convinced the old chief to go up to the 11th. That's interesting." The two sat in silence for another minute. "I know you still have the flag up in your office, but I'm gonna miss seein' it around town. 'Specially now that I know that little bit'a history." The chief gave a sad smile and kept looking out at the park.

OPTIONS:

1. "Could be worse." (Add national spirit: "Louisiana's Deputies" (+10% lawkeeper attack, +10% lawkeeper defense, +10% stability, -10% war support))

2. "We'll get our own back someday." (Add national spirit: "Louisiana's Lament" (+5% lawkeeper attack, +5% lawkeeper defense, -15% stability, +5% war support, +2 daily autonomy gain))

Event: The Mayor's Visit

EVENT TEXT:

Callahan noticed mayor Keats had been surrounded by a crowd of patrol folks at the other side of the bar, but he never approached. Some of the other members of the Patrol looked like they were having a grand old time talking to the purple-suited mutant, but the chief didn't really feel the need to stop by. "Looks like Francis is enjoying the company."\n"Yeah. Heard Austin's got some real interesting technology. Typa stuff to rival the Brotherhood. Makes sense he'd be interested." Patrol lead Grenham took a sip of his cup of coffee. "Dunno why the mayor'd want to come out here this early."\n"True, he coulda waited until the sun broke through the clouds before headin' out for the press tour."\nGrenham chuckled. "Still, s'pose it's nice of 'em to come out. There's still a bit'a bad blood between us and Texas, and having one of their old leaders stop by for a field trip was a nice idea." He paused and Callahan sipped at his own coffee. "Chief, d'ya suppose we'll ever have mutants on the Patrol?"\nCallahan nearly spit his drink. He recovered, swallowed the mouthful, and smiled. "To tell ya the truth, I hadn't put much thought into it. Only mutants in Lafayette are Greener and Cathy, and they've never shown any interest in joinin' the Patrol."\nGrenham bounced his head back and forth a little. "On the one hand, gettin' mutants involved would obviously make our folks a lot stronger. They're handy buggers in a pinch, they make good distractions, and they can usually take a hit without immediately goin' down." He paused and sipped. "On the other hand, they'd make the rest of our boys feel a bit inferior, if y'know what I mean." \n"Yeah, I getcha."\n"Don't get me wrong, they'd be handy, but the Patrolmen organization's a local thing that means a lot to Lafayette. I dunno if folks would be happy if we started takin' on mutants, now that they're gonna be headin' our way from out in Texas."\n"Good point," Callahan conceded. He sipped at his coffee again and watched as Keats juggled barstools in the distance, much to the crowd's delight and the bartender's worry.

OPTIONS:

1. "We're doin' fine on our own." (-50 political power, Set mutant recruitment law to "No Mutants Allowed", Add national spirit: "The Next Generations" (+2.00% recruitable population, -10% recruitable population factor, +15% mobilization speed))

2. "We could use some extra muscle." (+100 political power, Set mutant recruitment law to "Recruit Super Mutants", +500 manpower, add 500 intermediate melee weaponry to stockpiles, add technology "Super Mutant Auxiliaries")

Event: Pretty New Roads

EVENT TEXT:

Callahan shifted his feet back and forth where they rested on his desk. He liked having the rigidity of his chair supporting him while he read old world fiction, but it was always hard to get the right pose so the body wouldn't feel uncomfortable after a few minutes of sitting still. He sighed. Then a knock at his office door drew him out of his thoughts. He didn't remember making any appointments. Maybe he'd forgotten? "Come on in," he said.\nA mutant in a black suit entered, carrying a rather undersized-looking briefcase in his right hand. "Well, this is a surprise." He smiled and set his book down, making sure not to lose the page he was on.\n"Patrol Chief Callahan?" The mutant asked. His voice was gruff and savage, but he spoke with perfect English. No room for mistakes; this was definitely one of Austin's mutants.\n"You're lookin' at 'em," the chief acknowledged with a quick nod of the head. "What can I do for ya?"\n"Name's Leopard," the mutant said. "Got a message for you from the mayor. Can I sit?"\n"Please do." The mutant pulled up a spare chair and cautiously sat down, clearly ready to stand up if it gave signs of buckling.\n"I won't waste your time, chief. The mayor's been floatin' ideas back and forth for a rail line from Austin to The Cannery. He says it's to help with trade, but we all know he's just a sucker for good seafood." The chief chuckled and leaned back. "If you're willing to put some of your boys to work on some old rails, we'll do most of the heavy lifting and we can get something nice up and running quickly."\nThe chief smiled. "Sounds like a good offer with no downsides. What's the catch?"\nThe mutant grinned. "The catch is Keats is a bit short on funds, and he would like to build a much larger and more permanent railroad than he can afford. If you've got spare caps lying around, though, he could fund enough mutant labor for the month to really make the line something worth using."\n"Ah, so you're a fundraiser, are ya?" The chief laughed a little, and the mutant shrugged.\n"To an extent. Up to you, though." The chief nodded, stood up, and extended his hand.

OPTIONS:

1. "Just what's necessary." (Add 1 level of infrastructure to The Cannery, Lafayette, Alexandria, Jasper, Crackett, Huntsville, Brenham, and Austin)

2. "Eh, what the heck?" (-100k caps, (Add 3 levels of infrastructure to The Cannery, Lafayette, Alexandria, Jasper, Crackett, Huntsville, Brenham, and Austin)

Event: Just a Quick Bite

EVENT TEXT:

The chief and the mayor took their seats on opposite sides of the table. They never took their suspicious eyes off each other while they ordered the same order. They both ate in silence, studying the other's body language. The mutant was the first to talk.\n"Good burger."\n"Hm."\nThey finished their meals in silence, then paid for each other's identical meal.\n"Mayor, I don't get you."\n"What do you mean?"\n"First of all, why the purple suit?"\nThe mutant shrugged. "I like purple. It is a good color."\n"Hm." Callahan sipped at his empty shake. "Why'd you decide to let the Patrolmen sign on with your plans?"\n"We do not have any other friendly forces in Louisiana. It seemed to be the easiest option."\n"Makes sense." He narrowed his eyes. "How come y'all still have such a big military if y'all claim to want to be peaceful?"\n"Would you not have an army if you were in my shoes?"\n"Fair."\n"Let me ask you something."\n"Hm."\n"Why did you agree to come out to Austin for a meal?"\n"I don't get you. Figured it'd be a better chance to try'n understand."\n"Do you understand me better?"\nThe chief chuckled. "Not in the slightest."\nKeats smiled. "I am glad to hear it." The two stood up, shook hands, and parted ways after exchanging final compliments about the Troll's Fist's burgers.

OPTIONS:

1. "Yum." (+1% stability)

2. "Mmm." (+1% war support)

Event: New Ideas 'Bout Lawkeepin'

EVENT TEXT:

Lafayette City Hall hadn't been this packed since the infamous young folk's dance of '71. Fortunately, instead of a small horde of teenagers and young adults, this time around every seat was filled with hundreds of folks bearing the full gold and blue of the Lafayette Patrolmen uniform. Unfortunately, hundreds more had to stand around outside with speakers set up to extend the chief's voice that far. And nobody had decided to check their guns at the door, since nobody else was doing it. Callahan gulped and leaned into the microphone. "Hey, y'all." A rapture of applause went up from the crowd and he wanted to shrivel away. "I, uh... I ain't good at public speakin', as some'a y'all may know, so I'm gonna keep this short." He paused and gave an awkward smile while the folks settled back into their chairs. He silently thanked God he was still wearing those shades. "Heh. Wish I could say I'm keepin' it short and sweet, but there ain't nothin' sweet about what I've gotta talk about today." He paused and pulled a little scrap of paper from his right pants pocket. He refreshed himself on the three talking points and put it back. "Right. I'm gonna start with the tough one. As y'all know, I've retired a few of our boys over the last few months. Most of 'em ain't bad boys and I won't say nothin' about their skill or courage, but we've been havin' problems with the patrols chargin' folks too much for somethin' they don't really got a choice in payin'. Just wanted to remind y'all that we're 'ere to protect folks, not to rob 'em. Don't ask for more than we need, alright?" That point was met with little more than awkward stares and downward glances. "Alright, I'll take the silence as y'all understandin'. Thanks for that. Anywho, now, onto the big problem. I've been hearin' a rumor goin' around lately. Remember that Gator raid that got by us a month or two back? Kidnapped a few of our finest citizens from under our noses." That got an angry murmur going. "Well, one of our patrols got a report the other day claimin' he saw the very folks that we lost." Silence. "Down at the Cannery." Hopeful murmurs. "Wearin' chains and bein' ordered 'round at the point of a rifle." Outrage. The city hall exploded into a cluster of shouts, and a couple of the nastiest looking lawmen fired shots into the overhead ceiling. "Oi, calm down, the lottaya! We've tried askin' the folks down at the Bayou about this, but they've sent us packin' every time we got near. So here's what we're gonna do. We're gonna go down there ourselves, every last one of us. And then we're gonna figure out what they've been doin' in that cannery of theirs." Supportive cheers. "And while we're at it, we're gonna head on back to Alexandria. That Gator Gang's been makin' fools out of us for too long." Callahan could feel the sweat rolling down every part of his skin that wasn't in direct contact with his clothes, but it was of some relief that the crowd seemed on his side. "Alright, settle down. Last point on our agenda. If we're gonna be takin' this patrol to war—and I do mean that, war—we're gonna need our outfit to be a bit better across the board. So, I'm gonna need some volunteers for a bit of a side-project. Any takers?" Every hand in the room shot skyward in unison.

OPTIONS:

1. "The lawmen have always done right by us." (+10.00% ruler popularity, Add national spirit: "The Lawman's Army" (+10% lawkeeper attack, +10% lawkeeper defense, +10% lawkeeper organization))

2. "Wouldn't hurt to get proper rides though." (+10.00% people popularity, Add national spirit: "Motorized Research Efforts" (+15% vehicle research speed, -10% production cost for vehicle technology, +5% motorized attack, +5% motorized defense, +5% motorized organization))

3. "Maybe the best of us can get special gear?" (+10.00% people popularity, Add national spirit: "The Ranger's Example" (+15% spec ops research speed, +15% power armor research speed, -10% spec ops equipment production cost, -10% power armor equipment production cost, +5% spec ops attack, +5% spec ops defense, +5% spec ops organization, +5% power armor attack, +5% power armor defense, +5% power armor organization))

Event: Through the Bloody Swamp

EVENT TEXT:

The patrol chief stepped over the makeshift barricade and looked around. Bodies littered the muddy alley, and there were a handful of bloody stains on the walls of the surrounding buildings. "Franklin?"\n"Over 'ere, chief." The old man led the chief behind a small pile of trash and rotting food. He made a motion to the other lawmen in the alley to leave, and they promptly did so. "Found 'er like this. For what it's worth, none'a the boys have piped up sayin' it was them that did it. Seems most of 'em aren't quite proud'a what we did here."\nThe chief looked down, took his sunglasses off, folded them, and slid them into his pocket. "I thought I gave 'em orders." He knelt down and placed one knee on the muddy ground.\n"That you did, chief. But you know how battle is." There was a moment of silence. "I'm sorry, Adam. I should've been there."\nCallahan ran his finger through the girl's dirty hair. "Nah, it's alright. She woulda killed every one of us herself if she got the chance." Sobek's eyes were still open, with the rest of her face in an expression of relaxed rage. Adam softly closed the girl's eyes, being careful not to touch the hole in her forehead. "It's probably for the best, anywho. If we'd caught her, most'a the boys probably woulda wanted to string 'er up. I wouldn't've been able to stop 'em." The chief stood back up. "And even if I had been able to convince everyone to bring 'er home, the only family she'd've had would've been her aunt, and she's on death's bed anywho."\n"It wasn't your fault she ran away," Franklin spoke up. "From everythin' I could gather at the time, everyone at the orphanage always treated her nasty and she was the runt of a runty litter. Had a chip on 'er shoulder, I guess." Another moment of silence. "Heh, for what it's worth, our girl from the good city'a Lafayette was just so good at what she did that even the bandits bowed before 'er. That's gotta count for somethin', right?"\nCallahan offered a sad smile while he put his shades back on. "Maybe. Maybe. But let's make sure she gets a proper burial back home where she belongs. Ain't no reason a lifetime'a bad should make us turn on one of our own. Prodigal daughter and all that."\n"Amen," Franklin finished. The pair walked out of the alley and orders were given. A week later, a funeral for a lost child would be held in the Lafayette city orphanage. It would be a nice thing, for the nice girl that should have been instead of the bandit queen that was.

OPTIONS:

1. "Look, we all know they had it comin'." (Sobek dies, +10% war support, +10.00% ruler popularity, Add 300 common infantry equipment to stockpiles, -20% resistance in Alexandria and Natchitoches)

2. "Can't y'all learn to forgive and forget?" (Sobek dies, +10% stability, +10.00% people popularity, Add 8 scrap metal and 4 water to Alexandria, +20% compliance in Alexandria and Natchitoches)

Event: Just A Big Screwup, Really

EVENT TEXT:

Callahan spat his drink clear across the table. "Well that's a bit rude, innit?" The young man sitting next to the mayor looked indignant. He gave the mayor a glance. "Look, Mr. Ship-Breaker, sir, I really don't think these idiots are worth your time."\nCallahan's eyebrows went up. "Well, given where you're sittin', I really don't think that's much up to you, Mr. Chaco. Still, my apologies for the table manners." He wiped his mouth and settled back in his chair. "Mayor Ship-Breaker, do you know why we attacked y'all?"\nThe bearded mayor gave a rough grunt. "Best we can tell, you just wanted our fish. We haven't got the slightest clue, and we did nothing wrong."\n"Well, we got reports sayin' you folks were keepin' slaves, and that some'a those slaves were our people the Gator Gang kidnapped a while back."\nThe hardened mayor and his scrawny assistant turned to stare at each other. Then they started laughing. Eventually they reminded themselves that people had died in the Lafayette-Cannery conflict and that they really shouldn't be laughing about it so soon. "Look, Mr. Callahan," the mayor spoke up, "if you're telling the truth with that claim, someone gave you bad intelligence. We wouldn't have a need for slaves even if we could get them without causing a rebellion among our own people. It's hard enough to find jobs for everyone when the only industry we really have to our name is fish. You know how they'd react if we started outsourcing cheap labor? There'd be riots in the streets and I'd be out of a job faster than you could tax a new business. I keep my job because everyone else needs a job, and my biggest job is giving jobs."\nCallahan's mouth hung open. "You tellin' the honest truth, mayor?"\n"Honest as my dead wife," Ship-Breaker said. He put his hands up in a sign of mock surrender. "Not that I ever had a wife, mind you." He chuckled. "As for folks in chains, we do have exactly two people that would fit that description. Last month another pirate attack tried to steal an entire shipload of food from right under our noses, and we caught the thieves at the last moment. Most of 'em got away, but we took these two captives. We take them outside every day to let them get some time in the sun. To be frank, we just haven't figured out what to do with them yet."\nCallahan scratched his moustache. "Well, that would explain one thing. But one more thing. We sent boys your way more than a few times to try and ask about our missin' folks.\nAnd every time they got near y'all's island they got rebuffed and sent packin'. What's the deal if you didn't even have 'em?"\nShip-Breaker almost smiled. "What, we just had a big pirate raid on us and you thought we'd be party to letting strangers on the island? Everyone in your patrol wears the same uniform and half of them look the same even up close. Can you blame us for keeping quiet to likely pirate spies?"\nCallahan stood and shook his head. "Well, this has just been the worst misunderstandin' I've seen in a long time. We'll look into y'all's story, o'course, but if it's true, I am more deeply sorry than you could understand for the whole mess. You'll understand if I don't just hand the Cannery back over to ya to save face with the boys, but I'm sure we can work somethin' out." Ship-Breaker narrowed his eyes and gave a cunning smile from under his frosty beard, and Callahan shook his hand before leaving.

OPTIONS:

1. "Well, that's a darn shame." (+100k caps, +10.00% ruler support, -20% resistance in The Cannery)

2. "Hey, let's at least help fix up the place, yeah?" (+50 political power, +10.00% people support, +20% compliance in The Cannery)

Event: Life Still Goes On

EVENT TEXT:

The lights were off in the Patrol Chief's office. Then the door squeaked open, a hand reached in, and the lights turned on. The chief opened the door a bit, slid inside, and closed it behind him. Then he slid to the ground with his back to the door. He closed his eyes and exhaled quietly. After a minute or so of labored breathing, he got himself under control and opened his eyes again. Sullivan III had jumped off the never-hidden-away hideaway and wandered over, sitting just in front of Callahan. The cat meowed indignantly.\n"Hiya there, old man." Callahan smiled and slapped himself a couple times on the cheek before standing back up. "Right, let's get you some food." He went to the shelf and grabbed a can of fish. "That's funny." The logo on the can was the same, but it sported a new set of gold and blue-painted steel revolvers underneath the normal lettering. "Wonder how much the boys paid to get that dealt with."\nSullivan walked over and rubbed up against the chief's right leg. He meowed, and then he stretched.\n"Sorry 'bout that. Got distracted." He opened the can and dumped its contents into the bowl he'd forgotten to clean after last night's meal. "There ya go, Sully. Eat up." The chief stroked the cat for a minute or so before wandering over to his desk. "Alright, let's see here..." He flipped through a handful of notes and letters that had been delivered over the last couple days since he'd left to go on patrol with the Fifth. "Letter from the orphanage—that was a nice funeral, actually..." He flipped another one over. "Huh, forgot it was my birthday a couple days back. Should've remembered that." Then he saw a letter with the twin-pistoled crest of the Texan Brotherhood stamped onto it.\n"Well, if that ain't the most curious thing." He opened it and read the note inside. He looked down at his hand afterwards and saw it was shaking. "Hey, uh, Sully..." The chief's voice wavered in his throat. "Apparently the Brotherhood's got their eyes on us. Don't suppose, you, uh..." The chief stood up and felt dizzy. "Don't suppose you'd know why they're interested in us? We're, uh... We ain't Texan. Why..." He stumbled over to his bed and laid down. His head span for another ten or so minutes, but he calmed down when Sullivan hopped up and positioned himself next to the chief's hand. He stroked the cat and things began to fall back into place, culminating in the world returning to normal. "We can't just let them take us over. Not like this."

OPTIONS:

1. "We did our best to do right by our people." (+100 political power, +10.00% people popularity, remove national spirit "Frequently Raided", unlock the "Just Another Patrol" decision category)

2. "At least the adventures paid for themselves." (+100k caps, +10.00% ruler popularity, remove national spirit "Frequently Raided", unlock the "Just Another Patrol" decision category)

Event: Preempting Dallas

EVENT TEXT (Preempting Dallas):

"So, uh, anythin' else I oughta mention?" Callahan looked around the table. Most of the other leads had already made their points clear, and there was a general shaking of heads.\n"Just one last thing," Old Man Franklin spoke up from the far end of the table.\n"Yeah, wotchu got?"\n"Just one final reminder to emphasize the fact that we're just a buncha deputies and lawmen. Like how they used to be, before they started gettin' ambitious. Don't forget."\nThe chief nodded and stood up. "Alright, wish me luck, gentlemen." He smiled and accepted the first unanimous pledge of support he'd received from his patrol leads in a long time. Then he left the conference room and headed for the garage.\n\nEight hours, one flat tire, one drive-by raider intervention, and two pit stops later, Callahan pulled his old man's jeep up in front of the Dallas City Hall. It had been the city hall for just about 300 years, with a brief, unofficial half-century break for radioactive fallout taken into account. Since the Brotherhood took over the city, the chief had heard they'd gone to great effort to restore the building as a symbol of their rule. From what the chief could tell, they'd done a pretty nice job, though the concrete facade could do with a new paint job. He parked in an open spot in the city hall's front lot and walked inside. The main entrance to the Dallas Bunker was front and center inside the lobby of the building, with other arms of the Brotherhood's bureaucracy branching out through the rest of the topside areas of the building. He wandered up to one of the power armored guards standing sentinel at either side of the bunker's steel door. "Hey, uh, hi. Name's Callahan. I'm from down in Lafayette, and I, uh, wanna have a word with Elder Rusk. D'ya know where I could find him?"\nThe armored guard took off his helmet and looked Callahan up and down. "You the patrol chief?"\n"Yup, that's me." He smiled and tried to look casual. The guard looked to his side and muttered something insulting that Callahan didn't quite catch. Then he turned and pressed a few buttons on a screen built into the wall next to the bunker's entrance. Then he turned and stood at attention for a few minutes of rather awkward silence. At length, Callahan started to get impatient. "So, uh, when's the—"\nAt that moment, the steel doors of the bunker's entrance ground open and a middle-aged man in a brown suit walked out. He looked around, spotted the chief, and walked over. "Patrol Chief Adam Callahan of the Lafayette Patrolmen?"\nThe chief rocked his head back in surprise. "That's a bit of a formal way to put it, but yeah, I'm the chief. Here to talk about some stuff I've been hearin' about."\n"Of course, of course. Right this way. I'm Elder Rusk, by the way." The pair walked into the bunker, and its steel doors slammed shut behind them.

OPTIONS:

1. "I'm sure they'll be sensible about it." (+10.00% people support, Texan Brotherhood gets event "Callahan's Offer")

2. "I've got my doubts." (+10.00% ruler support, Texan Brotherhood gets event "Callahan's Offer")

EVENT TEXT (Callahan's Offer):

The door to Rusk's office opened, and two men walked in. The first was the Elder himself, a middle-aged man in a brown suit. He took a cigar from a small metal box on the desk and lit as he sat down. He pressed a button on his desk so a small, quiet fan would activate to make sure the room didn't start to smell like smoke. The second man was the Patrol Chief, a slightly younger man than Rusk wearing a blue uniform with a gold badge. He took his wide-brimmed hat off and set it down on the tabletop while he sat down in a the chair on the other side of the desk. Rusk inhaled deeply, then blew a small ring of smoke out of his mouth. He watched it drift lazily across the desk, then chuckled with the built-in fan sucked it to the side before it reached the other side. "That one never gets old." The patrol chief smiled as well. "Alright, sorry 'bout that. What can I do for you?"\n"Well," the chief started, "I've been hearin' some rumors 'bout the politics up 'ere in Dallas. Now, it's an all-day drive to get from Dallas to Lafayette so I can't exactly speak to the reliability of what I've been hearin' but those rumors have been... uh... concerning, to say the least. Figured I'd come up and talk it over with ya myself. See where everythin' lies."\nRusk nodded slowly. "Yeah, I'm guessing most of what you've heard is true, to some extent or another. I've been managing a careful situation. What is it you've heard?"\nCallahan leaned back in his chair and sighed. "Well, for starters, a lotta the boys in Lafayette have been talkin' good on y'all for takin' care'a some'a the raiders and cannibals over in east Texas. 'Specially those guys up in Carthage. They've caused a lotta problems for us over the years, and the boys asked me to tell ya it's nice to know we ain't alone in wantin' to keep some peace'n quiet in the area." Rusk nodded appreciatively. "But, uh, if ya don't mind me sayin' so, I've been hearin' rumors y'all have been considerin' takin' a crack at Alexandria as well. Now, I been hearin' all these stories 'bout how you've been gettin' everyone high on believin' Texas can be a proper nation someday, but if ya don't mind me sayin' so, Alexandria ain't Texas. And if you're goin' for that, lotta the boys have gotten concerned Lafayette could be next." He paused for a moment, and Rusk looked down at his shoes while he puffed out another batch of smoke. "Well, that's why I'm 'ere. Seein' as how y'all might wanna take a bite outa non-Texan land, I've gotten my boys sold on the idea of joinin' y'all. If you'd have us, Lafayette's Patrolmen would like to join the, uh, that economic union thing y'all've got goin'. That, and I've been authorized to offer a little bit'a tribute to appease some'a your more aggressive folks, if that's needed." The chief leaned back and smiled. Rusk looked up, evidently just a little bit surprised.

1. "An excellent proposal!" (Texan Brotherhood gets event "Brothers in Badges", The Patrolmen get event "Rusk's Reason")

2. "We've got some concerns..." (The Patrolmen get event "The Dallas Dissonance")

3. "I don't think we can make this work." (Texan Brotherhood gets event "Our True Colors", The Patrolmen get event "End of the Line, Then")

EVENT TEXT (Brothers in Badges):

"Well, that was most unexpected," Rusk admitted after a short pause. He tapped his cigar against the tip of his desktop ashtray, then took another deep inhale. He swirled the smoke around in his mouth for a moment, then blew a long, thin line towards the chief. It got sucked up by the fan before it reached the chief's face. Then he smiled "You've got yourself a deal," he said at length.\nThe chief looked a bit confused. "What, that's it?"\n"Well, yeah," Rusk explained. "My council's been empowered to make a set of decisions regarding the Louisiana issue, and you've got more sympathetic voices on that council than you'd expect. Lot of our boys like what you've been doing down in Lafayette, making sure the raiders never got so out of control that they joined up with each other to cause bigger problems. Truth is, the council's already decided it wanted to send you an offer of integration backed up by force, but they also gave me permission to do talking on their behalf. They'll be disappointed I won't be supporting their gambit to annex a solid chunk of Louisiana in the process, but if gets you in the Economic Union while also allowing military aid instead of fighting or a complicated integration, I'd frankly say that sounds like a much better plan." He stopped talking and turned to the computer console on the left side of his desk. "One moment." Callahan leaned back and closed his eyes—it had been a very long drive to Dallas, and he had another long drive ahead of him. He was tired.\n\n"Hey, chief, you awake?" Callahan's eyes shot open and he nearly fell out of his chair.\n"Yeah, sorry 'bout that. Thought I'd get some shuteye."\n"No problem. Here, check this." Rusk decisively clacked a key on the side of his keyboard and a printer on the wall behind Rusk chirped to life. It spat out a single piece of paper that Rusk briefly looked over before sliding to the chief. "Just a formality, you understand. We hand over any Louisiana land we happen to have, you join the Economic Union, we agree to help each other in future wars, you hand over that bribe you mentioned, and we renounce any claims on Louisiana in perpetuity, among a few other finer details. Sound good enough?"\nCallahan gave it a long read, then reread it just to be sure. After a solid ten minutes, he motioned for a pen, and Rusk slid it over the table to him. Callahan put his name in writing, and the pair shook hands before exchanging pleasantries and leaving.

Option: "We're all just glad the Louisiana issue solved itself." (+100k caps, +100 political power, +10% stability)

EVENT TEXT (Rusk's Reason):

Callahan's jeep pulled up to the Lafayette main patrol station at around 3am in the morning. The chief parked in his assigned lot, turned off the car, and leaned his chair all the way back. He let out a long sigh and closed his eyes. He made an effort not to fall asleep, but he needed a break. A few minutes later, he heard a light tapping on his window. He opened his eyes and saw Patrol Lead Franklin outlined against the bright building across the lot. He sat his chair up, tried to roll down his window, remembered that implied power, and finally opened the door. Franklin backed up while the chief stepped out.\n"Well?"\nThe chief stared deadpan at Franklin for a few seconds. Then he smiled. "We got it!"\n"Yes!" The pair had a good laugh and hugged each other.\n"Phew! Man, what a day. Heck of a drive."\n"I can imagine. Been a few decades since I was last in Dallas, though I imagine there's probably not as many bandits on the main roads these days."\n"You're tellin' me. Still had to stop to help some guy with a broken car not get shanked by a few thugs. But that aside, clean trip." Franklin got to the patrol station's front door and held it open. "Thank ya kindly." They walked up to the chief's office on the third story, where Callahan held his office's door for Franklin. The old man gave a dramatic bow, then he gave a grunt and a laugh, remarking that his back wasn't what it used to be. "Hey there, Sully!" The chief's cat stopped sneezing from his place on the bed just long enough to meow at Callahan's entrance. The chief and the old man sat down on opposite sides of the chief's desk.\n"So really, how'd it go? We all started gettin' worried when we didn't hear from you for so long."\n"Man, it was a cakewalk. Glad I went though—turns out Rusk's council wanted to try to integrate us directly and woulda used force to back it up unless we came up with another offer. But ol' Eddie's a pretty decent fella, and he'd been given permission to accept any deal we came up with. Turns out our deal was a pretty good one."\n"I did tell you they'd be idiots to turn it down."\n"I know! I just—I dunno, maybe I've been thinkin' they are idiots. Shame on me, then." The two laughed a bit more, then spent a moment in silence. Then they picked up the conversation in a more casual manner that last for about an hour. After that, Franklin locked up and left, and Callahan climbed into his bed and fell asleep. Sullivan III was very disappointed with the day's lack of pets.

Option: "Thank God that went how we hoped." (-100 political power, -100k caps, +10.00% people support, The Patrolmen joins the Texan Economic Union, The Patrolmen get the "Texan Economic Union" national spirit, Any Texas-owned core land of the Gator Maws and Bayou Motors get transferred to The Patrolmen)

EVENT TEXT (The Dallas Dissonance):

We're not exactly sure what's goin' on over there in Dallas, but we just picked up a message from the chief on long-range Patrolmen radio. Apparently that Rusk fella's tryin' to get the chief to agree that we'll be their puppets and have our leadership tied up with the Brotherhood or somethin' like that. The power's been a bit finnicky in our own radio system, so we can probably only send one message back to 'em. None'a the boys are really sure, but Franklin's takin' charge and convinced the rest of 'em to send the chief one message.

Options:

1. "I, uh... I think we can make that work" (-100 political power, -100k caps, +10.00% people support, The Patrolmen becomes a puppet of the Texan Brotherhood, The Patrolmen get the "Texan Economic Union" national spirit, Any Texas-owned core land of the Gator Maws and Bayou Motors get transfered to The Patrolmen, Texan Brotherhood gets event "Callahan's Obedience")

2. "You want our land? Come and take it." (Texan Brotherhood gets event "Callahan Defiant", Patrolmen get event "End of the Line, Then")

EVENT TEXT (Callahan's Obedience):

"Yeah, ok. Got it." Callahan put the telephone back into its receiver. He let out a long sigh. Then he turned to face Rusk on the other side of the room. "Well, we, uh, got through to 'em. Thanks for lettin' me make use'a your radio system to get a message that far off."\n"Don't sweat it," Rusk said. He blew another smoke ring, this time straight up. "Anyhow, what'd they say?"\nCallahan wandered back over to the seat on the other side of Rusk's desk. He sat down, then leaned forward and clasped his hands above the table. "Well." He paused. Then he smiled. "They weren't happy, but they gave me the go-ahead."\nRusk dropped his cigar to the table, clapped his hands once, and raised his right fist into the air. "Woo! I knew they'd come around. Ah, shoot." He picked up his cigar and gave it a disappointed look. He rubbed it out in his ashtray and left it there. "Right. Sorry about the whole anti-sovereignty clause in the agreement. We've had a lot of problems lately with folks in the TEU goin' rogue and not helpin' out with stuff they've been supposed to help out with. And we're not much better; Austin's got some big problems comin' up and most of the TEU wants to stay clean out of it. The council figured if they'd offer you a way to join us without getting outright integrated it'd be best to make sure we were all clear on us helping each other out regardless of circumstances."\nCallahan nodded. "Aye, makes sense. Still, thanks for hearin' me out on all this. Means a lot to me."\n"Of course; nothin' I wouldn't do for anyone else." Rusk raised his right finger suddenly. "Ooh, almost forgot. Gimme a second." He typed something up on the computer sitting on the left side of his desk, then had it print to the printer on the wall behind him. He grabbed the resulting sheet of paper, looked it over, then handed it to Callahan. "Right, sign here. Pretty much just goes over everything we just covered. We hand over any Louisiana land we happen to have, you join the Economic Union, you agree to have some leadership folks oversee you for the foreseeable future, we agree not to abuse that and that your independence as a separate entity is guaranteed, you hand over that bribe you mentioned, and we renounce any claims on Louisiana in perpetuity, among a few other finer details. Sound good?"\nThe chief read the paper over twice, then he signed without comment. The two shook hands, exchanged pleasantries, then dispersed. Rusk wished Callahan a safe ride home, and the chief wished the elder good luck managing the council situation.

Option: "Good. Very good." (+100k caps, +150 political power, +5% stability)

EVENT TEXT (Callahan Defiant):

"Yeah, ok. Got it." Callahan put the telephone back into its receiver. He let out a long sigh. Then he turned to face Rusk on the other side of the room. "Well, we, uh, got through to 'em. Thanks for lettin' me make use'a your radio system to get a message that far off."\n"Don't sweat it," Rusk said. He blew another smoke ring, this time straight up. "Anyhow, what'd they say?"\nCallahan wandered back over to the seat on the other side of Rusk's desk. He sat down, then leaned forward and clasped his hands above the table. "Well." He paused. Then he frowned. "Look, I put it forward to 'em and they basically said it'd be political suicide. I'm real sorry, but, uh... Well, it's either the equal allies deal or I'm not signin' anythin'."\nRusk grunted. "That's unfortunate. Can't say I'm too surprised, and I get where you're comin' from." He paused, then he stood up. After one final smoke ring across the table, he rubbed his cigar in his ash tray and left it there. "Well, here's what I can do for you. Assuming you don't change your mind and assuming your Patrol rejects the formal integration request we're going to send you at some point, we'll probably end up attacking you. People are going to die. Lots of people. But regardless of who wins, I will promise you this. If we beat you, we'll take it easy on y'all afterwards."\nCallahan gave the elder a long, silent stare. Then he spat on the ground, turned on his heel, and left. The door automatically shut behind him, leaving Rusk alone with his thoughts.

Option: "Well, that's, uh... Guess that's that." (-50 political power, -5% stability, -5% war support)

EVENT TEXT (Our True Colors):

Rusk smiled and gave the chief a conciliatory nod. "Credit where credit's due, that's a hell of an offer and more than our council here was expecting." He paused and pulled a piece of paper out of one of the desk's drawers. "Unfortunately, no matter what you'd come in here with, I doubt it'd have been enough. See here." He slid the piece of paper across the table to a now-frowning Callahan. The chief read through it, then pushed it back to the elder. "As you can see, the council already made its decision a week ago. You'll note I voted to try talkin' to you guys beforehand, but there's not much I can do. Here's the situation. I've been tryin' to steer things towards the point where we'll have a united Texas, as you know. But what that's needed is giving the rest of the Brotherhood's leadership a voice in governance. I don't exactly like it when I don't get my way with things, but there's not much I can do. Call 'em warmongers if it makes ya feel better; their conditions for peace are the unconditional surrender of the Patrolmen and the subsequent annexation of the city of Lafayette. I've got a heap of respect for you and your crew for all the good you've done down there, but this is just how it's gotta be. Sorry, chief."\nCallahan slowly stood and placed his blue hat back on his head. "Well, guess that's that. If th'lottayain't got the common sense to make everyone's jobs easier, that just ain't my fault." He walked to the door, then turned back. He put his hand on his holstered revolver. "I oughta shoot ya right now for all the lives you're gonna lose just 'cause you don't know howda make friends."\nRusk shrugged and puffed another ring across the table. "Wouldn't make a lick'a difference. And once this mess is over, you know I'll do what I can for y'all."\nCallahan stared at the elder for another minute. "We'll see," he muttered. Then he turned and left through the open door, which shut behind him. Rusk sat in silence for another few minutes before he got back to work.

Option: "Good riddance, I guess." (-25 political power, -5% stability, -5% war support)

EVENT TEXT (End of the Line, Then):

Callahan's jeep pulled up to the Lafayette main patrol station at around 3am in the morning. The chief parked in his assigned lot, turned off the car, and leaned his chair all the way back. He let out a long sigh and closed his eyes. He made an effort not to fall asleep, but he needed a break. A few minutes later, he heard a light tapping on his window. He opened his eyes and saw Patrol Lead Franklin outlined against the bright building across the lot. He sat his chair up, tried to roll down his window, remembered that implied power, and finally opened the door. Franklin backed up while the chief stepped out.\n"Well?"\n"Nope."\nFranklin sighed, and Callahan locked the jeep's doors. They walked to the building in silence, and Franklin held the door for the chief. The chief nodded thanks. They walked up to the chief's office on the third story. Callahan pulled a key from his pocket and unlocked the room. He opened the door and held it for Franklin, who also nodded thanks. The chief entered and closed the door behind him, locking and bolting it. Sullivan III meowed a gruff greeting from where he laid on the chief's bed. The chief gave him a glance and a sad smile. Then he took a seat behind his desk. Franklin sat down in front of it.\n"So, chief, what's the run-down?"\nCallahan sighed again. "They're gonna be movin' on Lafayette sooner or later. When they do it, they'll give us a brief heads up and a request. Either we disband the patrol and integrate with their deputy system, handing over the keys to the city in the process, or we don't. And if we don't, they'll throw everything they have at us."\n"And you're sure they ain't bluffin'?"\n"Positive. Wish they were, but Rusk's against the move personally. He's handin' control off to his council to try an' get them ready for a more... uh... democratic-type system. Sadly, that council's the one that made the call."\nFranklin coughed once and gave the chief an old man's smile. "Well, it could be worse. They'll be playin' into our hands if they attack us, and we'll have no issue gettin' the patrol to fight with us."\nCallahan nodded sadly. "Yeah, but for all the stuff we got, they got power armor and they got Dallas. it's gonna take a miracle to beat 'em at their own game."\n"Maybe we just hold out. If we can prove we're more trouble than we're worth, they might be open to talkin' 'bout an alliance again. Just gotta hold Lafayette."\n"Yeah." There were a few minutes of silence before the pair got talking again, and when they did resume speaking it was mostly of casual, unrelated topics. After an hour or so, Franklin locked up and left the building, and the chief finally went to bed, stroking his too-often-sneezing cat.

Option: "That's, uh... Well, I guess that's war." (+100 political power, +10.00% ruler support, add national spirit: "We Tried to Be Nice" (+10% attack bonus against Texan Brotherhood, +10% defense bonus against Texan Brotherhood))

Event: Steel-Clad Madmen

EVENT TEXT:

Callahan walked up and down the assembled row of patrol leads just outside the main Lafayette patrol station. They stood at attention in the most military-like pose they could fake. Only Franklin seemed to be faking it with any degree of competence. "If fightin' is sure to result in victory," he started, "well, then we gotta fight. Sadly, I can't really be sure if we are gonna win this. The Brotherhood's a buncha mean bastards and their armor's better than a lotta stuff we coulda otherwise thrown at 'em. It ain't gonna be an easy fight. But 'ere's the deal. If we don't fight, Rusk's goons are gonna walk up to Lafayette, end the patrol, and turn our good city into just another hub'a Texan waste. Y'all want that?" Most of the leads shook their heads and bore angry expressions. Franklin grunted, and a couple others had small grins. "That's about what I thought. Lookie 'ere." He stopped pacing. "Our job's always been t'fight bandits. The Brother'ood's been fightin' bandits just as long as we've been doin' it, and in more places. But if these folks're willin' to hunt bandit hunters, then they ain't no better than bandits. We didn't do nothin' to 'em and they're gonna try and kill us all just for livin' our lives out 'ere. I dunno if y'all are havin' the same hesitation t'wards fightin' these guys that I'm 'avin', but if you are, remember that those bastards started it. If we win, we'll make 'em good again and deal with the Texan bandit issue ourselves. And if we lose..." He paused again and looked at the ground. "Heh." He looked back up. "Well, if we lose, we'll tell our kids we did our best, and that'll 'ave to be enough. Got that?"\n"Aye, chief." Franklin nodded with a grim smile, and the rest of the leads followed suit.\n"Good. Get your boys together, and let's guard our home. We'll play for time at first, see if we can get Texas bored enough to quit. If not... Well. We'll cross that bridge when we get there. Good luck." He smiled one last time and waved the leads out. They headed for their assigned patrol lead jeeps and drove off one by one. The chief at each lead as they drove out of the lot, then returned to his office when they had all left. Then he flopped on his bed, put his hands to his face, and groaned for a solid minute. He heard Sullivan III sneeze on the other side of the room. Then he fell asleep for a brief nap.

OPTIONS:

1. "Good thing we're the good guys here." (+10.00% people support, +1000 manpower)

2. "Part of the human condition, I guess." (+10.00% ruler support, add 250 demolitions equipment to stockpile, add 250 fireteam equipment to stockpile)

Event: The Mississippi War

EVENT TEXT (The Mississippi War):

"Are you sure this'll work?" The chief looked on as patrol lead Francis fiddled with a handful of wires hooking a small power source up to a radio up to a satellite dish up to a telephone. It was a big, convoluted mess, and by the chief's own reckoning, Francis was insane.\nFrancis laughed a little. "To tell you the truth, chief, I've got no idea. But my sister Francine seems to think it'll do somethin', and she's a techno wizard'a some kind. Guess we'll find out." He pressed a few more buttons on the computer console hooked up to the device, tied a few more wires together, and adjusted the dish so it was facing a certain way out the window. "Alright, if it's gonna work, it should be workin' now. Should have a connection to Dallas, if you've got a number there."\n"Oh, I do." The chief smiled. The wife of one Sergeant Sebastian Keith had hand-delivered a message to the patrol chief's office requesting they do everything possible to end the war. That Alexis girl had been very nice and formal about it all, the chief remembered. He picked up the phone and dialed the number he'd written on a scrap of paper. It rang for 20 seconds. Then someone picked up.\n"Rusk. Who's this?"\nThe chief smiled and nodded to Francis, who gave him a relieved thumbs up back. "Heya, Eddie! Figured now'd be about the right time to give ya a call."\nThere was a low chuckle from the other end of the phone. "Hello, Callahan. May I ask how you got this number?"\nThe chief sat down and put his feet up on another chair in front of him. "No siree, you may not! We've got our ways, same as y'all. But I will tell ya it's got somethin' to do with one'a your folks hopin' their someone special doesn't get killed for nothin'." He paused to let Rusk catch up. "Look, I think you'd know 'bout why I'm callin', but I'm gonna say it anyway. We don't want this war, and it's clearly on y'all to end it. It's been a fair few months since we last talked, and now people're dyin' in droves." He paused. "For y'all, though. Not for us. We're doin' fine."\nThere was a harsh-sounding laugh from the other end. "Well, your people are the ones killing them."\nCallahan angrily slammed his feet on the ground and leaned over into the phone's receiver. "Y'all decided Texas wasn't big enough for ya. You wanted to take a piece outta our homes. We'll fight for our homes, same as you'd've done in our shoes." His tone softened slightly. "So, look 'ere. I'm givin' y'all one last chance. We can be friends, if y'all want it. I got the big stack'a caps in a truck waitin' for the order to head over the moment y'all declare a ceasefire, and again, we're willin' to join y'all's economic group." He paused. He looked over at patrol lead Francis, who gave him another thumbs up. "But if y'all insist on killin' our sons and daughters for even a day further, we're gonna have to come up to Dallas and tear y'all a new one. We're bandit hunters, Rusk. And y'all are tryin' to take our stuff. You've got until this time tomorrow to tell y'all's boys to stop fightin' and we can work somethin' out. You know where to reach me, Elder."\nHe put a particular sneer on that last word and hung up. "Phew! How'd I do?" He leaned back in his chair and wiped his forehead. All he got was yet another thumbs up.

OPTIONS:

1. "Let's hope Rusk's a reasonable guy." (+10.00% people support, Texan Brotherhood gets event "Callahan's Final Offer")

EVENT TEXT (Callahan's Final Offer):

Edward Rusk was fiddling with a classic sailor's pipe in the quiet sanctity of his underground office when his telephone started ringing. "Huh." He bit hard on the pipe and stood up, being careful not to knock over the mug of coffee teetering on the edge of his desk. He walked over to the telephone's place on his office's wall—he'd been meaning to get that thing moved to his desk—and picked it up. "Rusk. Who's this?"\n"Heya, Eddie!" A cheery, thickly-southern voice sounded out from the other end. "Figured now'd be about the right time to give ya a call."\nRusk smiled and let out a low chuckle. "Hello, Callahan. May I ask how you got this number?"\nLaughter from the other side of the phone. "No siree, you may not! We've got our ways, same as y'all. But I will tell ya it's got somethin' to do with one'a your folks hopin' their someone special doesn't get killed for nothin'." Rusk looked across the room. Grant? Maybe Alexis? Hm. "Look, I think you'd know 'bout why I'm callin', but I'm gonna say it anyway. We don't want this war, and it's clearly on y'all to end it. It's been a fair few months since we last talked, and now people're dyin' in droves." He paused. "For y'all, though. Not for us. We're doin' fine."\nRusk laughed a little. "Well, your people are the ones killing them."\nCallahan let out something sounding vaguely like a snarl. "Y'all decided Texas wasn't big enough for ya. You wanted to take a piece outta our homes. We'll fight for our homes, same as you'd've done in our shoes." His tone softened slightly. "So, look 'ere. I'm givin' y'all one last chance. We can be friends, if y'all want it. I got the big stack'a caps in a truck waitin' for the order to head over the moment y'all declare a ceasefire, and again, we're willin' to join y'all's economic group." He paused. Rusk looked at his watch. Half past four. "But if y'all insist on killin' our sons and daughters for even a day further, we're gonna have to come up to Dallas and tear y'all a new one. We're bandit hunters, Rusk. And y'all are tryin' to take our stuff. You've got until this time tomorrow to tell y'all's boys to stop fightin' and we can work somethin' out. You know where to reach me, Elder." He put a particular sneer on that last word. Then there was a click on the other end of the line. Rusk stood in silence for a moment. Then he returned to his desk and typed a message out to summon a council meeting, where he would put forth Callahan's case for a rather controversial peace.

Options:

1. "Alright, alright. Let 'em know." (+10% stability, -50 political power, -200k caps, The Patrolmen gets event "Rusk's Concession!")

2. "We started this war; we're gonna finish it!" (-10% stability, -10% war support, The Patrolmen gets event "Rusk's Reiteration")

EVENT TEXT (Rusk's Concession!):

Patrol Chief Callahan remained seated in the patrol's first-floor lobby for the rest of the day, reading a pre-war book about American soldiers in space. He fell asleep next to Francis's weird telephone device, and he woke up next to it. Barring occasional breaks to empty his bladder and refill his stomach—during which the phone was watched by any other patrol lead that happened to be nearby—he remained at the telephone's side for the rest of the day. In the early evening when Callahan was finally about to give up, the telephone rang. He picked it up in under two seconds. "Chief Callahan speakin'."\n"Hey, chief." It was Rusk. "Just got out of a meeting with the rest of the council up here in Dallas. Figured you oughta be the first to know. They're accepting your terms." Callahan let out an audible shout of pleasure, and Rusk offered a light chuckle. "Don't get too excited. They're still not happy about how the war went and there'll be a 48-hour ceasefire starting tomorrow. If they don't get the caps you offered in your initial deal by then, the war'll be back on. But as long as that truck you mentioned crosses the border without issue, I'll make sure this war ends. They're a fickle bunch, but I've got enough leverage to hold them to their word. Got all that?"\n"Sir, yes, sir," the chief responded. "The boys'll be glad to hear the news. Got a lotta scared folks in Lafayette hopin' their kids ain't dyin' on a front for a war that didn't need to happen."\nRusk laughed again. "Well, give them the good news. And make sure that truck gets sent out first thing tomorrow. Sorry for the whole mess."\n"Long as we're movin' past it, Eddie." There was another grunt from the other side of the telephone and it clicked off. The chief put the phone down, leaned back in his chair, and let out a long, deep sigh.

Option: "Maybe a few hundred dead men made him smarter." (-100 political power, -200k caps, The Patrolmen white peace out of ALL wars, The Patrolmen join the Texan Economic Union, The Patrolmen get the Texan Economic Union national spirit, Any Texas-owned core land of the Gator Maws and Bayou Motors get transfered to The Patrolmen)

EVENT TEXT (Rusk's Reiteration)

Patrol Chief Callahan remained seated in the patrol's first-floor lobby for the rest of the day, reading a pre-war book about American soldiers in space. He fell asleep next to Francis's weird telephone device, and he woke up next to it. Barring occasional breaks to empty his bladder and refill his stomach—during which the phone was watched by any other patrol lead that happened to be nearby—he remained at the telephone's side for the rest of the day. At the end of the day, he used the local radio chains to check up on the front, and got confirmation that fighting was sporadic, but still ongoing. At that point he gave up on the phone, gave his chair a frustrated kick, recoiled at the unforeseeable pain of having kicked a wooden chair, and hopped back to his bedroom. Sullivan III greeted his approach with a set of sneezes, and when the chief flopped onto his bed, the chief's cat limped over and hopped up.

Option: "Alright, Rusk. Fine. Let's do this the hard way." (-10% stability, +20% war support, +100 political power, +50 army xp, add national spirit "Fierce Independence" (+10% division defense, +10% division organization))

Event: Making Texan Friends

EVENT TEXT:

Callahan was lounging about on a random bench drinking lemonade in Lafayette City Memorial Park when a trio of three rather curious figures entered into his peripheral vision. The first was a Brotherhood Paladin in full armor and regalia, complete with a makeshift cape. He held his helmet under his right arm as he walked, presumably so he could have an easier time chatting with his friends. He looked to be unarmed, but the chief didn't trust that judgement. The second was a super mutant wearing blue overalls and a plaid shirt with the sleeves rolled up. He had a typical Texan cowboy hat, but it had a chip taken out of its side and he wore it with a notable tilt to the right. He had a combat knife slid into a hole in his overalls, among other loose knickknacks. The third figure was an ordinary lady in jeans, a collared t-shirt, and the brown vest that currently dominated Lone Star's fashion as an exclusive byproduct of mayor Cho Bang's choice of dress. She walked with a bounce in her step and a set of silver chains dangling out of her left pocket, which probably meant she was either a wealthy caravaneer or generational business owner. Callahan watched as the trio found their own wooden bench in front of the small pond that dominated the center of the park. The mutant sat down, and the bench buckled a bit. The lady sat down and nothing changed. The Paladin gave the bench a funny look, looked around—evidently not seeing the chief, whose brows were rapidly climbing his face—and tried to sit down. The bench held for a few seconds, then cracked, then collapsed. Callahan sat up quickly when he noticed the lady go down between the mutant and the Paladin, but the trio got back up without issue and had a good laugh about it. The chief smiled and shook his head. Then he took another sip of his lemonade. A pair of off-duty Patrolmen wandered up to the laughing trio and started talking to them and pointing at the bench. After a minute or so of casual discussion, the Paladin handed a few caps to the Patrolmen. They looked around and saw the chief, giving him a casual salute before wandering off. He saluted them back. The three misfits looked over at the chief and waved. The chief waved back to them as well, smiling as he did so. He took another sip of his drink and leaned back in the bench. He closed his eyes, and eventually the three outsiders wandered over. They were nice folks, and they had a nice chat. They apologized for the bench, and the chief told them not to worry about it. Benches could be replaced. It was a bit harder to replace friends.

OPTIONS:

1. "Dallas has some suspiciously good food." (+100 political power)

2. "Lone Star's got the best profit margins." (+100k caps)

3. "Austin's mutants are surprisingly nice to us." (+5% stability, +5% war support)

EVENT TEXT (The Sheriff's Sacred Duty):

"Heya, Larry, can y'pass the syrup?"\n"Sure thing, boss." Larry picked up the bottle of imported cane syrup and passed it down the table.\nFranklin stood and hunched over the conference table. "So, I think Maggie'd like to know just how she did." He smiled and pointed over to the door of the room, where the Old Man's wife stood awaiting her due praise. "Judgement?"\nEveryone took turns thanking Maggie for her excellent in-house cooking—it wasn't often the Patrol got pancakes during their weekend meetings. The meeting was a standard one aside from the food; a request had come in from Dallas to send patrol lead larry over for a few days to answer some bureaucratic questions, Austin wanted to know when they'd be getting their next shipment from The Cannery, and Lone Star wanted to know if Lafayette would like to take out any friendly, low-interest debts. They were always asking that one, and as a matter of Patrol policy, Lafayette would always thank them for the offer but turn it down on grounds of everything just being alright as it was. The meeting broke up, and most of the leads headed out. Franklin stayed behind and got talking with the chief over something unimportant when Callahan felt his heart drop out of his chest. He sat still for a solid minute, staring blankly down at the table.\n"Hey, chief. You awake? Chief?"\nAdam snapped out of it. "Sorry, Franklin. Just, uh... Somethin' you said just then reminded me'a my old man. You said you'd like to know what the wasteland's comin' to and if it's really a wasteland anymore. Dad used to say that."\nFranklin struck an old man's thoughtful pose. "Now that I think about it, I think I mighta picked up the phrase from him in the first place. Huh." The conversation went back to normal, and eventually Franklin packed up and left. Callahan's heart was racing. He didn't know why. Sometimes these things happen and there's not really a reason, he knew. He stood up, sat back down when he got too dizzy, then stood up again. He walked out of the conference room, hung a right at the hall, walked to the other end of the building, and unlocked his office. He opened the door, slipped inside, closed it behind him, then locked it. Then he walked to his bed and laid down. "Heya, Sully." His cat was curled up on the bed next to him. "Long day," he told the cat. "Head's still a bit funny ri'now." He paused for a moment. "Hey, Sully?" He poked the cat. It didn't move. "Aw, c'mon Sully, not right now." He lifted the cat's front paw. It was limp and a little cold. "No, nonononono..." He picked the cat up by the torso, and Sullivan III did not move. The chief gave the cat a long look, then brought him close to his chest and curled up himself. Tears started to run. "Like you, always goin' off when I most need you 'round..." The chief started to cry, and before long he fell asleep, his dreams haunted with the knowledge of a rough and uncertain future.

Option: "Long as cool heads can think, we'll be alright." (Remove national spirit "Frequently Raided", +10.00% people support, +10% stability)

EVENT TEXT (Bitter Victory):

"Hey, uh, Larry." The chief paused. "Can y'pass the syrup? Sorry."\n"Sure thing, boss." Larry picked up the bottle of imported cane syrup and passed it down the table.\nFranklin stood and hunched over the conference table. "So, I think Maggie'd like to know just how she did." He smiled and pointed over to the door of the room, where the Old Man's wife stood awaiting her due praise. "Judgement?"\nEveryone took turns thanking Maggie for her excellent in-house cooking—it wasn't often the Patrol got pancakes during their weekend meetings. The meeting was a standard one aside from the food; a request had come in from Dallas to send over s'more guns to deal with a brotherhood holdouts, Austin wanted to know when they'd be getting their next shipment troops, and Lone Star wanted to know if Lafayette could bail them out on a handful of war debt-related financial issues plaguing a few specific and annoying people. They were always asking that one, and as a matter of Patrol policy, Lafayette would always thank them for the request but turn it down on grounds of everything just being a bit chaotic and they'd get to it as soon as they could. The meeting broke up, and most of the leads headed out. Franklin stayed behind and got talking with the chief over something unimportant when Callahan felt his heart drop out of his chest. He sat still for a solid minute, staring blankly down at the table.\n"Hey, chief. You awake? Chief?"\nAdam snapped out of it. "Sorry, Franklin. Just, uh... Somethin' you said just then reminded me'a my old man. You said you'd like to know what the wasteland's comin' to and if it's really a wasteland anymore. Dad used to say that."\nFranklin struck an old man's thoughtful pose. "Now that I think about it, I think I mighta picked up the phrase from him in the first place. Huh." The conversation went back to normal, and eventually Franklin packed up and left. Callahan's heart was racing. He didn't know why. Sometimes these things happen and there's not really a reason, he knew. He stood up, sat back down when he got too dizzy, then stood up again. He walked out of the conference room, hung a right at the hall, walked to the other end of the building, and unlocked his office. He opened the door, slipped inside, closed it behind him, then locked it. Then he walked to his bed and laid down. "Heya, Sully." His cat was curled up on the bed next to him. "Long day," he told the cat. "Head's still a bit funny ri'now." He paused for a moment. "Hey, Sully?" He poked the cat. It didn't move. "Aw, c'mon Sully, not right now." He lifted the cat's front paw. It was limp and a little cold. "No, nonononono..." He picked the cat up by the torso, and Sullivan III did not move. The chief gave the cat a long look, then brought him close to his chest and curled up himself. Tears started to run. "Damnit. It ain't right." The chief started to cry, and before long he fell asleep, his dreams haunted with the knowledge of a rough and uncertain future.

OPTIONS:

1. "Alright, let's get to sorting out our future." (Remove national spirit "Frequently Raided", +10.00% people support, -10% war support)

2. "I've had about enough of some of you bandits in blue." (Remove national spirit "Frequently Raided", +10.00% ruler support, -10% stability)

EVENT TEXT:

"So, when'd you head over to Orleans?" Callahan sipped his drink.\n"Roundabout last July, I think. Stupid hot out." Patrol lead Mack threw another shot back and coughed.\n"You're gonna overdo it, Mack," patrol lead Larry told him.\n"Nah, I'm..." Mack hiccupped. "I'm fine, see?" He held up the empty shot glass and smiled.\nCallahan shook his head. "If you're out'a commission tomorrow, it'll be a week's paycheck off your sallary," he told the man.\n"I said I'm fine, chief." He put the shot glass back down. "As I's was sayin', went ova' to New Orleans for, uh..." He hiccupped. "Gotta clean my gun," he murmured. The rest of the Patrolmen around the table looked at each other with stupid smiles. "Right, I's was ova' there to pick up a new truck for m'daddy. Gotta get a new truck. Got..." He shook his head.\n"Drink some water, man," another lead piped up from another table.\n"Shuddup, Gary!" Mack was starting to look frustrated. "Them mobstah folks's weird, I'm tellin' ya. Gotta carry 'em big guns e'rywhere, look nasty 'n stuff. They's nice folks long's ya got money on ya, but if you's outta cash, you's..." He hiccupped again and giggled for a few seconds. "You's outta cash, you's outta luck. See... see what I did there?" He looked around the table giggling, and the rest of the men around the table couldn't help but giggle just watching Mack's antics. Even Old Man Franklin and the chief were amused, and they had a good chuckle as well. "Well, they's got 'em black 'ats e'rywhere's well. Lookin' like fun'ral guys or somethin'. Can't turn a corner without seein' 'em, and they's always seein' you. Almost ran into a guy once, I..." And with that, patrol lead Mack McKinley fell out of his chair and flopped face-first onto the wooden floor of the bar. Every man at the table let out a loud, whooping laugh, and pretty much the entire bar noticed what had happened and joined in. After a few minutes of back-and-forth giggle fits, Callahan finally stood up. "Right. Man, I needed that. Heya, Larry an' Bob, on me. Let's get this guy home." The two patrol leads closest to Mack stood up, still giggling. Between the three of them, Mack got hauled out of the bar, placed onto the flat bed of a pickup truck outside, and finally taken home. Mack's family was in, and they had a rather worried laugh on their end when they'd heard what happened. The chief moved upstairs and helped the two leads haul Mack into his bed. As was tradition, they then had a last bit of fun with some face paint around the unconscious lead's closed eyes to mark the occasion. Then they thanked Mack's folks and returned to the bar to resume discussing the many quirks of the New Orleans mob while they finished their drinks.

Option: "Some of them even wear fake rose lapels..." (+5% stability, -1 manpower, In one day give +1 manpower)

Event: Callahan the Clown

EVENT TEXT:

The chief shoveled the last bit of dirt into the hole covering the small wooden coffin. Then he patted it all down, making sure the ground was even. He stepped a few feet back, dropped the trowel he'd been using, took up a mallet in his left hand and a railroad spike in the other, and knealt forward. He rotated the spike so the Roman numeral III faced away from the coffin's spot. Then he pressed it into the soft dirt and used the mallet to hammer it in until half of the bar was underground. Then he stood up, took a few steps back again, clenched his fists, and silently said a prayer. When he was done, he gave the spike a sorrowful look, picked up the shovel and mallet, and walked back to the pre-war picnic table mounted on the concrete patio behind the patrol station. He picked up the black patrol hat that he'd left resting on the table and stared at it.\n"The boys are talkin' weird on ya, chief. You know what that hat means to 'em."\n"Yeah, I know." Callahan donned the black hat and sat down next to Old Man Franklin. He waited a moment, then fiddled with the hat a bit. "Doesn't quite fit right. I'll have to get a tailor to look it over."\nFranklin scoffed. "It's been goin' on three decades since that hat saw the light'a day. And it's been longer still since it was in active use. How long you plannin' on wearin' it?"\n"Until the patrol's back to normal," the chief responded. "I don't like it any more than the boys do. But between the whole mess in Texas and the disgustin' level'a corruption I've been seein' in the Patrol at large, I think it's time they get a slap in the face. If it takes a ghost outa their histories to remind 'em we're supposed to be the good guys, so be it." He paused and shook his head. "I've been puttin' this off for too long. Dad knew I'd have to do somethin' like it." He looked over at Franklin. "Said as much in that letter you gave me a couple years back." Franklin nodded sadly. "Lafayette's goin' rotten, and between the hostility'a some of our boys, the hypocrisy Texas's been showin', and the big mess we got ourselves in with the Bayou war, there's too many'a our guys who're too willin' to kill folks for their own gain. And I'm tired of it. If I've gotta lay down a few'a my trump cards and kick some folks off the Patrol to turn it good again..."\nFranklin smiled sadly. "Well, let's deal with the Texas issue first. then you can try your hand at the messy stuff. How you gonna do it?"\nCallahan smiled bitterly. "With a whole heap'a difficulty, I'd imagine."

OPTIONS:

1. "Texas can keep to Texas." (+100 political power, set ruling party to Ruler, Add national spirit: "Loyalty to Louisiana" (+50% war goal justification time, +0.05% daily stability))

2. "Where one deputy fails, another must finish the job." (-100 political power, set ruling party to Ruler, gains claims and a wargoal on Texan Brotherhood's core territories, gains claims and a wargoal on The Carthaginians' core territories, Add national spirit: "The Texan Deputy Alliance" (+5.00% non-core manpower, +0.02% daily compliance gain, +10% resistance target))

Event: The Lawman and the Lawyer

EVENT TEXT:

"Yearly patrol fee, sir. 20 caps, if y'please."\nThe barman nodded. "Glad to see price's goin' down. Here ya go." He reached into his register and counted 20 caps. Then he dropped them into Deputy Trainee Andrews' outstretched hand. Andrews thanked the man, then returned to the chief, who was waiting at the door.\n"See, told ya it wouldn't be that hard."\n"Guess I'm just not used to bein' a taxman as well as a deputy," Andrews mumbled. "Eh, I'll get used to it."\n"That you will," said the chief. He waved goodbye to the Efrafa Barman and turned to leave, but the barman waved him over. Callahan raised an eyebrow, tilted his black hat forward a bit, and walked over. "Yeah, Lenny?"\n"Letter for you. Someone in the 7th dropped it a day or two ago thinkin' you'd stop by." He handed the chief an envelope. "Said it was from some guy named Rusk. Only guy I know by that name's the Texan elder, but I'm sure it's someone else." The chief gave the guy a funny look before snatching the envelope and opening it.\n"Hey, Chief. Figured I'd send a letter while I had the time to do so. There was an incident up in Dallas last month I thought you'd want to be aware of. Three Patrolmen deputies—deputies Cludo, Josh, and Marel—were caught by an ex-Brotherhood vigilante paladin doing some pretty heinous stuff. Two women and a man (all civilians) are dead as a result of their actions. We figured it'd be best to lock them up and wait for you to decide what to do with it. They're at the Dallas City Jailhouse right now, pending extradition to Lafayette. Please either send a message or come up yourself when you have the chance. An in-person visit might avoid a diplomatic incident, so that would be preferred. Sorry to have to ruin your day this way. - Elder Rusk"\nThe chief sat down on one of the stools at the bar. He crumpled the letter in his hand, then uncrumpled it and read it again. Then he crumpled it again and slammed his clenched fist on the bar. "You good, chief?" the barman asked.\n"D'ya have a car?"\n"Yeah, got a pickup out back with a full tank. Who's askin'?"\n"I'll be needing the keys. I'll get it back to you with a full tank. I need to take care of something." The barman looked skeptical. The chief tilted the black hat forwards a few inches and rested his right hand on his holster. "This is dead serious, Lenny." Lenny put his hands up and walked a few feet away, then he reached into his drawer and pulled out a set of keys.\n"Don't give 'er any dents, alright?"\n"If I do, I'll pay for it." The chief left the bar without another word, leaving the 5th to its devices.

OPTIONS:

1. "Those "lawmen" are a disgrace to the uniform." (-5% stability, +5.00% ruler popularity, 1x 50% Research bonus for Land Doctrine)

2. "I'll see to it that they aren't seen again." (-10% stability, +10.00% ruler popularity, -3 manpower, 2x 50% Research bonus for Land Doctrine)

Event: Texan Roulette

EVENT TEXT:

Sullivan IV, Callahan's new pet pitbull, walked over to the chief's bed and laid down in front of it. Patrol lead Franklin watched the dog go and smiled. Then he dropped the smile. "So, you did it?"\n"Aye. Took a bit of dirty work from third parties, but I pieced it all together. Got the full picture."\n"I hope you're right about this."\n"I am." Callahan leaned back in his chair and turned his gaze from patrol lead Franklin to his office's door. "Come in!" he shouted.\nThe door opened, and Deputy Trainee Andrews—the new-ish guy from the Texan deputy systems—quietly entered. "You asked to see me, sir?"\n"Yup. Have a seat."\n"Ok." Andrews closed the door behind him and sat down in the chair opposite the chief's desk. He nodded at Franklin, who nodded back. "I'm not in trouble, am I?"\nCallahan tilted his black hat forward an inch. "'Fraid you are, Andrews. I've been doin' some diggin'. See, we've been havin' trouble since my father's day with too high bribes, trouble bein' made for folks who didn't pay unreasonable fees, and civilians gettin' caught up in too many bandit runs. For the longest time I figured it was the patrol largely doin' their own thing and pocketing the change. And yeah, sometimes they did do that. But after you and me went on down by Efrafa a few months back, it got me thinkin', and I had a PI from Houston look into it. He dug up a few decades worth'a history, plenty'a records, and descriptions. Back in my Dad's day, there was one guy who'd always ask for more than was due, but nobody caught on it was the same guy. That was Lead Sheriff Reagan." Franklin's eyes went wide in the corner—the chief knew Reagan was of Franklin's closest friends back in the day. He ignored the reaction and focused on Andrews' pokerface. "When Reagan kicked the bucket a couple years back, the payments went normal across the board for a few months. Then we took you on and Reagan's fees returned, and so did the trouble if they weren't paid. Now..." The chief laid out two pictures and passed them across the desk to Andrews, who leaned over to look at them. "We've got you pinned passin' Patrolmen protection caps off to bankers in Lone Star and mobsters in New Orleans. The Patrolmen were never a corrupt organization, at least not the extent we thought. It just had a few rotten members." Callahan sat up straight in his chair. Andrews shrugged and looked at the chief. There was a wait time of about two seconds before Andrews' right hand shot out of his holster with his revolver extended. There was a flash of light and a bang. Callahan's outstretched hand lowered while Andrews' body slumped in his chair. His hand was shaking, and he frowned. "Figured he'd try somethin' like that."\nFranklin stood up, looking rather sad. "You're sure about Reagan?"\n"Dead sure, I'm afraid."\n"Then give that private eye my regards. He saw what I couldn't." Franklin sighed and left the room, sidestepping the blood pooling at the bottom of Andrews' chair.

OPTIONS:

###IF Dallas is owned directly by us OR the Texan Brotherhood is our puppet, display this option:

1. "Hopefully that'll be the last death of the war." (-1 manpower, kill Deputy Trainee Andrews, +10% stability, +10% war support, grants claims and a wargoal on the core territories of Lone Star, rename country to "The Southwest Lawmen", remove national spirit "Mild Patrolmen Corruption," remove national spirit "Widespread Patrolmen Corruption," remove national spirit "The Death of the Gold and Blue")

###Otherwise, display this option:

2. "That one's for my old man." (-1 manpower, kill Deputy Trainee Andrews, +20% stability, rename country to "Louisiana Lawmen", remove national spirit "Mild Patrolmen Corruption," remove national spirit "Widespread Patrolmen Corruption," remove national spirit "The Death of the Gold and Blue")

Event: New Norms

EVENT TEXT:

The chief shovelled the last bit of dirt into the hole around the sapling. Then he patted it all down, making sure the ground was even. He stepped a few feet back, dropped the trowel he'd been using, took up a mallet in his left hand and a pole of rebar in the other, and knelt forward. He rotated the rebar so the Roman numeral III faced away from the sapling. Then he pressed it into the soft dirt and used the mallet to hammer it in until half of the bar was underground. Then he stood up, took a few steps back again, lowered his head, and silently said a prayer. When he was done, he gave the sapling a friendly look, picked up the shovel and mallet, and walked back to the bench where he'd left his hat. He sat down and pulled the blue chief's hat tight over his head.\n"Sure took ya long enough," Franklin remarked. "When your old man buried Sullivan II he did it in under two minutes." He nodded at a young tree sprouting a dozen feet away from where the new grave rested.\n"Yeah, well, my old man had a son to care more about. I just 'aven't had that kinda luck."\n"Fair point." The two sat in silence for a minute or so. "Though I don't remember your old man bowing his head at the grave. That was a nice touch."\n"Eh, figured it couldn't hurt." The chief wiped at his forehead. "Hey, credit where it's due, Sully waited until everything'd calmed down to kick the bucket. I won't lie, I'm just glad he gave me that amount'a time to work with. It was touch and go back there with Texas, and it'd have been bad if I had to stop to bury my cat in the middle'a that."\nFranklin chuckled. "Yeah, I can imagine. Your Grandad had to bury the first Sully just before the first battle'a Alexandria. You can imagine what that had 'em goin' through."\nThe chief looked over at Franklin. "I didn't know that, actually. Huh." He paused and smiled while the old man met his stare. "Hope I don't have to bury you next time a campaign's about to start."\nThe two had a good laugh. "Alright, I'm gettin' 'ungry. Come on, let's go hit up Particle Row. Heard they've been gettin' new burger recipes from Texas I wanna try." The chief nodded and walked with Franklin away from the memorial park.

OPTIONS:

1. "Maybe now we can rebuild this state in peace." (Add 1 infrastructure to all owned states)

2. "I'm sure Lone Star'll be looking to invest." (Add 1 building slot to all owned states)

Event: Beached Whale

EVENT TEXT:

"Alright, up we go." The chief grunted as he climbed the makeshift rope ladder that had been tossed up onto the port side of the massive steam-powered barge. When he reached the top, he took a brief look around the deck—nobody was there—and hoisted himself over the ship's railing. The entire boat was slanted slightly to port, so he had to make sure to be careful with his footing lest he tumble overboard and fall into the shallow water 20 feet below. He peered back over the edge and looked down at the collection of rafts and canoes the 5th Patrol group had used to get to the ship. "S'all clear, I think!" The rest of the men on the boat he'd been in started climbing up the ladder, and the rest of the small boats moved closer and tied their front cleats to the bottom of the ladder or to other already tied-off boats. When the majority of the patrol stood on the vessel's deck, Callahan gave orders. "Right, take a good look around. I doubt it, but there may be folks still on the ship, and from what we've 'eard they might've been pirates. Stick to squads of three and be careful." Everyone split up and went their own way. Patrol leads Grenham and Franklin—who had chosen to come along specifically to get a good look at the beached vessel—went with the chief to the ship's bridge. The door had been bolted shut, so Callahan shot out the lock and bashed the door in manually. His shoulder hurt a bit, but he made it through.\n"Looks like they did a number on the systems 'ere. It'd take a fair bit'a work to repair this." Grenham motioned to the many, many bullet holes littering the main console at the front of the bridge. The steering wheel had been ripped from its mount."\n"Hey, chief. Over 'ere." Franklin was kneeling with something around a corner of overturned desks. Callahan wandered over and saw the half-rotted pirate that Franklin was inspecting.\n"Yeesh. He got anythin' on 'em?"\nFranklin checked the dead man's pockets and found a wallet that had been stripped empty. "Nothin' much. They probably took his stuff and made a run for it. Maybe he's the guy who beached the ship. It'd serve 'em right, by pirate justice."\nThe chief winced. "Huh." He turned back to stare out the ship's windows. "Well, we've got all the time in the world and with what they did to the controls I doubt the pirates'll be back for this one. Guess we've got a new chunk'a metal to work with." There were seagulls circling overhead, the chief saw.

OPTIONS:

1. "Let's refit the thing and put it back out to sea!" (Spawn in 1 Battle Barge named "Lawman's Lament", +25 naval xp, 2x 50% Research bonus for Naval Tech)

2. "Eh, it's as good as scrap." (Add 16 scrap metal to The Cannery)

Event: Lawmen of What Laws?

EVENT TEXT:

The little bell over the door jingled when the chief opened it and entered. Dynamite Danny looked up from where he sat at his desk and smiled. "Heya, chief!"\n"Howdy, Danny!" The chief was walking towards the desk when a gun in a glass case caught his eye. He stopped mid-step and wheeled to face the thing. "Now what on earth are you supposed to be?" He stepped forward and looked at the strange device. It was a gold-lined, single-shot, breach-loaded, luger-based pistol with beautiful engravings. He looked back up. "Hey Danny, how much for this thing?"\nDanny peered over the counter. "Oh, that piece'a junk? It looks pretty but it's pretty much ceremonial. Supposedly it got taken off some dictator on a small fortress island in the southern Caribbean. Island name started with a P, but I can't remember more than that. That'll run you 2500 caps."\nThe chief grimaced. "Yeesh, you'd charge the same price as a month's shipment of ammo for the whole patrol just for that thing?"\n"I did mention it was a ceremonial thing taken off a dictator's body, right?"\n"Fair enough." The chief gave it a last glance and walked up to the counter. "Here for m'gun. Got it cleaned?"\n"Brand spankin' new, chief." Danny reached down and unlocked a drawer. From inside of it he pushed a few other revolvers to the side and grabbed the one with Callahan's signature scratch in the grip. "Should work just as good as your first day on patrol. Had a lotta gunk in the firing mechanism for some reason, so I think that was your problem. You've already paid, so you're free to go." He handed the butt of the pistol to the chief, who looked it over, gave it a little twirl, and dropped it back in his holster.\n"Great work, thanks a million." He turned halfway around, then stopped. "Hey, Danny. I've got a problem I want your input on."\nDanny looked up at the chief. "What's the issue?"\n"Well, since we signed on with the whole Texas thing there's been a lotta talk about gettin' Lafayette a formal set'a laws. We could always keep it simple and just not change, and that system's worked well for us in the past, but maybe it's time to set down some formal legal stuff. Or we could just use the TEU's old system. Seemed to work well enough for them."\nDanny just laughed. "Chief, there's a reason nobody's political in this city. Things are good enough as is. If I were in your shoes, I'd just not rock the boat." The chief gave Danny a long look, then thanked him for his advice before leaving.

OPTIONS:

1. "If it was good enough for Dad..." (+100 political power, Add national spirit: "The Lawman's Laws" (+15% stability, -10% base trade node income, -5% population nomadicity, +15% monthly population, +15% production efficiency growth))

2. "Stricter times call for stricter measures." (+50 political power, Add national spirit: "Louisiana's Laws" (+10% stability, +5% base trade node income, -10% population nomadicity, +10% construction speed, +5% production efficiency cap))

3. "Let's just use the TEU's laws. Keep it simple." (-50 political power, Replace Bottle Caps with The Texan Dollar, add national spirit: "The Union's Laws" (+5% stability, +15% base trade node income, -15% population nomadicity, +15% factory output, +15% production efficiency cap))

Event: Best Thing Since the Bible

EVENT TEXT:

Callahan's back ached. Patrols in the Bluff were usually uneventful and the stereotype of the town of Moss Bluff being a crime-ridden chaos zone were mostly fabrications based on exaggerated stories, but it was no lie that the thick forests surrounding the Bluff made any patrols in the area difficult to navigate consistently. He pushed through yet another fluffy bush and saw an open clearing with a couple tents in it on the other side. He peaked back and motioned to patrol lead Grenham for silence, who passed it on via basic sign language to the rest of the 5th. Callahan drew his revolver and moved out into the clearing. Grenham and the rest of the 5th slowly followed, holding the bush the chief had gone through for each other to avoid making too many rustling noises. Callahan sidestepped past one of the tents. He heard snoring inside.\n"Chief?" Someone yelled from the other side of the clearing. Callahan looked up and saw patrol lead Gary walking towards him, revolver drawn. Gary smiled when he recognized the chief. "Well, didn't expect to see you here." Callahan put his pointer finger to his lips angrily, but Gary—arguably the most cautious man in the patrol—only smiled. "Chief, you can put your gun down." Gary peered around the tent and saw the rest of the 5th slowly forming up in the clearing. He whistled a note of surprise. "They can put theirs down, too." He turned and shouted back into the woods. "Come on out, boys!"\nTo Callahan's surprise, the entire 3rd Patrol group emerged from the bushes laughing. "What the..."\n"Chief, I dunno how you stumbled on us by chance, but we've been tryin' out a new typa bandit trap. C'mere." He motioned to the tent Callahan heard the snores coming from. Gary opened the flap of the tent, revealing a portable speaker making the noises. "Francis cooked this thing up for us a couple weeks back. We've already got two groups'a bandits tryin' to steal from the center of our bait hideouts in the last couple days. Was gonna bring it up in the meetin' this weekend, but it seems y'all beat me to it." Gary gave a wide, proud grin, which was not something he normally did.\nCallahan took his hat off and rubbed his forehead. "Well, I certainly wasn't expecting to see y'all 'ere today." He paused, then put his hat back on and smiled. "No biggie, though. Here, we got the 5th and the 3rd in one spot on a patrol day. We caught a couple'a deer on the way over, what say we have a barbecue and tell some stories?"\nGary grunted. "Well, can't say I'm a fan of our trap goin' unused, but I am hungry. The boys'll like it." He paused. "Speakin'a stories, one'a my boys had a good idea. We've gotta lotta stories across the patrol. It'd make for a nice book if we put some of 'em down to paper and printed it out. Might help with recruitment too." Callahan nodded and considered the idea before his mind drifted back to the topic of food.

OPTIONS:

1. "Sounds like a nice plan. Let's do it" (+10.00% people popularity, +50 political power, +5% stability, +5% war support)

2. "But let's try to verify some of them first." (-10.00% people popularity, -50 political power, -5% stability, -5% war support, add tech: Past Victories)

Event: The World's-a Changin'

EVENT TEXT:

The chief was drinking down on Particle Row when the news reached him. Lead Sheriffs George and Rockwell rushed into the bar, causing all conversation to cease. Everyone knew the Bar on Particle Row was one of the few establishments in Lafayette with working television, and the Tubeheads' channel was one of the few channels the played anything on it. "Hey, Johnny! Flip the channel, Mr. Entertainment's on!"\nThe bartender looked annoyed and didn't stop cleaning his mugs. "Mr. Entertainment's always on, to some extent or another. Wotchu want, exactly?"\nThe two lead sheriffs stared directly at Johnny, which Callahan thought was an amusing sight from his place at one of the tables on the side of the room. Rockwell spoke up. "Johnny, I've known ya since you were born. I've never asked for a favor. Do me a favor and flip the channel."\nJohnny's eyebrows went up, and he shrugged. He put down his mug and reached for the TV's remote control. He flipped the channel and turned up the volume. The bar went silent and everyone's eyes glued themselves to the TV. A brightly-lit Texan flag waved in the upper right-hand corner of the screen. The headline "Texas Economic Union merges member nations into the Provisional Republic of Texas!" repeatedly crossed the bottom of the screen. Mr. Entertainment was in the middle of explaining some of the new policies of the Provisional Republic, starting by clarifying that the armies and borders of the new nation would be combining into one legal entity. A constitutional convention would happen soon after the Provisional Republic's formation, and the Texan Economic Union's new goal would be to facilitate international trade between Texas and other non-Texan member states, of whom the Lafayette Patrolmen organization would be their first major customer.\nWhen Mr. Entertainment finally flicked off after an hour or so of political briefing, Callahan leaned back in his chair and sighed. He'd been drinking with patrol leads Grenham, Mack, and Francis, but Francis left halfway through the speech and Mack had long since passed out on the table. Grenham, still mostly sober and conscious, spoke up. "So... I guess that makes sense."\nCallahan shrugged. "Yeah. When I was up in Dallas a few years back I saw just as many Texan flags as Brother'ood flags. Kinda weird, but I guess they've been workin' toward this for a while." He paused and tried to sip his beer. The bottle had been empty for the last 30 minutes, as he found out every few minutes when he tested it for one last drop. "Still..."

OPTIONS:

1. "Glad to see them accomplish their dreams!" (Add national spirit: "Texan Handshake" (+0.15 daily political power, +0.15 daily army xp))

2. "Wonder if we could do that for Louisiana someday?" (Add national spirit: "The Statehood Question" (-25% war goal justification time, +10% division organization))

Event: I Mean, Of Course We Did It!

EVENT TEXT:

Two hours after the ballot boxes closed, Callahan took the stage. Lafayette City Hall was packed tight with bodies, almost exclusively bearing the blue and gold. But there were a few civilians meandering back and forth, which was a refreshing sight. Callahan walked up to the microphone. "Well, uh, howdy, guys!" The crowd cheered. "Well, I know a few people made actual efforts to run for the new position of Lafayette City Mayor—honorable mention to Deputy Pulp over there with a solid five votes..." The chief motioned to the side of the stage where Deputy Pulp was sulking after the general voter turnout proved to be rather uninterested in his plans of glorious conquest. "But I'll be honest, it wasn't really a contest. The second-place winner was Patrol Lead Franklin over there, garnerin' a hundred and sixteen votes, and he didn't even run." The chief pointed to Old Man Franklin at the foot of the stage, and Franklin bowed low in a dramatic fashion. The crowd laughed, and that encouraged the chief enough to crack a smile. "Well, outa the three and a half thousand votes that came in, a solid two and a half thousand of 'em were from guys in the Patrol, if that tells you anythin' 'bout the political participation in our fine city." More laughs. "Still. With about 95% of the vote, y'all have decided that you want me to be your mayor." The crowd let out a healthy roar of cheers and applauds. The chief felt nervous, and he felt his heart racing. His vision started to blur. But he remembered that morning, when he had gone down to Clarence's pet shop and purchased a baby kitten. Sullivan IV was waiting back in the patrol chief's office, and somehow, that knowledge eased his heart a bit. He focused back on the now-silent crowd. "Right. If I'm gonna be mayor, that means I'm gonna have a fair bitta stuff to do on the civilian side'a things that I haven't really had to do before. For now, I'm gonna be appointin' Patrol Lead Franklin acting Patrol Chief while I figure out how I wanna structure this whole thing." The crowd let out noises of dismay and Franklin's eyes went wide at the base of the stage. "But if we're gonna do this right, the mayor's gotta have equal say over the Patrol as the Patrol Chief has, so it's only gonna be for a year or so until I can figure out where the limits oughta be." He paused and stared at one of the overhead spotlights before turning back to the crowd. "And there ain't a chance on Earth I'm lettin' Franklin take my office." That got some laughs and lightened the mood a bit. "Thank y'all for showin' up to vote, and I'll see y'all in a few years when we do this again. Have a good night, y'all." Mayor Adam Callahan stepped down from the stage and wiped the sweat from his brow. He stuck around to shake some hands, but he left for home as soon as it could be managed. He had a new member of the family to feed, after all.

OPTIONS:

1. "To the Lawmen of Lafayette!" (+25% stability, rename nation to "The Lafayette Lawmen", Patrol Chief Callahan gets trait "Satisfied" (+5% stability))

2. "To the good citizens of Louisiana!" (+25% war support, rename nation to "The Louisiana Lawmen", Patrol Chief Callahan gets trait "Satisfied" (+5% stability))

**Bayou Motors**

Event: Man of Many Jobs

EVENT TEXT:

Ship-Breaker stared out the trawler's port side window. The waves were starting to get more shallow, and the ship's wake grew less stark. "Guess we're here, eh?" He turned back to the empty plate on the table in front of him, wishing he hadn't been so hasty.\nHis two companions looked up from their readings. "Seems like it," Susan noted.\n"Well, that wasn't nearly as long as I thought it'd be." Chaco, the mayor's scrawny advisor, stood up and stretched. "Will you be in your office tomorrow morning, mayor?"\nShip-Breaker sighed. "Yeah, I'll be in."\n"Good. See you then." The advisor opened the cabin door and walked out of sight. Ship-Breaker and Susan sat quietly for a moment, listening to the ruckus outside.\n"Well, thanks again for the interview, Mr. Mayor sir. I'll make sure it gets out in the weekly paper next Sunday. It was a pleasure." Susan extended her hand across the table, and Ship-Breaker shook it.\n"Look, Susan, you don't have to call me mayor, or captain. You can just call me—"\nSusan stood up and quickly reached for her pen and notepad. "I'm sorry, Mr. Mayor. While I'm on the job it's titles and last names only. If you want to find me after hours, then maybe you could give me something else, but the sun's still in the sky and I have a job to do." She patted herself down and sighed. "Thank you again, though. Honestly." She gave the mayor a light bow and walked out. The mayor gave her a half-hearted wave that she had turned too fast to see. There was a dull thud as the boat thumped up against the dock. Ship-Breaker sat quietly in the lunchroom cabin for another few minutes before finally standing to leave. His back and belly ached.\nAs he climbed up the awkwardly-built stairs to the BMV Topper's main deck, the captain of the vessel noticed him and strutted over. He shouted a few final orders to his crew and then addressed the mayor with a shake.\n"Well, I trust everything went well?"\n"Yes, thank you again for letting me tag along, useless as I may have been. It's always nice to get out and not worry about doing all the work myself." He smiled, remembering his old vessel. The USS Bayview had been a ship far too large for Ship-Breaker to operate alone, but he had done so nonetheless. Over the years it received its fair share of scratches and dents, but it had worked out in the end. If only it hadn't got out that his bastard parents were responsible for one of the most high-profile murders of the century, maybe he could've found a respectable crew to hire...\n"Always a pleasure, Mr. Mayor." He snapped out of this thoughts. "Well, I've got fish to unload. Got a good haul today. Enjoy yourself, and lemme know if you ever need a quiet spot again." Ship-Breaker nodded appreciatively and wandered over to the gangplank. He almost tripped on the way down, but he caught himself and inwardly chuckled at the thought that he'd never once tripped on his own ship. He wasn't that old just yet.

Options:

1. "His ship was very pretty." (-10k caps, -10 political power, Spawn 1 Brig (USS Bayview))

2. "His ship was intimidating and modern." (-50k caps, -50 political power, Spawn 1 Paddle Steamer (USS Bayview))

3. "His ship looked like it could sink anything." (-100k caps, -100 political power, Spawn 1 Battle Barge (USS Bayview))

Event: Friendly Passersby

EVENT TEXT:

Mayor Ship-Breaker meandered up the Cannery port with his hands in his trenchcoat's pockets, nodding in friendly greeting to nigh on every sailor and fisherman he passed by. Of course, his nods were only a reluctant response to everyone else nodding first. A few of the waterside number even stopped to ask questions or try to make small talk, and Ship-Breaker obliged them as long as they were willing to walk with him. None stuck around for more than a minute or so at a time. By the time he'd made it from the port to the boardwalk he'd probably greeted a hundred individuals, with many more taking note of his presence from a distance. He found a bench and sat down. The sun rested high overhead, and the sound of seagulls screaming at each other and men and women shouting over the dozens of docked vessels by the port were a relaxing background. He leaned back and closed his eyes.\nBy the time he woke, the sun had turned the southern sky an artistic gradient of red and yellow. Ship-Breaker moved his arm up to wipe the slobber from his mouth, and he stretched a little.\n"I was beginning to wonder if you'd wake up," someone said. Ship-Breaker wasn't surprised—nothing ever seems to surprise you when you're this old—but he did look over to see Susan sitting on the bench next to him. She looked markedly older without the mask of makeup she normally wore on the reporting job. "Enjoying the view, or just letting everyone else enjoy seeing you?"\nThe mayor chuckled. "It's not been a good day," he said. "Just feeling nostalgic. That's all."\nShe sighed. "I feel you. Wasn't too long ago I was just a writer girl in Cypermort and you were just the weirdo murderer's kid with a boat as big as your head. I miss those days, sometimes. But my kids never understood whenever I'd tell them so." She laughed. "Now they've got their own boats and I'm writing for a paper that didn't exist half a century ago when I wanted to be a reporter."\nShip-Breaker reached over and patted her leg. "Well, you got your dream. Be happy with it."\n"I am." She sighed again and stood up. "Just wish James was still here to see it."\n"Yeah. I miss him." The mayor stood up as well. "You going somewhere in particular?"\n"Probably Glenn's Bar. Lotta visitors in town and I want to scout for some stories about other places. You wanna tag along?"\n"The mercenaries might open up a bit if they see the mayor around. They do love bragging about their adventures. Walk with me." The sun crested beneath the horizon as the pair slowly wandered off.

Options:

1. "Everyone knows us for our good fish." (Add national spirit: "The Merchant Cannery" (+15% base trade node income, +10 passive caps income, -5% consumer goods factories))

2. "We get lots of fighters coming through." (Add national spirit: "The Mercenary Cannery" (+0.10 daily army xp, +15% planning speed, +15% max planning))

3. "Great sailors come from all over." (Add national spirit: "The Mariner Cannery" (+30% spotting speed, +15% naval hit chance, +20% naval speed, +0.15 daily naval xp, +5% research speed))

Event: The Foundation of a Home

EVENT TEXT:

"And I'm tellin' ya, this whale's gotta've been mutated or somethin'. It was insane!"\nThe sailor's buddy leaned in close. "And the coolest part? Bugger had an entire bumper sword stickin' right outa it's forehead! Some mutant or somethin' musta gotten up close and personal 'cause that thing just didn't wanna die!"\nSusan finished taking notes and set her pen down. "Well, that does surely sound like an amazing tale. Was it just you two, or did anyone else see it firsthand?"\n"Well, we, uh..." The two boys looked at each other. They couldn't have been more than twenty, the mayor thought. "Oh! Obviously dad was there, right?" The other boy nodded vigorously. "Dan Rancher. He's our dad. Saw the whole thing. Lives out by the west pier in the red houseboat with green stripes. Tell 'em we said hi, alright?"\n"I'll do that tomorrow when I follow up on this. Thank you for your side of things." She marked down the name and description of the other witness and slid two shot glasses across the table to the pair. "As we discussed. Pleasure doing business." The two kids greedily dumped the contents of the glasses down their gaping mouths, fell to the ground choking, then hopped back up laughing. They thanked Susan and ran out of the bar before anyone else got worried about them.\n"Well, that seemed to be a successful interview," Ship-Breaker remarked. He downed his own shot of moonshine. His neck crumpled in on itself for a moment, then returned to normal with a warm glow in his belly. "This..." He coughed. "This stuff's awful. Love it."\nSusan giggled a bit. "Well, it'll make for a good story, if it holds up under cross-examination." She took a sip of her own very non-alcoholic water. Then she looked around the bar. She stood up and spoke loudly. "Anyone else got any stories for the Sunday paper? Paying with drinks!" There were a few light grunts from around the bar, but only one man with a multitude of facial scars and a weather-beaten leather jacket walked over. He sat down at the table and Susan settled back in. "So, what's your name and what's your story?"\nThe man pulled a pipe from his coat and lit it. Ship-Breaker sensed a source of companionship and pulled his own pipe. He passed it to the scarred man, who lit it without a word. The mayor nodded thanks and took a puff. "I've got more stories than you could fill in a year of papers," he started in a gruff voice, "but I'm not here for you." Susan leaned back and gave an indignant face. "Mr. Ship-Breaker." The mayor looked at the man, unconcerned. "I've got a life of experience in port raids and piracy. I'm the type of man you wouldn't want on this island. But I want to retire, and I want to get one over on a crew that betrayed me. If you'll have me, I can give a handful of pointers you might find handy."\nShip-Breaker raised an eyebrow. "I'm curious. Your name?"\n"Captain Clyde. Used to man the privateer vessel Benedicto's Tears."\n"I remember stories of that ship. Meet me at my office in the Mama Dolces tomorrow." The man nodded and stood up. He left the bar without another word, leaving Susan rather confused and Ship-Breaker eager to hear the advice of an equal peer.

Options:

1. "He knew we'd need to hold our own." (4x 25% Research bonus for Conventional Warfare)

2. "He figured the swamps changed things." (4x 25% Research bonus for Assymetric Warfare)

3. "He was always an aggressive fellow." (4x 25% Research bonus for Refined Warfare)

EVENT TEXT (Another Pirate Raid):

The mayor was having a wonderfully peaceful night's sleep when a boom roared across The Cannery's dockside village. Startled awake, Ship Breaker sat up in bed, rubbed his face, and reached for the glasses at the side of his bed. Fumbling, he accidentally knocked them off the nightstand and onto the floor. He groaned and got out of bed, being careful not to step on the glasses. When he put them onto his face and looked out the window, his face fell into a posture of grim anger. It was still dark outside, but a large plume of smoke could be seen rising in the distant light of the port. He threw on his trenchcoat and rushed out the door.\nIt only took him a few minutes to get to the port, given his residence was built as close to the port as could be managed without intruding on the portside storage buildings. He saw Clyde—the ex-pirate security man—standing with a few cyan-uniformed guards. He walked up to them, lightly running his fingers over a combat knife in his right pocket.\n"Mayor."\n"Clyde. What happened?"\n"Pirate attack, Mayor."\nThe mayor gave the scarred man a sarcastic look. "Oh. How'd it happen?"\n"My old crew, if you'd believe it. Tied up the entire crew of the Leeroy's Louch and were trying to make off with the ship."\nShip-Breaker grimaced. "The Louch. Isn't that the Cuban cargo ship we've been loading fish and shrimp onto for the last month?"\n"Yup. Their plan—my plan, originally—was to use dynamite to blow up the steel gates protecting the port and just make a clean getaway into the night. The fools didn't change the plan when they mutinied. I won't object to hunting down their ship, if it suits you. I'd just need a few men at my back and I could convince my former crew to come quietly and retire alongside myself. But if you take the ship and decide to use it for combat, I'd like to be made captain of it one last time. You can trust me not to jeopardize my retirement plan." The pair chuckled.\n"Very well, we'll add it to our collection. Thanks again for helping out."\n"Just doing my job, mayor." Ship-Breaker stuck around long enough to help count casualties and treat the wounded of the port gate explosion. Two prisoners were taken from the bridge of the Leeroy's Louch, but they were both young lads who wouldn't be of much use either as captives or intelligence sources. Eventually Ship-Breaker got tired, and a sudden aching reminded him that he should be in bed. So that's where he went. The rest of the issue could wait until morning.

Option: "What on earth are we supposed to do with these two?" (-13 manpower, -10% stability, deal 3 levels of infrastructure damage to The Cannery, +20% war support, raise manpower recruitment law by one, add national spirit: "Post-Raid Recovery Efforts" (+100% free repair, +10% construction speed, -0.25 daily political power))

Event: Waves in the Bayou

EVENT TEXT:

"Well, it's a good thing we caught them." Ship-Breaker's makeshift perch on the south-facing side of his office had a wonderful view over the flat terrain of Marsh Island. Carved out of the side of the Mama Dulces—the beached factory ship that housed the vast majority of The Cannery's canning operations, as well as a small complex of office spaces surrounding the mayor's office—it provided both a strategic outlook to get a feel for the island's nature while also being an excellent place to take a quick breather. "I've been looking at the numbers. We're doing well on our end, but there's a few customers down in Cuba who really need that shipment. I'll be glad to see it properly defended and on its way."\n"Very good, Mr. Mayor sir. Should I let them know they're cleared to launch?"\n"Aye, do that. And have them double check their ammunition storage just in case."\n"Got it." Ship-Breaker's assistant left the room. The mayor continued staring out over the swampy ground of the island's center. The Mama Dulces had been beached in the swamp on the northern side of the island, so from any of its windows or perches ten stories up, its southern view gave a clear shot over the entire island and to the horizon beyond. Towards the western flank of the island a forest had been growing strong. Paths of plank and loose gravel crisscrossed the island at a few points, though most of the roads ended up either at the Cannery ship and the residential structures surrounding it or at the port town at the southeastern tip of the island. Ship-Breaker smiled when a small flock of waterfowl flew past the Dulces's stern, quacking all the way. It was a very relaxing place to stand, and it helped calm down his occasional stomach aches. After another few minutes of wistful gazing, a knock at the door pulled him from his thoughts.\n"Coming, coming." He came in from the balcony and closed the perch's exit hatch behind him. Then he put away some papers he'd been reading, made for the office door, and opened it. Susan stood with a handful of flowers. "Well, I never."\n"Don't thank me," she said, thrusting the bundle into the mayor's arms. "Belated official gift from the Bayou Post as thanks for an interview a few months back with the acting CEO of the Bayou Motors, among other such nonsense titles." She smiled. "It's been a few weeks since we talked. Just figured I'd stop by and see how you're doin'."\nThe mayor grunted. "Don't remind me. Pirates barely caught because one of them tripped an alarm we only knew to set because an ex-pirate wandered in off the waves offering his services, record profits despite average nutritional intake spiraling downward, and now this business with Texas and the rest of Louisiana getting all uppity about conquests for some reason. What a mess." He left the office, closing and locking the door behind him.\n"Well, are you doing anything for the rest of the day? I just thought maybe it'd make a good story if the old mayor was there when the big shipment left, seeing as how it gave us all those free headlines with the pirates." They both chuckled, and Ship-Breaker almost forgot to duck as he walked through one of the Dulces's far-too-small doors.\n"Alright, I don't think I'm doing much else." He smiled and smelled the flowers. They'd make for a good gift for the transport ship's captain.

Option: "Let's head down and see them off." (+100k caps, +100 political power, +10% war support, +20% stability, Add 5 building slots to The Cannery, remove national spirit "Post-Raid Recovery Efforts")

EVENT TEXT (Clear Skies):

The fishing trawler's horn blared out across the port and the BMV Topper began to pull away. Mayor Ship-Breaker rested cautiously on the port side railing, and he waved goodbye to the small crowd that had gathered around the vessel. He'd be back, he knew, but he needed to get away from it for a bit. All of it.\n"So, mayor, how's it feel to be free?"\nOk, maybe not all of it. "Refreshing. The island smells like home, but the sea smells like life. I love it out here." He smiled. "A shame we had to leave so early if we're to make the Cuban markets by Tuesday. I would've liked to have more time to say goodbye. And to grab a drink."\nSusan laughed. "Don't worry, we packed the entire hold full of moonshine, and the captain's said you specifically can have as much as you want. All we need to do... Are... Are you ok?" Ship-Breaker dropped to his knees and gripped his gut, moaning. "Oh my God, what's... what're you..."\nShip-Breaker, red faced, raised a hand to signal her to stop. After a moment of low grunts and moans, his face untwisted and he let out a long sigh. "Sorry. I've been getting occasional stomach pains for the last year or so." He laughed bitterly while he stood back up. "Part of the reason I needed an extended vacation is so I can start weaning the Cannery off of my presence. I haven't seen a doctor about it, but I can tell this is a long-term thing." He leaned back over the ship's railing and stared at the orange slowly cresting over the horizon. "I've been around a long time, but someday I won't be. I'd prefer the Cannery learned to keep going without me, since I'm still around to correct their moves. For now."\n"I... I didn't know." Ship-Breaker turned his head to the side and noticed Susan's face had gone pale. She looked horrified. "How long do you think...?"\n"Oh, I'm no doctor. Probably a year or so. It had to happen sooner or later, and I've had a great run, given what it might've been."\nSusan put her right arm around Ship-Breaker's back and leaned her head onto his shoulder. "I'm so sorry. I wish I'd have known. Maybe I'd..."\n"You'd what?" The mayor laughed softly. "No, this is the right way for it to go. I've seen my people through more crises than most men would expect to read in history books throughout their lives, and we've made the world around us a better place. All we wanted was peace, and we fought to keep that peace. All that coming from a boy who grew up on his own without so much as a family to look after. Isn't that noble enough for you?"\n"Yeah, but it's kinda sad, don't you think?"\n"Hm. Maybe." They were quiet for a moment while the sun fully emerged into the morning sky. "But hey, for what it's worth, I imagine I'll get a very fancy front-page obituary when I kick it, so that's got to be worth something." Aside from occasional seagull squawks from a cohort of birds that decided to hitch a ride, the rest of the sunrise was spent in silence, with Ship-Breaker's left hand on the railing and Susan's right hand on his.

Option: "I think I've done well enough." (+100 political power, remove national spirit "An Obvious Target," add national spirit "Regional Resupply Center" (-20% monthly caps expenses, +10 weekly manpower, +20% monthly population growth, +10% recruitable population factor), Captain Ship-Breaker gains trait "The Bayou's Keeper" (+5% stability, -5% war support))

EVENT TEXT (Mayor Ship-Breaker Passes Away!):

BREAKING NEWS: Former Mayor Ship-Breaker has passed away as of [current date]. Moving on at the ripe age of 81, he helped found The Cannery many decades ago and was a much-beloved figure even through the later years of his life. He had no children, but he made it clear through his every word and action that he treated the residents of The Cannery as his family. Having led the settlement for many years and helmed our people through multiple diplomatic and military crises, he did his best to ensure The Cannery of tomorrow would have a much brighter future than he had initially had in his long and storied life. A funeral service will be held this Saturday at Greenie's Park, where his body will be interned in a public grave at 9am. A non-seafood brunch will be provided at the Bayou Motors Company's expense, and the ceremony will be entirely open to the public. We hope to see you there.

Option: "He was loved, and he'll be missed." (+10% stability, Ship-Breaker dies, Mayor Susan Langley becomes leader for People party and Ruler party, People party becomes ruling party, Set ideology wheel to 60% people/20% ruler/10% intellectuals/10% elites)

**Gator Maws**

Event: Guns'a Blazin'

EVENT TEXT:

"You promised us your aid if we needed it! We sent you food when you were at death's door and you promised you'd pay us back! With Texas looking east, do you really think now is the time to—"\nSobek was getting bored with the ghoulish envoy. "Yeah, yeah. 'Cause you're all too weak to stand and fight, we know."\nThe ghoul looked as if he'd been punched. "I've been alive since the days of America! I saw my wife and children slaughtered before my eyes two centuries ago! Do you really think I've lived this long just to be lectured at by a child?"\nSobek cracked a grin. Then she laughed a long, uproariously loud laugh. Then she whipped a pistol out of her kimono's chest holster and shot the ghoul dead on the spot. He fell to the dirty ground of the Alexandria town hall building with an ignominious thump. "Hey, Daren, clean that up."\n"Yes, boss." Daren Carter, the boss's head janitor, fetched a mop and bodybag while the rest of the gang leaders had a good laugh and dispersed.\nSobek stared at the dead ghoul's corpse laying on the ground while it got cleaned up, then rested her chin on her upright right hand when it had gone. The crown of gator hide and teeth had started feeling weird, so she took it off and threw it to the floor near where Daren was cleaning up. "Tired'a wearin' this fuckin' thing," she complained. Then she stretched her legs out squealed for an instant, and hopped right off her makeshift throne.\n"Need me to pack it up, boss?"\n"Yeah, that'd be nice. Gonna get some air. Maybe kill a guy."\n"Who's on the choppin' block today?"\n"Eh, I don't like Clarence anymore. He's been too shifty lately."\nDaren nodded. "Yeah, I've been seein' him outa town in some weird places. I's up in Natchit yesterday to pick up some meds for my Ma and he's up there chattin' up the doctor lady. Didn't see what they'd talkin' about but she gave 'em some pills for somethin'."\nSobek smiled briefly. "Well, finish up and come with me. We're gonna figure it out."\nDaren paused thoughtfully, then shrugged. "Sounds like a fun time, boss." He finished cleaning up the ghoul's mess, then the pair left the town hall together, talking about what little they knew about their heritage. The gator crown sat lying on the empty floor.

Options:

1. "We took on some cannibals from Texas." (+50 army xp, Add national spirit: "Cannibal Origins" (+10% division attack, +5% division breakthrough, -10% division defense, +15% experienced combat losses))

2. "We were originally an Orleans mob branch." (+50k caps, Add national spirit: "Mob Origins" (-10% infantry equipment production cost, +10% factory output, -10% stability))

3. "Most of our great grandparents were pirates." (+50 naval xp, Add national spirit: "Pirate Origins"(+10 passive caps income, +20% dockyard output, +10% spotting speed, +10% naval speed))

Event: Among the Weeds

EVENT TEXT:

Sobek gave Clarence another good kick across the jaw, and he let out a blood-curdling scream. "So, y'gonna tell us what those pills were, hm?"\nBetween groans and sobs Clarence tried to speak. "I... I told you—ahh... I told you it was just... \*sniff\* just painkillers for Thomas... I..." Clarence curled up in a fetal position in the mud and cried, rubbing his bloodied face.\n"Oh, boo hoo," Sobek taunted. She sat down on Clarence's curled body. "Look, d'ya have those pills on you or not?"\n"No, I—" he coughed up a spot of blood. "Thomas has them. He's... he's by the old church, I think... Please..."\n"Well, guess we can't verify that claim. Sorry, bucko!" Sobek pressed her pistol to the back of Clarence's head. He wailed and begged for mercy. After a minute of patient waiting, Sobek pulled the trigger. There was a click, and Sobek let out a solid laugh. "Guess the gator's gonna let you live this once, Clarence. Cheer up, it's your lucky day!" She stood up and leaned over Clarence. After a minute or two of quiet crying, Clarence finally uncovered his face and peaked up at Sobek. She gave him one last solid kick in the face. Not enough to kill the guy, but there was a definite crack from his nose, and Clarence resumed his bubbled screaming. "Look alive, bandit," she cooed. Then she turned to acknowledge her clapping audience of one. "Daren? Got other shit to do, y'know."\n"Right, boss." He stood up, and they walked away from the miserable ball of flesh known as Clarence who wouldn't shut up and stop writhing in the mud. It'd been a hard task to convince Clarence to leave his buddies without getting him into a defensive mindset, but once he was away and out in a nearby back alley, it was amazing what a simple kick to the nuts could do for a boy. "So, what've we gotta do next, chief?"\n"Chief?" Sobek stopped walking and turned to face Daren. "Remember what I told ya 'bout callin' me chief?"\nDaren bowed his head and put his hands together, clearly requesting a pardon. "Sorry, boss. You know it's a tough habit to break."\nSobek spit at his shoes. "Well, try harder, fuckface. Tired of everyone acting like I'm some gift from god meant to guide them through all their troubles. I am the trouble." She looked him up and down. "Alright, you're forgiven, idiot. Come on, we've gotta check on the slave gangs before sunset." Daren nodded appreciatively and fell in behind Sobek. They talked about what the slaves from Lafayette were working on as they walked. After another hour of relative quiet, Clarence finally pulled himself together and stumbled home.

Options:

1. "This place is a disguised fortress now." (Add 2 levels of outpost to every tile in all owned states)

2. "We can get anywhere we want without issue." (Add 3 infrastructure to all owned states)

3. "We may be bandits, but Alexandria loves us." (Add 2 building slots, 1 civilian workshop, and 1 arms workshop to Alexandria)

Event: The Kid in the Mud

EVENT TEXT:

"So how's the work goin', Claw?" Sobek walked up next to Theodore "Big Teddy" Claw and crossed her arms. "Noticin' there ain't any bodies yet."\nClaw chuckled. "Well, the day's still young. Ain't no guarantee bodies won't hit the ground before the day's end." The slaves Claw oversaw were in the process of dragging a long set of chains to the shore from the marshy riverside. A traveler’s boat had recently gotten caught in the weeds. The traveler walked to Alexandria for help, explained his situation, and got gutted on the spot. All that was left to do was salvage the loot.\n"Hey, watch this." Sobek drew her pistol and fired once in the air, earning a few screams and swears from the slaves. They stopped pulling the chains. "Hey, slimeballs! Did I say you could stop?" Sobek stopped shouting and walked down the bank towards the slaves. She waited for a moment for someone to speak. Nobody did. "Did I say you could stop?" Low murmurs in the negative were the only response. "Well, get back to it! And just for that delay, you've got 5 minutes to prove your worth. Slowest working one gets shot!" The slaves looked at each other, then really threw their backs into it, pulling with twice as much effort as they'd previously shown. After two minutes of watching closely, one old man threw his back out and fell out of line. "Ooh, that's too bad. Sorry, guy!" Sobek raised her pistol and shot the man directly between his eyes. Some of the other slaves screamed and a young boy dropped his chain and ran to the old man, crying. "Aw, that's cute. D'ya wanna join your grandpappy?" Sobek raised her pistol at the boy. Another slave—a middle-aged woman this time—set her chain down and stepped in front of Sobek. She looked scared, but her breathing was even.\n"Please kill me instead of the boy, if you must kill again." Sobek aimed her pistol at the woman's head and held it there for a minute. Then she pulled the trigger and there was another click. She let out a good laugh, and the rest of the overseer gang on the nearby bank had a solid chuckle as well. Only after the woman let out a sigh of obvious relief did Sobek give her a sharp jab in the gut, sending her keeling over. "Ha, man, that was good. You can have a minute break, then back to work!" She whipped her pistol around in the air and walked back up the bank.\n"That was funny, boss," Claw admitted. "Could've kept the old man though. He's not a good worker but him bein' around helped the other slaves keep in better spirits. They're gonna miss him and resent you for it."\n"Eh, he was probably on death's bed anyways," Sobek noted with a shrug. "Fucker should be thankin' me for speedin' up the process. Keep an eye on 'em and shoot that lady if she causes any more trouble. Got a feelin' she's pregnant." Sobek let out a light giggle. "Sorry. Was."\n"Got it, boss." Claw turned away to keep watching the slaves, occasionally barking orders, and Sobek walked off with Daren in tow, talking about how funny it was to keep Claw around despite the threat he posed.

Options:

1. "Man, she's crazy. We love her." (+10% stability, +10% ruler popularity)

2. "The old boss's lackeys weren't huge fans." (-7 manpower, +5% stability, +5% war support, +10% ruler popularity)

3. "She had to put us in our place first." (-31 manpower, +10% war support, +10% ruler popularity)

"Fire's a beautiful thing," Sobek explained. Patrol Chief Callahan didn't really have much of a choice but to listen. "See, it takes all that neat little stuff like wood and paper and clothes and people and it all turns it into the same thing." She smiled. "Turns 'em all to ash. And I've gotta lotta problems I've needed turned to ash over the last few months. Lotta them start and end with you and your precious patrol." She stopped smiling. "C'mere, prick."\n"Look, lady, I know you hate us and all, but—"\n"Shut up, bitch." Sobek gave the chief a slug to the gut, and he exhaled sharply and bent over gasping. His hands were tied like all the other patrol leads with him, so there wasn't much he could do but cough repeatedly. "See this orphanage?" She motioned to the Lafayette City Orphanage building in front of the assembled procession. All the children had been freed from its clutches and all the workers inside the building had been shot dead where they stood. That was days ago, and the bodies hadn't been touched. Callahan finally stopped coughing and looked up. "That fuckin' building is where y'all ruined my life. At least, y’all tried your damndest. Look what you did. Y'all took an ordinary girl and put so much hate into 'er that she became a bandit queen and slaughtered your patrol." She grinned again and walked up to Callahan. She ripped his badge off his shirt, tore his hat from his head, and grabbed his shades from his face. She snapped them in two. The chief didn't so much as flinch. Then she grabbed the man's moustache and pulled his face down to her level. "Here's what I'm gonna do," she whispered to the chief's sad pokerface. "First, I'm gonna take every patrol lead here and I'm gonna put 'em in that building. Then I'm gonna throw in one pistol with enough shots for each of them. Then I'm gonna set the building on fire. How's that sound?"\nThe chief only looked sad. Not horrified or angry, just sad. "That'd be a mighty waste of fine men and ammo, ma'am."\nSobek gave him a firm slap across the face and backed up. "Now!" She clapped twice in a royal manner she'd heard of in a book she hadn't read, and the dozen or so patrol leads were shuffled into the building. An old man entered last, and while the rest of the patrol leads looked angry or scared, the old man gave Sobek the same sad look Callahan bore. That pissed her off, so Sobek took a shot at the old man's shoulder for good measure. His face twisted with pain, but the sad look didn't go away until his face disappeared into the building. A few minutes later, the structure burned bright. A minute or so into that, a series of popping shots fired off. It kept popping until one bullet was left. The last bullet never fired, and the chief only sat down on the ground and shook his head. "As for you," Sobek noted, "I'm gonna do you a favor. Gonna let you live. Moreover, gonna turn you into the creature our gang's named after. You're gonna be a gator." She smiled, and Callahan's ashen face looked up at her, confused. Then Sobek put three bullets into each of the chief's legs, eliciting an increasing howl of pain with each entry. "Now crawl to freedom, big guy. Crawl." After a quiet moment of moaning Callahan began to crawl away.\n"Any further orders, boss?" Daren approached Sobek and bowed lightly.\n"Yeah. Set some buildings on fire. Your call, or let the rest of the Maws choose. Have some fun. Then we're going home." Daren distributed torched to Sobek's entourage and spread out into the smoke-filled night.

Option: "And good riddance to those demons." (Patrol Lead Franklin dies, +250 political power, deal 10 levels of infrastructure damage to Lafayette, gain core on Moss Bluff, add +75% resistance to Lafayette)

Event: Gators Galore

EVENT TEXT:

Sobek sat down on one of the benches lining The Cannery's portside boardwalk. Coincidentally, it happened to have been pried up from another spot nearby and sat there by one of here guards specifically because it faced where Mayor Ship-Breaker now sat. Ship-Breaker himself looked unusually old and jaded, like he'd been around since the bombs dropped but just never bothered getting ghoulified. "So," he asked, "what's your plan here?"\nSobek frowned. "Hm. I'm not entirely sure, to be honest. See, you've got a nice operation goin' on here. When we took our Lafayette, that was personal. Got a bone to pick with the patrol freaks and I picked their bones 'till I was satisfied. But you? Got nothin' against you, you're just old and ugly."\nShip-Breaker managed a shaky chuckle between coughs. "Thanks for the compliment."\n"See, New Orleans is over east, and that seems like a lotta work. Texas ain't our problem, the Desperados are more fun to mess with than to bother fightin', and ain't no way we're growin' frog legs and becoming pirates. But this little stretch'a land here really felt like the loose end, y'know?"\nShip-Breaker nodded slowly. "I understand what you mean."\n"So we figured we'd just kinda... y'know... take it. And here we are." Sobek smiled with her hands outstretched to her sides, then she clasped them down on her knees. "So I've got a few options. I could just kill you and everyone else here and be done with it. Burn the bayou and sell the cannery's last batch to passing pirates."\n"Seems like a waste, if you ask me."\n"I didn't, and I wouldn't." Sobek looked to her side down the rest of the empty boardwalk. "But you're right. I know my folks sure as hell don't wanna spend the rest'a their days in some factory. And, uh..." She looked up at Teddy Claw, who was one of the attending guards. "Well, Teddy's good at keepin' slaves in order and all, but somethin' tells me we couldn't whip machinery to work faster."\n"That is correct," Ship-Breaker remarked. He was beginning to get a twinkle in his eye, Sobek noticed. Weird.\n"So our other option's pretty much this. Turn y'all into a tribute port. You keep runnin' your business as is, stop huntin' pirates, and let us deal with them. Turn The Cannery into a real bandit port, y'know. You can run the day to day, but if you slip up even once it'll be your head and every head on this island that rolls. Think you can manage that for me?"\nShip-Breaker smiled. "I think I can stay in line, chief."\nSobek smiled wide at Ship-Breaker, then drew her pistol and shot him in his foot. He swore under his breath and gripped the thing. She leaned forward so far she could feel the old man's uneasy breath. "That's for callin' me chief," she whispered. Then she got up and walked away, with the rest of her guard in tow.

Option: "Fine, you can stay mayor. But watch yourself." (-100 political power, Gain core on The Cannery)

"Wear the crown! Wear the crown! Wear the crown!" Nearly every member of the gang had been packed into the Alexandria town hall for the specific purpose of making Sobek wear a crown. Sobek did not want to wear that crown.\n"I don't want to wear that crown," Sobek said.\nTeddy Claw walked up to the makeshift throne—now custom adorned with a long row of blue-hatted and cyan-glasses skulls—and knelt before it. He bowed low and raised the newly-reforged Gator Crown as high as his fat arms could manage. The crown itself had been a custom job by a passing ex-Ironmonger pirate who stopped in the recently-piratified port of The Cannery, incorporating scrap metal from the twisted remains of the Lafayette Orphanage a chunk taken off the Mama Dulces, the Bayou Motors' beached canning vessel. It had 10 gator teeth sticking up out its sides spaced evenly across, a string of brass across the main band from melted-down Patrolmen badges, and a hand-carved wooden alligator head set into the front tip of the crown. All in all, a rather tacky piece, Sobek thought. But still...\nShe stood up. "How about this. I'll wear the stupid crown on a few conditions." Cheers went up from the tightly-crowded room. "First of all, the Gator Maws aren't a tribe. We're a gang. Get that through your heads, the lottaya. Got it?" Some people towards the back made sad noises, but most of the gang members shouted points of affirmation. "Secondly, y'all gotta call me the Gator Queen from now on." Universal shouts and whoops went up from the crowd. This was playing right into a cheesy legend that'd been going around Alexandria for a century, but if it would put a rest to the legend for good, it'd be worth it. "Finally. Heya, Claw, stand up." Claw stood, smiled, and did a poorly-imitated military salute. "If I put this stupid crown on my head, can I shoot you in your fuckin' knee?"\nClaw's face fell and he looked nervous. But a new chant of "say yes!" went up from the rest of the crowd, and after hyping himself up on everyone else's approval, he returned to the front of the throne and bowed again. "If it means your crowning, your reptilian majesty, I'll do it."\nSobek smiled wide. "Oh, and Daren too. You up?"\nDaren didn't miss a beat from his place next to the throne. "If the boss wants it," he said meekly.\n"Well, the boss most certainly does." She whipped her pistol out of her kimono, gave it a fancy twirl she'd practiced for far too long, and nailed Claw and Daren in their left knees with one bullet each. Both fell to the ground groaning, but both kept their pain-ridden faces lifted towards Sobek. As for Sobek, she had a good laugh, then shouted "Alright, let's have this stupid fuckin' crown." She reached down to where Claw was holding it up towards her, stood up on her throne, dramatically set her right leg onto one of the throne's armrests, and crowned herself then and there. She did a dramatic pose she saw on a comic book cover one time, and the crowd went wild.

Option: "It's a rather silly hat, to be honest." (+100 political power, remove national spirit "Forgotten Children," Rename nation to "Great Gator Gang", rename "Sobek the Powerful" to "Gator Queen Sobek", add national spirit "The Great Gator Gang" (-10% compliance growth speed, +10% resource gain efficiency, +10% construction speed, +10% factory output), Sobek gains trait "Avenged" (+5% war support))

**And that’s it. Thanks for reading. :)**