

An Age of Air and Steam



Lords of the Earth Campaign One Turn 206 Anno Domini 1741 – 1742

TURN 207 ORDERS DUE BY Friday, August 17th, 2001

ANNOUNCEMENTS

All Notes, Clarifications and Announcements have been moved into their own Notes document, as have the Industrial Supplement rules.

NORTH ASIA

<i>Mercenary Troops</i>	10c, 10i, 5a, 8i (Lingsi Rifles)
<i>Mercenary AQRs</i>	c15 s22 i18 a15 w19
<i>Mercenary Leaders</i>	Saigo Tsugumichi (M9.6.8), Bantag Yen (M 11.7.7)
<i>Hiring Contact</i>	Pacific Mercenary and Trust Corporation

TOKUGAWA JAPAN (Tokushima on Shikoku)

Kii Yoshimune, Shogun of All Nippon, Daimyo of Manila, King of the Phillipines, The Sea-Spear, Monster-Slayer.

DIPLOMACY Yamaguchi(ea), Himeji in Shimane(ea)

Still smarting from their defeat at the hands of the Javans, the Tokugawa set about rebuilding their fleet – and just to make sure nothing bad happened, fortified the cities of Bahrau in Johor and Hongkong. A wide variety of local initiatives were also undertaken, making sure that every province and town was up to snuff. The island colony of Nootka (off the coast of North Amerika) was colonized to (1w4).

While the various admirals were smarting, Miiragi took the remaining transports and troop-ships and sailed to Cheju Do, where there were a huge lot of Persians waiting for a ride. Under dual-Japanese/Persian flags, he then set off for the Middle East, arriving in the hot Persian homeland a year later. Despite the wars and tumults around him, he managed to get through successfully.

At home, Kii Musubu enjoyed himself in the company of his new, young wife Reiko. He longed for more sons, and the blight of his previous wife's death seemed distant. Unfortunately, though Reiko bore him a second son (Shinturo) she fell ill due to complications and – though she was only twenty-four – sickened and died within three months of the boy's birth. The Shogun was

greatly annoyed by this, but he immediately set about finding a third wife, barely waiting for the period of mourning to expire.

Though there was no open insult offered to the Matsugae family, the brothers of beautiful young Reiko were tormented by grief and the callous and indifferent nature of the Shogun. The youngest, Mishuru, resolved to take action. As he was still residing in the Shogun's court (the Matsugae remained part of the court until Musubu married again), he soon found an opportunity to face the Shogun in close quarters.

Kii was no fool – he went everywhere accompanied by a phalanx of bodyguards – and the boy's wild attack, shouting a challenge and hurling himself into the midst of the Fujiwara guardsmen – was immediately met with a blizzard of steel. Reiko's brother perished, nearly hewn in half by a dozen blades. But Musubu took fright from the maniacal expression on the boy's face. For the first time, a sliver of fear cut into his cold heart.

"Kill them all!" He shrieked, and his guardsmen rushed into the quarters of the Matsugae amid a wild melee. The clansmen fought bitterly, but they were outnumbered by the Fujiwara and all were slaughtered. Musubu then found himself crouched over the cradle of his new-born son, staring at the coverlet bearing the entwined *mon* of his own house, and that of his late wife.

Face ghastly with fear, he groaned aloud. "They will remember this... they will grow up, and the spirits of their brothers will whisper dreadful things into innocent ears..." His hand twitched to the *wakisashi* at his belt, then the short, glittering blade slipped from it's sheath. A mirror-bright point drifted over the baby's throat.

"I must be safe," Kii argued with himself, transported into a world of visions only he could see. The blade pressed against tender flesh. "I will find another bride... a safe bride..."

The sound of metal squeaking through flesh, shearing through bones yet soft with youth, the bubbling gasp of the tiny figure twisting and trying to cry masked the soft *shhhh* of a shoji door opening. Two men entered, then froze in horror. Musubu turned, his *wakisashi* slick with blood. "Yes?"

Sakuramachi, Emperor of Japan, *tenno-no-Nihon* blanched, seeing the dreadful grimace on the Shogun's face, the blood spattering his snow-white silk kimono, the dripping blade held in a claw-like fist. Before the Emperor could react, the man at his side stepped forward, *katana* leaping from its sheath in a fast, glittering arc. Yoshimune, younger brother of the Shogun, twisted his shoulders into the blow and the keen metal severed Musubu's head from his neck with a sharp *thwack!*

The Shogun toppled loosely to the floor, blood gouting from his neck, and Yoshimune gathered up the trembling, silent shape of young prince Sano (all of four years old) from where he had been kneeling beside the cradle.

The Emperor looked around the room, holding a scarf over his nose. "We will burn this building to the ground," he said in a soft, almost effeminate voice. "A tragedy, a terrible tragedy spawned by the revolt of the Matsugae clansmen."

Yoshimune wiped the blood from his *katana*, nodded grimly, and the two men stepped out of the room without looking back. Within the hour, an entire wing of the Shogun's palace at Tokushima was roaring with flames while alarm bars rang wildly and hundreds of samurai and policemen labored to contain the conflagration.

Nearby, on a hill, under spreading cherry trees, Yoshimune held the boy Sano to his breast, watching the confusion below. The Emperor was sitting on a silken camp-stool in the shade, a scroll of Chinese poetry unwound over his knees.

"And now?" Yoshimune did not look at the Emperor.

“Now,” Sakuramachi said, without raising his eyes from the graceful writing, “now you are Shogun, and rule a Shinto Japan in my name.”

And so it was. The great changes set in motion by the onset of the Ice, and the terrible war, and the revelation of Ameratsu’s protection had driven the people to their ancient gods in great numbers and now, particularly with the ascension of the notably Shinto Yoshimune to the Shogunal throne, Japan became Shinto once more, both officially and even among the people.

Of all the Japanese provinces, only Budokan on Nootka, Akone on Okinawa, and Shimane (including the city of Himeji) remained Buddhist. All else became Shinto.

PACIFIC MERCENARY AND TRUST CORPORATION (Kryztn on Luzon)

Juchen Agoi, President and Executive officer

DIPLOMACY Amgar in Suifenhe(mf), Bahrau in Johor(mf), Yu-Lin on Hainan(mf), Okisaka in Penong(mf), Tempyo in Broome(mf), Sirivijaya in Palembang(mf), Na-Iki in Nullarbor(mf)

The Trustees scrambled around, all across the Pacific, trying to restore their trade networks and offices to some semblance of order and efficiency. Being ejected from the Americas hurt, and a spate of letters to the Aztecs and other powers there fell on deaf ears. The shadow of the Ice lay upon the company, and the board of directors despaired of ever shaking the tumults and disgraces of the past.

THE PURE REALM (Fusan in Silla)

Great Master Cho Hun, Abbot of the Wing Kung Temple of the Greater Vehicle of the Message of the Bodhisattva

DIPLOMACY Chekiang(mn), Champa(mn)

The vigor shown by Cho Hun in previous years continued unabated... the ranks of the fighting priests in Holy Fusan were strengthened again, a great survey of the temples, shrines, stupas and monasteries under the Realm’s purview was completed, and the Grand Master saw fit to meddle (just a little bit) in the war in southern China. Some marginal temples were abandoned, and others were given less status and prominence than they had held before.

Missionary work continued apace in Arakan, Mon, Kalinga, Vengi, Madurai and Chola. These activities again exacerbated the tension between Moslem and Buddhist, leading to rioting, murders, and general confusion in unrest in all six provinces. Despite the deaths of countless monks, the weight of the Realm’s efforts began to tell...

Indeed, the Great Master betook himself south from Hunan to visit the faithful in Kwangtung (despite the fighting raging just to the west), though his efforts to convince the local priests to obey the Realm failed miserably.

THE MANCHU MONGOL EMPIRE (Harbin in Shangtu)

Manchu Ch’ien-Lung, God-Emperor of the Middle-Kingdom

DIPLOMACY Sungari(f)

The very old and (now infirm) Emperor Jaki continued to rule with an iron hand (twisted into a gnarled claw) from Harbin. The province of Shangtu was increased to 2 GP, and the city of Amgar in Suifenhe expanded. The province of Wudan was granted to lord Lao Mi as his personal domain, which pleased the grasping, avaricious lord no end and got him out of Jaki’s thinning hair. An arrangement was also made with the khan of the Sungari, which saw the young Princess Mi’an married off – and then the khan suffered a stroke and died only a few months later, so the girl (she was twelve) came back to her father’s house to live in splendor.

Unfortunately, old Jaki did not live out the year ’42, dying peacefully in his sleep on an old horse-blanket. His retainers placed a bow in one hand, a saber in the other, before they carried him forth from the great palace. The Emperor’s death was marked by a massive earthquake in Jilin province, which toppled countless house, trade-posts and left an entire forest of trees pointing to the west like long, slender fingers.

All of his armies were present to grieve, but the great lords were also watching, and some blood was spilled in the Imperial precincts as Lord Jentu (of the Manchu clan) murdered his rival Shen Tun, seized the loyalty of the *yumens*, and drowned the ten-year-old Chan Jiajing and his cousin Chan Wusu in a bathtub. Little princess Mi’an (who had seen so many palaces, traveling camps and courts) was married off to Jentu’s son, Yung-Cheng. A tasty prize.

With his accession, Jentu took the reign-name Ch’ien-Lung, and proclaimed a new, Manchu, dynasty to rule Manchuria.

THE KINGDOM OF PRESTER JOHN (Maclan in Tuhnwhang)

Lewis Corrigan, Khagan of Karakocho, The Incarnated One, Wolf-Brother of the Altai, Iskander Returned!

DIPLOMACY Some

Things continued to (slowly) recover in the lands of the Prester – the Silk Route re-opened with the snow clearing from the passes in Kashgar and Ferghana – while the city of Karakocho was resettled to 2 GPv. The continuing improvement of relations with the khan of the Gurvan (and his Moslem allies throughout the Gobi) led to the opening of trade with the Manchu.

THE DIVINE KINGDOM OF JUDAH (Pienching in Honan)

Yui-Yen Ben-Yair, The Hand of God, Champion of the Hosts of Christ, Celestial Emperor, huey tlaotani

DIPLOMACY None

If possible (and many had not thought it...) the atmosphere of the court grew even fouler – with the Emperor showing his displeasure with the world in all ways, and to all peoples. The Ming ambassador was barely able to crawl away after a four-hour audience with the Blind King. Yui-yen’s displeasure was great – Judean fleets were not to be spent lightly, and rarely in the service of @\$^%\$ Ming fools!

However, the power of Judea was great, and another fleet was soon issuing forth from the shipyards and docks of Nantong. Lord Falcon was placed in command, and every power, intrigue and effort was bent to gaining him victory of the damnable Javans and their fleet. While a fresh armada sailed south, Yui-Yen also kept a weather eye on the north, where the tribes of the Gobi and beyond were becoming restive – though seemingly restrained by the Prester John – at least for now.

Rather severe programs to teach the local people Court Chinese continued in Chuning and El’Khudz.

THE MING CHINESE EMPIRE! (Wuhan in Hupei)

Qing Yongzheng, Regent for...

Hongzhi Ying-Kwon, Emperor of China, Hammer of the Barbarians, The Redeemer, The Eternally Victorious, Divine Son of Heaven, The Merciless

DIPLOMACY

Ears singed by Yui-Yen’s displeasure, the Ming bent their backs under the heavy load of destiny – new armies were raised, begging the Ming merchant marine and threatening their economy with an even steeper slide into disaster. Some finesse was required to keep the government afloat with loans, but Yongzheng managed, even while ordering the government about from his camp in Kienchou. The ministers wrung their hands, the youthful idio Hongzhi whined, the soothsayers muttered... but the Regent

was determined to crush the invaders in the south, once and for all, and to leave not a single Javan alive!

A great deal of rice, wheat, pickles and barreled honey was shipped off to the Japanese, and by a circuitous route to distant Persia, where a terrible famine was ravaging the land!

In Wuhan (while armies mustered and marched in the south), a Ming court issued indictments against the Javan generals, queen and nobles for their “illegal, immoral and fattening” war against noble Ming. After a hard glare from the Judean ambassador, the judges meekly cut short their long oration and declared the criminals tried and sentenced... to death!

Aided by brokers from the Pacific Mercenary and Trust, Yongzheng mustered two new corps of Ming regulars, plus the various bands of mercenaries under the command of Saigo and Bantag Yen in Ganzhou, managing to gather thirty thousand men by early summer of '41. Having received certain news from his agents, the Regent then ordered his fresh army to storm south into Kwangsi!

Strange rumors filtered out of the west – a white man with a sharp beard was reported to be visiting the great monasteries of Tibet and speaking with the Buddhist and Jewish priests there.

NEW ANNAM (Yu-Lin on Hainan Island)

Shir'le, Great Kahuna of Java, Empress of the Maori, The Sea Spear

DIPLOMACY None to speak of

[Read [Java](#) first, then return here]

While Shir'le was sailing up from Java, things in “New Annam” had plunged into confusion – no less than three separate attempts to murder Generals N'then and Gr'ee were made (by the Ming, by the Bhuddist clergy and then by the Judeans), resulting in the wounding of N'then in Annam. While he convalesced, word came that an army of Khemer-hired mercenaries had invaded the province from Dai Viet. A second Ming army advanced out of Korat through the mountains.

Gr'ee was faced by the Regent Yongzheng's army maneuvering to the northeast, as well as an increasingly restive Buddhist population in Kwangsi. He struggled to keep his men under control – rumors flew thick and fast, and somehow everyone knew (even before Shir'le reached Annam) that they had been abandoned on a hostile shore.

Summer advanced, the Kwangsi population revolted against the invaders, and Yongzheng's army swept across the frontier from Nanling. The Regent found chaos – the Javan army had disintegrated, Gr'ee had disappeared, the Javan fleet had put to sea and not returned – Javan garrison soldiers were hung on every lamp-post, and scattered at every crossroads. Bands of angry monks, farmers and woodsmen thronged the towns. In fact, the Ming were immediately forced to garrison the province to suppress bandits and restore order.

In particular, the rebellious peasants – now provided with plentiful arms, ammunition and a free hand by both Ming agents (and capturing the equipment abandoned by the fleeing Javans) rampaged, wrecking Pure Realm temples, monasteries and farms – and settled old scores with one another. Rioting, mass hysteria, looting and other G8-related activities flared across the provinces of Kwangsi, Lingtung, Lingsi, Lingtung, Annam and Korat.

Yongzheng was startled by the disaster he had set in motion, but his army pressed on. By the end of '41, the provinces of Kwangsi, Lingtung, Lingsi and Lingnan were “liberated”. Kin Wah's 'reserve' army had advanced out of Kienchou to secure the port of Kwangtung, and the Regent was preparing to invade Annam itself.

Meanwhile, at sea, a Judean-Hosogawa fleet had rendezvoused off Taiwan and then plunged south, every ship alert, every gun

primed for battle. The armada took on water at Hong Kong, then swung wide around Hainan Island, seeking to intercept any Javan squadrons preying on the shipping lanes, or a fleet of transporting bringing fresh troops up from the south. Of course, the Javan armies on land had collapsed like sand before the Ming tide, but the Judean admiral had yet to receive this news.

As it happened, the Javan fleet at sea (under the command of the wily N'dret) had sailed to meet Shir'le and her entourage, which included four new Javan airships.

“We are still at war,” the Queen barked as she stepped down from a bosun's chair on the deck of the *Pedang Capat*. N'dret met her with a confused expression. “The war had stopped?” He asked.

Accompanied by the wide-ranging eyes in the sky, the Javan fleet turned back north into Gulf of Tonkin and within days the *DuQuoin* swung within signaling range of the fleet - *Judean fleet sighted, sixty miles north-northeast*. N'dret and his squadrons prepared for battle. Huge trimaran battlecruisers heeled, bow-wakes flaring white as they picked up speed.

The Judean commander, Falcon, continued his sweep, unaware of the Javan airships lurking in the upper air, their blue-painted shapes blending with the brilliant summer sky, watching his every move. Only two days later, the Javan fleet appeared on the southern horizon and by afternoon, the two fleets collided a hundred miles south-southeast of cape **Tonggou Jiao**.

Three hundred and seventy Javan ships (including many taken as prizes from the smashed Ming, Japanese and Judean squadrons of two years previous) engaged the combined three hundred and ninety Judean and Hosogawan vessels with the wind guage and a moderate advantage in guns. A day of swirling melee followed, tongues of flame stabbing in the murk of cordite smoke and burning ships, the queer wailing cry of the Lascars swarming over the side of a stricken ship, the quiet terrifying rush of the Malays with their long kukri knives... The Judean and Hosogawan squadrons took a severe beating. As night fell, Falcon ordered the fleet to break away under cover of darkness and make way to safety of the Chinese coast and the Ming batteries in Kwangchou.

N'dret's airships could not be shaken – not with the moon shining on the ocean, and the wake of the Judean ships shining plain against the dark sea from a thousand feet. Two days later, the fleets clashed again, this time almost within sight of Hainan Island. This time N'dret closed in for the kill, his battle cruisers ripping broadside after broadside into the Judeans, his frigates slashing in with the landward wind, his airships raining flame and bombs from above. The Hosogawan squadron struck their colors, more than half their ships smashed to ruin, the rest captive prizes.

Falcon escaped with a broken fragment of his fleet, and the Javans once more ruled the seas. N'dret sent prize crews aboard, and sailed to Yu-Lin to harbor and repair. The Hosogawan crews were sent home, their parole accepted. The captive Judeans were held in a camp in the hills above the port.

A letter was waiting in the port, from Nita in Java. N'dret read the letter with interest, then frowned and looked at his captains. “The Queen... the new Queen thinks this war is foolish and without purpose – she says we should decide if we wish to join Shir'le in Annam and fight, or return to Java and find peace.”

Two months later, after repairs were complete, N'dret's fleet set sail for the south.

In Annam, meanwhile, Shir'le landed to find a wounded General N'then and his army battling a widespread rural revolt, as well as simultaneous invasions from Korat and Dai Viet. Determined to free her ancestral homeland from the Ming dogs (and meeting up with a rabble of artillerymen from Lingtung) she threw herself, her guardsmen and N'thens troopers into the fray.

A confused and vicious series of battles in the Haiphong delta ensued, but the Javans managed to solidify their position amongst the fortified settlements they had built in previous years, then defeated Bantag Yen's mercenaries and drove back in the Ming armies in disarray. General Liao's motley army retreated not back into the high mountains of Korat, but towards Lingsi instead.

And in the spring of '42, Liao's battered column met the Regent's army heading southwest in full array. The Ming troopers cheered to see Yongzheng's banners advancing towards them, at the head of a massive army. Morale restored, the now combined Ming army struck into the heartland of Annam, determined to bring these Javan dogs to heel once and for all.

Now the numbers brought against Shirl'e and her freedom fighters were truly great and a bitter struggle ensued. Unfortunately for the Ming, they once more faced an enemy in prepared positions, backed by a powerful artillery corps. But Yongzheng had taken pains to prepare – and his own guns were numberless, and his engineers were everywhere, digging, fortifying, lending every aid and stratagem in the attack. Unfortunately, even while the Ming had forced Shirl'e and her army into open battle near the village of **Hanoi**, two columns of Javans (who had slipped out of the mountains to the east all unnoticed) stormed into the Ming rear.

The 'disintegrated' army once commanded by Gr'ee now sprang from the jungles and mountains in full force, and took Yongzheng and his host by surprise. A frightful debacle ensued, with the Ming regiments caught between two fires, filled with fear and then with blind panic. The Regent's army disintegrated into rout.¹ Despite the panic and the thousands of Ming dying under the Javan guns, Yongzheng and his Imperial Guard fought free of the disaster and a great portion of the Ming army escaped (though their morale was very poor). The Javan commanders wiped sweat from their brows – another close shave, only succored by Gr'ee's sudden appearance.

Yongzheng tried to rally his army in Lingsi, but they were so badly shattered he was forced to fall back to Wuzhou in Lingtung before he could gather up all the regiments again. While doing so, he was struck by the devastation visited upon the provinces through which his army fled. The civil unrest ignited by the peasant rebellions had not ceased, swallowing up whole towns, farms and temples alike.

In Annam, the Javans regrouped themselves, and some of Gr'ee's commandoes slipped over the mountains into Lingsi and Lingnan before the end of '42.

SOUTH ASIA

<i>Mercenary Troops</i>	30c 25i
<i>Mercenary AQRs</i>	c14 i17
<i>Mercenary Leaders</i>	Gemish Huorn (M956)
<i>Hiring Contact</i>	(none)

THE KHEMER EMPIRE (Angkor Wat in Khemer)

Bao Dai "The Pious" Moldoraja, Emperor of the True Khemer

DIPLOMACY Mon(hostile), Burma(hostile)

Somewhat begrudgingly, the Emperor agreed to allow the Ming to hire a motley and disreputable band of Viets and Indian mercenaries in Dai Viet – just so they could pillage the Javan territories in Annam. Bao Dai was displeased to see his realm used as the pawn of the scurrilous Ming, but the priests of the Realm begged and pleaded – and what was he to do? He was a pious man.

¹ Here's Tom staring at the dice again... ok, Javan luck holds and the Ming get crappy rolls. What do you do? Luckily, the Javans didn't have enough firepower to kill all those Ming...

Indeed, his piety extended to the dispatch of armed bands of Buddhist monks into Arakan (where they fought fierce battles with the local Moslems, and most perished) as well as Mon (where they rioted with the Catholic priests, bickered with the Pure Realm priests, and still managed to convert some of the locals). A Khemer lord, Doldara, arrived soon afterwards – intending to offer the Catholic prince of Mon an alliance – but so bitter was the struggle in the province that he was seized and struck down, his body hewn to bits and left to lie by the roadside.

A similar effort among the Burmese nearly ended with equal tragedy, but lord Honshon managed to run *very quickly* away from the angry mobs and escaped to Rangoon, where he felt safe.

The Emperor's court was stricken with grief in late '41, when Empress Jehemana attempted to bear Bao Dai a son (his second), but perished in the attempt. The chanting of the priests could do nothing to save her, and the Emperor wept to see her young body cold and still in the grip of death. The child also died, a withered gray husk. Only the still-living presence of Bao's other three children kept him from despair.

In the west, the commandery of the army in India (currently encamped in Palas) was ravaged by typhoid, with both lord Setreya and general Almandur succumbing to the dreadful disease. Luckily, the elderly lord Katai arrived soon afterwards with a fresh crop of recruits and restored order, morale and personal cleanliness among the Khemer forces.

Glorious news – handed from trader to traveler to tavern-keeper – made its slow, meandering way out of the hinterlands of Laos and down to the Khemer cities. Hunters searching for elephant tusk had stumbled across a temple deep in the Laotian forest, carved from the face of a mountain shouldering above the green canopy of the jungle, showing gleaming white marble to the sky. An enormous statue of the Bodhisattva looked out upon the land, and within the mountain, such marvelous caves!

But more of interest to the common people, to the priests, to the monks, to the merchants – inscriptions upon the walls of the caves (inscribed and carved and wrought with such beauty) spoke of prince Siddartha, of the Gautama Buddha, and they said he *had walked upon the very stones, prayed in the very caves, slept upon a bed of stone therein!*

In August of '41, a Danish fleet appeared off the coast of Mon, adding another blazing torch to the conflagration already burning there among the various religious elements. Admiral Schlechter's marines stormed ashore and found the old Danish trade city of Weisskastel in jungle-overgrown ruins. Wondering what had become of the citizens, Schlechter ordered the craftsmen and soldiers to rebuild the city – which they did by the end of '42.

In the meantime, a delegation from the surrounding province had presented itself to the admiral – he found it quite amusing, a clutch of Catholics with hat in hand – and begged for Imperial protection. "We are Christians," the barons pleaded, "and the Buddhists are slaughtering us. We fear the Khemer will invade and put us all to the sword."

Schlechter agreed to accept their taxes and hold them in his protection for the moment. Then he dispatched a letter to Venice, requesting instructions from the Regent or Empress.

HOSOGAWA BORNEO (Kozoronden in Sabah)

Hosogawa Shigo, Daimyo of Kozoronden

DIPLOMACY Messing around on Sulawesi

Under pressure from the Judeans to help "clean up the Javan mess", old Shigo agreed to dispatch the prince of Timur and a naval squadron to fight in the waters off the southern Chinese coast. The rest of his fleet and army he kept close to home – who knew if the war might suddenly spill over into his small domain?

Despite the heavy losses in ships and men, Shigo was glad to see some of the Timurese escaped the debacle off the China coast.

JAVA ~ WHERE IT'S WARM™ (Sunda in Pajajaran)
Nita, Great Kahuna of Java, Emperess of the Maori, The Sea Spear

DIPLOMACY Sulawesi(down to nt due to Hosogawa meddling),
Pilbarra(f), Broome/Tempyo(t)

With a rousing cheer, the workers at the Number Two Aeroship factory outside of Sunda raised their rain-hats to the sky – the sight of the sleek, tapered shape of a Javan Aeroship nosing out of the mammoth hanger lifted every heart. The *White Tower* rolled out on a long pair of matched tracks, dragged by hundreds of ropes, every man's back slick with sweat and shining brown in the tropical sun. Moments later, the second hanger door rumbled back, and the snout of the *Earnhardt* emerged as well. Another cheer went up, and everyone shook hands. Even the normally dour Georgian engineers were seen to venture a thin-lipped smile.



Figure 1. JAS *Earnhardt* on trial flight

While the shipyards of Java continued to toil ceaselessly, commissioning more ships of war, and the skies above the peaceful tropical isles were now troubled by the passage of airships – a crisis was brewing in Sunda, within the precincts of the royal court. Though every servant and minister had cleared out, the sound of voices raised in fierce argument could be heard in the courtyards below... Shir'le was locked in a bitter dispute with her cousin Nita and her husband (and commander of the home fleet), lord Pedregon.

"You will destroy Java," Nita shouted, overriding Shir'le's latest rant about the foul, mewling, toad-licking Ming. The younger woman's face was tight with anger and fear. "Judea has entered the war, and our luck in breaking their fleets will not last. They are rich and blessed with limitless manpower – soon they will fill the sea with ships, while our numbers will dwindle."

"Let them come!" Shir'le growled, a wild light in her eyes. "If our battle trimarans do not sent them down to the Shark in ruin and fire, our airships will devastate their cities, lay waste to their countryside!"

Pedregon grunted. "Our airships are even fewer in number, and soon the Ming and Judea will have their own – and then *our* skies will be dark with the enemy. My Queen, we must make peace if Java is to survive. Let us return to our ancient past-times – making beautiful toys, surfing, listening to the ukelele players strum in a tropical night, with the round moon high above the waves."

"No!" Shir'le turned on the admiral. "We must rescue our people from the tyranny of the Ming, we must restore old Annam... we must go home."

"Java is our home," Nita said softly, watching her cousin with growing alarm. A decision crystallized in her heart. "No one remembers Annam anymore... it is a land of strangers."

"Not to me!" Shir'le's mouth twisted into a foul grimace. "We will fight on. *Forever.*"

"We will not," Nita replied in a cold voice. "The council of ministers will not follow you, not anymore. Nor will I, or

Pedregon. You may go – take those who wish to follow you – but we will not."

"Traitors!" Sweat trickled down Shir'le's throat, and her eyes filled with darkness. She strode to the arched doorway, refusing to look upon a man and woman she once accounted friends. "Bow to the Ming, then, and see what evil consumes you."

Despite the convulsions wracking the government, the Javan fleets continued to ply the waves – particularly the critical Riouw Sea and Selat Strait – where all trade to and from Ming and Judea was turned aside or interned. Trade fell precipitously on the routes to the west, as no merchant in his right mind was going to venture into such hostile waters.

Shir'le was allowed to leave Sunda, and took ship north on a fast merchantman for Annam, where her armies bracing for a Ming counter-attack. In Sunda, Nita was crowned Great Kahuna, and Queen, and she promised the people a peaceful reign, though many wondered what would truly happen. "Where is the fleet? Our boys in the army? Will they ever come home?"

[Continued in the [New Annam](#) section]

THE SUPREME PRIMACY OF ORO (Fukuzawa in Irith)

Mola ne Wooka, High Priest of the Shark

DIPLOMACY Sasaki in Camoweal(ab), Iten in Nokama(ab)

The Shark Priests continued to work industriously – delegations were sent to the Maori in the south, and everywhere the temples of Oro gleamed like white bone in the sun. Well, except in Hosogawa lands, where the prodding, pressing, irritating nature of the latest delegation irritated old Shigo to no end. There was also trouble in Maori lands, where the Great Tooth was intent on appointing his own priesthood and wanted nothing of the candidates sent from Fukuzawa.

A supply caravan dispatched into the Red Center (to carry mail, fresh food, ammunition and other supplies to the Ming garrison at legendary Pnakotus) returned in haste – the ancient, glorious city in the desert had vanished, swallowed by the sand and stone, leaving nary a trace – not even of the Ming garrison which had stood watch there for so long.

The struggles in the north weighed heavy on Mola's thoughts, and he dispatched a letter to many notable kings and princes, urging peace and amity among nations:

Most noble princes, Kings and Emperors,

As the Supreme Priest and most humble servant of the Shark God, we can never condone the waging of war against ones neighbors. Especially a neighbor that has just so recently been an ally in the struggle against the depredations of the evil "ice Lords" We are aware of the piousness that the August and most devout Shir'le, posses. We know that her motives and her heart are pure. We pray for her, and hope that the Shark God gives her the wisdom to find a way to resolve this issue without further bloodshed.

Mola ne Wooka

THE BORANG BAKUFU (Sakuma in Borang)

Izuryama Toho, Daimyo of Borang, Lord of the North, Emperor of Austral

DIPLOMACY Fukuzawa in Sasaki(f), Broome/Tempyo(nt),
Yila(down to nt), Aanx(down to nt)

With peace settled upon the great southern land, the Borang turned their hands and minds to industrious labor – work began on a new fleet of merchantmen, and Maori engineers began overseeing the construction of huge new buildings on the outskirts of Sakuma. The Emperor called upon the Javans to cease their terrible war against the Chinese, and to seek a negotiated, equitable and fair peace. Well, you know what that got him... with a nickel, a cup of coffee!

An arrangement was struck with the Albanian East India Company (which had long been active in Austral waters) to take over service of diverse trade routes – and the Bakufu provided the Europeans with dozens of new-built merchantmen to carry the trade. Kahin was greatly desirous of trade with the so-advanced Western powers.

Sadly for the old, victorious samurai, he died in early '41 and his son Toho took the camp-stool of the Bakufu. For a wonder (particularly for Austral), the transition of power was entirely without incident or tumult. In Taree, where a sizable expatriate community of Old Austral nobles lived, there was a great deal of grumbling and cursing.

A veritable army of leaders and diplomatic aides was sent into the hot, humid northern country under the command of lord Shiguro (backed up by the daimyo of Boulia and Okisaka with nine thousand samurai) – first they secured the direct control of the Bakufu over the holy city of Fukuzawa, then mashed about in the jungles of Yampi and Okora before reaching the province of Broome – where they found the Javans already in residence.

NANHAI WANG'GUO (Rabaul on Bismarck)
Sugawara Te Anu, Daimyo of the Southern Seas

DIPLOMACY None

The Southerners sailed about, shuffled a few garrisons and minded their own business, thank you very much. Only a strong earthquake which rocked the province of Taree provided any excitement, as massive fires broke out in Kosan and nearly a third of the city was destroyed. Tens of thousands were killed or left homeless. Te Anu promised to do something about the disaster, but aside from his troops keeping the looting down to a minimum, there was little assistance forthcoming from the government.

THE MAORI IMPERIUM (Joetsura on Te Ika A Maui)
Tinopai Great Tooth, Lord of the Fleet, Emperor of the Maori, Blessed of Oro, The Big Kahuna

DIPLOMACY Te Wai Ponamu(f), Madang(nt)

Scads more 'advisors' were dispatched to help the Borang build airships and improve the quality of their fleet. The pittance received in return, however, was enough for Tinopai to have a coin or two to rub together. The delivery of a huge amount of Javan gold made him even happier and allowed the Maori to actually undertake a project or two!

This improved the lot of the colonists in Akaroa, Te Ika A Maui and Te Wai Ponamu to no end. They had gotten heartily tired of eating yams and cold beets for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Great Tooth also undertook to reduce the influence of the Oro priesthood in his realm, appointing his own temple masters and bishops to the exclusion of those supported (or sent) from Fukuzawa.

CENTRAL ASIA AND INDIA

<i>Mercenary Troops</i>	5c, 5i, 4a, 23ht
<i>Mercenary AQRs</i>	c15 i15 s20 a14
<i>Mercenary Leaders</i>	Vijashuram Rajah (M836), Zoloft the Calm (M821)
<i>Hiring Contact</i>	(None)

SHI'A IMAMAT (Yathrib in Kosala)
Rhemini, Ayatollah of the Shi'a, Voice of Allah

DIPLOMACY Kalinga/Kalil(ch), Vengi(un)/Chabaz(ch),
Madurai(un)/Zafara(ch), Chola(ch)/Amon Sûl(ch),
Pandya(ch), Dahala(ch)/Tripuri(ch),
Nadavaria(ch)/Aliyesha(ch)

Well... peace threatened to break out all across India, and frankly Ayatollah Rhemini breathed a big, long sigh of relief about that. Enough trouble was brewing on his borders with the persistent encroachment of the Buddhists in Kalinga and the provinces of the Ganges delta. Despite this, the imams concentrated their efforts on establishing control over the mosques, schools and hermitages within Yasarid lands and to the south and west. Missionaries were sent into Pawar (which, under the treaty, now fell within Yasarid/Moslem purview.)

A series of letters were sent to the Sunni imams in Baghdad and the Gulf coast seeking an accommodation with them about the whole matter of Ali and Fatima and the schism between the various Moslem faiths. No response came back, not yet, but there was some hope for a resolution in the future.

Efforts to reach the Moslem communities in the Ganges delta, where the Khemer and their Pure Realm thugs held sway, failed.

YASARID INDIA (Yathrib in Kosala)
Abdullah Al-Din, Shah of India, Prince of Basra and Amon Sûl
DIPLOMACY Dahala/Pawar(t)

Abdullah reluctantly agreed to the Arnor peace terms, which divided India north and south into Hussite and Moslem zones of influence along the line of the Ghat mountains. The provinces of Malabar, Palas and Pandya were reclaimed (though much the worse for wear...)

Buddhist monks continued to plague the provinces of Kalinga, Vengi, Madurai and Chola – despite the best efforts of the Yasarids to slaughter or imprison every saffron-clad holy man they could find. Unfortunately, the Hindu underclasses remembered Siddhartha as one of their own... and they did hate the Moslems so very much.

THE REALM OF ARNOR (Schwarzkastel in Edrosia)
Peregrin Arnorus, Rajah of India, Duke of Delhi, Grand-Duke of Aballach, Prince of the Black Tower

DIPLOMACY Uttar Pradesh(t), Vatsa(a)/Kalanjara(nt)

Provided with two example airships (and copious plans and advice) by the Albanian East India Company, the Arnori craftsmen began work on building their own hydrogen separation plants, workshops, hangars and all the other appurtenances of a modern aerial nation. Peregrin agreed to a truce with the Yasarids and the division of India into northern (Hussite) and southern (Moslem) spheres of influence. This brought, at last, the endless war between Arnor and Yasarid to a close. Work began immediately on repairing the dreadful devastation wreaked upon the Indus valley.

My dear Hussites,

It is well known I never wanted this war, what sane man does? However, when it was forced upon us we fought hard. Now peace is at hand. A peace that is more likely to be lasting I hope. It requires many sacrifices of the Yasarids. But Arnor too must give in order that we may get the lasting peace we all hope for. India was divided east and west before. This is a very impractical division. The terrain makes it hard to defend and I believe led to the war we just fought. Now India shall be divided north and south.. We Hussites shall dwell in the north. Per the treaty no worship of Islam will be allowed in Hussite lands of the north. By the same token you, my Hussite brethren, in the south will most likely be made martyrs or otherwise persecuted. So I urge you, I implore you, come with us. Even now columns of Hussite soldiers are leaving the south. Come away north with us. We shall build you new homes, provide for your future, and see you safe amongst your brethren.

Duke Peregrin Von Hessen

With these words, the armies of Arnor abandoned the southern provinces, letting the various Hussite dukes, barons and lords go their own way. There was a terrible outcry, and thousands

of curses rained upon Peregrin's name – every Hussite in the south was *sure* they had been on the verge of final victory – and now they were betrayed by the northern scum! Riots broke out, and Parachal and Valerus had to fight their way free of the lands south of the Vindhya and the Ghats.²

Anhivarta, Pawar, Nasik, Satava, Kakitiya, Malabar, Belur, Karnata, Chera and Pandya were let go. The Hussite provinces immediately restored their own local governments, murdered all the Moslems they could lay their hands on and began arming themselves once more. “We will never surrender to the Yasarid scum,” they declared. Prince Kaelus of Amon Hen called for a “southern league” to resist Yasarid aggression.

Peregrin was more concerned with consolidating a realm he and his scribes could actually rule effectively.

SHAHDOM OF AFGHANISTAN (Kabul in Afghanistan)

Ahmad Durani, Shah of the Afghans, Lord of Kabul

DIPLOMACY Badakhshan(ea), Balkh(t)

The Afghans secured Kashmir with a new army under the command of the shah of Firoz, and continued negotiations with the mountain clans to the north. Trade was opened with the Prester John over the passes into Kashgar, which everyone hoped would bring wealth, riches and... more goats... to the shahdom.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF TEWFIK (Basra in Abadan)

Tewfik Solomon, Purveyor of a sharp stick in the eye

DIPLOMACY Merv in Kophat-Dagh(bo), Akko in Levant(bo), Cem in Mand(bo), Marseilles in Provence(ci – then destroyed by the SRC gangs)

Stunned by the destruction of their warfleet in the Gulf of Oman, the Tewfik regrouped, took inventory, and laid down the keels of a new squadron. Their trade had to be protected... and the depredations of the Hussite privateers were not likely to stop any time soon! Workers hired by the House also repaired much of the damage suffered by Abadan in the wake of the Hussite terror attack, and work began on expanding the shipyards.

News of further Hussite attacks against House properties in the Mediterranean outraged Solomon and his advisors – though their entire network in the Med was now in ruins. And the secret war being waged against the house did not limit itself to the western seas – craftsmen and clerks were found murdered in Basra, too, and a steady diet of fear was every man's ration.

THE SAFAVID PERSIAN EMPIRE (Bukhara in

Turkmen)

Safi Jehan, Khan of Khans, Shahanshah of Persia, Prince of Bukhara, Caliph of the East

DIPLOMACY None

The throngs of starving refugees finally settled (or dead from famine), Jehan was able to see some fragment of light at the end of the tunnel. The cities of Dzambul (in Bokhara) and Samarkhand (in Kara-Khitai) were repopulated, and in the provinces some improvements were made to clear old wells and cisterns. A great deal of grain, rice, wheat, fabric and other goods came from Denmark, from Ming and from other nations friendly to Persia.

Even better news came from the northern frontier, where the Ice Wardens reported the dreadful cold had backed up another



province. Various armies immediately reoccupied these areas, preparing the way for an expected wave of settlers from the south. Still, Jehan struggled to keep his government afloat – for various enormous loans had come due and only with the assistance of the Swedish central bank could he manage to finesse the latest round of payments.

Worried by the growing popularity of Zoroastrianism in the neighboring nation of Georgia, a veritable army of mullahs, religious zealots and Hajji poured down the roads into Georgian lands, proclaiming their faith loudly and picking fights with the local police (who were not amused) and the Zoro priesthood.

Myriad fleets plied the waves, going and coming from the distant isle of Cheju Do – recovering the Persian army stranded there – and ferrying them back to either Al-Harkam in Carmania (for most), or Awaz in Palas (for some). Soon everyone would be home safe. The Persian navy took to patrolling the Gulf of Oman in an effort to suppress piracy and general lawlessness in the sea lanes.

THE KINGDOM OF GEORGIA (Baghdad in

Mesopotamia)

Rashid Ibn-Majid, King of Georgia, Protector of Armenia and Mesopotamia

DIPLOMACY No Effect

Disturbed by reports of foreigners larking about in the Levant, the Sultan ordered the fortifications of various cities improved, and commissioned several new regiments of artillery. Rashid also spent many weeks negotiating with the Tuareg chieftain Aden Amin – but to no avail. The Tuaregs were settled in the province of Mosul, which they found very pleasant and peaceful (and there was water! And trees!). Other tribesmen were settled in Palmyra and Diyala.

The imams in Baghdad and Abadan received a delegation from the Shi'a ayatollah in India, but though his words were heartfelt, they were suspicious and had long memories for many slights and insults suffered between the two arms of Mohammed's tree of faith. Coupled with the swarms of faithful oozing across the border with Persia, everyone in Baghdad was on edge. Things were quiet and peaceful in Georgia – people should just leave well enough alone!

Poorly disguised 'Internal Security Ministry' troops³ attacked and destroyed the main mosque (of Ibn Fadlan) in Baku, Georgia in middle '41. Despite a fierce battle with local militia, the raiders escaped into Abasigia. The next year, an entire Swedish army corps swept out of the mountains and wrecked everything they could lay their hands on before scurrying back into Vasi.

The Sultan was annoyed by the unexpected deaths of both Osman ibn Said and old Josephus – but there were eager young lads ready to step into both men's shoes. The news that a group of Albanians had attempted to gain the alliance of the Bedu of Sinai reached Baghdad and made the Sultan frown.

“All this and war with Sweden too...” His dark eyes glittered.



² Looting Malabar and Kakatiya of everything they could carry did not endear them to the southern Hussites either!

³ That is, they were smoking Muscovy-brand cigarettes and speaking Swedish.

EUROPE

<i>Hussite Merc Troops</i>	32i, 28c, 26ec, 8a, 12xc, 16ht, 10xea, 8ec, 2z
<i>Merc leaders</i>	Jan Stahlsank (M78A)
<i>Hiring Contact</i>	Albanian East India Company
<i>Catholic Merc Troops</i>	9xea (AA guns), 10hea (rocket batteries)
<i>Merc leaders</i>	Baron Von Hausen (M783).
<i>Hiring Contact</i>	Norsktrud
<i>Merc AQRs</i>	c14 i18 a16 w18

SOMWHERE EAST OF ROSTOV

A Persian riverboat sailed slowly up the Volga, a dozen marines on deck with ready guns, slitted eyes searching the shoreline. Rumors were rife in this cursed land – of inhuman things with a taste for human flesh, twisted creatures left behind by the retreat of the Ice – and the merchants were wary. Opening the Volga and the Rha passage to merchant shipping would be a great stroke of luck... but their lives would be forfeit for a moment's inattention.

A splashing sound drew their attention to the eastern bank, and every man froze – a jutting pier of black, scarified stone thrust into the river's current – and a screaming, terrified man had leapt from the pier. Water gouted up around him, then his head emerged and he swam wildly for the boat.

"Shoot him," barked the barge captain, drawing his pistol.

One of the marine pressed the butt of his Saffhani-built Mauser to his shoulder and squeezed the trigger – all in one flowing, effortless motion. There was a sharp report, a plume of smoke from the barrel... the bullet hung suspended in suddenly turgid, thickening air. The surface of the river sheened white, then froze solid. The man in the water screamed, his throat burning in the frigid air. The marines on the boat flinched, and stiffened into immobility.

Something twisted and writhed in the sky, a brilliant blue point, like a single staring eye, and everything within sight of that abyssal mote froze solid. Then – with a rippling thundercrack – the dreadful light was gone, and the rays of the sun shone down into misty, boiling air.

But every man on the barge, and the poor fellow in the water, were already dead.

AERONAUTICAL RESEARCH & FABRICATION (Rostov in Levedia)

Solyom Pasternak, Executive Officer of the Company

DIPLOMACY Urkel(t), Khazar(t)

Though the company mail was clogged with angry messages from various foreign kings, emperors and potentates, Solyom continued to labor on increasing shareholder value. Work began on several new factories in Rostov, as well as the implementation of the Lisbon Accords throughout the company offices. While he did so, Company patrols ranged into the east, finding degenerate and debased tribes living in Urkel and Khazar, whom they forced to acknowledge Company suzerainty. The city of Astrakhan – as observed from a distance – seemed to be ruled by a caste of priests dedicated to the dark gods. Beyond the Volga, all rumor told that the Sun-Haters still held sway in the lands between the Ice and the Sun.

In Rostov an enduring point of tension finally relieved itself when prince Demetrios of Epirus (the husband of the Duchess of the Three Isles) finally came to the conclusion that no one was coming with ships to pick him up, and he (and his eight hundred retainers) would have to walk home. So they left Rostov in the spring of '41 and started walking west.

PRINCIPATE OF KIEV (Kiev²)

Vladimir III, Prince of Kiev, Master of the Holy Rivers

DIPLOMACY Carpathia(t)

Like all peoples living at the edge of the Ice, the Kievians rejoiced to learn the chill was creeping back towards the pole and the dead, empty cities of the Hyperboreans. Indeed, the province of Atelzuko was settled to (1c7). Still – between bouts of begetting – the prince found time to settle down with book sent him by a "friend" in London; *Moll Flanders* by Daniel Defoe.⁴

Efforts began – particularly in Alfold – to woo the Hussite populations there to follow the Orthodox rite and put aside all this trouble of Catholics and Hussites alike. There was little success. Similar efforts in Transylvania enraged the local citizens, leading to a general rising against Kievian rule and the rout of the garrison, which fled to Carpathia to take refuge with Count Alexsandr.

The mayors of various towns in the Lower Danube valley (particularly Craiova) were startled to observe a small army of eight hundred Epirotes marching past their gates, banners and flags bravely flying, as they headed west. Prince Demetrios nodded gravely to the townspeople and his men were well behaved – though a more dreadful-looking lot of sell-swords and murderers you never saw...

PEOPLES REPUBLIC OF BAKLOVAKIA (Komarno in Slovakia)

Wachowski, First Citizen, Protector of the Workers and Peasants

DIPLOMACY Failed

A new distillery and a new pig-works were opened in Komarno, resulting in the entire southern half of the city being permeated with a particularly sharp odor. Efforts to woo the Carpathians back into the fold failed – they liked the Kievian pastry better! (How could this be?)

(PRESS RELEASE)

Today, the Student Revolutionary Councils of Sevilla and Limoges announced they would back the Republican government as the legitimate authority in Spain.

"We believe the Largo-istas deserve the opportunity to show they can improve the conditions of the working classes, and we believe this goal can still be best achieved if the Revolutionary Councils work within the democratic framework, particularly in regards to the dismantling the "Guild" system." - Juan Perrando, SRC. January 3, 1741

While the motion passed easily, there was a somewhat large minority who advocated a policy of non-cooperation with the Republicans, whom they viewed as merely an extension of the bourgeoisie capitalist system disguised with the trappings of democratic liberty.

"By siding with the Republicans, the Revolutionary Councils are thus faced with a choice between going with the peasant masses or with the liberal bourgeoisie. There could be only one reason to include the peasantry and the liberal bourgeoisie in the same coalition at the same time: to help the bourgeoisie deceive the peasantry and thus isolate the workers! By tacitly aiding the Royalists, we could have helped the class enemies destroy themselves, the last vestiges of feudalism would have been swept away, and the establishment of true Baklovakianism could have been achieved within our lifetimes. Alas, it is not to be...woof woof" - Samuel 'Pepe' Berkowitz. January 7, 1741

⁴ First published in London in 1722, though the parts set in the Virginia plantations (in *this* reality) are set in South America instead.



Figure 2. The Grand Albanian over the Komarno Aerodrome

The Communards in Marseilles were plagued with embassies from many powers, and made out well in gifts (particularly from the Danes and the House of Tewfik) which they immediately applied to the Workers Cause (buying Danish rifles and pistols for the workers battalions.) In any case the students had determined to aid their brothers and sisters fighting in Spain, and many left the city and marched west into Navarrese territory.

In Komarno, comrade Wachowski barely escaped death at the hands of two large men in tall fur hats, smelling of vodka and beets. There was a fierce scuffle between the only-slightly inebriated Senatorial Guards and the assassins before the attackers were driven off. Wachowski was surprised – he had not expected that arch-villain Vladimir to take such an over step in their feud!

In addition to taking up arms against the Royalists, the student committees in Marseilles and Seville also seized the properties of any merchant houses (“the means of production **must** be placed in the hands of the workers!”) therein. Indeed, in Seville, the student revolutionary committees extended their control over the province of Andalusia, and wrecked both Norskrad and Church properties. “Catholicism is the opiate of the people!” They chanted, dragging the priests from their churches and painting them yellow.

ALBANIAN EAST INDIA COMPANY (Thessaloniki in Macedon)

Nikolas Argir, Senior Partner in the AEIC

DIPLOMACY Alexandria in Egypt(mf), Sinai(natives hostile, embassy driven off), St. Brendan in the Canaries(ma), Warsaw in Poland(ma), Paris in Ile de France(ma)



Concerned with the sudden effusion of workers movements in the western cities, the Senior Partner announced the company would enter into “fair and open” negotiations with the workers in the various factories and industries under Company control. The wisdom of this approach may prove sound, for two high-ranking Company officials were beset in Thessaloniki by angry workers and beaten to death. Grain was transshipped to Ethiopia for a tidy profit.

Aerial passenger service was announced between the cities of Venice, Komarno, Paris and Warsaw. Four luxury airships (equipped with casinos, first class chefs, and individual cabins) inaugurated the routes – the *Grand Venecian*, the *Gay Patee*, the *Grand Warsaw* and the *Grand Baklovakian*.)

Steamship passenger service between ports in the Mediterranean, the European Atlantic coast and the Caribbean was also announced, through there were only two steamships in operation (the *Thessalonica* and the *Midas*). But Company offices everywhere were taking reservations. Both ships managed to make a round-trip journey (filled with frights, coal fires, mechanical

breakdowns and other traumas) between Augustina, Valetia and Alexandria in '42.

A band of mercenary thugs called the “Hussite Legion”, backed up by two hired airships, and led by Jan Stahlansk destroyed the offices and warehouses owned by the House of Tewfik and Norskrad in Constantinople and Heraclea (in Thrace). Though no public statement was made, everyone knew the Company had paid Jan to clean up a bit of a mess in their back yard.

THE SWEDISH EMPIRE OF RUSSIA (Grodno in Masuria)

Solomon, King of Sweden, Tsar of the All The Russias
Bengt Krycek, Crown Regent and Altkansler

DIPLOMACY Patzinak(t), Vasi(nt)



The Senate was quite busy approving fresh ‘public works’ projects, like the addition of miles of wall to the fortress of Skjellhammar in Polovotsy and doling out make-work contracts to their cousins. Resettlement plans were also approved for the provinces of Livonia (1c8), Latvia (2c5), Polotsk (2c5) and the previously abandoned city of Bauhaus. The Tsar (who had been chafing at sitting about listening to ministers droning) took charge of this effort himself.

The foreign ministry also issued an edict forbidding trade with the Moslem House of Tewfik (presumably because they were involved in a shooting war with the Hussites...). Despite questions by the press, there were no further comments. The minister of the Exchequer was relieved of his post after it was discovered an enormous loan carried by local banks had been ignored. A considerable amount of rushing about was required to cover the cost, and the Altkansler was forced to step in himself.

The few remaining Hussites in Morocco were rounded up and sent off to catechism for six months. Few returned alive, but the religious troubles in the province settled right down.

In the southeast, General Tarasiuk and his II Light Corps made a foray out of Rostov through Patzinak, Kuban, Alan, Vasi and into the Moslem province of Georgia. In some places the general accepted the tribute of the local tribes, and in others he burned their temples and executed their priests. In Georgia, his men were content to loot every house, mosque and shop they could lay their hands on before galloping back into Vasi to count their loot. There was no response from the Georgian government.

Everyone in the various great ports of the realm remarked upon the precipitous (and grimly silent) departure of most of the Royal Navy and countless army regiments. However, not a word leaked of where they had gone, or what dire new operation was in the offing.

THE POLISH FREE STATE (Warsaw in Poland)

Frieda Leczinski, Duchess of Poland

DIPLOMACY None

The Duke kept his ministers busy – land was cleared for farms in Lausatia and Poland, and work began on laying track for a railroad (using one of those wacky steam-driven thingies) connecting Warsaw and Berlin. The consistent efforts of the Hussite fathers to convert the Catholic infidels at last bore fruit – Lausatia (and Berlin) and Pomern (and Stralsund) became Hussite. The Duke then toured the provinces, pressing the flesh and kissing babies and generally making nice.

Sadly, old Augustus grew ill during this trying journey, and succumbed to pneumonia in Berlin in '42. He was sixty-nine years old. His daughter Frieda was crowned Duchess in Warsaw a month later, though she was tremendously pregnant with her second son, Walesa.

THE KNIGHTS OF TABOR (Mount Tabor in Bohemia)

Walter Theisman, Voice of Huss, Grand Master of the Order of the Knights of Mount Tabor

DIPLOMACY Provence(ch)

Thiesman and his clerics worked ceaseless to serve their god, and the message borne by their prophet, who had raised his voice against the Great Satan and Mammon his servant. Strangely, however, the Knights *did* have some coin to spend, and built a new hospital in Paris to help the needy. Work also continued at Tabor (and in all of the chapter-houses and monasteries throughout the land) to implement the Lisbon Accords.

Knight-Captain Von Junzt – tasked with investigating some odd occurrences near Lake Constance – led a force of almost eleven thousand mercenary knights into Switzerland and overturned every house, barn, chicken-coop and church in the place. Then, while making a night raid on a “ring of standing stones” beneath the peak of Piz Buin he vanished into thin air. Or so it seemed to the landschnechts accompanying him...

THE UNITED KINGDOMS OF GREAT BRITAIN (Kingston in Northumbria)

Oliver V Cromwell, King of England, Scotland and Wales

DIPLOMACY None

Despite the unrelenting efforts of his ministers, Oliver V continued to ignore their pleas to marry and begat some heirs, making snide comments about “good breeding” and “cows.” The young, dashing King instead meddled in the economy of the highlands – clearing thousands of acres of land for intensive sheep ranching – and made sure the government’s accounts were settled.

The regular delivery of grain from the Amerikas let the cities of England break bread and sup, which pleased everyone.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS (London in Sussex)

Martin Sawyer, Vicar-General of the Society of Jesus, Defender of the Faith

DIPLOMACY Elmerland in the Faeroes(oh)

In a daring and unexpected move, the Jesuits took it upon themselves to send a powerful fleet south along the Afrikan coast (under the command of the Vicar-General) and to establish settlements in Senegal (Dakar), then across to the Amerikas, and St. Laurent in Camopi and St. Augustine in Calusa (the southern tip of Florida). Luckily for the Jesuits, the Caquetio were entirely distracted by the invasion of the Knights of Saint John, and did not overwhelm and enslave the settlers at St. Laurent.

Unfortunately, the cannibalistic Kror-worshipping tribes of the Calusa were *not* distracted and the Vicar-General had neglected to bring any troops with him. After building St. Augustine and clearing land and settling into a lazy life beside white beaches, the Jesuit populace was overwhelmed by a massive and unexpected attack by the tribesmen (who happen to be fond of ripping the beating hearts from Christians and offering them up to the black sky in a desperate attempt to sustain the sun in the face of the Four Hundred Enemies). Everyone was slaughtered, the fleet pushed off in a panic and Vladimir was hacked to bits by the Calusans.

A settlement on the Faeroes met with much greater success, improving those islands to (111).

Eventually news of the Vicar-General’s death reached Sussex and the headquarters of the Order and there was some trouble. Vladimir had no son, and in any case the Jesuits were not that interested in electing their leadership through blood lines. Further, Vladimir’s daughter Natasha had recently wed Jose Sancho de Leon and was now Queen of Navarre. So the upper ranks of the order put their heads together, consulted with the Pope and elected Martin Sawyer (a Jesuit, scholar and noted rapier-man) to lead

them. This displeased Natasha, but she had her hands full in Spain anyway, so there was little she could do about it at the moment.

THE FRANKISH COMMONWEALTH (Paris in Ile De France)

Jacques du Maine, Archon of the Commonwealth

DIPLOMACY None

Work continued on a road from Paris to Tours, while the city of Rouen was spiffed up with new sewers and a fresh coat of paint (to the suspicion of the natives). The government also had big plans to expand trade in the Mediterranean, which would happen, it would just have to wait a turn. Numerous Frankish priests took ship for Afrika – the mountains of Al’Hauts and the jezails of the Berbers were calling!

All Paris was agog at the arrival of Alexos Kuklone and the *Grand Albanian* over the city. Dashing and strong-minded, the youthful vice-president inaugurated a new air terminal and scandalized the city with her free-thinking, and dressing, ways. Still, she was an aeropilot and a canny speaker who won many hearts. The steadily increasing Frankish air corps pilots, in particular, were enduring fans.

The Archon managed to broker a trade with Carthage – the port of Rouen in Ponthieu for the port of Tangiers in Zirid. No one thought to ask the citizens of either city what *they* thought about this... but there you are. Jacques was also pleased to see his wife Angelique pregnant again – and this time she bore a golden-haired daughter, Maria.

WOLF DEN & CANE HOLDINGS, LTD (Paris in Ilé De France)

Harrison Wolfden, General Partner

DIPLOMACY Paris in Ilé De France(ho)

Much to the distress of the Albanians, a small Hussite company opened its doors on a side street in Montremarte. The partners expected to do great business.

THE DANISH EMPIRE (Venice in Verona)

Oniko Paleologai, Queen of the Greeks, Empress of the Danes, Protector of Italy, Mjolnir-na-Midgaard, Rex Germanicus, Pendragon of the Isles

DIPLOMACY Copenhagen in Denmark(c), Marseilles in Provence(ea), Mon(t)

The Regent was very busy, preparing for her sister’s return from the east; the cities of Ulm (in Swabia) and Munich (in Bavaria) were expanded, while Lorraine was settled back to 3 GPv and Genoa and Augusta increased in size. More steam warships were commissioned in the great naval Arsenal in Venice, and technical advisors were dispatched to Carthage and the East India company to discuss construction techniques.



Figure 3. Danish Air Corps recruiting poster

Rather lackadaisical work continued on the railroad from Venice into Slovenia. Someday, perhaps, it would be complete. Everyone was far too concerned with the world’s biggest party to

celebrate the return of the White Flame to work! Indeed, such an excess of joy permeated Denmark that every kind of cultural activity found a thousand adherents, and the gloom which had laid over the land since the coming of the Ice seemed to lift, as if spring had returned at last.

After many years of wandering to the dark corners of the globe, Oniko finally returns home to Venice. And there was much rejoicing! All stops were pulled out in the celebration of the Return of the Empress and her fearless men from their trouncing of the forces of the Ice. Parades, fireworks, barbecues, formal balls, chess tournaments – the works! Veterans returning from Alaska are all awarded golden medals in public ceremonies to the cheering of adoring crowds. Also, on the first Sabbath after their return, Oniko decrees all of Denmark shall remember and pray for the soul of Emperor Kristatos, and all of the others who perished while saving the Earth.

Standing below the pulpit of St. Mark's cathedral in central Venice, the Empress began to speak of her joy at returning home, of seeing her countrymen, of smelling the air of Venice, but then...

"Even walking in the sun-filled gardens of Venice, my feet shall feel the bones of the hundreds of thousands of Frost Wolf slaves cracking and splintering under them on the road to Dzungur; my ears shall ring with the screams of my faithful men being sent to oblivion by the dark forces they summoned; my skin shall feel the abyssal cold which they sought to cast over the whole Earth. Truly, my soul will be scarred for eternity, not by my mere hardships, but by witnessing evil in its purest form, snatched out of the deepest pits of Hell and placed upon the suffering surface of this planet. And yet, unbelievably, the craven senators of Sweden, lusting for otherworldly technology to use against Denmark, turn their backs on their own suffering people to succor the scattered but unrepentant remnants of the Frost Wolf. The heads displayed on pikes outside the Aeronautical Research and Fabrication factories speak clearly that the Frost Wolf conversion is a transparent fraud. It sickens me that the sacrifices made by my soldiers and countrymen, and by God-fearing people throughout the world, in repelling the Ice have been so callously and soullessly flouted by the bureaucrats and nobility of Sweden and England in their trembling inadequacy. I can only hope that they can yet open their eyes and behold the horror that they are undertaking before the world is once again threatened with icy extinction."

Oniko of Denmark

The Empress tarried in Venice for a few months, and sees that her sister has things well under control (although, what with the persistent problems in the hinterlands, the sisters discuss the creation of a House of Representatives or some such to increase the cohesion of the Empire). She soon grew restless, and so she took ship to Mansura to finish the work of cleaning up after the Libyan meltdown.

In Alexandria the Empress took under command no less than forty thousand Imperial veterans (as well as her own Guard, who had served with her for so long). Some housekeeping was dealt with and preparations made to turn the province over to Carthaginian administration. Then, with Rossolimo in tow, the Empress marched her army south into Ghebel-Garib. The tribesmen – long a fractious and unruly lot – refused to negotiate and the Danish army spent a goodly portion of '41 chasing the desert people around, then besieging St. Gustavus.

After capturing the port, Oniko continued south into Aswan, where an equally grueling campaign in the blazing heat followed, and the city of Dungunab was captured (and the Libyan emir Beni Saida chased out). Then – at last satisfied with the "cleanup" she marched her men back to Krak-de-Chevailers to rest and recuperate.

Toll collectors on the Imperial highway in Serbia had the good sense to hide as a band of six hundred-odd Epirotes (rather the worse for wear, and entirely covered in yellow dust) slogged past on

their way south to Kosovo Polje and the goat-track over the mountains into Epirus. They were carrying prince Demetrios on a litter (the noble fellow having broken an ankle during an altercation on a Bosnian ferry).

In the west, a Danish fleet and army converged upon Marseilles, where the student revolutionary council stared in shock at the marching regiments of Piket's expedition, and at Gligoric's naval flotilla off-shore. After huddled negotiations, the students agreed to pay a heavy tax to the Empire (and, in fact, seemed quite pleased with themselves).

Further east, Admiral Schlechter (this time commanding a fleet of sailing ships, rather than the unreliable and slow steamships), made a foray into the Indian Ocean with a powerful squadron crammed to the bulkheads with soldiers and craftsmen.

And, last of all, someone on Capri finally noticed that prince Skikda had disappeared from the villa where he had been imprisoned for the last three years. A search of the beaches found nothing, not so much as a witness or abandoned boat.

NÖRSKTRAD (Lisbon in Portugal)

Johannes Teugen, Måklarevalde of the Nordic Trading Company

DIPLOMACY Brest in Brittany(ci), Barcelona in Catalonia(ci), Stornoway in the Hebrides(ci), Chihuahua City in Takrur(ci)



Still stunned by the public rioting against his company, Johannes remained in Lisbon and invested considerable effort and time in seeing that the damage to the city and the Company buildings was repaired. The Company also opened a hospital for the poor, and made a consistent series of public announcements refuting the rumors the Company had attempted to destabilize the Spanish currency and overthrow the government.

Much to the disgust of the Company, the student communist gangs in Seville seized and 'nationalized' the company factories, warehouses and offices there, throwing valuable Company employees into very dark, dank cells under the town hall. Efforts to negotiate their release had, so far, failed. An attempt upon the life of Johannes by a student from the University of Lisbon – though it failed – did nothing to alleviate the grim feeling of persecution haunting him.

THE KINGDOM OF NAVARRE (Bilbao in Asturias)

Jose Sancho de Leon, King of Navarre

DIPLOMACY Asturias(ea)

Despite being in revolt against the Republic (and at war with those dirty gangs of students), King Jose devoted his immediate efforts to increasing the cities of Corunna (in Galicia) and Tortosa (in Valencia). A new city, Bilbao, was built in Asturias. The concomitant disbandment of some of the Royalist regiments to provide manpower for these projects caused great consternation among the nobles supporting de Leon.

"What are you doing?" They demanded, having secured an audience with the King in Aragon. "We must raise every man under arms and set ourselves against the Republican scum and their Communard gods!"

Jose shook his head and continued to pack a suitcase with fine linen and silk shirts. He was preparing to travel to London to marry the lady Natasha Tukhachevsky, whose father was Vicar-General of the Jesuit order. "The kingdom is an untenable affair," he admitted at last, to make them stop shouting. "I have sent a letter to Largo, agreeing to terms to end this conflict."

A stunned silence met his bald words. The nobles stared in horror. "We... we are surrendering?"

Jose nodded, lips pursed. "We cannot afford to have a Catholic nation riven by civil war, not with the Hussites pressing upon us. I am going to London, to marry miss Natasha, and then I will raise bees, I think."

The Spanish nobles remained speechless while Jose picked up his bag and left, but while he took ship to London and his waiting bride, *they* did not surrender, nor did his son – Diego Alfonso – who took to the field with what army remained, determined to protect the rights and usages of the landed class, and the nobility, and the Church, against the Republicans.

As it happened, Jose sailed to London and married Natasha, who then learned her father had died on a humid shore in the Americas and was then ejected from her house in London and found herself on the street with a sister and a brother to take care of. Jose, heart-sick at the failure of his dream, found himself on a ship to Spain, again.

Natasha (who is no wilting flower, not a scion of the Tukachevsky clan!) landed in Bilbao and immediately took horse to join prince Diego in the fighting on the eastern coast. And well she did, for Republican assassins had waylaid and murdered the young prince while he surveyed the siegelines around Barcelona.

Jose, though despondent, forced himself to make the rounds of those noble lords who had offered him some support before – and might now provide men and arms and gold to this cause.

Aside from the fighting against the Republicans and the treachery of the Church and the Jesuits, the Navarrese were also afflicted by marauding gangs of workers and students (from the communes of Marseilles and Limoges) who overran the provinces of Auvergne and Languedoc, laying siege to the port of Narbonne.

THE REPUBLIC OF SPAIN (Lisbon in Portugal)

Largo Cabellero, Commandant of the Imperial Guard and protector of the State

DIPLOMACY None

Determined to crush the Navarrese and restore order and peace to the Republic, Largo attempted to raise an army in Barcelona – unfortunately, the city was under siege – so the new regiments were raised in Lisbon instead. A number of Catholic mercenaries were hired at Cortez as well, to bolster the defense of that critical port. The Commandant then issued this proclamation:

"Fellow Spanish citizens! This bloody civil war must end now before more innocent men, women or children are killed. From this moment on, any and all citizens who have revolted will be given amnesty if they lay down arms and return to Spain. No one who returns will be prosecuted nor punished. However this offer can not, and does not apply to the leaders of the rebellion they have caused the death of innocent people and they must be held accountable for their actions. In a resolution passed by the Spanish Senate the self proclaimed Duke of Navarre Jose Sanchez de Leon is hereby striped of all land and titles and possessions. Those possessions will be given to the families of the men and women he has killed. Like wise all possessions of Diego Alfonso are also to be taken and given to the families that he also caused to loose loved ones. We know that this can not replace the lost men and women, but it may help in some small part."

Largo Caballero

Public exultation met this decree, for everyone knew the nobles and grandees would fight to the end – and then their estates would be broken up and parceled out to the people. Leaving his brother Jose to rule in Lisbon, Largo took a very large army north from the capital and into Galacia. At the same time, another Republican army mustered in New Castille and then invaded Valencia.

The arrival of a squadron of Vastmarki frigates went entirely unnoticed amid all the other hullaballo, and the Vastmark

commodore (lord Ixapopolotl) spent many days waiting in many government offices, unable to find the man he was sent to see.

Queen Natasha, meanwhile, had arrived in Catalonia and found poor Diego's army milling about in confusion. After viewing the vast estate of the cities defenses, she decided there was little hope of capturing the formidable bastions with the few troops at her command. Instead, she gathered up the army and – learning of the invasion of Valencia by the Republican generals Tordés and Sven Unger – marched south to meet them.

The two armies met – tentatively, behind strong screening elements of light cavalry – in the southern plains, and Natasha saw she was outnumbered by almost two to one. She swung away north, into the mountains of Aragon. Tordés gave chase, and forced a battle in the passes near **Sarrión**. A bloody stalemate ensued, with the Navarrese (who were outnumbered) taking the worst of it. The Royalist army broke away, fleeing north. Tordés pursued.

Meanwhile, Largo and his main army had swept through Galacia and Leon, liberating the estates of the nobility and anyone else who tried to get in his way. King Jose (who had been in Leon) fled to Asturias. Largo ignored him and marched on into Salamanca. Tordés, meantime, had chased Natasha up into Navarre itself, where he lost track of her and her army. Determined to secure the province, Tordés halted and garrisoned the rugged countryside.

Natasha, for her part, managed to get the remains of her army back to Bilbao in Asturias, where she found Jose hiding in the palace in a desperately depressed state. The Republicans had secured the provinces of Salamanca and Old Castille during her march. Now nearly all of Spain was in the hands of the Republic.

And not to forget the Communards and students from Limoge, they had besieged Narbonne in early '41 and had kept up a heavy pressure of plays, speeches and other demonstrations of the workers arts. In '42 they were reinforced by various socialist battalions from Marseilles and set about bombarding the city in earnest. In the late summer of '42 the city surrendered, the garrison marching out to clasp hands with the students and everyone threw their hats in the air. An enormous party followed, during which time a vast quantity of vodka was drunk and many pastries consumed.

THE DUCHY OF THE ISLES (Valetia on Malta)

Neya al'Raschid, Empress of the Isles, Emir of Archimedeia, Duchess of Sicily and Sardinia

DIPLOMACY None

Having avoided invasion for another turn, the Duchess saw to the expansion of the cities of Valetia, Archimedeia and Valma. Luckily the harvest on Sicily continued to be bountiful, for a plague of red tides afflicted the fishing in the central Mediterranean. The clergy were set on their guard against Hussite infiltration, particularly in Morea, where the Danes had been meddling. Calabria (where the Duchy and the Church had long been laboring) became entirely Catholic. A similar mission to Groza on Cyprus did not end well; Orso Opaka enraged a mob of Orthodox laity and was stoned to death.

And after a long and eventful journey, prince Demetrios finally returned to the green mountains of Epirus with his guardsmen. Whew!

THE CHURCH OF ROME (Vatican City in Rome, Latium)

Clement VII, Pater Patrias, Pope of the Roman Church, The Vicar of Christ, The Successor To Peter, The Keeper of the Keys, The Servant of the Servants of God, Patriarch of Azteca, Soldier of Light



DIPLOMACY None

The Holy Father returned to Vatican City with a cold and a stuffy head. The whining of his ministers and cardinals about various projects ("oh, that's very dangerous...") and the amount of gold gathered by the Church ("so few shiny coins!") annoyed him to no end.

"Holiness, we are receiving reports of decreasing income from various Church properties, along with increasing expenses – our treasury is approaching exhaustion." Clement frowned thunderously. "Lackwit, do not speak of Church activities as if we were some form of Mercantile Combine. This is merely one of many tests thrown our way by the Almighty. Let your faith be strong. The Ice recedes, thanks to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin – now our faith is tested in the crucible of material temptation. Worry not about gold. Remember the parable of the Lilies of the Valley, my son."

Despite the moaning of the accountants, Il Papa disbursed considerable aid to the Republican Spanish, the Jesuits and the Swedes. A considerable tithe of grain, cloth and other goods was received from the Shawnee (bless them, they are strong in the faith!)

AFRIQA

<i>Mercenary Troops</i>	32i, 12a, 5c (HC/Lencolar) 5i, 23lea, 20t, 50lt (RC) 1hc, 2c, 3xc, 1hi (Coptic)
<i>Mercenary AQRs</i>	c15 i18 a14 (for all)
<i>Mercenary Leaders</i>	Bey Senghor (MB96) (SN), General Xho (M936) (RC)
<i>Hiring Contact</i>	Norsktrad (RC), (none ~ HC/Lencolar)

THE EMIRATE OF CARTHAGE (Augustina in Tunisia)

Hamilcar Barca, Emir of Augustina, Sultan of Tunisia

DIPLOMACY None

Though the Emirate abandoned any claims to the highland plains of Al'Hauts, the Knights of Tabor did not forget the Catholics roaming in the mountains with their flocks and herds. Many priests journeyed up into the sere, brown mountains to preach to the tribesmen. Many priests became martyrs.

The transfer of the city of Tangiers to Commonwealth control was eased, in great part, by the unexpected presence of Prince Louis of the Commonwealth in Tangiers in the days before the official hand-over. Then, after the Carthaginians left, General Ney and five thousand men of the Frankish Foreign Legion arrived to take over direct control of the city and the maintenance of public order. The police immediately made a sweep to round up any House of Tewfik agents in the city, but they found not a one.

The Frankish Mediterranean fleet (now they had a port to base out of) sailed down the coast to Augustina, where another five thousand Frankish soldiers were unloaded and placed under Carthaginian command as the Second Frankish Foreign Legion. These were only part of an influx of foreigners – the ports of Oran and Al'Rehmish were veritably crawling with Frankish, Albanian and Danish 'technical advisors', craftsmen, engineers and workers.

Subsequent to the Franks turning over Rouen to Carthaginian control, a very large number of Afriqan workers, dockhands, merchants and sundry family members arrived to swell the city to 2 GPv in size. Salim Khalaf was the new governor of the northern town.

The newly promoted General Hanno was also tasked with taking over administration of a new territory – in this case, the province of Egypt and the sprawling metropolis of Alexandria – where the Carthaginians were not exactly welcome. Luckily, Hanno



arrived with a strong garrison and proved to be moderate and temperate administrator. He also alleviated a potential problem by immediately shipping out all of the Libyan clerks, ministers and paper-pushers captured by the Danes. They could toil over their desks in Augustina, far from the Alexandrine mob.

CHRISTIAN EMIRATE OF LIBYA (Noor al Senussi on the Azores)

Beni Saida, Emir of Egypt and Lybia

DIPLOMACY None

Grey-clad assassins nearly murdered Beni Saida in Dungunab, but the Emir managed to escape, and just in time too, for a Danish army was soon shelling the walls of the town. Much, much later the Emir reappeared in the Azores, which was the sole province remaining to him. There he closeted himself with religious papers and books, seeking to find some hope in the words of the Lord.

THE PRINCIPATE OF VASTMARK (Chihuahua City in Takrur)

William Casimir, Stadholder of Takrur, Prince of Vastmark

DIPLOMACY None

Beside taking very great care with their loan payments, the Vastmark minded their own business, only sending a small squadron of warships on a good-will visit to Spain.

A large number of Jesuit scholars descended upon Chihuahua City to render aid, advice and assistance to the prince's government. He set them about cleaning up certain clerical records and making sure no one was embezzling or stealing government monies. They had a fine time, and more than one clerk found himself being dragged into a small, dark room with some grim-looking men.

More Jesuits were busy in Senegal, where they built a fine modern town on the coast at Dakar.

THE MALI AX EMPIRE (Ax Mixtlan in Mixe)

Nine-Jaguar, ne-Axamaloa na-Tochul, King of the Mixtecs, Lord of the Niger, Captain of the Firestorm Banner, True Emperor of the Aztecs, Emperor of Mali, DarkLord of Africa

DIPLOMACY Gagnoa(f), Xiucaxl in Zerma(t)

The Emperor – despite his advanced age, and the muttering of his advisors – continued to pursue a dizzying array of projects and initiatives. Swedish scholars continued to throng the streets of Accra, and the Mixtec students in the school there heard a lot of wild ideas and crazy notions. Efforts to break down the intricate system of tribal clans also continued, as did work on the Lisbon accords. Great progress was made on the new highway connecting Ife and Yoruba.

Despite stringent efforts to restore normal relations with the Gagnoans, the local councils adamantly refused, and garbage and bricks were thrown at the embassy. However, after the arrival of the lord Five-Rabbit, and a great deal of talking, the locals decided the Empire was not so bad after all. Missionary efforts in Teke went much better, with the province accepting the Lencolar rite.



THE FREE REPUBLIC OF ETHIOPIA (Soba in Funj)

Fredik, Regent for...

Saul Ashür, President-For-Life of Ethiopia

DIPLOMACY No effect

The Regent continued to grapple with paying off various enormous loans floated by the Republic to pay for the enormous army which had driven the Axumites from the highland provinces. He managed, but it was a close business, and the entire resources of the nation were drained thereby. Missionary work continued in Yemen, where Fredik had great hopes of making a happy, contented Coptic province. The Albanians continued to make a tidy profit selling Danish and Frankish grain to the Ethiopians.

DARK AXUM (None)*Eon, Nagusa Negast of the Ethiops, Favored of Jah, Protector of the Cave***DIPLOMACY** None!

Faced with the fresh prospect of annihilation at the hands of the angry Masai, Eon knuckled under and accepted a moderately humiliating compromise. As a result, he and his people packed up their bags once more (though they were getting heartily tired of constant movement) and boarded a vast Masai fleet.

They were sailed south, and then south some more, until at last they came to the jungled, unspoiled coastline of the “Stony Island” of Madagascar. There the Masai dumped them on the coast of Betisimarsaka to fend for themselves, then sailed away.

Over the next year, Eon’s soldiers slaughtered an inordinate number of local tribesmen (wretched creatures, worshipping some Fish God) and conquered (and settled) the provinces of Betisimarsaka, Ikopa, Ihozi and Merintha.

THE MAASAI KINGDOM (Mbeya in Kimbu)*Tudar Kii, King of the Maasai, Emperor of Ethiopia***DIPLOMACY** None

By threatening the Axumite invaders with an enormous stick and a grisly, lingering death, Tudar managed to get them off his front porch, onto boats and down to Madagascar – where he hoped they would stay for quite a while. Work continued on the highway over the Mountains of the Moon, and a government office was established to guide implementing the Lisbon Accords. The cities of Mahala and Lindi also expanded.

General Hopok restored order in the far north and chased off the last of the Axumite stragglers who had failed to board the ships.

REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA (Great Zimbabwe in Rozwi)*M’beron, Protector of the Senate and the Republic***DIPLOMACY** Tashka in Banhine(f), Ujimbili in Matabele(f), Mapungubwe(f), Umtata in Transkei(t)

Fueled by improvements in various agricultural practices, the provinces of Vaal and Mapungubwe became 3 GPv regions, which pleased nearly everyone. Sotho became a 2 GPv region. Some very late contributions to the formation of the Jesuit order were dispatched, along with a note of apology. Extensive missionary activities took place along the fringes of the Republic, though the arrival of the Axumites in Madagascar destroyed decades of work by slaughtering the Catholics there.

Police authorities in Karratha, Yaralone in Austral took in a babbling, half-insane white man – a European by his teeth – found in the brush outside of the settlement. Apparently the fellow had been wandering in the Red Center, and barely escaped with his life. Most striking about the man was an intricate and elaborate tattoo entirely covering his body, from neck to ankles. The Afrikan priests who examined the hapless fellow recognized a few signs – mathematical symbols? – but nothing else.

The Senate’s progressive (and relentless) campaign to restore direct governmental control over the fractious city-states and various regional powers continued, and finally seemed to have turned the corner in restoring top-to-bottom order and harmony and tax collection within the bounds of the Republic. Of course, not every effort was smooth... the Mapungubwe were refusing to pay more taxes and then their chieftain took ill and died, and his son was not so strong-minded.

Vergeranon’s mission to Uige ended on a sandy beach, hacked to death by tribesmen who attacked his party as they came ashore



in boats. Only the intercession of a Mixtec hunting party saved the rest from certain death. General G’mar arrived soon afterwards and thrashed the natives soundly, pacifying the province. And the King of Vaal (negotiating with the aborigines of Merintha) was hunted down and slain by the Axumites.

THE HONORABLE SUD AFRICA COMPANY (Iusalem in Karanga)*Kaiune, Master of the Southern House***DIPLOMACY** Ujimbili in Matabele(ci), Iesuwayo in Mbundu(ma), De La Roche in Niete(bo), Umtata in Transkei(ma), Goana in Vaal(bo)

Determined not to be left behind (and to leverage their relationship with the Republic), the HAS announced commencement of a Lisbon Accords initiative, as well as plans to develop ships based on this “new-fangled steam technology.” A counter-proposal to create a series of engines based on “bean science” were ignored.

NORTH AMERIKA

<i>Mercenary Troops</i>	8hi, 7ha, 1xec, 28i, 24c, 5a, 1z ⁵
<i>Mercenary AQRs</i>	c14 i18 a14
<i>Mercenary Leaders</i>	Nikephen Nine-Feather (M8.6.7)
<i>Hiring Contact</i>	(none) ⁶

THE NISEI REPUBLIC (Usonomiya in Yokuts)*Tokugawa Akari, Commander of the Armies of the Republic, Protector of the Emperor of All Japan, daitoryo of the Diet***DIPLOMACY** None

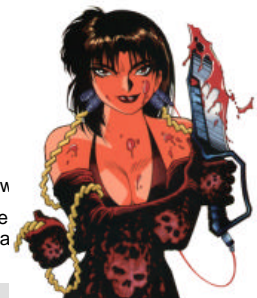
Still digging out of the icy rubble, the Nisei began to settle the ruined city of New Yedo in Chemakum again, and opened some buildings for the university and the government (though they were still located elsewhere). A fine, new Shinto shrine was also built in the center of the city, overlooking the sea, and Holy Japan in the great distance. The province of Kwakiutl was settled to 2 GP and the city of Sakata restored to 2 GP as well.

Despite his promises to return to the land of the Golden Mountain, Emperor Sakuramachi did not visit the Nisei lands in '41 or '42, as the trouble in Japan required his presence to smooth things over (and make sure certain bodies were properly buried).

Princess Yanma, on the other hand, successfully ran for the Diet from her home district in Hiroshima, which scandalized all of the other Diet members – who had never expected a *woman* to sit among their august number!

THE HIGH KINGDOM OF COLORADO (Three Crosses in Navajo)*Fredrik Grosse, King of the Ute, High King of Colorado***DIPLOMACY** None

Trying to avoid being strangled by a complete lack of trade, King Fredrik approved a charter for the construction of a new port city, Corpus Christi, in the province of Karankawa on the Gulf coast. Through this new entrepot, he hoped the goods produced by his merchants and craftsmen would find foreign markets, and all would profit thereby.

ARAPAHO TEXAS (Ayoel in Atakapa)*Ugraima of the Arapaho, Great Chief of the Plains, Duke of Ayoel***DIPLOMACY** None

⁵ A pair of ex-Inuit Taguak airships, just looking for w

⁶ Efforts by the western branch of ARF to secure the to Aztec meddling and influence among the mercena

A wary sort, Ugraima made sure his capital was ringed with fortresses and redoubts and gun-pits. Then he slept better at night. The lady Anna managed to survive having a second son, which then kept the Scar-Eye up at night with it's incessant caterwauling. Everyone else was in a furious tear to prepare the kingdom for the arrival of the brilliantly beautiful princess Valeria of Shawnee, who had been given the boot by her formidable mother and told to find a suitable husband among the barely-civilized plainsmen of the Arapaho.

THE SHAWNEE EMPIRE (Cahokia in Michigamea)

Treya Stormdragon, Queen of the Shawnee, Empress of the Iroquois

DIPLOMACY Taposa(nt), Choco(a)

Much like the Nisei, the Shawnee were busy repairing the damage sustained during the war against the Ice. The provinces of Erie and Miami were settled to 2 GP, and the rebuilding of Adena and New Rome began. The cities of Coromandel, Cahokia, Ubar and Almeria expanded. The Empress ordered her fawning and crawling minions to get to work on this "Lisbon Accord business" and she issued a raft of edicts intended to break down the guild system (which won her no friends among the great merchant houses, but she *was the Empress* so they kept their traps shut).

There was a discussion between the Empress and her daughter, which ended with a petulant and furious Valeria marching her army off to Atakapa to see this "Spear-Handed" she had been ordered to marry. Truth be told, she was in a complete funk when she arrived – being banished from the joys and diversions of the capital was hard on her – but then she set eyes upon the large and impressively muscled (and scarred) Nemukare, and then upon the endless ranks of plainsmen he commanded, and then she began to smile...

Two months later, the two were wed, and Valeria was very happy indeed. Soon afterwards, she learned that old Ambassador Sige had died, and then Lord Ocelot, and then Baron Sark and she spent a long time writing letters of condolence to their wives and girlfriends.

Diplomatic efforts in Taposa by the entirely un-diplomatic Rainwalker failed miserably. The efforts of princess Taiya to find a "suitable" husband also failed, through she had a great time trying out various suitors. Finally, the provinces of Osage and Kansa were abandoned, and Tall Tree recalled to Quapaw to keep an eye on the Ghost Dancers.

THE ORDER OF THE FLOWERING SUN (Tenochtitlan)

Chikiel, Master of the Order, Shield of the Sun against the Ten Thousand Enemies

DIPLOMACY Texcoco in Huexotla(oh), Malinalco in Tlapocoya(oh), Xochimilco in Tepanec(oh), Acapulco in Tahue(oh), Nanhuac in Pima(oh), Tucson in Papago(oh), Tlacopan in Culhua(oh), Chinikam in Tepuztec(oh), Oaxaca in Nahuatl(oh), Sion in Huave(oh), Thebes in Achi(oh)

Fueled by substantial amounts of money from the Emperor and the Sisters, the Order attempted to establish itself in the central provinces of the Empire. They was much work to be done, and that meant Chiketl needed access to pious men and gold.

THE AZTEC EMPIRE OF MEXICO (Sion in Huave)

Trákonel "The Victorious", Emperor of Mexico, Warrior of Christ, Protector of the Faith, Smiter of the Infidel, Conqueror of the Incans, Rex Britannicus

DIPLOMACY Unita(a)



Trákonel flexed the Imperial muscles and dispatched fleets to the northwest and northeast, intending to restore the old trade connections to Europe and Asia. At the same time, a mammoth fortress was built at Mesa Verde, entirely surrounding and containing the Round Tower. Regiments of Jaguar and Eagle Knights remained on guard, ever vigilant upon the battlements. The Emperor did manage to squeeze in a short vacation, where he indulged himself by flying one of the new model airships from Sion to Totonac and back again.

The Smoking Sun Legion landed on Kodiak Island, off the ice-bound Alaskan shore, and rebuilt and repopulated the city of Ar'Sheol. Eager to appear busy, the Jaguar Legion descended upon the province of Nicarao and the city of Mixtlan with 23,000 men and knocked in every door, overturned every haystack to find a reputed nest of "Krorists" therein. They did, indeed, find some cultists, who were strung up like chilies and given the roast. The Sisters were very pleased that the Empire was finally taking the enemy seriously. The Pyramid Legion sailed northeast and – after a long stormy voyage – managed to re-establish the Aztec cities at Mahual on Iceland, and Padiwac in Micmac.

Finally, the prince of Achi and the king of Kekchi (in separate, non-connectd, non-yoghurt involved accidents) both died. Their respective provinces became tributary as a result.

The Imperial Office of Trade announced that neither the Pacific Mercenary and Trust, nor the Aeronautical Research and Fabrication companies would be allowed to trade, negotiate, sell or buy within the Empire. So there!

THE SISTERS OF THE ROSE (New Jerusalem in Quiche)

Kelly Davias, Holy Mother of the Lencolar Christian Order

DIPLOMACY La Raza in Cuna(ch), Pijao(ch), Brass in Ife(ca), Tipai(ab), Cumangoto(ch), Caraca(ch)

Aside from their usual efforts to help the indigent and the poor and the destitute, the Sisters invested a great deal of effort in bringing the Word to the Caquetians – converting the provinces of Chibcha and Caquetio (including New Hiquito) to the Lencolar rite. For herself, Kelly traveled up to glorious, decadent old Tenochtitlan where she blessed the efforts of the Knights of the Flowering Sun, and looked over their new fortress and buildings.

SOUTH AMERIKA

<i>Mercenary Troops</i>	5i, 1xei, 1c, 1a, 1ea (Lencolar) 18i, 15c, 10a (RC)
<i>Mercenary AQRs</i>	c14 i18 a14
<i>Mercenary Leaders</i>	None
<i>Hiring Contact</i>	(none)

THE KINGDOM OF CAQUETIO (New Hiquito in Caquetio)

Gimoc of Aburra, Lord of the North

DIPLOMACY None

To the entire puzzlement of his ministers, Gimoc began to push legislation which would lead (in time) to the abolition of slavery within the kingdom. To most of them, this was madness as the failure of the Zionist revolt in New Granada had only shown how devisive an issue this was. In addition, anything weakening the nation (like the unaccountable disbandment of two entire regiments of light riflemen) would only lead to adventurism by the Knights of Saint John. However, Gimoc was adamant and entirely supported by the Sisterhood.

An edict was promulgated, banning the activities of the Aeronautical Research and Fabrication and Pacific Mercenary and Trust companies within the kingdom. Prince Thozen was also recalled, as was the fleet, to New Hiquito and placed in charge of

the government while Gimoc took the army out for some maneuvers.

Only a week later, as he was riding with some of his aides, someone put a bullet through his hat and killed a lieutenant riding behind him. The king flung himself from his horse, and his bodyguards blazed away at the nearby woods... the next day, a messenger thundered into camp – an army of the Knights of St. John had attacked Camopi, appearing out of the great jungle.

The attack by the Knights did have the effect of keeping Miguel and his troops distracted, so they did not have time to arrest all of the damnable Jesuits who had started building a town on the Camopi shore. Soon, though...

At the same time, serious rioting broke out in New Hiquito, Teofilo and Ponta Grossa – the Catholics rose up in arms, viciously attacking any Lencolar adherent they could find and burning the government buildings. Prince Thozen took the palace guard into the streets and managed to crush the revolt, but only at great cost – including his own life, bleeding out on the steps of the cathedral of St. Michael.

THE KNIGHTS OF SAINT JOHN (New Granada in Acroa)

Nicholas Gafard de Masa, Grand-Master of the Knights of Saint John

DIPLOMACY None

Grand-Master Samuel was sitting under a massive macrocarpa tree, the layered branches rising above him, blotting out the hot white sky like a tent. Here near the roots, he was drenched in sweat and enclosed by a close, humid darkness. A messenger approached and handed him a waxed-paper packet of letters. One of them bore only a single initial “L”. Samuel tore the paper open, scanning the missive within. He grimaced, then shook his head.

“No time for such things now, father,” he said softly to himself. “I have already cast the die in a different direction.” The grand-master looked up. “Nicholas! Come here, lad.”

His son approached, face streaked with sweat.

“I want you to return to New Granada with all speed,” Samuel said. “A bride has been arranged for you, and I do not want you to put off the day of marriage.”

“A bride?” Nicholas stared at his father in horror. “A girl?”

Only a month later, Samuel’s ragged army emerged from the jungle and attacked the Caquetian province of Guahibo. At the same time, General Alonza’s army had attacked Camopi, and Admiral Diaz had sailed a massive fleet into the Cariaco Sea, intending to land a force of Incan mercenaries at Ponta Grossa.

The Caquetians were nearly ready for the attack – Baron Miguel of Cuyuni rushed into Camopi to reinforce the garrison there, and clashed with Alonza at **Rémire**. Luckily for the Baron, his men were able to fight from an extensive network of fortifications established along the coast and they thumped Alonza’s cavalry severely. In fact, the general was killed in a meleé and the remnants of his force scattered into the jungle.

Alonza’s second in command, de Walker, died during the retreat, though his men managed to reach Terembembe, rather the worse for wear.

At much the same time, Diaz’ fleet had swept into the Cariacao Sea and encountered lord Jikanta’s squadrons off the Cumangoto coast. Outnumbered, the Caquetian ships tried to flee and Diaz pounced with the wind-gauge. The Knights smashed the Caquetians and captured nearly half of their ships as prizes. Unmolested, Diaz landed his marines and captured Ponta Grossa.

Grand-master Samuel, meanwhile, had swept into Guahibo and captured the lumbering town of Tres Lagos. Without meeting any resistance, he garrisoned the town and province, then crossed the mountains into Chibcha.

While Samuel was marching around in the hinterlands, Gimoc had marched his army very quickly down the coast to Ponta Grossa, where he chased Diaz’ marines back onto their boats. Lacking any national troops (he had only mercenaries to go ashore with), the admiral was forced to abandon his campaign and fall back to Thiat in Terembembe.

Samuel, meantime, had conquered Timote and captured the port town of Aruba. Gimoc arrived a month later, humping it over the mountains from Caquetio itself. The Knights attempted to duck back into the mountains and escape – but had not counted on the dogged determination and quick feet of Gimoc’s Imperial Guard.

De Montoya and his army were forced to battle at **San Carlos de Zuila** at the head of lake Maracaibo⁷. Gimoc’s 19,000 men closed in, trapping De Montoya’s 11,000 against the lake. A vicious battle erupted in the river-flats and the Knights went down hard – but they were outnumbered and out-gunned and far from home. Gimoc crushed them, capturing Samuel. With his prisoner closely guarded, the Caquetians marched home to New Hiquito. Gimoc grieved to find his son laid out in state, his body riddled with bullets.

Amid all the other excitement, the province of Kayapo in the south became Lencolar Christian.

THE PRINCIPATE OF BOLIVIA (Trishka

in Karanga)

Thome Mascate, Prince of Bolivia, Duke of Trishka

DIPLOMACY Pucara(f)

Secure in the peace he thought was prevailing in south America, the Duke saw fit to discharge more men from military service and provide them with land allotments in Quillaca and Arica. The ducal palace was also blessed with the birth of a son to prince Ramon and his wife, Maria Louisa.



GREAT FRANCE (Versailles in Calchaqui)

Louis de'Saone, Emperor of France, Prince of Varres, Lord of the South, Smiter of the Heretic

DIPLOMACY None

While Emperor Louis remained in Versailles, trying to arrange succor for the victims of an enormous, city-wide fire in Verdun, prince Francois departed from the Imperial city in the company of his sister Niki (and about a thousand servants, and her mother Athis) for Acroa in New Granada.

And so, when prince Nicholas Gafard finally hiked out of the jungle and arrived in the capital of the Knights, he found a huge assemblage of nobles, priests, potentates and sundry courtiers infesting the palace.

“Who are you?” He snarled, swinging down from a well-lathered horse. A younger man, barely seventeen, was waiting for him in the shade of the stable porch, with a clutch of Granadan generals (including Admiral Diaz, who had recently come from the coast) in tow.

“I am your brother,” prince Francois answered. “I have poor news for you, dear Nicholas.”

“What is that?” Gafard looked around in steadily growing alarm – everyone was watching him with an odd expression – half of amusement, half of pity. “What has happened?”

“Your dear father is dead,” Francois said in his soft voice. “His armies have been broken and scattered. Only at sea do the Knights of Saint John show their power of old.”

In the shadows under the porch, Diaz smiled slightly.

⁷ And a pretty piece of maneuvering that was, by Gimoc, to catch Samuel.

"Why are you here?" Nicholas stripped off his riding gloves. He was tired and sweaty and desperately in need of a stiff drink and a hot bath.

"You are going to marry my sister," Francois said. "But we'll get you cleaned up first."

Nicholas spent the next three days in a strange haze of frantic preparations tinged with nausea – *why were there so many New French soldiers in the capital? Where was the Grand Master's guard?* – and a surreal sense of distance from everything around him. Only at the last moment, as he accepted the rather vapid princess Niki's hand did Nicholas realize he was now King, and a husband.

The next morning, he was escorted from his bedchamber to the Hall of Council where he found a dour-faced set of Knights, and the ever-smiling, detestable face of prince Francois. A set of documents lay on the table between the men.

"What is this?" Nicholas yawned – Niki might have been a little poor on the conversational side, but she was a lively girl and seemed pleased with her new husband – pointing at the heavily embossed set of parchments.

"A treaty, and an arrangement for your son." As before, Francois spoke for the assembly, and the Knight Commanders seemed quite at home with the arrangement. "You will sign for the Knights, and I will sign for my father – your father, now – and for France."

Nicholas spread out the documents, reading them with a steadily lengthening face. At last he looked up, his lean face cut deep with repressed anger and fury. "This is a weak joke," he bit out, barely able to speak.

"I do not think your father was joking when he set pen to paper," Francois said, head tilted to one side. "But I see you are surprised – doubtless your father, the noble Samuel, keep such matters close to the vest. Still I assure you this was what he intended."

"I will not sign these papers," Nicholas said, pushing them away. He stepped back, though as he did so he realized he was without a weapon, and all of the guardsmen in the chamber were wearing the Imperial fleur-de-lis of France. "I will not bend my neck to Emperor Louis and make the Knights a vassal of this 'Great France.'"

Francois stared at his brother in law for a long moment, then gathered up the papers and neatly penned his signature to the bottom of the last sheet. While Nicholas watched, heart sinking into his shoes, each of the knight-commanders and admirals stepped up to the table and signed as well. Diaz was the last, and he flashed the young King a cheerful grin as he did so.

When they were done, Francois held out the quill to Nicholas. "Come, brother, put ink to paper and let us get on with crushing these rebellious heretics and restoring your realm. Your armies have all been swept away, but the power of France is now at your hand, and there is no way Gimoc and his curs can withstand us."

Nicholas did not answer, his heart sick with despair.

"You are young," Francois continued, stepping close, his voice barely a whisper. "You will live for many years, and you will be a king under the protective aegis of my father's throne. True, when you die, I or my son will rule both realms as one, but until that day... may it be far away! ... you will enjoy every right and delight. Your sons and daughters will be princes of a great empire."

Nicholas' met the younger man's eyes and saw they were entirely without guile. *What a serpent*, he thought and his fist clenched.

"Sign the paper," Francois whispered, pressing the pen into his hand.

Like a zombie, barely able to move and unable to raise his eyes to meet those of the generals and captains in the room, Nicholas

bent and scratched his name on the treaty. Francois watched over his shoulder and smiled with great satisfaction.

And in this way, was Great France borne.

BANK LIST

Nation	Bank	GP	Rate
Frankish Commonwealth	Banque du Lyons	564	40%
Chan Mongol Empire	Uncle Wu's	513	40%
United Kingdoms of Britain	Royal Bank of London	1,073	38%
Free Republic of Ethiopia	Funj Gold Reserves	316	40%
The Khemer Empire	Pronunkuram Vaults	658	40%
Principate of Kiev	Royal Bank of Khitai	142	35%
Principate of Kiev	Norsktrud Kiev Bank	196	40%
Coptic Kingdom of Maasai	M'Beya House of Credit	1,089	35%
The Nisei Republic	Yedo Matsuma Bank	675	40%
The Republic of Spain	Aztlan Mercantile Credit	269	25%
The Republic of Spain	Banque du Galway	354	40%
Empire of Swedish-Russia	BUX	395	45%
Duchy of the Three Isles	First Merchant of Valetia	109	40%
Principate of Vastmark	Brehmen Bank	342	30%
Java - Where It's Warm(tm)	Sunny Sunda Savings	765	40%