

Lords of the Earth

Campaign One

AN AGE OF AIR AND STEAM

Turn 218



Anno Domini 1765 – 1766

TURN 219 ORDERS DUE BY Friday, October 17th, 2003

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Yet another version of the Modern Era supplement has been released. The Notes have been adjusted to reflect changes to Lords One as a result.

You must read them both! Do so now!

http://www.throneworld.com/lords/lot01/11_notes.html
http://www.throneworld.com/lords/players/loterule/lot0_mod_3_3_4.pdf

NORTH ASIA

Mercenaries	Minimum bid listed in [x].
Condotierri	11hc, 11xc, 5i, 2a [1gp each]
Captains	Kadan of the Bulingir (MA27) [10gp] <will not serve Judea>
To hire, please contact...	(No one)
Quality Ratings	i15 w15 s18 c12 a12 z3

TOKUGAWA JAPAN (Shinto, Tokushima on Shikoku)
Kii Yoshimune, Shogun of All Nippon, Daimyo of Manila, King of the Philippines, The Sea-Spear, Monster-Slayer.

DIPLOMACY None

The University of Tokio was astounded to receive a grant from the Shogun's Ministry of War to design, manufacture and operate what Professor Kizu had called (in the scientific lecture which had precipitated the grant) a 'calculating machine'. Given the enormous size of the allotment, it seemed the Shogun had some particularly tricky figures to finesse.

With substantial government investment flowing forth from Edo to the regional districts, the province of Kagoshima improved to 2 Gpv and Saga to 3 Gpv. Yoshimune was fixated on increasing crop yields and providing for the thriving urban populations of his domain. Coupled with the still steadily improving harvests (and the discernible brightening of the sky), he hoped to make his nation self-sufficient in food within the decade.



In the far south, in sleepy, hot Johor, the recent rise of something very much like Orange Catholicism in the 'free city' of Singapore provoked an unexpectedly violent reaction among the Shinto plantation owners and settlers on the peninsula – indeed, a local religious figure, Hozen Fusode (a dismissed Tokugawa military officer), and his "Brilliant Palm" temple took up the task of driving these 'unclean foreigners' out of the region. Attacks by bands of armed, masked men followed on Singaporean merchants traveling in Johor and the city authorities were forced to post armed patrol boats in the Johor strait to keep the angry Japanese from raiding the city.

A truly staggering amount of gold was transferred to the Qing embassy in Edo, whereupon four heavily-armed merchantmen took the vast store of bullion away to the west. The project left all of the bankers in Japan faint and queasy, and their coffers empty of every last scrap of coin, bar and gold dust to hand. The effect upon the economy was peculiar – the government was forced to issue paper *yen* to cover the lack of high-value coinage, which then caused the paper value of gold to surge – but as most citizens had not been able to afford gold coinage anyway, the more common silver coinage suffered inflationary pressures. Costs in the marketplace jumped notably, particularly for those forced to use the paper 'Yamada' currency.

With Shogunate patrols rousting bonzes from their hiding places, and mass expulsions of Manchu provocateurs from the province, the Buddhist infestation in Dzungur Coast was expunged. The army, however, withdrew, for the Shogun had summoned all the vast forces at his command to attend him at Edo...

PACIFIC MANUFACTURING & TRANSPORT (Kriztyn on Luzon)
Juchen Agoi, President and Executive officer

DIPLOMACY Shenyang in Liao-Tung (^bo)

Nearly a decade of effort paid off at last, with two railway projects pressing ahead in Thai and Qing (and a third was preparing to start in the Americas), and relations with the Aztecs were now very cordial (as certain unsecured loans had, at last, been repaid). The company settlements at Leakai in Assam and Kriztyn in Luzon both expanded a GPv. After a long absence, Agoi returned to the home office on Luzon and was sickened to see how huge, and dirty, and down-right poor the city of Kriztyn had become... "This is a disgrace," he swore, wading through three inches of sewage in the street in front of the Company offices. "You can be sure the Norskrtrad have flush toilets!"¹

THE PURE REALM (Buddhist, Fusan in Silla)

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

DIPLOMACY Moulmein in Thaton (~ab), Gaur (^ab), Ahvaz in Palas (^ch)

Though he was feeling a mite ill, Wan Ho plunged himself into vigorous planning to maintain the Realm in the event of another meteor impact. Thousands of monks and their servants were dispatched to far lands, accompanied by pack trains of gold, tools, books and every kind of religious object to ensure the survival of the Wing Kung. However, when no mountains fell from the sky, everyone breathed a sigh of relief and enjoyed their vacations.

In China, the disgraced monk Ah Mon (who had been jailed by Qing authorities for welshing on a gambling debt) fell sick from some ague contracted in his cell and died, reliving Wan Ho of having to discipline the wayward priest. He was trying to

¹ Which was not exactly true, though the King of England *did* have one, invented and installed by Samuel Prosser.

concentrate on bringing the Manchu temples back into the fold – but failed not only to restore regular tithing, but to maintain his health. Wan Ho died in late '66, laid low by cancerous growths. As none of his lieutenants were present in Holy Fusan at the time (including the old master's favorite, Cho Sung), the temple council consulted and chose Sosandaesa (a native, well-respected Korean – particularly for his vehement dislike of the Japanese) to lead them henceforth.

In the southern islands, efforts by Cho Fat to establish a church in Jing'shu on Siberut led him afoul of the locals and he too, like the late, unlamentable Ah Mon, was clapped in chains and thrown into a dark, pestilential hole to meditate upon his sins.

THE MANCHU MONGOL EMPIRE (Buddhist, Harbin in Shangtu)
The Dread Lord Manchu Tun Wei, King of Kings, the God-Personified, The Eternally Victorious and Divine Emperor of the Middle Kingdom, the Celestial Emperor, Smiter of the Barbarians, The Bulwark of Civilization, The Son of Heaven, Most Favored of Bodhisattva, The Supreme Master of the Universe Before Whose Feet the Craven Qing Grovel, The Son of Heaven, the Divine Light of Wisdom, Gurkhan of Khitai, Lord of the Tribes

DIPLOMACY Khargu (aw), Khrebet (^t)

Tun Wei's engineers continued to labor faithfully, and the sprawl of sheds, hangars and hydrogen-cracking towers outside Harbin continued to expand. Even more work was underway in the coastal ports of Adak and Amgar and Suifenhe, though that was taking place behind high fences and armed guards.

The reconciliation between the Manchu and the Pure Realm continued on a high level – resulting in a constant flow of monks and priests into Harbin and other Manchu cities, where they continued to irritate and anger the local temple clergy, who *still* had no intention of bowing down before the “God King” of Fusan.

Tun Wei returned, victoriously, from the north and settled in at the capital, plaguing his wife Wan Ti Mei with demands for children – demands she could not meet, it seemed. In any case, there were no squalling brats in evidence. Another embassy was dispatched to the vicious highlands of Khargu – and once more the despondent diplomats were not escorted by the army. However, as their families were held hostage by the Emperor, they went...

And the results were not unexpected... the embassy was ambushed within days of entering the evil, ice-shrouded forest; the few guards slaughtered and “Stinky” Fang hoisted screaming up into a tree to roast slowly over hot coals... the other two ambassadors (Han Zhi and To Ran Pang) fled heedlessly into the wasteland, but were soon tracked down by the Khargites and their hunting dogs, then dragged miles through the snow to be cut apart a joint at a time and fed to the hungry tribal infants. Their ire roused, the Khargites then launched a series of brutal raids on the new Manchu settlements in Turana, burning farms, dragging the colonists off to languish in slavery (or go straight to the cookpots) and generally wreaking havoc.

And if that wasn't enough to keep Tun Wei up at night, the Judeans invaded.

THE KINGDOM OF PRESTER JOHN

(Sunni, Maclan in Tuhnwhang)

Megan Corrigan, Khagan of Karakocho, The White Goddess, Wolf-Sister of the Altai

DIPLOMACY Tangut (^fa)

The White Goddess financed digging new wells in Yumen province, even as gangs of laborers continued to dig away at

extending the Queen's Highway down towards the Judean border. Following this, the widowed Megan also took as her new husband

(in a small, tribal ceremony) the exiled Prince Bujek, khan of the now-destroyed Gurvanite kingdom. No children, however, were expected from this marriage as the Goddess was 56 years old.

The old chieftain of the Sinkiang died and his province became part of the Corrigan royal demesne.

THE DIVINE KINGDOM OF JUDAH (Roman Catholic, Pienching in Honan)

Wabu Chahi, The Hand of God, Champion of the Hosts of Christ, Celestial Emperor, huey tlaotani

DIPLOMACY Bah!

Testament to the massive resources the Judeans had been pouring into expanding fields under cultivation, improving the storage and movement of grain and other preserved foods, and tillage techniques, the Kingdom barely managed to tip over into a surplus of rice, millet and rye. The provinces of Chinling, Funiu and Tangchou, meantime, were all improved to 3 GPv. The vast flow of riches derived from trade also inspired the Bureau of Works to expand the port facilities at Pienching and Angkang.

In a matter of more interest to the foreign embassies in Pienching, the Judeans (apparently without any aid or assistance from other nations or even the glad-handing PM&T) rolled out two sections of railroad – both starting from Pienching, one heading south into Tangchou, the other east into Tsainan and the port of Xinqu. Home-built trains immediately followed, showing off particularly elaborate decoration and iron-works. Survey work also started on a line running west into Shentung, and for a railway bridge over the Huang Ho into Hopei.

The port of Xinqu, fairly salivating at the prospect of being the newly fashionable entrée to Pienching, expanded a level. The streets were still mud, though, and filled with diseased dogs, rabid rats and child-prostitutes with the clap (like most of the provincial cities in the Divine Kingdom).

The fleet was dispatched to the uttermost west with a brawling cargo of settlers, merchants, craftsmen, feng-shui experts and so on. They had a long, long journey to a barbarous land before them...

A little unsettled by the lack of news, the Emperor ordered his spies and informers to launch a massive, all-kingdom effort to track down the missing heir to the throne and bring her home “safely”. Immediately hundreds, if not thousands, of eager gumshoes flooded the cities, towns, temples and caves of the kingdom... along with a blizzard of circulars describing a girl no one had seen for six years. Almost immediately, however, a sharp-eyed city watchman in Hopei (almost within sight of the capital) noticed a seven-year-old girl escorted by some three thousand heavily armed “Turks” lairing up at an out-of-the-way Buddhist temple in the countryside north of Kaifeng.

The alarm was raised! The Turks fled! The militia gave chase!

And were immediately outdistanced by the Turks, who were well-mounted and long-used to making time in hostile country (and, actually, they were all quite familiar with the Judean countryside...). Princess Sutay, therefore, was whisked away across the Manchou border before anyone could stop the raiders.

Anyone save Emperor Hai-Yen. Who had marched into Hopei with his massive infantry army on his way back from the fighting on the Gobi frontier. Alerted by the local governor, the Emperor gave immediate chase, flogging his infantry to a jog and dashing north with all speed. He did not catch the “Turks” before they crossed into Manchu, but that didn't stop the Hand of God either. Within three months of hard marching his army of 66,000 men was advancing on Harbin in Shangtu on a broad front, banners high, boots raising a vast plume of dust to blacken the sky.



In the Manchu capital, Emperor Tun Wei rallied his own army – finding 52,000 men under arms – and sortied from the city (which had no fortifications to speak of), well apprised of the Judean movements by his own airships. Brusque messages were exchanged between the two Emperors by courier (though the Judeans showed no sign of slowing their advance). The Judean Emperor demanded the Princess, threatening the annihilation of Harbin and everyone in the city.

Tun Wei consulted with his generals – they all turned and stared fixedly at the “Turkish” commander, Major General Han, and then pounced upon him en masse. Lord Wu Yun (who had avoided being dispatched to Khargu) gagged the rebellious Judean officer and dragged him south to meet the advancing Hand of God himself. Princess Sutay, confused, also went along.

Abasing himself before the disgruntled Judean overlord, Wu Yun begged the Emperor’s pardon, turned over the rebel and the princess, and then bolted for the Manchu lines. Hai-Yen was quite pleased to renew his acquaintance with Major General Han, who was immediately dispatched to the executioner. The girl... well, no one ever saw her again.

Satisfied, the Judeans turned around the next day and marched off to the south, leaving a wide swathe of destruction in their path. The Manchou emperor was livid with fury, but the wisdom of his elders had kept Tun Wei from doing something reckless... this time.

GREAT QING CHINESE EMPIRE

(Buddhist, Wuhan in Hupei)

Qianglong Yu-shen, Emperor of China, Hammer of the Barbarians, the Redeemer, Divine Son of Heaven

DIPLOMACY Wuliang (^a)



These new steam-powered “toys” having caught his eye, Yu-Shen now directed very substantial resources to promoting astronomy, various metallurgical arts, reform in law and practice of commerce... even stooping so low as to barter for scraps of Ice-technology available on the open market. The new caste of savants, specialists and craftsmen required by all of these efforts had no complaints however, not as long as the Imperial purse was so generous.

The fulminating looks of his wife (coupled with the hand-wringing of his advisors) drove Yu-Shen into the bridal chamber and, eventually, after months, Empress Xiao Xian yielded up a squally baby boy.

With Imperial Inspectors lashing their backs with leaded staves and subjecting their books to blistering scrutiny, the PM&T crews working on the Iron Road completed the section between Kienchou and Hunan in record time (for them). Even better, surveyors were hard at work marking right-of-way for track running north from Chaoyang to Wuhan in Hubei, including plans for a truly impressive bridge across the Yangtze.

Despite the hideous conditions in the Desolation, a clutch of shacks sprang up on the coast of Taiping, at the mouth of the Yangtze – this hardscrabble settlement was Tse Ting – populated by only the hardest of men and serving as a frail spot of civilization for the Qing patrols fighting the denizens of the wrecked countries.

SOUTH ASIA

Mercenaries	Minimum bid listed in [x].
Condotierri	30c 30i 10a 5s [1gp each]
Captains	Gemish Huorn (M956) [5gp]
To hire, please contact...	None
Quality Ratings	i15 w17 s20 c11 a12 z5

THE THAI EMPIRE (Buddist,, Angkor Wat in Khemer)

Ayutthaya Blajakay “Red Hand”, Emperor of the Thai, Lord of Khemer

DIPLOMACY No noticeable effect

Though the Emperor’s reputation belied ever seeking a diplomatic solution to *anything*, Prince Kanok did led a delegation to the Palasian nobility, trying to get them to accept Thai overlordship with grace. The Palasians, for the most part, refused and remained truculent. Back in the capital, meantime, the Red Hand had ordered his armies into the field – “find these rebels and crush them! Leave not a single traitor’s neck unstretched!”

PM&T crews finished the first Thai railroad, connecting Angkor Wat in Khemer to Mundripara in Siam. There was unfettered excitement in both cities as the first train completed its journey in a cloud of choking steam and cinder-smoke, carrying hundreds of cheering railway workers and Prince (?).

In the north-west, fighting continued in Samatata between Moslem hold-outs trying to stem the tide of Pure Realm missionaries and the Thai garrison, though not at the level of violence previously experienced.

In the south, Generals Nai-Thim, Suwit, and Chai-Son led swift columns into the countryside, racing to seize suspected rebel strongholds in Assam, Siam, Pegu, Surin and Mison. Thousands were arrested, and most of them then died in captivity. Cruel and expedient methods were employed, as the Emperor was not fooling about!

His enemies, however, were not without their own cruel methods – unknown men ambushed a quiet afternoon tea party hosted by Princess Indradevi and her ladies on a private island in the Tonle Sap and foully murdered the Princess, her attendants and the 12-year-old prince Dhadrapala. The bodies were found by servants bringing fresh sweets and sandwiches – rumor reported the Princess’ body was disfigured with Sanskrit runes saying “We shall return.”

The Red Hand was driven nearly out of his mind with rage and grief – he ordered a purge of both palace staff and government departments, seeking to find the “traitors” who had slaughtered his beloved wife. Thousands more perished in an orgy of paranoia... amid all the horror, barely anyone noticed that the Duke of Saigon took his own life.

HOSOGAWA BORNEO (Oroist, Kozoronden in Sabah)

Hosogawa Suenaga, Daimyo of Kozoronden

DIPLOMACY None

While the daimyo’s fancy air-corps grabbed all the press and a continuous stream of newly-built zeppelins swept over the peaked roofs of Kozoronden and Shin Nagasaki, the completion of construction of a modern shipyard at the latter port went almost unnoticed... The governor of Sarawak, General Yamashita, fell ill in ’66 and died before the end of the year. Though he not fall prey to enemies of the state, a rising tide of trouble in recently conquered territories led to rioting, insurrection and the revolt of Mindanao, Selatan and Tengah against the daimyo.

This came at a difficult time, as the Hosogawans had dispatched another army and fleet to Austral to join in the pan-Oroist effort to discover what, exactly, was going on in the Red Center.

JAVA (Oroist, Sunda in Pajajaran)

Wili III, Great Kahuna of Java, Emperor of the Maori, the Sea Spear

DIPLOMACY

While the Kahuna’s attentions were fixed upon dire events unfolding Austral, his nation suffered years of terrible famine – and

the government (distracted by the necessity to gird for a war of seemingly awesome proportions) did nothing to alleviate the suffering of the people. As a result, many thousands starved to death in Sabang in Aceh and Niucity on Bali.

The death of Prince Dale weighed heavy on the king's mind, and he at last moved himself to marry (a noble lady from Palembang), and appointed General St'ert as his successor – should something happen to the Kahuna. Of course, St'ert was in Austral, so he was in far more danger than Wili. The entire might of Java, meantime, was directing itself towards reinforcing the expeditionary force in Broome...

EVENTS IN WESTERN AUSTRAL...

January 1765 The Javan captain Nadeau, commanding a scouting force in Orantjugurr, moves south into the Red Center, searching for the 'strangers' and trying to avoid the poisonous vegetation...
Another Javan scouting force, commanded by S'urtsi, moves into Orantjugurr, also snooping about...
Back in Tempyo, the Javan fleet in port weighs anchor and sails away north, summoned home in case of a meteor impact.

February The commander of a Javan-allied contingent (the Kolosian squadron) is ordered to leave his ships in harbor and set out inland, alone (several hundred Javan infantrymen supposedly allocated to him were not to be found) to seek out the 'strangers'. The Mayor of Kolos refuses and moves his headquarters back aboard ship. His truculence is almost immediately echoed by the raj of Mikuran and the governor of Sakalava.

March Nadeau's scouts enter the Red Center. He finds the queer ruddy vegetation does not extend so far east.
S'urtsi's scouts troop across Orantjugurr, grim-faced to find barely a trace of recognizable vegetation...
At Tempyo, General St'ert's main Javan army digs entrenches in the hills above the port (which will now serve as the entry-point for many other nations...) and begins training to fight the 'strangers' and their 'superweapons'.
Harvick leaves Broome with a small force of engineers for Bilihuna.
On the far western coast of Austral, the Taika'no general Wu Tenuhu receives fresh orders to march his army to Okora (in the far north) and crush the Tenguist lords holding sway there. He girds his loins, takes off his shoes and starts his men marching north.

April Nadeau's expedition continues east into Bundooma with samples of the queer vegetation.

May S'urtsi and his scouts poke around in Orantjugurr.
Nadeau's men reach the great lake on the southern edge of Bundooma at last.
All contact is lost with S'urtsi's scouts in Orantjugurr.
Harvick's engineers are deep into Bilihuna, searching for signs of the 'strangers' and their works.

June Nadeau's men tramp east across Wongkanguru.
A Qing squadron arrives at Tempyo and disgorges a force of cavalry and zeppelins.
Harvick's engineers reach the southern edge of Bilihuna and prepare to enter the Great Sandy Desert.
A small Borang cavalry force (under the Bonze Hamor) rides up into Nakako, looking for the Meteor Men.

July Nadeau's men, reduced to a paltry few dozen, reach a Borangi frontier post in eastern Boulia, finding civilization at last after flying nearly a thousand miles.
The Qing expedition marches south into Pilbarra, heading for Great Sandy Desert with all speed...
A Javan aership carrying Lord Sh'lmerdn arrives in Tempyo, seeking to hookup with General Znardi and takes command of a group of engineers.
The Borangi ethnologist Hasaki leads 400 troopers into Mandjinja from the south, seeking to find these peculiar plants of which he's heard so much.

August The Taika'no army under Wu Tenuhu finally reaches Tempyo and takes a well-deserved rest.
Nadeau's expedition rests and recuperates in Boulia.
Battered by near-impossible heat, Harvick's engineers toil into the dunelands of the Great Sandy Desert.
Hamor's Borangi horsemen ride into Yandal, still looking for signs of the enemy.
A Borang aerial squadron of twelve scout zeppelins, led by Prince Masataka, arrives over the Red Center, warily searching for the Meteor Men.

September Laden aboard a squadron of Japanese clipper-ships and commandeered merchantmen, the Tokugawa General Kato arrives at Tempyo with 1,200 samurai to reinforce the defenses of the city.
All contact is lost with Harvick's engineers.
Wu Tenuhu's Taika'no army attacks and conquers Okora, scattering the paltry resistance and putting every Tenguist they can find to the sword – or fed to the god-sharks cruising offshore.
All contact is lost with Bonze Hamor's horsemen.
Prince Masataka's aerial reconnaissance force finds no sign of anyone (abo, Javan or Meteoroid) in Red Center. Wary, he decides to investigate Waigen and his zeppelins fly further west.
The Qing expedition marches across the dunesea of the Great Sandy Desert, determined to reach the lost city of Pnakotus, to which they have a somewhat suspect map.
The ethnologist Hasaki and his men enter Mundiwindi, finding the land turned all strange and queer. Hasaki is overjoyed and immediately begins cataloging an amazingly diverse array of plants and animals – all unfamiliar to human science.

October All contact is lost with the Qing expedition to Pnakotus.
Though his men plead with Hasaki to flee south (having observed odd lights in the sky at night) the scientist refuses. His men immediately desert.
Prince Masataka's aerial foray into Waigen finds nothing of interest, only rocks, sand and spiny trees. Uneasy, he turns back.

November Sh'lmerdn's Javan engineers creep through Bilihuna, seeking to collect samples of the strange vegetation and perhaps even animals of an unusual provenance.
Undaunted, Hasaki ventures east to the Yandalli frontier, before turning back, troubled.

December Rested, Nadeau's men head north, heading back to Tempyo by the road, in easy stages.

January 1766 Sh'lmerdn's engineers, emboldened by having encountered not one 'stranger' in Bilihuna, venture into Orantjugurr.

February A Hosogawan fleet under Admiral Noguchi arrives off the coast of Yampi, searching for a safe anchorage.
Prince Masataka's aerial squadrons reach Iten to refuel and rest and repair wind and storm damage to their zeppelins.

March A small force of 1,200 Hosogawan jungle-fighters commanded by General Hirokawa unloads from Noguchi's fleet and stands ready to defend Yampi province against any attack.
All contact is lost with Sh'lmerdn's engineers in Orantjugurr.

May Nadeau's battered expedition reaches Tempyo, where the prized samples are immediately put on a courier boat for Java.

June Hasaki resurfaces in Iten, weatherbeaten and rather grim looking. He immediately closets himself with the governor of the city and dictates a privy report for the shogun.

July And everything goes quiet as all sides eye the sky warily, waiting for someone to make a move...

THE SUPREME PRIMACY OF ORO (Oroist, Fukuzawa in Irith)
Horoku ne Muuta, High Priest of the Shark

DIPLOMACY Erhos (^ab), Palembang (^mn), Geelong (^ch), Pajajaran (^ch), Borang (^ab), Dajarra (^ab)

Horoku was pleased to receive several letters from Oroist bishops in the north-west, particularly since they detailed the containment of the Tenguist heresy to the scattered population of Okora, where heretical preachers were easy to track down and murder. The eventual elimination of the Tenguists seemed very likely as more and more Orthodox Oroist missionaries flooded into the province.

Meanwhile, back at Fukuzawa, Horoku had wasted no time in convening a pan-church council to review the charges made by Tengu and his followers against the clergy and their liturgy. A vigorous discussion followed, growing more heated by the day, and eventually a progressive set of edicts were reached (in part due to Horoku's canny treatment of the issues – he was brutal in defense of the faith, but the maw of Oro swept wide in the ocean, gathering up all sorts of odd ideas and precepts, and the High Priest was an exceptional forger of compromise).

Efforts to dig more contributions out of the temples in Hosogawa, however, continued to fail...

THE BORANG BAKUFU (Oroist, Sakuma in Borang)

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

DIPLOMACY Warrego (^ea), Aanx (^a),

Perhaps preparing a bolt-hole in the event of a Meteor Man invasion (rumors of an asteroid impact in the center of the continent were now rife throughout the cities of the Bakufu), the Izuryama government sponsored substantial rural development on Timor. The province of Aanx also became cultivated. These costs were offset, in great proportion, by shiploads of gold and silver delivered by the Pacifican merchants.

In the west, Borangi leaders swarmed into the desert, determined to find glory or honorable death in the war against the Meteor Men!

TE NIHO O ORO (Oroist, Kenehold on Dajarra)

Hatipi, Spear of the Order of the Teeth

Takotokino, Lord of the Fleet, Emperor of the Maori, Blessed of Oro, The Big Kabuna, Grand Captain of the Teeth of Oro

DIPLOMACY None

The Teeth sat around in the shade, drinking sake. Unfortunately, they were running short!

TAIKA'NO TE'IKOKU HIRO'I (Oroist, Rabaul on Bismarck)

Sugawara Te Anu, Daimyo of the Southern Seas, Lord of the Hundred Islands

DIPLOMACY Papua (^ea),

The lack of the monthly post ship from Hawai'i was finally noted in Rabaul, and Lord Watamati was dispatched with part of the fleet to investigate.

Driving the workers almost to exhaustion, Sugawara's vizier managed to complete the sprawling, gorgeous complex of Chukuma Temple by the deadline decreed by Te Anu. As a result, the vizier kept his head... the daimyo also continued his vigorous campaign against the wearing of *sboes*, resulting in weekly bonfires in most of the major cities as footwear of all kinds was banished from the kingdom.



CENTRAL ASIA AND INDIA

Mercenaries	Minimum bid listed in [x].
Condotierri	5c, 5i [1gp each]

Lords of the Earth, Campaign One, Turn 218

Captains	Rajah of Vijashuram (M836) [5gp] Eon of Axum (MB45) [10gp]
To hire, please contact...	None
Quality Ratings	i16 w20 s17 c11 a13

Hussite Mercenaries	Minimum bid listed in [x].
The Hussite Legion	5hea, 6i [2.0 gp each], based at Bhuj on Kutch Island.
Captains	Robert Clive (M757) [5gp]
To hire, please contact...	Albanian East India Company
Quality Ratings	c12 i15 a14 w17 s20

EMIRATE OF THE CHANDELLAS (Shi'a, Bundelkand in Chandela)

Kubman Singh, prince of Bundelkhand, Lion of the North

DIPLOMACY None

Having soundly thrashed the southern Hussites, Kuhman Singh returned to Bundelkhand to take the reins of state in hand – which let the harried and overworked scribes in Chandella relax a fraction. Singh, however, was outraged at the poor job they'd done in his absence – more than a few fat wallahs lost their heads and were replaced by young, more astute men. His son Kumar was also sent home and ordered to “begat some heirs”, a task which he also failed at – greatly displeasing his father.

Attempt to drive the Orangists out of Pandya were a miserable failure.

SHI'A IMAMAT (Shi'a, Yathrib in Kosala)

Rhemini, Ayatollah of the Shi'a, Voice of Allah

DIPLOMACY Maghada (^ab) / Bihar (^ch), Chola (^ca)

The Shi'a continued to scrimp and save and whine, hoping someone would send them lots of money. But no one did. The few remaining mosques and madrasas in Pandya fell under the sway of the Orangists, which just made Rhemini cry.

THE SOUTHERN LEAGUE (Hussite, Amon Hen in Karnata)

Joseph of Satava, King of the South

DIPLOMACY None

King Joseph was sniffing a bit into his beer, too. Being thumped by the Chandellans had ruined his whole decade. Still, he recovered his humor a bit – enough to order up two regiments of fresh cannons – and to shuffle his armies about a bit.

The Carthaginian outpost at Calicut was endowed with massive new fortifications and soon reinforced by a large fleet and army direct from Afriqa – and commanded by the emir Hamilcar, Adnan Khalaf and other notables. The emir had long wanted to visit the glories of India. While his arrival raised spirits throughout the League, the death of General Hanno (after many years of service) was a bit of a shock – one plate of extra-hot Madras curry and his heart gave out.

DANRAJASTAHN (Hussite, Schwarzkastel in Edrosia)

Peregrin von Hessen, Maharajah of India, Duke of Delhi, Grand-Duke of Aballach, Prince of the Black Tower

DIPLOMACY Avanti (pissed off!)

“Drown my sorrows in beer! Egad sir, do you think me some milk-drinking barbarian?”

Peregrin was incensed, and nearly dropped his nargile-pipe. “Opium is the proper remedy for such sorrows,” he declared, and turned back to penning another interminable page of his memoirs. The first two volumes were already on sale through the ‘stahn, under the dubious title “The White Maharajah” along with a particularly garish cover-painting of the Duke with a knife in his teeth, shirt torn and smoking pistols in either hand...



Of course, then he learned that the vast sums in coin the exchequer expected from certain foreign powers had arrived... and was no more than a few spare copper pennies and some lint. The grain, cotton, timber and spices had already been shipped out, of course.

"Noooooooooooooooooooo!" Peregrin screamed, trying to wake up from another terrible dream. Unfortunately for him (and his long suffering wife, Sarah) he was already awake.

The death, by suicide brought on by loneliness and the generally fetid situation in the Von Hessen household, of Princess Devapati threw everyone into an even deeper funk. Then news arrived from the south that the Rajah of Avanti ("White Maharajah? White, my black ass!") had seized the delegation headed by Hakanson and Nehru and tossed them in the deepest, darkest pit beneath his citadel. A ransom was demanded.

CAPTAIN BASTABLE ~ "A NIGHT AMONG THE CLOUDS"

The sun sank into grey mist, the sky flushed and darkened, the evening star trembled into sight. It was deep twilight when Bakke cried out and pointed. Bastable strained his eyes. Something rushed up into the sky out of the greyness, rushed slantingly upward and very swiftly into the luminous clearness above the clouds in the Indian sky; something flat and broad, and very large, that swept round in a vast curve.

"This can't be good, Captain", lamented Bakke.

"No, I think your right on that one, evasive action helm", commanded Bastable.

The *Oba Ruhl* heeled over and began a dance. She is a swift ship, the *Oba* and while not accustomed to air battle, her crew had danced with the devil a time or two. Time seemed to contract, and strange little memories are fixed forever in one's mind. The strong determined gaze of the gunner, Bakke. A gleam of ecstasy on Bastable's face as he ordered the guns fired. Sickening shame from Gillon as what little food was left to him he vomits away as our ship heaves, rolls, and dives to stay one step out of the way of the enemies' lightning weapon.

Bastable found himself in constant effortless communion with Lior. The melding was thorough, the ship and crew responded to his commands as veterans. The stars rolled past in the night's brilliance as a lance of light, dazzling in nature barely missed his ship. His returned fire, twin light lances also missed. The ships continue to climb, dive, barrel roll left then right. Loops and spins, the dancer's fence across the sky. Each knowing that from this match there will be only one. A silent death waited in the night sky above Schwarzcstel in quiet anticipation of that's evening's meal.

Again and again the twin beams of the *Oba* reached forth for the Martian only to miss, barely, but miss they did. The Martian's return fire streaked in and would have seared our craft but for the instinctual maneuvers of Chullander at the helm.

Rapture, the steely gaze of a raptor as it's stoops on it's prey, this is how Bastable will remember the final salvo and the fierce, prideful look on Bakke's face as Chullander looped

in behind the Martian and he fired. A vast ball of flame envelopes the enemy, a thunderous thunder which rolls across us is the best way to detail the dance's end. The Martian ceased to exist, we lived. Mankind's first small victory in a global war.

An unprovoked war of conquest between worlds for which we humans find ourselves unprepared. Why, why have the Martians brought this hell to Earth? Perhaps Sullus Gillon will provide the answers muses Oswald.

"Well done men," compliments the Captain, "Helm, if you please, second star to the right, straight on till morning, take me to Mars."

KINGDOM OF BALUCHISTAN (Hussite, Multan in Sukkur)

John Saul, Lord of the Indus, Protector of the Faith

DIPLOMACY Punjab (^ea)

A diplomatic squabble between Baron Gabor of Multan and the Punjabis resulted in Lord Paikal returning home in a huff.

Sadly, Duchess Inaya Amelia (wife of John Saul) took ill in the winter of '66 and passed away soon afterwards. A stately funeral was held for the lady, attended by her grief-stricken husband. Her son, Solomon was not present, being in the east, patrolling the Arnori border with a large army.

SHAHDOM OF AFGHANISTAN (Sunni, Kabul in Afghanistan)

Ahmad Durani, Shah of the Afghans, Lord of Kabul

DIPLOMACY Ghazni (hates Afghans!), Registan (^nt), Siahon (^t)

Normal relations resumed with Baluchistan.



KINGDOM OF THE KUSHANS (Hindu, Astakana in Kush)

Bujayapendra, Blessed of Vishnu, prince of Astakana

DIPLOMACY Ferghana (^a)

The oasis of Khotan became Hindu (and recent research has determined that this region should be Cultivated, so I've changed the base map as well). The Hindu princes of the Karakoram were also stunned to observe the arrival of a grey-painted ARF zeppelin, and even more amazed to learn from the men who descended from the ship of the air that regular courier service had been established between their tiny realm and distant Rostov. Indeed, a letter could now speed from mountain-girded Astakana to glittering London faster than mail could be carried by pack-train, ship and river-boat from the Persian capital to the Swedish.

GRIVPANI I' TIMURLENK (Sunni, Bukara in Turkmen)

Bukharm Al'Qadir, Grand Master of the Grivpani

DIPLOMACY Bokhara (^op)

Efforts by the Knights to forestall steadily rising Karidjite influence in Abadan failed miserably, as the Marsh Arabs were a queer lot of Sixth-generation Polynesians, outlaw Iraqis and expatriate Persians who really didn't like the 'highlanders'.



THE NOBLE HOUSE OF TEWFIK (Al'Harkam in Carmania)

Tewfik Saul, Purveyor of Meteor-Shields in all Sizes

DIPLOMACY Antioch in Aleppo (^ma), Surashtra (^ma), New Marseilles (^mf) in New France (^ma)

Saul roused himself from the idle sleep which had afflicted him in his younger years, noted that his daughters would need (inevitably) to attend some prestigious university, and set himself to

restoring the somewhat tarnished reputation of the Noble House. Considerable sums owed on various franchises were doled out.

THE SAFAVID PERSIAN EMPIRE

(Sunni, Semnan in Khurasan)

Safi Babram "the bold", Khan of Khans, Shahanshab of Persia, Prince of Bukhara, Caliph of the East

DIPLOMACY Persia (^nt), Bandar (^f)

Still suffering from famine and shortages of all kinds, Bahram's government pressed the rural farmers to plant more, raise more, cultivate more... grain was imported from India and China in an attempt to keep everyone fed.



Royal engineers continued to labor on surveying and ground-preparation for the grand southern railroad north from Shir Kuh to Kvor, and south into Kuh'laleh'zar. The northern line from Semnan to Merv also pressed ahead, with sixty thousand laborers breaking rocks, moving gravel and laying ties in the wan Persian sunlight. Passenger traffic between Rayy and Semnan, meanwhile, continued to pick up. Ground was broken on the 'missing' segment between Rayy and Khvor, though who knew when that would be finished! Construction at the National Observatory was finished, and the astronomers tenanted a building of glorious domes, arches and sky-piercing towers of marble and steatite.

Unrest continued to plague the Mesopotamian borders of the realm, with more Karidjites creeping through the frontier (despite the efforts of the Griypani and the Safavid authorities to turn them back). A strong garrison was established at Shankar, just in case. This did not stop disaster from overtaking the nearly-abandoned city of Hamadan in Media, where the few remaining citizens were wiped out by an outbreak of the Corruption, as was most of the province. Though he was not directly exposed, the Persian Al'Maqdisi fell quite ill in Tehran and died at the end of '66.

At home, Bahram began to get worried at the lack of children underfoot, though he was loathe to set Empress Fatima aside...

THE KARIDJITE IMAMAT (Karidjite Islam, Baghdad in Mesopotamia)

Ali bin Abi Talib, kalifa of the Pure and the Faithful

DIPLOMACY Mesopotamia (^ab), Jordan (^ch)

Efforts to convince the regional mullahs and prayer-callers in Mesopotamia itself to pay a greater *badith* to the Kalifa failed, causing discord among the faithful. Too, the rank and file were filled with fury about the Orangists in the Levant and demanded that Ali bin Abi Talib declare *jihad* against the infidel heretics!

The Kalifa missed his right-hand-man, Khuswan, greatly. But that worthy was away in the north, in disguise, investigating peculiar rumors out of the region of Mount Ararat...

THE ISLAMIC UNION (Karidjite Islam, Ar-Raqqah in Mosul)

Ali Adin, Sultan of Ar-Raqqah, Prince of Mosul

DIPLOMACY Levant (deserts the Union cause)

Though the Union was threatened by the imminent invasion of the Al-Haggar from the west, the Sultan was faced with a more pressing issue ... the news that the despicable Hasturites had taken up residence in Urmia, in the district of Ararat. Before leaving Mosul, however, the Sultan made sure to dispense considerable largesse to the people via the *Zakat*, which made him well loved, and to anoint his sister's husband al-Ayyubi as successor to the Sultanate.

These matters set aright, Ali Adin marched north with a small army (and was soon reinforced by al-Zayyani and his zeppelin squadron) intending to beard the Hasturite demon-worshippers in

their lair... but then news came from the south which caused Ali and Zayyani to turn around and dash for Jerusalem.

While the Sultan was dashing around in the north, the southern city of Amman, in Jordan, was endowed with new fortifications and a fortress was raised on the Golan heights directly athwart the Akko-Damascus highway – all assumed they were to forestall the expected advance of the Al-Haggar out of Levant.

The new prince al-Ayyubi soon arrived on the frontier as well – dispatching various messengers to the fickle emir of Jerusalem – and deploying essentially the entire Union army along the Levantine border. Al-Ayyubi then settled in to wait, to see what perfidy the Orangists had to hand... (see [Al-Haggar](#))

THE LEVANT, 1765

In the Fedyakin encampments, Ameer gathered with his leaders and wife to discuss matters of state. Stilgar took up a fresh folder. "This latest communication from Danish field commanders warns of agitation against the Danish republic." He then looked piercingly at Ameer – "M'Lord you *are* an heir to the Danish Empire – how can you agitate against yourself?"

At this Irulan closed both her eyes and put both hands to her forehead in mnemonic impressments. She then opened her emerald-hued eyes, and studied Paul intently.

"Tell the Danes we shall never make a claim to their lost Imperium."

And then, musingly "There are limits to power, as those who put their hopes in a constitution always discover."

Korba, a member of the Qizarate – the public face of Orange Catholicism -- stirred from his reverent pose. "M'Lord?"

"Yes?" And Ameer thought, *Here now! Here's one who may harbor secret sympathies for an imagined rule of Law.*

"Perhaps the Fedyakin could adopt a constitution. We could begin with a religious constitution," Korba said, "something for the faithful who –"

"No!" Ameer snapped. "We will make this an Order in tribal Council. Are you recording this, Irulan?"

"Yes, m'Lord," Irulan said, voice frigid with dislike for the menial role he forced upon her.

"Constitutions become the ultimate tyranny," Ameer said. "They're organized power on such a scale as to become tyranny. They pretend to a completeness of law that can never be obtained. Eventually the maintenance and enforcement of these contracts becomes overwhelming. On the other hand, I have limitations, and limitations which are known. I forbid such a thing in order to protect our citizens."

★

Ameer, displaying the impudence of youth and the impudence of faith, came to visit the Emir of Levant in his palace. The Emir and youth shared a common tradition of hospitality to strangers granted from Islam; feeling bound the Emir allowed him into his sanctum. Four Karidjite *qadis* surrounded the Emir's throne -- and they were furious at Ameer's presence.

One hissed at him "How dare you enter these palaces!"

The Emir Fenriq, who himself had been extensively trained in jurisprudence, motioned the *qadi* to silence. But the four Moslems boiled behind the throne, full of whispers and secret gestures.

"Majesty shall we shed sham and pretence? Shall we discuss what now must be?" asked Ameer.

And as Ameer spoke, he extended his hands. For anyone who watched from afar, the right hand might have represented the Danes and Christendom. His left hand, which pointed direct and stabbingly at Fenriq might have represented the Karidijites and the Islamic Union.

The Emir listened, and considered the argument.

The *qadis* whispered angrily in the Emir Fenriq's ears, completing each other's sentences. *Kill this upstart for the Karidjites. The Lybian is young and resourceful, yes – but also tired from a long march across Africa and he'd be no match for you anyway. Call him out now! You know the way of it. Kill him.*

Slowly the Emir turned his head from Ameer, to the Karadijites at his shoulders, and then back to Ameer again.

Meanwhile, his conclusions made, Ameer drew both arms and folded them about his chest, as if to say: *I am my hands, but also more. Do it!* the *qadis* insisted.

The Emir focused on the lad, seeing him again with eyes trained to judge the guilty. He was aware of the mystery and grandeur about this youth.

I could kill him, the Emir thought – and knew this for a truth.

Something in his own secretive depths stayed Fenriq then, and he glimpsed briefly, inadequately, the advantage he held over Ameer – a way from hiding from the youth, a furtiveness of person and motives that no eye could penetrate.

Ameer -- aware of some of these thoughts -- considered the Emir in turn. The Emir was a might-have-been -- an instrument of faith to be used and then discarded by others. Fenriq's talents were concentrated into rigidity, and he was thereby crippled. A deep compassion for the Emir flowed through Ameer, the first sense of brotherhood he'd ever experienced.

Then Fenriq turned to the *qadis* and said "Learned men, I must refuse."

Rage overcame the *qadis*. One took two short steps forward of the throne, and then cuffed the Emir viciously across the jaw. The other *qadis* watched hungrily, their fists clenched at their side.

Fenriq did not respond, though the *qadis* did not live to return to their master in Mosul.

★

Much later Ameer visited the Burial Shrine of Oniko. He dressed anonymously, and joined the throng that gathered there. Services were held nearly round the clock – indeed, as he approached, midnight tolled -- and the clamor of pilgrims praying for intercession sounded loudly through the compound.

There were no chambers or ceremonies for the Orange Catholics at the Shrine. Like the other Orangists Ameer quietly attended ceremonies from any of those available. He hurried through the Christian rooms, pausing only momentarily to contemplate the frescos. He particularly admired the beautiful, yet ultimately flawed cosmogony of the Catholics as it was depicted in the panels.

As Ameer approached the shrine, an anxious and unconsidered knot formed in his stomach. The cover of the tomb depicted a marbled Oniko, in repose; her sword unsheathed and resting lengthwise along her body. Like the rest of the shrine, the tomb was built to monolithic proportions. The knot in his stomach hardened.

Ameer knelt then, and bowed his head. He strained to imagine the person contained therein. Strained to imagine this woman, his Aunt; strained to imagine in her cold marble features his lost mother. An unconsidered time later, someone touched Ameer on the shoulder. Ameer lifted his clouded brow, to see a desert mystic standing there.

The mystic motioned, and Ameer followed. (There were many rooms indeed, in this spacious shrine.) Then, in an open courtyard, the nomad rejoined his fellows. Ameer stared – at the small but perfect fountain, at the tambourines, at the bruised sky, at the nimble circular footwork of the Sufis. Then feeling God as close to him as the vein throbbing in his neck, Ameer joined the dance.

KEL AL'HAGGAR FEDYAKIN (Orangist, Jerusalem in Levant)

Ameer bin Skikda, Paraclete of the Faithful, Duke of Lybia, First Moon, the Desert Mouse

DIPLOMACY Levant (^a)

The Karidjite abbey in Levant was immediately sacked by the Sinai Bedu.

Determined to free the City of God (yes, Jerusalem is a holy city for the Orangists, just like everyone else...) from the grip of the Karidjite scum, Al'Hagggar missionaries flooded into Levant, where the recent disputes between the Emir of Jerusalem and the Sultan (and the Danish occupiers of Holy Palestine) had already stirred up the populace, and found fertile, fertile ground for their preaching... Levant became Orangist.

The Al'Hagggar armies, meantime, swept across the province to 'protect' Akko and it's garrison from the Moslems, and to secure Jerusalem itself. Emir Fenriq welcomed Ameer and his men with open arms, readily changing flags. News of this treachery sped north on swift wings, feeding new fuel into the fanaticism of the Karidjite faithful...

In September of '65 the Union army (with the airfleet and Ali Adin's mountaineers, called back from the campaign in Urmia, and swelled by fresh brigades of *mujbadeen*) punched into Levant, aiming to recapture El'Quds (Jerusalem) from the infidels. The entire Al'Hagggar host was waiting, poised for battle, and spoiling for a apocalyptic showdown with the 'old regime'.

Ali Adin's zeppelins (easily the masters of the sky, as the Al'Hagggar were husbanding theirs) quickly reported that there were at least a hundred thousand Al'Hagggar preparing to give battle – and Ali Adin mad managed to muster barely 37,000 men.

"Whoop!" The Sultan exclaimed, and his entire army retreated in haste back into Jordan to dig in along the heights above Galilee. Ameer's Levantine scouts, meantime, had reported the flight of the enemy... and their paltry numbers.

"Victory to the swift," the Emir declared, and his massive host surged across the plains, eager to crush the unbelievers and open the road to Damascus and Babylon beyond.

Ali Adin watched them come, shook his head in dismay, and fell back again into Syria. His brother-in-law al-Ayyubi was a deft commander of men, but against three times their number... there was no point in giving battle. The new fortress of Golan, however, was *not* abandoned, for prince Zayyani was given the command, along with a strong force of engineers and light horsemen with which to harry the infidels.

Now, as the endless columns of horse, infantry and guns wound their way up the narrow, rocky side-roads over the heights, Ameer gazed at the craggy pinnacles of Golan and the Union guns commanding the broad, well-surfaced highway. "We cannot allow that citadel to remain in enemy hands," he opined to his commanders. Then the Mouse studied the cloudless blue sky and demanded a copy of the year's *hijra* calendar.

Four nights later, with the moon a bare sliver, the Al-Hagggar launched an assault upon **Golan**, both by ground (35,000 men supported by 20 guns) and by air (all six zeppelins in their airfleet). The zeppelins opened the attack with a near-silent approach and then a rain of bombs onto the cookfires of the defenders, as well as hundreds of flares drifting down on tiny balloons.

At the same moment, the Haggari guns opened up, and a vast, thundering roar boomed out from the attacking infantry as they scrambled up the rocky slopes, muskets and bayonets and sabers flashing. The Union troops in the citadel immediately replied with a barrage of cannon, rockets and musketry of their own. But their



response was a fraction too late... and the zeppelin barrage distracted the Union defenders just long enough for the Haggari to swarm over the walls and by morning, Golan was in Ameur's hands. In the confusion, however, al-Zayyani escaped.

Despite all expectation, however, Ameur did not now press north against Damascus, where Ali Adin was digging a new line of defense, but rather contented himself with reducing Amman and seizing Petra in the south. This, of course, opened lines of communications to the fervent (and spreading) Orangists tribes in southern Arabia. The heavily fortified port of Aqaba, however, remained in Union hands.

THE EXARCHATE OF TREBIZOND (Roman Catholic, Cerkes in Abasigia)
Lars Vilhuna, Governor of Georgia, Prince of Cerkes, Exarch of the South
DIPLOMACY None

The general uneasiness in the region convinced Governor Vilhuna that not only should grain be stockpiled in the event of famine, but that the Phrygian borders should be watched by a series of new outposts and forts. Work began in Vaspurakan as well on building aqueducts, dams and levies to provide more constant water to the highland farms.

Governor Vilhuna, meantime, had mustered a couple thousand militamen in Cerkes and marched them up and over the mountains into Urmia, where his party was then met by his son, Sigurd, and a much larger force. Together, both groups then pressed south, approaching Ararat from the north. Overhead, the Swedes noted various airships in familiar colors also approaching the cursed mountain...

EUROPE

Catholic Mercenaries	Minimum bid listed in [x].
Condotierri	7xea,6hea,5i,20t [2gp each]
Captains	General Xho (M936) [5gp]
To hire, please contact	Norsktrud
Quality Ratings	c12 i16 a13 w18 s18 z6

Hussite Mercenaries	Minimum bid listed in [x].
The Hussite Legion	5ec, 5i, 5c, 5hea, 1z [1.5 gp each], based at Constantinople.
Captains	Sit Thomas Musgrave (M977)
To hire, please contact...	Albanian East India Company
Quality Ratings	c12 i15 a14 w17 s20 z8

AERONAUTICAL RESEARCH & FABRICATION

(Rostov in Levedia)

Sobyom Pasternak, Captain of the East

DIPLOMACY Stormgard on Orkney (^bo), New Canarsie in Mohawk (^ma), Dakar in Senegal (^ma)



Sadly, the choking coal pollution and general unhealthiness of Rostov claimed the life of Miss Prokofief, the Captain's young wife, and she passed away in early '65. Her son, Orel, however survived and though somewhat wan of complexion and afflicted by a chronic cough, thrived in his own way.

Truly vast sums of coin, cash and letters of credit flowed into the Company coffers – particularly from the Chinese, who were eager to buy everything the Arfen had to sell. As a result, there was a frenzy of activity in Rostov, with thousands of new contract workers pouring into the city, and ground broken for huge new developments. There was development overseas as well – Stormgard on Orkney was expanded by a whole crew of Arfen settlers (mostly Inutos and Siberians). The massive, plantation-style agricultural development of Urkel and Kuban continued (now

supplemented by substantial Masai investment and provision of arid- and heat-adapted African grains).

Efforts to acquire the services of the Indian mercenary captain Eon of Axum failed, both because Eon and his men were already under contract to the White Maharajah, and because they were too darned far away. In a similar vein (of unwanted service), Pasternak's great-nephew Ivan, baron of Kuban (who had been living an idle and amusing life in London) was summoned back to Rostov and given (horrors!) a job. In the east, the demon-worshippers of Saksiny continued to slowly fall under the spell of the Roman Church.

Finally, among the snowcapped peaks of Urmia, the Iroquois Cassatengo led a reinforced air-fleet of thirty zeppelins against the putative stronghold of the cultists upon Ararat. This time, however, there was no resistance. Indeed, as scouting parties of Arfen soldiers entered the sprawling complex of caves, secret hangars and monolith-studded plateaux they found not one of the enemy alive. Within the month, the Exarchate expedition reached the mountain and took over security duties. Cassatengo's airships quartered the nearby valleys, looking for signs of flight, but it seemed the enemy had merely destroyed their installations and vanished.

A solitary Karidjite imam was picked up by one of the patrols, and given a guided tour of the monstrous artifices of the enemy. He was impressed, particularly by a puzzling field of lava spires arranged in a queer spiral pattern covering the shallow valley between the greater and lesser summits of the mountain. The Arfen officer escorting the holy man opined he had seen such hackle-raising pillars before, in the depths of the Urst-Urt desert.

PRINCIPATE OF KIEV (Eastern Orthodox, Debrecen in Moldavia)

Ivan Kournos, Prince of Kien, Master of the Holy Rivers

DIPLOMACY

The prince, having followed the discussion of Nemesis in the papers with close interest, ordered the construction of an impregnable redoubt at [Targu Neamt](#) on a high plateau overlooking the broad valley of Moldavia. His family was immediately sent to safety there, while Ivan bravely continued to administer the realm from Debrecen. The Principate also continued a long-standing program of fortifying the borders.

Efforts to convert the last of the Wallachian 'old believers' – that is, the peasantry still practicing the Hussite liturgy in Wallachia and Dobruja – failed, as they were stalwart and pugnacious in their faith. "The true king will return," the peasants muttered in their beer, "he will come to save us when things are worst."²

PEOPLES REPUBLIC OF BAKLOVAKIA

(Hussite, Komarno in Slovakia)

Wjysowski, First Citizen, Protector of the Workers and Peasants

DIPLOMACY No Effect

Amid the drunken brawling in the Senate, some measures managed to be passed, including a day set aside for weeping and particularly heavy drinking while watching dirge-laden stage presentations of "The Blue Light" and "Olympia", to commemorate the long-expected passing of Frau Riefenstahl, a notable Baklovakian playwright and lumograph auteur noted mostly for her near-criminal abstinence from alcohol.

Steady immigration from Germany and Poland (mostly, it must be noted, by university students looking for cheap beer and then forgetting the way home) improved Slovakia to 2 GPv. Work



² This ignored the demonstrable fact that the True King of Wallachia, Mikhail Dobryio, spent his days drinking and whoring in the fleshpots of Warsaw.

continued, it seemed endlessly, on the 'iron road' to Craiova. Regular rail service was still going to be a long time in coming...

ALBANIAN EAST INDIA COMPANY (Thessaloniki in Macedon)

Valentin Argir, Senior Partner in the AEIC

DIPLOMACY Ochridia in Serbia (^ma), Athens in Attica (^ma), Brest in Brittany (^ma)

Desperate to recoup the fortunes of the Company (nearly ruined by the various scandals and near-destruction of their offices), Valentin scrapped the warfleet and army which his predecessor had been building, concentrating instead on 'core services and product-lines', which mostly consisted of a major expansion in the East Indian markets via a series of arrangements with the Javan regime. The yards at Thessalonika also turned out two fresh steam transports for the Carthaginian navy. A number of Taborite 'auditors' were introduced into the Company processes, in hopes they would prevent further corruption... unfortunately they had little sense for business, and made everyone paranoid about 'spies, saboteurs and demonic agitators'.

Commercial service on Air Albania was interrupted however, as the Company took all six zeppelins out of service for "emergency purposes". The Senior Partner then led the flotilla on a grand scouting expedition over the Dalmatian Alps to survey the province, which was still untenanted and in ruins following the Venetian Impact. Continuing efforts to win the loyalty of the Bithnians failed miserably, though Governor Hale's attempts at mediation did not precipitate another revolt.

THE SWEDISH EMPIRE OF RUSSIA (Roman Catholic, Riga in Latvia)

Kjell Torsson, King of Sweden, Tsar of the All the Russias

DIPLOMACY Rhzev (^c)

Despite the Empress being a bit old, she did manage to yield up a living boy child to please her irascible and hot-tempered husband. The young prince was named Cazimir and was the very image of his bellicose father. The Senate Postal Office was plagued by bargeloads of irate letters from Swedish citizens trapped in North Africa with no way home from their over-extended holiday.

The Tsar did dispatch a letter to Colonel Suvorov in Morocco, granting that ill-regarded (but capable) commander general's stars and command of a large force being dispatched to Upper Egypt to determine what kind of phantasm was rousing the fuzzy-wuzzies to such frights. Suvorov was ecstatic to take command of his "Afriqa Corps", particularly since his beloved Suzdal Regiment was to be part of the expedition. Reinforced by a large number of mercenary guns, the general sets sail immediately for Egypt – eager to try his skills against "a real enemy, not bandits or lawless men!"

THE GRAND DUCHY OF POLAND (Hussite, Warsaw in Poland)

Ivan Dovietski, Duke of Poland

DIPLOMACY

Continuing to live up to their "Iron Polska" image, work began on a railway to connect Warsaw south to Krakow through Little Poland. More missionaries were dispatched to Bithnia in near Asia to spread the word of Huss to the infidel natives. Private agreements between the Duke and the Knights of Tabor and the Albanian company remained in force, giving both of those organizations a free hand in Polish territories.

Attempts by the Duke to engender an heir or two failed miserably, with his new wife dying in labor in '66. This threw Ivan into a deep funk, and led to the consumption of far too much "Chernei Gyooz" vodka. Taborite missionaries, particularly those

working to drive the last of the Catholics out of Stralsund, prayed daily for him. These efforts did spark resistance, however, and someone firebombed the Taborite missionary headquarters in the town, killing most of the priests and throwing their efforts there into disarray.

THE KNIGHTS OF TABOR

(Hussite, Mount Tabor in Bohemia)

Jucarl Kassowitz, Voice of Huss, Grand Master of the Order of the Knights of Mount Tabor

DIPLOMACY Sopot in Danzig (^ab), Pomern (^ch), Stralsund (^un), Silesia (^ab)

Anxious to ensure the Order access to speedy means of transport, the Grand Master authorized an expansion of the factories and workshops at Mount Tabor, even though the banging of hammers and the rasp of saws disturbed morning prayers. Other servants went abroad to aid the Franks in securing Provence, and to keep the Danish bankers from foreclosing on the East India Company. Kassowitz also had his fingers in a great many intrigues, some small, some great... and by mischance, poor luck and the willful vagaries of fate, they all turned sour.³

Even Klaus Hanneman, preaching against the evils of a revived "Earthsister" cult in Anjou, fell afoul of the fates, becoming embroiled in a dispute between local criminal gangs and the Commonwealth police. The priest was accidentally shotgunned by a nervous custom's inspector and his body hidden for some time before being found by local farmers in a barn.

The Room was so intensely lit it hurt the eyes. But there was only one pair of eyes here now and they seemed impervious to the glare. There was always only one set. Theresa Voltaire worked best alone.

It wasn't that she did not trust people. She trusted Sgt Ravston on guard outside to let only one person enter this room or be dead when anyone else did. She trusted her two attendants to remain aloof and non committal about their mistress and she trusted Von Juntz had a really good reason for being late.

Even being Rid of Greyhame did not ease her temper. Data copied was never quite as good as the real thing. Kassowitz was sure that she was quite wrong about the whole affair and had sent Von Juntz off on church business. She hadn't waited for his return to start ~ she had copies at hand, just not the original. She allowed herself a brief smile at the memory of getting Von Juntz recalled. As head of the Knights she'd never be able to kill Kassowitz but he didn't have to know that.

A small movement on the table caught her eye, Ravstons' signal silent and nearly invisible that he was opening the door. Other guards at other times had rashly not taken precautions and died by such a simple act. Ranston even kept his eyes out of the room. He'd had this detail a long time and seldom wanted to see what any room Voltaire was in contained. A robed clergyman entered the room, his disfigured body heavily coweled. The lights didn't bother him either.

³ Oh, poor Lorne! He sometimes gets just the worst sets of rolls!

Voltaire took him in with a swift glance and motioned him to the rooms' center. "Strip. We have work to do..."

Out in the corridor, Ravston lit a cigar. Smoking on duty was forbidden on this detail. That never stopped Ravston. The young guard next to him reached for his own tobacco. He dropped it suddenly when the Sergeants fist sunk into the pit of his stomach. "No smoking on duty," Ravston growled around his cigar. He stepped away quietly and watched as the young soldier retched on the floor, unable to regain his feet for several minutes.

"Christ, you're pathetic. You're sure your last names not Hines?"

UNITED KINGDOMS OF GREAT BRITAIN (Roman Catholic, Kingston in Northumbria)

Oliver V Cromwell, King of England, Scotland and Wales

DIPLOMACY No effect (damned Skawts!)

King Oliver took a long swig from a fresh bottle of Champagne, and then crashed the remainder against the iron prow of the massive shape of the HMS *Audacious*. Moments later, the steam-powered battleship slid down the ways and into the cold waters of the North Sea. A month later, HMS *Hood* joined her on initial sea trials. Prince John, watching from the observing stand, was distracted by the roar of the crowd at the awesome sight, and by his newly born son dribbling on his cravat.

The huge host of engineers which had recently completed the London to Penzance railway now turned their attentions to Cornwall, where they re-dug every well, resurfaced every road and put in new housing for the poor, new mills and mines and the province increased to 2 GPv as a result. But famine still afflicted the cities of the realm.

Admiral Russell was dispatched with a small fleet of eighty ships to North Africa in a show of support for the Swedish government. Stormgard on Orkney expanded a level.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS (Roman Catholic, London in Sussex)

Karok Redfox, Vicar-General of the Society of Jesus

DIPLOMACY No effect

Angered by the vile calumnies making the public rounds, Karok ordered the formation of an "Army of God" to punish the Cruzaderos and hunt down the idolators and devil-worshipping heretics in Spain. Reverend-Father Woodrunner was dispatched to the south of France with a small fleet and 6,000 musketeers to fight the rebel crusaders.

Father Kiernan, who had been dispatched to Spain as well, in an attempt to convince the Cruzaderos to "return to the light" returned in haste to London and then vanished abruptly. Nearly six months later, his body (or the decayed remains of same) was found in a Southwhark warehouse, stuffed into a barrel of pickled eels. Despite a vigorous police investigation, the murderers were not apprehended.

THE FRANKISH COMMONWEALTH

(Hussite, Paris in Ilé De France)

Louis Alphonse du Maine, Archon of the Commonwealth

DIPLOMACY Champagne (^c)

A Paris-based criminal gang was broken up by

Lord Vichy, who had recently been made prefect of the city and chief of police. The long-abandoned ruins of Amsterdam in Holland were once more tenanted by living men; a Frankish



settlement sprang up in the ruins of the aulde Danish city. Other distant cities – Tangiers and Bordeaux in Sinai – were reinforced with gangs of Hussite priests who took pains to try and drive the Orangist influence out of those urbs. Unfortunately, they had little success.

Entirely unexpectedly, the ancient massif of [Puy de Dome](#) in eastern Auvergne began to rumble and shake in early '65 – and by '66, the mountain had split open and was spitting ash and smoke a thousand feet into the sky. Lava followed as the dome collapsed, spewing burning rivers of fire into the surrounding countryside, causing untold destruction. The fleeing villagers claimed "the Devil" had been woken from his long sleep under the mountain.

Taborite thugs burned down the last Catholic church in Marseilles and hounded the last of the Papists from the city. At the same time, Grand Master Kassowitz' troops garrisoned Provence itself (now under the Orders' rule) and that worthy priest-knight returned to Bohemia to consider certain privy documents lately acquired.

Having recently acquired several steam-powered ships, the shipwrights in Brest immediately devoted themselves to construction of a massive set of new shipyards and dry-docks intended to build more such marvelous machines. Even more importantly, the grand [Eiffel Tower](#) in Paris was, at last, completed and festooned with colored lights and everyone turned out to see the monument to the triumph of Man in the Ice War.

"Damnable, but that is ugly," quoth Dumas the Elder, squinting at the iron edifice through his monocle, volcanic ash dusting his hat and coat.

THE REPUBLIC OF DENMARK (Hussite, Thessalonika in Macedon)

Eleutherios Venizelos, First Minister of the Senate

Judit Dushan, Princess of Serbia, Queen of the Greeks, Empress of the Danes, Protector of Italy, Mjолnir-na-Midgaard, Regina Germanica, Pendragoness of the Isles

DIPLOMACY Franconia (^a), Champagne (^fa, despite Commonwealth interference)

Work continued the length and breadth of the Republic on roads, factories and railroads... though the bean-counters in the chancery despaired of *any* of them ever being finished and put off the books. Efforts to resettled the Devastation continued apace, though the first wave of pioneers in Carinthia and Slovenia were *not* having a pleasant time of it. The Dust Rangers were now very very busy, tracking down abominations and settling land disputes and rescuing six-legged kittens from mushroom-trees.

The arrival of twelve thousand engineers and another thirty thousand laborers to drive a dual railway-highway from Croatia, through Slovenia and into Carinthia also added to the law-enforcement burden, as Danish engineers are a notorious lot for drinking, fighting and playing with dynamite. On the other hand, the Central line now extended from Thessaloniki through to Zagreb in Croatia. In the north, a section linking Lorraine to Alsace was completed, as was one from Holstein to Saxony.

At the end of '65, a Judean fleet arrived on the Tuscan coast and unloaded 16,000 settlers who set about building a fortified town on the sunny Italian coast at Leghorn. A number of chop-suey parlors and opium dens were the first to be erected.

Venizelos, having set most of the affairs of state aright, now turned his attention to rooting out any remaining Polytechnic League sympathizers or agents within the Republican ministries; which took the form of a through house-cleaning, forced retirements and general reorganization. Most notable among those arrested was Lord Trifunovic, a notable Republican loyalist. At the

same time, policies were launched to break down the large trade guilds.

A combined air- and sea-fleet was dispatched to the western Mediterranean to deal with the upstart Order of the Black Hand, which had recently ejected the Danes from Gibraltar.

THE KINGDOM OF CATALŪNA

(Roman Catholic, Cimmura in Gascony)

Ferdinand Bourbon, King of Spain, Navarre and Catalonia

DIPLOMACY None

Embattled and feeling the strain of trying to keep a battered kingdom together, old Migel raised a paltry 600 grenadiers and 12 guns at Barcelona to defend his new capital. At the same time, he was forced to pay a crippling ransom to the Duke of Aragon to get Ferdinand Bourbon out of prison. But he did, needing the prince's legitimacy for his own regime. Ferdinand was delivered intact, though somewhat mussed, as the Aragonese had *no* love for the Bourbons. More zeppelins were ordered from the Norskrad as well. After receiving the young man, Migel took to the air with a small force of zeppelins and headed south.

Within days, the main CatalŪnan army had marched out of Barcelona to attack Navarre. Things were underway in Spain!

THE CRUZADERO KINGDOM OF SPAIN

(Roman Catholic, Corunna in Galacia)

Longlance, Proconsul of the Legions of the East

DIPLOMACY Murcia (^c)

Despite the storm of accusations and falsehoods lodged against the Cruzadero leadership, the rank and file of their armies, and the Spanish peasantry under their dominion, obligingly paid tithes to both the Jesuit Order and the Papacy.

Indeed, a number of missives were dispatched both to London and to the Vatican, pleading with the Pontiff and the Vicar-General to see the truth – the Cruzaderos were loyal soldiers of God, fighting against a corrupt Bourbon regime riddled with heretics, idolators and now plainly allied with the heretical Hussites.

“How can we stand against Evil,” many priests and lay people in Spain began to wonder, “when the Holy Father allows the Hussites to strike at us with impunity? Does he countenance the murder of innocent Catholics? Is he in the pay of the Dane?”

More interestingly, rumors soon circulated that the mysterious man who had convinced the Iroquois and Shawnee expedition to take up the Cross and drive the heretical cultists from Spain (and to liberate the people from the tyranny of the Bourbons) was *in fact* a high-ranking Jesuit who had apparently broken with his own Order over the “Spanish Question”. Was the Church then divided in its own councils? How deep did this rot reach?

THE FREE CITY OF GIBRALTAR (Hussite, Gibraltar)

Anthony Corsp, Master of the Order of the Black Hand

DIPLOMACY None

The situation of the Free City being rather precarious, Corsp managed to barter for necessary infusions of Carthaginian gold and CatalŪnan grain to keep his people fed, paid and shoes on the baby's feet. Corsp, who had been absent, returned to find that Machilli (running things in his absence) was making a personal fortune by embezzling public funds and selling grain on the black market at obscene prices... Machilli soon lost his head.

Of course, then things got interesting.

THE DUCHY OF THE ISLES (Roman Catholic, Valetia on Malta)

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

DIPLOMACY Languedoc (^ea)/Narbonne (^a), Aquitaine (^c), Auvergne (^a), Groza on Cyprus (^a)

Though the action still left a bad taste in her mouth, Namia was careful to sign off on letters of credit to the Commonwealth and the Carthaginians as part of the war reparations. Still, she (and her officers) held little affection for either nation...

Bruno Vicente, leading a small expedition into Dalmatia, fell afoul of cannibalistic tribesmen and was murdered (and presumably eaten). Princess Nimi was also conspicuously absent from the palace...



EVENTS IN SPAIN

January 1765

It snows.

February

Swedish agents make a clumsy attempt to murder Farspear in Lisbon with an icepick shooting gun and succeed, eventually, after wrecking most of a counting-house and getting brewed up in a shootout with his guards, the city watch and two nuns.

The Cruzadero co-consul, Longlance, arrives by ship from Corunna within days and takes command of the Lisbon garrison and the troops formerly commanded by Farspear. He orders the incorporation of the captive Spanish government into that of the Cruzaderos – and ships everyone off to Corunna.

March

Prince Ferdinand, released by the Aragonese, arrives in Barcelona without shoes or shirt. He needs a haircut too.

The CatalŪnan Bishop Fernandez invades Navarre with a large army.

The Carthaginian admiral Philosir arrives at Gibraltar with a sizable fleet and army and unloads his men, while standing by to be reinforced by Colonel Harko.

April

Taborite monks with axes try to murder Proconsul Longlance while he is at mass in Lisbon, but fail miserably. The Cruzadero guardsmen are too quick with their tomahawks for some sausage-eating Germans...

The Cruzadero army in Valencia, learning that the Catalanans have attacked Navarre, invades Catalonia.

Bishop Fernandez is busy subduing towns and marching around in the woods in Navarre.

Even though battle threatens, Pope Benedict XIV arrives in Barcelona, holds a mass for the city, crowns the Infanta Constanza luana “Queen of Spain” and betroths the nine-year-old girl to Prince Ferdinand Bourbon. A blistering encyclical is issued against the “disloyal” Cruzaderos.

Bishop-General Nunez of the Holy Church leads an army of 15,000 Templars into Gascony and Cimmura, where they launch a province-wide Inquisition, searching for Golden Dawn adherents. Those found (and there were indeed some lurking about) were hanged and the bodies burned to ash.

May

An abortive mutiny by the Cruzadero garrison of Lisbon is put down by Proconsul Longlance and his

Shawnee heavy cavalry.

The Jesuit "Army of God" lands at Cimmura in Gascony.

A Cruzadero army under the command of Redfang arrives in Lisbon, having marched up from Granada and on its way to known Golden Dawn sites in northern Spain.

Catalūnan army under Bishop Fernandez conquers Navarre.

Hector's Cruzaderos observe that Barcelona is undefended... so they capture the town and the remaining Catalanun government without a shot. The Pope has just left, which is good, or he would have picked a fight with the Indios himself and that might have gotten messy.

Prince Ferdinand Bourbon (used to this by now) escapes Barcelona in a chartered Arfen courier zeppelin and flies to Narbonne, where he begs for sanctuary from the prince of the city.

Quite to the surprise of the denizens of the Free City of **Gibraltar**, a large Danish fleet appears offshore of the fortress and begins shelling the town and the Rock alike. Danish airships swarm in the skies overhead...

The Carthaginian fleet in harbor is taken by surprise, though the rather timid Phiosir immediately orders his ships to sea, and sends his 24 airships aloft, trying to come to grips with the enemy. The 8 Danish zeppelins, however, are already bombing the landing anchors and six Carthan airships are burning before anyone can get aloft.

A melee ensues in the air over the Rock, and the Danes (with altitude and speed up) knock down two more Carthan zeps. But there are so many Carthan airships, some manage to break through to fire upon the Danish steam-cruisers which have swung into action, bombarding the Carthan ships-of-the-line as they hoist sail and dog for the open sea. A confused melee ensues as the Carthan ships bolt for sailing room, the Danish steam cruisers zig-and-zag wildly trying to avoid the bombs raining from the Carthan airfleet... the heavy guns of the cruisers shred some of the Carthan sailing ships, but are forced to break off the attack as the enemy zeppelins seize control of the sky.

The Danish expedition retires behind their cruiser screen, leaving five ships-of-the-line burning to the water, six captured, and another 11 damaged and requiring immediate repairs. On the Carthan side, nine ships-of-the-line were sunk, another nine severely battered and fourteen zeppelins lost.

Colonel Harko arrives at Gibraltar with six zeppelins to reinforce Phiosir, and to take command of the fleet. Everything is in chaos and confusion. It will take months to get the Carthan fleet repaired and recrewed – and who knows when the Danes will attack again?

Taborite infiltrators in Lisbon attempt to blow up various government buildings, but are seized by the rabidly-Catholic populace and torn to bits... though papers recovered from the scraps indicate the terrorists were working in concert with the Catalūnan rebels.

The Jesuit "Army of God" marches across Gascony, heading for the Pyrenees. Woodrunner is appalled at the state of Catalūnan roads, which are little more than muddy tracks criss-crossing barely populated countryside.

King Migel and his airships reach St. Georges in Morocco, where the Catalūnans have paid for four more zeppelins – but they are without crews! Without the spare men to run them, Migel is forced to leave four old zeps behind to take the new ones.

Redfang's Cruzadero's reach Corunna and are reinforced by new levies (and volunteers from Amerika). Raids are made in the city, yielding up a Golden Dawn cell – the cultists die agonizing deaths by auto-da-fé.

Fernandez and his Catalūnan army charges back into Catalonia to recapture Barcelona from the Cruzaderos.

In Barcelona, Bishop Hector's Cruzaderos wreck most of the town, looting everything in sight, and

capture a large number of merchant ships in the harbor.

A Vastmarki fleet commanded by Lord Nkrumah arrives at Barcelona, expecting to find the city in Catalūnan hands – but it's not – so they have nowhere to land. The nearest friendly port is Narbonne in Languedoc, so the Vastmark squadron sails north.

Pamphlets circulate in much of northern Spain, claiming that the Cruzadero leadership was (and is) under the control of a secretive anti-religious organization called the Golden Dawn.

A Jesuit priest (in disguise) visits with various members of the Cruzadero government in Corruna, questioning them closely about the events of three years previous. He was warmly welcomed and shown every hospitality.

Nkrumah's Vastmark fleet lands at Narbonne and unloads the 5,000-man Expeditionary Force.

The Jesuit army reaches the Pyrennes.

Redfang, having learned of the attack on Navarre, marches east to meet the Catalūnan attack.

In Catalonia, Fernandez' 16,000 Catalūnans (and mercenaries) press on Barcelona, and Hector (having only 7,000-odd men) is forced to abandon the city in the captured merchantmen.

An Islander warfleet passes through the Gates of Hercules, searching for the Cruzadero fleet with mischief intended.

The Templar army in Gascony marches into Aquitaine.

Hector's Cruzaderos return to Tortosa by sea.

Fernandez, having gotten an excellent idea of the enemy's strength (and having saved the Catalūnan government) charges south into Valencia to crush Hector's army once and for all.

The Royal Vastmark Expeditionary force marches south towards Catalonia.

Redfang is still marching across Asturias and complaining about the lack of good roads. "Back in Amerika," he grumbles, "there are fine highways everywhere..."

In Valencia, Duke Stormcrow of Elmerland, having made careful investigations, launches a series of raids in the province and city, netting a Golden Dawn cell and lodge, and capturing many prisoners.

The Royal Vastmark Expeditionary Force enters Catalonia and finds the land once more in Catalūnan hands. "Onward to Valencia!" Nkrumah declares.

In Valencia, Hector is forced to give battle (as the Baron of Tortosa is his ally and the city has no walls). This is the **Battle of the Two Bishops**. Though outnumbered more than two to one, the Cruzaderos are not without options... Baron Vitumb spent the loot of Barcelona lavishly, turning the allegiance of the Frisian mercenaries in Catalūnan pay and forcing Fernandez to meet in disorder – now the wheel of fate turns and battle is met! (and indeed, when all the mods were in, the battle stood almost perfectly in the balance) until the Frisian guns opened up, shredding the Catalūnan ranks and the Cruzadero infantry raised a wild whoop and scream and their right wing swung in hard... Fernandez' Catalūnans collapsed like a rotten fence.

Bishop Fernandez escapes the debacle in Valencia, his army scattered, and Hector mops up.

Redfang's troops begin crossing the mountains into Navarre.

The Islander fleet, commanded by Empress Namia herself, appears off Corunna. The Cruzadero fleet is in harbor, and protected by batteries of heavy guns. Without a friendly port nearby to supply her ships, Namia sails around for a week or so, fails to entice the Amerikans to come out and fight, then turns for home.

Nunez subjects the Aquitainians to the Inquisition, leaving entire villages burning, and thousands of scarecrows lining the roads. By all reports, the entire province secretly hewed to the Golden Dawn.

An Arfen airfleet under the command of Natar Ungalaaq arrives at Cortez in Granada, takes custody

July

August

September

October

June

	<p>of the stranded Arfen sailing-ship squadron there and decamps towards Barcelona.</p> <p>The Jesuit "Army of God" finally tramps out of the mountains, weary and footsore, and into Navarre and finds the province in Catalūnan hands. Woodrunner also learns of the defeat of Fernandez in Valencia and utters a long, long string of hideous curses.</p> <p>Not so far away as the crow flies, Redfang and his men are marching down out of the mountains into Navarre as well.</p> <p>King Migel and his squadron of 12 airships attack Lisbon! As the Cruzadero army under Longlance has already returned to Corunna, there is no one to stop Migel from liberating the city – but the government he was trying to save had already been evacuated. He settles in for the winter, as all of his zeppelins need substantial maintenance.</p> <p>Hector and his victorious Cruzaderos invade Catalonia again. They immediately encounter the surprised Royal Vastmark Expeditionary Force and battle ensues south of Barcelona at Vendrell. Outnumbered and outgunned, Krumah's Afriqans put up a staunch fight but are smashed decisively. The survivors join the general migration of demoralized and defeated Catalūnans streaming northward and pillaging the countryside.</p>		
November	<p>Hector's Cruzaderos seize Barcelona (and the remains of the Catalūnan government) once more. Bishop Fernandez also flees to Narbonne, where he finds a seat at the prince's table beside Prince Ferdinand. The bishop becomes nervous, however, when he notes that the Narbonese are also entertaining a secret delegation from the Duchy of the Isles.</p> <p>In the woods of Navarre, in the snow, the Jesuit captain Woodrunner and his "Army of God" clash with a fellow-Iroquois, Redfang, and his Cruzaderos. Outmaneuvered, outgunned and then out-fought, the novice Jesuit force is slaughtered by the Iroquois and Shawnee veterans. In the aftermath, Redfang is horrified to find he'd slaughtered 6,000 priests, novices and lay-brothers. "What madness!"</p> <p>Nkrumah's Vastmarki squadron gathers up survivors of the defeat at Vendrell from the Catalonian shore and sails south to St. Georges in Morocco, the nearest friendly refuge.</p> <p>The Islander fleet sails back through the Gates of Hercules, having gotten good experience at handling the conditions in the rough Atlantic.</p>		
December	<p>Ungalaaq's Arfen mercenaries arrive in Barcelona with orders to operate under Catalūnan command. Unfortunately, the flags over the city are <i>not</i> Catalūnan, so he aborts (spying many, many Frisian rocket batteries protecting the city) and flies to Narbonne instead.</p> <p>It snows.</p> <p>It snows some more.</p> <p>Fearing treachery, Bishop Fernandez convinces the Arfen commander Ungalaaq to fly him, Prince Ferdinand and the remains of the Bourbon royal family (princesses Constanza and Samantha) to Cimmura in Gascony, the ancient capital of the once-Occitanian realm and their last refuge.</p> <p>In Barcelona and Catalonia, the Cruzaderos sweep the city and countryside, searching for cultists and other heretics. They are disappointed to come up empty-handed.</p> <p>Having cleansed Aquitaine, the Templars head south into Navarre.</p>		
April	<p>King Migel of Catalūna fires up his airship squadron and flies north into Galacia to attack Corunna, still trying to rescue his clerks and ministers.</p> <p>Fernandez, Ferdinand and the princesses arrive in Cimmura. The bishop falls to the ground and prays God to raise walls for the city overnight, but there are none... Ungalaaq leaves in haste, as his naval squadron is still back in Norbonne.</p> <p>Redfang marches his troops down to Barcelona to</p>		
		May	<p>meet Hector, Stormcrow and the others. They hold conclave and decide that while Hector and the Valencians watch the east and hunt for heretics, Redfang and Stormcrow will return to the west.</p> <p>Unable to abandon his capital, Proconsul Longlance gives battle as Migel's airships swarm over Corunna, raining bombs and napathene onto the defenders below... despite a blaze of return fire from the Cruzadero rocket batteries (and their fleet offshore), the Catalūnan airships smashed the defenses, wrecked the fleet, and burned most of the town to cinders.</p> <p>Unfortunately for Migel, he lost most of his airships and – left without any ground troops to capture the burning city – had to withdraw, ammunition exhausted.</p>
		June	<p>Redfang and Stormcrow reach the Aragonese border. Migel and his four surviving airships (all the newly-built Norsktrad ones) return to Lisbon. The King is now very sick and unable to stand. His Arfen guardsmen carry him about on a chair.</p> <p>Back in Corunna, Longlance is wounded as well, and the surviving citizens pick through the ruins, searching for their loved ones...</p> <p>The Templars arrive in Navarre and begin the latest round of the Inquisition there.</p> <p>The Arfen air-squadron returns to Narbonne, observes that the political situation has changed, and Ungalaaq and his entire force refuel, rewater and...</p>
		July	<p>Redfang and Stormcrow invade New Castille, which is undefended. They approach Madrid and find (a miracle!) the city is both defended and walled. The Norskwarden general Xho, tasked to defend the city, sends out an emissary. The Cruzaderos', having no quarrel with the Norsktrad, agree to let the mercenaries 'protect' Madrid, while Stormcrow and his Faerosians will patrol the province and suppress banditry.</p> <p>King Migel's health continues to fail and his crews move into the citadel of Lisbon and repair the defenses.</p> <p>Ungalaaq and his Arfen force leave Norbonne behind and fly/sail for Tarsus, their nearest secure base.</p>
		August	<p>Redfang marches across Talavera.</p> <p>Masked men break into a house in Madrid where a young woman named Naomi Sanchez is living – but the girl (reputedly a bastard daughter of Emperor Largo) has already fled. The house is burned down.</p>
		September	<p>Redfang is still marching across Talavera, having arranged passage with the local barons.</p> <p>Another group of goons show up in Madrid, searching for Naomi Sanchez – later there is a shootout in the town of Toledo, across the river, involving these Sicilians.</p>
		October	<p>Nunez and his Templars finish terrorizing Navarre.</p>
		November	<p>Redfang reaches Estremadura.</p> <p>Redfang reaches Portugal, where he finds the province still garrisoned by Cruzadero troops, but Lisbon in the hands of the Catalūnan air squadron.</p> <p>King Migel dies, making Ferdinand King of Catalūna and Spain.</p>
		December	<p>Snowing again.</p>



A COUNCIL CHAMBER FAR FROM THE EYES OF MEN

The air was old, thick and oppressive - the result of years endured in continuous filtration. Three figures stood in the center: a young-looking man seated on an imposing throne, his toadying minister, and a third, wrapped in a cloak and wreathed in shadow that twitched and swirled, obscuring all features.

"Revenge," hissed the seated figure. "As witness before the Grand Council, we have been betrayed and our mission imperiled. The whole expedition stands ready to fail. A century of organization crumbles, and our rivals are poised, ready to seize upon this single weakness to destroy all that we have wrought."

The young man lapsed into a silence for a moment before speaking again. "But all is not lost. Is it?"

"Most certainly not, Great One," the minister answered. "My lord's army is great and the terrestrial primitives would need uncommon luck to hold them off, let alone defeat them. So long as our warriors can persevere for just three more orbits, they will be reinforced by our fresh drafts and the allies. Then our final victory will be beyond doubt."

The seemingly-young man waved his hands dismissively. "Can they hold out so long? Without the lost devices, our advantage over the primitives will diminish. If they manage to unlock our technological secrets... Our expedition will be imperiled."

"Even so, they would soon turn the technology upon themselves. It may prove more difficult to subjugate the planet, but there will be far fewer primitives," rasped the shadowy figure, breaking its silence. "The Council is too cautious. They hesitate and falter when only a little strength is needed for the complete occupation and subjugation of the primitives. The loss of the asteroid is no great setback, provided we prevent it falling into the hands of these... hu-men."

Ras stared at the figure within the living shadow, "Go on..."

"Steps have been taken to recapture the asteroid and its cargo. It will be brought down safely in occupied territory. Otherwise, it will be destroyed, along with a continent and untold numbers of primitives. A win-win situation."

The toadying minister looked to Ras Thavas for a decision. At length, the great one inclined his head. "The wisdom in your words is clear for all to see. Let it be as you have said." He flicked his hand dismissively, and the minister quickly fled the Chamber, passing beneath an arch covered in hieroglyphs, to make his master's will come true.

"*Bond*," said Thavas, his voice tracing the unfamiliar word. "Acts of foolishness and treachery, to be repaid with a most terrible price."

The shadowy figure came forward. "That primitive is of no consequence, of no importance. Do not waste..."

"Defeat and conquest are the lot of our foes. But *Bond* is not a foe. He is a traitor!" Ras snapped, irritated beyond measure. "I allowed myself to be deceived by him, and all the Council knows it. None can betray *me* and live."

"Treachery, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder," said the living shadow.

Ras made a disparaging noise in the back of his throat. "*Bond* poses as the savior of the primitives, when indeed, it was he who first reached out to us..."

The shadow laughed, voice etched with cruel amusement.

"A primitive sought to betray his kind for power? And you are surprised he betrayed you for even greater power in turn? No wonder the Council laughs at you behind your back..."

Ras Thavas looked hard at the darkened figure and hissed, "And for that, *Bond* will endure pain unending!"

THE CHURCH OF ROME

(Roman Catholic, Vatican City in Rome, Latium)

Benedict XIV, 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 prelates in Rome were quite pleased to learn that regular air courier service had been established by the ever-loyal and pious Arfen between Rostov and the Vatican. The Castel Gandolfo, an old fortress just opposite the vast square of Saint Mark, was now employed as a zeppelin-landing platform. The Church's main efforts (other than ranting about the mess in Spain), was in Africa, where the Orangist tide was still lapping dangerously against the northern border of Vastmark. Good success was had in Senegal.

The Pope toured west Africa and even Spain (though that was rather dangerous these days) before returning to Rome with two enormous, freshly-built clipper-ships in tow. In Spain, Bishop-General Nunez was given orders to root out the "Illuminati heresy" root and branch and see "none of the heretics went before the Throne of St. Peter without a stretched neck, that he might know their crimes..."

While in Merrakesh, Benedict dispatched the following letter to his bishops throughout the world:

To the Roman Catholic bishops

You do well in silencing the unspeakable teachings of the Orangists. For these are "wandering stars" referred to in the prophecy, who wander from the narrow road of the commandments into a boundless abyss of the carnal and bodily sins, exemplified by their leader Ameur. Such men are to be opposed in all ways and all together. For, even if they should say something true, one who loves the truth should not, even so, agree with them. For not all true things are the truth, nor should that truth which merely seems true according to human opinions be preferred to the true truth, that according to the faith.

Now of the things they keep saying about the divinely inspired Gospels, some are altogether falsifications, and others, even if they do contain some true elements, nevertheless are not reported truly.

For the true things being mixed with inventions, are falsified, so that, as the saying goes, even the salt loses its savor.

But since the foul demons are always devising destruction for the race of men, Ameur, instructed by them and using deceitful arts, so enslaved certain presbyters of the church that he got from them copies of the secret Gospel, which he both interpreted according to his blasphemous and carnal doctrine and, moreover, polluted, mixing with the spotless and holy words utterly shameless lies. From this mixture is withdrawn off the teaching of the Orangists.

To them, therefore, as I said above, one must never give way; nor, when they put forward their falsifications, should one concede that the secret Gospel exists, but should even deny it on oath. For, "For not all true things are to be said to all men".

But many other things about which they write both seem to be and are falsifications.

AFRIQA

Non-Catholic Mercenaries	Minimum bid listed in [x].
Condotierrri	40i, 20a, 15c, 10hc, 8xc [1gp each]
Captains	Bey Senghor (MB96) [10gp]
To hire, please contact...	None
Quality Ratings	i16 w16 s18 c11 a12

Catholic Mercenaries	Minimum bid listed in [x].
Condotierrri	23xea [1gp each]
Captains	None
To hire, please contact...	Norsktrad
Quality Ratings	I15 w18 s21 c11 a12

NÖRSKTRAD (St. George-the-Defender in Morocco)
Sir Charles Bond, Måklarevalde of the Nordic Trading Company

DIPLOMACY Graasland in Merrakesh (^ci), Andalusia (^mf), St. Pauls in Canary Islands (^ci), Valetia on Malta (^ma)



For once the company balance sheets were filled with orders for ships, guns, rockets, telescopes and all matter of other devices of destruction... and the money was coming in! Not going out! The bean-counters were overjoyed. Of course, then there were summary firings and early retirements in the mercenary brokerage side of the house after 8,000 Frisians decided to change sides on a whim in the fracas in Spain. Bond was *not* pleased, but then they were mercenaries... even in such smart-looking uniforms.

The atmosphere in St. Georges remained unsettled, however, for the Spanish war was closely watched in the tea-houses and cafes. Further, there had been several mysterious explosions near the Company offices and the Norskwarden were everywhere, poking and prying and standing watch on all of the street corners.

All of this vigilance was paid off in May of '65 when, as Sir Charles Bond was walking up the steps of the Opera House, his latest 'companion' on his arm, a scuffle broke out on a rooftop approximately a mile away – an individual (later rumored to be a Cruzadero fanatic) was tackled by six brawny Norskwarden plainclothesmen and captured alive. His peculiar weapon was captured as well. No one ever saw the man or pistol again.

The huge number of Swedish refugee/settlers encamped outside St. Georges in Morocco became disillusioned with being repatriated home when the Royal Swedish Navy stopped their convoys to Russia, so a large portion of them decamped to live in St. Georges or Graasland in Merrakesh, increasing both cities by 1

GPv. The rest wrote a series of fulminating letters to the Kalmar Senate, demanding transport home!

A British fleet visited St. Georges during this time, showing the colors and getting the pasty-white sailors a tan. The Pope also visited the refugee camps in Merrakesh and spoke out against the Orangist "threat". The countryside above the city was also plagued with wildfires.

Sir Charles put down his pen and nodded to Valgardsson. "Please sit, Postkaptan. I have read your report and conclude there was further nothing you or anyone could do. If we had had more time to prepare... Whatever the final outcome, at the very least your efforts and the valiant self-sacrifice of those brave men has won us a little time. De Marigny leaves a wife and two grown sons and a daughter, and two grandchildren in New Orleans. The Company will look after its own, though I sometimes wonder if our shareholders truly understand the nature of profit and loss.

"And there have been other casualties." The Maklarevalde rested his hand on a battered notebook. "Lomonosov is an old old man; his health is failing. Young Lagrange has slipped into severe melancholia. The doctors say in time he might recover – such a brilliant mind lost to us. But here, beyond price, we have de Marigny's account of your voyage up until the fateful boarding of Nemesis. No arcane secrets, no technological wonders, but the words of a poet and a philosopher. Though the Company perish and nations fall, one day his words will lead other men beyond the cradle of Earth."

He opened a drawer in his desk and drew out a leather-covered box embossed with the Company crest and handed it to the officer. "A small token of the appreciation of the Board of Directors, a matched pair of revolvers by John Brazier of London, and I have the pleasure of awarding you a well deserved promotion, Flagkaptan Valgardsson. The Norskwarden will conduct a ceremony in a few days to award you your pennant."

Later he opened his writing case and sighed, reading what he had already written.

To be delivered into the hand of the Comtesse de Marigny. My Dear Marie Magdalene, it is my sad duty and my sorrow as a friend to express to you my deepest regrets and condolences...

"Profit and loss..."

Though De Marigny's body had not been recovered from Nemesis, a funeral service for him (and the other, unnamed, casualties) was performed off the coast of New Orleans by Leonard Euler. Wreathes of lilies were cast upon the water, while a naval band played a dirge.

While working to start a company office in Valetia, on Malta, young Marcus Procure made the acquaintance (and eventually married) miss Elena Falcóne, a descendant of the ancient House Falcóne, now living in genteel poverty there.

THE INTERNATIONAL RED KROSS (Hussite, Alexandria in Egypt)
Tabarqa the Elder, Dean the School of Alexandria

DIPLOMACY None

The IRK spent its minimal resources in combating the spread of Orangist thought in Mansura and Tunisia, to some success.

THE EMIRATE OF CARTHAGE

(Hussite, Augostina in Tunisia)

Hamilcar Barca, Emir of Augostina, Sultan of Tunisia

DIPLOMACY Nuadhibou in Awlil (^t), Meroe in Faiyum (^t)



Work continued (slowed by budgetary restraints) on the railroad from Oran to APRhemish. The section between Kabilya and Tunisia, however, was completed and rail service instituted. The Parliament also grumbled about the amount of money being spent on “Injah”, while the souks were wild with rumors of an invasion from the south. The Barca family also exercised their rights by treaty with the Duchy of the Isles to build a citadel in the Baelerics at Mahon on Menorca, which also served as a new base for the Emirate navy.

Vague rumors out of the mountains of Kabilya crystallized into a massive Emirate manhunt for a group of “Frenchmen and Spaniards” who had recently taken up residence in an abandoned fortress in the high Atlas. Carthaginian ground troops and airships combed the area, fighting more than one gun-battle with the European interlopers. Eventually, the presumed cultists were crushed and hundreds killed. The Carthaginian officers involved refused to speculate about the origins of the ‘sect’, but indicated the fighting had been fierce. The governor of the province was also removed from office.

After returning from Kabilya, Prince Isketerol II oversaw the sea trails of the six new steam-powered cruisers built by the Norsk yards, and was very, very pleased with their performance (that is, none of them sank). Several other steamships were also purchased from the Albanian East India Company.

The Gibraltar Incident startled everyone, and war fears ran rampant in the cities of the Emirate. “WAR WITH DENMARK!” blared the papers. “DANISH TREACHERY STUNS PARLIAMENT.”

CATHOLIC SHARIFATE OF MAURITANIA (Orangist, Sayyida Ifni in Idjil)

Magda, Governor of the Azores, Sharifa of Mauretania

DIPLOMACY None

An unexpected side effect of the movements of peoples through the sub-Rif deserts was the discovery of gold deposits in northern Adrar, which led to a flood of people (including many Swedes and Russians who had been getting bored in the refugee camps at St. Georges) back into the region. The abandoned city of St. Anathasius, as a result, resounded with life again.

THE PRINCIPATE OF VASTMARK (Roman Catholic, Chihuahua City in Takrur)

Nkwame bluVren, Stadholder of Takrur, Prince of Vastmark

DIPLOMACY None



Takrur itself was settled back to 3 GPv as the Stadholder drew in supporters and co-religionists from the countryside. Brehmen and Chihuahua City also expanded, and the city walls and fortifications refurbished at their new extents. Just to show his strength, Nkwame purged his officer corps and confiscated many estates, particularly those of Lencolar or Orangist commanders. The usual gangs of Catholic priests preached in the countryside, trying to stem the Orangist tide.

Religious troubles continued to percolate just under the surface of Vastmarki society as the Orangist faith grew stronger and stronger in the north. Worse, whispers in the coffee-houses and public taverns began to circulate, suggesting that with the tide of Orangist believers, the Sisterhood should be allowed into the

Principate, and even (when no one thought one of the Stadholder’s men was within earshot) Mixtec administration.

The delivery of two shiny new steam-powered Cruisers did bring a sparkle to Nkwame’s eye, particularly since they had been built under contract in the Chihuahua City yards, by Norsktek contractors, and were entirely crewed by Vastmarki sailors.

An expedition was mounted to assist the Catholic king of Spain, but that didn’t quite work out like everyone expected. (See [Spain](#))

THE MALI AX EMPIRE

(Lencolar, Ax Mixtlan in Mixe)

Ten-Wind (Eyahue), 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 Teke (^f)



Orangist efforts to influence Songhai were stopped cold by the Sisterhood and other Lencolar priests in the region. Eyahue was pleased by this and dispatched riders to every corner of his empire (even distant Ephesus) summoning his finest generals home... war loomed in the east, and nothing less than a total effort would be necessary to save the state. Every possible man was commanded into arms, the fishing fleets laid up in harbor, orphanages emptied, the military schools stripped of instructors and students alike.

An attempt to secure the services of the mercenary commander Bey Senghor to a 10-year contract was refused by the noble general, but he did agree to serve the Empire for two years. The gold mines of Togo were exhausted after centuries of exploitation, causing the near-depopulation of Accra (save for the University) as the people moved away to find other jobs.

With practice, the night watchmen of Ax Mixtlan managed to sharpen their skills enough to – after a chase, a fierce battle, a burning building and a stray bullet – capture the wounded and still fiercely struggling Blue Cloaked Lord, who was then dragged off in chains and thrown into the deepest cell of the most fearsome prison in the entire Empire. The hoary and dreaded D’ifcalli fortress – a jagged island off the coast of Ife – from which there is no escape. The Emperor had no time for his foolishness.

Armies began to assemble in Daza, “where the road ends”, with an advance team led by Lady Xochiquetzal. Vast camps were under construction, and many wells were being dug to support the gathering hosts. But despite all this, the eastern frontier remained quiet...

THE REPUBLIC OF ETHIOPIA (Coptic, Soba in Funj)

Josiah Draume, President-For-Life of Ethiopia

DIPLOMACY None

Josiah, smirking a little, paid off the money-grubbing bankers who were always idling around the palace, demanding free food and drink. Then he kicked them out, and laughed at the sight of them scampering away through the dusty streets. Otherwise, he dispatched scouts to watch the north-western frontier, where *something* peculiar was going on, and urged his priests to finish running the last of the Moslems out of Aden (there were about six left...) Reports out of Darfur indicated the streams of desert people had abruptly stopped, “like a well going dry.”

The burden of more mouths to feed was acute, for the Republic continued to suffer grievously from famine.

The armies of the Republic gathered as well, marching into Soba in long columns, guns and rifles rattling, horses snorting. Everyone could feel war gathering in the air... the department of

Foreign Affairs dispatched a letter to the capitals of the Great Powers:

The Free Republic of Ethiopia gladly welcomes any nation who wishes to help explore the mystery in the desert. Please consult with the proper authorities at our borders.

Josiah Draume, President-For-Life, Free Republic of Ethiopia
Signed, Aaliyah, Secretary to the Undersecretaries' Secretary,
Dept. Of Foreign Affairs

EVENTS ALONG THE NILE...

January 1765 It is damned hot.
February The Swedish general Menshikov (accompanied by Tormassov as his second) arrives in Egypt with 1,400 infantry fresh from the Asir campaign.

March Menshikov leaves his clipper-ships in port and heads south to secure Al-Hasan in Thebes as the advance elements of the Swedish Afrika Corps.
The Carthaginian captain Gisco marches his army to Alexandria, so that most of the veterans can join the Emir's expedition to India.

April Menshikov's advance party sails up the Nile past Faiyum.
Gisco marches back to Faiyum, where he resumes negotiations with the lords of Meroë.
The notable Carthaginian Major LeBlanc arrives in Alexandria and takes command of an aerial expedition slated to investigate the southern deserts.

May The Swedish Afrika Corps arrives at the mouth of the Nile and the pilots determine the troop transports (suitable for the rough, icy seas of the north) draw too great a draft to pass up the Nile. Suvorov's army disembarks (and is reinforced by Yellowhawk's airships and ground-troops arriving from Stevastopol) and marches up-river at a blistering pace. A flotilla of SRN frigates of sufficiently shallow draft pace the Corps on the river.
Yellowhawk, now in command of the combined fleet, remains at Alexandria.
Menshikov and his scouting party are in Al-Hasan, where they find the city seemingly abandoned, and filled with signs of mob rioting, inter-clan warfare and general destruction.
LeBlanc and his zeppelins fly up the Nile, passing over Al-Hasan.

June 8,000 Al-Haggar *fedya*kin lancers under Sheykh Stilgar cross the Nile into Thebes, moving swiftly and mostly by night towards the south-east...
The Swedish Afrika Corps marches south through Faiyum.
LeBlanc and his airships fly up the Upper Nile.
Panic breaks out in Thebes as a large force of *something* swarms out of the western desert in a moving wall of sand and dust – there are flying machines in the air, huge black manta rays, and metallic 'milking-stools' clanking across the desert. The human population flees in terror, mostly north into Faiyum. The invaders head directly for Al-Hasan.

July The Swedish Afrika Corps arrives at **Al-Hasan** in Thebes and finds Menshikov's advance party embattled in the town – where the missing inhabitants have suddenly surged out of the sewers, seemingly insane, and attacked the Swedish troops in the governor's palace. Suvorov races his river-boats up to the town to evacuate Menshikov's men – at the same time, he deploys his cavalry screen to watch for the enemy...
Who is upon him! Black manta-like shapes rise over a distant ridge, red eyes winking... the Swedish guns immediately respond, firing as fast as their crews can clear the breeches and hurl in new rounds. Light field pieces rush forward, scattering into the *wadi* and basins dotting the desert plain. Fresh battle has erupted in the town as well, where huge loping figures have burst

through Menshikov's perimeter, laying about them with swords and massive pistols... Suvorov's Suzdalers leap from the river-boats and a fierce, otherworldly melee erupts in the tiny, cramped streets between the bearded Russians and the hulking, blackish-green figures of the enemy towering eight and nine feet tall...

But the outcome is not in doubt. Against the insidious blast of the heat ray, the Swedish guns are able to loose one, two volleys and then are annihilated. In the city, the invaders size and ferocity overwhelm the doughty Russians, leaving the streets heaped with human dead. The Nile is filled with burning boats.

Yet, despite the destruction of his army – accomplished so quickly! – Suvorov retires from the field of battle quietly and stealthily with a few officers. His airship flotilla is miles away, hidden among the palm plantations along the Nile. Menshikov's sacrifice has not been entirely in vain, though Al-Hasan is lost to the enemy.

LeBlanc and his airships, at extreme altitude, enter Dongola. Each ship has been equipped with specially-mounted Norsktrud telescopes. They find nothing of note – even the shepherds staring up at their passing shadows are human.

August

Stilgar's Al-Haggar troops ride across Dongola, aiming for the deep desert on a religious mission.

The Swedish officer Tormassov hikes into Bir Târfawi to investigate reports of a 'meteor shower' in the high desert. He does not return.

Suvorov waits patiently in southern Faiyum, his airships parked hundreds of mile away at Meroe, sitting in a tiny cave with a pair of dispatch riders at his side.

Le Blanc's airships press on into the empty wasteland west of Dongola.

September

A Swedish officer, his body caked with dust and blood, walks north out of Thebes and finds Suvorov still sitting in his cave.

"I waited beneath the bodies of the dead," Captain Shelikov reports, "while the enemy moved through the town. Many of the citizens welcomed them – though these creatures are entirely inhuman – and soon left, marching away to the west in long, orderly lines. Several of the flying machines loitered above the town, so I remained quiescent. In time, with the town abandoned, I observed a great crew of the enemy remove something like a blackened cylinder – as wide as a man, and perhaps a dozen paces long – from an excavation and carry it away." Shelikov pauses, gray eyes going dark in memory. "Then a great machine entered the town and with long metallic tentacles, gathered up the death – ours and theirs alike – and placed the corpses in an interior cavity. At this time, I fled into the sewers and away to the river."

Le Blanc and his airships flee east with all speed, back into Dongola and across the Nile.

Now Stilgar's riders enter the desert west of Dongola and, after many days ride, find a ruined Pharonic temple cut from an outcropping of ancient sandstone. Here they dismount and arrange themselves for prayer.

October

Suvorov determines that the enemy still inhabits the region around Al-Hasan by sending a scout zeppelin to the edge of vision (some forty miles from the city) with a volunteer crew. The destruction of the zeppelin is all the confirmation he needs. He continues to wait, Captain Shelikov at his side.

A Bedu brings a letter to the commander of an Ethiopian border fort in Kordofan; it is addressed to Ameur bin-Skikda, sheikh of the Al-Haggar. The missive is from Stilgar. The Ethiopian begins to read the letter, then cries out in horror and casts the damnable thing into the grate. Flames consume the ancient parchment. Three days later, unable to sleep and afflicted by horrific visions, he hangs himself.

November

December January 1766 February

Still hot.

Not quite so hot.

Almost pleasant.

Ah, rainy season.

March Hot again.
April A Bedu comes to Suvorov, who is still sitting in his cave, with news that the enemy has abandoned Al-Hasan and moved off west. The funny-looking little Russian nods, gets up, dispatches Shelikov to Meroe with a bag of letters, and rides off with the Bedu boy to see for himself.

May Indeed, the enemy had abandoned Al-Hasan – now stripped and empty, and the countryside denuded of livestock, peasants, everything...
 “Locusts,” the Russian growled, rubbing his balding head. “Nothing more than locusts.”

June Suvorov returns to Meroe.
July LeBlanc’s airships sneak into Faiyum under cover of scattered rainstorms. The Carthaginian is not surprised to find the SAK airfleet grounded at Meroe, though he is disgusted that they’ve taken over all of the good hotels, bars and married the pretty local women.
 As you might expect, it was hot.

August - December

THE MAASAI KINGDOM (Coptic, Mbeya in Kimbu)
Sogobu the Cripple, King of the Maasai, Emperor of Ethiopia
DIPLOMACY None

Work continued on the Masai-Mombassa railroad, which was still not complete, despite Prince Pheto being given management of the effort. Queen Gimana died of complications from malaria, which made Sogobu irritated and testy for weeks. Even being the ruler of one of the Great Powers did not alleviate his sadness. M’beya in Kimbu expanded a level. Surveyors laid out the path of the next section of Coastal Highway No. 1, from Eyl in Ras Hafun to Mahala in Berbera. Further north, a spur line of the planned Northern Rail was started from Zeila west into the desert of Adal.

Very careful, patient, missionary work continued in the Kongo.

REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA (Roman Catholic, Great Zimbabwe in Rozwi)
Izinduna, Protector of the Senate and the Republic
DIPLOMACY Cuango (^fa)

The railway continued to transform the African countryside; a spur line was completed from Rozwi over the mountains into Bassa, which opened up a whole section of the country to trade and travel which (previously) had been nothing but sleepy villages and ranches. The southern junction between Matopos and Vaal was also finished, allowing direct travel from the capital as far south as Tsulu. Work also began on the line running south from Sotho, but almost immediately stalled as the Railways Board had neglected to purchase any rolling stock or rails. Or pay the workers, for that matter, who rioted and smashed up Board offices in Masila, Sardece and Tsulu.

The Vicar-General of the Jesuits, Redfox, was traveling in the Republic – attempting to establish a string of Order houses in Iusalem and Tashka – when he was wounded in an attack by tribal members who were, apparently, influenced by some Dominicans also traveling in the area and preaching against the perfidy and corruption of the Jesuits.

A huge fleet of clipper-ships (the construction of which strained the Republic’s shipbuilding capacity to the limit, as well as devastating entire forests inland) was mustered at Nova Roma under the command of Mpahlwa the Navigator and loaded with supplies, guns, infantry and engineers. They were immediately dispatched to South Amerika to assist the Great French in their battle against the Invaders.

During this time, the President also ordered a fresh census of the peoples, lands and cities throughout the Republic. There was much grumbling by those who had to keep track of things, which

then led to some of the more handy members of the Census Office to begin work on a counting machine to help make their task easier.

THE HONORABLE AFRIQA COMPANY

(Iusalem in Karanga)
Numeke Tikumbay, President, Master of the Great Southern House

DIPLOMACY Akone on Okinawa (^ma),
 Tazeh-ko in Arukun (^ma)

“Afriqa stood at the sidelines,” Numeke proclaims to his board of officers and shareholders, “while the rest of the world waged war against the Ice Lords. Now this is our time to stand up, to fight, and to protect humanity from evil.” The President followed words with action, incurring massive debt to finance the deployment and training of a ‘new style’ army in South Amerika. The Company would spare no expense in support of its patrons and allies. At the same time, a joint venture was entered into with the Arfen, one which promised to yield considerable profits in the future.



NORTH AMERIKA

Non-Denominational Mercenaries	Minimum bid listed in [x].
Condotierri	None
Captains	None
To hire, please contact...	(No one)
Quality Ratings	i15 w17 s18 c12 a12

Catholic Mercenaries	Minimum bid listed in [x].
Condotierri	5hei [2gp each]
Captains	Baron Von Hausen (M783) [5gp]
To hire, please contact	Norsktrad
Quality Ratings	c12 i16 a13 w18 s18 z6

KINGDOM OF TZOMPANCTLI (Lencolar, Tzompantlan in Tutchone)
Tizoc, Baron of Hukar-on-the-Plain-of-Bones

DIPLOMACY None

Lord Chantlian was dispatched to investigate the suitability of the old port of Tosag (in Katmai) for settlement by the kingdom. Unfortunately, soon after his arrival, his camp was overrun by a horde of cannibalistic Icemen and the doughty lord was slain and, doubtless, eaten. Missionary work continued among the Azatones.

Pacifican merchantmen continued to throng the icy port of Azaton, where the Baron’s customs agents had arranged for the company to handle trade in Ice artifacts, furs, gold ingots and whale blubber to both distant Aztec and China.

THE NISEI REPUBLIC (Shinto, Usonomiya in Yokuts)
Tomoyo Sagaya, Soridaijin, Commander of the Armies of the Republic, Protector of the Emperor of All Japan

DIPLOMACY Ogala (^ea)

Having finally resecured their outpost on the Missouri, the Republic had no interest in losing it again, so the entire region of Dakota was heavily fortified and the garrison reinforced. The Diet also authorized, in a secret session, Princess Yanma (the elderly daughter of the venerated Kejin Hideyoshi) to proceed to the east and rally the Shinto citizens of the plains to rise up against their Lencolar masters. Resolute, she set off... (unfortunately, no one else was dispatched to actually rouse the Shinto farmers of Oto, Ponca and Pawnee against the Ghostdancers).

The PM&T imported a huge number of Chinese coolies to work on a sprawling complex of forges, foundries, rolling stock workshops and laundries in Anataya in Tolowa. A cross-continent

railway was in the offing! In partial exchange, the Pacifican merchants took custody of nearly 10,000 Nisei criminals, malcontents, debtors and casteless men. A large number of Nisei merchantmen (with liens previously held by the government) were also sold off to private companies and fishing village communes.

However, lest anyone think that the Sōridaijin Tomeyo would leave Princess Yanma out to dry among the savages, soon after her caravan left for the east, *he* also marched out of Yokuts with a respectable army of 17,000 regulars⁴ supported by a massive airship armada. “Unclean barbarians! We’ll show them some steel...”

More armies gathered at Yokuts at the same time, though Nichizen’s II Corps was in some disorder, as the general had run off to secure some ships in Alaska, of all places. Teoye’s III Corps was even busier, with the general sailing all the way back from South America to pick up six regiments of artillery and assorted airships, before managing to get back south as far as Quito on the coast of Valdivia. Thousands more Nisei troops were left on the docks of Usonomiya, clamoring to board transports already crammed to the gunnels with artillery-men and their cannon. Meanwhile, only a mile away, the ships of II Corps were almost empty, waiting for fresh orders.

Late in ’65, Iechio and his IVth Corps returned from the Caribbean with even more ships, including the battle-fleet, and also anchored at Usonomiya, but again, the large army loitering around there was not loaded a-ship and sent south. Instead they brawled with one another, fought duels, got the local girls pregnant and generally made the life of the city police difficult.

Out on the eastern plains, while the Sōridaijin would not arrive in Dakota by the end of the turn (only reaching Teton before ’66 ended – hey, it’s a long damn way to walk! Where’s that railroad?!), Princess Yanma *did* and found that Zamori’s Frontier Command had launched a tardy and tentative raid into Oto and found the province abandoned by the Ghostdancers. “Victory!” They proclaimed, chasing off a gang of Lencolar missionaries who had wandered in from the south.

War, eventually, was declared on the GhostDancers. Just to keep everything legal.

THE HIGH KINGDOM OF COLORADO (Lencolar, Three Crosses in Navajo)

Gunthar Grosse, King of the Ute, High King of Colorado

DIPLOMACY None

Tragically, the popular and lively prince Charles (II) (younger brother of King Gunthar, and namesake of their father, was killed in a horrible house-fire in Three Crosses... one fierce enough to melt stone and sublimate brick. Luckily, the mansion was on the outskirts of the city, and surrounded by a large garden, which reduced the damage to neighboring houses.

A Lencolar hospital was opened in Karankawa, particularly to treat the victims of recent wildfires.

THE GHOSTDANCERS (Lencolar, Fushige in Missouri)

Waylo Azurama, Prince of Fushige, War-Captain of the Ghost People

DIPLOMACY None

Merchants thronged the docks of Fushige, which was now becoming a major center of trade – particularly in furs and goods from distant Nisei – Swedish and Norsk travelers were a common sight and the Prince’s coffers swelled with their gold. Priests and nuns of the Sisterhood also passed through, on their way to carry the Word to the heathens on the plains.

Of course, such a bucolic scene could not last... not when the religious fanatics across the Snake to the east were filled with envy and bile... the first sign of trouble was the echoing report of a discharged pistol waking the servants and wife of the Prince. Princess Maia lurched awake from her bed and then screamed in horror, finding Geshin lying dead beside her, the barrel of a pistol in his mouth and his brains sprayed against the ornately carved headboard of the bed.

Chaos followed and dread filled the city. Waylo was proclaimed the prince, and commanded all citizens to arm themselves, for the walls to be repaired and grain stored – a siege was expected momentarily. The war-host of the people, meanwhile, decamped quietly and by night...

ARAPAHO TEXAS [Shawnee Protectorate](Roman Catholic, Ayoel in Atakapa)
Kegemai Arroweye, Chieftain of the Arapaho, Liegeman of the Stormdragon
DIPLOMACY Taino (^a)

New Orleans continued to be a bustling hub of industrial activity at the mouth of the Snake – the port facilities expanded again, to host ever-increasing merchant traffic, and the steamship yards finished work on two more modern steam-cruisers for the export trade. Madame Tukachevsky returned from the south, apparently none the worse for wear.

“The hospitality of the Camoceans is lacking,” she reported.

Bands of Iroquois friars invaded Caddo (and also, further north, were in great evidence in Quapaw), remonstrating with the Lencolar priesthood and trying to win back the peasantry for the Church of Rome. Coupled with the Ghost Dance war, this promised even more trouble along the Snake.

More alarmingly, a Nisei fleet arrived at New Orleans in May of ’65 and disgorged 6,000 heavily-armed samurai. This force, under the somewhat wayward command of Kiyomi Wada, then marched north along the Snake, finding the thick woods and broad, swampy rivers of Texas difficult going... the hostility of the Arapaho also slowed them, as there were no ready supplies or guides to hand. True, the Shawnee had dispatched a letter ordering Kegemai to help the Japanese, but the plainsman felt it enough to not assail the western invaders with every man under his command.

Of course, the Arapaho army had already marched away north, to fight against the godless Ghostdancers, under the hopefully-glorious command of Prince Hophea.

THE SHAWNEE EMPIRE (Roman Catholic, Cahokia in Michigamea)
Valeria Stormdragon, Queen of the Shawnee, Empress of the Iroquois
DIPLOMACY Creek (^fa)

“Enough of this,” Valeria snarled, a chipped, iron-bladed knife rasping from the sheath at her side. The Empress flipped the weapon deftly, then hurled it squarely into the upper-left of a parchment map tacked to the wall of her council chamber. The knife trembled, singing with a keen note. “The Ghost Dancers have become a pest upon the entire region. Their reckless actions destabilize Amerika at just the moment we need stability and unit most...” She turned blazing, violet-hued eyes upon her son, Drakon, who – startled – jerked upright in his chair. “A fresh army is being raised. You will take them across the Snake and crush these vermin!”

The departure, amid drums and horns and the tramp of thousands of booted feet, cheered the Empress a little... but the slow, wasting death of her daughter Treya from a summer cold turned Valeria’s heart to ice. Even news of Geshin’s death did not shake her melancholy. Her commanders were equally put out – prince Drakon had been saddled with a joint command – Hyrcanius led half the army and the elder man was the better general, a glib

⁴ By dint of actually building some troops, the Nisei had an army again.

and accomplished diplomat, and absolutely adored by the troops. The Prince, in comparison, was a sack of wet potatoes, particularly since he was quite possibly one of the rudest men alive. Jealous of Hyrcanius, the Prince immediately began intriguing against the General, mostly by having his personal guardsmen waylay couriers and informants seeking Hyrcanius and beating them senseless before stealing their messages.

Waves of missionaries were sent out to plague the inhabitants of Osage, Kansa, Cherokee and Caddo with the word of the Lord. Unfortunately, everywhere they went, the natives pelted them with stones and rotten manioc and yams. Little of the Lord's work was done as the result.

Hyrcanius – he had managed to get the combined army, and the truculent prince, across the great bridge and into Quapaw without losing his mind – was also griping. The Empress had promised him an additional 4,000 heavy horse and they had yet to appear. Feeling shorted (and suffering a migraine from Drakon's constant prattling), Hyrcanius ordered his men forth from Infni. War was at hand against the 'dancers!

Even as the cojoined Imperial army crashed into Quapaw, the Arapaho levies under Kegemai and the notorious Damascene Legion under Nakos Iron Hand marched up from the south. As it happened, there were no defenders and Quapaw was subdued in a more-or-less-efficient way. Prince Drakon now took it upon himself to irritate the Arapaho king Kegemai as much as possible and in doing so, found an unexpected ally in Nakos Iron Hand, who didn't much care for the 'barbarian' either. Too, Nakos was an old rival of Hyrcanius. The squabbling foursome, and their armies, then launched a massive crossing of the Missouri, that they might attack the 'dancer capital at Fushige.

Meanwhile, the 'dancer war-host (commanded by the missing prince Gukukkun Averana) had marched north through Iowa, crossed at Aztlan (where the 'dancers had previously established a settlement among the ruins) and then rode swiftly down through the wilderness of Illinois and then bolted south across Sangamon, heading for the Shawnee capital at Cahokia.

Where Valeria was still brooding and toying with sharp knives. The Empress, however, was no battle-leader, and the only help to hand was her equally unskilled son Varkan (only just elevated to the principedom himself). She ordered her army back into Cahokia, sealed the gates and dispatched messengers to find Nakos, Hyrcanius and the others.

Gukukkun wasted no time – the entire might of Shawnee would be upon him within two months – and, barely waiting a day to rest his men, launched a night assault on the city. Which, as fate would have it, had no fortifications to speak of...

The battle of **Cahokia**, therefore, was fought in the streets, and house-to-house, and in the grand plazas. The Dancers attacked recklessly, rushing to crush the Shawnee resistance before relief could arrive! Valeria had her Imperial Guard, 12,000 men strong, and had the city been girded with walls and towers and redoubts to shelter her heavy guns, would have easily bested the attackers. But now Gukukkun's 34,000 men could come to grips with the Imperials, and his airships could rain flaming death and bombs on any point of resistance... a vicious spike-club-fight at two paces in a dark room ensued... and the 'dancers managed to claw their way into the city, seizing the north-western quarter.

Despite her failings as a command, Valeria refused to retreat, and the people of the city rose up to defend their homes with hysterical fervor – they feared the Icemen assailed them! Casualties were horrific on both sides, indeed within thirty days of battle, *both* armies were essentially destroyed, along with nearly the whole of the city. Tiny bands of men remained, fighting in the ruins, when

the horns of the Damascenes sounded and Nakos' men came on at a run, banners high.

Prince Gukukkun saw his cause was lost ... his father's army had been shattered in the ruin of Cahokia. He slipped away, the Lencolar bishop Panukan at his side, his ragged soldiers running behind. Nakos himself was overcome with horror to see the wreckage of the capital, and wept to find the Empress hiding in a cellar, armor stained and rusted with blood, her eyes dark with an enormous and abiding anger.

Within the next month, the rest of the Shawnee armies trailed into the capital, prince Drakon foul-mouthed and abrasive as ever. The Arapaho remained west of the river, watching over newly conquered Quapaw.

KINGDOM OF THE IROQUOIS [Shawnee Protectorate] (Roman Catholic, New Canarsie in Mohawk)

Lucas II Stormdragon, Lord of the East

DIPLOMACY Pennacook (^c), Iroquois (~t)

Lord Uncas was dispatched to the north to lead a large force of settlers to re-occupy the demon-haunted ruins of Valeria in Pennacook. The local tribes, barely beginning to recover after the retreat of the Ice, eyed them warily.

Rakhmonov's Arfen air squadron arrived in New Canarsie after a foray into the northern Ice, looking for 'invaders', and charting the ice-breakup in the St. Lawrence seaway. They were very glad to see civilization again.

THE ORDER OF THE FLOWERING SUN (Lencolar, Tenochtitlán)

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

DIPLOMACY Otomi (^oo)

Suddenly bereft of Imperial favor (but then, who knew which way the paranoid currents in Mamexi's mind might flow?), the Tlahulli betook it upon themselves to secure larger estates in the rural provinces, that their city temples might not languish and the faithful starve. Unfortunately, things were so unsettled throughout the Empire that no one would listen. Instead, Chiuketl got an earful of how ill-favored a ruler the Foul One was.

THE AZTEC EMPIRE OF MEXICO (Lencolar, Sion in Huave)

Mamexi the Foul, Emperor of Mexico, Warrior of Christ, Protector of the Faith, Smiter of the Infidel, Conqueror of the Incans, Rex Britannicus

DIPLOMACY Culiacan (^c)

Faced with rising trouble in the south, Emperor Mamexi ("the wise, you stoopid fools, the wise!") ordered the Legion of the Red and Black God raised to full strength and sent south. Every effort would be devoted to aiding the Bolivians and the... the... French?! ("What? Why are you staring at me like that... Another word out of you, Popiltzin and you'll be shorted by a head!"). Despite their persistent failure to show up for battle, the Méxica also doled out a tidy sum to the Nisei.

Pursuant to a long-standing business deal, Norskverk (a subsidiary of Norsktrad), delivered another two steam cruisers built at the New Orleans yards to the Aztec Imperial Navy at Tuxpan. The Emperor's engineers, meanwhile, continued to labor feverishly on the vast length of highway being driven into the heart of South America. Part of that effort was a sustained missionary effort to drive the Catholics out of Chimu, which at last succeeded.⁵

The governor of Popoluca province became quiet uneasy when he received reports a very large mob of barbarians out of the

⁵ There was a bit of counter-missionary work by the Catholics, but too weak and too late to make a difference.

northern steppes were camping out in the rural parts of his province, apparently returning home from some religious pilgrimage. Which was all fine by *him*, but usually the *penitentes* didn't number upwards of four thousand accompanied by cannon and lancers. No trouble, however, was forthcoming from the wanderers.

Prince Tochtli continued to mope about the capital at Sion, drinking too much, eyeing up to many feather-dancers and failing at his royal duty to begat heirs upon his long-suffer wife. He was disconsolate – all of the other generals and war-captains had departed for the south – leaving him with no one to toss patolli with, or carouse under a drunken moon.

Every other commander in the Empire, however, was in frantic motion, crowding into every ship to hand, wearing out boots by the barrel as the entire might of the Méxica stormed south to confront the “ten thousand enemies” who had descended from the western sky, the direction of doom and death, where the Sun at last succumbs to the demons of the nighted sky.

THE SISTERS OF THE ROSE (Lencolar, New Jerusalem in Quiche)
Kelly Davias, Holy Mother of the Lencolar Christian Order

DIPLOMACY Nicarao (^mn)

Faced with what seemed to be nothing less than global catastrophe, the Sisterhood ramped up the construction of hospitals and schools throughout the Amerikas. At the same time, the Holy Mother issued a series of letters directing all monasteries, churches and schools to devote immediate effort to cultivating their own food supplies – “that the needy may be succored.”

With Chimu in the fold, the Sisterhood missionaries walked south (singing an uplifting hymnal) and began knocking on doors in Moche.

SOUTH AMERIKA

Mercenaries	Minimum bid listed in [x].
Condotierri	None
Captains	None
To hire, please contact...	None
Quality Ratings	i15 w17 s18 c12 a12

THE KINGDOM OF CAQUETIO

(Lencolar, New Hiquito in Caquetio)

Malinal, Queen of Caquetio, Captain of the Order of the Flowering Sun

DIPLOMACY Ponta Grossa (^a)

While all attention was on the south, Queen



Malinal continued to ensure the safety of her subjects. Thousands of laborers toiled in the jungles of Guahibo, expanding the fortifications around the ‘lost city’. If the Invaders came, there would be a last citadel of the Caquetians!

Heavy rains led to terrible flooding in Palicur, which washed entire villages away. The notorious Natasha Tukachevsky, who had been in jail in St. Laurent, Camopi, on charges of attempting to suborn the local authorities in an attempt to gain preferential mercantile treatment, escaped. A vigorous search failed to track her down. Inland, the Catholics of Guahibo were finally converted to Lencolar.

VICEROYALTY OF ZACATECA (Lencolar Christian, Lucifuge in Moche)

Maxtlantizgo, War-Commander of the Host of Christ

DIPLOMACY None

Though orders had come from the north, from their Imperial Master, for the Zacateca warriors to muster themselves, to arm

themselves with flowers and jade and steel, the footless wanderers had fallen out among themselves. Old Ilhuicaimina had died, languishing with a corruption of the bowels, and his lieutenants Maxtla and Maxtlantizo squabbled... while the regiments and holy bands watched with interest, each priest-captain sharpening his own knives, wondering if he could become master of the Host.

After veering close to open civil war, Maxtlantizo strangled Maxtla and became lord of the Hosts of Christ, whereupon the Zacatecas shouldered their packs, rifles and obsidian axes and marched off south to stand against the Invaders...

THE PRINCIPATE OF BOLIVIA (Roman Catholic, Trischka in Karanga)

Ramon Mascate, Prince of Bolivia, Duke of Trishka

DIPLOMACY None

Suddenly aware his tiny nation was on the front line of a global war (or so he heard from the Aztec and French ambassadors), Prince Ramon mustered every soldier and knight in the country and marched them south into Quillaca, where they immediately began fortifying the passes from Omaguaca. The sleepy provincial town of Gaxan was transformed into a bustling headquarters, swarming with Bolivian regulars in their blue-and-green jackets, kepis at a jaunty angle, and the constant traffic of horses and gun-carriages as regiment after regiment passed through on their way to the front lines. Draken, repainted dull gray and white, lofted into the sky on a daily basis, watching the east for signs of the enemy.

Panic afflicted the citizens of Arica, Moquequa and Nazca as – in addition to horrific rumors of the Invaders and their conquest of Great France – the beaches were stained red with ‘crimson tide’ as millions of langostinos, fish and plankton cooked in unseasonably warm waters and then were carried ashore by the tide.

As ’65 and ’66 passed, more contingents of troops trickled in from the north, as the advance guard of the Aztec armies arrived. Meantime, lord Rodrigo and Captain Barroso had been dispatched to lead a scouting foray across the Andes and into Omaguaca. Sadly, neither man returned, nor did the hand-picked troops sent to escort them across the snowy peaks.

THE KNIGHTS OF SAINT JOHN (Roman Catholic, New Granada in Acroa)

Humphrey of Toron, Regent for...

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

DIPLOMACY Arana (^t), Kayapo (^a)

A constant stream of cargo ships departed the ports of New Granada, heading for South Africa, holds bulging with rice, corn, sugar, beets, bananas and rubber. In exchange, it seemed, the Honorable Company was trying to teach the craftsmen of the kingdom how to fabricate silk and machine parts.

Catholic missionaries continued to concentrate on ‘saving’ the hapless farmers and timber-cutters of Kayapo, trying to drive the taint of the Lencolar heresy from that land.

Like most of his neighbors, Humphrey betook himself and his army south, to watch the borders of Great France with an eagle eye... by the fall of ’65, the Grand-Master was poised in Acroa with 24,000 men, while the Regent stood ahead a province or two with a second, smaller army. Momentous doings were afoot, and the Regent had no idea what these invaders desired, or sought, or if they would bring doom upon his own small nation.

“Perhaps,” he mused idly, “they will just destroy the cursed, black-hearted Frenchmen...”

GREAT FRANCE (Roman Catholic, Sevilla in Patasho)

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

DIPLOMACY No time for that anymore.

Money flowed into the coffers of the French, particularly from Afrika, and every ambassador at the D'Saone court was quick to promise aid and arms against the invaders. For his part, Emperor Francois was quick to order the largest cannon ever made cast, and his capital at Varres fortified to the utmost. The countryside of Minuane was also strewn with strongpoints, hidden bunkers, trenchworks and every kind of obstacle. A crash project was put underway to string heliograph towers from Abipon and Huarpe back across the pampas to Chamonix in Charrua.

And despite all this, gold was *still* doled out to the reviled and cowardly Knights of Saint John, "who sit fat and comfortable as bankers behind the shield of Great France!" Francois bellowed, startling his advisors. He also dispatched letters to the northerly coast of Afrika, where (as chance would have it), most of his army and fleet were lolling about in the Mauritanian sun.

January 1765

The French army and the Honorable Afrika Company begin constructing a ring of fortifications ten or twelve miles out from the city of Chamonix in Charrua, replete with networks of trenches, hidden bunkers and all manner of surprises for the Invaders, should they come a calling.

Leaving a strong garrison in Novo Lyon, the Marshal Vendome and the Duc du Coligny abandon their Afriqan adventure, load the might of Great France aboard the fleet and set sail for home.

February

Prince Tcholon of Great France is sent away for 'safe keeping'.

The Invaders attack **Chana**, striding across the frontier from Omaguaca in a black cloud, the sky filled with the queer whine of their flying machines, the hills echoing with their hooting cries and spine-chilling calls. The human inhabitants of the helpless province flee in terror, though many are rounded up and vanish into the maw of huge walking machines...

March

Roniah in Chana is destroyed by a vast fire, while the hapless inhabitants choke on drifting clouds of black smoke.

Determined to commit every available resource to the coming struggle against the Invaders, the Honorable Afrika Company hires 34,000 Amerikan mercenaries at Chamonix and immediately launches into a daring re-training program. The condotierri captains Kei, Wolf and Sackville are also hired to rush the project through to completion. A Companyman noted for his military skills, Seppeveld, was already in South Amerika, and he assumed overall command of the massing Afriqan, French and mercenary armies at Chamonix. Though he was supposed to advance with his retrained army to Minuane, the necessity of training the men required him to stay in the port.

April

The Invaders press on into **Huarpe**, following the highway, and leaving utter devastation in their wake. Again, huge crowds of refugees flee before them, mindless with terror. The harvesting machines find plentiful cattle to scoop up. The heliograph station at Perigeux continues to transmit until the last moment... and then vanishes in a flare of sun-hot flame.

Axacayatl the Wolf, leading a reconnaissance force of Afriqan scouts, observes more than twenty of the tripod machines on the attack, while a half-seen black shape haunts the upper air. He and his men, using the panicking crowds as cover, fall back to Minuane.

The Norsk-built steam cruisers *Enfant de Tonnerre* and *Héritier de Foudre* arrive in Chamonix, escorted by sixteen French men-of-war. Crews immediately swarm aboard the cruisers.

The Comte de Pelletier and Lady Fayette, escorted by a small band of veteran plainsmen, venture once more into Allentiac, to spy upon the doings of the Invaders therein.

May

Perigeux in Huarpe is destroyed.

Colonel L'Heritier's engineers and artillery continue to

frantically dig in across the likely enemy avenues of advance in Minuane, having established a deep band of entrenchments. A vast mob of refugees now laps against the forward edge of the fortifications. L'Heritier refuses to let them through.

In Varres, Emperor Francois and Seppeveld have a bitter, fractious meeting. The Afriqans are *not* ready to fight yet, and the French have only the most minimal forces in Minuane to resist the Invaders.

Disgusted beyond price, the Emperor orders the evacuation of Varres, sending the women and children south to Charrua while he and every man capable of carrying a keg of gunpowder strapped to his back will try to stop the irresistible advance of the enemy.

Seppeveld and his sub-commanders return to Chamonix.

June

The dashing Comte de Tulliers rides into Varres from the north with a troop of hussars, speaks privately with Emperor Francois and then disappears with his men into the countryside.

Captain Hasird arrives in Montpellier to take command of the defense of the southern provinces.

Pelletier falls sick, deep in Allentiac, after being scratched by a needlflower and soon dies. Fayette and the surgeon with her expedition have no way of stopping the venom from reaching his heart.

The Invaders advance into **Minuane** and are immediately embroiled in a desperate fight. Human sappers lunge from hidden pits and tunnels, trying to bring down the mighty tripods with blasting charges. French artillery fires constantly, raining shells down upon the machines from above, while the advance of the monstrous infantry of the Invader is contested at every step by half-crazed Frenchmen...

A storm of searing heat-lightning answers them, and a dreadful rain of smoke canisters and the annihilating blasts of the manta-like flying machines raking the hidden artillery emplacements... but Francois refuses to yield up his capital without a ferocious defense!⁶

Yet his men cannot stand... the trenchlines are overrun, the defenders incinerated, the guns shattered by heat and their own exploding ammunition. Of the four generals in the field, only the Emperor himself escapes (most likely due to his use of a modified diving suit to escape the taint of the black smoke), falling back into newly fortified Charrua.

July

Colonel Desaix of Great France mounts a secret foray into Omaguaca to retrieve "black powder residue". His patrol almost immediately clashes with unidentified enemies who slaughter most of his men with rifle fire "inflicted from an impossible range". Desaix is wounded, but still manages to get back over the spine of the Andes and to medical attention in Gaxan.

The Invaders turn their attention upon **Varres**, where Francois now commands a last ditch defense. His voice echoing through the glass faceplate of his enveloping armor, the Emperor exhorts his men to "bring the monstrous mechanicals crashing to earth... with our last breath, we fight for humanity, for liberty, for freedom!"

But here, with their enemy penned within a ring of stone and brick, the Invaders show their full power. The entire city is simply destroyed, subjected to infernal heat, brick shattering, stone melting, the hapless defenders (and those citizens who had not yet fled...) engulfed in a massive holocaust...

So died Francois d'Saone, Emperor of France and six thousand brave soldiers.

August

The Afriqan-hired mercenary companies finish the re-training program. For some unfathomable reason, the Invaders crouched in the wreckage of Minuane halt their advance. Only carrion birds and the glistening black metallic shapes of the inhuman demons seem to inhabit the province.

⁶ Without the Afriqans and their massed guns, the French were in a deep, deep pit. Battle modifiers were still tilted in favor of the Invaders, as they had control of the air and more mobile troops than Francois' siege lines.

In Chamonix, Seppeveld and his 'new' army dig in, trying to keep from just panicking and fleeing en masse. But soon, very soon, reinforcements will arrive...

September No one moves. Even refugees have stopped filtering in out of the wasteland of Minuane.

October Lady Fayette appears at New Marseilles, seeking the remains of the French government with news from her expedition into Allentiac. To her horror, while riding into the town she spots a wheatfield scattered with peculiar crimson stalks.

"Horn tree saplings," she shudders, seeing the first signs of the Weed. The field is burned to ash as quickly as possible, but other reports filter in from the countryside. Upon investigation, Fayette becomes convinced that a small party of the Invaders slipped through the province, scattering their horrific gift...

November A very substantial fleet of South African ships (including an impressive eighty clipper-ships) arrive in Chamonix. They then unloaded thirty thousand troops who set up camp outside the city to defend the Honorable African Company installations there. Seppeveld now has 35,000 men at his command.

In conference with the Republican generals, Seppeveld decides to stick with the original plan. A defense in depth, and an attempt to lure the attacking force into a prepared trap...

December But the Invaders still to do move.

Vendome and Du Coligny arrive at Chamonix with the African Expedition in tow. Now the French and their allies command nearly 50,000 men, and have a huge fleet at their beck and call, plus the fine new guns of the two steam cruisers, should the enemy come within range.

But the Invaders do not budge from Minuane.

January 1766 Summer drags on.

February It's hot.

March Still hot.

April Starting to cool off a bit.

May Ah, fall!

June Winter comes, with snow and harsh southern winds and heavy rains.

The French commanders have had enough. They demand that Seppeveld and the Africans accompany them in a massive attack into Minuane.

"Perhaps they have abandoned the province," ventures the Duc du Coligny in a ghastly voice. "Taken their... captives... back to the mountains to (urk) consume their prey..."

Scouts are dispatched into Minuane. Those few who return bring news that the enemy is still there, amusing itself by digging in the ruins of Varres and building "a coliseum of some kind, my lord, and no sir, I ain't a drinking man."

Seppeveld refuses to attack. Without his support, Vendome simply hasn't the strength to assail the Invaders. Disgusted, the French sit grumbling in their crude tents and huts, watching the rain.

July Still the Invaders refuse to take the bait.

August The weather starts to dry out a bit.

September Seppeveld and Vendome tour the trenchworks and lines of gun positions for perhaps the ten thousandth time. The men are bored, morale is dropping by the day and still the enemy refuses to move.

October Captain Washington of the East India Company arrives unexpectedly in Chamonix with two battered clipper ships and two large transports. His ships are towed into port, and the pilots learn the Albanians have made a trip 'round the Horn in the worst possible weather.

On the frontier, the entire first line of watchers and scouts and hidden observation posts are overwhelmed as the Invaders surge across into **Charrua**.

Seppeveld and Vendome rush to prepare their trap, long held ready, and fifty thousand men are in motion! But even as the artillery batteries and regiments of infantry form up in their camps, a queer tremor fills the air. A sound beyond hearing, piercing the hearts of

every man in the entire host.

Ahorse, Vendome and Seppeveld turned as one – as through their eyes had been opened – and spurred towards the port. The army, already in motion, paused in confusion. Men began to fight in the ranks, some seemingly mad, others trying wildly to run towards the sea, other unaffected... the entire city was likewise affected, as though an invisible madness swept across chapel and inn and house alike, leading mothers to strangle their infants, fathers to shriek and flail, crashing through windows, maids and priests alike to caper wildly in the avenues, tearing their clothes...

The Duc du Coligny, however, was unaffected by the madness. Further, one of his lookouts on the *Héritier de Foudre* had spied the Albanians unloading a large cylinder of peculiar green metal from one of their ships. Seeing disaster looming, he immediately ordered the steam cruisers to fire upon the Albanian clipper ships.

Cannon roared, reducing the two white-winged ships to burning wrecks, but the Albanians and their deadly cargo had already vanished into the streets of the city.

Where riot now held full sway.

The mercenary captains scattered, deserting, leaving only Axacayatl the Wolf to rally the troops outside of the city. Grasping the nettle swiftly, old Wolf had the madmen among his ranks shot or stabbed, and those that stumbled towards the city purchased a bullet for their treachery.

By the river, Coligny was also rallying the French, and found a welcome ally in the Republican commander Mbeki, who held his troops in tight order. The Duke, holding a hurried conference with the Zulu general, was struck by the sudden and apparent lack of pale faces among the African ranks.

"They went mad, most of them," Mbeki answered with a sharp white grin. "So we put them down like dogs."

The wind turned to the west, and the nightmare cry of *ulla ulla ulla* now penetrated air rent by the roar of burning buildings, the screams of the mad and the rattle of guns and muskets on the Varres road as Axacayatl's regiments dispersed to give battle.

"I am not mad," Coligny replied, hand to a face bronzed by Incan ancestry, "but many of our officers and men are. Take your fleet to sea – as soon as the tripods can range on the port, you're lost. I will take the Black Caracaras up the road and succor whoever is still fighting there."

Mpahlwa grimaced, but the snap and hiss of the enemy ray was already stuttering in the air. "There are five impis of Zulu riflemen here – they will go with you."

Coligny nodded, saluted the Africans and rode away in haste. At his back, there was a vast, booming shout as the impis hoisted rifles to shoulder and ran after him in a dark stream, glittering with the metal of their bayonets.

Mbeki and the fleet put to sea in haste, the two steam cruisers lagging behind, guns hammering away at the hills behind the town, trying to raise as much smoke and ash as possible to screen the flight of the fragile sailing ships.

A huge brawl ensued as the Invaders crashed through the mercenaries and into the advancing French and Africans. Losses were hellish on both sides, but the superior firepower of the dreadful machines laid waste to the humans, slaughtering them in droves... too, the maddened citizens were slaughtered in the crossfire and the Africans, in particular, found themselves hard-pressed by *human soldiers* now assailing them.

Despite a spirited defense by Coligny and Mpahlwa, their army broke after three days of non-stop combat, and shattered, driven into rout and hunted relentlessly by the enemy. The two generals managed to flee in a small boat, their last sight that of a tripod picking its way through the ruins of a railroad yard, metallic tentacles picking through the rubble for survivors...

The two generals manage to reach New Marseilles, across the Rio de la Plata, where the African and

November

French fleets have retired. Gloom afflicts them all, though Lady Fayette has surprising news.

"It makes no difference," Coligny moaned, watching with a sickened heart as the erudite woman bent over a dissection microscope, her attention focused on the pistils of a black-and-crimson flower. "We've seen them harvesting the bodies... that's all we are to them, cattle! It doesn't matter what hue their skin is..."

"Hmmm..." Fayette looked up, a grim light in her eyes. "Isn't it interesting they can consume human flesh? I think it is... very interesting..."

December

The ruins continued to burn, and even the crows were too fat to continue their repast among the dead.

Machines moved in the wreckage, tilting aside shattered walls to dig out the morsels within. The darkened sky was rent, from time to time, by the lonely, terrible cries of the Invaders.

Ulla... ulla... ulla...



BANK LIST

Aztec Empire of Mexico	Tenochtitlan Teocali	2,201	40%
The Borang Bakufu	Na-Iki Trust Bank	1,212	40%
Chan Mongol Empire	Uncle Wu's	951	40%
Free Republic of Ethiopia	Funj Gold Reserves	794	40%
Kingdom of the Iroquois	Ney Arkham Trust Bank	87	40%
Coptic Kingdom of Maasai	M'Beya House of Credit	1,167	20%
Qing Empire of China	Luang Golden Venture	864	40%
Mali Ax Empire	Mixtec International Fund	1,538	34%
Taika'no Te'ikoku Hiro'i	First Pacific Bank	642	35%
Great France	Banque du Sevilla	821	40%
The Nisei Republic	New Yedo Matsuma Bank	824	40%
The Kingdom of Catalūna	Banque du Galway	128	40%
Empire of Swedish-Russia	BUX	517	20%
Duchy of the Three Isles	First Merchant of Valetia	692	40%
The Kingdom of Java	Sunny Sunda Savings	926	40%

(end of Turn 218)