

Title- The Rhines Shadow

Genre-, Friction, War

Word Count- 482 so far

Along the Eastern side of the Rhine River lies the Empire of great wealth Strastein. This great country of many tales and stories is nestled between the countries of Lastiaca and Anesh, Lastiaca being on the Western side of the Rhine. Droajan was a country that controlled the fjords of the north and was among the world powers as number 4 in the world ranking. To the south are the oldest countries out of Stastein, Lastiaca, Anesh, and Droajan.

These counties of old were called Asheosia and lastrana. They represented the history of mankind itself according to famous scholars of the current period because of the historical records that go back as far as the creation of the first empire, Esmein.

They are to be called the pinnacle of the world.

For centuries Lastiaca and Anesh have been fighting over the land of Stastein as if they were two toddlers fighting over a toy. The people of Stastein have played a neutral role however and let the two power battle it on grounds specifically designated for them. They now grow tired of the noise of battle though, and with each passing day that feeling grows more and more. The ones near the battles have the worst of the sleep deprivation. They think to themselves why must they have to hear the explosions of howitzers and the screams of men's as the shrapnel rips them apart, as their intestines spill out of their body like a broken glass? Why can't there children play outside like there's? Why must they fight on their fatherland and destroy their beautiful and precious countryside?!

On September 14, 1924, a battle at the town of Vofbert will awaken the beast that has been sleeping all this time. Specifically the massacre of all the residents, women, children, the old. It did not matter to the artillery of both sides who they were. They could care less if they were husbands, sisters, sons, grandmothers. Their only focus was the enemy and none other, but they would come to find out they should have. For the monster they unleashed was unlike no other. It would get its revenge no matter what the cost, for it had gotten tired of the constant screams for help and pleas of deaths from their soldiers. The hatred after the massacre of Vofbert was so intense that for the first time in the country's history there were riots. Riots to do something about the murders of their people and fatherland's beautiful fields of flowers. The Stastein government knew they needed to take action or else they would be overthrown, for the mobs in support of war had grown too big for their MP to handle. The rumbling of the working man's boots had finally gotten to them after just one week of the riots. As they got closer to the capitol building the senators could practically feel the malice and determination leaking from their citizens they represented, as if it has always been