

NOTE ON DELIRIUM

Various nations gained bonuses through the mega-event, as can be seen this part.

Of relevance: for their Part 3 bonus, Egypt and Byzantium's plot results were both multiplied by 1.5.

For other nations which successfully completed Part 3, please DM me.

PERSONAL PLOTS

Plot 1: [REDACT]

FAILURE.

ASSYRIA

No actions received.



silverwurm | Hysyka 02/13/2018

Oh, no worries. We're all bums, here.

BYZANTIUM

DIPLOMACY

ALLIANCE : Trebizond, Jerusalem

DEFENSIVE PACT : Trebizond, Jerusalem

NON-AGGRESSION PACT : Assyria, Babylon, Georgia, Phoenicia, Trebizond, Jerusalem

FRIENDSHIP : Assyria, Babylon, Georgia, Oman, Persia, Athens, Trebizond, Jerusalem

OPEN BORDERS : [Nobody]

DENOUNCING : Egypt; Briusky, Kohl, and Klo's poor spelling; Aime's non-decimal numbers; RPBot's rigged dice; BUMS' boolshit bidding process; Soup's timezone; Jerusalem's peacefulness; NB's puppets; Kohl's spy networks; Aegyptus's smugness

WAR : Egypt

DEMAND VASSALIZATION : Trebizond, Jerusalem

DEMAND TRIBUTE : Athens, Trebizond, Jerusalem

NO ACTIVITY : [Everyone not mentioned above]

GIVE: 40 Gold and 2 Pikemen to BUMS in payment for mercenaries; 240 Gold to Trebizond; 280 Gold to Jerusalem; 199 Gold to Phoenicia

RECEIVE : Attacking Vikings (5 Barbarian Berserkers and 2 Barbarian Triremes) near the Egyptian city of Thinis, from BUMS; Arjuna's Chariot (special-purpose artefact) from BUMS

EVENT

Option 666: REMOV AEGYPTUS REE

CITY CONTROL

/u/Legobloxcraft2 : Constantinople, Hadrianopolis, Antioch

/u/Tefmon : Nicomedia, Nicaea

/u/Andy0132 : Cilicia, Iconium

/u/Lurking_Chronicler : Dyrrachium, Koloneia

/u/Supacharjed: [Croc food]

/u/marcuszodiak : Propontis

/u/Charlesthe50th : Dorylaeum

/u/Megaashinx1 : Trapezus

/u/OfBleedingRoses : Ancyra, Laodicia

/u/j0j0bean99 : Thessalonika

/u/_TheGreaterGood : Philippopolis

/u/Rib0se : Amorium

/u/poom3619 : Edessa

/u/TheHeroWith1000Faces : [KIA]

/u/MamuTXD : Heraclea

SCIENCE

Science is for nerds.

SOCIAL POLICIES

Swap Military Tradition for Discipline.

RELIGION

Worship dank memes.

ACTION POINTS

18 AP total [10 base; 2 from Athens' tribute, 2 from Trebizond's tribute, 4 from Jerusalem's vassalization]

8 AP on hippodromes in various Byzantine cities, by order of unhappiness, in Anatolia or Greece. If all cities have Hippodromes, spend any excess on Colosseums. Spend any further excess on below.

10 AP on Pikemen, in the vicinity of any Egyptian cities flipped to us this part. If no cities are flipped, or if there's not enough empty tiles within range of those cities' borders, spend the excess AP on Hippodromes, Colosseums, and Barracks in our cities, instead.

TREASURY

2639 initial Gold

+200 gold from our Part 5 event

+40 Gold from Athens' tribute

+80 Gold from Jerusalem's vassalization

+40 Gold from Trebizond's tribute

2999 total Gold

-720 Gold on Plot 1

-720 Gold on Plot 3

-480 Gold on Plot 4

-320 Gold on Plot 5

-40 Gold to BUMS for merces

-240 Gold to Trebizond

-280 Gold to Jerusalem

-199 Gold to Phoenicia (**ONLY 159 GOLD SENT**)

0 Gold remaining

PLOTS

Active Antiplot Bonuses:

[REDACTED]

Active Plot Bonuses:

[REDACTED]

Plot 1: What have the Romans Ever Done For Us?

RP: Accompanied by a small force of bodyguards, Athanasius of Cilicia, Patriarch of Constantinople (/u/Andy0132) set out for the cities of Nubt, and Abydos. It was, after all, ostensibly his duty to see to the faithful of the city, who hadn't been killed in the *Aegyptian* reconquest. Accompanying him, of course, was *Megas Doux* (supreme commander of the Byzantine navy; lit. "Grand Duke") Ribosius (/u/Rib0se), *Quaestor Sacri Palatii* (the chief legal authority of the Byzantine government; lit. "Investigator of the Sacred Palace") Corvus Conflictura (/u/_TheGreaterGood), and, of course, Maximilianus (/u/j0j0bean99), *Domestikos tōn Scholōn* (commander of the *Scholae Palatinae*, and one of the most senior military officers of the Byzantine army; lit. "Domestic of the Schools"). There, dressed in the clothes of envoys, they took advantage of the chaos to sneak into the city harbour undetected. Their objective, of course, was the homes of one of the most prominent nobility of *Aegyptus*.

Of course, it would not be easy. That being said, when the shore bombardiers are fighting a valiant battle, few would notice a small rowboat, some distance removed from the fighting, landing on shore. The Roman navy, under instruction of the *Megas Doux*, avoided targeting the boat, and

the *Aegyptians* were far too distracted by real threats, like the large navy bearing down on their cities. Anyway, the small delegation and their guards land upon Nubt, without issue.

From there, they make their way through the streets, occasionally having to assassinate guards running around, bribe peasants to keep it quiet, bribe more peasants to give them directions, bribe more peasants still for their loyalty - you get the idea. Fortunately, the majority of the city guards and troops, as well as policing units, were at the harbour, attempting to repair the damage done to the city. Anyhow, after a few hours of travel, they reach the home of a noble by the name of פילאגריוס.

Now, פילאגריוס' family had once been doing quite well under Roman rule, although he had narrowly escaped being purged by the *Aegyptian* government for being a Roman sympathizer, and had to change his name from Philagrius, else be exposed as a Greek. You see, given how the *Aegyptians* have sentenced every senior official of the Byzantine government to be devoured by Ammut, and how many of those Byzantine officials are ethnically Greek, Greek names were looked down upon in Aegyptus. פילאגריוס, once known as Philagrius, had little love for the *Aegyptians* who had gone from house to house and purged many of his old friends. Many amongst the *Aegyptian* nobility felt the same, enraged at the loss of capable workers, servants, writers, and other useful persons who had been purged as alleged Byzantine sympathizers.

So it was that upon the arrival of the *Quaestor*, *Domestikos*, Patriarch, and *Megas Doux*, they found not a willing ally, but rather a reticent associate. Although he allowed them into his home, promising guest rights, he said nothing of what the *Aegyptian* guard outside would be doing. *Megas Doux* Ribosius, meanwhile, promised that nothing was amiss, and that the army and navy would still be occupied in battle outside Abydos.

From there, the *Quaestor*, with superb knowledge of Roman law, and the *Domestikos*, with superb knowledge of Roman military capabilities, would outline for the once and future Philagrius the benefits of Roman rule. To the oft-asked question of "What have the Romans ever done for us?", the responses consisted of a great multitude of things.

Corvus stated first: "Aqueducts, for one."

Philagrius: "Oh. Yeah, yeah. They did give us that. Uh, that's true, yeah."

Athanasius: "Sanitation. Remember what the city used to be like?"

Philagrius: "Yeah. All right. I'll grant you the aqueduct and sanitation are two things the Romans have done.

Ribosius: "And the roads."

Philagrius: "Well yeah. Obviously the roads. I mean, the roads go without saying, don't they? But apart from sanitation, the aqueduct, and the roads-

Maximilianus: "Irrigation."

Ribosius: "Medicine."

Corvus: "Education."

Philagrius: "Yeah, yeah. All right. Fair enough."

Athanasius: "And the wine."

Corvus: "Yeah, that must have been really missed when we Romans left, Philagrius."

Ribosius: "Public baths."

Corvus: "It's also safe to walk in the streets at night under Roman rule."

Maximilianus: "Yeah, we certainly know how to keep order. Let's face it. We're the only ones who could keep order in a place like this.-

Philagrius: All right, but apart from the sanitation, the medicine, education, wine, public order, irrigation, roads, a fresh water system, and public health, what have the Romans ever done for us?

Corvus: "Brought peace."

To this, the Patriarch would pull out several bottles of wine from his voluminous religious bags^TM and whatnot, offering each a glass in the name of peace between the cities of Nubt and Abydos, to be incorporated into the Roman Empire as Alexandria Caesaria and Sebennytyos. This, of course, would be yet another contribution from the Romans. On top of this, naturally, gold would need to be transferred, for the purpose of bargaining. In exchange for hefty sums of gold, Philagrius would transfer more hefty sums of gold to his fellows in exchange for their loyalty to him, and then have whatever troops he could bribe with even more gold, let the

Romans into Nubt. Once the *Aegyptians* realized Nubt had fallen, and as such would attempt to split their forces to take it back, gold from Philagrius would find itself into the hands of various leading magistrates of Abydos, and from there into the hands of troops, who in their own turn would accidentally leave the gates of Abydos wide open, for the Byzantines to enter.

Once both cities had fallen, inquisitors and missionaries sent by the Patriarch would ensure the loyalty of citizenry in the new cities of Alexandria Caesaria, and of Sebennytos. Patriarch Athanasius himself would supervise the missionaries and inquisitors, as they roamed through the streets to ensure that all was in order. Meanwhile, he would also hold various communions with the new converts, to ensure that they might know that the Roman state truly cared for them, and were there for them, unlike the *Aegyptian* gods so distant.

Roma Invicta!

Invested: /u/Andy0132 (+4), /u/Rib0se (+4), /u/_TheGreaterGood (+4), /u/j0j0bean99 (+4), plot bonus to /u/Andy0132 from super-event (+1), 720 gold (+18), 2 Composite Bowmen (+4), 1 Swordsman (+2), 2 Triremes (+4), +2 bonus from event (+2) [+45]

Results: Byzantium flips the Egyptian cities of Abydos and Nubt to Byzantine control, again.

NOMINAL SUCCESS. THE TWO CITIES FLIP, ALONGSIDE NEKHEN (SEE EVENT BONUS) BUT ATHANASIUS AND RIBOSIUS ARE KILLED BY EGYPTIAN LOYALISTS IN THE TWO CITIES.

Plot 2: The Cavalry

The heads of the Byzantine army found themselves gathered in Trapezus. The previous attack upon Aegyptus had ended in failure, with the *Hetaireiarchēs* (commander of the Emperor's mercenary bodyguard corps; lit. "Leader of the Companions") perishing in a duel with a crocodile, another general slain in the capture of Sebennytos and Alexandria, and the loss of around half the landing army. Upon hearing the news, *Imperator Caesar* Justinian I *Pius Felix Invictus Augustus*, the *Basileus kai Autokratōr Rhomaïōn* ("Emperor and Autocrat of the Romans"), had been furious. This time, he swore, everything would work flawlessly.

Last attempt by the Byzantines had failed, due to their lack of preparedness, and ready-waiting *Aegyptian* defenders. Fortunately this time, the various military leaders of the Byzantine forces had a plan. For starters, two waves would be launched, the first containing screening troops, the

second wave containing the bulk of the actual army. Accompanying, preceding, and following the screen would be a large fleet, commanded by none other than the *Droungarios tou Stlou* (commander of the central Byzantine Imperial battlefleet; lit. “Commander of the Fleet”) himself, Himerios o Neoterios (/u/Poom3619). From there, the Byzantine fleet, augmented by the original Roman fleet, would defeat the *Aegyptian* fleet in battle in the Nile delta. After naval supremacy was assured, the initial troops would make a variety of landings along portions of the east and west banks of the Nile along Iunu, as well as upon the Suez isthmus, to distract *Aegyptian* defenders.

Furthermore, as the *Aegyptians* found themselves spread thin dealing with the threats, as well as committing all in to obliterating the first wave, the second wave, commanded by the *Magister Militum* (the commander-in-chief of a major Roman army front; lit. “Master of the Soldiers”) Belisarius (/u/Megaashinx1) and the *Praefectus Praetorio* (the commander of the Praetorian Guard, and a senior aide to the Emperor; lit. “Praetorian Prefect”) Marcus (/u/Marcuszodiak), two of the greatest generals of their time, would land upon the beaches in Arjuna's Chariot, relieving the tired first landers, and overwhelming the already-distracted *Aegyptians*. From there, they would ready themselves to seize Iunu, and victory.

Although *Aegyptian* troops had heavily fortified the beaches, their initial efforts would find themselves wasted upon the initial first wave, where various divisions of composite bowmen, pikemen, and chariot archers would draw as much attention as possible, and would lure out the *Aegyptians* into playing their hands prematurely. From there, with the defenders overstretched, the secondary forces in waiting would come into play. Thanks to Roman naval superiority, the defenders of Iunu and Nubt would be distracted, while whatever efforts of the *Aegyptians* to intercept the invasion fleet would be detected before hitting the army.

Some time later

Tiberius grunted. Sailing to the Aegyptian lands from Trapezus had hardly been pleasant. Between pirates, thugs, freak storms, and the like, the Roman armada sent to assault the beaches had barely made it through unharmed. From behind, he could hear the bellows of Belisarius, Magister Militum, shouting for all troops to disembark. Following orders, he and his cohort went off the boat, and began readying themselves for an invasion of the beaches. Already, he could smell blood, and hear the din of war. The Aegyptian defenders had struck the first wave with full fury, and they would need help. As the shouts of battle grew closer, Tiberius realized that he had been running head-on towards the battlefield. A glance over his shoulder

showed his cohort running behind him.

Like a massive hammer, they crashed into the Aegyptian forces defending, who had been so preoccupied with the Roman first wave. The Aegyptians were rolled up, and those few who surrendered found no quarter. After blood and gore stained the Nile, further scouting parties were sent out, to ensure that the Aegyptian forces had indeed been defeated. Reconnaissance, after all, won battles.

Tiberius and his cohort ate well that night, earning honours for being the first to storm the beaches. Through the creation of the beachhead, explained the Praetorian, the Romans would be able to invade the rest of Aegyptus. It was only through the sacrifice of the brave soldiers of Rome, that the beachhead could ever be maintained. Indeed, now, the sea was at their backs, Tiberius thought. They would need to fight to their final breaths, for now they had their backs pinned to the wall. Roma Invicta might not be the shout of the day for much longer, but victory would still guide them forth. “Archangel Saint Remus, Defend us from All”, he quietly prayed, hoping, that this would bring to Rome victory.

Invested: /u/marcuszodiak (+4), /u/Megaashinx1 (+4), /u/poom3619, (+4), 2 Composite Bowmen (+4), 1 Pikeman (+2), 3 Triremes (+6), 1 Chariot Archer (+2), 1 Scout (+2), Arjuna's Chariot (+8) [+36]

Results: Byzantium moves the troops specified in the attached annotated map into the positions specified in the attached annotated map: [<https://imgur.com/a/aaY9U>]. Furthermore, a Great General is moved to Abydos if flipped, clustered amongst the troops if Abydos is not flipped, and a Great Admiral is moved alongside the boats.

FAILURE. 3/4 OF THE UNITS ARE FLIPPED BY EGYPTIAN DEFENDERS (SEE PLOTS.) THE REMAINING 1/4 VANISH MYSTERIOUSLY.

Plot 3: A Man Worth His Salt

The men were on a quick mission. Kill him, make it discreet, and finally make it look like an accident. They were planning to poison him. Petronas picked up a small vase. “You have any idea how we’re going to kill him?” He said, humoring his apprentice. “How?” The young man said, his mind still relatively innocent. Petronas smiled. “Sulfur dibromide. We have it in solid form, so we can mix it up in its powdery form into one of his meals. They’ll give him a burial and some other men are supposed to come in and do god-knows-what. Give it a whiff.” His assistant, Marcius, put his nose a few inches from the top of the brown, drab vase, and took a little, careful sniff. He instantly recoiled. “What is this? Horse shit? It smells like brimstone.” Petronas let out a hearty laugh. “It is, actually, but a toxic form of it. Should dispose of him quickly. They got to work. The government had paid good money for this, and failure was not an option.

Petronius dug up the corpse while a Roman *Prōtostratōr* (a senior military officer, originally the Emperor’s stablemaster; lit. “First Groom”) by the name of Karolus (/u/Charlesthe50th) watched in the cool, Egyptian nights, waves of sand hitting his scarf periodically. Finally, he pulled the shovel up, revealing a gigantic stone over the top of what was marked with, in Egyptian hieroglyphs, the symbol of Osiris; ☒, an Ankh. The *Prōtostratōr* watching the desert turned back to the tomb and picked up a pick-axe half buried in the dunes, helping to pry the tomb as Petronius, used his shovel, revealing a wooden decorative covering, gold gilt layering. They pulled it off, with probably not the amount of care the work of art deserved, revealing a body. Inspecting it closer, Karolus jumped back in shock. The corpse was... crystallized! “I- I think it’s salt!” Karolus said, incredulous. “Salt? Why would there be salt on, or in the corpse?” Petronius said, not nearly as interested.

“Well, it could be that he just ate something that was astronomically filled with salt. But that’s simply not possible, or at least to the level that it would cystralize the corpse, nor would salt ever ‘crystallize’ a corpse like this, unless it was somehow embedded. The one idea that strikes me as probable is that perhaps he’s just very, very salty. Sodium chloride can have that effect on people.” Karolus said, the surprise wearing off from his face, darkened in the twilight of the Sahara. Petronius laughed, “Salty? Good jest, sir.” Karolus looked at him. “I’m serious. This kind of crystallization only lasts a day.” He looked up at the sky. “And it looks like it’s been a day. If we don’t release the body too a ‘safe’ place soon, the NaCl will evaporate because it’s melting point has been reduced because of an influx of other materials into the salt from the body. And

you do not want densely crystallized salt in the air. We could actually do something with this. Serve our country. Use the salt of another man to kill his own people.”

“Uh... Sure?” Petronius replied to Karolus rant. “Follow me”, Karolus said, beckoning for him with his rough hand, embedded with a slightly orangey tint from days of working in the sand. They pulled the body over to a tribute of the Nile, which the god’s body had not been far from, and dropped it into the shallow water. Instantly, the water turned an icy white, making the water impossible to see through. Karolus looked at it as if he had seen it a million times before. “The water should get much clearer as the body dissipates its salts.” In a moment, the body was turned into mush, without the brittle salt supporting its structure, mixing in with the mud of the Nile. They watched the salt and “body” flow down, disappearing in a minute or two into the quickly approaching dusk. Karolus thought he felt something. Guilt? No, no what he was doing was good for the empire. He shook his head, dismissing the notion, and told Petronius to gather everything. They headed off, back towards Iunu, its windows lit by the dull lights of the candles that would soon be extinguished.

They met in the back halls of a brothel, the... merry sounds mildly interfering with their extremely monumental business. The man was important; he served as an important official in the Byzantine bureaucracy, but in the winding alleys and busy streets of Iunu, he was just a speck among thousands. “So, you completed your mission, then?” Petronius responded nervously, hoping that their little deviation wouldn’t make him displeased. “We did, and we noticed something strange-” Karolus interrupted impatiently. “Yeah, yeah. That he was salty so you poured him in the Nile.” He yelled back, to someone deeper in the back rooms of the brothel. “See Donus! I told you they would get it.” He turned back to the men. “Anyway, back to business. We expected you to do that, we just didn’t want you blathering on about it to some girls in a bar while you’re drunk. Thanks though. We also put this other guy in. Forgot his name. Some kind of oriental delicacy (/u/SenshiDenshi)? Anyway, thanks for your service. We’ll also like to bring you back to Asia minor. You do not want to see the chaos that will begin to unfold here.” Petronius nodded. He was a scientist. Sure, he understood what extremely salty boys could do to a community, or even a civilisation, but he wasn’t sure about the human aspect. He would leave. The gold coins that jingled in his pockets reminded him of just how great a deed he had done for the Byzantine state. He hoped his work was enough.

A WEEK LATER... Some dumb *Aegyptian* bum looked around at the chaos everywhere around her. The disease had struck quickly, killing hundreds of thousands of people, and leaving

anyone left to scavenge through the remains. The gods were either dead, or very angry. She was careful. Anything she drunk could corrupt her with the crystalline disease spreading along the Nile. Tales told of Khartoum, the grand city to the south, merely a ghost town on a white river. She tried to get out, but was blocked by the small remains of the military that guarded every road. Martial law had been declared, but besides blocking the roads, the military was certainly not strong enough to enforce it. She had heard tales from her grandfather. Tales of how wars between the gods would spill to the overworld, wreaking havoc. Perhaps this was it. But this time, it could destroy all of Egypt. The salt was killing them all, the salty boys that had corrupted the Nile too strong to beat the resilience of the Egyptians for a thousand years. Through all their struggles against the desert, the Romans... they would go out with a whimper. A whimper of salt.

Roma Invicta!

Invested: /u/Charlesthe50th (+4), 720 gold (+18), plot bonus to /u/Charlesthe50th from super-event (+1), /u/SenshiDenshi's salty mummy, 1 Swordsman (+2), 1 Trireme (+2), 1 Chariot Archer (+2) [+29]

Results: Byzantium acquires /u/EmeraldRange's salty body, dead or alive, and poisons the Nile's waters with both that body, and with /u/senshidenshi's similarly-salty body, killing Egyptian units adjacent to, sailing on, or otherwise in the vicinity of the Nile and her tributaries, and lowering the population of Egyptian cities adjacent to the Nile.

PARTIAL SUCCESS. IUNU LOSES 7 POPULATION. HOWEVER, EACH ROMAN-CONTROLLED AEGYPTIAN CITY LOSES 3 POPULATION AS WELL.

Plot 4: The Whores of Babylon

RP: After the fall of the Great Lady of the East, there had been much chaos throughout the known world. Millions had been slaughtered as the great city was violated, sacked, burned, and torn to the ground. Thousands had lay dead in the streets, and thousands had fled the city. Women were raped, children enslaved, men cut down where they stood as the Persians rampaged through the city. All races, ethnicities, all types of people, none were spared. Other than one curious group. The prostitutes.

Evidently, and hilariously, the great sackers of the whore of the east considered prostitutes holy, and did not kill the many women of comfort throughout the city. They let them leave as the city was sacked, and as the population dropped by half. They say that before the city fell, 5% of the entire city was prostitutes. After the city was sacked and left burning, only 300 prostitutes remained, greatly tanking the economy of the region. Even the great whores known throughout the entire world were gone, either taken by the Persians for use in their own great city, or let to blow into the wind.

A fair number of these women ended up in the Empire, where they felt they could find considerable business, seeing as the Romans were rich beyond compare. And they were right, as the many men of Roma poured into their new brothels, along with their new-found cash, fresh from the days they had spent working. They seemed to be only a benefit for the empire. The only groups with a major issue with the brothels were the clergy and certain government officials that seemed to think that the whores could be Persian spies.

Two government officials, the *Sakellarios* (the chief treasurer and fiscal comptroller of the Byzantine government; lit. “Treasurer”) Christodouloupoulous (/u/Lurking_Chronicler) and *Prōtasēkrētis* (chief of the Byzantine chancery; lit. “First Secretary”) and *Chartouarios tou Kanikleiou* (a senior Byzantine chancery official, and a personal advisor to the Emperor; lit. “Keeper of the Inkstand”) Emilia-Ana Andonov (/u/OfBleedingRoses), along with *Imperator Caesar* Justinian I *Pius Felix Invictus Augustus* (/u/Legobloxcraft2), the *Basileus kai Autokratōr Rhomaïōn* (“Emperor and Autocrat of the Romans”) himself, were initially suspicious of these prostitutes, but warmed up to the idea of them, considering the profits running into the Byzantine economy. Though devout Catholics, every man has their weakness, and for these officials it was money. Considering her weaknesses in a prayer session on morning, Emilia had a sudden revelation. These prostitutes, when Babylon had fallen, had scattered in all directions.

Who was to say a few thousand hadn't ended up in Egypt as well as the empire?

She quickly grabbed Christodouloupoulous and, with *Imperator* Justinian I's assent, they went onto the street, into the nearest brothel, where they quickly found the madam. Stating that they were on government business, they asked if any of her workers would be interested in working with the government. In exchange, the women would be paid off of the government dime and reputations scrubbed, so that they could live a normal life apart from that of a common prostitute. The madam, of course, would have her pockets greased as well. Upon seeing the money, the madam immediately gathered her ladies together, and many decided to take the offer.

Many brothels later, the officials had a significant number of prostitutes from all over Constantinople. The women were all led to a building, which their new money jingling in their pockets, and were told to sit.

Emilia said, "Welcome ladies! We know you are ladies of loose morals, and that is going to help us today. As you know, the mighty Roman Empire is at war with the rebellious province of *Aegyptus*. We would like your contribution to the war effort. Here on this table, we have many saboteur items for you. It would be nice of you to travel to Egypt in pairs, and work our dirty work. We have Greek fire, poisons, knives, and so on and so forth. The time a man is his least vulnerable is in bed, as you likely know. Attempt to work your way into the *Aegyptian* camps, and when the time is right, you must strike. Kill the officers first, and as many men as possible. Poison the food, the drink, any items you can. We have plenty of poison for you, as well as instructions to make more. We have spending. We have all you could possibly need. All we need is your willingness to help your country, and your *Imperator*. Should you do this for us, your reputation will be fixed, and you shall be provided with all you could desire, for life."

Many women stood up and left, being allowed to keep their money to keep their mouths shut. However, others with some fire in their eyes, stayed.

Emilia looked at Christodouloupoulous and smiled. All was going as planned, and Justinian I could take the credit for another successful operation.

All over Anatolia, prostitutes left their staging buildings and migrated towards *Aegyptus*.

Roma Invicta!

Invested: /u/Legobloxcraft (+4), /u/Lurking_Chronicler (+4), /u/OfBleedingRoses (+4), 480 gold (+12) [+24]

Results: Byzantium kills as many Egyptian military units as possible with imposter Babylonian whores, focusing on the units nearest to the cities to be flipped in Plot 1, and those units not otherwise affected by other offensive plotting this part.

SUCCESS. 9 EGYPTIAN UNITS DIE OF SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES.

Plot 5: Reconnaissance in Force

RP: With the war against the rebellious province of *Aegyptus* failing to resolve itself in one quick, decisive strike, *Imperator Caesar* Justinian I *Pius Felix Invictus Augustus*, the *Basileus kai Autokratōr Rhomaíōn* (“Emperor and Autocrat of the Romans”), had decreed that a more calculated approach to resolving the situation was necessary. The job of coordinating and facilitating this new approach fell to Phocas Angelos Komnenos (/u/Tefmon),, *Mesazōn* (the Emperor’s principal advisor and chief minister; lit. “Intermediary”), *Megas Logothetēs* (the senior-most of the *logothetai*, and overall supervisor of the civil service; lit. “Grand Minister”), *Logothetēs tou Dromou* (a senior minister responsible chiefly for diplomacy and intelligence; lit. “Minister of the Public Post”), and *Magister Officiorum* (a senior official with a wide-ranging administrative mandate; lit. “Master of Offices”) of the Eastern Roman Empire. Phocas, having finally finished with the paperwork and ceremonies and other such nonsense required to accede to his late adoptive father’s titles and offices, was ready and eager to start with his first major project.

After a review of the less-than-flawlessly-successful first invasion, Phocas and Mamuous Texodius (/u/MamuTXD), the *Domestikos tōn Exkoubitōn* (commander of the *Exkoubitores*, or Sentinels, one of Emperor’s elite guard regiments; lit. “Domestic of the Sentinels”) and one of the generals on the ground during the invasion, determined that a lack of accurate, actionable intelligence about the *Aegyptian* defences had been the primary contributor to the invasion’s mediocre results. To remedy this, a two-pronged stratagem was devised by the two men, with military reconnaissance forces and civilian intelligence operatives working in tandem.

The first prong was organized by Mamuous, who was intimately familiar with the terrain of *Aegyptus* and the tactics of the *Aegyptian* forces, due to his experience spearheading the first invasion. Several new reconnaissance regiments, recruited from veteran light infantry and

cavalry units, and personally trained by Mamuou and his senior *Exkoubitores*, were raised for deployment. As allowed by Byzantine naval supremacy in the eastern Mediterranean and northern Nile, these units were continuously inserted into and exfiltrated from *Aegyptus*'s northern lands, by a dedicated squadron of warships. The deployments of these scouting units were made without undue presence near primary invasion targets, nor during the opening phases of major assaults, to avoid inadvertently giving away any useful information about the larger Byzantine invasion plans.

These scouts would perform the traditional reconnaissance roles of taking detailed notes of *Aegyptian* defences, keeping track of *Aegyptian* troop movements, as well as harassing lightly-defending *Aegyptian* positions, and engaging *Aegyptus*'s own scouting parties, denying them the ability to maintain clear information themselves. Additionally, *Aegyptian* messengers and couriers, travelling to and from *Aegyptus*'s northern cities and military formations, would be ruthlessly hunted by these scouts, to deny the *Aegyptian* forces the ability to properly coordinate, and to receive strategic direction from the capital. The Byzantine scouts would, of course, be told as little as practical about the Byzantine military's larger plans, and be conditioned to take their own lives before risking capture, to prevent the *Aegyptians* from trying to extract intelligence from them.

The second prong, organized by Phocas, took a more subtle, but no less effective, route. Despite their eventual reconquest by the marauding *Aegyptian* traitors, the twin cities of Nubt and Abydos had been successfully brought under Byzantine rule for decades. Decades of competent and magnanimous rule brings allies and sympathizers, which Phocas sought to exploit. Due to the heavy presence of the *Agentes in Rebus* (Couriers, inspectors, and general-purpose goons of the central government; lit. "Those Who Are Active in Matters") in those cities, many of the most loyal and least conspicuous of those sympathizers had already been recruited as Byzantine operatives. It was these loyal patriots who hid Byzantine *agentes* in their homes when the *Aegyptian* forces retook the cities, and who established communication links between them and Constantinople via neutral parties, such as Phoenician merchants, and through sacrosanct diplomatic embassies.

These sympathizers, coordinated by the veteran *agentes* hidden within the cities, took careful notes on each city's respective internal defences, political climate, and unusual events, such as unexpected merchant convoys, visits of central *Aegyptian* officials, and, obviously, changes in military presence. From the far reaches of the Roman Empire, and the bustling maritime

trading hubs within, additional operatives were recruited, chosen for their physical closeness to the standard *Aegyptian* phenotype, knowledge of Byzantine culture and customs, and undying loyalty to the Roman state. These operatives, due to the chaos and confusion caused by open warfare, were deployed outside of *Aegyptian* cities, from those on the Mediterranean coast all the way to the venerable *Aegyptian* capital of Iunu, and posed as war refugees, persecuted minorities fleeing the hated “Turkey Bird”, and regular old *Aegyptian* citizens whose documents had just been misplaced in the chaos of war. These operatives, both original and newly-inserted, worked to recruit like-minded denizens to their righteous cause, and to smuggle additional *agentes* into their respective cities.

However, long-term infiltration was not the goal of these brave men and women. Information gathering, often at great personal risk, was. As the promotion of several previously-unheard of *Aegyptian* godlings into senior administrative positions proves, the *Aegyptian* machinery of state was in disarray. This, and the *Aegyptian* army being in a permanent full recruiting drive, made it relatively easy for Byzantine operatives to gain access to *Aegyptian* administrative and military posts, and to pass on sensitive documents and overheard conversations to their true Roman masters. When documents could not be passed on, they were burned, and when conversations could not be covertly overheard, the conversants were killed, disrupting the ability of the *Aegyptian* military and government to function.

All this information, from the scouts and spies and other sources, was assessed and analyzed by the Byzantine command staff, and used extensively to plan major operations in a way that circumvented *Aegyptian* preparations. Tactical operations commanders and their staff were fed constant updates on the status of *Aegyptian* forces opposing them, allowing for the Byzantine commanders to counter their foes moves on the fly. And, of course, the sabotage of *Aegyptus*’s communications lines and administration meant that *Aegyptian* forces were disorganized and confused, unable to react to Byzantine advances in a timely manner, and unable to coordinate a cohesive defence across the whole theatre of war.

Roma Invicta!

Invested: /u/Tefmon (+4), /u/MamuTXD (+4), plot bonus to /u/Tefmon from super-event (+1), plot bonus from /u/Tefmon’s shady goons (+1), 320 gold (+8), 4 Triremes (+8) [+26]

Results: Byzantium nullifies any Egyptian antiplot and RP bonuses against Byzantine and allied

offensive plots this part.

ENORMOUS FAILURE. LEADING BYZANTINE SCOUTS, TEF AND MAMU ARE CAPTURED BY EGYPTIANS.

EGYPT

ACTIONS FOR EGYPT - PART 5

DIPLOMACY

NAME - Kemet (km.t) (𓆎𓅓𓏏𓏂) (קֶמֶת)

FRIENDSHIP - Oman, Persia, Georgia

DENOUNCE - Turkey

NO ACTIVITY - Others

TRIBUTE - Khartoum

PACT OF PROTECTION - Jerusalem

NON-AGGRESSION - Oman

GIVE - the settler in the south-west to [REDACT]

GIVE - 3 missionaries to Oman in return for 2PP of gold (80g)

GET - 10 units from [REDACT], preferably 5 comp bows, 2 or 3 spearmen and the remainder in triremes - place all in the H'pī delta, where the Turks so greatly like to place their units

PRAYERS

TO BASED CC - pls continue to show pics of our production and **implement all of our actions :pray:**, and thank based CC for implementing our actions last partte (except technologies and such, pls do that). Praise be and may he remember to implement our plot results. (And pls don't implement turkey's, they're bad eggs)

TO BASED AIME - pls gib the good rolls to us, we are good servants tho we are gods and you are one of us, so we'll buy you some ambrosia next saturday if you give us good roles kthx u don't want a hostile workplace also sooner we beat turkey eggs sooner we can do the funky stuff also

pls read taqn's and ivy's plotes they're amazing :pray:

TECHNOLOGIES

Please actually switch Drama and Poetry for Currency you didn't do it last part

SOCIAL POLICIES

Please switch Mandate of Heaven for Warrior Code, and spawn a Great General on the front lines, under a unit

EVENT

Option BIG MONEY - eat up bois

CITY CONTROL

<https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/4/49/AncientEgyptmap-hiero.svg>

/u/EmeraldRange - Iunu

/u/Ignus_ - Abydos

/u/Niloc989 - Perwadjyt

/u/Ivyarrows - Inbu-Hedj

/u/Simon133000 - Nubt

/u/taqn22 - Waset

/u/Blazingbeta - Behdet

/u/DrPac - Nekhen

/u/10Moku01 - Khumun

/u/AdamCroslow - Nenj-Neswt

/u/CaptainFrankReynolds - Djedet

/u/PurpleSkyHoliday - Thinis

/u/TheSnappedCrowbar - Yebu

/u/Gamerforever - Ta-Ynt-Netert

/u/Enigma-Conundrum -

SOCIAL POLICIES

Swap Mandate of Heaven for Warrior Code

ACTION POINTS

12 AP total (10 base + 2 from Khartoum)

-6 AP on 3 triremes in Nekhen

-4AP to move, to around Iunu, the swordsman near Ta-Ynt-Netert, the spearman near Behdet, the spearman near Waset, and the comp bow near Nenj-Neswt (AFTER ALL PLOTS HAPPEN) (evenly divide east and west of the H'pī)

-2AP on trireme near Abydos

0 AP remaining

TREASURY

289 initial gold (PP = 40g) (7pp and 9g)

+80 from Khartoum

+80 from Oman

-127 to plot 2

-162 to plot 3

-120 to plot 4

-40 to plot 1

0 gold remaining

PLOTS

OUR PLOTS RP-WISE OCCUR IN ORDER AS SHOWN BELOW

Currently-Active Antiplot Bonuses:

+7 against amphibious plots/invasions (from Part 3's plot; decays by 2 points per part)

Currently-Active Plot Bonuses:

+1 to plots occurring in cities under Pesedjet

+4 to all plots this part from “god of sun, king of shade” plot last part

+2 to plots containing /u/EmeraldRange or /u/Ignus_ (event)

+1 to a plot that /u/EmeraldRange or /u/Ignus_ choose (event)

****Plot 1: Ascend with Isis and Descend with Nephthys ****

RP: The Nile, the H'pī, was red. Red from the blood of slain turkeys and red from the anger of Nephthys (/u/PurpleSkyHoliday). Wife of Chaos, Wielder of dark magic and daughter of the sky and the Earth was red with anger. It said that Nephthys is sometimes a rather ferocious and dangerous divinity, capable of incinerating the enemies of the Pharaoh with her fiery breath. The Turkey birds would see that this was not just a line stolen from wikipedia!

“ISIS! (/u/TheSnappedCrowbar)” barked She whose waters fed the Mediterranean Lake, “ISIS! Prepare to destroy these infidel birds!”

“Yes, sister, these turkeys are indeed very annoying. I feel like my kites (the birds) would be happy to feast on such plump birds.” said the woman wearing a flowing white dress and holding a staff adorned with an ankh-like shape.

“The next time they enter the deltas near Abydos they WILL BE CRUSHED BY A WAVE OF WATER AND SUNKEN INTO THE DARKNESS WITH THE WRATH OF NUT’S DARK SIDE!” screamed Nephthys, spitting with rage as the sentence went on.

Nephthys turned to the river and screamed, “HAPI! (/u/Blazingbeta) COME HERE AND DESTROY THE TURKEY BIRDS.”

A blue and rather fat man, who looked like a drowsy genie, emerged from the waters as Isis chided Nephthys, “Channel your anger to destroying the turkeys, not your throat.... In any case, it sounds like a good plan. Seeing as I am the goddess of Magic. I might as well use my powers to blow the infidels up.”

“Blow the infidels up. Sounds good. In fact, blow them up so hard that THEIR BURNING CORPSE SHOOT UP INTO THE SUN.”

Nephthys turned to look at her sister with a crazed grin, “ In fact, they will be destroyed so hard that for generations to come, people will use our actions as a funerary rite! My son Anubis is becoming quite predisposed to funerals. In fact, we can write the rites for these turkeys already! Anubis (/u/Enigma-Conundrum), come here and record this!”

"Ascend and descend; descend with Nephthys, sink into darkness with the Night-BARK! Ascend and descend; ascend with Isis, rise with the Day-BARK!"

- Pyramid Text Utterance 222 line 210.

“Anubis, get your jackal head in line....” said Isis with an annoyed tone.

“Sorry, aunt-BARK” came the reply from the jackal-headed god.

“And go fetch Osiris (/u/EmeraldRange). We need to discuss this” said Isis while trying to hold Nephthys back from doing lashing out at the sea.

After only a few seconds, Osiris appeared at his sister’s side. “Ah... Nephthys” he said as he looked wearily at the blood-eyed and crazed woman. “I’ve heard that you want the turkey birds

to sink into darkness and to ascend into the sun with the day?”

“YES. OSIRIS HELP ISIS BLOW UP THE INFIDELS NOW!!!!” screamed Nephthys, started to be less of an angry woman and more of an out-of-control goddess.

“Yes yes, so I’ve heard. In any case, we can’t blow them up now because they aren’t there yet. But they’re definitely going to come by the Nile. I’ve heard news of their purchase of many naval bums. Unfortunately, there are no Turkey birds in the Nile right now. “ said Osiris dismissively before turning to Hapi, “Hapi, I believe you and Nephthys would be able to kill them should they come to the river. Both of you wield water magic and Hapi is literally the river. I’ll take Anubis to wait in the underworld. As Ammit is on vacation, we’ll just have to bring them back from the dead as a zombie army. Isis can probably deal with some of the other logistics.”

Isis turned to Nephthys, “**So here’s my plan**, sister. We build a makeshift dam north of Iunu and once you detect the Byzantines moving into the Nile, you break the dam, sending a wave to drown the birds when they attempt to take Abydos or Nubt. Hapi can do the detect and keep the turkey birds submerged, although I doubt they can swim. They might drown or the crocodiles might eat them.

“I, on the other hand, will keep watch near the coasts of Nekhen. I have a very interesting device thought of that could blow them out of the water. As all of you should know, they have some greek fire stuff. Imagine if a bunch of flammable fuel exploded across their fleet? Imagine barrels of animal fats and date oils landing onto their greek fire. Our composite bowmen can shoot fiery arrows. Most importantly, I, as Isis will also be exploding the lard everywhere with the magic of the gods!”

Osiris clapped, and then stopped very quickly as he realised that nobody else was. Anubis was growling awkwardly in the corner and Nephthys was shouting at the sky. Hapi was just standing there in the water, presumably naked. “Oh... uh...erm... Yeah. Anubis and I will go off to the underworld to wait for dead turkey birds to revive into zombies?”

“Yes, uncle. They wouldn’t have undergone any of the proper funerary rites if they just drowned in the river. In fact, if they drowned in the river or the ocean. I’d be easy for me to intercept them before their ba reached the underworld even if their ka leaves their turkey bodies. In fact.... It would be even more ironic because if I reanimate their ba, they would be essentially

giant turkey birds with human heads. In any case, even if I can't catch them all they'll just be dead and make their way to your halls anyways."

"Awesome. Good luck drowning them Isis and Nephthys. Let us set up the underworld for the death of hundreds of turkey birds. Glory to Kemet."

"Glory to Kemet," said Isis

"GLORY TO KEMET. DIE YOU TURKEYS"

"Glory to Kemet-BARK!"

"Oh.. erm. Glory to Kemet."

RISKED - /u/EmeraldRange (Osiris, +2 additional from event), /u/Enigma-Conundrum (Anubis), /u/BlazingBeta (Hapi), /u/TheSnappedCrowbar (Isis), /u/PurpleSkyHoliday (Nephthys), +4 from plot bonuses, +5 from being in Pesedjet territory for five gods, 40 gold for Isis's devices

SUCCESS - Kill any units loyal to Byzantium attempting to attack Egypt through the Nile and bring them back from the dead (i.e. flip their units).

PARTIAL SUCCESS. 3/4 OF INVADING UNITS ARE KILLED.

Plot 2: BITCH BE HUMBLE

Cries of "*Merhaba*" and "*Satılık*" filled the air as Horus and I walked through the streets of İstanbul, shopkeepers attempting to wave us over and shoppers going in our stead. We wore habits of brown to blend in better; however, the people around us all wore bright enough clothes that the bland color harmed our stealth rather than helped. I guided Horus along, holding the sleeve of his habit to make sure he didn't get lost - the goddamn idiot learnt Greek instead of Turkish. Looks like their state propaganda worked on at least one person. At any rate, he was absolutely useless - I had considered going back to get another partner when I had learnt of his folly, but we had Set as well anyways, and everyone else was already involved in their own plots, and there was the whole bureaucracy... and in the end, I decided it couldn't hurt me more than going through the bureaucratic process would. I had instated the process itself to maximize delay time - and I instated it well.

A vendor came out of his stall and laid his hand on my shoulder, letting out a booming, “*Merhaba bayım - tavuskuşu ister misin?*” roll out of his jovial mouth.

I quietly responded with, “*Hayır teşekkürler*” and went on my way, but Horus asked:

“What did he say?”

“He was just asking if we wanted a peacock.”

“But all he had was turkeys!”

“Horus, you have to understand this - Byzantium operates under the largest case of state-sponsored denial ever seen, capable of spawning doublethinking of breathtaking proportions. How else do they call themselves Greco-Roman in the same breath as saying “*Ben Türküm*”? How else do they say that we’re a province of theirs, or that there was no diplomatic fault in their backstab of us? We probably could have come here in divine garb and the locals would wish so greatly not to believe in our existence that they would see us the same as we appear now. All you can do is accept it and move on - they’re hopeless.”

“Then why do we bother with this habit? It itches - and the mud we rubbed on our skin makes me feel dirty. At least we didn’t rough ourselves up to make us really look like beggars, as Set was pushing.”

“You see, that’s the beauty of it. Here, living their lives, the denial may work in full sway - but we wear this not for the streets. We wear it for the Hippodrome, where emotions rise and inhibitions are lowered.”

Finally, we reached the end of the streetside markets and entered the Hippodrome. Due to state regulation, vendors weren’t allowed to sell within several feet of the entrance - yet the area was still packed, and it took several minutes to enter completely, and several more to find a seat. Horus and I sat, nestled between two rather burlish looking folks - each a green shirt. All the people on our side of the stadium had a green shirt, in fact - with the other side all donning blue, except for some white and red specks among the masses. Looking carefully, I saw several familiar faces - but Set, being far on the opposite side, was indistinguishable. Whatever - if there’s anything he could be trusted with doing, it’s creating chaos.

Byzantium hasn’t been in the best of states as of late, no matter the façade they wish to show. Their large treasury is due to a high tax rate, and a cutting of domestic expenditure - resulting

in crumbling infrastructure and starved people. Even in their military itself, the very thing they accumulate a treasury to fund, they cut corners on every level. Their mercenaries were even bought at minimum wage prices! We could pay them more, on top of the money they already received. Attempting to put this issue to the wayside until after the war, they've been pumping what's left of their domestic budget into hippodromes, hoping that they'd distract the people from these new issues growing like mushrooms after a rain. Unfortunately, much like all the other façades they've attempted, all parties easily saw through it - and like all distractions they've attempted, it merely focused the parties it was directed to. Bread and circuses, as goes the old saying - but they had no bread, and these were not circuses. The hippodromes instead heightened tensions, and the lack of bread redirected their anger from each other to the state. The fuse was set - all it needed was a match.

“Το άλογολαρ... έρθω!”

Horus smirked smugly and nudged my shoulder.

“Hah - it's supposed to be *‘Τα άλογα έρχονται’* - the announcer used that Turkish plural you were talking about, and his conjugation--”

“Don't goddamn remind me, you imbecile!” I snapped, remembering all the hours he wasted learning this fake propaganda language. Calming down, I apologized, “Sorry - the stress's just getting to me. Just wait - and don't forget what I told you on the way here.”

As the horses raced through the track, both sides began in their chanting. “*Yeşil*” and “*Mavi*” blended on top of each other, and general ruckus began to rise. Waiting until the right moment, we sat - until Horus stood, bringing me to his side.

“*Ölüm! Parazitlere Ölüm! Bizim ekmek nerede? Bizim paramız nerede?*” Horus shouted into the crowd, and I followed suit. Quickly, KM.T plants joined into the cry, provoking the spectators even further across the stadium. I could hear Set even from over there, over all the crowd, booming with the fires of a thousand flames, enraptured by the chaos about him.

“KEMET'in bize altın var! KEMET vatandaşlarından çalmıyor! KEMET'in ekmeği var! Savaşı Durdur! Parazitlere Ölüm! Zafer! Nika!”

The crowd roared and the horses started, ignoring their bonds and running all amok, slamming

into one another - and soon, the whole hippodrome rang with the cry-

“NIKA! NIKAI! NIKAI!”

RISKED - /u/Ignus_ (Ra, +2 additional from event), /u/Simon133000 (Horus), /u/Gamerforever (Set, God of Chaos), +4 from plot bonuses, 3 scouts (the KM.T plants in the stadiums) ([\(1, 2\)](#), [3](#), 127g to pay the mercenaries and people to join us instead of them

SUCCESS - Soldiers in the Byzantine homeland, especially around the capital, revolt to us or to barbarians, along with their mercenaries hopefully switching sides to raid their lands, as we are paying them more than they paid them before.

SUCCESS. THE MERCENARIES, AS WELL AS 9 TROOPS NEAR THE CAPITAL, REVOLT.

Translations:

- *Merhaba* - Hello
- *Satılık* - For sale
- *Merhaba bayım - tavuskuşu ister misin?* - Hello mister - do you want to buy a peacock?
- *Hayır teşekkürler* - No thank you
- *Greco-Roman* - Fake Turkish propaganda
- *Ben Türküm* - I am a Turk
- *Τα άλογα έρχονται* - The horses are coming
- *Yeşil* - Green
- *Mavi* - Blue
- *Ölüm!* - Death
- *Parazitlere Ölüm!* - Death to the parasites!
- *Bizim ekmek nerede?* - Where's our bread?
- *Bizim paramız nerede?* - Where's our gold?
- *KEMET'in bize altın var!* - KM.T has gold!
- *KEMET vatandaşlarından çalmıyor!* - KM.T doesn't steal from its citizens!
- *KEMET'in ekmeği var!* - KM.T has bread!
- *Savaşı Durdur!* - Stop the war!
- *Zafer!* - Victory!

- Νικά! - Victory!

Plot 3: Flamekiller, the Silenced

The loud crack of thunder rippled through the darkened sky, an ominous call of storms and water. With an angry fist, the sandstone underneath my throne cracked under the pressure and power of such anger.

Romans.

The rains fell down in sheets, sharp like daggers, as the sand greedily drank it up without a second thought. Far in the landscape shown the city in the dark, being taken and retaken by soldiers.

Romans.

Gritting my teeth together, my mouth opened as I screeched out in defilement and fury, the sound reverberating across the desert like a harsh shriek of hatred that shook the very sand.

ROMANS.

Pushing aside a red-clothed priestess with rage, I stepped forth from the darkness, coming into the feeble torchlight. Blood glinted on my claws and fur as the glowing light shone in my crazed amber eyes.

It was time for them to die.

With another step forward, my howl of anger quickly turned into agony as glowing liquid fire seemed to burn in my veins, incinerating every nerve. The pained echo stretched and haunted the desert night as I felt the burning heat slowly dissipated into my body with an uncomfortable shudder. With a pained pant, I felt power slowly ripple underneath my skin like an unseen tide, leaving me choking on the black blood coming up from the back of my throat. The priestess looked at me with fear and horror as I turned my head to see her terrified panic. Her quick feet immediately picked up as she shot off like a desert hare, and as soon as she fled, my new instinct already pulled my body to the hunt. Stretching my shoulders and trying to get comfortable in my new skin, I shot off at an unholy speed, chasing the poor girl through the

shifting sands with a lurch.

With a sharp growl, I tackled her to the ground, pinning her face into the dust as my breathing shuddered and quivered as if learning how to breathe for the first time. The cooling desert air felt like ice. Grinning satisfied, I twisted the girl around and ripped out her heart before she even gasped. Her blood was barely noticeable on the red fabric as her mouth twitched and her eyes gave me a dull pleading gaze. The last flickers of her struggling faded as her heart still thumped in my hand, slowing. A low chuckle came from my lips as I put the whole heart into my large jaws that snapped immediately shut. Sharp fangs and teeth munched on the hot morsel before my gaze settled far into the distance, past the still dark horizon, to the Romans.

Rome was not built in a day, but it could burn down in one.

I stared at the Persian slave caravans indifferently, remembering the first time the fiery power flowed through my veins. Swirling sand eagerly twisting around the large wheels of such vehicles was a common sight. They were surprisingly colorful and bright, with large swatches of silks ordained on their wood sides. Quite a farce to their actual purpose one had to muse. The man that owned this franchise built his grand wealth on the lives of others, but this was not my concern, not my jurisdiction. The Persian Celestial Advisor, Khashayar, has spoken with the other Egyptian gods and has let me use this valuable resource. Under the guise of the slave master's son, we were to visit the fine cities of Byzantine to hopefully expand his network. The man hastily agreed to the task, knowing he'd gain the Celestial Advisor's favor in such a tumultuous time, without knowing the true dangers of such a deal. Greed was that man's mistress, and for his slaves' sake, his untimely death. My disgust at such filthy mortal morals would have to be put aside for the greater goals though, despite the amusement for killing this pitiful man.

He walked out with his arms wide, teeth badly taken care of despite the riches wrapped around his body; some of the finest of artesian silks. With his smile, he barked out a friendly greeting to me in Persian, looking down on my small frame with an almost unsure look in his eyes. I merely looked like a young Persian boy. Letting the words flow from my lips, I explained that he would be taking me to the Byzantine Empire and that we would be looking at their goods and specifically, Greek Fire. His eyes squinted in hesitation and apprehension as I looked him in his

dark orbs.

"You take orders from me," I spoke quietly, dominance seeping from every syllable. In shock, he almost stepped back before standing up straight and poking me in the chest.

"You're a mere boy! What can you do to me!" he exclaimed back, becoming aggressive. A few seconds of silence passed before I responded slowly.

"I have seen men fall to the ground and beg for mercy before ripping them into pieces. I have seen the desert become as lush as a jungle and taken away that fertility. I have seen the gods, and you have no right to speak to one like you are now." The wind picked up and snaked around us like a malevolent creature, pacing its way like a predator would look at its prey. The seconds continued to pass before the man swallowed loudly and bowed his head, submitting. With an irritated scoff, I motioned for us to leave for the coast as I walked into the largest caravan and sat on a red lush pillow.

Swinging back and forth, I held onto the railing as tight as I could, trying to hold my insides from becoming my outsides. Wish I could have rested on that damn pillow for longer.

Turns out gods aren't made for seafaring.

The boat lurched one way then another as the frothy waves smacked into the ship's hull, not helping my queasy stomach. Hearing a low chuckle, the slavemaster watched me cling to the wood for dear life as I whipped my head behind me.

"Irony," he muttered with a guttural laugh before walking off to talk to the captain, leaving me to fend for myself. The sailors had a good laugh of my lack of sea legs as I remembered what Amun-Ra told me.

"Ammut, your body can't withstand Sekhmet's power!" he cried out angrily, looking at me in disbelief.

"Amun-Ra. You know this is the only way for me to succeed, this is our only option." I quipped back, weary as my hands flung out in opposition.

"Ammut, you're practically a goddess, but you don't understand! Your. Body. Cannot. Take. Sekhmet's. Power. It will kill you." he replied with just as much force, almost begging me not to do

this. Wadj-wer walked in, unaware of the situation.

"Lord Amun-Ra, there's been a-" he began, interrupted.

"We don't have a choice." I uttered quietly with finality, looking down and curling my hand into a fist before walking out of Amun-Ra's temple before he could say another word.

"There's been an update with the Persians." his voice was low and subtle in the tension of the room and my loud footsteps.

Black liquid spewed from my lips as my head hung over the side of the boat, the acidic taste of blood stuck and stung in my mouth as I coughed up the toxic sludge. My vision started fading in and out as the ship still rocked back and forth without a whim. I couldn't help but doubt:

Was this the right decision?

Opening my sea salt crusted eyelids, the quiet whisper of waves caressed my tired mind as we sailed into the port town of Cilicia peacefully. The lingering thoughts of Amun-Ra's warnings and the possibility of failure rung in my head like a loud chiming bell, not letting me ignore the urge to fall back asleep.

"Come, son." the slavemaster roused me, pulling me out of bed, only for me to fall like a klutz onto the floorboards. With a pathetic struggle, I climbed out of the blankets and shuffled to get myself ready.

As quick as a blur, we were off the ship and into the large crowds of merchants in the port's dizzying bazaar. Loud calls of prices and wares echoed and were barked around like birds tweeting and chirping in the oases. With a slight cough, the magic of the bazaar disappeared and I rushed to wipe off my blackened hand on a passing tent flap, trying to wipe away the inevitable reality. In an instinctive shudder, I knew I couldn't truly wipe it away.

The market faded quickly as we continued onto the bustling city, towards the large hippodrome. Full of sights and sounds and smells, the crowds were almost disorienting as we were jostled into our seats at the beginning of a roaring game. The chariot races began with a large scream

from the fans, the dirt spewing up as the competitors fought. It was a thrilling experience, no wonder the Byzantines loved these so much.

I needed to figure out a way to steal Greek Fire though, the lifeblood of the Byzantine offensive. The screams of joy faded as my mind became as quiet as the desert, peaceful and silent.

"Ammut." the voice whispered, her voice lulling like a soft melody.

"Who are you?" I questioned back, confused at the sudden encounter.

"Sekhmet, the one whose power you stole." her voice deepened into a growl, not passive in the slightest.

"I needed to do this, you'll have it back when I'm done, I swear." I pleaded, feeling the fiery hot embers starting to sear my blood again.

"What makes you think I can trust you, you're a demon after all." with the utmost disdain, she looked at me with a glare, not believing a word I said. Her eyes were like pits of dark, smouldering fire.

"I'll give up my true name." my hushed voice barely muttered and heard in the desert wind.

There was silence.

"Steal the Greek Fire by getting the slavemaster to drink with the guards of the manufacturing places that you saw earlier, while he's busy, you steal as much as you can and buy off couriers that will destroy the hippodromes utterly on the day they celebrate the war with Egypt. It will be in two month's time. Ride fast and you'll succeed. You have two months from today before I take what's mine." she purred, giving me the insight I needed at a dear cost.

Sand fading, the cries of the exuberant people around me continued to roar as I snapped out of a holy meditation.

Following her word, the chariot races began to die down and I instructed the slavemaster to do his task. It didn't take long, for the men who were guards of such a valuable facility, were paid a pretty penny for doing such, and that wealth showed in their overly extravagant clothes. Watching the man fade through the swarming crowd, I left the Hippodrome and headed to the manufacturing site as the sun began to droop in the sky.

It was a red eye, another symbol of the troubled Egypt I needed to protect. I kept walking.

Amun-Ra's words filled my head in the hazy, fading daylight.

"Ammutkh, let it be known of your fury, let it be known the Flamekiller has descended." the faint words echoed as his voice faded, as night had fallen."

With a nod to myself, I found my feet in front of a building that would change the world forever.

A sharp exhale later, and I was in the facility. It wasn't that hard to sneak in with no guards. I examined all the rooms and saw the barrels. They seemed to be coated in a strange shiny liquid, something to keep the volatile fluid inside from combustion I assumed. It would be impossible for me to carry these all out by myself. There seemed to be around 30 large barrels the size of kegs. Making a note of all the details in the building, I examined everything. I had to travel back to the boat, deposit the barrels, then send them out across the Byzantine Empire. Heavily sighing, I turned and left the building, enacting my plan.

As the night progressed, soon enough, the men I had brought with me and also hired brought the Greek Fire barrels to the ship using the wagons I bought.

There was a long silence, the city was still and asleep.

The men were mostly Persian and some were just spiteful Byzantines, their cultures being repressed under Roman ideals. They would be under the guise of transporting the Greek Fire to the other cities under the word of the owner of the port's facility, whose name I found in a worn book deep in the building. Supposed cheap hired hands. It was the perfect night, if not drunk from the slavemaster, it seemed guards were drunk from the hippodrome's festivities. Such a celebratory thing could also be one's downfall.

Telling the men each of their targets and the weak spots of a hippodrome, another thing found in the book from the Greek Fire producers, they understood; and luckily, it seemed that same owner was the overseer of many projects built, such as the Hippodrome. It was a noble cause. In the deep darkness, they rode off on the wagon, not seen again, and waiting for the day to strike.

It was quiet after they left. Still quiet. Uncomfortably silent. The desert was never this devoid of sound. I went back into the ship and stood on the deck. Silence. Silent silence. Still silent silence. With an exhausted sigh, I closed my eyes and my head dipped low towards the calm water. Silence. The end would always be silence.

There was no point in trying to think, to pass the time. Days were like blinking, to a god.

Months were like a long yawn. Years, mere conversations. Before I could even tell, it was my last day. Two last barrels of Greek Fire was withheld. The guards had tried to search for the thieves, but everyone being so drunk, nobody knew who did it, and with so many ships passing through, the suspects could have been long gone. But. But today, I didn't worry about that. Today is my last day. My condition was getting worse, my mortal form was shredding itself apart from the inside out. The hemorrhages were as common a pain as a headache.

Swallowing, barely enough, the blood slipped back down my throat, almost requiring my full concentration. The slavemaster had done his job and had left. The couriers had travelled to their cities and left. Now it was I, who was left.

The cart I was in was supposed to supply brilliant Greek Fire, the ultimate display of Byzantine power in a show for the people. Buying off a few more men, I had them scattered sufficiently around to destroy the entirety of the Hippodrome, just like countless others around Byzantium when the performance would go "wrong".

It was time for the show to go on.

I started before it was anywhere near time, but the crowds were already in the hundreds of thousands, ready for the celebratory event.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of Cilicia!" my voice was loud, addressing the people, as this was happening all over the country. Instantly cheering, the crowd screamed and hooted in excitement and anticipation. With a low bow, my arms outstretched, smiling.

"Indeed, we have brought the Greek Fire! We shall give you an up close and personal experience with it you will never again witness and be apart of in your lifetimes!" raising the joy in my voice, I smiled harsher as the people went crazy with enthusiasm.

"Let the show begin!" I cackled, letting the entire hippodrome become doused in Greek Fire and set off.

Immediate screams and yelps of pain and horror were screeched out into the smoke-filled sky, the sounds of thousands of people burning. Smouldering. Loud explosions ripped the stone apart, throwing large chunks at unsuspecting people, ending their fiery misery quickly compared to others. Burning fire ripped through my blood too, and unable to hold myself up any longer, I knelt to the ash-covered ground, choking. Black bile and blood spilt from my

mouth like a sickened river, beginning to stain and darken the ground underneath me. Shudders of pain wracked my body as my entire essence suffered. In agony, I cursed out, unable to take being ripped apart from the inside out.

The thunderous, charring explosions dulled.

The blood-curdling, burnt screams faded.

My futile chokings and sputterings seemed so unimportant.

My dying life around me seemed so distant.

Silence.

Still silent silence.

My world was ending in silence.

Silence.

Welcoming si-

RISKED - /u/Ivyarrows (Ammut), /u/CaptainFrankReynolds (Wadj-wer), /u/DrPac (Sekhmet) +4 from plot bonuses, 162g, Ra's +1 distributable PP from the event

SUCCESS - All Byzantine Hippodromes are destroyed

SUCCESS. 6 HIPPODROMES ARE DESTROYED. HOWEVER, IN THE PROCESS, AMMUT IS SET ON FIRE. WELCOMING SILENCE INDEED...

WITNESSES REPORTED SOME KIND OF OMANI INVOLVEMENT IN THE DEATH OF AMMUT.

Plot 4: A Charming (Cult of) Personality [REDACTED, with due regrets at depriving the world of this majesty (aime read this in full pls)]

AIME'S NOTE: I failed it just for you ;333333

RP: Apophis (/u/taqn22) stood, overlooking the world. Well, the world being downtown Waset, but that was the downtown of world's desire anyways. Many things were desirable about it. The views, the heated temperature, the fact that you live in Egypt. However, one thing was the most desirable. Egyptian sand. It was smooth and silky when required, hard and rough when needed, the perfect commodity. Narmer, who bore a striking resemblance to Apophis (though Apophis was much more attractive), had started a national business around this amazing material. Narmer had spread the word near and far about the amazing qualities of Egyptian sand, he had created his legacy. Unfortunately, he died in some unexplained way, claiming to be misunderstood. Most likely edgy 13,000,000-year-old God nonsense.

In any case, he had convinced citizens around the world about the wonders of sand, and how much gold you should give for it. How much exactly? His number was around "Everything you have", which was a conservative estimate. Now, the way the business worked was like so: you hire people to hire people who hire people, and everyone exchanges profits and glorious sand. This was a very good business model, with naysayers disappearing faster than sand in an hourglass falling. Speaking of hourglasses, those were a major advancement ushered in by the "Pyramid Business". It helped show how much time workers and customers (the same people, normally!) had to reach their quotas. It was a good way to keep the business going and production high. Coffers reached record highs, citizens and deities were all delighted across the Middle East.

However, everything changed when the Rome Fanboys attacked. Demand for sand plummeted. People started signing up to fight. However, it was not truly the demand for sand plummeting. It was the growth of apathy among the people! They started to no longer care! Apophis needed

to do something about it. He needed to give above and beyond a Narmer level speech. This speech needed to be above Two Thousand. “Two thousand what?”, Apophis asked himself. “Two Thousand words? Two Thousand Characters? Two Thousand audience members slept with?” he continued to ponder. He decided on “2000 Something” and arranged for a gigantic meeting in Waset. A meeting in whereas many Egyptians as possible would attend. A meeting with shoot sticks.

Neith (/u/AdamCroslow) got her call from Apophis on a pleasant afternoon of hunting. It was a “Sellular Call” because he was trying to sell people things. It was Apophis’ phrase, not hers. Apparently, she was needed to hunt citizens in Egypt, which sounded bad for Egypt, but it was still hunting. She arrived in Waset like requested, and promptly slapped Apophis. She was not allowed free reign to shoot humans, she was a bodyguard! The nerve of that God, calling her here for such a silly task! However, she was already in Waset, and taking the 3 seconds to use overpowered Goddess Powers to go somewhere else would take too long.

She went on to the stage in where she would stand, ready to shoot “Anyone I point to with two fingers”, according to Apophis. She still could not get over the nerve of Apophis. It would burn inside her as infernal rage for millennia or a moment. It was a moment, luckily for him. A crowd had gathered around the stage, thousands upon thousands. Standing on the stage, at Neith’s side, was Apophis. He was ready to give his speech.

Apophis spoke to no man, women, or child in particular. He spoke of the- wait, you know, we have a transcript.

[Start Transcript]

APOPHIS: “Friends, Egyptians, Countrymen, lend me your ears! As you-”

AUDIENCE MEMBER INTERRUPTS WITH A COUGH

APOPHIS POINTS AT SAID AUDIENCE MEMBER, AUDIENCE MEMBER GETS SHOT, A MINOR PANIC ENSUES AND ENDS WITH MORE ARROWS IN PEOPLES HEADS AND GENITALS

APOPHIS, CONTINUING: “As you know, sales for our amazing sand are dropping. Now, how can that be?”

CROWD MURMURING

APOPHIS: "SILENCE! You have all grown too apathetic towards the cause of spreading sand across the world! Shame! Shame on all of you!"

CROWD IS SILENT

APOPHIS: You all need to remember what sand means! Everyone on your knees no-

[CENSORED. OH GOD THIS IS CENSORED]

APOPHIS: "Now you know why sand is important, right?"

CROWD, TIRED: "Y-yes CEO."

APOPHIS: "Grand! Now, get to dusting my portraits and selling sand ladies and gents!"

AFTER MEMBERS OF THE CROWD GET THEIR PANTS AND SHIRTS BACK ON, THEY DISPERSE TO THEIR HOMES FOR DUSTING

[END TRANSCRIPT]

Apophis, satisfied with his "speech" (not much talking had occurred, a lot of mouths had moved though), decided he needed it to be spread to distant lands. Namely, the Rome Fanboys. He knew that all of the "Romans" were furies who lived in their basements, so Bast was perfect for the job.

Bast (/u/10Moku101) got a call after posing for another creep of a God. Damn fetishists. She didn't exist for her body, fucking weirdos. She readily answered the call and heard the voice of Apophis. He asked, "Are you tired of weird furies gawking at you? Come to Waset, I have a job for you!" Excited to do anything but be used for her body, she made haste, arriving in Waset quickly. Apophis approached her and told her the plan. "Infiltrate the Fanboys, show off your weird cat breasts, and sell sa-"

That is how Apophis got slapped for the second time that day.

Arriving in Fanboy Town (AKA Istanbul AKA Constantinople), Bast spread her “wings” and flew (She fucked her way to the palace). As a cat, she could get anywhere, no matter how shameful it was for her. While all of the eyes were on her large tracts of land, Egyptians sold sand to distracted customers and picked pockets. Apophis had established a loyal employee base, and had managed to get some oversea customers! No matter how many guards the fanboys throw in front of their tax vaults, Bast could fuck her way into selling sand and stealing from the citizens before the tax was even collected! There’s nothing like intimidation and sex to get you what you want.

RISKED - /u/taqn22 (Apophis), /u/AdamCroslow (Neith), /u/10Moku101 (Bast), 120 gold, +4 from plot bonuses, Osiris’ +1 for event

SUCCESS - Renew Pyramid Scheme plots, and steal a small pittance of gold from Byzantium.

FAILURE, ALTHOUGH YOU DO MANAGE TO STEAL 40 GOLD FROM BYZANTIUM. ALSO FAILURE TO REDACT BECAUSE GLORY BE.

GEORGIA

DIPLOMACY

WAR Iran (Persia)

EVENT

Oh boy I love global events.

CITY CONTROL

/u/MehPeps: Dur-Kurigalzu, Senaki, Samtredia

/u/MrKlonam: Rustavi, Tblisi, Butumi, Kutaisi

/u/Bertdog211: Zugdidi, Gori

/u/Yackob: Zestafoni, Poti

SOCIAL POLICIES

Swap Organized Religion/Mandate of Heaven for Adopting Honour and Warrior Code.

8 AP on Discipline/Military Tradition

ACTION POINTS

10 AP total (10 base)

8 AP on Social Policies

2 AP on Plot 1.

TREASURY

763 initial gold

400 on Plot 1

360 on Plot 2

3 gold remaining

PLOTS

Plot 1: I like spaghetti!

[Redact]RP: The Georgian war machine had been at war with the inglorious Iranians for a long time and in the war had long since given up any pretense of a peaceful solution and now just wanted to get the job over with. In that period of time they had noticed a large force concentrated around the Tigris river to the south of Babylon; they had been stationed there to guard the city most likely and because of its easy resource of water from the river.

The person who had first proposed the plan was the Minister for Sneaky Solutions Bert, he had proposed that the river be poisoned from upstream so that the poison would flow down to the army and city to the south of the poison. To accomplish this he suggested the dead bodies of the nation in the river along with all the waste produced by the Georgian city of Dur-Kurigalzu upstream, lastly he also suggested putting as much poison as possible to gather in the river alongside it to make sure it was effective.

The Georgian war council agreed with the proposal and set the minister in charge for doing all the required tasks for making it happen, so the Minister Bert set out to the city of Dur-Kurigalzu buying a shitton of poison on the way and when he finally got to the city of Dur-Kurigalzu with his entourage and poison enlisted the local government to cooperate with him.

With the local government's help soon the dead bodies and waste of the city was being dumped in the Tigris further down from where the city collected water to poison the Iranians further downstream. Bert could imagine the dead faces of the enemy with glee. What a glorious

minister he was.

Invested: /u/Bertdog211, 2 AP, 400 gold.

Result: The Tigris river is poisoned and Iranian (Persian) units are killed downstream en masse; if it rolls well lose pop in Babylon.[Redact]

FAILURE. BERT ACCIDENTALLY POISONS HIMSELF.

Plot 2: Monkeys are good for protein

[Redact]

CRITICAL SUCCESS.

OMAN

DIPLOMACY

Friendship: Defensive Pact: WAR: ASSYRIA Non Aggression Pact: No Activity: Everybody else

We have agreed with Egypt not to settle in Africa.

Give Egypt 5 comp bows, 3 spearmen, and 2 triremes, in exchange for a settler this part and two more later. If we do not receive the settler do not give Egypt the troops.

[REDACT]

EVENT AND DECISION

CITY CONTROL

/u/thesaltiestbanana: Muscat, Sahan /u/ColonelClary: Salalah, Sohar /u/Kohlrabi: Sur, Samail
/u/cardboardmech: Barka, Raysut /u/owlsop: Bra, Khasab /u/ThunderBird: Nizwa
/u/TheLemonGawd: Muttrah /u/SilvoKanuni: Bahla /u/AQTheFanAttic: Rustaq /u/simo517L:
Duqm /u/silverwurm: Thumrait /u/restinpizzas: Seeb /u/Ludicologuy00: Al-Hamra /u/uiopfg01:
Shinas

ACTION POINTS

20 AP

-8 AP for Meritocracy and Representation

- 10 AP for two settlers
- 2 AP Force-settle them here <https://imgur.com/a/s5Xq6>

TECHNOLOGY

SOCIAL POLICIES

Please get a Great Scientist for finishing the Liberty tree

TREASURY

529 Gold +160 Gold, from Kabul

+80 Gold from Jerusalem

+80 Gold from Trebizond

+80 Gold from Mecca

+80 Gold from Bahrain

1009 Gold altogether

-150 Gold, event -40 Gold, Trebizond -80 Gold to Egypt if they give us three missionaries.

-160 gold, Plot 1 - 160 gold, Plot 2 - 200 gold, Plot 3 - 200 gold, Plot 5

PLOT BONUSES [REDACT]

+3 for for plots involving Kohl, Clary, and Banana

PLOTS Plot One: Operation Assyria

Ah, Assyria. Assyria was the bluntest of the blunt, the worst of the rebels. And it'd have it, that Assyria, the small dunce of the world, dared to attack other nations, like Phoenicia. Crazy! The small two-citied village proclaimed itself among the best of the world, and threw itself upon a nation, four times the size, with no back-up! And what's more, they attempted to get Oman to join this losing war! Such idiocy. Yes, the leader of Assyria, "Caesar," was truly either extremely courageous or idiotic; perhaps he trusted to his limited troops what he could not himself. Quite eccentric indeed, was this terrible King Caesar. Rumor was that his armies, albeit small, were quite powerful, using the strange mechanisms of "Assyrian Siege Engines." Supposedly his

nation was well-fed, despite it being based entirely on sand and salt. And it was heard that his nation was surviving, somehow, notwithstanding the fact that it was a mere worthless two cities!

Terrible was this King, quite terrible indeed. He was stronger than it appeared at first, perhaps. Now in order for Oman to win against this small-yet mighty force they would have to destroy the king “Caesar’s” main pride: his army.

Luckily Oman had a few tricks in mind; recently a similar trick had been tried on the nation of Persia, to the East. And as it had it, the same potent toxin was used again.

Lemon Extract of Invincibility, read the label of a crystal vial containing a slightly brown, viscous liquid a few days later. In these days so-called “remedies” for the mortal troubles were truly popular, including extracts of Egyptian mummies, so such a vial would fit right in. Armymen especially enjoyed these extracts of such, and many ampoules of “medicines” of all sorts and kinds were confiscated each day.

Take with caution, extremely potent. Created by the Gawd himself. This potent liquid would spell the doom of the Assyrians, for sure. It was indeed created by the Minister Lemon himself, or perhaps the bacteria that had taken to infest his intestines for a while. Though the scummy liquid inside perhaps looked unimpressive, it contained much power—it was the pure extract of Minister Lemon’s fecal matter, which contained far too many bacteria and viruses and prions to be of much safety for a normal human being. It wasn’t deadly, of course, but it was concentrated enough to knock a civilian unconscious for a few days. If not unconscious it would cause the victim to be in an immensely painful state of life, so painful in fact that the victim might want to end it. Strangely enough, the liquid also had the side-effect of erasing a person’s memory for a while.

Such a critical fluid would be quite useful in say, “recruiting” Caesar’s men to the Omani side.

And so a few Ministers took up the task “recruiting” Assyrian soldiers, notably Kohlrabi, Emass, Silverwurm, and Owlsop, each of whom held a couple vials of the solution. They each broke up, Kohlrabi and Silverwurm and Emass, to cover the most ground.

“Perhaps you would like Extract of Invincibility?” asked Merchant Kohlrabi, who held the vial of bioweapon in the air.

“Yes,” said an Assyrian commander of one of those great Siege Engines, who quickly downed the entire vial.

Soon he fell to the floor, retching here and there. And finally he lay prostrate on the ground, not dead yet, merely in a state of coma.

By dawn they had “recruited” over forty-thousand men. How had they accomplished the task so fast? Because they had left quite a few vials of this substance, all over the Assyrian camp, such that curious soldiers tried it.

“Three siege engines, two catapults, two composite archers, two archers...” said Minister Silverwurm, tallying up their new, unconscious “recruits,” back at the Omani camp.

Soon the “Omani” “recruits” were trained once more, now completely loyal to Oman. Soon they were deployed to the Assyria, the archers singing “Take Me Back to Assyria,” and the siege weapon operators singing “The Martian Gollum of Assyria.”

“There’s a Martian monster of Assyria That I’m going down to see No other soldiers know him No one, only me The monster cried so when I left him That it like to broke my heart, And if I only find him we never more will part...”

Goal: Flip 3 siege engines, 2 catapults, 2 composite archers, 2 archers, and place them where they used to be in Assyria.

Invested: /u/Kohlrabi, /u/Emass100, /u/silverwurm, 160 gold, +3 bonus, +3 to this plot (22 plot points)

SUCCESS. THE CHAOS IN ASSYRIA HELPS YOUR CAUSE, AND THE REQUISITIONED UNITS ARE DULY STOLEN.

Plot Two: راعية من أنواع

“My liege, your leg! What-”

“Don’t pay attention to the loss of limb. It does not matter, for regardless of what my body is made of, for my my mind will always stay the same. Anyways, we must speak about the task at hand. As you all know, the Sultanate has had the success in accepting the tribute and trade of the city-states across the Middle East, which has brought about the riches of the Omani state in

recent years. Well today, I have a new proposal, one to expand our influence. We have set our sights on the luxurious city of Tehran, a city that is in the center of Persia. I believe it to be in our best interest to include this city into our sphere of influence. What say you, my advisors?”

The woman to the right, the only one in the room in fact, spoke up. “Sultan Hidayat,-”

“Pipe down women, we advisors are the ones who are-”

“Dare you insult her!” Hidayat stared angrily at the man who had interrupted her, and motioned at his guards to approach him. “Clearly, this rat needs a lesson on respect. Men, take him to lower levels and be his personal mentors. Let it be known that this intolerance is intolerated. Begone!” The man was dragged from the room as he was kicking and screaming in fear, but the woman just tilted her head slightly forward and seemed shy. “Don’t worry Arwa, keep on going.”

“Yes my Sultan. What I was going to say that I believe that it is a splendid idea that we include the city-state of Tehran into our fold, but I feel like it is much more important to create a safeguard for these collections of cities, Tehran included.”

“Interesting. But how do you suggest we go through with this ‘safeguard?’”

“Well, you’ve told us about your travels, and your mentions of this Āmeris god have all been with some sort of veneration. Considering your high respect for her, I believe it would be good to have her protection when it comes our endeavours while also making our trade network official. Long story short, I propose to found the Āmeris Trade League, a league that would standardize our connections with the city-states and would protect those connections.”

Hidayat moved his hand to his chin, and rubbed in a manner to express pensiveness. *‘Huh. I suppose it is not a bad idea, to do these things. Arwa, was it? Perhaps it’d be best to reward such ingenuity. But she must prove herself first. If she can get Tehran on board, then the rewards will flow’.*

“Very well Arwa. I shall take heed of your suggestion. But first, we must secure Tehran. And guess who’s the perfect person for the job? You are!”

An empty “yay” escaped from the female advisor, and she made her way to her room, preparing herself for whatever she had gotten herself into.

Tehran is a city in which life is simple, quaint, and protected. Nestled between mountains, the Persian city by location was a model for defense and for isolation, but it broke the mold of the latter, growing into an important trading hub for the region. It was as diverse as possible when it came to being inside another civilization, but that was just a formal observation. It had a culture of its own, distinct enough that it didn't fall under the "Persian" Mold.

Arwa was inside, sitting in the room of the King of Tehran, waiting for him to arrive, as she was there several minutes early. The economic leader of Oman was a short, shy woman, who barely broke five feet in height. She was also barely an adult as well, but she was already ahead of the curve when it came to international business, but it placed her more often than not in the spotlight, something that always made her anxious. She looked like an average Omani teenager, and Arwa blessed the gods for such attributes, but it didn't help that even then, many were still interested in her, whatever their reason may be. That is why she left for Muscat, hoping to just be in the shadows while doing what she did best, but clearly it hadn't worked out.

The King entered as her thoughts died down, but she had to now to control whatever jitters she had to just look at the royal in the eyes.

"Hello, ambassador from Oman. I am the King of Tehran, as you already must know. I am told that you bring me news about some sort of economic proposal. I don't have to tell you that such deals between Tehran and a supposed benefactor should go both ways, not just one way."

Arwa clenched her fists, counted to 3 in her head, and began speaking. "Of course, it is obvious to the leadership of Oman, myself included, that any deal between civ and city-state should be beneficial to both sides, so don't insult Oman for insinuating the opposite for the states that we are a patron to. I have come here to offer the same sort of protection and trade power that the other city-states have to you. It would be a great boon for the cities' economy, having access to both the Arabian and Persian markets. These are just some of the benefits that you would enjoy economically, not to mention the military protection your city will receive if you accept us as Tehran's patrons." She smiled, albeit awkwardly.

The king considered the ambassador's words, all the while Arwa was becoming more nervous that he would deny the request that she had so painstakingly got out of bed for.

“And tell me, your Sultan tells about this organization he wants to found. I will preface by saying that the people of Tehran don’t particularly have a religion, so any sort of religion is welcome in the city. Now, this Trade League that Oman wishes to found, is this just a name?”

“Of course not. You would now enjoy the markets that the other cities’ partake in, as well as protection by them as well. Sure, Patron Āmeris is a religious figure, but I assure you, being under her knowing hands is more than we deserve in this world. Being in an organization that is devoted and protected by her is something that is irreplaceable. The other cities have been contacted, and they have agreed. So, what say you, representative of Tehran?”

“You speak well silvertongue. Very well. Tehran will accept Oman as their patron, and we will happily join the Āmeris Trade League. We hope to do business with you again in the future.”

Arwa was packing up her things from her provisional room, when her emotions got the best of her and began to fidget and move around that might think she was having a seizure, but no, she was just extremely happy that she didn’t breakdown and got the job done. Yay!

Invested: /u/thesaltiestbanana, /u/uiopfg, /u/ThunderBird, 160 gold, +3 bonus (19 pp)

Results: Make Tehran a tributary of Oman, and found the Āmeris Trade League between Oman and its tributaries.

SUCCESS.

Plot 3: Operation Madness

Four Pikemen, three swordsmen, two composite archers. Four Pikemen, three swordsmen, two composite archers. Four Pikemen, three swordsmen, two composite archers.

“SHUT UP!” bellowed Minister Owlsop, who had been muttering those words to himself for the past half an hour.

“What could those words mean?” asked Owlsop to no one in particular.

“Ah yes. These are units, military power! Now now, what’s a pikeman?”

The silence mocked him.

“Oh, I see! ...a pikeman...pike-man, a pike is a type of fish, fish-man, fish-man...

Rubbing his temples, Owlsop asked the silence. “What’s a fish-man?”

“Ooh, I see. It’s not a fish, what they mean is a long-stick. Stick-man, stick-man...ahh, just like a spear-man!

[REDACT]

SUCCESS.

Plot 4: The Great Math "Visas"

"Miss Ahmed, I have a proposal for you. It's related to stealing technology from Assyria, like we've been talking about."

This proposal was coming from the man who once doubted Sabriyya. He actually was beginning to make himself useful!

"Hm~? Do tell. I'm all ears," Sabriyya Ahmed (/u/ColonelClary) was now 14. She had seen much development in the past five years of her life, and had now trained a more competent team who had their own ideas, too. (She was still pretty short compared to her spies, though. People from other nations often still mistook her for a child.)

"I would like to authorize using 200 million gold from the treasury to quietly sponsor "Mathematicians" or people who can teach "mathematics." coming to Oman. That way, not only will we get to learn these "mathematics" from them, but we can save the lives of Assyrians threatened by war, and possibly even gain some of their loyalty. What do you think?"

Sabriyya's eyes widened. This was actually a good idea~! "I'll get the money, alright? If you can do it safely, then by all means, do it~! I'm sure the minister of science (/u/AQTheFanAttic) will be on board with it."

The man beamed. After Akhyu Fanatikh (the minister of science) and Sabriyya Ahmed convinced the Minister of the Treasury (/u/simo517L) to authorize their usage of the money, the plan began.

...

An Assyrian mathematician could hear the sounds of war coming closer with every day. "It's all over," he told one of his closest confidants, sobbing. "There is no future for us anymore. We can't return to Babylon, and the Assyrian government is going to be destroyed any year now. I am not even a soldier, yet this horrible war will not leave my life! I am sure to be drafted and tossed aside in front of death any day now..."

Little did he know that his closest confident was an Omani spy.

"I know things look bleak for this town.. but hey, I have news that will cheer you up. I've heard that Oman is looking to sponsor Assyrian mathematicians to come and live in Oman. In a big nation like Oman, your talents wouldn't go to waste and be destroyed by a war... you would be safe, free, and get the money to move there and teach your trade. I think you should go."

The mathematician looked up. "My family can come, too?"

"I believe so. Think you'll go?"

The mathematician paused. "Maybe. It doesn't seem like such a bad idea... I'll have to tell the other mathematicians..."

Invested: /u/ColonelClary, /u/AQTheFanAttic, /u/simo517L, +3 bonus, 200 gold (20 pps)

Result: Steal Mathematics from Assyria

CRITICAL SUCCESS. NOT ONLY DO YOU STEAL MATHEMATICS FROM ASSYRIA, YOU ALSO GAIN A FREE TECHNOLOGY.

Plot 5: Seek Refuge and Stand Still

Ludhi Koloh (/u/Ludicology00), who was known as the Minister of Amazingness, had heard that the Assyrians had many motivated workers and talented people of many trades. "What a shame," he thought, "that such great people have to live under such horrible circumstances under such a HORRIBLY understaffed government. Perhaps we can fix that..."

...

A short time later, a branch of Omani troops marched into Opis. "Fear not!! Their leader shouted. We mean you no harm, do not attack yet. Hear us out, please."

The Assyrians were frightened, but the Assyrian troops listened.

"You may see us here with weapons and capability of destruction and think that you're about to die, but that is your choice. We really want to save you from your horrific fate."

Many Assyrians gathered around to listen to the speech, interested in what was being said.

"We are here in the name of Minister Koloh, and it is his wish to save you all. As it stands, this town of Opis may very well not have a future anymore. You can't just go back to being Babylonians anymore, for they are nothing more than a small mercenary company now. You can't stay here, or else you'll be torn apart by war with Phoenicia. A government switch could help this city! Oman is willing to take on this city and give it a future. All of your talents, your hard work, your hobbies won't go to waste in Oman. We are a big, stable nation, with law, order, and most of all, safety. All it takes for every single one of you to be part of a great, safe nation, is to put your city's government under Omani control, and we're willing to help you. If you do this, Phoenician and Omani soldiers will both stop ravaging this city, and help you rebuild and have a new future. Stay with Assyria, however, and the two nations will have no choice but to take this city by force. You all deserve better, so please make the right choice. A choice of peace and prosperity, or a choice of foolishness and death? Talk among yourselves, make your decisions. If you want to live and have a better future, you know what to do..."

Invested: /u/Ludicology00, /u/cardboardmech, /u/TheLemonGawd, +9 bonus, (21 pps) Result:

Flip Opis to Omani control

CRITICAL FAILURE. LUDICOLO AND CARDBOARD ARE KILLED BY ANGRY ASSYRIANS.

PERSIA

DIPLOMACY

FRIENDSHIP Oman, Byzantium, Egypt, Georgia

DEFENSIVE PACT Georgia

PEACE Georgia, Phoenicia

NO ACTIVITY everyone else lol

EVENT

Moonie and NB reached level 3

CITY CONTROL

dusmuvecis333: Persepolis, Ecbatana

NB-21: Susa, Mari, Ghulaman

LunarNeedle: Tarsus, Babylon, Sardis

Lemmypemmy: Bactra, Dariush Kabir, Ergili

Tortilla: Gordium, Zohak

SCIENCE

No action

SOCIAL POLICIES

4 AP on discipline

4 AP on commerce opener

ACTION POINTS

10 AP (10 Base)

4 AP on discipline

4 AP on commerce opener

2 AP on a catapult

TREASURY

50 initial gold

50 gold remaining

PLOTS

Plot 1: Advancement of the Empire

The sun set, which meant it was time for another night of marching. Bahram woke up his lieutenants and sent each one to wake his own subordinates; stealth was of the essence, and waking people up with the horn would be too much of a risk.

The soldiers grumbled about having to march at night; in the dark, it was difficult to pick one's way through the mountain passes, and the ridges of the Alborz Mountains were colder than most Persians were accustomed to. However, Bahram paid the complainers no mind; if the soldiers could express their frustrations now, the resentment wouldn't fester in them, and there would be less chance of a mutiny.

And really, Bahram thought, it's Georgia's fault that we have to do this march anyway.

Ever since the Georgian armies had turned on Persia, called their banners and seized Bactra, the highest echelons of Persian society had been flung into a rage. Bahram had been called to the shahanshah's quarters a few days earlier, and had been instructed to bring a reserve army to the

battlefront.

“Travel at night,” the shah had emphasized. “Don’t be seen. Descend on those treacherous mountain dogs before they know what hits them.”

Mountain dogs. Bahram couldn’t stop thinking about that phrase; it seemed like a cruel twist of irony, as he marshaled the armies for another night of trudging through mountains of their own. Still, it had been some time since Bahram had last seen battle, and each day of marching brought him closer to the field. It would be good to command.

The Persian army marched for several more nights, and slept in their tents for several more days, making camp in caves and under cliffs where they could be shielded from the sun. Eventually, the jagged mountain passes softened into gentle slopes, and Bahram knew their destination was near. He looked over his shoulder, and saw the eastern horizon beginning to turn red with dawn— but to the west, campfires burned. Even in the ongoing darkness of night, the pale Georgian standard could be seen in the west, announcing the affiliation of the armies camped beneath it.

Bahram called his lieutenants to his side. “Make sure that your men are all ready. We’re about to get to the good part.”

Result a: As many troops as possible move to the Georgian front, while protecting against attacks

Invest: NB-21 (+5 from event), Moonie (+5 from event), Lemmy, Tortilla, Paladin, Maineroadfan, Rainbow-lite, durfurz, CapnGhosty

COMPLETE SUCCESS. 10 TROOPS MOVE TO THE GEORGIAN FRONT.

PHOENICIA

PHOENICIAN ACTIONS for Part 6

DIPLOMACY

FRIENDSHIP Oman, Georgia, Egypt

ALLIANCE Georgia

NON-AGGRESSION PACT Byzantium

PACT OF NO ESPIONAGE AGAINST ONE ANOTHER Byzantium

SELL The Settler here next to Iunu, to Oman: <https://img.aar.li/5/s/5sflf573e95j.jpg>

WAR of Honor with Assyria

NO ACTIVITY Persia, Babylon (wetworks, I think)

EVENT

No time, no idea

CITY CONTROL

/u/ThyReformer: Tyre, Sidon, Berytos

/u/senshidenshi: Nineveh, Baalbek, Sarepta

/u/ArchAngelOfSloths: Byblos, Akko, Neo-Byblos

SCIENCE

Nothing.

SOCIAL POLICIES

Nothing.

ACTION POINTS

10 Action points available (10 base)

8 AP on Plot 1

2 AP on Plot 2

TREASURY

364 gold in treasury

199 gold from Byzantium (**ONLY 159**)

160 gold on plot 1

400 gold on plot 2 (**ONLY 360**)

3 gold remaining

PLOTS

Plot 1: Flak to Flank

Invested: /u/ThyReformer (in this plot as Hannibal), 8 AP, 160 gold, five units from near Sidon

RP: Honor is the spine of our society, and to fulfill one's duty to Phoenicia belongs to everyone!

To the east, Assyria has become the very example of dishonor. We know this. Everyone knows it.

To wreak havoc in the ranks of their front line warriors, the Guildmaster's son, Hannibal, has created a plan, one quite revolutionary in a nation otherwise untouched by war.

Directly east of Tyre, less than fifty miles out to the desert, great mountains arise. These mountains have, in earlier stages of the war, clearly limited the area on which the war has been waged, alongside with the lake to the south. This has allowed the numerically weaker Assyrian army to hold its ground.

This, of course, must end immediately.

To bring an end to this, Hannibal proposed that a contingency of troops wrap around the mountains' northside, and strike into the right flank of the Assyrian army in a surprise move that they will not anticipate, as clearly shown by their willingness to shove their unprotected siege weaponry on that flank.

Our spears and arrows will dig into their flesh before they understand they have nowhere to escape, as simultaneously the main force will attempt a charge on said flank, mostly to distract right before the strike, but also to crush and pincer after the strike.

Death to Assyria.

Result: Assyrian troops on the right-hand side of the flank are destroyed, focus on siege units. (If higher success, units from near Sidon won't be "used" in a sense as they survive the attack and are able to continue fighting - we don't sacrifice troops to blood gods here and hope for good luck like we have a dice to roll for success)

PARTIAL SUCCESS. 4 UNITS ARE DESTROYED.

Plot 2: Ass to Ass

Invested: /u/senshidenshi, /u/ArchAngelOfSloths, 400 gold, 2 AP

RP: [REDACTED]

SUCCESS.

OTHER

[REDACTED]

JERUSALEM

DIPLOMACY

ALLIANCE Byzantium

FRIENDSHIP Byzantium

GIVE TRIBUTE Byzantium, Egypt (in exchange for 80 gold), Oman

VASSAL OF: Byzantium

GUARANTEED by Egypt (any declaration of war on me will bring them in)

WAR Egypt (Not sure how that will affect the previous two pieces, but whatever works works)

EVENT

should've signed up for the Treasure Hunt

CITY CONTROL

/u/astroaron - Jerusalem

ACTION POINTS

6 AP total (6 base)

Spend all AP on plot 1 TREASURY

7 initial gold

80 gold from being a CS (2 pp of gold)

80 gold from Egypt

280 gold from Byzantium

440 gold for plot 1

7 gold remaining

PLOTS

Plot 1: אדונאי קורא לך לחזור לארץ הנבחרת:

RP: Abasi was a studier of the mind. There wasn't quite a name yet, but he watched people communicate to each other. How they worked with each other to achieve a common goal, whether it be one of destruction or peace. He, in his career full of unique sights, had never seen something like this. A large group of people unanimously agree on one thing without a single word spoken. He wasn't even sure he believed that this had happened until talking to who had experienced it and who had witnessed how it took people. It started on a quiet day; a group of Jewish mercenaries in Sinai, escorting a government caravan through the dusty desert roads, according to one report. Suddenly, they froze. Their eyes went wide, and supposedly a single phrase echoed in each and every mercenaries head. "אדונאי קורא לך לחזור לארץ הנבחרת" Sometimes it dissipated slightly, or rose in sound, but it remained for days. It drove some insane, the sound. Roughly translated, it stated that God himself wished for the men to return to the chosen land. Abasi happened to not be much of a religious man, but this began to make him doubt that he was so sure in his lack of believing. Unsurprisingly, thousands of Israeli expats began a mass migration east, back into Jerusalem. There were things even a famous natural philosopher could not explain.

Invested: /u/astroaron, 6 AP, 440 gold (to financially support the Jews on their journey home, as well as bribe some officials to turn the other way)

Result: All troops sold to Egypt return to be Jewish troops (specifically 3 composite bowmen and 7 spearmen)

UNFORTUNATELY, MOST OF THE JEWS ARE LONG SINCE DEAD IN COMBAT. YOU DO RECOVER 3 SPEARMEN AND 2 POPULATION FROM IUNU.

BABYLON

DIPLOMACY

NO ACTIVITY Everyone

MERCENARIES

Byzantium: Attacking Vikings (for 40 gold), Arjuna's Chariot (for 2 pikemen)

Phoenicia: Mikhail's Navy (for 1 plot slot)

EVENT

Working on it. Currently /u/briusky is worth +2 point in his next plot, and a plot of your choice has a +1 (to be used on plot 1 this part)

CITY CONTROL

RENAME Shushan to New Babylon (please actually do it this time)

AIME'S NOTE: I made it a bit more attention-grabbing

/u/briusky: New Babylon

/u/justaordinaryguy: Akkad

/u/EndlessVoid0: Nippur

SCIENCE

Swap Engineering for Currency.

SOCIAL POLICIES

Swap Liberty Opener and Citizenship for Commerce Opener and Wagon Trains.

ACTION POINTS

10 AP (10 Base)

-4 AP on Plot 1

-4 AP to improve the wheat tiles near New Babylon

-2 AP to improve the two copper tiles purchased

TREASURY

305 initial gold

+8 from mercenary sales

-160 on Plot 1

-140 on tile purchase - buy the two copper tiles north of Nippur

13 gold remaining

PLOTS

Antipplot Bonuses: [REDACT]

Offensive Bonuses: [REDACT]

Plot 1 - 40 Turns in the Desert

[REDACT]

SUCCESS.

TREBIZOND

Trebizon Actions Part 6

DIPLOMACY

Friendship: Georgia, Byzantium

Tribute: Georgia, Byzantium, Oman

Non-Aggression Pact: Georgia, Byzantium

Defensive Pact: Byzantium,

Alliance: Byzantium

EVENT

Global Event Ongoing

ACTION POINTS

6 AP total

- 6 AP on plot 1

TREASURY

80 gold

[REDACTED]+240 gold from Byzantium

+120 gold from Caesarea

+40 gold from Oman

-280 gold on plot 1

[END REDACTED]

0 gold remaining

PLOTS

Plot 1: Big Trouble in Little Egypt

[REDACTED] RP: Now that the networks for Panacea had been set up throughout the known world, it was time to put them to use. The first trial run of its effectiveness would be in Egypt, where Mithridates has been commissioned by his friends in Byzantium to peacefully take a city for their war effort. The target of this practice would be Nekhen, a nice little coastal town that has so far been relatively untouched by the war. The capture of this city would create another beachhead for Byzantium in their bloody war, and may even turn the tide of the war, which has stagnated.

Now with the war raging at times even within sight of the walls of Nekhen, capturing it would be no easy task. Mithridates VI has turned his full attention to this city and the problem of seizing it. His spies report that guards patrol the walls and guard every gate night and day, making it difficult to sneak anyone inside. Fortunately, the Panacea trade had been set up before such strict measures had been ordered, and the traders had connections within the city guard. They had a way to sneak into the city to safely distribute, and while it was guarded those guards were paid off with gold and a generous helping of Panacea. The encroaching war made their fees much higher than usual, but nothing that a few extra pure gold pieces couldn't fix.

With the Panacea trade still running strong, it was time to put a plan into motion. Mithridates himself would brew an extra strong version of the Opium-laced Panacea, increasing the potency of the brew so that more than a small bottle would knock out the average person for at least a few hours, with some being out for nearly a day. This was his best brew yet, and spent all of his energies on perfecting it. Named Morpheus, it was used in recurring tests among the populace of the dungeons, those who tried and failed to reveal the great secret of Panacea. These tests proving the intense dreamlike state it puts people in, he sent off as much as he could with the Panacea dealers heading toward Egypt.

When the traders reached Nekhen, they would offer the regular batches of Panacea to the people, astounding them with the uncommon surplus of supply. The day of the city capture, the

traders would take the Morpheus to their friends among the city guard, along with a few bottles of actual Panacea. There they would convince their friends to gather together as many soldiers they can, to celebrate the issuing of a new type of Panacea. With the populace of Nekhen being or becoming addicted to Panacea, this should be the majority of the guards in the town. This would also be helped because of the current lull in the fighting as both sides gather their forces and ready for the next campaign. Brought in by a sense of peace and security, the Panacea dealers would host a party for good relations between the city of Nekhen and themselves. They would ensure that the guards are all served Morpheus, while they themselves and a few handpicked guards who have been bought off were served regular Panacea or even watered down versions for the lightweights. This would quickly incapacitate the majority of the city guard, and create a perfect moment to strike.

By the docks of Nekhen ran a sewage pipe that was grated dumping into the ocean. It was guarded by a rotation of guards as a potential entrance to the city, but its location so close to the walls meant only one or two men guarded it. With the majority of the guard drawn away by the Morpheus party, it would be even less defended. As night falls a small unlit launch filled with swordsmen would dock under the walls, hidden by darkness out of sight of any guard on the walls. They would cut open the grate, and slip through the sewer pipe into the city proper. From there they would meet up with Panacea dealers at the guardhouse, where they should have been able to tie up and disarm the guards there. The swordsmen can deal with any who are still around and open the gates for a unit of spear men and bowmen to enter the city and clear it of any remaining resistance. And with that Nekhen should be secure.

Invested: 280 gold, /u/Frodo0201, +2 bonus for self from global event, +9 bonus from Panacea, 6 AP [END REDACTED]

Result: City of Nekhen is flipped to Byzantium

**WITH YOUR HELP, THE BYZANTINES MANAGE TO FLIP NEKHEN. RIP REDACTION
THOUGH.**

KABUL

DIPLOMACY

Offer Friendship: Babylon

Offer Tribute: Babylon, Oman, Assyria

Deny Tribute: Persia

Non-Aggression Pact: Byzantium

Defensive Pact: [Nojuan]

Alliance: [Nojuan]

Denounce: Persia (but nicely, it's only personal)

CITY CONTROL

Rename Kabul to Carbull

Carbull: Lordie_Staven

ACTION POINTS

6 AP total

6 AP on Plot 1

TREASURY

80 available

-80 on Plot 1

0 gold remaining

PLOTS

Plot 1: Foreign Beggars

RP: [Redacted] Arensis (/u/Lordie_Staven) stared at the map, and adjusted the tile that represented a Byzantine ship. Adjacent to his tactics map were a series of letters, news from across the empire, favours he'd called in and messages from his associates across the lands. He would not forgive the Celestial Emperor and his advisors for his treachery and horrific treatment, but that could wait.

The cards were aligned perfectly for mayhem, and so he made a plan. The Byzantines wished for Egyptian troops to make way for Byzantines, and that would be what they saw. There would be no bribing of Egyptians, however.

He had sent a letter to a friend, and acquired Byzantine uniforms from the Cypriot De Luxe Laundry, and even now, regiments of his troops were on their way to rendezvous with a minor Persian faction formerly under his control, and the Turkmen they had bribed would join them a little after that. Then, donning the uniforms, they would play their role.

It would take them almost two months' trek to arrive in the Upper Nile, but when they did they would fight for the Byzantines, until they were instructed otherwise- by the code only possessed by he himself, to give to whomever he chose, whenever he decided the time was ripe.

The major question was undetection. He had already briefed them on how to get through Persian lands unmolested, and his few old contacts on the inside would aid them. But then the question- Assyria, Phoenicia and of course Egypt would lie between them and their goal.

He did indeed doubt whether they would get there. He expected no word - no news is good news - but still couldn't sleep for fear, as if his duplicity came to light, there would be nowhere in the lands that he could hide. But, he had faith, in his men, himself, and Luck, to carry him.

That departure had been four weeks ago, and as he calculated, Arensis was aware of the inherent chance of such a long journey, even now only half complete, going without misadventure. But then again, risks and rewards go hand in hand, and if one plays a game, they should play to win. He stepped out onto the mountain from inside his tent and looked up at the glacier. *Yes,* he thought. *Play to win indeed.*

[Redaction End]

Invested: /u/Lordie_Staven, 6 AP, 80 gold [Redacted] and all the melee units within three tiles of Kabul [Redaction End]

Result: [Redacted] Move as many Kabuli troops as possible adjacent to Egypt's southern cities, displacing the Egyptians, and granting their control to Byzantium. However, should any plot contain the trigger phrase 'Colors of the Wind', the troops will flip to that Civ. [Redaction End]

PARTIAL SUCCESS. YOU MOVE 2 TROOPS, BUT REDACTION FAILS.

Plot 2: Afghanistan, ER of Empires

RP: [Redacted] (Lordie's note: Science time! Gold is a good conductor, and resistivity decreases with temperature. Thus, cold gold is a good conductor! Also, will prevent meltymelty. By my calculations, to make a 0.25mm wire 4400km long (distance from Kabul to Constantinople), I'll need roughly 4800 gold's worth of coins.) [Redacted End]

Arensis looked up at the sheer walls of the cliff and shivered. The western Himalayas, and this glacier in particular, were not quite the desert he had become accustomed to whilst serving as a sparabara. He looked at the rope network arrayed over the ice, and the craftsmen who were chiseling away at the massive block.

The mountains near Kabul were cold enough to store the ice for the plan, however there were no banks like this one anywhere in sight. So, in order to put his plan in motion, he'd brought his army of soldiers and of masons out to this godforsaken freezer.

Now that he was reassured of their progress, he began to descend. With this out of the way, momentary troubles would be the only ones mattering. Then, it would be time to behold the true wrath of a vengeful ex-Persian. Arensis smiled. Revenge was indeed best served very, very chilled.

Invested: Nothing

Results: Harvest several tons of ice from Himalayan glaciers, stored in Carbull for a later date.

...SUCCESS? I GUESS?

Plot 3: A Fool's Device

RP: Arensis spoke to himself often. As he stared at the peak was another one of those days that he felt like reciting his plans to the wind. “[REDACTED] Right. [REDACTED END] ” he began, gesturing to the land around him. “[REDACTED] See this, this is all a ploy! [REDACTED END]”

Furthermore, the [REDACTED] sheer uselessness of it [REDACTED END] wouldn't be able to even come close to stopping him.

It was going to be a good day, he thought, and set off. The wind said nothing.

Invested: [Redacted] Nothing [Redaction End]

Result: [Redacted] Cause suspicion. [Redaction End]

FAILURE.

Plot 4: Battle Tactics

RP: Once down from the glacier, Arensis made his way to where the assembled troops stood ready for him. He'd not dragged them out here for nothing, and as he began speaking it was evident why.

“We are currently an island of vulnerability in a sea of hostility. To the west, the warring Mediterranean states battle on, to the north, the Georgians militarize, and as I have seen firsthand, even the Persians and Babylonians can do no more than continue to fight. Thus, it is imperative that should we survive, we need an advantage. And that shall be in knowing the terrain- these mountains.”

He gestured to the hills beyond him. “Whilst our masons work to retrieve our frozen bounty, you shall take the days to improve your altitude capabilities, climbing, and other mountaineering skill. It shall be that when the time is ripe to attack, they shall only hear a distant rumble, and we shall sweep them aside as an avalanche!”

The troops bellowed their cheers as they marched off. Leading men was simple these days.

Invested: Nothing

Results: Prepare our troops to attack from the mountains.

CRITICAL SUCCESS. GAIN A +3.