

The War at the End of Time **[V.1.0 - The Pyrrhic Battle]**

The year? Unknown.

The location? All across a world battered by ages. An age spent devoid of mankind.

The players? The greatest of leaders.

Three dozen of mankind's most legendary generals have been called back from the dead, back to this time and place without meaning or reason. To battle until one remains. Why? That remains unknown. For who? Another impossibility. Perhaps Allah has brought about an age of war before the final Judgment. Perhaps an evil demiurge is biding time before he can ensnare the divine souls in the next reality.

But that matters not, masses of souls bound to violence have been rallied here, with you beside them. One of them. It matters not who you stand beside in the grand scale, little grain of sand. Or does it?

Time will tell.

The Twenty Six Chosen [Pick 1]

Scorpien Pharaoh Narmer; The Dreaded, Unifier of the Two Crowns

Strengths; Utterly Ruthless, a Commanding Presence Second to None, an Extremely Efficient Psychopath

Weaknesses; A Tactical & Strategic Dinosaur, Views himself as Infallible, Ultimately still a Psychopath

Base; Narmer's Fortress, The Nile Delta

Strength; 142 Legions - Mixed Discipline, Mixed Morale - Limited Armour, Poor Air, Poor Naval

*Please be advised, 1 Legion is around 5000 men and 1 general, with Armour Air and Naval power being accounted for in comparison to manpower in Legions

Military Doctrine; Supremacy of Aggression & Counter-Assault (Primary) Doctrine of Brutality

Special Forces; The Scorpion Guards (Infantry), His Greatness's First Tortoise Legion (Heavy Armour)

Bio; If there was one of the 26 truly without precedent, it would be the Scorpion Pharaoh, the one called Narmer. In ancient days, ages before even China and Bharat consolidated, Narmer united what was the world. His ambition without equal, the same being said of his brutality. Of course, despite his ambitions and brutality, Narmer was still felled. He knows not who killed him, the poisoned dagger and the hand carrying it could have been sent by a hundred individuals. Narmer realizes it matters not, the only thing that matters is that the mistake is not repeated.

As a Bearer of the Stelæ and one of the last leaders, Narmer values brutality, cunning and results. While allowing some autonomy to those sub-leaders that make use of newer technologies, Narmer does not and likely will never understand the finer points of aircraft, naval combat and armour. That is the dominion of those who pledge themselves to the Pharaoh, in that at least there is advantage. Narmer personally rewards those who earn successes in a way few do, seeing the competent rise second to himself. But of course, they are still men, and Narmer is the only 'god' in the flesh. Failure, particularly in those 'trusted' commanders is punished in the same right. Torture is a word synonymous with discipline and punishment and his unwillingness to lift a finger to assist his subordinates supply needs may be his doom.

Being a god, Narmer has no equals, only subordinates and enemies. Diplomacy outside of conquest isn't alien, so much as it is refused. This puts him toe-to-toe with anyone that considers his 'land' as their dominion. That being said, Narmer does understand the notion of an enemies enemy being useful. 'Cease-fires' with those individuals and limited cooperation are employed whenever Narmer spies an opportunity. For the time being, his focus lies on Egypt, securing and defending it. That will not last forever though and when the time comes, Narmer will strike out and grab what land he can, like a starved animal more than a man.

"Time shall prove me right. It was I who came first, and I swear to my soul made of sunlight I will be the last."

Lord Sun-Tzu; Dreaded Gale of Autumn, Progenitor of Classic Warfare

Strengths; Magnificent and Logical Strategist, Surprisingly Adaptive, Well Rounded & Charismatic Leader

Weaknesses; Not one to Command Direct Battles, 'Classic' in his View of War, Uncommitted to Extended Fighting

Base; The Xi'an Citadel, Interior of China

Strength; 338 Legions - Good Discipline, Good Morale - Poor Armour, Decent Air, Poor Naval

Military Doctrine; Supremacy of Balance & 'Consuming' Flexile Defence

Special Forces; The Li-Mountain Guard (Defensive Infantry), The Autumn Group (Combat Engineers)

Bio; Many rightly assumed that the eminent figure Sun-Tzu did not exist, something that makes the old man preen. He went to great lengths to see his affairs put into order, even greater lengths to ensure his humble burial was nameless. He succeeded, and that is where his preening ends. He recalls well those days distant, in the mud and with his pen. There was a hope that his advice would be taken, that the futility of such great lengths of battle would fail. But it would seem as men grew wiser; less susceptible to disease and hunger, they found themselves more capable of violence. A terrible pity.

As a war leader and a carrier of the Stelæ, Sun-Tzu actively strives to find alternatives to fighting. Something made very difficult by his own over-eager soldiers and the veritable onslaught that hangs over China's head. He has taken it upon himself to learn everything he can, and to hold his forces to the standard he himself once held. Something not easy when his armies come from radically different eras, each with radically different ideas. The only thing keeping it together is his legendary status in some respects. That, and his commitment to allowing some level of civility. Attempting to restore some livability to regions that have gone for ages without human habitation, providing small, now nearly lost comforts. Stelæ be accursed beside whichever celestial ordained this.

Sun-Tzu being interested only in the defence of China for the time being is very wary of the growing storm in the North and the Japanese tigers waiting in the east and the south. History that he missed speaks ill of them, as well as the braying horde above. But there are a few benefits to his rough position. Being the singular strongest power in orient commands a position of respect from even the haughtiest westerners, and though he has qualms with the 'reds' both the Bengalis and the Vietnamese have proven more than willing to bargain. As well, a certain Admiral has proven to be a steadfast ally. Oddest of all though, likely friend and foe is a certain Shogun.

"In this war we are forced to fight in, I promise you that not a single man among us shall truly win. Bar the beasts wearing human skins that cower among our ranks."

Emperor Ashoka; The Converted Conqueror, Beloved of the Gods

Strengths; *Inspiring Fighter & Leader, Surprisingly Flexile Meritocratic Command, Leads from the Front*

Weaknesses; *Extremely Nasty Temper, Despises Air and Artillery, Refuses any Authority not his Own*

Base; *The City of New New Delphi, Upper Bharat*

Strength; *243 Legions - Poor Discipline, Mixed Morale - Good Armour, Terrible Air, Poor Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Iron & Hoof Spearhead, Superiority of Assault*

Special Forces; *The Kaiser-e-Hind's Finest (Mixed Cavalry & Armour), Fists of the Goddess (Anti-Air)*

Bio;*The distant patron of Indian Buddhism considers this turn of events simply a very convoluted hell. One that he admits he rightly expected in some degree. Cruelty and ease of violence earned that, and though he did change, it is evident in all of this he did not change enough. Perhaps he did, for while there are many monsters here, from what he has read many worse monsters were likely sent to worse hells. Here, there is a chance for rightening themselves, to break the unwilling, drive the other Stelæ from Bharat, and then, once all is ordered, he will find his enlightenment.*

In the meantime, Ashoka runs a very tight ship with his gaze pointed north and south. With so many enemies that are present and looming over the horizon he has forced himself to take advantage of the passed ages of technology. Of which, he is rather fond of the tanks and the rockets. Less a fan of aircraft and the 'cowardice' of large artillery. Too many of his men are gutless, unwilling or unable to face down their foes and to bludgeon their skulls in. Correcting that is a... Tedious process though, and one he finds he has increasingly less patience for. Though he does listen to his advisors and attempts to find alternative solutions he is growing increasingly devoid of patience. To the point where he wonders if he isn't a demon wearing a human face.

As disturbing as it is to the Buddhist that remains in him, Ashoka's earlier more primal function is required for the present. With a looming wyrm called Alexander in the west, the dissident river-folk in the east and many a horde hovering above and beyond the Himalayas, Ashoka's intentions lie in conquest. Making space in the west to find good ground when the Invaders arrive, securing the north and crushing the Steel Tigress are his foremost objectives. In this the only ground he has taken is the north, harassment from the 'Armenian' and the intolerable defences of the Tigress slow him. However Ashoka also refuses to even consider the possibility of an alliance, 'knowing' well he has no equals.

"Mine is the rivers as my blood, the stone as my bone and my breath as the wind! Mine is all Bharat! The time has come to throw our foes from my body, into the seas!"

Archontes-Stratagos Themistoklēs; Bane of All Persians, Lion of Hellas

Strengths; *Understands Ground Soldiers Intimately, Brilliant Mixed Battle Tactician, Extremely Innovative*

Weaknesses; *Unrepentant Ally of the Plebeians, Enemy of Autocrats & Monarchs, Willing to Burn for his Beliefs*

Base; *The Ruins of Athenai, Hellas*

Strength; *27 Legions - Excellent Discipline, Good Morale - Limited Armour, Good Air, Good Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Absolute Bodies over Land Defence, Full Combination Naval/Land/Air Force*

Special Forces; *The Column of Thermopylae (Mechanized Guardsmen), The 'Athenian Hundreds' (Light Cruisers)*

Bio; *For Themistokles, the present is a bitter wine. Everything he wished came to pass, then was crushed by the waves of time and rendered forgotten. Only to be discovered again, used by those he hated in life against the people he concerned himself with. Sickening as it is, there is a small comfort in it. Men did great things and saw ages of peace and fairness amongst each other. The plebeians did not need their 'betters.' More importantly, time redeemed his intentions and seen fit to grant him a place where he, for the time anyways, doesn't have to deal with the damned politicking and naysaying. Either he will be slain, or he will enjoy a retirement when men can begin their bickering again in peace. No more ambitions, once all this is over.*

History has fallen into his lap and Themistokles intends to exploit it to the very fullest. His prestigious position though it has brought a meager handful to him carries many experts and specialists, which has allowed him to make use of what is a very capable and very specialized army. One more than capable of defending the small strips of Hellas he has under his control. The tight numbers and professionalism of each branch down to the lowest pleb allow for small decisive battles that should in time lead to killing blows. In theory anyways. If he has it, Themistokles will use it.

Diplomacy in this strange day is made all the more stranger by the foes about him. The very obvious threat hanging above his head is Alexander, who ironically Themistokles knew and despised. To the west the serpent known as Caesar is also biding his time, intent upon reclaiming the area of Greece to his empire. There are others too who think that his lands are their dominion, but so to are there a few that share his ideals. Curious and foreign as they are, it is Themistokles intention to not only succeed in throwing the tyrants out but to also step into the world to assist those like-minded individuals.

"Athens? I see no city of Athens. I see rubble, signs marking the way. But her buildings are long empty and we are as estranged from them as they are to us. No, my home is gone. But you? I see within you an Athenian brother."

Aléxandros ho Mégas; Basileus & Hegemon & Pharaoh & Shahanshah & Lord

Strengths; Unparalleled Ambition, Sees Impossible Solutions and Sees them Done, Unconventional Brilliance

Weaknesses; Unparalleled Ambition, An Intolerable Bi-Polar Nutter Weenie, World Conquest or Death

Base; The Cappadi Fortress (formerly Ankara), Anatolia

Strength; 201 Legions - Mixed Discipline, Excellent Morale - Decent Armour, Limited Air, Decent Naval

Military Doctrine; Doctrine of Force Obliteration, Keypoint & Army Strike Focus

Special Forces; The Spearhead Companions (Tankette/Cavalry Force), the Agema (Royal Guard)

Bio; Any familiar with the history of Alexander the great knows he died young, his ambitions 'tempered.' It would seem undoing his death has shattered that notion, and he is perhaps the most eager to undertake 'this' task. This being the conquest of the Earth, not simply what is known but every land and sea. Without pause, or even hesitation. He retains the same unsettledness he possessed in life, living in such a way he wrings every drop from it. His ability to bring any man of any culture among his ranks has proven valuable, he could no longer be called Macedonian, or even Hellenic. He is in every sense of the term, One of a Kind. All the world is his, who is to say he cannot embrace the whole of it, its peoples and histories?

Alexander has taken to the newfound technologies offered to him with gusto, so much so he doesn't rightly suffer the problems many of his old world brethren suffer. Instead problems arrive in implementation. Alexander's army is eager to serve but more often than not clashes against itself men of different eras and branches openly feud in implementation and Alexanders own 'creative solutions' while effective have the entire army in a constant state of upheaval. To the point where some assume this is intentional and the Conqueror is unhinging would could be a fatal statism before it can form. Or it may be Alexander is an unchanged idiot, either is possible.

The armies of the Basileus who is Pharaoh are loosely divided at the moment as there is great internal debate over where exactly the struggle should begin. Already Narmar has largely been driven from the coastal Levant and the whole of Anatolia has fallen back into Alexander's hands. But who to strike first? Narmar in Egypt is the obvious choice, though Saladin would be more pragmatic. Ashoka and Bose would finish a job he long wished he'd seen done while Themestokles would grab him a foothold in a very crowded Europe. As for Allies? Alexander is of the opinion that anything more than a shared detente is useless in the long run. He very much intends an absolute conquest.

"Never has so great a gift been given to us as this! That it should be us who finally conquers all lands of this world!"

Gaius Julius Caesar; Dictator Perpetuo & Father of all Tyrants

Strengths; Archetypal Brilliant Dictator & Commander, Master of Politik & Propaganda, Charmingly Ruthless

Weaknesses; There can be no Other Caesars, Refuses to Acknowledge Personal Wrongdoing, Self-Indulgent

Base; The New Imperial Palace of Rome, Italia

Strength; 164 Legions - High Discipline, Poor Morale - Limited Armour, Poor Air, Limited Naval

Military Doctrine; Supremacy of Action, Dividing & Encompassing Assault Focus

Special Forces; Legio VI - II 'Victrix' (Combined Infantry Engineer Force) Legio XXIII Vindicta (Marines)

Bio; Caesar was more surprised than most at his return. His end was rather definitive after all. Despite that Caesar has found himself intrigued by the current events, his attention seems more focused upon the grander scheme of things. It is endlessly amusing how his name now rings forever in history as a title so many monarchs clung to. Without earning, in his opinion. A few did, equals to him without his luck or circumstance, unfortunately there are not many equals here. A shame. Caesar in his current state resembles a well fed tiger; indolent, unmoving, yet still terribly dangerous. His obvious intellect and strategic wisdom remain unfettered, but for the moment he is content to learn of everything he can and guard his little fortress state in the south of Italy.

Caesar's strategic defence has largely served him well in his current state, allowing him to organize his armies as best he can. Which, has proven more difficult than he cares to admit, between the Etruscans, the barbarians, the 'Italians,' the Republicans and worst of all the black shirted 'Fasci', competence and discipline have been far more lackluster than he would ever be comfortable with. Fortunately a number of decimations and executions have done away with the worst offenders. Now with training, further acquisitions of military hardware and a firm grasp Caesar hopes he can have perhaps his finest fighting force.

For the time being, Caesar is keeping the bulk of his legions inside of his defensible borders, clashing in the north with Garibaldi insurgents and making testing prods over in Hellas. He is aware that there can be only one at the end of all this, but in the meantime there is no reason that he shouldn't play the vipers on one another. He has envoys out to most major and ambitious players, his primary focus being the Russians, the Americans, the Mongolians and the dread creature of the distant south. Should he secure a temporal alliance successfully there is a chance he could very much leverage a position of strength. But with the promise of inevitable infighting it remains to be seen how successful such ventures could be.

"It would seem amidst a sea of pretenders and imitators my name still rings high over all. Like children, bickering over their father's title. How... Delightful."

Nasi Simon bar Kokhba; Bloodied flame of Judaea, Butcherer of Romans

Strengths; Terrifying Conviction, Inspires the Worst Sort of Dread & Brutality, Has Embraced Absolute Warfare

Weaknesses; Inside Simon's Territory there are the Chosen People & the Dead, Ignorant, Easily Infuriated

Base; Mobile, Region of Judea

Strength; 20 Legions - Poor Discipline, High Morale - Excellent Armour; Limited Air; Terrible Naval

Military Doctrine; 'Not an Inch' Absolute Defence, Bombard & Horrify

Special Forces; The White Zealots (Assault Special Forces), HIS Hammer (Heavy Artillery)

Bio; The Nasi of Judea drowned his native principality in a sea of blood when he was finally defeated, the stronghold at Betar washed in crimson with only a single resident youth of the city surviving. So he puts it, that Youth was one survivor too many. As wroth and brazen as he was in his last life, the absolute destruction in his last life has only hardened his resolve. He implicitly believes now that he is the Messiah of the Chosen People, that he will guide them and allow them to outlast every onslaught of this terrible age. In this he is at least somewhat tempered, his anger contained by this notion of messianic duty, but when faced with an entire world intent upon the permanent destruction of Judea and the occasional whispers of treason that explosive anger can easily restore itself.

While many can begrudge his barbaric attitudes, none can question his use of all histories Hebrews. Having concentrated his forces and allowed successive generations to largely self-organize, the Israelis and Zion regime forces have proven as effective as they were in their last lives. Even the most primitive iron age warriors are being whipped into shape to understand and use more advanced technologies. The small numbers by comparison to the sprawling armies of other armies have allowed bar Kokhba's forces a level of efficiency and concentration that is largely without parallel, something of vital importance with so many enemies on all sides.

Time has proven to Simon the Jews have no friends. Everyone will betray them, everyone will destroy them if they are given the chance. Rome most of all, there is a black hatred in Simon's heart for Caesar and rumours insist he plots an attack on the Emperors life in the flesh, for the time being though those plans remain just that. The extent of Simon's 'diplomacy' is the strategic turning of his foes upon one another. Already his spies revealed to Alexander's Armies a number of weak points in Narnier's tenuous hold in the near East. The cycle repeating itself as Alexander's weak points have been released to Saladin. It remains to be seen if this strategy will keep Judea's stronghold's free.

"Here, those beyond us will only receive pain and death. See to it those beyond know that."

Charlemagne; Rex of Frank and Lombard, Römisch-deutscher Kaiser

Strengths; *Relentless in his Goals, an Apt Administrative Authoritative Leader, Adept Consolidator of Power*

Weaknesses; *Slow to adapt to new Military works, Weakness for Women, Half-Hearted in his Motions*

Base; *The Metz Fortress, Alsace-Lorraine*

Strength; *147 Legions - Poor Discipline, Mixed Morale - Limited Armour, Limited Air, No Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Superiority of Consistency & Simplicity, Objective Capture & 'Lockout' Principle*

Special Forces; *The Faceless Scaræ (Cavalry MP), The Kaiser's Draw (Combined Drone/Armour)*

Bio; *The taker of titles and consolidator of the Carolingian realm has proven to be less than enthusiastic. Time has proven the fragility of his creations, the pettiness of his works and the absolute uselessness of his Eschliarcal squabbles. Everything dragging down to this pointless existence, the only advantage to it being the complete impossibility of another bastard. He might have simply tossed his Stelæ into the sea had so many not come to him, over later kings and emperors, over the Latin Caesar, begging him to bring order back to Europe. It was the men who pledged themselves to Charlemagne that made him into the King-Emperor he once was. Though more often preferring the company of his female bodyguards exclusively none can deny his willingness for his armies, or the old man's tacit brilliance that has resisted ages.*

While the Kaiser's armies are many, strong and loyal, they are divided. Frankish warriors, French knights, bundeswehr soldiers, brigands and mercenaries all serve their own interests. Cooperation outside of Charlemagne's direct orders is almost non-existent, more often leaving them easily surprised. However there is a distinct advantage to this, the legions of Charlemagne are unpredictable, it's forces competing against one another with a ferocity that often puts their enemies to shame. Underestimating the threat has proven to be extremely costly to both Old Fritz and Bonaparte. The midlands and the Low Countries are now indisputably under Charlemagne's control and that is for the time being uncontested.

Charlemagne is caught between ages and empires and has proven to be willing to listen to just about any envoy. From the titans in the east to the Republicans in the west, the Kaiser is aware of his precarious position. Being so jaded and tired of ambition, he finds it easy to detente with long term foes. Temporary alliances exist between Charlemagne, the Chinese and the Democratic alliance, but as times change, Charlemagne has made it apparent he's willing to change. His interests do not extend beyond the well being and survival of his armies. Land and allies have proven to be at the best of times expandable.

"I know not why an old fool of a man stands before you, nor can I guess why. But to those of you who kneel I promise you every breath I still have in my body. You'll get more out of it than I."

Khalid ibn al-Walid; Saif-ullah, The Sword of God

Strengths; *Ferocious a Swordsman as he is an Unorthodox Commander, Spear-Tip Leader, Fearless*

Weaknesses; *Rudderless in his Goals, Rigid Code of Army Conduct, Intent upon Dying in Battle as is Proper*

Base; *Casablanca, the Maghreb Region*

Strength; *38 Legions - Mixed Discipline, Good Morale - Limited Armour, Good Air, Good Naval*

Military Doctrine; *'A Defence Flexile as Water Devouring Salt,' Autonomous Mobile Assault Structure*

Special Forces; *'Muhajirun' Groups (Light Raid Cavalry) The "Khandaqs" (Snipers)*

Bio; *The son of al-Walid once fought a dogged struggle against the Muslims, then for them. Against the Persians and the Romans in one of the most stunning campaigns the world had ever seen. Always drawn to battle, always drawn to success despite how often he was outnumbered. He makes it no secret he feels this existence a slap in the face. He feels less a man, more horror wrapped up in a man's body, his purpose being to fight. But never to lead. The idea disgusts him, as he required better men to restrain him, to dictate his greater motions. The closest he has to that is a man in Damascus he has never met. The prophet is distant, as is any alleged Caliph. It has forced him into a desperate state of mind, preventing him from moving beyond the Maghreb and the soldiers that have pledged themselves to him. For now, at least, Khalid will wait. Hoping and praying for a sign, a reprieve from this horrible state.*

Khalid's control and organization of his forces comes almost automatically, something vital as it has allowed him to trim the fat from his armies. It disgusts him to no end how many weak men tried to, and still serve as little more than leeches. His sword has beheaded more disobedient 'soldiers' than foes. As tedious and difficult as it has been, his forces are finally starting to resemble a working army, one with implicit command and strict doctrine. While still getting used to the more advanced technologies, the proven specialists have been allowed their space to do their jobs with solid results. North Africa and the West Mediterranean have been all but swallowed by his black banner.

The success of the Maghreb conquest and the double edged sword that is Khalid have put him in a strange place. Unwilling to move and content to swallow up any fighting force that encroaches upon his ground, he's found himself subject to many outside forces that want him to serve some purpose. The most fervent of which come from Damascus and ironically Washington. Khalid himself has remained largely silent upon his rivals, unwilling to commit to any fight that would draw him away from his chosen battlefield for the time being. But should he commit to any one side, he makes it clear he intends to be relentless in his struggle.

"No. It is... Not how you think it was. That day is distant, that time... It matters not in all of this. We are here in all of this together, you are her for me as I am here for you. Focus on that."

Selahedînê Eyûbî; Breaker of the Crusaders, Custodian of the Holy Mosques

Strengths; *Extremely Well Rounded and Adaptive Leader; Generous and Honourable, Skilled in Diplomacy*

Weaknesses; *Looks and Acts like an Elder; Honourable to a Fault, Refuses to entertain preemptive assaults*

Base; *The City of Damascus, The Cradle Region*

Strength; *106 Legions - Good Discipline, Good Morale - Decent Armour; Decent Air; Poor Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Classic Control & Assault Theory, Land/Air Battle Focus*

Special Forces; *The Mamluks (Heavy Armour), The 'Hattin Horn' Launchers (Mobile Missile Platforms)*

Bio; *A man regarded as the last Bastion of the Islamic world, outnumbered and threatened from all sides. The custodian of the Two Holy Mosques finds his current state one more tired than anything else. All these conquerors, all these tyrants... What is the point of it? He's aware contemplation of the matter is pointless, that the hordes roving north and west of him shall come regardless, but he still finds lamentation easy, as much as his focus is still aimed upon the commoners. Many, even Christians, Jews and those not of Ibrâhîm have pledged themselves to his cause. Such things and his own legacy surprises Saladin, but it is enough to make what should be an unbearable situation not.*

The multitude of forces that have come to serve Saladin have been organized as best as a man could hope, their cohesion is not spectacular, but it grows every day and in his pursuit of an ironclad defence that is all Saladin could ask for. While he has been entirely unable to put together a functioning naval force his foot and tread armies supported by a dependent air command have proven terribly effective even against the Big Boss's prods. His engineer groups have proven to be incredibly effective and in the opening weeks of the global conflict have turned the frontline cities of Damascus and Mosul from ruins into functioning citadels. It remains to be seen if all this will stand up to a committed assault.

Saladin's focus on diplomacy has been largely without fruit, the near east being terribly far from any faction that would lend assistance with Alexander and Namer sharpening their blades. Khalid ibn al-Whalid remains the singular most promising target, some believing that should an alliance be struck the two forces could become one outright. However in the same right the Steel Tigress in Bengal has made it apparent Saladin's leadership would be preferable to Ashoka's conquest. But for the time being allies are far, with a multitude of foes that could encroach from Egypt, Anatolia and through the Caucasus.

"There can be no greatness or glory here. We are all sullied to the very lowest child by this madness."

Temüjin who became Ghengis Khan; King of all Kings, Bane of Lesser Men

Strengths; *Paramount Assimilative Conqueror; Meritocratic & Adaptive Force Structure, Excellent Delegator*

Weaknesses; *(Hopefully) Punitive Extermination Warfare, Firm Believer in Overkill, Takes Slight Poorly*

Base; *Mobile, Most of Central Eurasia*

Strength; *413 Legions - Mixed Discipline, Mixed Morale - Poor Armour; Limited Air; Terrible Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Supremacy of Mobility, Broad Front Envelopment & Vital Destruction*

Special Forces; *"Steppe Armies" (Cavalry/Mechanized/Motorized), "Lighting Makers" (Katyusha Divisions)*

Bio; *Arguably the most famous and infamous of the Twenty Six, Ghengis Khan's steps would shake the entirety of Eurasia and the state he laid out would expand to the largest the world had ever seen. A lasting success without apparent challengers bar those in the West.*

Ghengis Khan died content. But his restoration has woken something in him, the same focus and wrath of his younger years, carried by the Stelæ's Immortality, Ghengis Khan at his most fearsome has been restored. Much to the horror of his opponents and the masses that see his strength and seek to add to it. Unshakable, implacable and yet soft spoken in private and knowledgeable. Ghengis Khan is of the belief that his victory is all but certain and his unbreakable character serves to invigorate the masses under him.

If there was a single army that could conquer the entirety of the Old World, it would be the Khan's Army. Men of all Eras have flocked to his banner, just about every Turk and Altaic including many of his descendents stand at the Khan's call, and many more advanced strongmen have pledged themselves to Ghengis. Organizing such a force would be tantamount impossible, but the Khan's ability to delegate and rule manage the task. Though there is still much room for improvement, there are a hundred languages spoken in the Khan's armies, air support struggles to keep up with the rapid motions of the armies, tech is lacking and any steps off the continent will need to be made with stolen or built from scratch ships. The Khan is not bothered by this, having learned well the value of patience.

Despite being trapped between many fronts with numerous foes all over, Ghengis Khan refuses to entertain anything but submission and the surrendering of 'his' Stelæ. It is all a matter of time before the world falls, his functions for now are primarily focused west and southwards, though rumours persist that his gaze is falling back to Korea, Japan and even further to the west coast of the Americas. Ironically this has prompted the only 'detente' with the Khan and Goyale promising to do battle when 'Washington and Moscow burn.' For now at least, all the Old World rightly trembles as the Khaganate prepares to strike.

"So it would seem that heaven has need of me to unite what remains of this world. This, this I shall do."

Shogun Tokugawa Ieyasu; Great Gongen, Light of the East

Strengths; *Natural Talent for Outlasting Rivals, Patient & Extremely Calculated, A True Pragmatist*

Weaknesses; *Far from the Finest Tactical Genius, Easily Distracted by Women, Patience may be Punished*

Base; *The Imperial Palace of Kyoto, Japanese Home Islands*

Strength; *70 Legions - Good Discipline, Good Morale - Poor Armour, Decent Air, Good Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Supremacy of Patience, Policy of Strategic Strikes & Concrete Gains*

Special Forces; *Kamakura Samurai Groups (Armoured Infantry), The Shakushain Guns (Anti-Air Artillery)*

Bio; *It would seem the annals of history and the instigating force behind this grand conflict have favoured Ieyasu over a hundred of his compatriots. Something that tickles the old man to no end. From a position of almost unparalleled safety in Japan, Ieyasu has been able to fully take stock of his situation. Of the legions of men and women dragged here from across time, space and beyond the borders of death. He hasn't announced the answer to his contemplations just yet, having sat upon his butt and gotten into virtual shōgi, but he promises to inform the world once he makes up his mind about things. For now anyways the Tokugawa Shogun is of the approach that small amenities be granted to those who once died in violence, before they die again, so long as it does not come at the expense of their vigilance.*

It has been a difficult thing managing Japan's many armies, the early warriors, insubordinate samurai, Meiji dogs and the Kōdōha would-be Shoguns all proved troublesome. Ieyasu's deceptive motions have either stamped out the worst of their meddling, driving them to the mad Beast of Bataan or kowtowing them. Having learned much of Japan's history Ieyasu has fully committed to a slow and defensible war, empowering his air corp with primary focus as the Nuclear conflict seems to be one of the few things to unsettle him. The defeats in China a story retold of Nobanaga's failure on a grander scale. At the current pace in a few months the Japanese air-force will be unequalled in Asia, and the naval arm remains one of the strongest in the world.

Perhaps the single most diplomatic figure in the world, Ieyasu has actively made use of technological communications and has attempted to 'face-time' with as many of the Twenty Six as he can. While the most successful of these communications remains to be with Sun-Tzu (who has actively played a few games of shōgi with the shogun,) semi constant communication with the Grand Admiral, Generalissimo Suvorov, the Steel Tigress and Turenne persist. A rough alliance has been forged with Britain, their distance and mutual concerns over the Australasian threat allowing common ground. While Ieyasu has made it apparent his relations are flexible, he has a singular foe in the south. It would very much please the Shogun if he was able to rid himself of the Tiger in Singapore.

"Let them break on our shores, our gales of wind and steel will guard us as we wait for our sun to rise again."

Admiral Yi Sun-sin; Chungmugong, Lord of Loyalty and Warfare

Strengths; *Perhaps the Finest Naval Mind on Earth, Commands Unyielding Loyalty, Able to Sacrifice Everything*

Weaknesses; *Honourable to a Fault, Uncomfortable as Lord, Unwilling to Pursue Enemies Beyond own Borders*

Base; *The Dreadnought Carrier Panokseon, The Korean Straights*

Strength; *34 Legions - Excellent Discipline, Good Morale - Limited Armour, Good Air, Excellent Naval*

Military Doctrine; *'Bandenbekämpfung' Mobile Defence, Supremacy of Naval Power & Core of Operations*

Special Forces; *Sambyeolcho (Light Motor/Motorcycle Raiders), Geobukseon (Heavy Cruisers)*

Bio: *The Grand Admiral Yi Sun-sin died in battle, guaranteeing the victory against all odds over what should have been a monstrous defeat. Word of his success, and the futility of it with Korea surrounded by conquerors has left Korea's saviour at a loss for words. What can a man say when faced by the whole of history? Acclimatizing has been a challenge to his position and what seems like the entirety of Korea's warriors and soldiers pledging themselves to him. The only thing that he will do everything in his power to defend Korea once more. The rest can be sorted through once everything is sorted, no matter how long that takes. In private moments he looks centuries old though, and some worry that he risks entrapping himself in a cycle of overbearing stress.*

While innovative to an extreme degree with his advances almost certainly earning his victories, the scope of history has outdone Admiral Yi. Despite that, his focus on establishing the very best defensive force has borne much fruit and many of his far more eccentric works have proven very effective against skirmishes with the mongol forces. The Northern mountains are all but impassible, the air force more than capable of holding Korea's skies, and if the initial results of the naval refit prove sustainable the Admiral could carry his legendary feats into the current age. Out-thinking, thinking ahead and being able to hold the key components of any plan are well within the range of the Korean forces.

History weighs on the Grand Admiral heavy as iron, and he knows well Korea has few allies. Only would-be masters. Accepting the tacit diplomacy of the Warlord to the West and the Shogun in the east, he knows well enough that they may well turn on him when the Mongolian menace shatters, then welcome the Russians filling the void. European invaders will likely consider his peninsula the most acceptable target. The working relationship of the British with the Japanese and the braying of many Conquerors leave him with few friends. That said there are some more certain allies, the Red Napoleon finds himself in a similar position to the Grand Admiral, while Steel Tigress is aware the 'small nations' must stand together and has sent an Attache to Yi to help modernize his forces entirely. Time will tell though if their commitments last, especially with the multitude of foes besetting them.

"I think there is not one amongst us who hasn't faced death. Whatever force that has brought you here has my gratitude, but the highest gratitude exists to all of you. I promise everyone of you a future past this storm for your service, and failing that my body beside yours at the bottom of the sea."

Rex Gustavus Adolphus, Rex & The Great Lion from the North

Strengths; *Expert of Artillery & Formation, Logistics Genius, As Long as He Lives the Army Marches*

Weaknesses; *Not Able to Physically Relax, Spasmodic View of Catholics, Mutually Reviled by Germans and Russians*

Base; *The Ruins of Stockholm, Scandinavia Region.*

Strength; *40 Legions - Excellent Discipline, Excellent Morale - Good Armour; Limited Air; Good Naval*

Military Doctrine; *'Gå-På' Supremacy of Shock & Firepower; Land Air & Sea Combat Domination*

Special Forces; *The Näst-Karoliner (Infantry) The Wakenstädt Pansar (Heavy Siege Armour)*

Bio; *A man who died at his prime, the Emperor of the Swedes took the full of history as a mixed bag. On one hand, his brief brilliance shines and shifted the full of history, Sweden through thick and thin survived until the very end. On the other hand, survival is not good enough for Gustavus. The Emperor that controls the Nordic countries proper even now seeks to thrust himself and Sweden back into global affairs at the forefront. Over the seas, the whole of Europe is waiting. He has vigorously tested his own immortality, finding direct blows from cannons do little but annoy the carriers of Stelæ. His single-minded determination, track record for victories and newfound immortality should concern anyone in his immediate vicinity.*

The doctrine of combined arms permanently shifted the tide of post-powder warfare, every advance even after the great wars only refined this truth. As vindicating as this is for Adolphus, his forceful entrance into more modern technologies undoes any thoughts he may be complicit. To the point where his army occasionally struggles with the vigorous modernization. His small force despite this copes, from the hardened Nordic raiders to the 'Blå-hud' drone legionnaires that threw the Russians back to the sea proving their ferocity. The Army of Scandinavia suffers two major weaknesses, being distinctly few in number they cannot afford to lose many bodies and their aerial capabilities are largely limited to defence. Going forward Adolphus intends to draw strength from afar and to empower his air wing.

The Nordic nations find themselves in a strenuous position, Albion sits in isolation, Finland has broken from Sweden and a united Germany is rumbling beneath. France sits divided and more dangerous hordes persist abroad. The independence of Finland under Mannerheim in particular is a bruise to the King's ego. Engaging another small, professional army is the worst primary engagement but despite that and Gustav's awareness of Mannerheim's skill it seems like it will be his first move. Diplomacy has yielded few contacts, leaving the Nordic space with no friends and many enemies. A fact that only hardens the resolve of the state's captain.

"I am the King of Sweden! And this day I seal with my blood the liberties of the world!"

Marshal Turenne: The Insatiable Dragon of Westephillia

Strengths; *Hyper Adept Learning Leader, Master of Combined Arms, Measures Ten Times & Cuts Once in a Moment*

Weaknesses; *Views Himself as Nothing but a Good Soldier, Overestimates Opponents, Inept Civilian Organizer*

Base; *The Castle of Sedan, Francia Region*

Strength; *14 Legions, Excellent Discipline, Good Morale - Excellent Armour, Excellent Air, No Naval*

Military Doctrine; *'Men above Land by way of Guns,' The 'Highest Quality Standard'*

Special Forces; *The Légion étrangère (Mixed Infantry), The Marne Artillerie (Ultra Heavy Artillery)*

Bio; *A man who died once on the battlefield, Turenne makes his contempt for the world affairs visible. For the history that befell Europe and all the world, after it the death of mankind. Now, to here? For what end, other than the amusement of some sick demon? Despite that contempt and the few men who have joined him with some many titans to champion France, a spark remains in Turenne. The grand marshal remains a soldier-general, his focus falling to the ground, the men suffering on it. He has at this point abandoned all pretenses of nobility and upper uniform, only a red feather on his helmet marking him any different than the rest of his forces. At this point he is long done with notions of intrigue and diplomacy.*

The small force and Turenne's extreme adaptability have proven to be a lethal combination. Allowing for a lethal centralized cooperation that comes with military understanding and uniform direction. Turenne's position at the forefront and few numbers allows a direct control of his army with few equals, preferring to cut out as many middle ranks as he can. However this tight force for all its success can take and hold very little ground, instead focusing on a constant strategy of motion. While the self-controlled supply situation allows for the principal force to exist surrounded, without significant support Turenne can only do so much. Any long term war will be unwinnable without numbers.

Marshal Turenne lies at the heart of the 'Heroic Coalition' beside Lafayette, Themistokles and the tentative member Sherman. Disinterested in a singular winner and willing to undermine the very purpose of this war, the Coalition finds its primary target to be at the moment, Napoleon. The Emperor of the French is eager to reclaim France, but he is but one of many, and there are few willing to even consider joining the Coalition. The great Geronimo for instance wants the New world beyond the Mississippi, Sirko is in dire straits and would demand extraction, Garibaldi remains incensed at the mere notion of running from Italy. But- in all likelihood a retreat is only means of survival Securing the Americas and letting the old world tyrants bleed themselves is Turenne's primary objective. No matter the cost he intends to see it done, and he'll keep his boots planted in France until all but his personal retinue are headed off.

"Mercy, this all makes me terribly exhausted now."

Hetman Ivan Dmytrovych Sirko: Foremost of the Cossacks, Sword of the Zaporozhian Host

Strengths; *Appears Confident & Inspirational to His Men, Logistics & Mobility Genius, Infuriating Propagandist*

Weaknesses; *Actually Rather Quiet & Polite in Private, Abides the Will of the Host, Plays to Survive not to Win*

Base; *The City of Kyiv, the Ukraine Region*

Strength; *48 Legions - Poor Discipline, Excellent Morale - Poor Armour, Good Air, No Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Supremacy of Mobility, Priority of Preservation*

Special Forces; *The Zaporozhian Host (Motorized/Cavalry) The 'Yiddish' Host (Artillery/Cavalry)*

Bio; *One of the more obscure men that found their way into history and from there into the Twenty Six. Sirko remains a wild card. Two faced in an apparent fashion, the face his men know is bawdy, utterly fearless and loud. In private company though he seems soft-spoken and wise. Both faces are the same man, who can be many things and steps from one calamity into the next like it is but stepping from one room into another. That make has served Ivan well, allowing him to rally his people and secure the Ukraine well before more populous and aggressive factions could. That unshakability has also infected his men and found among them unitary cause, drawing all Ukrainians, Cossacks, Poles and many Jews to his ranks. Some joke he's created a 'small commonwealth' but none can deny the effectiveness of his forces, nor the unity he's created.*

The Hosts are a mish-mash of genuine cossack host, pagan & Hebrew nomads, dissident soldiers, Polish and Ukrainian army groups and even the warriors of the caucuses. Despite this there is a common focus and the mixed autonomous command has allowed a level of dangerous unpredictability. The space taken in the early war allowing encroaching forces to be enveloped outright, much to the contempt of both Fritz and the Russian factions who've had entire scout groups captured, stripped naked and kicked back into their own territory. Worse some chose to join the hosts, preferring the untamed mobility to pressing army duty. But there are some glaring flaws, notably the reliance upon a handful of airfields and the inability to deal with large scale maneuvers.

Sirko won't admit it but he's wolf trapped in a cage full of bears. East, West, South and North all filled with conquerors that look on with hungry eyes. For him, the conquest of the Ukraine is not a matter of how but when, and by whom. The short standing inertia that has absolved the world is fragile, and one battle will send every hand against the other. His muslim followers suggest pushing through the Caucasus, others advise siding with Suvorov and beating down the Red Army. But many more wish to side with Turenne's coalition, against Dixie and Napoleon. But to do that they would need to go through all Europe or push through Alexander's holds in the Balkans to get to Themistokles. Whatever move he makes will send his enemies into a frenzy, something that makes the old Cossak smile.

"Our future lies at the bottom of a sea of blood, the surface covered in flaming oil. It is fortunate then, that we have firm lungs and thick hides."

Kaiser Friedrich der Große; Der Alte Fritz, King of the Germans

Strengths; *An Ideal Absolute General-Monarch, Rapidly Balancing a Cross-Time Mixed Army, Unflappable*

Weaknesses; *Bitter on the Matter of history, Horrible Man Thirst, Overconfident in simple strategies*

Base; *The Citadel-City of Berlin, Northern Germany*

Strength; *129 Legions - Excellent Discipline, Mixed Morale - Good Armour, Poor Air, Poor Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Primacy of Absolute Command & Operational Flexibility, Superiority of Discipline*

Special Forces; *The Riesengebirge Husaren (Cavalry/Tankette Skirmishers), The Stoßtruppen (Shock Infantry)*

Bio; *'Old Fritz' both to his enemies and his subordinates remains enigmatic. To call him 'indignant' at his waking would be an understatement, to call him 'furious' when he learned of what transpired of the world and Germany also an understatement. In many ways he is better than he was in his last life, forging a unified army from a hundred 'German' backgrounds and rightly forming an army without a state. But when tasked with anything outside of this, the weight of centuries comes upon him. How ironic history should show him the 'successes' of his ideas. No Poles, no Jews, no Germans. A lifeless wasteland ruled over Europe for centuries until whatever brought them decided this 'joke' would be funny. No, it falls back to him to right this ship and to build something that will last the ages. No matter how heavy the damned crown is he'll make no mistake twice.*

Hammering a hundred types of German and seven types of Slav into Prussian standard soldiers has been a terrible task, but Friedrich has succeeded. A uniformity and common line of order has been paved, and the entirety of his force is now a cohesive capable hammer. While tacitly still adapting and completely contemptuous of asymmetrical warfare, the old tactician has slowly been corresponding the sum of military warfare into his personal command. While erring on the side of more reliable, albeit tentative strategies, in anything above scouts and prods he's found great success. Despite this Old Fritz is unsatisfied as the future will have the whole of Germania being invaded and he would very much prefer to engage his foes on their soil. Unfortunately, his nightmare situation of a protracted war is all but certain.

Diplomatically Germania has few friends and many enemies. Swedes in the North, French in the West, Hordes to the east and literal Romans to the south. Ironically the only possible friend he has is in Italy, Garibaldi having sent Friedrich a pair of Italian greyhounds that he openly loves more than any man. He's made half-hearted attempts at drawing the British from isolation, but his great great grand nephews idiotic ambitions leave the Iron Duke weary of such overtures. For now, he wearily eyes the situation in France and Russia, waiting for a tactical opportunity that will allow him a devastating strike. Failure is inevitable without those sort of victories.

"And so it is that all the ugliness of Germania's history falls to my hand to organize. I suppose I should be grateful it is me, terrible as the task is. From what I have heard all of our worst traits grew malignant and cancerous, and could come again if they were led by a lesser man."

Marquis de Lafayette; Le Héros des Deux Mondes, The Revolutionary

Strengths; *Adventurous & Terribly Unpredictable, Excels in Inspiring Subterfuge, Draws Plebeians Magnetically*

Weaknesses; *Survivors Guilt Complex, Reviles all Robespierres & Would-be Tyrants, Loose Command*

Base; *Shattered Citadel at Aquitaine, Francian Region*

Strength; *55 Legions - Good Discipline, Good Morale - Good Armour, Excellent Air, Limited Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Policy of Decisive Assault & Liberatory Conquest, Pursuit of Branch & Army Autonomy*

Special Forces; *The American Legion (Shock Infantry), L'radicaux (Heavy Air Support)*

Bio; *In his last life Lafayette was often a melder of many ideas though moderate remained revolutionary. His return has not changed this, though the lessons of earth's history have altered some things they have been turned Ironclad. Trusting in himself and his decisions, he has vowed to wipe the board clean, and find a system that works. Stelæ and sovereigns be damned, those men who've realized their state and even the ignorant deserve better. Were it possible, he would have tossed the ugly green stone into the ocean. But it seems to have a mind of its own and always finds its way back to him. It is but one of many perpetual troubles. Yet despite them, despite everything an infectious will and a hardened optimism persist in Lafayette. There is no 'attempt', there is only 'will be.' A valuable thing, considering the weight of his opposition.*

The host of Lafayette is wildly diverse, composed of American soldiers from the World Wars, freed slaves, would be revolutionaries and Bourbon loyalists. Despite this the 'Marquis' has successfully organized a multi-lingual command structure and some of the finest ariel and drone groups in Europe. With mixed success he's achieved a largely autonomous command structure, with army groups able to act on their own grounds with set objectives. While this has allowed Lafayette to efficiently resist Napoleon in the south east of France and the Pyrénées, pushing has proven to be a more difficult proposition and organizing the state of Turenne's eccentric plan has proven difficult.

Beside Turenne and Themistokles, Lafayette remains one of the primary movers of the 'Heroic Coalition' and has been the primary mover of drawing General Sherman in. He also remains one of the primary drawers into the coalition, his correspondances with Sirko, Garibaldi and Geronimo the most pitched. But Lafayette has been sending diplomatic missions to everyone he thinks receptive, notably Suvorov, Charlemagne, Mannerheim, Anparteli and the Steel Tigress. His envoy to Khalid has borne some fruit and Themistokles will be able to escape Hellas if everything goes according to Turenne's maddened plan. Time will tell if any of these envoys bear fruit, all the while Napoleon is preparing for an onslaught, one Lafayette knows will end in them withdrawing from France and Iberia, or not at all.

"Revolution lives in the hearts of all men, each deserves his chains broken. No more compromises."

Generalissimo Suvorov; Good Aleksánder, The Russian Hannibal

Strengths; *One of the Finest Strategists, Fine Adaptionist with Excellent Speed, Logistical Mastermind*

Weaknesses; *Physically Infirm, Expects the Highest Restraint, Refuses to Resort to 'Barbarism'*

Base; *The City of Saint Petersburg, the Greater Russian Area*

Strength; *297 Legions - Good Discipline, Mixed Morale - Poor Armour; Limited Air; Poor Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Preservation of the 'Living Army,' Policy of Survival through Patience*

Special Forces; *The Maciejowice Legionnaires (Combat Engineers), The "Elephants" (Mountaineers)*

Bio; *The last Generalissimo of Russia and Prince of Italy is still skeptical of the status quo, but whatever force that brought him here cannot be questioned when the forces of the Union, the Khan, the Rex and the Kaiser all bray at his doorstep. A task he takes with a severity brought by understanding and a confidence required for victory. From the North-west of Russia the Generalissimo focuses the entirety of his being into his army, acting as less a man, more an instrument that directs the hundreds of thousands that have sided with him. The peoples of Russia and everyone who had been under her Crown deserve that, a leader who concerns themselves with them. Suvorov doesn't wish to let them down.*

The Gargantuan task that comes with organizing a functional force of Suvorov's size would make most men turn and flee. But the single mindedness of Suvorov has turned what should be an ungainly mess into a functional and occasionally moral force. Equipping ancient boyars and balts, arming hussars and whites has allowed a level of functionality that has turned a rowdy mass into a titanic wall. But still Suvorov lags behind technologically with so much of his force being composed of ancients. But making the most of what he has is natural, and numerous ingenious replications and seizing of industrial equipment is allowing a steady but notably exponential modernization. But that modernization will take time, and time is one of the few things lacking in the Northwest.

Suvorov is so dogged in his military function that diplomacy has proven difficult. The only successful action so far has been with the Finns in a mutual Detente with the Nordics sharpening their blades. Weary of the Germans and acquainted with Fredrieich's ability, he imagines confrontations with Old Fritz and the Northern Lion are inevitable, but more pressing are the Khan's armies and the Soviet Union, both of which are actively making moves though the Soviets are more aggressive. Suvorov is aware defeating them is essential, but for now all he can do is bait out his winning engagements, only time will tell if his patience is fatal or life saving.

"Not the good Empress, not her idiot son, not the blessed Virgin, not Christ and not the Devil dance here. Only we estranged souls. I cannot tell if that is a tragedy or a mercy."

Empereur Napoleon Bonaparte; Emperor of Francia, Defender of the Rhine

Strengths; Charismatic & Leadership Wrecking Ball, Foremost Legitim�er of Actions, Unphasable

Weaknesses; Overreliant Upon Pitched Warfare, STILL Underestimates Coalitions, Nasty God Complex

Base; The Fortress City of Avignon, Francia Region

Strength; 253 Legions - Excellent Discipline, Good Morale - Good Armour, Limited Air, Poor Naval

Military Doctrine; Superiority of Situational Flexibility, Extended Command Autonomy

Special Forces; Garde Imp riale (Infantry) "Les Immortels" (Gendarmerie)

Bio; The Emperor of France, breaker of Europe, bested by the Mud and the Snow. Napoleon in some ways is more a force of nature than a man, his personal charisma and renewed form putting to shame his resurgence in Paris. The Emperor of the French, and if he has his way, the Emperor of Europe is single minded in his ambition. He is here, against the greatest of men. Old Fritz, Alexander the Great, Caesar himself. Lesser men would be humbled. Napoleon however realizes this singular moment, this singular event is where his mortality fails. He is France incarnate, here to swipe away half-hearted republicans, servile monarchist and the German drick. He will prove himself worthy of his title, and draw the world into a new era. Above which the French tricolour and the Golden eagle will reign for millennia. If what he has learned speaks true then even distant planets are not beyond his ambitions.

It has been seemingly trivial for Napoleon to organize his forces, in part because of his excellent delegations, in part because of his p nacity in devouring military history. The draw away from linear warfare and the use of vehicles, at least, land vehicles is something he's taken to like a fish to water. Less spectacular is his motions in aerial command, something he struggles to grasp with, and still woefully lacking is his naval doctrine. Notably lacking in those areas he has yet to improve either situation instead refining his already formidable ground armies and melding infantry with tanks and armour in a truly worrying fashion.

Napoleon has made it clear his intentions to wipe out resistance in France and Iberia, there will be no peace with any who claim primary constituent states of his Empire. But his view goes far, already draft plans are being laid to strike into Germany, the Low Countries and Italy. But even beyond that, The Nordic Countries, Eastern Europe and the Balkans all draw to Napoleon's eye. Any diplomatic matters are pressed in the far West and East. Primarily focused upon striking a detente with the Khan, an alliance with China for the East and getting the Americans to cut their alliance with Turenne and Lafayette. So far there have been no successes. Which, some worry has driven him to a mind where the only end is France against the world.

"Twice, I've been bested. There shall be no third."

The Duke of Wellington; His Grace, The Sepoy General & The Iron Duke

Strengths; Solid Planner but Brilliant Executor, Unphasable in All Things, Commands the Hardest Discipline

Weaknesses; Slow to Understand New Breeds of War, Unwilling to commit to Europe, Enforces the Hardest Discipline

Base; Fortress City of York, The British Isles

Strength; 91 Legions - Excellent Discipline, Poor Morale - Limited Armour, Excellent Air, Excellent Naval

Military Doctrine; Policy of Patience 'by the Wooden Wall,' Pursuit of the Decisive & Swift Victory

Special Forces; 'HMO Gurkha Legion' (Mountaineers), The Royal Marines (Marines)

Bio; It is a great irony that it is Napoleon's breaker who stands alone in Britain. Something that seemingly passes by the mirthless Duke. His Grace has kept his thoughts on the global order to himself, after all they aren't needed, aren't wanted. The men and women under him do not wish for him to lament their sorry states. They have enough on their plate preparing for the inevitable war in Europe that consumes the future like some monstrous beast. The Duke himself is more joyless than he has ever been, looking like a statue at times. It's no secret he despises this state, despises every resident of Britain some soldier or warrior that have been turned to his command. But there is nothing to be done about it. The future looms overhead, and only the demand to discover the source of all this draws the Duke. Everything else is mud, steel and blood, and he feels like everyone will have had enough of that.

The British Army, Navy and Airforce have been moved to operate at terrible efficiency. Britannia still rules the Atlantic and the air above Britain almost swarms with patrols and drills. But they are all kept at hand, the Duke of Wellington relentlessly drilling his forces but making no moves. The bomber force he's compiled could probably sink the low countries into the sea, but for now he's chosen to exercise restraint. As impressive as Britain's arsenal is, it is notably lacking in manpower by comparison to its rivals. Any action made by his forces will need to be made deliberately and decisively, perfection is vital in the Duke's eyes. Much to the disdain of his men who grow weary of waiting and the toxic rain that bombards the isles.

Britain has no friends, only interests. That much remains to be true. The Duke of Wellington has all but dispensed with the notion of allies in Europe. He is content with letting the entire continent beat itself to death, so too is he estranged to the Americans who've glibly returned to infighting. Interestingly though the same is not true for Asia. The Australasian situation deeply unnerves His Grace, and he's actively attempted to parlay with the Asian powers, the most successful brokering coming from the Steel Tigress and the Shogun. While his motions to strike are unclear, a steel hammer is waiting in Dover, a full multigroup force that is incredibly eager to see action.

"Let those in the wasteland called Europe shell and bleed all those left in Europe. Britain can wait, and when we are done waiting and the world is bled dry we will reclaim our empire and find our answers. God willing."

'War-Chief' Goyaalé; The Last Wild Wolf of the New World, Great Geronimo

Strengths; *Unique Decentralized Army Structure, Lightning Raid Tactics, Functional Grab-and-Go Logistics*

Weaknesses; *Despises Mexicans & Americans, Refuses to Entertain Surrender; Terribly Spread Out*

Base; *Mobile, America West of the Mississippi*

Strength; *38 Legions - Mixed Discipline, Excellent Morale - Limited Armour, Limited Air, No Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Policy of Purposeful Hyper Decentralization, Terror Butter & Patience*

Special Forces; *The Mormon Brigade (Mountaineers), Stu-mick-o-sucks' Hundred (Cavalry/Drone Skirmishers)*

Bio; *Of all the Twenty Six, Goyaalé is unique in that he's the only 'True' son of the New World, with all others either being or actively hailing from the Old. Something that peaks Goyaalé to no end. Though he considers himself undeserving of the Stelæ he's accepted it to the best of his abilities and has done the impossible in rallying those outside of the Northern and Southern Columbias that reject their sovereignty. A bitter man with a world of regrets he refuses to relinquish, he's taken his position with a severity that would kill lesser men. But, on occasion he's been seen smiling, laughing a moment with his men. But it vanishes as quick as it comes.*

For such a vast force composed of a hundred different backgrounds, Goyaalé has managed to do what was thought to be impossible in organizing multiple cohesive strike groups throughout America to harass Tecumseh, Forrest and d'Quito. The vast areas of North America with terrible wastes and expanses of forest allow a level of mobility unseen in the cramped Old World. Beyond the Mississippi and south of the Andes only these war-bands are the masters. But there is only so much ground they can cover and so many places they can be. To say nothing of the constant spats between the War-bands. Many of European origin have joined Goyaalé, notably the Mormons, the Chilean Legions and the Hell's Angels, a fact some war-bands consider a glaring mistake. Time will tell if Goyaalé can keep these disputes to just words.

As one would expect, the 'Great Geronimo' has few friends. Bar the Success of the Detente with the Khan of Khans, the forces of Goyaalé are prepared for a battle of resistance against the entire world. The principle foes being the once conquerors, Washington, Dixie and Gran Columbia. There is a whole hearted willingness in the engagements with d'Quito and Forrest, the conflict naked in its genocidal endpoints. Less so is the conflict with Sherman. For all his hard words, Tecumseh hasn't made any major movements against Goyaalé, the same in reverse. The name bothers Goyaalé to no end, for its original bearer does not stand here. There also exists the issue of the French diplomatic mission. Goyaalé has asked for the land beyond the Mississippi, south of the Amazon river. If Tecumseh were to agree to this it would put them on the same side. But is that even possible?

"I will never surrender again, not in this life or the next!"

'Compagno' Giuseppe Garibaldi; Father of Guerrillas & Hero of Two Worlds

Strengths; *Asymmetric Warfare Genius, Leads From the Front on Horseback, Excels in Breaking Organized Armies*

Weaknesses; *Very Tired of Compromise & Realpolitik, Refuses to be the 'Leader', 'All'inferno con il camuffamento'*

Base; *The Citadel of Milan, Northern Italy*

Strength; *43 Legions - Good Discipline, Good Morale - Good Armour, Good Air, Limited Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Principle of the 'Insatiable Defence' & Mobile Encircling, "Libertà o Morte!"*

Special Forces; *Battaglione Delle Donne Della Morte (Armoured Assault Infantry), 'Sul' Guards (Guerrilla Commandos)*

Bio; *All of the confused and battered masses in North Italy must have jumped when Garibaldi woke. Having been granted the 'mercy' of a quiet death in bed, his confusion has given way to an explosive anger second to very few. The fate of Italy, the fate of international fraternity, the fate of mankind and even the fate of the world lit a fire in him that has only grown exponentially. That is perhaps why Caesar's initial gambit failed to pay off, possibly prompting his current patient disposition. Any other man would likely fall short in this situation, but Garibaldi has seen 'certain' doom more than once. Tasted it. Been denied it. Again, and again, and again. Weak knees turned into fear which turned into resolve which turned into steel. But the steel has rusted away, leaving only a furious emptiness.*

Partisans, Etruscans, Republicans, Foreign freedom fighters, Communards and the like have flocked to Garibaldi and the red fire that's risen up in the North of Italy. His forces despite this have been moved in such a way their disorganization is a strength. The extreme end of asymmetrical and technological warfare has proven to be extremely effective even if the structure of the army is patched upwards with spit and prayers. The forward motion and unceasingness of command has faded those flaws, and between multilingualism and common cause what should be an army divided into ten different ways moves as one. But it is a hyper defensive force and lacking in numbers.

As stated, Garibaldi is absolutely furious, about the past and the present. The ugly destroyer of the Roman Republic lies in the south like a curled lion, in the west the first Napoleon rears his ugly head. More of them. Many more tyrants. Worse, almost no friends. The monarchist milksop & the French soldier being the closest, the Americans attempting to wrangle their worst side. The only positive junctions have been with the Kaiser who has some of his soul left and the unwashed Ukrainians. The only true conversation with the man called Geronimo. The 'heroic coalition' plans the impossible and asks Garibaldi to abandon his homeland for a second time, something that pains him to no end. But- unless he intends to fight two emperors there are no other alternatives.

"Damned emperors and despots in all but name. In all corners of the world, offering petty honours and the boot. So... Here, I offer you no comforts and no petty pleasures, only the blood we share and the hope of freedom. That will be enough, those who know this in your hearts will find me in Milan. Here? No more compromises. No more tyrants."

Supreme-General Nathan Bedford Forrest: Old Bed, Wizard of the Saddle

Strengths; Master of Assault, Expert in Paranoia & Subterfuge, One of the Greatest Cavalry Officers

Weaknesses; Has Reverted to Klannisms, Poor Discipline, Openly Admits he Despises Himself & His Followers

Base; The 'Silver Legion' redoubt at Mobile, Dixieland

Strength; 56 Legions - Poor Discipline, Excellent Morale - Poor Armour, Limited Air, Poor naval

Military Doctrine; Decentralized Army Operations Scheme, Brilliance in Shock & Awe

Special Forces; The Robert.E.Lee Honor Legion (Infantry), The Fuchsia Wizard's Corp (Mixed-Tank Group)

Bio; Ironically 'Supreme-General' Forrest looks more like a ghost now than he ever would in a klansman's outfit. Something that upon being pointed out by a subordinate led him to kick said subordinate squarely in the jaw. The old man can roundhouse kick, one of the few things that doesn't disgust him. Whoever it is that did this must be rightly killing themselves laughing, after all, he's a fucking joke. A self-aware fool in charge of an army of idiots who look at the whole of history and learn not a single thing. Or is the self-aware fool worse? Forrest hasn't been able to decide, tempering his internalized and externalized contempt with combat. Forrest is back in his prime and the only time he feels alive anymore is when he has a sabre in hand and an enemy before him.

Ruthlessness and a tsunami of enemies has allowed Forrest to turn what should be a mob into an army. His lack of patience for sycophants and the far-end maniacs has led him to gun down several of his 'self-elevated' subordinates. Maybe that's why he's here and not Lee, or one of the crazies from down the line. Keeping control of the mob, turning it into a multi-bodied beast. One without families to desert for. The awareness of it allows a clarity in direction and a brutality in engagement. One that has allowed the war to stay locked in the mid south and Texas. But for all his efforts the amount of unruliness and direct chain breaking is unbearable, with the 'European volunteers' and 'Later Patriots' proving almost uncontrollable.

The pressing and very immediate threat of Sherman has allowed for little focus on the outside world, the war being one he considers for 'all the west.' He considers Goyaalé little more than a feral coyote that he'll put down if he wins, the addict down in Gran Columbia might as well be a gnat. Despite his very obvious and dangerous assertions he doesn't care to talk to anyone not interested in fighting Sherman some of his men have still managed to secure lines with the Old World. That... Thing in Australia Forrest promised to personally mangle if it ever 'talks' to him again. The French and English only prompt the usual disdain. Oddly though, if rumours are to be believed Forrest has received semi-regular communications from the Beast of Baatan. For what reasons remain unknown.

"I don't know if it's God Almighty above or that son-of-a-bitch scratch that's brought me here, and honestly I don't rightly give a damn. I'd done my time. No good thing would bring me here, or bring the lot of you unruly monsters beside. So whatever 'it' is? When I've burned down Washington and taken Cump's head, I'll find what's brought us here and firmly put my boot into it's rear. 'Till I work said boot up and out of its mouth."

'Acting C&C' William Tecumseh Sherman; Uncle Cump, Dixie's Doom

Strengths; *Father of Total Warfare, Absolutely Relentless in Key Objectives, Fits Surprisingly Well as Full Leader*

Weaknesses; *Doesn't Believe in 'Half-Commitments,' May be more Bark than Bite, Prone to a 'Grey Insanity'*

Base; *Ruins of St. Louis, Central United States*

Strength; *299 Legions - Mixed Discipline, Good Morale - Good Armour, Good Air, Good Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Policy of Absolute War Commitment, 'Shatter the Hammer & Speartip'*

Special Forces; *The Green Berets (STG-Infantry), Task Force 21 'Patton' (Assault-Tank Group)*

Bio; *For a man who contemplated killing himself often in his last life, Tecumseh admits it has been conspicuously absent. No one really knew the Sherman that was, and the Sherman that is now is bleak, the heavy face and the raw will to motion all that's left. Before his ascension the state of America was bleak, Forrest jumped early, looked like a warlord era was brewing as the Union's Armies looked for a head. Tecumseh, Stelæ in hand, filled the gap. The Old America, East of the Mississippi draws breath once more under a vocally discontent Commander and Chief. He's ornery, bitter, seemingly abandoning sleep outright and easier to set off than nitroglycerine. He is the man leading eight centuries of Americans forward through this hell, nothing more or less.*

American command structure being largely composed of American Military personnel, post Union military forces and pre-Union natives has allowed a smooth transition into command structure. One that while not terribly spectacular is of such mass and ability that it is terrifying to anyone who realizes what it means. The Giant is being woken from slumber, old factories raised, no longer relying upon the weapons and munitions chucked beside bodies at the end of time. Tecumseh is in a similar light, not making any grand strides and still operating upon simpler strategies, but with such force behind them his command hits like a runaway train.

The ugly rematch with Forrest has almost completely engulfed Sherman's mind, or so he would like to think. Sherman isn't blind, nor is he deaf. Forrest once the war in America is only the first step, after which there's about twenty people Sherman needs to break in. Though he's been tentative in voice about the French coalition he's dispatched a startling amount of the navy to assist their operations and withdrawal. While also eyeing the 'largest threat' in the southern hemisphere. But the unknown factor remains Goyaaélé. Anyone who knows of Sherman knows he spent his late years locked against him. Yet, both sides have fallen into an eerie stillness. Time will tell what Sherman thinks on the matter, for he refuses to even speak of the Indians.

"Learned a lot. Eager to see all those cruelties used right. Maybe well enough we won't need them again."

Oberster Kriegsherr Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck; Der Löwe von Afrika, The Congo's Own

Strengths; *Master Conserver of Men & Resources, Inspires the Highest Loyalty, Fine (Borrowed) Logistics*

Weaknesses; *Divides the World into His Men & Everyone Else, Self-Sacrificing, Vehemently Anti-European Dominion*

Base; *Fortress City of Good Douala, the Free Kamerun Area*

Strength; *49 Legions - Excellent Discipline, Good Morale - Limited Armour, Good Air, No Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Policy of Continuous Autonomous Force Operation, 'Materialschlacht' Pursuit*

Special Forces; *Zibhebhu-Blaauwberg 13th 'voortrekkers' (Commandos) The Mino (Female Assault Infantry)*

Bio; *The 'Löwe von Afrika' thought he was dreaming when he woke up on an Ostafrikan beach, with the sound of guns in the distance and African sand under him. It all felt more home than Hamburg, even as reality crashed upon him like a wave. What began as Lettow-Vorbeck seeking out Askari has evolved into entire armies seeking him out in return. Rumours, his own charismatic personality and the impressive reputation of his army have turned the Lion of Africa from a man into a legend. A legend he has tentatively embraced with so much chaos in the world. The world is stranger than it ever was, and speaking honestly Lettow-Vorbeck doesn't much care for it. Ostafrika, Westafrika, Südafrika. Mittelfrika. Not German. Not French or English. For all the names it is called, it belongs to itself. No one else.*

Afrika remains to be a land that swallows machinery and remains difficult to traverse. But men? Men remain Afrika's most valuable commodity. The Discipline of the Askari has been inflicted upon all frontline soldiers, be they infantry, vehicular, or pilots. Those who flanked out form up a large recon-support wing that almost equals the fighting force in size, while diminishing battle potential it allows a dizzying level of front awareness. The Oberster Kriegsherr has also taken advantage of the technology that can survive the African interior; a handful of tanks and mechanized infantry carriers with a sizable air support and helicopter force.

Africa for all its elite forces has few leaders, particularly south of the Sahara. The Lion of Africa has tossed back several scouting groups with their masters in Europe and Asia none the wiser, an approach none have actively dissuaded him from. Few have even bothered attempting to contact him, with Old Fritz going as far as to publicly doubt Vorbeck's existence. Despite readying himself for a war against the world there have been some small gains and a very prominent ally. The Nəgusä-Nəgäst has proven to be amicable, and the beginning of words to actions growing between himself and several of Khalid's agents. When Europe resolves itself, when the dragons in Asia waken, Afrika will be waiting.

"To you, the men and women of a thousand nations subjugated? I give to you my person and all I have to give."

Marshel 'Kustaa' Mannerheim; The Leader of Finns, First & Last Field Marshal

Strengths; Cohesive Head of State & Army, Defensive Genius, Delights in being Outnumbered

Weaknesses; Has Come to Hate Political Notions, Depressive & Tired, No Allies Only Opportunities

Base; The Ruins of Helsinki, The Finnish Area

Strength; 17 Legions - Excellent Discipline, Good Morale - Limited Armour, Excellent Air, Limited Naval

Military Doctrine; Policy of Extended Defence, Steel & Lead Shields at Karjala & Kola

Special Forces; Strike Group Poljakoff (Assault Jägers) Hopeakettu Taskgroup (Extreme Mobility Armour)

Bio; Standing between giants is nothing new for Mannerheim. Perhaps the greater number of giants all hell-bent upon devouring each other is an affirmation. He's one of the few who could be described as 'relaxed' in everything that has transpired. Weary certainly, but still very much relaxed with everything. No longer dying slowly, no longer infirm, back to the front. It's affirming in some ways, terribly depressing in others. All this way to the end of time, the Swedes polishing their knives again, the Russians slaughtering each other again. War in Europe. Again. War in Asia. Again. How terribly tiring it all is, begging the question if men could be anything else? Of course, it doesn't matter: Contemplations lead men to agonizing ends, for now all Kustaa can do is play the hand he's been dealt and enjoy the cigars he's been gifted.

The Finnish Army is largely descended from Finnish, ex-Tsarist, Defect Swedes and the Finnish tribes. Integrating the latter has been a trivial task with so many professionals from all other parties, allowing for a technologically advanced and highly specialized army. Planes and drones allowing for a level of specialized close air support and tactical strikes that few can compete with, though lacking in number without easy means of replacement. That much can be said of most of Mannerheim's forces, there's little that can be easily replaced, and the loss of a train, a heavy bomber or a ship is a permanent blow. Unless of course they were able to find someone with an excess of equipment.

In Europe Mannerheim has many allies and no friends. Both the Tsarists and the Swedes view Finland as a 'de-jure' territory, the Soviets and the Khan make it clear when they finish with Suvorov they'll roll over Finland. Germany is distant and untrusted, the French Emperor fully intends to take Mannerheim's head and Stelæ. Mannerheim is lacking trust for any, be they conquerors or ideologues, which puts him at odds with almost everyone. Any sort of cooperation will come from opportunity and commitment. Words will not be enough, Mannerheim doubts any will be interested in assisting Finland and only foreign infighting and a strict defence will save Finland.

"The handful of soldiers I have each to the single body are worth three 'Romans,' nine Tsarists, twelve Bolsheviks, two of Lafayette's men and a hundred of those drooling convict lunatics. I'm quite proud of them."

Supreme Soviet Georgy Zhukov; Hammer of the Red Army, Defender of the Revolution

Strengths; Extensive Cohesive Combined Arms General, Seasoned in Total War with Few Equals, Production Master

Weaknesses; Deeply Underestimates Opposition's Stupidity, Purges 'Berias' wherever he sees them, Reliant on Era Tech

Base; The City of Zhukovgrad formerly Volgograd, The Greater Russian Area

Strength; 308 Legions - Mixed Discipline, Mixed Morale - Good Armour, Limited Air, Poor Naval

Military Doctrine; 'The Well Supplied Steel Tsunami,' Full Denial of Enemy Focus Flexile Command Scheme

Special Forces; The 5th Armoured Army "Konev" (Heavy Armour) The 7th Armoured Army "Bagration" (Assault Armour)

Bio; The forces of the internationale, the revolutionary groups and the Soviet Union were cast into shadow, most abandoning their own political beliefs to serve ancient legends and personal interests. But once more in Russia, a red flame is rising. Georgy Zhukov woke with the Stelæ in hand, thinking nothing of it as he sought out the shadowed meaning of every remaining red force. His Stelæ and his triumphs shot him to the 'position' of 'Supreme Soviet' despite his initial rejections. There is only one other 'red' force, led by a man Zhukov doesn't trust. Not that he trusts many, or even himself now. In this strange world trust is no longer needed, effort and brilliance will be what wakens the Union once more. Zhukov has steeled himself for the worst, hoping that maybe he can see Trotsky's maddened dream realized so he doesn't end up becoming a caricature of himself that twists into a Georgian ghost.

Zhukov remembered much and learned a bit too. Organizing the masses flocking to him, arming them well, ensuring they are supplied. Forcing back the broken earth and forming factories from the ruins. While they are not the best trained force, nor particularly optimistic, already they've restored a supply plurality that looks to become an excess if the trend continues, allowing Zhukov to field armies divided but still able to pressure Suvorov and hold ground against the Khan. Filling out the air is still a work in progress however and some wonder if the Supreme Soviet will be able to contend with another front in the event the Germans decide to strike East.

The lot of the Soviets is in rough straights though Zhukov remains unbothered. The reactionary powers are willing and able to disembowel one another with such focus he believes that he'll be able to wait them out. Should Suvorov and the Khan be defeated, their armies incorporated afterwards then the Union can wait until the despots soften each other. But that said there is room for proactivity, Soviet agents are actively assisting the Heroic coalition, aiming to sabotage French operations. Envoys have been sent to the Vietnamese and the Bengali to help them hold out, and a notable force has been dispatched to keep an eye on the monster in Australia. Zhukov is aware he is not the only force heralding a futurist philosophy. But while his is blood and triumph, that entity in the south considers death the 'optimal' endpoint.

"Not Lenin, not Trotsky, not the paranoid madman, that Chinese mongrel or the insufferable worm. No Tsars either. Just... Me. Personally I think I'm a terrible choice, but the devil that gave me this stone and the people are in agreement. I'll give it everything. The Union deserves that much."

General Tomoyuki Yamashita; The Tiger of Malaya & The Beast of Bataan

Strengths; *Learns from Mistakes in Last Life & This, Unrelenting Assault Tactician, Eye for Opponent Weak Points*

Weaknesses; *Exhibits Excessive Control Over all Aspects of Forces, Fallen into Brutal Bushido Enforcement, Paranoid*

Base; *Syonan-to Citadel formerly called Singapore, West Malaysia*

Strength; *11 Legions - Excellent Discipline, Mixed Morale - Limited Armour; Limited Air; Excellent Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Primacy of Willpower & Action, Neo-Bushido Command Principle*

Special Forces; *The 'Rikusentai' (Marine Paratroopers), The Takasago (Non-Japanese Jungle Commandos)*

Bio; *The Beast of Bataan walks again in Malaya, one of the few things he finds satisfactory these days. To call him 'dissatisfied' would be like calling a dragon a newt. He is insatiable, unshakable and filled with a cold anger that makes him dangerous in even the most minor slights. Defeat he suffered and endured, but the humiliation of disobedience? That lit a flame brighter and more dangerous than Napalm in Yamashita. Even the slightest intentional disobedience have cost men fingers and ears, while beheading is the more common response. Yamashita's iron grip on his forces is without equal, something that only temporarily sates him. No, such obedience much last, to either his defeat or an impossible triumph. Enough to prove it possible, enough to see a hand of proof set beside his prior life.*

Though many of his men are IJA and pre-unification warriors, almost half of Yamashita's force isn't. They are Malays, British, Dutch, French and Chinese who 'proved themselves' worthy. They have been forged into something firmer than man, as non-aligned forces will say, better shots than tech era and fiercer in CQC than pre-history warriors. With only a handful of planes and tanks, the entire force can fit on the small elite naval group that has pledged itself to Yamashita. In the scale of things, the Beast of Bataan's army is less a body and more a sword, one that while lethal is hilariously outnumbered. A single failure could spell the doom of his force, a single defeat in battle. Something Yamashita is fine with.

The General is largely contemptuous of his foreign adversaries, most of all for the Shogun of Japan. At least for the others, Ashoka in India, the Grand Admiral and the Autumn Gale, even the Red Napoleon there is a... Firmness there. A character that would allow a just and absolute defeat. He does not want help, content to continue obliterating bandits and renegades in the East Indies, assimilating the few worthy into his ranks. But more than anything else his gaze is drawn south, to the lifeless continent. Populated by walking corpses, simpletons and the cowards commanding them. Yamashita has many targets, but that one in particular... That one might be enough.

"I recall my execution, I recall hanging until it all went black. I recall my last words being said for the Emperor. Yet, it is not any Emperor here, not any great hero, nor any legend. It is failed General Yamashita. This time, there can be no failure! There can be no self-shame! No Disobedience! If you prefer to act like starved dogs you can swim to the fattened devil in Kyoto!"

Comrade-General Võ Nguyên Giáp: Red Napoleon, Friend of Peasants and Tillers

Strengths; *Master of Harsh Unforgiving Terrain, Highly Adaptable Battle Director, Genius of 'Full Nation' War*

Weaknesses; *Perhaps too Willing to make Sacrifices, Inexperienced in Air & Naval Direction, Stubborn as Sin*

Base; *Ruins of Ho Chi Minh City, Greater Indo-China Region*

Strength; *27 Legions - Mixed Discipline, Good Morale - Poor Armour, Limited Air, Limited Naval*

Military Doctrine; *With all Means Available 'Quyết thắng,' Supremacy of All-Fronts Infiltration*

Special Forces; *308th 'Quân Tiên Phong' (Mechanized Infantry), 304th 'Vinh Quang' (Infiltration Infantry)*

Bio; *In his last life the Comrade-General fought against the French, the Chinese, the Cambodians, the Japanese and the Americans. In this life he is willing to repeat that struggle and whatever feats are needed against the multitude of foes intent upon seizing Indochina. Giáp is admittedly more confused than anything else, taking steps to find some source of mankind's curious state as he takes steps to secure Vietnam's northern frontier, ports and West. A more relaxed state of thinking brought by being a small fish in a veritable ocean, Giáp seems intent on enjoying his functionality and pursuing the truth of this affair. But should things turn and one of the many sharks aim again at Vietnam he will happily put aside such constraints to defend the country once more.*

Composed primarily of Vietnamese soldiers, earlier warriors of the Indochinese East, exilee Communards and a number of Chinese mercenaries. The small numbers have allowed for organization of even the most troubled sorts, everyone has a place in Vietnam, if not as soldiers then in fortification or supply. In some ways Vietnam resembles a nation again, though the severe military aspects shine through, waiting. But in the same right allowing for a relaxed air. Unity of struggle and a shared allegiance have blended an almost civilian life the people enjoy near the interior. Something Giáp wonders if he should break up before the storm reaches them.

China's attention is drawn North once more, Japan sits in isolation and it's rogue general seems hell bent upon breaking the dregs of Malaysia rather than turning North. Even the Emperor of Bharat is more focused on Western opponents. Of course as well and good as this position is, there is no reason to grow complacent. Scouting groups, envoys and a full mission have been sent to Calcutta to help keep the Emperor from taking any ground. The Steel Tigress may be a monarchist but she is still a revolutionary. Likewise in recompense to Zhukov for his industrial assistance Vietnamese special forces have been deployed to assist in the war against the Khan. All while a healthy focus is paid south. Both to the Beast of Bataan and the Australasian abomination.

"The people have achieved the impossible many times before, I have faith they can achieve the impossible again."

'Shah' Marzban Salehrad: 'Anparteli', The Big Boss

Strengths; *Father of CQC & Special Forces, Asymmetric Warfare Prodigy, Personally Able to Spearhead Special Ops*

Weaknesses; *Reckless & Idealistic to a Fault, Devoted to the 'Golden Persian Ideal,' Feels Too Much for his Men*

Base; *Fortress City of Baku, General Caucus Theater*

Strength; *6 Legions, Mixed Discipline, Good Morale, Limited Armour, Excellent Air, No Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Unconventional Assaults & Concrete Defences, '1 Worth 1000' Special Forces Focus*

Special Forces; *229-Tehran 'Harlem Hellfighters' (Fighter Corp), 80-Baku 'Wherever, Whenever' (Commandos)*

Bio; *War changed in the aftermath of the Cold-War, beginning what would later be called the 'tech' era. War became more commodified than it had ever been, heightened with masses and technology. That era produced 'Anparteli' or as the west knew him 'Big Boss.' Driven beyond bounds in the Second Iran-Saudi conflict, the Boss levelled Ridyah, Mecca, Dubai and Tehran as he played every faction in the near east against the other. No one knows how he died, when he died. He became less a man, more a legend. That remains the case as the return brought him back, with an outfit worthy of his exploits. Quiet, hard and somewhat perverse but compassionate. And a soldier without equal. Anparteli is worthy of his legacy and for the time being seems intent upon scoping out the global landscape.*

The 'Shah' is a man with high standards. Though his forces are a drop in the global bucket they are perhaps the finest in the world. Largely composed of mercenaries and disenfranchised elites, every individual in the Shah's army is a professional. Each individual going exactly where they are needed and some are capable of feats the ignorant would call supernatural. This fighting force is highly mobile and small enough to effectively cut their way through other armies like a bullet through flesh. But there is only so much they can do, being human in spite of everything. The Boss himself is largely unwilling to sacrifice his men and has made it clear he'll run all over the Earth to keep his outfit in one piece.

Being mercenary by nature in a world without money, the Boss finds himself falling into what some might call 'childish fantasies' of virtual games played in youth. There are those few with a future they envision, but most just battle for survival, or worse domination. There has to be something better, something they can make in this life, if that's all they'll have. For now the Boss is keeping things to observation, attempting to keep his eyes and ears open to make sure when he commits that it will count. His isn't the type of army that wins wars, it's the wild card that turns a certain victory into a defeat. Play the long term game, play the world against itself, then, just maybe they can build a heaven in this world.

"We are soldiers without borders, without even nations or eras. All we have left is each other."

President Jaose Cesar Requela d'Quito; El Libertador, The Cocaine Cowboy

Strengths; *Morale & Logistical Mastermind, Knows how to Rally the most Broken Soul, One Hell of a Propagandist*

Weaknesses; *Addict & High Functioning Hedonist, Excessively Sadistic to Foes, Tactically Stubborn & Outdated*

Base; *City of Nuevo Bogotá, Gran Columbia Area*

Strength; *54 Legions - Poor Discipline, Excellent Morale - Poor Armour; Poor Air; Limited Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Denial of Conventional Conflict Operations, Resistance by All Means*

Special Forces; *TEVO-CC 'Cortador Comunista' (Storm Infantry), ANCO-D 'Diabla' (Drone-Force)*

Bio; *The culmination of the Cartel Century was J.C.R. d'Quito launching a multinational uprising seizing Ecuador, North Peru, Venezuela, Columbia Panama and the Panama canal. Reforging Gran Columbia and starting a two decade war that resulted in the obliteration of seventy percent of the occupied territories. The Monster called 'El Libertador' like the twisted parody has returned. Honestly? He's disappointed. All that work and now no one's paying attention to him? A shame. Columbia awakens beneath him, and many of the more blatant rubbish flow to the North Andes interested in his 'projects' allowing d'Quito a chance to swell his numbers. Bored as he is, the future is full of opportunity. Who knows, perhaps he might end up actually being the last?*

The forces of the Cocaine Cowboy are largely divided into their own tracks. He prefers to allow self organization and strict inter-group competition, something that proved effective if horrific in terms of casualties. The successful restoration of his pharmaceutical and growth operations allows d'Quito to once again exploit narc-troopers, which have proven effective in forays against lesser bandits. The only forces directly under him are the inexperienced air corp and submarine navy. Slowly building both up the former takes much more time to train while the latter has already succeeded in knocking out several American ships. Not that d'Quito can tell which side of the war they were on, it doesn't really matter.

For now, the primary focus of the Gran Columbian 'President' is profiteering. Petty goods, scavenge, military equipment. There's a whole global market waiting out there, with trade allowing for d'Quito's armies to get scarcely needed supplies. The ancients wishing to modernize and that freak in Tasmania in particularly pay well. But not everything is cash, that pagan devil rallying the native slime needs to be put down. Eventually those Americans will solve themselves again and just like they always do they. When that time comes El Libertador will ride again, Gran Columbia can stand for herself and needs no friends. Only trade partners.

"Golden Circle dogs, Yankee droning cowards, red devils, satanic pagans! Columbia devours you all!"

Nəgusä-Nägäst Fasil Deressa-Tadifa; The Afriqan Napoleon, The Last Selassie

Strengths; *Strategic & Deception Genius, Could Build Railways out of Mud, Inspires Religious Loyalty in Men*

Weaknesses; *Deeply Racist Against East Asians & Italians, Overthinks Opponent Strategies, Strict Monarchist*

Base; *Citadel of Gondor, the Horn of Africa*

Strength; *81 Legions - Mixed Discipline, Excellent Morale - Limited Armour; Decent Air; Limited Naval*

Military Doctrine; *All Hour All Terrain Assault Capacity, People Over 'Loving' Land Defence*

Special Forces; *The 'Tigre Lances' (Mechanized Rocketeers), The 612th 'First-In-Last-Out' (Paratroopers)*

Bio; *Rising from the ashes of the African starved decade after the PRC intervention, the King of Kings who restored the royal line of Ethiopia & drove West African and Sino-Coalition forces from the Horn of Africa. In his return he finds that fact something of small worth, his state stood to the end of days and now that its foremost King of Kings has returned he can renew his state even further. Proud, intelligent, domineering and always three steps ahead of his opponents. Fasil is a masterful strategist and Drone-proponent who saw the first walker and burrowing drones employed on the battlefield. Looking at all this chaos the question of why falls silent. Instead the million trivialities of combat and a final global war come to mind. A grand puzzle the final Selassie can solve.*

Ethiopia's Emperor while a masterful tactician has been handed one of the longest and most convoluted military histories without Namer's brutal capacity to beat his men into shape. He has his own methods, drawing the many voices and men from across time into specialized force groups and spanning an almost impossible gap to form a functioning army. Biped drones carry communist-era operators and allow Abyssinian armoured swordsmen to clear the gap. All have a role in his army. But even still there is much to be done, larger military vehicles are needed and production takes time. Internal conflicts both between men and between army groups are constantly flaring up.

In his last life Deressa-Tadifa more or less was entirely without friends. Ironically, one of his greatest heroes stands beside him now. Lettow-Vorbeck emerged from the south and the two have forged a fine accord, finding themselves against most everything to the north. For now the Emperor is biding his time and waiting, he is of the belief Namer's doom will come inevitably, and many hands will try to seize Egypt. When they have exhausted themselves Ethiopia shall finally seize holy Alexandria. He has left most of the Sub-Saharan politicking to the Lion of Africa, finding himself lacking patience for European Imperialists and Orientals. Even the ones that had the decency to stay on their side of the ocean.

"Over and over, the peoples of the Empire have endured cruelty, conquest, famine and plague. I am the solution to their pains, the cure to their poisons. I am the truth and the shield of Abyssinia."

Marshal Indrani Bose ; Calcutta's Steel Tigress, 'Sunny'

Strengths; Air Control & Support Radical, Tried and True Deep Battle Trickster, Intolerably Mobile Defender

Weaknesses; Weak Offensive Abilities by Comparison, Over-reliant on Air Doctrine, Easily Angered

Base; Frontline City of Dhaka, General Bengal Region

Strength; 45 Legions - Good Discipline, Good Morale - Excellent Armour, Excellent Air, Poor Naval

Military Doctrine; Primacy of Sustained Unbreakable Actions, Air-Armor Absolutism

Special Forces; SEB-17 'The Tigress's Finest' (Combined Armour/Air) FFTDB-1 'Ranis' (Rocket Drone Command)

Bio; The only woman among the Twenty Six and the hero of Bangladesh. Bose led a successful defence against India, and the later Indonesian 'Peace-Keeping' invasion. A struggle that began when she was only twenty seven and lasted almost two decades. Ending with the end of human civilization. A fact that weighs on Bose to no end, though she doesn't let it dominate her decisions. The global situation is hilariously unset, fundamentals that societies are built upon don't exist. The gravity of which hasn't set in for those with blood in their eyes. In spite of everything Bose is optimistic, fearless and as compassionate as a person in her position could be. The Steel Tigress died once, in a world filled with impossibilities who can say they are not able to make a few more happen?

Marshal Bose has been blessed with a manageable force with a great number of her soldiers having served her in the last life, though many more have been attracted from across all of India's history. Unitary army form, simplified training and a well planned support structure allows for a post-industrial army that is more than able to stave off Ashoka's armies. But they are still terribly outnumbered and mobility is lacking despite the impressive machines Bose has acquired. More than that Bose doesn't care to entertain the notion of conquest. The idea of ripping the Stelæ from the other Twenty Six no matter how deserving of punishment is repulsive. The lack of aggression while defensible could spell doom without foreign assistance and an 'out' to this maddened war.

Still, Bose's diplomatic efforts are likely the furthest reaching having reached and established contact with twenty four of her fellows. If nothing else but to establish lines of communication and to warn of the true threat. Bose fought for what felt like an age, only to watch the world die. All those years and a bullet to the back of the head with mushroom clouds blooming in the distance. Even now, she knows not if it was a petty betrayal or a subordinate who realized vaporization or radiation were the alternatives. She worries not about the truth of the matter, instead focusing on defence and diplomacy, warning of the monster that destroyed the world. Hoping, trusting that they can do things right this time.

"Our future really is bleak. Not just in warfare, but in children. Not child soldiers, there are enough of them. I mean in birth. There are women but not a single one is fertile. The same with men. Worse comes to worse and it will be twenty five humans left alive on Earth in a centuries time. Likely less. We're by all accounts doomed. But... I've always believed we can change our fates. We can begin again."

'Admin' Ceta-2-12; Old Aluminum, Extinction's Herald

Strengths; *Highest Functioning Psychopath, Chemical and Nuclear Expert, Varied Total War Genius*

Weaknesses; *Highest Functioning Psychopath, Complete Disregard for Biological Life, No Access to Expert Weapons*

Base; *The Alkaline Citadel formerly Hobart, Tasmania Island*

Strength; *888 Legions - Poor Discipline, Terrible Morale - Limited Armour, Limited Air, Decent Naval*

Military Doctrine; *Policy of High Command Absolutism, Pursuit of all Venues Beyond 'Morality'*

Special Forces; *SEV-T18 'Desolation of Zion' (Long Range Drone Bombers) AYP-T98 'Hecker' (Penal Legion)*

Bio; *Ceta-2-12's origins lie in shadow, 'it' caring not for the past. It matters little in their current state, in their perfect removal from mortality. The Stela is a gift, one Ceta-2-12 understands fully. This is all the long culmination of a child's toying, all playing into Ceta's waiting paw. Oh, make no mistake, were it up to Ceta-2-12 the last thing they would have seen was the blast of a hydrogen bomb before everything went white. What was meant to be. Earth was cleansed of mankind. But this thing? Oh, Ceta-2-12 can work with it, to ensure that this time it is definitive. No more humans. No more mistakes allowed by the abomination of sapience.*

Ceta-2-12 has done the song and dance of turning human assets into a useful fighting force once, it is no issue to do it again, especially with the extent of their advanced drone controls. Allowing certain surgeries that make humans more pliant, or at least useful in limited functions. While some might consider such actions... Barbaric, Ceta understands necessity. The fine line between making function and turning a human against you is intricate, each one a little different. Cull the problem individuals, dispense treatment, reward compliance. All the way down, it's a familiar dance. Already a veritable human wave with advanced drone support has been assembled. Production is under way, working towards the goal of supporting the human wave and expanding it. Ceta-2-12 just needs time.

In that front, Returning to Tasmania has been a boon. The others all focus on one another. The important ones anyways. The two would-be tigers have noticed the commotion in Australasia, but there is little they can do. Everyone who has noticed is too busy attempting to break their nearest rivals. It's the same story again. The alleged powers that be are always too eager to wait and ignore the true threat. The extent of human stupidity is truly delightful. Just need to find the right materials, then this charade can end.

"Do you feel it? The void? We come from it, and we all return to it. I won't obfuscate my utter contempt for my... Withdrawal. We are all dead. We are all SUPPOSED to be DEAD. This I will restore."

Serve No Master; Lawless, Free

Strengths; *Numerous, Anywhere and Everywhere, Fight with a Savagery that Shames most Beasts*

Weaknesses; *Divided in the Extreme, Horribly lacking supplies and Gear, Rough at Best & Feral at Worst*

Base; *None*

Strength; *Somewhere Between 1500 to 2000 Legions - Mixed Discipline, Terrible Morale - Terrible Armour, Air & Navy*

Military Doctrine; *Mixed and divided, Like coyotes and monsters*

Special Forces; *The Black Company (Mixed Infantry), The Immortals (Heavy Infantry)*

Bio; *There are many who disobeyed that singular initial thought to seek out those blessed with the Stela. Scrapping off the wastes, attempting to survive. Fighting the armies of the Twenty Six and one another. They range from roving independent armies to solo individuals. They persist on all continents, sail in all oceans. But they are divided, without cause, often reverting to basic or even feral states. Warriors without cause taken to their lowest point. Others struggle to establish small states in the removed areas of the world. Some few seek truth to their perverse states. Each and every one of them is capable of fighting though, and may in time join a side. If it could draw them. Or if it terrified them into service. Possibly some combination of the two.*

"Stand fast, stand alone." - *The Unknown Soldier*

The Last Soldier - Gifts [Pick 3]

[An Elephant's Form]

In distant ages, men with old blood grew far larger than they would for ages. Some rarities came in between, and near to the end through editing their blood and bone men and women reclaimed this legacy. Regardless of which one of these groups you come from, you stand equal to only a few dozen, with strength to match. You could twist a man into multiple pieces if need be, or tear the turret off a vehicle and swat a soldier like they were a baseball.

[An Engineer's Skills]

From the first 'Gate-Killers' to the final Citadel Busters that broke down the flooded fortress cities. Engineers have been the ones building whatever logistics and command orders, while on the opposite side destroying everything their counterparts put up. You've a knack for both the constructive and destructive aspects of your work. Whatever command needs, you'll put up, whatever command wants taken down, you'll take down.

[An Operator's Wits]

From the earliest infiltrators armed with only their daggers and their whits to the 'super soldiers' that appeared in the post WoT world. You come from a pedigree of the Elite of the Elite, specializing in the missions that break other men. You've seen it all, paratroops, river-crossings, naval landings, night assaults, night defence, urban infiltration. Regardless, you are ready for the strangest and the worst.

[A Commando's Durability]

The tip of the spear beside armour when it became available. You've been drilled and driven to places that would break lesser hearts. Recon, assault and unconventional warfare have always been with you in your service, to the point where it could be considered masochistic. Not that you consider that to be a bad thing, in your line of work, liking the way it hurts is a positive thing.

[A Sharpshooter's Focus]

The history of Snipers began well before the gun, and even the bow. From the earliest slingers that brought down great warriors to the terribly effective refinements brought by powder and barrel, the legacy of precision shooting is long. You are very much descended from that lineage, able to put a small piece of lead directly into someone's head from a distance. Then, withdraw, and repeat the process ad infinitum.

[A Tech-Head's Knowledge]

You come from a breed that grew exponentially important in warfare's final quarter. Cyberwarfare or 'Netfighting' as it is known is combat taken to the computer level. It is as expansive as any other theatre and just as much deserving attention. With the ancient connections of a deadened earth being revived, and the orbiting satellites slowly awakening from slumber experts in electronic warfare are in short supply.

[A Tactician's Guile]

While warfare spent ages ever evolving, the basic steps and basic sense behind command never did. Those able to absorb information, out-think and outmanoeuvre their opponents succeeded in warfare, those unable to adapt were defeated. You retain that adaptive and capable spark, able to not only absorb the incredibly complicated tactics of millennia of evolution, but also able to use it. It remains to be seen if the acting components of your plans bear fruit though.

[A Leader's Inspiration]

There is a certain breed of charisma and confidence that can make broken men rise to meet their doom, that takes certain defeat and turns it upon the foe. This insubstantial yet vital quality is one afflicted upon your character, when you talk, you can make people listen. When you speak, men and women follow. Taken to its highest point, with repetition and proving, those who follow you would do so past the gates of hell, with a ferocity second to none.

[A Mover's Hold]

From horse to car to tank, surface mobility has long been a staple of battle, you one adaptive to you could fill any role on the ground in a vehicular sense. From tankettes to Maus to even actual elephants there's a certain hold you have on things, that lets you keep such things and keep them functional. That said, you have an attachment to your movers, even those explicitly without life. To others anyways. The rumble of a tank engine is equal the snorting of a steed.

[A Pilot's Reflexes]

Following the first Great War, the skies themselves became a field of warfare, equal to and even surpassing other fields of warfare in the following centuries. You have the skills, the instruction and the unique mindset needed for an aerial pilot. Be it in multi-role planes, fighters, bombers, air-support or naval assault, you are able to operate planes with great efficiency. Though you do have a tendency for... Dramatics.

[A Set of Seeping Stones]

An unusual set of the perverse stones that saved almost everyone during the strange first days before the chosen fully took hold of the situation. One stone, composed of onyx, seeps pure cool water when pressure is applied. The other, composed of marble, seeps a sour slurry of hyper-nutritious fluid that can sustain a person indefinitely. The origins of these stones are a mystery, but in the many toxic and wasted environs of this Earth they're lifesavers.

[A Fine Blade]

An unusual weapon you arrived with, it's edge and handle familiar to touch as your own face is in the mirror. This blade is tailored to you, sharp enough to cut through a tank hatch lock or to cut through a stahlhelm like it was paper. The blade does not rust, nor does it wear down. Men might fail you, but this weapon won't.

[A Durable Rifle]

A long weapon you arrived with, it's make is unremarkable, even basic by comparison to some weapons you've seen. But it's ability is second to none, easy to maintain, easier to use in your hands. This gun obeys no other master than you, and excels in its role. You never seem to run low on ammo, almost like the loyal thing looks out for you.

[A Worn-Down Side-Arm]

A small weapon you arrived with, it is very obvious looking at the gun that you were not its first master. That is only a testament to its lasting value in your eyes, as it has never failed you were a lesser pistol or revolver would. Drawing it at this point is instantaneous, and in the short range both the gun and the bullet are but extensions of your own being. To call your aim lethal would be an understatement.

[A Battered Field Gun]

A strange weapon you discovered not long after your arrival, it's obvious this heavy thing had been through multiple wars. Yet it still serves its role on the battlefield with a reliability and a fury second to none. Be it heavy artillery, Anti-Air or panzer killing, this old thing with a viable supply of ammunition still proves effective were more 'advanced' guns fall short.

[A Perverse Set of Armour]

In distant days near the end of human time, men finally restored personal armour with hardened steel, Cyto-porcelain and pneumatics. This particular set of armour has obviously been through much, and it exudes an aura of intimidation and uncertainty from its charred exterior. But you can attest to its effectiveness personally, anything short of a heavy piercing rounds will get through its thick hide.

[A Loyal Drone]

An adaptable core, able to perform many a mission. This creation is another from the near end, it's advanced functionality allowing it to serve on air and land, with wings and treads in a dozen different roles. Easily repaired, fast, stealthy, and above all things loyal. It may be a single drone, but it is your drone, its quirks are familiar to you as the marks on your own hide.

[A Stained Plane]

A war-machine with that was at some point abandoned before men were extinguished. It waited, an age until the return of mankind, and its new master in tow. Though it's exterior is still sullied you've restored it to full working order, more than able to serve its old role with renewed vigour. In the pilot's seat you feel free as a bird, with the natural flexibility and motion to match.

[A Scorched AFV]

An old beast that served until men gassed and starved themselves. It waited through an era of death for their return, its patience rewarded by your arrival. It took little to get the old war machine up, a testament to its construction and design which continue to serve. Easy to operate and easier to maintain, this old vehicle will serve well beyond. From its original purpose, to artillery, to pillbox, to bunker. Until well and truly melted it will continue to hold.

[A Handful of Seeds]

An odd thing, touching these seeds you know they are from many types of plants. Weeds, bushes, trees, all the sort that draw strength from toxins and filth, devouring radiation and leaving none of the poisons behind. On this world of war you realize there is nothing like this tiny little sack, and if it were destroyed all plants within would be wiped out forever. Perhaps... Perhaps it is possible for you to plant trees that you would never find shelter under? Perhaps there is hope on this hellish world for a new beginning?

[A Black Stelæ]

A look at this relic fills you with dread. You know well what it is, as it has already afflicted you. There are twenty seven Stelæ, twenty seven relics that affect their masters with horribly immortality until another relic carrier rips it from their grasp, killing the broken party. You know it, all the chosen know it. The Stelæ answers no questions to any of this madness, only a singular promise. Only one can remain, the relic afflicts your mind with a need, a want that sparks plots and treachery. Can you resist? Or will you rally men to your calling? Bide your time until you can rip another's relic from them and land a dagger in their spine? Or hide, cower away until but one other remains?

[A Malfunctioning Radio]

"SYC.REP.1819902... uckin... ullshit... you hearing me...? Ass... goddammit is this thing even working? Finally, hey listen, we need help at the south pole... fucking asshole cunt dick headed smug mother fucker... sucker thought'd be funny to grab randos and drop them all over after it... Rads are gone, means its powerful... Need help, need bodies... at least fifty thousand or else... but if you do get them we can stop this mess and... shove it up his taint. Has it fucking coming..."

"Fuck me I wish we had Duwall back... wouldn't 've ever happened if he... SYC.REP.1819903... uckin..."

The Final Empty Place- Position [Pick 1]

[Boots on the Ground]

You are function, you are action. You are the serrated blade of the bayonet and the blood dampening the soil. You are but one of millions, a soldier almost nameless. Yet, in spite of everything, you are content. This battlefield, you are filled with a certainty here. This is your Walhalla. Your Ragnarok.

[A position of Petty Respect]

You are of some respect, but never far from the grindstone, never far from the mud and the blood and the piss and the rain. That is where you've always excelled, directing the people on the ground. You may not be one of them, but that is for the better, you can make the hard calls and do what needs to be done. They in turn have your absolute trust.

[A View of General Affairs]

Proven in some regard, be it by luck, skill, or a distinct lack of skill and instead nepotism. You hold a high position with a good amount of sway in your specialized field, high enough your decisions can alter the course of this global conflict in a very measurable sense. Of course, failure will be punished and a mistake can cost thousands of lives.

[The Side of One of Twenty Six]

An advisory directing position beside one you chose to stand beside, this one recognizes you. It remains unclear whether there is truth to this recognition, but regardless you find yourself acting as one of their direct hands. History has proven that a firm hand loyal to its master can alter the course of history, but in the direction of that altering remains to be seen.

[The Twenty Seventh] [Req; A Black Stelæ]

All the way down to this. Ironic. You reject the notion of allegiance and stand upon your own merits, stand for your own right of conquest. You are no one, less than no one amongst these veritable titans. But there is strength in nothingness, you will be underestimated, given valuable time. Siphon your strength, draw the lifeblood of your foes, sway their armies, sully their lines, play them against each other. Perish in agony, or triumph. There is no in-between. No middle ground.

By: Highlander