

Emir Rudolf \ Rose Lavezzo

Delegation: Allied Southern Territories

Nationality: Eastern Sun Emirates

Nobody has it easy in times of war, you know. Actually you know this better than anyone, come to think of it, having to drag yourself out of the pleasure palace from where you rule over the grotty peasants who inhabit your lands and embark on this tour of the front lines in order to build up the morale of the dreadfully squalid Eastern troops serving in the Patriarch's forces and the Southern MILICIA. For several weeks now you've been hopping about between training camps, firebases, hospitals and who-knows-what else, giving ever-so inspiring speeches to the troops, reminding them of the noble legacies for which they're laying down their lives, exhorting them on to ever greater feats of selflessness and sacrifice.

That got rather dull rather quickly, of course - without your harem nor your weekly bloodsports to entertain you things became thoroughly dreary and routine set in. You tried to liven things up once or twice by introducing death by firing squad for arbitrary minor offences or by ordering small units off on obvious suicide missions and offering a prize to anyone returning, but even when one bloodied survivor did manage to stumble into camp one time to report her unlikely objective completed you weren't very interested. Still, taking a leaf out of the books of your brave troopers (as if peasant soldiers would know what to do with a book, haw haw) you soldier on, because an Emir's work is never done.

You grew up with the heavy responsibility of your future as Emir always emphasised, in the palace of your mother, then-Emir Mersha Lavezzo. She loved her bloodsports too, bless her, and was always quick to benevolently entertain the peasants on their day off with a good circus starring convicted criminals - historical battle reenactments, gladiatorial duels in the traditional Eastern style with knives and left hands chained together, fights with enraged beasts, even Gear battles to the death - nothing was too good for the peons of her lands. You imagine it's from her you inherited your considerate and generous streak, and your love of watching a good fight.

You weren't first in line for the throne, of course, that honour went to your elder sister, but poisoning her during a night of passion proved easy enough, so when your mother was blown up by some horribly ungrateful rebels you stepped neatly into her shoes. Of course those arrested for your beloved mother's assassination were thanked profusely and made to kill each other that very weekend at the circus, with the sole survivor being blinded, muted and set to work tending to your collection of carnivorous plants - she lasted almost a week.

But as you're well aware it's not all fun and games, and the odd desperately yawnsome chore like this tour raises its head from time to time. It was starting to take its toll, and you'd given yet another inspiring speech, this time to the Eastern crewmembers of some noisy landship battlegroup when you heard that they'd been called upon to send delegates to some amusing little negotiation with a filth-ridden Badlands town. How deliciously entertaining! You demanded to be included in the delegation, citing your diplomatic experience in the Patriarch's courts and your majestic bearing that automatically commands respect from your inferiors (and everybody you've encountered since setting out on this excursion falls into that particular category), and eventually the jumped-up rifleman in charge relented.

So it seems that this town is attacked by the North when it aids the South, and vice versa, and wants to ally with one of the major powers in exchange for protection. They've even gone to the bother of arranging a ceasefire for a few hours whilst the various parties put their cases forward - how quaint! Now no doubt the officials from the Allied Southern Territories that have been sent to assist you consider this all to be of the

utmost importance, but of course wars are won by blood and unswerving, unquestioning loyalty, not by haggling for dusty little hamlets scratched out of the dirt. The big opportunity that this trip represents is a way to lighten the boredom. They'll all be so interested in one-upping each other, and you'll be right in the middle, leaking secrets you've overheard where they'll do the most damage, twisting the truth, starting arguments within allied groups, entrenching enmities between others – delicious! Of course the fact that you're fabulously wealthy and can offer anything you want will keep them coming back for more, even though you have absolutely no intention of following through on any of your promises. The fun you can have just by confusing matters in this unhygienic little sty – why, this whole journey might just prove worthwhile after all.

About Your Delegation <

- **Ual Guyet** – A professional diplomat from the Southern Republic, but based out of Peace River. Seems to know a thing or two about living life above the squalor-line, but might have ideas above his station and you can't abide that in a person. Likely to take this negotiation lark rather seriously – a marvellous foil for your japes if that's so!
- **Sous-Commandant Beauregarde** – What a bore! A typical honour-obsessed Republican officer who probably thinks he's in charge. You do so hate it when you have to put people in their place personally.

Resources <

The Alexander-class frigate *Revanche* is waiting for your group at the pick-up point. You have no way to contact it personally, but of course the other members of your group will be compelled to obey your commands, as one of noble blood. The rest of the battlegroup is rather further off.

Goals <

- Cause as many problems as possible, and have as much fun as you can by meddling with others' progress.
- Ensure you get treated with the respect befitting your station. Everyone here is well below you in social rank, and anyone not behaving in an appropriate manner gets singled out for having their plans well and truly messed with.

Additional Player Info: Emir Lavezzo <

Like many of his fellow Emirs, Emir Lavezzo is absolutely batshit crazy. Hedonistic and depraved to a tee and as arrogant as it's possible to get, he lives for the degenerate pursuit of things to entertain him, and the more people he sees die for his amusement the more jaded he becomes. He's going for something more subtle here, although how subtle is up to you – remember, he is 100% Grade A yampy. He knows damn well he's more important than everybody else in the room put together, and has absolutely no compunctions about exhibiting his distaste for his inferiors, like by covering his mouth and nose with a handkerchief when their smelly selves are talking to him.