

You're not afraid to admit you've lived a charmed life – you relish the fact actually, your natural good luck has got you to where you are today and allows you to take chances that others would balk at, because you know that things just tend to work out for you. That's not to say it's been easy or that there haven't been tough decisions to be made. Charmed your life may have been, but it's also been plenty colourful.

Your luckiest break was your first – being born a Southern Republican. Certainly you're no mindless nationalist, and you can see that your home league is not without its problems, but when all is said and done there is no doubt that the Southern Republic is the best league on Terra Nova. Its citizens are free of the Humanist Alliance's brainwashing, Northern Lights Confederacy's religious fanaticism, the Eastern Sun Emirates' oppression, the Mekong Dominion's money-grubbing animalism. The Republic's cause and yours is that of freedom – it seeks to free the little people from the yoke of their masters – the intellectual elite, for example, in the Humanist Alliance, the dogmatic church in the NorLight Confederacy, the degenerate emirs of the Emirates, the corporate slavedrivers of the Dominion. Everyone should have personal freedom to choose what to do with their lives, and that's what the Republic stands for. People are not assets nor statistics to be used and discarded by those in power.

It was this desire to see the freedom that the Republican way of life offers to the average civilian spread that led you to a degree course in geopolitics in Garamond University in Newton, gunning for a career in the diplomatic wing of the government. A university town through and through, Newton has always been rife with student protests which are usually harmless but do cause the development of a hard core of anarchists, malcontents and assorted other undesirables, who create their own mischief or are used as a recruiting ground by various anti-Republican organisations, from terrorist groups to foreign intelligence agencies. Someone, however, had noticed your own political leanings, and early into your student career you were approached to join the Southern Republic's worst-kept secret, Les Témoins ("The Witnesses"). This branch of the Southern Republic Intelligence Directorate is a large network of observers, who simply go about their daily lives like anyone else, but report to their controllers on any potentially pertinent information regarding those they come into contact with. Needless to say, such information coming out of the political hotbed of Newton was valuable indeed. So you accepted, both to help protect the Republic from its internal enemies and to aid your future career (because accepting could help it, and refusing could hurt it, you felt sure).

For five cycles in Newton as you worked to a master's degree you hung about on the fringes of protest groups, listening to their arguments and pretending to agree with them and reporting it all back. Two separate members of these groups (one of whom, Elise, was a casual girlfriend at the time) disappeared within weeks of you reporting particularly suspicious activities on their parts, and you felt satisfied that you were doing your bit for the Republic. When you graduated and started looking for a suitable position, you had no problem getting selected for junior ambassadorial duties in the Badlands – pretty much your dream job! This was the diplomatic frontier, where a secret war of treaties and embargoes was being fought, with the prizes being the loyalties of the townships and oasis towers and strategic locations of those vast deserts. Assigned to the embassy in Peace River you found yourself right on the edge of the diplomatic world, having to head out to distant towns in the middle of the night on emergency missions, using your initiative and instinct in cutting deals, following the Republican ambassadorial caravans on their circuits, denying the occasional armed forces black-ops mission, and living the high life in Peace River.

It's everything you'd hoped for and more. The parties, the meetings, the affairs – some of your colleagues accuse you of being dangerously blasé about very serious matters but you can scoff knowingly at such comments because you always land on your feet. You can bite off more than others could chew, twist it to suit your purpose and let the repercussions slide off you, thanks to your inherent luck and your easy charm. This charm you have also channelled effectively to aid your purpose – your suave likability and flawless etiquette tempered by a certain smouldering intensity and devil-may-care attitude have both men and women striving to impress, and you can use this to gather information that gives you a decisive advantage over your fellow diplomats, and that is beloved by your Les Témoins taskmasters in the Southern Republic Intelligence Directorate.

The effects of your charisma have led to temptation as well, of course – you've had more than your share of flings with women from Peace River's executive caste, and for a couple of cycles have been involved with an unhappily-married woman from the Peace River diplomacy bureau, Laila Bilanski-Adams. At first there was something there, you felt genuine affection for her, but two cycles is a long time and now although you suspect she probably still feels the same as she did back then, you keep things going purely for the excellent insider information she inadvertently provides. Your own affections are occupied elsewhere for the time being, but you feel sure that within a season or so you'll be moving on from that. You're not letting Laila know about that though of course, especially since she's here at the negotiations as well, representing Peace River – the more you can find out about their side of things the more of an advantage you'll have in the negotiations.

These negotiations, of course, you were a natural choice for – although young you're making your mark in the embassy and it was decided that this, a relatively minor yet meaty mission, was the ideal one for you to cut your teeth on working alone and unsupervised. It's your first time out by yourself as the only diplomat on a diplomatic mission, and you're relishing the opportunity. It's not going to be easy either – the rest of your team don't seem at all inclined at accepting the fact that you're technically the mission leader and are unlikely to follow your game-plan, so you're going to have to keep them in line as well as dealing with the other delegations and the town council. Furthermore, the last time you reported in to Les Témoins you were advised that one of the attendees at the negotiations would be a deep-cover SRID spy, and you are under orders to keep an eye out for who this might be – if you can spot who it is, they explained, it's time they had a long hard look at their training programme. And then of course there's Laila, who's been acting pretty strangely recently. Just hope your luck holds out...

About Your Delegation <

- **Sous-Commandant Beauregarde** – A consummate soldier, driven by honour above all else. Most irritating is the fact that that type don't like taking orders from a civilian. Executive Officer of the *Revanche*. His father is from this town, but your contacts in Les Témoins have advised you to keep a close eye on him for signs of treason. Interesting!
- **Emir Lavezzo** – A full-blown Eastern Sun Emirates Emir. Doing what precisely on a mission like this you have no idea, but a potentially useful contact if you can get him to play ball.

- **Laila Bilanski-Adams** - A tough and consummately career-driven lady, but with an almost-imperceptible sliver of vulnerability that initially attracted you and now you know how to manipulate. She works for the Peace River diplomatic bureau and to your knowledge has kept your affair a secret, fearing it would be seen by her superiors as a conflict of interests. Her husband is a co-worker of hers so she hasn't told him either. Through her diamond-hard exterior you have noticed that lately she seems somewhat desperate, perhaps a little unstable - maybe you can help, or maybe you can make use of this...
- **Frank** - You're sure you've seen the face before, and have a feeling it wasn't under friendly circumstances. This is your first mission to this town, though, so you don't know where it can have been.

Resources <

You were brought to the pick-up point by the Alexander-class frigate *Revanche* which is awaiting your return there. Any orders to it will have to go through Sous-Commandant Beauregarde.

Goals <

- Win the loyalties of this town for the Allied Southern Territories - it'll bring them one step closer to the freedom that should be every human's birthright, and the alternatives (any other power winning) is at best a large step backwards. If this is absolutely impossible, try to get it allied with Peace River or remaining independent, rather than going with the North or Port Arthur.
- Gather as many juicy secrets as possible, both to further your own career and the ends of Les Témoins, but be sure to keep your identity as a Témoin hidden.
- Try to get your team of delegates acting as a team and keep them on a short leash - perhaps the greatest feat of diplomacy that'll be performed today.
- Make your best guess as to who the SRID deep-cover spy is, if possible with evidence to back your opinion up.

Additional Player Info: Ual Guyet <

Smooth, charming and with a knack of landing consistently on his feet, Ual acts with the confidence that comes from being metaphorically teflon-coated. A snappily-dressed international playboy with an eye for the ladies and a disarming smile for everyone he nevertheless sees himself as a warrior in a war of words, or maybe an important wargame anyway. He's got a lot on his plate with this mission, a lot of eyes on him all waiting to be impressed, but he has the resources to carry it all off, all things being equal. The question is whether he can engineer things so that that's the case.

Peace River is to all intents and purposes owned and run by Paxton Arms, and all citizens are part of the caste system - the worker caste are the majority and do all the work, the management caste manage the workers, and the executive caste run things from the top. If you're born in Peace River, you become part of the caste your parents belong to. Groups of malcontents, specifically the Badlands Revolutionary Front (a terrorist group operating in several locations but particularly strong in Peace River) are fighting to change the way things are.