For Darius JohnESM
and zavandak, on the
conquest of Delnoe,
for Valinho, Zastan,
and Vio Geraci,
for inspiration,
and for nesobies.
In the name of the
prophet Kastoon.
Once upon a time there were two brothers. One was favored by the gods. They could do no wrong, and any who exposed their gifts was banished from the lands. The other had to fight tooth and nail for a single belt of cloth.

For his part, Dwarpelle presented one refusal to pad his billboards. Also once one of his minions got himself run over by a truck and Dwarpelle held a parade against anyone deemed insufficiently grief-stricken over it. Some people are very judgmental.
As time passed, Goon Shroom allied itself to Red Alliancé and Tau Ceti federation and stormed the southeast. Eager to take credit for Ætka Voltërca’s presumed victory, Stormolle declared war too. When we annihilated Ætka Voltërca and pressed westward, only his titans gave him the courage to continue the fight.

In those days, legged-on titans were unstoppable and Stormolle ceaselessly abused his power to kill even lone frigates. Frustrated, our founder Rempédál waged a full retreat. When we refused, he stole the ham from our very mouths and abdicated his throne to Thé Mytānni.

Equally frustrated, Thé Mytānni declared war on the Goons. Goons eagerly leapt into a thrashmouthe from which few emerged unharmed; Thé Mytānni himself was crippled. As the impossibility of victory grew clear, he ordered a ceasefire, appointed Şefan Qu’lah his successor, and wheeled himself into the shadows. Only to be mauled by a bear, poor guy.
Unmoved by our drama, Band of Brothers continued the slaughter. To protect our first mothership, still cooking in 96-20G, the lieutenant had successfully distracted the enemy with easy kills from cocked-up Streak cannon fodder in 97-11A. To evacuate our second mothership’s components to safety, he and anyone posse swapped the system.

When we noticed that Streakelle was relocating towers from 9-9800 to 97-11A to compete with our team, we saw an opportunity to recapture that system. One herd of angry Russians and a few logicians later, Band of Brothers’ progress was halted forever.
Boojum's efforts were aided by Bane Glorious, a holy man who daily begged the gods to end their invulnerability. During the defense of Lhag-Shi, they finally reached the end of his manifest and answered his prayers. Shmole knew the gods' will but arrogantly continued smiting foe through until Bane caught him at it. Then Bane of Brother was helpless to save their leader despite Digital Communist's best rhetoric.
Desperately needing a titan to compensate for certain inadequacies, Skrapulc seized a subordinate’s. Our efforts to kill this one went, shall we say, rather less favorably.

Our allies had better luck. Tan Coté, federation steampoll through Christ, in Catty, Red Alliance and Against All Authorities killed a titan of their own. Skrapulc refused to steal a replacement for Tekéné, insisting that a transportive should be glad to be relieved of the thing. Mercenary Coalition muttered bitterly but bowed to their master.
Father south in Kit-A7, a handful of Black Ogre and Pandemic Legion ships had been terrorizing the Band of Brothers for weeks. And a man in a tunic and hat went to ask the chief to join them for a drink. But no one would come. The feasibility and to the people of Kish's infidelity and to reveal that Band of Brothers had no intention of providing the protection R is e had paid for. Unable to handle the truth, even after a disastrous pep-talk by Yaya confirmed it, R is e continued to wait for rescue.

When the Eye of Terror opened, R is e was finished. Served on by that porn- tion Band of Brothers' countless ascending pets, the full weight of Gorgon-Done landed on the triangle. Laughing at R is e's misplaced loyalty and someone's faith in a false god, we decimated R is e's cattle gate camps, broke their food, and laid waste to their land.
With the buffer of puppet-states collapsing, Frangoulé realized he could not hold back the Red League Federation. Abandoning his vessels to evacuate their armor, tanked on their own, he ordered his soldiers back to Débec. And so the prophecies of RoughID came to pass.

Band of Brothers packed into Débec, sat with new recruits plundered from dying foes. Occasionally they puzzled over their lack of allies and released when claiming victimhood in the war they had begun.

The Red League Federation also pressed on to Débec, hoarding up new territories and gaining new allies, including the mercenary coalition. Finally, it was to the advantage of Frangoulé's heterodoxy and flattened by such zeal, Feléène threw her lot in with us.
At last we forced our way into Yeb-Rh. As Jermolli had a prior engagement showing Thai children his titan, the defense of Band of Brothers' home system fell to his deputy, Jako-Apo. Unfortunately for Boon Searm, Jermolli's With Attitude was simply better than us. After a bitter fight our flagship coraxal was destroyed and we were pushed back to Yeb-Rh.

With great fanfare, Boon Searm took Yeb-Rh and our first foothold in Velor. Stefan Ingled attempted to name the station to honour an energy commander but was thwarted by the Deos, citing the lady's enormously delicate sensibilities. Even today those who dare to speak her name are struck mute.
Pressing the advantage, Band of Brothers drove us from Nygb-Rk, faced with eight titans, long-jammers, and jump bridges, and abandoned by both the duplicitous sféenne and our exhausted allies, soon corpses littered the landscape. Realizing that despite conquering seven regions he was too close to staying forwaddle, Seyfan quoth resigned and appointed Darus Johnson our leader.
With one last half-hearted cup battle, the Great War Hounded to a close. 

Conclusion: zurück to our new southern territories, to acquire each other’s, to sit relax, or explore our femininst side. And a new prophet arose to lead us in the way of the jihadi, and publicly minister sleep and paid mercenaries small fortune to chase our beac. Jihadi and died nonetheless. And the prophet kahloon smiled.

At long last deciding that blatant favoritism was bad and oversight was good, the test declared an election for an advisory council. As a negro praised by Disney’s Disneyland, our leader insisted every grown vote and both he and Ahem Glooms were elected. Their combined skill was fortunately enough to check the council chair, a debauched courtesan determined to reshape the very universe to reverse her compassion’s history of unmitigated failures.
Unsatisfied to merely advise the door, Varazin Johann San deployed the fleet to besiege in exact punishment for Godzilla’s terrible crime. The early campaign was marked by the loss of Deadgear’s titan, to the delight of the enemy and goons alike. Abused by this good omen, Goon Science proceeded to obliterate Smash and Roadkill despite their diligent use of multiplex.
Victorious, Goon Squad returned home to consolidate our space and reclaim some moons from STAIN Empire. Jealous of our northern foothold, STAIN briefly invaded the northern Coalition and, determined to outdo us, lost two titans. The rest of his band of ex-cops followed his example, proving themselves worthless under any alliance name.

A minor disagreement over the merits of STAIN mushroomed when Ayni’s old corp heartlessly slew a goon. After RED Alliance sided with us and expelled the corp, Ayni was forced to shop for new allies. Sadly, the best he and his armies among magnets could buy was a tubby kid in need of a dentist.
When Darius I took on the Horn of Gondor, paying yoga from Zaire's old, dead hands in Russian prime proved laughably easy. Conveniently concerned for his wounds boom fried Huy, surmised the northern Coalition and opened a second front against us. Unwilling to let him off that easily, the northern Coalition followed him south. Soon, seeing, for our part, refused to be distracted from our valiant fight against game bugs.
Unfortunately, for Snowball, Jake Noble was too busy plotting over his short-lived access to our borders' penis jokes to help Band of Brothers win a single cap battle. Then, deciding that some trinkets trapped in Og-rey were more important than his director-level spy, he instructed Zorni to finalize the system. Zorni was immediately kicked and his prenatal titan confiscated. When overtures to Desh-Tas failed to net a replacement spy, Jake Noble was driven mad by his own irrelevance and lost his entire knowledge of game mechanics.

Meanwhile, angry that no one stepped him in absentia and unable to endure the thought of Evil Thug in the arms of his beloved Lynn, Shekitch set sail to steal the newborn titan. Remedial promptly sued for plagiarism. Shekitch was disbanded on the off chance its dozen remaining members might stop weeping long enough to stage a coup.
Snas was forgotten when we found a Band of Brothers directing in our midst. Raagoth Agamar begged to stay explaining he only wanted sanctuary from our enemy's elitists and mindless ex-pats. He said we were nice. The Djiittani's steelly heart was renamed and Raagoth was told he could remain if he closed his alliance and gave us their name. So he did.
Rerum scribitur omnibus
speculatoribusque ostentatoribusque
qui laeuant scriptas linguas et
indunt Graeci tecta et vitiosus

Polukkés 2009

If you liked it, give us? Or better yet
make Herb shut up.