

Evan Ramseur

9/24/2022

CRW-203-001

Jordan Walker

Writing Assignment #2

“The man appeared in a room. It was a massive room filled with people of many nations and many races. Big powers, small countries, republics, kingdoms, and empires. Some nations that have stood the test of time, others that have recently been cut from the umbilical cord. The people in that room talk about many things: military matters, trade deals, potential marriages, epics, and all other matters of gossip. That does not matter much to the man, for he is not here to gawk at the people in this room.

The man walks up behind the podium. All eyes then fixate on him. The room that was once filled with chatter goes completely silent. The man breathes in, mentally prepares himself for what he is about to do, and breathes out. It is a technique that his wife has taught him.

And then he speaks....

He speaks about how his nation has just only made a name for itself. About how his nation has had to fight just to stay alive. About how his people have endured such malice, massacre, and hardship at the hands of its occupying power: the Grande Francois Empire. About how the Empire has little to no regard for the welfare of his people. All the while, tears are rolling down his cheeks.

And then the man begs, and pleads for help. Help of any kind. Soldiers, supplies, support, sanctions, anything, anything at all....

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And the big powers in the room, who have the wealth, resources, manpower, and willpower to help not only in this world, but also in this room, say nothing...

They seem to not care about his nation. Either that, or the big powers wish to appease the Empire in order to stave off another war.

While most of the small nations plea for the man's case, in the end, it is all for not. The vote is cast. They will not liberate his nation for the Grande Francois Empire. He looks and sees the Grande Francois Emperor, sitting high up in a balcony, surrounded by his ministers, smirk and take a sip from his cup.

The man then walks out of the meeting, and mumbles "useless". Useless going to this League of Nations for help, useless thinking that they cared for his people, unless thinking that they could do anything right! Useless..."

"Wait a minute, you're the man in that story?!!" asked the captain, in a surprised manner.

"I am or should I say, I was." I said. Yes, I was the man in that story. I used to be the Head of State (an Emperor in my case) of the Dominion of Alleya, the nation I founded only a short while ago.

"So then why are ya on my ship, and not back on your continent. Shouldn't ya be staying in another country or leading a resistance group in your nation or somethin'?" asked the captain. Her name was Bonnabelle, by the way.

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“The Grande Francois Empire has eyes and ears everywhere on the continent, Bonnabelle. They could easily find me and ‘get rid of me’, if you know what I mean. Plus, the entire reason I am traveling with you is to seek out potential allies in Melun. Hopefully one of the nations there will be able to assist me. Do you know of any nation or organization that might be able to help?”

“Honestly, I don’t really know. There are a couple of nations that I think would be able to help ya, but I’m not really sure if they would bother. I mean, going to war against a foreign power is a very tall order, plus they don’t even know about the.. Grande Francois Empire, was it?”

“Yes”

“See?! Even I’ve never heard of it, and my fleet has been to many different places around here. So I won’t expect anyone in Melun to be thrilled about your idea.”

“I see.... *Freak me...*”. I said in a frustrated voice as I pounded the table. I was literally at the end of my rope here. All I wanted was something, anything, to help me and my people and it felt like I was completely alone in this endeavor.

I then heard Bonnabelle get up, walk right beside me and then put her hand on my back.

“Sounds like ya been through a lot. I don’t know if this helps, but I’m really sorry for everything that happened to ya.” she said in a somber voice.

At that moment, I started to cry...

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I was crying for many things, for my nation I worked so hard to build seemingly destroyed, for the many people I brought together now slaves to the Empire, for the hopelessness I had felt throughout the entire debacle, and the warm hand and voice of the captain.

“Thanks, Bonnabelle.” I said, still sniffing from crying, calming down from my crying session.

“Of course. As a matter o’fact, I think that me and my fleet, the Checker Flag can help.” she said

“Are you sure, you know you could be hunted down if the Grande Francois Empire finds out you and your fleet helped me. They are ruthless to the people who help their enemies!”

“Well, I don’t know if ya know this, but pirates are not only tough, but crafty. There’s a reason the Checker Flag fleet is still in operation. Plus, we all know the various risks that come with helping certain groups. It’s the least I can do for ya! You deserve to be helped.. ”

“Thank you, from the bottom of my heart.” I said, with a smile creeping along my face.
“I swear, I will one day repay you for this”.