

## **\*\*Never Ask Rumjer About the PixelRo Civil War at 3AM\*\***

PixelRo had always been a place of intrigue and intense conflict, a battleground where alliances were forged and shattered, and territories won and lost. The recent civil war had forever changed the landscape of the Romanian virtual nation. The old government, known disparagingly as FagRo, led by Tud, Pantă, David Madrid, and Cobra, was overthrown. In its place, the new government of PixelRo, under the leadership of Eternul Schizophrenic, Rumjer, Negru Dulce Acrișor, and MushroomWizzard, rose to power. The transition had been anything but smooth, and the scars of war were still fresh.

Rumjer, once a prominent figure in FagRo, had played a pivotal role in the downfall of

his former comrades. His betrayal and subsequent alliance with Eternal Schizophrenic had led to the nuking of the old server, an event whispered about in dark corners of the internet. Despite his position as Minister of Externs in the new regime, Rumjer remained a mysterious and enigmatic figure, his true motivations known only to a few.

One night, curiosity got the better of me. The stories of the civil war, the tales of betrayal and conquest, had always fascinated me. I had heard the warnings, of course, but like many others, I dismissed them as mere superstition. As the clock neared 3AM, I found myself typing out a message to Rumjer.

"Hey Rumjer, can you tell me about the PixelRo civil war?"

I hesitated for a moment before hitting send, a sense of unease creeping over me. The response was almost immediate.

"Why do you want to know?" came the

reply. "Some things are better left buried, and you should know that, Tud2."

Ignoring the chill that ran down my spine, I pressed on. "I'm just curious. I want to understand what really happened."

For a long moment, there was no response. I began to think that perhaps Rumjer had decided to ignore my message. But then, the screen flickered, and a new message appeared.

"Very well. But remember, you asked for this."

The screen shifted, showing a series of images and videos from the war. It began in Dobruja, under Bulgarian control at the time. The rebellion had been swift and brutal, PixelRo forces, led by Eternul Schizophrenic and supported by Rumjer, Negru Dulce Acrișor, and MushroomWizzard, quickly overtaking the region. The images showed pixelated battles, each frame filled with the chaos

and horror of war.

The old members of FagRo where truly horrified by the strength and strategy of the members of FagRo lead by Negru.

As the videos played, the true horror of the civil war unfolded before my eyes. The initial victory in Dobruja had been a turning point. FagRo, desperate to reclaim the lost territory, launched a counterattack but failed miserably. The PixelRo forces, emboldened by their success, pushed into Oltenia, then Muntenia, each victory more devastating than the last. The final scenes showed the fall of Bucharest, the old government capitulating as PixelRo forces stormed the capital.

But it was the aftermath that was truly disturbing. The screen darkened, and a new image appeared. It was the old server, FagRo, being nuked. The destruction was total, pixelated figures representing Cobra crying and saying he wanted to kill himself,

then the screen flickered again with a image of Cobra being hanged on a tree.

The screen flickered again, and it showed Pantă typing a message, but nothing more. Suddenly, I received an message from Pantă saying: "Hello, Tud2, as you may already know the true horrors of the civil war, I think you should also know why it all started. On FagRo after we lost Transylvania due to Tud leading the stage and screaming at everybody, making every soldier wanting to be hanged like Cobra and the rest of the FagRo niggers, we decided to make a Minecraft server together with Hyperborea. It all went well, until Negru and Eternu teamed up against us and killed us all, but we took revenge the destroyed their base and all their gear. After that Eternu deleted the server and swore to destroy FagRo. And with that he managed to gain Rumjer's trust..."

The message entered very suddenly, and then I've heard through my screen Rumjer's voice...:

"They trusted me," he said, his voice hollow. "And I destroyed them."

A sense of dread settled over me as I realized the true extent of Rumjer's betrayal. He had not just been a participant in the civil war; he had been its architect, orchestrating the downfall of his former allies with chilling precision. The screen flickered once more, and Rumjer's face was replaced by the white and blue pattern of the new PixelRo.

"The past is written in pixels and blood," Rumjer's voice echoed. "And some stories are best left untold."

The next day we've continued as usual our expansion in Transylvania, but something felt off, Rumjer and Pantă were offline, this was odd especially that Rumjer was

offline, because he was online most of the time griefing the Bulgarian discord link. The sun started to settle down, and I found my self placing pixels again, when j got a message from Rumjer.

The clock said firmly "3:00 AM". I was nervous and anxious to open the message. When i finally gathered the courage to open it, a chill ran out my spine. The message read: "You already know to much Tud2, now, may the curse be upon you". Exactly after I read the last word, my screen got blacked, and all of my surroundings disappeared and I found my self in a black endless void with just a table and a computer on it. Suddenly, the computer screen started to flicker with images of Cobra hanged.

In the background I started hearing the FagRo's members crying and yelling: "How are they so strong?", "They already

captured Dobruja?" "There must be 200 thousand of them, how did they already reach Bucharest?". I managed to recall one voice, and that was Cobra's voice, and then everything disappeared I started seeing Hungarian entities placing pixels for eternity with their fingers dipping blood while placing pixels in Szkelyland, then I saw Cobra on his PC spamming in P.A.P: "One day I will disappear...", and saw him get a rope and tie it around his neck, and the next thing, I saw him hanged again.

After that everything got black.

The next morning, I found my self in my bed with my computer still opened to the direct messages with Rumjer, but no messages about the civil war were there. I went to check my messages sign Pantă, but they weren't there, is like nothing had ever happened.

I went to the PixelRo server's general channel, and Rumjer was chatting like



normally.

After that day I've promised my self to never let any foolish soul make the same mistake at me.