



# Too Many Barons

## Exarch Masoodite Pelax

The Holy One said to the people,

"There once was a charcoal burner who lived in the mountains. He lived a solitary life, seldom coming down from his humble home to the city below. One day, he began the journey through the woods to buy supplies, for the winter was quickly approaching. As he made his way through the woods, he came across a man, whose foot was caught in a bear trap.

'Help me,' the man cried in pain, and remembering his lessons on Virtue, the charcoal burner helped the poor man free his leg. 'Thank you, kind stranger. Tell me your name, for I wish to reward you! I am the Baron of these lands, so you may name your price and I will pay it!'

The old charcoal burner shook his head. 'To the Virtuous all gold is as a humble stone, My Lord. Charity is not a Virtue because it accrues wealth, but instead because it accrues Wisdom. As for my name, the Divine knows it, and that is enough for me.'

The Baron was perplexed. 'Name your price man! I have no time for these games and riddles!'

'As one of the Blessed Nobility, you should understand the ways of Virtue. I do not require gold, and it appears more of my riddles would do you good.'

At this the Baron became enraged, and taking up his staff that had fallen by the path, savagely beat the man, binding his hands with cloth. The Baron dragged the man down the mountain to the city below, and went before the Magistrate.

'This serf has disrespected me! I demand leave of this court to punish him as I see fit!'



The magistrate looked at the charcoal burner. 'Do you have something to say?'

The charcoal burner shook his head. 'Those without the favor of the Divine may find their punishment at the hands of men, but to those with God's blessings who stray from the path of Virtue, their punishment is handed to them by the Divine themselves.' And at his words the skies grew dark, and lightning flashed, striking and killing the Baron.


For it is written: to whom much is given, much is demanded. Thus endeth the lesson."

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There is an ancient saying, a curse really: "May you live in interesting times." We certainly live in interesting times, dear friends. I have written previously on the absurdity of the current state of affairs: the destruction of the Empire's enemies bringing with it yet new and stranger forms of perversion, where the Chain of Being set down in law and custom by the Emperox since time immemorial seems to be straining under the weight of the Vice and stupidity of the nobility of the Sector.

Finding the links of the Chain protected by a power greater than themselves, the Empire's enemies first tried to supplant it. We all remember the bleating of these misguided sheep: "All men are created equal! Nobility possess no greater favor from the divine than the meanest manual laborer!" But we did not forget, and neither did the Divine, and now the only place these traitors can be found is in the histories of the Empire and the ruins of Gats and Haqani. It is to the betterment of humanity that these traitors, these apostates, were put down. But all of that has been said before, dear friends, and I will not rest my pen solely on that event. There is a better and more recent example of God's judgement.

As most of you are no doubt aware, there have been several incidents in recent decades, perpetrated by violent and Godless serfs, most of them violent against Man and all of them violent against the Chain of Being. I'm talking of course of the various terrorist organizations that populate the Sector. Now, they are usually well contained. I do not wish to alarm. No matter what Crux has said in the past, the violence of these kinds of entities has been largely segmented and dealt with quite satisfactorily. Our Empire has weathered their teacup-storm many times over, and as long as we are here in this mortal plane we must continue to weather them, all of us doing our part to strengthen and defend our Empire.




So it seemed strange to me, and I should hope you do as well, when Crux did nothing as these bands of serf rebels decided that they had had enough of the Empire and held "democratic" elections on Yakiyah. The keepers of law and order, those who claim to be keepers for law and order in any event, only seem to do so when it is convenient to them. It was curious at the time and it remains so. Either they secretly wish for such serf uprisings to take place and come to fruitful completions, in which case we should treat them as we did Vela, or they are so toothless and ineffective that even if they had wanted to they could not have done anything about it, which in and of itself begs the question: if all our police force can do is sit in their system and disseminate pamphlets, what is the point of the police?

Even during the Velan Treachery, when their particular services were called upon the most, they sat in their system, wringing their hands and discussing points of legal rhetoric. It was the forces of Holy Church and the other Houses that saw the demise of these treacherous dogs, not the supposed "police." Another example can be found on Gleipnir, when the Charity forcefully wrested control of that prison planet from the hands of the jailers. Once again, Crux did nothing but cry foul and sit on their hands. In the light of all this evidence, it should not be at all surprising, dear friends, that while the serfs took it into their heads that they did not need the Empire anymore, Crux did nothing. While they were shouting from their paper battlements that "Yakiyah has never been an Imperial planet" and that "Serfs deserve to control their own fates," Crux was once more silent.

And who exactly committed this crime, this abomination, on Gleipnir? House Triangulum would have us believe that those people no longer exist. They would have us marvel like children before a cheap magician at a birthday party, pretending not to notice that the rabbit isn't really a rabbit, and that it didn't just disappear up the sleeve of their cheap, moth-eaten sleeve. They would have us think that by taking in the Charity, by incorporating them into their House, that they simply poof, went away. "We are good citizens of the Empire," they smile, quickly attempting to stuff the rabbit out of sight. I have met children with more sense and decorum than the entire house of Triangulum, and with more intelligence to boot. And yet, nothing is done to them. Nothing.

But, and if this message has but one point it is this: God is Just where humans are not. The forces of the Houses "Minor" (though it seems in this case they did far more than Crux and Fornax, their titular superiors) and those of the Church uncovered the terroristic underpinnings of the supposed "People's Government" on Yakiyah and brought Divine Justice to those who would seek to break the Great Chain. They did the job that needed to be done, not Crux, and certainly not Triangulum, who were no doubt cheering behind their velvet masks of deceit. In this we learn the lesson the Baron forgot: God does not forget, and his vengeance is swift and sure. Crux and Triangulum should remember that. Perhaps they need to go to Church more.




Spend less time reading legal treatises or scholarly journals and dust off their copy of the Sacred Texts instead.

It is against this perverse backdrop that the most recent example of noble arrogance rears its misshapen head. You all of course know of the letter, drafted by the pseudo-nobles of House Eridanus, condemning the recent sanctification of Gats. The Church, finally seeming to come to its senses, has decided that the example of the greatest treason to Humanity the Sector has ever seen should be remembered not just in our lifetime, but for all future lifetimes as well. Our glorious Church is consecrating the planet to the purposes of God themselves, to serve as a reminder to those who would seek to recreate Cygnus's greatest folly. And what do these half-brained, whinging sycophants do? They draft a letter. A letter! "What you did was illegal! That planet is held in trust to the Throne! Look, we have documents (signed and sealed by us) that say so!" they said. If only their corruption was less thinly veiled, I would give them more credit, but I feel only disappointment. This is the best the Bank has to offer? Obviously doctored "evidence" conveniently placing the planet in their hands at the moment when the planet's fate is in the balance, all signed and sealed and notarized. Rubbish.

Do not be misled. Lest the Sector forget and all we have built fall into ruin, remember the days immediately after the Treachery. Remember when the noble Houses gorged themselves on the corpse of the Traitors. Remember how entire systems were gutted and transported elsewhere to line the pockets of fat-jowled bankers. Remember how legions of serfs were carted off to serve in the manufactories of Maja and Aomori. Remember it all, dear friends. These pigs gorged themselves to bursting at the trough created by our divine mandate, and now that the Church has taken one of their war-spoils for the holy mission of the preservation of history, they all of a sudden retreat to the law. Don't let them deceive you, dear friends. I for one know the truth, and the more of you who know it, the better off the Empire will be. The Souls of the Ancestors cry out in horror at what these incestuous toads have created. From the glory of the Empire, forged from the suffering of the Scream, we have allowed them to drag us into depravity and filth. It is time we fight back.

It is one thing to be wrong in interpretation. The Almighty knows how many of their peaceful, intelligent servants argue for their entire lives, trying to sift Divinity from the works of our ancestors in the hallowed cathedrals and monasteries of the Sector. This kind of disagreement is good, dear friends, good for those who partake and good for those who receive the Wisdom produced from these endeavors. No, it is not incorrect interpretation of the Divine Will that has proven a stumbling block to the current class of backwards, window-licking nobility. Like the Baron of the story, they've strayed from the path of Virtue, giving way to the Vice of Pride over the Virtue of Diligence. They find it convenient to forget history,



especially when that history shows them their own Vice and folly. The Church stands, and has always stood, for a return to Holiness. It is up to you, dear friends, to demand that the Nobility follow our example and return Humanity to its glory. It is up to you to show them through your Virtue and through your voices and through your votes in this time of change that the Empire is not what these small men would have us believe it is. It is not the radical calls for blood, it is not the scheming machinations of the nobility, and it is certainly not the blind ambition of a few. It is all of us, together, with one voice, calling for the only revolution this Sector needs: a holy one!

### **STATEMENT OF INTENT**

This sermon represents the farthest extremes of HC theology. Pelax is the leader of an extremist HC Branch, the Masoodites, more information in [this link](#), and none of the above is or should be considered "canon" or in keeping with mainstream HC thought/belief. He's a spicy boi.