



ONE FAITH

ONE HUMANITY

ONE EMPIRE

The Empire is dead. Long live the Empire

By Hierophant Andelo Kopač

It is not often that I walk the streets of Rhapsody nowadays; there is little need for a Hierophant based in the Grand Temple Complex to do so, unless travelling to the Spaceport, but today, I have some thinking to do.

Snow lightly falls beneath my feet as my retinue and I amble down boulevard after boulevard within the exquisite Faith District. The bloodmarble that makes up most of the buildings in the area catches the light of the morning sun, casting its rays upon the early risers. Some of them are tourists, keen to see our Second City before the masses have awoken. Most of them, however, are residents - members of Sig's elite, using that same time - as they often do - to get a head start on the others around them.

Amongst them is likely to be one particular Exarch Purist, who makes their residence here at the Palazzo Respighi. No, I remind myself. He is more diligent than that, and there is much work to be done. He has likely been awake for hours.

I stand still for a time, and watch the sun begin to rise. Today, like any other, is a different day. A new day. One filled with endless promise for the time to come. I say this to one of my emissaries, and receive a puzzled look in response.

It is because the Sector is broken - has *been* broken since we lost our Emperox. Every day since, the Empire has worked towards repairing the cracks left behind once the dust of war had settled and been swept away.

Amidst all of this, we saw the formation of the STO. We saw Houses and Corporations and Organisations rising above their station and once again set about shattering an already broken world.

PRAY YOU ARE NOT FOUND WANTING





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I take another step forwards. The wind has picked up, as has the snowfall. I brush it from my hair and carry on. There may be no heavy hearts from them, but we will remember. I clench my fist.

We will remember Diomikato.

With war comes anger. Bitterness. Bloodlust. It is not my role to directly influence this, although, much like the now- swirling early morning snows, my thoughts are drifting.

They have named it an 'Ascendancy.'

Why, I am not too sure. I have seen no ascension occur since this was declared. I have seen no miracles of God, no human feats of wonder or innovation spring forth from that place.

Backward steps without having the foresight to look where you are going often leads to falling.

I arrive at my destination. The place where I will sit and I will think. Where I will contemplate my actions, and the actions of the Church.

The Secluseum of The Shining Star.

It has been long abandoned now, the gates long shut to the world. I cannot enter - the Inquisitors were quick to bar the gates as part of their investigations. Yet I *can* stand outside, and watch the snows begin to bury this place, soon to be forgotten.

I spend my morning there, watching the snows turn the grand estate into a formless sheet of white.

And as the sun hits its peak, my heart begins to soar.

The Empire, as it once was, is dead.

Yet the Empire also remains, cast anew in the forges of Faith and War.

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It is not formless.

It is forever changing, yes, but it is never without shape or structure.

Indeed, today, it has *golden fangs*.

And they are hungry.

They will help quash those who do damage to the people.

They will help quash those who do damage to the Sector.

They will help elevate the Empire to new heights, heights not seen in my lifetime at least.

I tell this to the puzzled emissary, and they smile.

Children of the Empire, hear this:

“For there is no life to be had outside the light of God, which belongs to those within the Empire. For those without, there is forever darkness.”

STATEMENT OF INTENT

This document is not to have any out of character (OC) mechanical effect on the game. It is strictly an IC commentary on recent actions from the point of view of Andelo Kopač. Others within the High Church may not share these viewpoints. The High Church of Messiah-as-Emperox does not wish to break apart the current bonds or functions of any of the aforementioned factions, but rather would like to play our part within this wonderful experiment that is Acheron Rho. If there are any questions or concerns, please contact your local High Church representative.

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