



Bad Apples

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Apologies are due, dear friends. My pen has been unnaturally still as of late, and as recent correspondence has shown me, the time to write another message to you all is long since past due.

For those of you wishing for a fiery sermon denouncing the same bad actors in the sector as my last few missives, I'm sorry to say that today is not your day. If God has truly abandoned us then in a month's time you will receive a sermon of such fire and brimstone the reader's slate or pad will spontaneously combust in a conflagration of Biblical proportion. But for now, I have much to say on the nature of nobility.

When last we spoke, there was a sense of anticipation, a sense of expectation in the air. We were all waiting, loyal citizens, for news out of the Crepido, declaring the election and ascendancy of the tenth Emperox. But as we all know now, such news was not forthcoming. The Houses have split, and Miansha continues.

It is tempting to give in to Hope in times like these. That may seem like an odd sentiment coming from a priest. Hope is a Virtue after all, and we above all things try to instill in our various flocks the mantra "seek Virtue" above all others. And I would agree that in the cosmic majority of cases, Hope is good and godly. Hope keeps us away from despondency, pessimism, and evil. But Hope is dangerous, dear friends. Hope is complacent. Hope is passive. One cannot act in Hope, per se. One can be Hopeful, but cannot act Hopefully. So you see dear friends, that Hope can lead in and of itself to Vice if we are not careful. It can lead to un-industriousness and sloth. It can lead to wild fantasies of a "new" Empire, of a "better" system of human government. Hope can lead to the kind of mentality that led Vela astray, where the "new" supplants the "true", where Diligence and Propriety are replaced with the quick buck and the needs of the now.

The keen reader has noticed that the last few sermons of mine have dealt with the Vice and stupidity of the sector's nobility. Even without naming names, you all know who they are. The same bad apples get passed around from barrel to barrel infecting the rest of the sector. The Exigo of Vela, intended to excise the cancerous mass from the beating heart of the Empire, merely allowed the poison to spread. Already, there are stirrings on Yakiyah and elsewhere, no doubt fomented by the remnants of that ungodly band of Velans, of a re-imagining of the relationship between noble and serf. Many nobles, no doubt lured by the




promises of Eridanian gold, seem to be contemplating this idea. Even the Church, the bastion of normalcy and proper order, seems soft on the matter.

Now, it is entirely possible that the weariness brought on by the Corporate War has finally taken hold. The lack of resources to continue funding additional conflict is acute at this point, though not as much as some would have you believe. All of this is possible. But this is where I part ways with the conventional wisdom. I don't think the situation is as acute as the revolutionaries claim. Certainly not enough to justify the destruction of the Empire. No, it is those bad apples again. For a time they were forced to move aimlessly and homelessly around the sector, but now there is a place to take in these radical, subversive elements. A new political movement, a new home, has emerged, promising a better life for the serfs in its employ.

In the current political climate, no doubt you ask yourself "So what? Why shouldn't the serfs be happy?" And I would agree with you in part: the promise of the path of Virtue is one of a joyful life and a more Virtuous rebirth. But that is not my point today. The main topic of discussion today is that if the nobility were truly noble, there would be no need for this "Democratic Mandate" emerging in the sector. If they were merely attempting their mission of shepherding the physical wellbeing of their flocks, as our Church shepherds their souls, there would be no need for a new popular movement. So indeed, what most take as a sign of the Empire's advancement is but a poison pill wrapped in sweets.

It is this simple truth that I have been ponderously worming my way to these last few months: the nobility have failed us. They have failed the Empire, both its people and the very concept. From the fires of the War Against the Artificials they thought it time that they can once again take their ease, deluded by their Vice and the Vice of those around them that we hadn't just eradicated the majority of the working population of the sector. They found it convenient to forget that the true magnitude of the Cygnus Treachery was not in its theological or political implications but rather in the human impact it had on the people of this sector. Deluded, they counted themselves lucky and allowed the cancer of rebellion and Vice to grow, thinking that Church and Emperox would once again swoop in and make things better, that everything would be fine and they would be allowed to relax and count their coin. As we all know, dear friends, that is the way to perdition. That way lies the destruction of all we hold dear.

The nobility have failed themselves. They have failed God, for as God gave to the Emperox the duty to rule, they gave the nobility the duty to administrate, at which task they have failed dismally. I'm not talking exclusively about those bad apples anymore. Crux may preen looking at themselves in the mirror, not noticing the filth around them, but God notices all. Fornax may give themselves a parade on Haqani for



bringing the Velan treachery to a close, not noticing the knife at their throat, but God sees all. Let no noble reading this think themselves free of this message: You are all to blame for Vela. You are all to blame for the STO. You are all to blame for Cygnus.

Think on that while you are no doubt studiously attending to your Miansha prayers.

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.