

Ding... Ding...
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The noise slowly woke the bear of a man's slumber after a night of heavy drinking. Pre invasion parties were his favorite. Particularly because he usually got to skip the invasion and just manage the paperwork at the Dark Ascent. Pulling the cover off of him he stepped out of bed into a pile of empty beer cans and take-out boxes. Reaching down he grabbed one with a strange leaf on it and held it up.

"Where is the Labatt system?" he muttered before tossing the can over his shoulder.

Firing up his data pad he perused the requisition formed that had been steadily streaming in. Medal this, promotion that who needs this stuff the Master at Arms thought as he selected all the messages. He hit the Remand button and waited.

Interaction failed....

He hit the button again with the same result. Seconds later his notifications went off on his message system. Opening the messages they had all been approved. Anger seethed in Howie, who would have the audacity to mess with his roster. He looked down at the approver and read the name out loud.

"HowAI, Who the hell was that?" he yelled. "That isn't a member. Why didn't anyone tell me about this?"

Another Ding.

A new message from Atra, I thought he was fighting a war not sending messages how is he supposed to concentrate?

The Brotherhood has created an advanced algorithm to now approve all medal and promotion requests. This will streamline things and make the entire process more efficient. Sorry for letting you know late, or am I?

-Wartra

Howlander couldn't believe his eyes, they were just going to approve everything. No more remands or denials, incredulous. Even with the alcohol gone from his system, Howlander could still think coherently. He had to save the Brotherhood from itself, this would be Chaos. Now all he needed was a plan and a beer or twelve.

After some time and many beers, the Master of Arms came up with a plan. He would return the Brotherhood to the old ways. Digging through his office he finally found the typeset writer he had saved for an emergency. Changing the policy on the Wiki page would be easy enough N now to forward a copy to the Brotherhood:

All Requests made to the Brotherhood's Master at Arms must be made in writing on a hard copy. Digital files will no longer be accepted. The requestor will need to send a self-addressed stamped envelope along with the required paperwork in triple copies, One will be returned with the appropriate stamp. One will be filed in the member permanent record folder and the last will be sent to the Dark Council to bury them under a mountain of paperwork.

When your request is remanded or denied you will need to complete the appropriate paperwork again and resubmit. There are no exceptions.

Now to break the bad news to Mune who will have to open and file all these requests. Howie would show them trying to run him out of office with an AI that can't even drink beer.