

The Master At Arms. A mighty role to play in the Brotherhood. The bureaucratic champion, overseeing all logistical and administrative duties that the Grand Master just can't be bothered with. A crucial individual, indeed. But power, unfortunately, has fallen into the wrong hands.

Or should I say...*paws*.

I mean, seriously, did we actually allow a panda to become our Master At Arms? I mean, what is going on here? Did the Iron Throne meet up with the Star Chamber for some death sticks and Breath of Heaven booze?

There is absolutely no way a creature such as this should hold so much sway in our mighty organization. He cannot be trusted with awarding anything except for a cluster of bamboo. Not only that, but he is also in charge the last wills and testament of our deceased members. Do you really trust an enormous furry mammal that has difficulty procreating to carry out your dying wishes? Do you honestly expect a member of an already endangered species - which I am amazed even knows English - to be capable of managing paperwork in a group made mostly out of emotional and temperamental Force sensitives?

I certainly don't. And neither should you. The problem is clear: We cannot have Howlader the Panda serve in one of the most esteemed positions on the Dark Council.

I mean, maybe Teylas. He might do. He's green and weird looking, but I trust him more than someone who makes strange growling noises and eats leaves and shoots all day.

*I'm your Token Whiskey Snob, and I approve this message.*