Howlader Foulader. Master at Arms you call him. Bah! All he does with his arms is stretch them after spending a day of doing paper work day in and day out. That is if he even does any paper work. For all you know he just has a droid stamping away for him. A master he is not, unless you mean he’s a Master at Office Work or laziness.

Your Master at Arms should be a man showing strength, but he cowers behind closed doors, or perhaps he even plots in secret hoping to serve his own ambitions at the cost of the brotherhood just like the rest of your dark council. You ever hear of him sacrificing anything for the clans as of late? Never! He’s just Pravus’ lapdog who does as he’s told without question.

We hear that he’s a flyboy, but we didn’t shoot him down on Nancora so maybe his wings have been clipped or perhaps he’s too old to fly and the Force isn’t good enough to help him see. Who knows, maybe since he’s such an old bat, he could use echolocation, though it would be an insult to bats themselves. Might do you a good favor if he crashes anyways. No need for an old fart like him. He’s just an embarrassment anyways!

Do yourselves a favor and get a *real* Master at Arms instead of a wanna-be. We may be enemies, but this Taldrya makes us pity your Dark Brotherhood. Feel free to hand him to us, and we’ll gladly take care that scourge of the Brotherhood for you.

With sincere sympathy,

The Collective