This Howlander Taldrya, the so called Master at Arms is no man at all. He might as well be a Krayt Dragon, sitting in his office hoarding all the shiniest awards in a huge pile. At night he sleeps upon the heaps of medals that he has withheld from the warriors of the Brotherhood. Heaps of paperwork for promotions lie on his desk while he twirls Steel Crosses from his horde.

 His madness is boundless. He wastes hours watching the amber colored reflection from the stone set in their center. He dances around wielding Sapphire Blades and Amethyst Kukri like toys giggling like a child as the colors reflect on the walls. When he actually decides to work, he will sort out all of the applications that would cost him any of his toys and promptly shreds them. Then, he will throw the remaining applications on the floor and, with his infamous stamps in each hand, run around the room and stamp them randomly without even glancing at their contents.

 He knows, to keep out of trouble that he needs to award one of his toys now and again. So what does he do? He hands out the medals that are worn and chipped from him dropping them and their subsequent tumble down from the heap of treasure. The last Emerald Dagger that he somehow doled out was actually dull from using it to eat his dinner for years on end. Supposedly the remains of which were still encrusted on the blade! The Brotherhood needs to rise up with torches and pitchforks and chase the beast from his office and reclaim the treasure before it is too late!