

## Gift

A fiction written by Appius "Zappius" Wight.

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There was a lot the Fist of the Brotherhood had to deal with on a daily basis. Commanding the Iron Fleet was a monumental day to day task that required the utmost concentration, time, and attention.

Many considered Dracaryis a madman. The former Sith-turned Mandalorian turned Sith again had taken up the prestigious position of Fist of the Brotherhood for the third time. Rumours spread about the great salty one's mental stability, especially after a battle on Jakku where he kept referring to someone named *Steven* in his head. That was a set of circumstances that was both troubling and hilarious for everyone involved. Regardless, being Fist to Dracaryis was an awful lot like smoking. Many swear they can quit at any time, yet they always seem to go back to it.

It wasn't that Dracaryis hated the position. Far from it. There was almost nothing he enjoyed in the Brotherhood more. Why else would he have agreed to do it a whopping total of THREE times!? At this point, the Sith had more experience in that one position than most members of the Brotherhood ever had on the Dark Council. It was part of the reason Dracaryis was so widely respected. His authority unquestioned, and his reputation was widespread. He demanded perfection. It was part of the reason he was known as the *Salt Lord*. The Sith demanded perfection, and he was notoriously angry when things didn't go his way.

Yet, despite this, as he sat down at his desk for what must of been at this point over one-thousand days in the job in total, there was one time of the year he always felt trepidation.

Sithmas.

Despite being a very merry and jolly time of the year, a time where Sithy Claus was supposed to bring presents to all the good little backstabbing dark siders in the Brotherhood, this time of year was *\*stressful.\** Some stupid kark suckers thought this would be the most oportune time of year to attempt to assassinate the Grand Master. Not that Darth Nehalem cared all that much. Threader of the Brotherhood was too absorbed with Sithmas cheer and cheesy holodramas to notice, leaving Dracaryis to coordinate the Grand Master's Royal Guard to save his Royal ass from getting killed in, if Drac were to quote the Geand Master, *'the most wonderful time of the year.'*

So imagine the Fist's surprise when on his desk in the Dark Ascent was a tiny little box, wrapped up with his name on the tag. At first, the Sith thought it was some practical joke, maybe from his Praetor or Magistrates, but they knew how he felt about these sorts of

things. Truthfully, Dracaryis was intrigued by the small object, and carefully unwrapped it to reveal a...

Pepper shaker...

There seemed to be a note in the packaging...

*Dracaryis,*

*Man! What a year its been. Congratulations on being a third time Fist! I figure's I'd get you a little something to go along with all that salt! Hope you enjoy!*

The letter was signed anonymously.

"Son of a..." Drac muttered to himself before scrunching up the letter and throwing it in the trash. At least he had some more seasoning for his food. That was something, right?