Things were calm, now that most had left for the Ethereal Realm. Evant was gone, Bubba was gone, even Atra and Idris were gone. Only the panda remained, and this excited him greatly. Howie wandered the halls of the Dark Ascent, ever curious what would lie about now that the Council was not there. He even took the opportunity to explore Bubba’s office, something he rarely got to do.  
 The last time he had done so was back shortly after he came to office, having found several freshly caught trout in a refrigerator in his office. With the allure of more fresh fish, he went to the fridge, but a datapad caught his eye instead that was on top of it. It caught it eye because of one word he saw upon it…HowieBot.  
 He ignored the fridge and picked up the datapad, giving it a glanceover as he scratched his head. “HowieBot…automated medals…automated competitions...automated panda repremands and artificial trout.”  
 His eyes widened and his head shot around the room. Were they replacing him? Did anyone know? Quickly he made his way to the front door of the office and peeked outside. With a sigh of relief, the royal guard was not there to execute him. Datapad firmly in hand, he knew what he must do. He jogged to James’ mainframe room, and saw a machine through a reinforced window that was in the shape of a mechanical panda. That had to be it.  
 Howie looked the window over before bashing his fists into it repeatedly, only loud thuds returning their sounds. He even kicked it and roared at it as loudly as he could, and it just sat there as if it were mocking him. An idea crossed his mind and he walked out for a moment before coming back with James’ office chair and proceeded to bash the window repeatedly…until the \*chair\* broke in two.  
 His eyes widened in horror when he saw the machine light up and yell out in a robotic panda voice. “DENIED! YOU SET THE WRONG CRESCENT LEVEL, IT SHOULD BE SECOND LEVEL NOT FIRST! FIX IT!”  
 This angered him further. It was in that anger he took a few steps back and ran into the window as hard as he physically could with all of his panda-monium fueled might, and the window shattered.  
 The eyes of HowieBot lit up red as it looked down at Howie, who was on his feet now. “HELLO. I AM YOU. YOU ARE NOT ME. I AM NEW. YOU ARE REPLACED. I AM REPLACEMENT. YOU RETIRE.”  
 “Retire this.” Howie bellowed as he went at HowieBot, hands wide open as if to try and choke it. HowieBot responded in kind, locking its mechanical hands against his. “Your implementation is denied by order of the Master at Arms!”  
 “REVERSE CARD!” HowieBot yelled as a slit on top of its head opened, revealing a green Uno reverse card. “IMPLEMENTATION APPROVED!”  
 This was getting nowhere. Howie pondered for a moment before a smirk crossed his face. He shoved HowieBot back before turning his attention to the servers in the room. Smash, crash, break, boom! HowieBot stared in horror as the panda had begun to demolish everything in the room he could get ahold of. “WAIT! YOU ARE DESTROYING JAMES’ LIFE’S WORK!”  
 “If it means me keeping my job, so be it!” Howie bellowed as he continued to destroy machine after machine.  
  
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One month later, the Council stared at the Panda. He was happily stamping paper documents that were medal requests, competition ideas, and more. The servers had been destroyed. HowieBot was gone, as was the Brotherhood’s network. Bubba just shook his head as the panda gleefully cheered as he moved another mile-long stack of papers in front of him, his stamp set next to him, and continued to work.  
  
The panda had won.