

Howie the Shoutie

Howlader was furious. How could he not be? He was running puzzle competitions during a Great Jedi War, easily the most arduous of tasks, on top of all the yelling he typically did as the Master At Arms.

He yelled at Evant.

He yelled at Dacien.

He yelled at the Council.

He yelled at the Consuls.

He yelled at the members.

Some say if you listen *really* carefully, he can hear that faint whisper in the wind that rolls past your ear. That's no whisper, that's Howie yelling as he remands something idiotic.

All in all, it was a decent arrangement. He did the yelling, and the DJB and its membership would appease him with beer, food, and belly rubs. What more could a Dark Lord of the Panda truly need?

Well, that's what leads us to this story today, dear readers. For you see, Howlader was like most, a mortal being, and mortal beings grow tired with age.

"Howie is shouting less," they'd say.

"He's handing out more medals," they'd say.

"XP is making him lazy," they'd say.

Maybe he was just in a good mood? No, that would be impossible. Howie was the eternal incarnation of spite. There was no such thing as a *good* mood.

So, imagine Howlader's surprise when he discovered he was to be replaced by a machine. One far younger, and far stronger in the power of yelling.

Now, you would probably expect Howlader to be angry at this, to be fueled with a bloodlust so insatiable that no belly rubs could ever hope to fix. That's the thing... Howlader was no stranger to competition. He had been Master At Arms longer than

some members of the Brotherhood had been out of diapers. He didn't just like competition, he *thrived* in it like a bath filled with sweet, delicious honey. More importantly, he thrived in proving his dominance.

It didn't take him long to find his artificial replacement. The Council weren't exactly subtle when it came to hiding it within the Dark Ascent. Sure enough, it was quite *literally* a robot panda. It kind of reminded Howlader of one of those animations from that one video game he played a while back. Thankfully, it wasn't completed yet. The power wasn't turned on, and there was nothing anyone could do to stop the mighty Darth Panda, first of his name, immortal Master At Arms!

"Howie! NO!"

"He's destroying it!"

"We're too late!"

Indeed, they were. With thunderous roars, Howie began tearing into it with hands, and very, very sharp teeth. The taste of oil filled his mouth, making him look even more demented than he already was. By the time he was done, all that remained was a pile of scrap metal, and shame.

Shame for the Council, for believing they could replace that which is more eternal than them.

"We are sorry, Howie!" Dacien pleads.

"Forgive us!" Idris dropped to his hands and knees.

James, meanwhile, ordered his collection of robotic slaves to clean up the mess, more irritated that his genius idea had been destroyed.

Howlader yelled at each and every one of them, a force of which was felt across the galaxy. Never again would they question his authority.

Never.