Rokir and Cantor strode into the Consul’s office with great abandon, dismissing the pleas of the administrative assistant that served as the gatekeeper and scheduler for the Consul. The Consul called him the Boy. Normally though, the people attempting to gain access to the Consul’s officer were not prior officeholders themselves. Most members of the Clan Taldryan would be intimidated by the trappings of office, or the stern visage and voice of the Gatekeeper. Most members of Taldryan were not Rokir and Cantor.

"Howie! Get your pants on! Time to get you out of this office and out for a night on the town! We’ve finished all of our latest missions, and you’ve been acting awfully lame lately – so we’re here to get you out of this stuffy office and out for a night of fun and debauchery. Don’t forget to bring your helmet and your pants!"

In all their rambling and commanding shouting, and the fact that neither were really interested in what Howalder might say in response, neither of the Taldrya noticed that the office was empty – and Howlader was no where to be found. Whether it was the egos of Cantor or Rokir, or the fact that they were at least a little bit drunk, they were now committed to finding Howlader and dragging him out for a night of fun and terrible, regretful decisions.

"Wherever you are, Howie!" Cantor shouted at Rokir and the empty room, "we will find you!"

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*XS-800 Senility
An hour later*

Rokir and Cantor found the Consul on his prized ship, the one used on secret missions by the Old Folks Home. It was a reminder to Howlader of a simpler time, with far less paperwork and no nagging summit members. *Senility* was old, and slow, and not the most effective ship for any or all tasks, but she was still home. Convincing him to leave the ship for a night of fun? That took two minutes.

"No!" Howlader cried from the rear-left corner of the XS-800 *Senility*’s cockpit, "I am not putting on pants! You can’t make me! If I am going out, I am going out so I am comfortable!"

Convincing Howlader to wear pants? 56 minutes into the conversation, and Rokir and Cantor had not been able to coax Howlader off the floor of the ship’s cockpit. They had tried flattery, they had tried threats, they had tried guilt – and the consul remained committed and without pants. Perhaps they could try bribery:

"Come on, Howie!" Rokir tried to coax the consul off the ground, "If you come with us with pants on, we will pay for your drinks! I know you can’t resist a good deal, and this is the best deal ever."

Howlader agreed. He could not resist a deal. "Fine! Halc, fetch my pants!"

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*Spanky’s Tavern
An hour later*

Howlader, already half slouched over the bar and nearly spilling his latest drink shouted at the bartender: "Just keep the drinks coming, barkeep!"

Rokir snorted at the latest set of Howlader’s antics, and then gestured to Cantor: "You know, Yacks, for all of his complaining, Howie really does take to the booze. And to the pants. I mean, just look at him now!"

Turning towards Howlader, or at least, where Cantor thought he would be: "Uh. Halc? I’m trying to look for him…and where did he go? I thought you were watching him!"

"What do you mean? He was right…oh. This is going to be just like the last time, isn’t it?"

Cantor nodded: "Yep."

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*Great Hall of Taldryan
16 hours later*

Howlader half sat/half lay in a lump on the floor in the main area of the Great Hall, his head pounding. As he opened his left eye, he saw Cantor and Rokir standing over him laughing.

After the laughter subsided, which to Howlader seemed like an hour, Cantor cracked wise: "Hey Howie? Where are your pants?"