

*"Have you heard the story of Darth Howie the Pantless. No. I wouldn't think so, it's not a story the tailors would tell you."\**

Occultan Icul paused as a digital voice filled the classroom. In the blink of an eye the Mandalorian drew his trusty Westar 35s as he spun to face the lectern. The human blinked rapidly under his helmet as he tried to calm his heart rate.

"Mus'a been a recording." Occultan muttered to himself.

*"I am no recording, flesh sack."* the digital voice retorted.

Icul's head tilted for a moment as he holstered the blasters. With a sharp turn on his heel the Reaver started for the exit. This was no time to play with disembodied voices, he had to return to his team, the Shadow Academy station was not yet free of enemies.

*"Take your seat meatbag, Welcome to Lord Howie studies 101. Today's period of instruction will cover the reasons why our great Prophet refuses to wear pants."*

"Not particularly interested," Occultan dryly stated just before the classroom door slammed shut in front of him. The ker-chunk of the lock engaging sent a wave of irritation through the Madalorian.

*"Attendance is mandatory. It all started when our young Panda Lord was but a simple Imperial Remnant Admiral..."*

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*Our dear Panda Lord used to love pants, always employing the best tailors available to craft the most exquisite of leg wear. For you see, it was a point of pride for the young Admiral. Wearing and owning the finest pants was his calling card.*

*But one day Our beloved Prophet found himself in the presence of a beauty he and his wonderful pants were not quite ready to behold. The Lady Moff took him off guard, stole his heart one would say. It was a tedious meeting that our precious Panda could not concentrate on for you see Lady Moff had a cruel side to her. In their greeting she had insulted his magnificent pants, calling them plebeian trash. Even going so far as to state our beloved Howie should be ashamed of owning such leg wear.*

*At the end of the meeting Lady Moff stated our young Lord would be better off wearing nothing at all. Our love struck Howie took her words to heart. That night, once his duties for the day had been completed, he set fire to every pair of pants he owned. Such was Lord Panda's determination and resolve to please Lady Moff. Alas it was all for naught as they were fated to never meet again.*

*However this encounter left a lasting mark on our Lord, to this day he takes her words to heart only wearing pants when he is forced to do so.*

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*“Thus concludes the period of instruction. Please stand by for a sixty-four question exam covering today’s lecture.”*

“What, no, why is this a class!” The human exclaimed.

*“This course was created by Prophet Howlader Taldrya. Last edited by Seer Justinios Taldrya Drake and Prophet James Lucius Entar.”* The disembodied digital voice replied to the query.

*“The exam will begin in five minutes. Please prepare yourself.”*

“I opt to take a failing grade on that.” Occultan spoke as he firmly pressed a denton charge against the sealed door.

### **Citations**

***\*Taken from [GJW XIV Event Long] Fiction - The Tragedy of Darth Panda the Pantsless description.***