

# Vanishing Act

A submission for the Fiction Competition: **[GJW XIV Event Long] Fiction - The Tragedy of Darth Panda the Pantsless**

Written and submitted by Mystic Appius Wight of Clan Taldryan.

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So then, dear readers, have you ever heard the story of **Darth Panda the Pantsless?**

No? I thought not. It is not a story the Grand Master would tell you. Or Clan Taldryan, or *anyone* in the Brotherhood for that matter. For the Taldrya, it is their biggest shame, and perhaps, secretly, their greatest triumph. It is a tale filled with horrible lies, deception, treachery, and most importantly, a distinct lack of trouser-wear.

Our story begins in 38ABY. Appius Wight was a simple unassuming member of Clan Taldryan. He had transferred over from Clan Vizsla to accept the rank of Quaestor of House Ektrosis.

For roughly three weeks he led the House, engaged with its members, building a relationship with them, preparing them for the inevitable conflict that would come. I mean... in twenty five years the Brotherhood has had fourteen Great Jedi Wars... that's nearly one war every one and a half years. You think the higher ups would work on their people skills because this kark seems to happen a lot more than it really should. Even for a group named the *Dark Jedi Brotherhood*.

*Ahem*, anyways.

Young Mystic Wight had just finished the days happenings within the Citadel. Ektrosis Possessions were sorted and ready to go, all the administration was completed and filed neatly under his desk. He stood up, stretched his limbs and stepped over towards his office door. He placed his hand on the handle, turned it sideways, and then was knocked flat on his face by a very particularly well known Elder of the Brotherhood.

Not just any Elder, Prophet Howlader Taldrya. And not to just any Taldrya, the Master At Arms to boot.

"What in the frack!?" Appius exclaimed. Taken completely by surprise by the sudden action of the door slamming into his face. Once the stars in his eyes faded, he returned to his feet and turned to face the intruder who would barge into his office like that. Especially without knocking! Where were their manners?

And that's when he caught a sight that would alter the course of his career.

A drunk, old man. Stood upon his desk, wearing no pants, swilling, admittedly, a large bottle of tsiraki that he more than likely had gotten from the Taldryan Consul.

"Eh up, mate! I hear you are the new kid in town. Congratulations on yer job as Quaedile."

"Quaestor."

"Quaestor... yeah... I know what I meant."

He took yet another swill of the hard liquor. It burned down the shorter man's throat like lava down his wind pipes.

Appius just stared wide-eyed at the completely humiliating act that the Prophet was putting himself under, not to mention how embarrassing it would be for him if someone walked in right now.

He knew the Taldrya were having a secret meeting, he just didn't realize it involved a large amount of booze.

"I'm here to give ya yer initiation to the Clan newbie! I'm **Darth Panda the Pantsless!** Welcome to the Clan."

Howlader stood with his arms outstretched, certainly pantsless and bearing absolutely no shame to the fact the only thing covering his nether-region was a slightly stained pair of boxers.

"Oh, hell no. I did not sign up for this!" Appius said, placing his head in his hands and turning towards the door.

"I'm out. I quit. See you later. This place is too much for me..."

Appius left the Brotherhood that day. Many were concerned, many wondered why the sudden shift? He was a member some said had great promise. Still, he returned to Clan Taldryan a few weeks later in the Ektrosis Aedile position. But those involved. The Taldrya, Appius, and yes, even Howie, have never forgotten what transpired that day.

For Howie? He realised his new lack of wardrobe presented him with newfound power over his opponents, disturbing them with near lower nudity. From that day forth he forsake all legwear, that day chronicled the rise...

The rise of **Darth Panda the Pantsless.**

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