

Howie's Temporary Office

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

Written by Dasha Jala Renza on 2020-06-14.

'Darth Howlader, Master at Arms' was emblazoned in his mind as he walked as calmly as he could down the hall of esteemed offices. He worked furiously to excel at his position as the Imperial Remnant Admiral and finally was recognized for it.

Howie was to be given a temporary office to use in the meantime while transitioning to his new role as his predecessor was retiring. He didn't have many friends as he tended to be as they say 'too uptight'. It doesn't matter now; he was keen on details and it led to this!

Now for the 'new' office smell, one with a window as he didn't have one before. It was nice as the sun was lightly shining through the half open curtains.

He stepped forwards to take a look at his view when he crossed the beam of light a click was heard...

The ceiling seemed to partially collapse, nay unhinge? Dumping pink glitter everywhere! out of reaction, his lightsaber came out and a line of missing glitter was diagonal across his face.

Was he supposed to be upset? Perhaps this was one of those congratulatory pranks he has heard of. With a sigh, Howie went to the desk and pulled out the mostly unglittered chair as the seat part was under the desk. Gracefully, he sat in the chair to hear a flatulence sound... then his nose wrinkled from an awful smell. "Bantha crap!" He cursed, recognizing the smell.

With a grumble, he sent a message off to get the office cleaned up before going to his quarters to get changed. The weird thing was, the smell of the mammal's feces followed him as well as wrinkled noses and glares as he hurried without breaking into a run.

He took off his external layers and tossed them into his laundromat bin before donning a new set. With a quick call to room service to get it taken care of immediately, he set out for food in a dining hall without checking the bottom of his shoes. For some reason the stench followed him, but his underwear should be fine, right?

Howie just wanted his food then isolation, so he chose the food replicator since it was faster than anything he could order from the kitchen. Deciding with something simple enough, he ordered a poultry dinner. What came out was a roasted bird wearing a leafy pair of pants, but the smell was not a pleasing one.

Choking and swearing could be heard as everyone cleared the room wondering where the smell of various offending odors were coming from. Confused, he hit the button for the receipt.

- Tofu chicken partially wrapped in lettuce and spinach
- Steamed veggies
- 'Sex Panther' perfume

He dumped the food and hurried back to his room to see about an MRI meal he kept in stock as a precaution.

=== Day 2 ===

The next day, it seemed calm. His clothes were fine and his office tidied after the pranks from the previous day. He even checked to make sure the chair was changed so it wouldn't do... whatever it did yesterday.

He was satisfied then sat down, not knowing the seat had a central bit treated with a heat-activated dye of brown that prefers warm fabric.

After a hard day's work, he had odd stares as he walked down the hall. A newer recruit decided to shadow him, holding something to cover his behind. Confused, he looked at his pants after returning to his quarters. Lo-and-behold, it looked like he had a large, fresh poop stain.

Getting very ticked off, he fired off messages for yet another chair then tossed that pair of pants for laundry. His supply of pants seemed small at this rate.

=== Day 8 ===

Everything seemed fine again as for the past 5 other days... at least at the start. He brought a mirror to check his behind before leaving his office as a precaution now. He grumbled something about killing whomever was pranking his glorious rise out of jealousy and was going over the list of his then-competitors for this position that he finally got.

He went to see about going to interrogate a few after dinner, to alleviate stress in a way. After all, he's lost sleep after the first few days and black bags of fatigue started to form under his eyes.

Looking at his wardrobe, he found he had no more pants.

He stopped. Years of holding himself to perfection. Broken.

A laugh crept up in his throat as a crazed glint appeared in his eyes.

This time, people didn't stare at him in the hallways because of something on his pants or some weird smell.

=== Day xx ===

Weeks later. People have started growing accustomed to the new Howie. They were staring at his variety of underwear everyday from boxers to briefs to boxer briefs to jock straps to... whatever else was considered underwear.

If asked, he would state that nothing bad happens if he doesn't wear pants.

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