

Fields of colorful flowers laid before Howie as he exited a small wooden hut. Quenkers frolicked up and down playfully in them, with colorful mynockes flying high above in patterns resembling a rainbow. Far in the distance was a white Tauntaun with a rainbow horn that quietly ate some of the flowers.

Howie jumped into the flowers, bounding into the fields in excitement. High above, the sun turned and revealed a smiling face as an arm extended from it's side waving.

"Good morning, Howie!" the sun exclaimed with glee and a toothy smile.

"Hello, sun!" Howie laughed in response as he spun around in circles before falling onto his back in a patch of flowers.

Then suddenly the sky went dark and stars appeared above. Confused, Howie sat up and looked around. The quenkers were all staring at him; the mynockes had landed as well and were doing the same.

And then it came.

Someone, or something, grasped Howie's neck in a tight chokehold. The animals all ran away, and the colorful flowers began to wilt and decay. Try as he might, Howie's strength proved futile against the assailant. As his strength began to fade and darkness crept into his sight, he threw himself sideways to throw off the assailant's balance - and instead found himself falling?

Howie awoke with a harsh thud onto the floor of his quarters, beyond confused. He gripped his neck and found that his pants had somehow gotten tangled around him in his sleep. Throwing them to the side, he stood up and proceeded to hold his head as an excruciating headache began to develop.

He glanced around his quarters, starting to wonder just what happened during the night as he noticed some strange things laying around. Close to a dozen empty bottles of Gamorrean Ale, a strange board with the word *Quija* on it, twelve pairs of his pants were strung everywhere, and a black book with red colored Sith runes etched into it. Howie picked it up and glanced at it, wondering why it was here when it was supposed to be in the Vault at the Shadow Academy.

This began to trouble him, as the book was supposed to be able to imbue life into the lifeless; however, it had never before been accomplished even by the strongest and most knowledgeable of Sith Adepts and Grand Masters. Something within the book either prevented it from working or the book itself was just something to keep whoever found it busy.

Either way, he would make sure to get it back to where it belonged. As he tried to remember specifics of what he had done last night, his memories eluded him. Had he been drinking?

Given the bottles, he obviously had. However, upon looking at the bottles, he felt a memory slightly return to him.

It was a memory of himself and several others, though he could not clearly tell whom, drinking and laughing together. They were also spinning one of the empty bottles with everyone in a circle around it, daring one another to...what was it? Howie remembered one of those dares, which also frightened him.

He had been dared to break into one of the most secure vaults in the Shadow Academy and steal an artifact. Where they had meant it jokingly, he had succeeded, bringing back the book. Mortified, they all decided to end the night early and left, being party poopers in Howie's eyes as he continued drinking and drinking. Everything after that was a blur.

"Hey, is he gone yet?" a voice softly called out from somewhere in his room.

"Shut up, you idiot, he's standing right there!" another voice called out, chastising the first.

Howie looked around but saw no one. Was he still drunk possibly and hallucinating?

"Let me handle this," a third voice soothingly said from behind him.

Howie quickly turned around with his fist at the ready, but swung at nothing except air.

"...I just need to go back to bed," he disdainfully grumbled.

Suddenly, something gripped his ankle and yanked backwards, causing him to fall and hit his head harshly on his nightstand.

As he cried in pain, rolling back and forth, more assailants grabbed his legs firmly and pinned them down, as two more pulled his arms apart and did the same. He opened his eyes to notice a pair of his pants standing on him.

"Hello Howie," the pants said, the unzipped zipper opening and closing like a sideways mouth. "Have a nice trip?"

Howie stared at the pair of pants in disbelief. He glanced to his right and left, seeing that, indeed, two other pairs were wrapped around his wrists and assumed the same for his ankles.

The pair that stood atop him reached one pant leg out as another pair walked up to it with a full bottle of Gamorrean Ale. The pair of pants wrapped the leg around the ale's lid and popped it off before grabbing around the bottle and raising it up to its zipper.

"Cheers, love," the pants chirped as it poured it into the zipper. Ale ran down the other pant leg and all over Howie, splashing onto his face and the floor as it poured the entire bottle.

"Now, then. You always loved to have fun when you wore us. Didn't matter if we got torn, dirty, our dignity ruined - you just did your business and went on. So now...it's our turn to have - " the pants quietly spoke as it threw the bottle to the side. "-fun-with-you."

Howie let out a bloodcurdling scream as the pants leaned down and covered his face.

"...was any of that true?" the Acolyte asks.

The instructor shrugs. Suddenly, they both hear a scream and look towards the source to see a pantsless Howie backing away from a pair of pants dangling from a wire. He looks at them with a strange expression before suddenly running away.

"I don't know," the instructor chuckles. "You'll have to ask."