

[GJW XIV Event Long] Fiction - The Tragedy of Darth Panda the Pantsless

Written by: Alaisy Tir'eivra 15526

The Phantom Itch

There was once a Sith who suffered from misophonia so severe that he decided revenge was his only solution. One particular individual was responsible for driving him into the depths of madness. No matter the precautions he took, the terror of those sounds were indefinitely linked to Howlader Taldrya and the manner in which he celebrated Imperial cuisine.

Howlader spent many a day inside the Imperial Cantina, sharing his glee with each of his colleagues, including the staff serving food. He produced a symphony of sounds: chewing, slurping, burping and squelching of saliva.

He loved food and drink, and was genuinely convinced that withholding his sounds of pleasure ruined the taste of it. Not only that, his compatriots took genuine joy from seeing him go at it. There was something raw and natural about it.

All but Darth Nuisix enjoyed his euphoria. The noise drove him crazy. He tried to look away whenever he himself was trying to eat his lunch, but the distraction was just too great. Even the mouth movements, the mug Howlader drank from and the scratching of cutlery on dinner plates irrevocably gnawed at his nerves.

It had to stop, that terrible Imperial needed his mouth shut forever, so that no noise could ever again escape it. Thus a plan was set in motion. He concocted an experiment to make the future Master at Arms itch on the inside so badly that he could never again take gratification from consumption of food or drink ever again.

The Sith snuck into the cantina one faithful day and sprinkled an alchemically treated irritant into the food. He knew precisely which food the beady eyed and black haired Human would always pick. It was always the greasiest, most calorific food they had available.

Next morning, more enthusiastic than ever, Howie showed his ultimate greed. He snatched all the most tempting casseroles before the serving droids could even prepare them.

Once seated he chuckled and slowly his laughter became louder as he looked at all of the chow in front of him. Boisterous laughing caused one of the plates to topple over, his round belly barely catching it. Much of the content spilled over, down onto Howies pants.

Both by blessing and curse, his pants began to cause a terrible itch, then the tickling turned into pain and became worse. And worsened yet even more. The raven haired Imperial saw no other choice and bolted to the nearest restroom.

Once there he threw pants off. He used a towel and cleaned himself down below with water. The itch dissipated slowly but surely. But even the thought about his pants made it come back with chronic vengeance.

Howlader begged his commanding officer to lend him a fresh pair of pants, and despite a deep frown he was able to snatch a reclaiming chip from his superior's friendly hands.

The Quartermaster couldn't believe his eyes when a client came to him pantsless and hurried his staff to resolve this eyesore as fast as they were able.

When Howlader received his new pair something stung at the back of his mind, his nerves burned. The itch was back, slowly turning into a physical rash. These pants were horror incarnate. He hadn't even buttoned them up yet and already felt forced to discard them.

The Requisitions Officer saw Howie's anguish and offered him trousers made of synthweave instead this time. The black haired man took no pause and swapped the clothes. Then he pulled the synthweave ones off just as fast. He bolted. A swift sprint around the corner. He made his way to his cabin with the speed of lightning. Buttnaked.

Pants and anything covering the lower half of Howlader's body would forever cause a phantom-like itch. He was never seen wearing any ever again.

Thus he accepted his fate,
Despite the Sith's revenge, Howie still ate.
Although his colleagues were frank,
Naked his ales he still drank.