Howie was once a man who wore pants. He had many different kinds of pants. Some were fancy and for formal outings. Others were for relaxing around his humble home. His favorite of all of the pants that he owned were his drinking pants.

The drinking pants were only worn when Howie was fully ready to relax and enjoy a beverage. Sometimes the beverages were cool, other times the beverages were hot. Many beverages were enjoyed while wearing drinking pants. Some of the beverages left Howie inebriated, while others helped him wake up in the morning to start his day. All of the beverages were good. So were his drinking pants.

On one particular morning, not unlike any other, Howie awoke from a long sleep. After waking up he rummaged through his vast collection of pants deciding how he would start his day. The formal pants would not do today, this was not a day for fancy gatherings. The party pants also were not right for today, Howie wanted to be alone to contemplate the meanings of the galaxy on this particular day. The working pants were definitely inappropriate, as this was a weekend and work were far from Howie mind. His long name made sure of that. For what seemed like hours, but was really only a few minutes, Howie stood in the vast closet filled with pants pondering just what would be appropriate for the day.

Finally, he decided the drinking pants would be the most appropriate. Howie put on his drinking pants and embarked on a great journey, to locate a drink capable of fully reviving him from his slumber. After all, one cannot contemplate the galaxy while falling asleep. No that would not do. Upon entering his cooking area Howie began to survey what drinks he would start his day off. There was a liquid squeezed of exotic fruits that would make for a lovely start to the day. It was quite sweet and delicious with the morning delicacies that Howie enjoyed. However, he doubted that this drink would revive him from the deep slumber he had recently endured. This option was discarded.

Next his eyes fell on a green tinged liquid, the unpasteurized milk of the sea cow. It could be bitter, but was quite nutritional, although slightly fattening. Many around the galaxy spoke highly of the midichlorian content of this milk, stating it would improve force sensitivity of those who drank it. Howie had long ago decided those were filthy Jedi lies and propaganda. He did enjoy the sea cow milk though, but it surely would not help him wake from his long sleep.

Finally, Howie looked to his beloved caf droid, KU-RG. Yes, a finely crafted caf would do wonders for the start of his day. He prompted order the droid to begin preparing a caf. As Howie wait in anticipation his mind began racing trying to decide what he might add to the caf on this particular morning to make it even more enticing. The sea cow’s milk would cut some of the caf’s potency, that would not do. He glanced to his shelves and saw a bottle of Correlian Whiskey. Not an expensive bottle, but a well crafted one. Perfectly suited for addition to other liquids. It would enhance the caf’s flavor and prime his mind for pontification of the galaxy and the Force.

Howie quickly turned and snagged the bottle off the shelf setting it along side KU-RG which was just now finishing his caf. He poured, first delicately, then aggressively, the whiskey into the caf mug. This would be a good day. A day of caf, whiskey, and drinking pants.

Howie walked from his food preparation area to his lounging area, as he passed through the airlock, he paused for a moment considering if he should bring the bottle of whiskey along with him, and then decided not to. Unfortunately, in that moment of hesitation the airlock door had snagged the cuff of his pants. Howie tripped, his caf and whiskey creation flew from his hands and smashed onto the floor. The perfect start to the day was ruined. Howie glared back at the airlock which still held firmly onto his drinking pants. In a fit of rage, he ripped the pants off and stormed back to the cooking area to prepare a new drink.

He has never worn pants since that day.

**Val Cole, Dossier 8650**