

**ADMIRAL  
PANDA-PANTS  
OR:  
HOW I LEARNED  
TO STOP  
CHAFING AND  
LOVE MY  
(INSERT  
OBVIOUS  
PHALLIC  
INNUENDO  
HERE)**

**(ALSO-ALSO KNOWN AS THE  
TRAGIC TALE OF DARTH  
PANDA THE PANTSLESS)**

**(ABRIDGED)**

In the beginning, there was nothing but a dyad. Endless eons before the shadow of the void was filled by the paltry glow of our cosmos, twin powers swirled within the vast nothingness. The first was the Force. Boundless and incomprehensible, it stretched over the universe, challenging the abyss with the first haughty specks of light. Its power was unquestionable, swaying the first particles of energy to collide and weave the fabric that would create our galaxy, and all others.

Then, there was its twin. The sibling of the Force. It was far... simpler.

The second half of the dyad was an enormous, jarringly obscene... hydrospanner, let's say. A fleshy saberstaff. A real Corellian cheesesteak.

If the Force was the light and the dark, the energy that fueled all, this cosmic icon of virility was the paragon of life, the seed by which all organics eventually sprung. It and the Force were intrinsically tied to one another, binding each other together, penetrating each other in endless places and ways. No, I will not be describing those ways to you, thank you very much.

Rather, I am chronicling the lives and times of the chosen avatars of this tawdry beacon. The men and women touched by this ultimate power have shaped the history of our stars and Brotherhood, thrusting us through the course of time. Admirals and pirates, emperors and paupers, Jedi and Sith, they have touched all of our lives, often in ways that I simply refuse to put down on holopad.

So, my readers. Let me tell you of one such paragon of passion; Howlader Taldrya, the Pantless Prophet.

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Howlader wasn't sure when he first decided that he simply couldn't do it anymore.

Being an Admiral had never been easy. He could have sworn that the job description hadn't detailed just how much time he would be spending wrested from his favorite activities -namely sleeping- or just how many days he would be forced to spend entirely sober. Of course, he hadn't actually read the job description in the first place, but that was too to be expected, right? Someone should have told him. In the end, being an Admiral for the Emperor's Hammer was simply... not a position for him. He was far too big a man for it. He was meant to spend his years fighting in a nice, spacious cockpit, with plenty of breathing room and a delightful airflow, not planning fleet engagements while stuffed into a boardroom.

There was one other thing, of course. The *pants*.

Standing aboard the bridge of whatever Star Destroyer that he'd been assigned to -how was *he* supposed to know its name, he wasn't its mother- and surrounded by a cloister of fellow admirals and moffs, come to discuss the newest hullabaloo from Coruscant, Howlader twitched, shifting in place. He loved his uniform... for the most part. Everything from the belt-up, to him, was perfect. Flashy, ostentatious, and with plenty of pockets in which he could hide his vast array of flasks, the medal-bedazzled jacket of his position suited him famously. The trousers were another matter. Cut from a stiff, unyielding linen, and

dyed an ugly grey, they were his constant bane, his true nemesis. They rubbed when he was standing, and chafed when he was sitting, making his every movement torture and *constantly* interrupting his attempts to slip into a solitary nap. To make things worse, they were very obviously not designed for a man who was packing more than a DL-44, and Howlader came equipped with a full-on turbolaser.

It was enough. If he had to deal with it any longer, he'd go *mad*... and what better way to quit his job? He'd heard the upstart Dark Jedi who'd so recently excised themselves from the Hammer were allowed to wear robes... a luxury that nearly reduced him to tears, just thinking about it.

So... what better way to quit his job than ripping the damned trousers off in this middle of a tactical briefing, and leaving with his saber dragging across the floor behind him?

He waited until the nonsensical strategy of his fellows reached a fever pitch, before slamming his fist against the table hard enough to rattle the metal, and very badly bruise his hand. Howlader cursed under his breath while the other admirals fell silent, before finally looking up, sticking his wounded hand behind him, and awkwardly clearing his throat.

"Men... I have an announcement to make," Howie pronounced, before seizing his trousers by the belt buckle and yanking the garments away from his flesh. The sound of rending cloth filled the air, joined momentarily by gasps of awe, admiration, and envy.

There was silence. Then, a dull thud as Grand Moff Mastarbata fell into a dead-faint, a bright red blush painting his cheeks. He would never again regain consciousness.

High Admiral Chik'chokoto, an old, greying man of eighty years, licked paper-thin lips, a bead of perspiration dripping down his nose. "Admiral Howlader," he queried meekly, "...why have you, ehm, armed yourself? There's no need for such a... weapon... in..."

"There's no wangs in the war-room!" interjected Imperial Moff Wubbin Reiner, his voice, normally disgruntled, rising to a siren-like pitch.

"...even such a marvelously designed... Admiral's aid... as that one," concurred Chik'chokoto.

"Well, you old prunes," Howlader replied, grinning like a madman. "The Dark side has promised me many things... including room to fit my proton torpedoes. So, you can consider this my notice of resignation... and suck it."

When he turned to leave, several of his former coworkers had to take a step back, lest they be slapped. Bewildered, they watched their lackadaisical companion stride away, sundered pants left before them.

He would never wear another pair again.

