

The day started like any other day. Breakfast consisted as usual of a fry up, followed by a glass of blue milk to wash down the excess. Second breakfast came and went, followed by the morning snack and pre-lunch lunch. In fact today was an excellent day because that final bite that left a mouth-watering impression on the Master at Arms that he imagined he'd pop out to the shop himself to pick up some more. In fact, Howie thought to himself as he scratched at his thin layer of chin fluff, he'd buy two more. After all, today was a good day.

So as the clock struck noon, and Howie readied himself to go on his adventure he stopped himself, after all it was noon and lunch was needed. Once that was done Howie began his walk. On the way he couldn't help but notice everyone stop to stare, point and raise their eyebrows (well if they had any).

*Ahh* Howie thought to himself, a smile plastered on his face. *They can see how happy I am that I had such an amazing morsel of food. They must be jealous of my happiness!*

SO on he walked.

As he neared his favourite snack stand, and by default his favourite snack seller, he decided he was peckish. After all, the 5 minute walk had left freed up some space and so he strode up.

"Ahh Jeffrey, my dear man! I trust you and the wife are well."

"Eh..eh yes Panda Lord," Jeffrey managed to mutter. His eyes trailing down but arching back up with great haste. "Eh eh what would you like today?"

"Oh my usual if you will, it sure is a great day. I feel as if nothing can hold me back. As light as a feather and free as a bird."

Jeffrey said nothing as he handed the Master at Arms his usual and bid him farewell.

*How odd, he didn't seem his usual self today. Perhaps he is unwell. In fact I didn't even pay him.* The Panda lord thought as he passed his favourite park. He wouldn't stop, though had he he would have seen the horrified look on the faces of children and mothers.

The shop neared and Howie could feel the excitement build in his belly and his soul as he neared. Oh he hoped they had more of that delicacy. After all it was such a good day and he'd hate anything to ruin it.

As he entered his eyes scanned the shop, and there he saw them. Two left. Two beautiful pastries. Oh he must have them, how he desired them. But there was an issue. There was a queue! Now being that the Panda Lord enjoyed order he wasn't about to use his position to jump said queue, so he joined it. And waited. Oddly however no one joined behind him, and

even a couple of people in front of him gave him an awkward look and left the queue to browse more.

*Such a good day, my luck has never been better!* He thought to himself as he finally reached the front and both pastries still sat there waiting for him.

“I’d like those today my good sir!” He blustered happily. The shopkeep raised an eyebrow but said nothing, clearly enjoying his life in retail.

“That’ll be 8 credits then.”

“Of course, let me...just eh get my wallet.” It was then, with a voracious patting he realised. He had left his pants at home. No pants, no wallet, no credits. No pastry. “I seem to have left my money at home...in my pants.”

“No money, no nudity and no pastries. Get out of my shop!” This came from an older woman, clearly a manager. Her hair was cut in some weird style. A name badge read, Karen. “Out out, I don’t care who you are! I will complain to the Grand Master if you do not leave!”

Howie was shocked. Unaware what to do. So he left his pastries and the shop. Embarrassment flooding his system. He dejectedly walked home, noticing now everyone staring and laughing.

Today was not a good day. Today was the worst day. And since then Howie has never worn pants by choice, he’ll only wear them to get pastries or when Mav tells him too.