

The Master at Arms sat in his chair, in his office, in his high-backed chair. He tapped away with a singular finger at the keys to his terminal, and squinted so that the faint crows feet at the sides of his eyes crinkled. A video on the holonet had been brought to his attention. No one could verify who the original poster was, but rumor had it that the tale was something familiar to Howlander Taldrya.

“How bad could it be?” he murmured as he opened the link and maximized the vidstream.

It seemed to be a recording of a stage play of some kind. Men and women in various costumes moved around a fixed set. A play, then? Odd.

The lights to the stage faded, and a single man dressed in a pilot suit stepped forward. As Howlander leaned closer, he thought he recognized the features of Dacien Victae. The short, dark brown hair, light skin and blue-gray eyes were there, but lacked the scar just below the left eye to the jaw. Curious. Before he could think more on the resemblance, the actor began to snap his fingers, and then began to chant:

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*How does a bastard, orphan, son of a poor mother Panda,  
Dropped in the middle of a forgotten spot in the Inner Rim,  
By providence, impoverished in squalor,  
Grow up to be a Prophet and a scholar?*

*The Denier, Founding Taldrya without a father,  
Got a lot farther by not working that much harder,  
By being an top pilot  
By being a stamp-wielder  
At fourteen, they placed him in charge of the Tie Fighters*

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Howlander nodded along.

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*And everyday while Panda's were being slaughtered and carted  
Away, across the galaxy, he struggled and kept his guard up  
Inside, he was longing for something to be a part of  
The Panda was ready to nap, steal, burrow, or barter*

*Then the Republic came, and devastation reigned,  
Our Panda saw his future slip, slipping, out the door,  
Put a hand on a stamp, connected it to his brain,  
And denied his first award,  
A testament to his pain.*

*Well, the word got around they said,  
"This Panda is insane, man"  
Took up a collection just to send him to Taldryan's Karfur  
"Deny all you want, don't forget from whence you came,  
And the DB's gonna know your name...  
What's your name man?"*

*Howlexander Pandaton. My name is Howlexander Pandaton,  
And there's a million awards I haven't denied,  
But just you wait, just you wait...*

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Howlader blinked once, then twice. He wanted to stop the stream, but found he could not. A part of him wanted to see how this would play out.

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*When he was ten his father split, to get milk, debt-ridden  
Two years later, see Howie and his mother bed-ridden  
Half dead, sittin' in her own sick, her fur thick*

*And Howie got better but his mother went quick*

*Moved in with a foster, the foster committed suicide,  
Left him without pants or a place to hide,  
Something dark inside  
A voice saying:  
“Howie, you have to fend for yourself”  
He started retreating and reading every law in the Core*

*There would have been nothin’ left to do for someone not as astute  
He could have died or been destitute,  
Without a credit of restitution,  
Started working, clerking for a local warlord  
Reviewing contracts he knew they could afford  
Smuggling every stamp he could get his hands on  
Scheming for the future, see him now as he stands on the deck of a TIE  
Headed for a new land  
In Antei you can be a new Panda*

*In Antei you can be a new Panda  
(Just you wait)  
In Antei you can be a new Panda  
(Just you wait)  
In Antei you can be a new Panda  
In Antei, ANTEI!  
JUST YOU WAIT*

*HOWLEXANDER PANDATON  
(Howlexander Pandaton)  
They are waiting in the X-Wings for you  
(waiting in the X-Wings for you)  
You could never back down  
You never learned to manage Mav’s time  
**Oh, Howie-lander Pandaton,***

*(Howlexander Pandaton)*  
*When the Brotherhood sings for you,*  
*Will they know what you overcame?*  
*Will they know you rewrote the Wiki?*  
*The club would never be the same oh...*

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“Hmp,” Howlader grunted, having a sinking feeling of what was next to come.

The Transport's in the hangar now
See if you can spot him
(...Just you wait...)
A new Panda
Stepping off without bottoms
(...Just you wait...)
*He wore **no pants***
But no one forgot him...

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“Pants. At a time like this,” Howlader said dismissively as he turned off the holovision and slid back from his desk. The Master at Arms wore a black and white themed cloak and tunic, but wore no pants to cover his fur-covered legs.

There was work to be done, and he had proven that pants were merely a restrictive construct.