

The Saga of Howlander the Pantless

Godless Matron

Ready – Room

Hanger Bay Delta

Present Day

The warring going on outside the Godless Matron's hull and shielded superstructure mattered little to the assembled pilots on a number of makeshift squadrons awaiting orders in the hanger bay. Hidden deep in the bowels of the massive starship on a lower deck, the pilots passed nervous laughter and swapped tales of battle. Some played games of dice or sabaac while not just a few drank strong pulls from concealed flasks or from bottles out in the open.

Mauro Wynter sat idly not caring enough to eavesdrop on the conversations transpiring around him. He emotionlessly checked his datalink to verify the status of the awaiting fighter craft that were on full standby. The Godless Matron had taken a beating thus far in the battle with the Collective forces but no order had yet been given to launch all fighters.

One story caught his attention, however. Unlike nearly all of the other pilots Wynter was here on assignment – a mission from Clan Vizsla as their official liaison embedded on the Godless Matron. He knew not the name of the men discussing the tale but the subject took him by surprise. The gossip and conjecture about various members of the Dark Council never ended, and it was not unusual for tales like this to be swapped but it was truly so outlandish the Mandalorian had to listen.

“No, I tell you true. Listen. Decades ago Howlander was an Admiral with the Imperial Remnant. This was years after they had lost Coruscant, and not further after Thrawn returned and was driven back. Or so the story is told. However, that isn't the crazy part. Did you know the man does not wear pants unless on duty?”

The speaker was an old Zabrak, with an odd yellowish orange skin that was likely a deep red hue in her youth. She spoke in animated tones, excited by the topic and its humorous nature. She continued after a brief pause.

“So, like I was saying. Howlander was a big shot Admiral in the Empire but he was posted far from the front. The front indeed continued to shrink so fast that Howie was forced to make his armada ready within minutes of a full scale Republic assault in order to catch up with an Imperial evacuation. So here is how it happened so I was told. So here it is...it came down to saving lives or saving dignity.”

The table rose in laughter and incredulous looks at the speaker. Wynter moved to the end of his seat and hunched over to get a better listen to the discourse. The Zabrak continued, “so anyway Howlander, Admiral you see, received the orders while he was in the middle of a nap. He didn’t have time to make it to the bridge to and get all of his ships out of their atmospheric mooring so he rushed down, without pants, full dress whites and medals however. Since that day unless he is on duty, he refuses to wear pants.”