

Once there was a Panda...

This Panda abided by every dress code regulation, sharp and tailored to perfection. He led fleets, he held his ground and never wavered in his conviction to abide by every rule laid before him. He knew what awaited him in his future, he knew one day the stamp of approval would be his to wield. But for now the Panda had to abide by the rules of others, specifically other races, strange non-panda norms that required uniform.

But there was a problem for this Panda. A problem that he simply couldn't find a pair of pants that would abide his bulk. For pandas are by nature, plump in the rump. And so it was that the Panda received approval by his superiors for his actions, he would receive discipline for each and every pair of britches that ripped.

And so the Panda found itself held back by the very judgements he wanted to dole out to others. And so he set out to travel the galaxy, exploring from world to world for any material that could cover the fluff and satisfy his superiors.

First the Panda travels to Coruscant where he wore their famous Durasteel jeggings. But they were too stiff and did not meet regulation.

The Panda then traveled to Mustafar where he wore their slightly less famous Lava pants. But they were too hot and singed his stuff.

So the Panda traveled to Hoth and cooled his stuff with the icy leggings of the snow planet. But leggings melted.

Tatooine came next but when presented with sandy beach shorts, the Panda realized there was no beach and only sand. As a Jedi once said "I hate sand" and so the Panda went on his way.

In need of a wash, the Panda traveled to Kamino and took a dip but forgot his trunks! The native people though didn't seem to take offense to this and the Panda began to wonder.

Wonder indeed, why did he need pants at all?

But the Panda's superiors were not pleased. They demanded he continue his search for no less than perfection would be allowed. The stamp would never be his at this rate.

And so the Panda continued his journey, planet after planet came and went as the long years passed. And the Panda grew more and more frustrated and in that frustration he developed a withering disregard for progress. Who was to say that those who wore pants were right? His goal of approval, of administration and diligence was slowly corrupted after each and every failure.

Now the Panda no longer sought approval, he no longer cared to bring others up. Indeed not, the Panda walked a different path, a bare path and so he returned to his superiors and took what was rightfully his. In a final display of power he destroyed each and every attempt he had made to find the right pants. Scattered them before the council and declared that no cloth would ever cover him again.

And so the Panda took his place among them, each too terrified by the visage of the pantless Panda to oppose him. And some say he still resides among them now, stamping rejection on every request for new garments.

***End.***