

Oisin Avantel

Darth Howie the Pantsless Comp

Howlader, (Howie, to his close friends) used to be as strong of a man as any other. Stern, noble, a bit fussy, but did his job with dignity. A man who respected both himself and his peers. Howlader, like others, was prone to a lazy Sunday. He would sit with a cup of coffee and not touch a single one of his duties - it was His Sunday, after all. How is one to have their perfect Sunday if they're busy doing work? He took this indulgence, but as a reminder to himself to stay on track he would dress himself to the nines every day.

Unfortunately, temptation and time are two things that draw every mortal being, and Master at Arms Howlader was no exception. He found himself in his office early Monday morning, lamenting the loss of his special weekend day of relaxation. A whisper of a dark thought crossed his mind - *Why not take more days? You can take the whole weekend, you've earned it. You've worked hard for this.* The ever diligent mind of the Master at Arms scoffed at this, at first. He was first and foremost a man of honor, and he would do his best. But as the week progressed, that whisper got louder, and louder. Come Friday afternoon, after a particularly difficult week of complications with some customs operations, he found himself in bed at the end of the day, a half drunk glass of whiskey at his side table. "Just this one weekend," he told himself. "And that will be enough of a break to continue my work bright and bushy tailed."

Only one decision was made that weekend.. But the effects of this choice would last a lifetime. He spent the entirety of his mini vacation with his pants folded in their drawer. He found himself experiencing a freedom and a comfort that he had never felt in his entire life.

As weeks went on, more and more weekends were lost to the sin of Sloth. More and more weekends were spent with dishes piling up, paperwork gathering on his desk in his office, pants now not even folded, just thrown on the floor. More people wondering to themselves where their Master at Arms was. He was supposed to be there! Where was he? We needed him! But he had vanished. Many started to worry he was ill. He was...but not in a way that was visible to the naked eye.

Only after he started being 'unable to report in' on Fridays as well as his work slacking enough for him to be retired from his position. Instead of the flurry of emotions that might come from retiring, he could only think of one thing. "At least I won't have to wear pants!" With that, he fell to the Dark Side.

You might be wondering - how can someone who doesn't want to wear pants become a Sith? Well, youngling, with clothes not holding him back, he was able to dwell on himself, and grow ever stronger by the second. Soon, the once proud and bold Master at Arms was now a shadow of the man he once was. The former name began to fade, and a new name remained...Darth Howie - The Pantsless.

Not a soul is entirely sure where he is now. Rumor is that he hasn't left his home in three decades. Darth Howie just sits, butt formed to his armchair. Some say he burned his pants the day after he retired.