Did You Ever Hear the Tale of Darth Panda the Pantless?

Beef [PIN 756]

Sit, my son, right here at my knees

And listen to the tale of Howie’s dungarees.

A former Admiral, among the high and mighties

All still wearing their bright whitey tighties.

These Admirals, Generals, people of pride

With a love all of things that hide their insides.

Howie among them, still wearing the slacks

That said he led Imperial Janes and Jacks.

And while among them he had such a taste

Of eating bamboo shoots and flavored paste

That would always end up at the warm-bowled seat

That was meant to receive your innards heat.

It became such a chore to empty his poop chute

And have to take more from his panty loot

So he determined that he never would wear again

Those tailored jeans beloved of other men.

…in all seriousness.

The tale of this panda that now wears no pants all began on Eos. Many of you forget the name of that world. You remember Antei. You now remember Arx. I remember Eos and other worlds beyond. As does Howlader. There was a party to celebrate grandeur that was a delight of certain admirals, both grand and not. These gentle men and women were fond of pomp and circumstance. One among them was an admiral named Maxamillian. Howlader remembers the one. This one was fond of being seated at a throne, demanding fealty and sacrifice in such a foul and debased means.

Maxamillian demanded Howlader’s pants and in return would gift the furry one with a treasure of unimaginable wealth. Howlader had three days to choose. It was comical. The other aristocrats and noble ones of the Remnant all guffawed and laughed; they chortled with glee. Yet, the look in the eyes of Max, and of Howie said the two of them understood. If Maxamillian were to get into Howlader’s pants, then the Panda’d one would enjoy bliss and glee as never had been enjoyed and endured before.

The end result is all too apparent. Howlader no longer wears pants. And yet, what was this rapture that our current Master-at-Arms enjoyed? Even he will not speak of it. The throned one is gone, and has never been heard of again. Howlader seems to remember the benefit of pants, but he laughs and chortles gleefully at the thought of returning to such trappings. He is not a man, but neither is he a beast. He is one of the pantsless, and he taunts and torments us with the things that we are all enslaved to.

Understand the pain and torment of pants. You walk, and unless you have a gap, you will wear thin not only the fabric, but the tender skin of your inner thighs. You must first remove such trappings of men before release. Animals understand this benefit. Men talk of bears moving bowels in the woods, and of children marking trees, but Howie; understands the release. He Who Wears No Pants walks among us, taunting us, belittling us. He whispers to us, “Give up the pants.”

Let us join him.