

COMPETITION: 'GJW XIV EVENT LONG FICTION – THE TRAGEDY OF DARTH PANDA THE PANTSLESS

Fiction by:

Battlelord Takagri "DarkHawk" KogaRyu #264

ISD Perdition

Cantina Lounge

DarkHawk sat at a corner booth of the cantina, enjoying a glass of scotch. DarkHawk grabbed a cigar from his belt pouch, the Equite lit his lighter and was about to partake. The door to the cantina whisked open, and the Master at Arms Prophet Howlander Taldrya walked in. The Prophet eyed the new Proconsul and gave a small nod. Making his way over to the Equite, DarkHawk began to stand from his seat. Howlander cut his Equite off, "There will be none of those formalities here, Takagari..." the Prophet said, gesturing the Equite to sit.

Howlander sat across from Takagari, looked at the barkeep, and said, "I will have what he is having." The barkeep acknowledged the Master at Arms order and began pouring a hefty glass of scotch. DarkHawk reached across the table and gave the Prophet a cigar of his own. Howlander sparked up the stogie and took a big pull of the flavored tobacco. "I had heard you were a cigar aficionado Takagari, these are quite good!"

"Thank you, Sir," DarkHawk said.

"Well, I thought I would take the opportunity to sit and chat with you when I saw you as I came in. We have not had a chance to have a good chat over a drink."

"No, Sir, we have not."

"How do you like the new duties, DH?" asked the Prophet.

"I am very much enjoying it, Sir, I owe the Clan my life for allowing me to serve in this capacity," replied DarkHawk.

Howlander took another substantial drag of the cigar and began to blow smoke rings. The barkeep dropped off the Prophet's drink, and Howlander immediately obliged himself. "Ahhh, that's good scotch. I am impressed, DH!"

"Nothing better than that right there, Sir," DarkHawk said, pointing to the glass.

"I suppose you have heard about me and my pants dilemma?" asked the Prophet

DarkHawk smirked a little, "Sir, if a senior officer wants to work without pants. Far be it from me to say any different. It's not like your coming and shooting everyone." replied DarkHawk.

"Not yet at least..." said the Prophet blowing another set of smoke rings

"You know why I don't wear pants?"

"No, Sir, I have never heard."

"It is a pretty simple story, to be honest. When I was a young Equite, such as yourself. I used to be pretty headstrong and full of it. I would take my time and plan out a strategy to infiltrate whatever I was targeting. Everything would go almost perfectly as planned..."

"And then...?" asked DarkHawk.

"Do you ever have one of those missions where things go almost to smoothly?"

"Yes Sir, that usually means right at the most inopportune moment things get thick real quick and the plan goes straight out the window, and improvisation usually takes over," replied DarkHawk.

Howlander took another slug of scotch, followed by another deep drag of the cigar.

"I can't even exaggerate my own story. I had a string of missions that went sour one right after another. It was so bad that for a spell, it was hard to commission assignments, just due to sheer dumb luck."

"That led to not wearing pants, Sir?" asked DarkHawk.

Howlander shot the Equite a stern look, then took another pull of the cigar. By this time, the booth was engulfed in flavorful cigar smoke. So thick, it was almost hard for DarkHawk to see the Prophet sitting across from him.

"Hell no, it was not caused by bad luck. Well, I suppose you could call it that. But on all those missions, I was nearly killed in explosions, and I always came out with my pants shredded or mangled I just ripped them off. From then on, I said, screw it! I am not wearing pants. It's just not worth it. If others don't like it, well, at least I completed missions without those bouts of dumb luck!"

DarkHawk almost spit his drink out when the Prophet finished his tale. Finishing his drink and another drag of the cigar, DarkHawk and Howlander had a good laugh over stories of the *Good Ol' days*."

The End