While having his robes redone, Aeternus had to endure the talk of the tailor. Each time, it was something different. Today, it was about the current Master at Arms. Well aware of his usual lack of pants, having had the man as his Praetor previously, this one actually interested Aeternus.

“Have you heard the story of Darth Howie the Pantless. No. I wouldn’t think so, it’s not a story the tailors would tell you… It all began years ago, aboard a vessel of the imperial remnant. You see, back then, he still wore pants, or so the story goes.”

“Yes, I have heard that before. But why did he decide to stop wearing them?”, the Sith Lord asked.

And with that, the tailor began his tale.

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“THE MEDAL! WHERE IS THE MEDAL! I NEED THE MEDAL!”. Staff members scurried away from him in fear. The figure before them was clearly agitated. He was planning on pinning a medal to some admiral, but the medal had gone missing. They were searching all over the place: the storage room, his office, the bathroom, but they just could not find it.

They were afraid of what would happen, of course. A missing medal just would not do. The embarrassment would be bad, but the medal inflation of making a new medal would be worse. The Panda was of firm belief that no more medals then absolutely warranted should be made, and no more. Absolutely no more. Anything else would be sacrilege.

And so they kept searching. Under the bed, through his desk. In his wardrobe. Inquiries were made, discretely, to other offices. But none could find it. The search kept on: through the bamboo stockpile. Among the beer caskets. Even among the staffmembers: their rooms searched, and they themselves stripped, to make sure they were not thieves. Many were embarrassed that day, but still it was not found.

One staff member, with more guts then brains, dared to suggest that the panda himself check his clothes. Maybe he had mistakingly taken it? Like someone looking for their glasses, with the glasses on top of their head? That person was lucky to not be sent to the mines straight away. To make a point, the panda emptied his pant pockets. “SEE! NOTHI… sith.”

The medal had come falling out of his pocket, with a clear clink on the ground. Luckily, it was undamaged. He himself the guilty party of all this commotion, the panda was now very, very, very, embarrassed. With all eyes now on him, he took of his pants. “From this day on, I will no longer wear pants anymore. I vow this, upon what I hold most dear: all the medals.”

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The panda kept his word, as Aeternus knew from ample experience. He had suffered through the Pandamonium of Howlader the Pantsless more then enough. He doubted that this story was exactly how it had happened, and most likely dramatized to make it seem more interesting. However, it was amusing, and would bring him a good chuckle the next time he came across the Master at Arms.