

**Arx Orbit**  
**Nesolat**

“Oooh ooh! I cannot wait! Senpai has noticed me!” Howie exclaimed, as Rulvak approached.

“You summoned me, Howlader?” Rulvak’s expression was one of slight confusion and intrigue.

“Yes, yes. I suppose I did. Did you know that the Brotherhood is going to bring *Figrin D’an and the Modal Nodes* here, *here!*”

“I did not. Who are they again?”

Howie’s jaw very visibly dropped. “They’re only *the* band to see. You haven’t lived until you have experienced some of their jizz!”

“Jizz? Uhm...” Rulvak began, his face completely puzzled by this point, before Howie interjected, “YES! It’s so good. I can’t wait to bring you along!”

“I’d rather not. There are other, more important things I could be doing.”

“Oh, come now, Rulvak. Don’t be a steamy pile of bantha poo-doo. You’re coming with me tonight!”

“We’ll see,” the Sephi muttered as he looked around for any escape from his situation.

“You must go get ready, and I will do the same!” Howie slightly pushed Rulvak in the direction of their quarters within the *Nesolat* station.

---

*This just won’t do.*

Howie couldn’t decide what he wanted to wear. There were so many different, *good* options to choose from. He stood in front of a mirror, examining each outfit he had laid out, knowing that one would have to be chosen over the others.

“Ah-hah!” he let out a sigh of relief, his chore finally complete as he picked a white top with black sleeves which extended across the chest/back to the other sleeve, and a pair of pants that were white at the top with black legs. “It’s perfect.”

He quickly changed and left his room, and he made his way to where Rulvak was staying. It wasn’t far, just a few rooms down from him, like most of the visitors to the *Nesolat*.

**KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.**

“Rulvak!”

**KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.**

“Rulvak!”

**KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.**

“Rulvak!”

The door swung open fiercely as the Sephi glared at Howie. “What!?”

“Well that was rude...are you ready to go yet? The concert should be starting soon!”

“Ugh, thanks for reminding me,” he grumbled as he turned the lights on in his room, “come in...have a seat.”

“Don’t mind if I do!...but where do I sit?”

“Uh, I dunno...how about over there?” Rulvak pointed to another spot within the room without looking. He began to brush his matted hair that was very visibly a mess because he had already turned in for the night.

“You’re going to love them. They do this one song that is so catchy; it’ll be stuck in your head until you get back to...wherever it is you Vizsla come from nowadays.”

“I hope not. Okay. I am ready. Let’s get this over with,” Rulvak said begrudgingly before he burst into laughter.

“Why the sudden mood change? Have you finally decided to stop being so broody?”

“Well...you may want to look in the mirror.”

“What? What is it? What are you talking about?” Howie began to worry as he moved over to the mirror, not seeing anything upon his first glances.

“Right there,” Rulvak pointed at the back of Howie’s leg.

The human turned only to discover a large purple stain from his drinks the night prior had somehow found its way onto his favorite pair of pants.

“YOU’VE GOT TO BE KARKING KIDDING ME!”

“You still want to go?” Rulvak’s question was barely distinguishable from his laughter which immediately ceased when Howie stripped the pants off right in front of him.

“No worries, I have matching undies! No one will know the difference!”

“B-b-buh...what?”

“Yeah, it’s fine. There’s no time for another outfit, so this will just have to do!”

“Pantsless?”

“Yup.”

“Whatever...let’s go.” Rulvak muttered, desperate for the night to be over so he could get some good sleep, but still curious on how the night might unfold.

---

Their trip to the hall was filled with many onlookers and gasps, but Howie didn’t seem to mind. More and more whispers were heard, “Where are his *pants?*” and “He’s *pantsless!*” were the most common phrases they heard.

Once they were in the hall, there was only standing room, but for some reason there was always plenty of space around Howie. Rulvak even kept a bit of distance in hopes to keep from being associated with the man.

The band continued to play different songs until they were about to play their hit song.

“This is it! This is *Mad About Me!* I *LOVE* this song!” Howie was clearly over the moon when they announced they were about to play it, and they took notice as they pointed to him, their decoder deciphering one word, “*PANTSLESS!*”

Howie let out a squeal as *Figrin D’an and the Modal Nodes* began to play.

He has refused to go by any other name since.