

Once upon a time, there existed a young human, full of life and good cheer. He was smart, brave and had a weird fetish of dressing up as a panda on weekends when he went to conventions and seedy hotels in Imperial Remnant space.

His subordinates in the Imperial Remnant navy often mentioned it in rumours, but it was simply seen as a joke to insult the Admiral, not many of them actually believed it was true.

One weekend, Howlader was getting changed into his panda fursuit, practicing his “yiffing” for the impending celebrations later that night. He tutted as he noticed that his trousers were slightly frayed and torn in the butt area. Clearly, the seams were coming loose. He would need to get them fixed, or requisition a new uniform when he was back on duty on Monday morning.

Howie grinned as he put his panda fursuit on, he felt much more comfortable pretending to be a panda. He could sleep, eat and just relax all weekend instead of having to tell people off and command them. It was the one way he could truly be free and happy.

Pulling on the rest of the costume, Howlader zipped himself up and looked in the mirror. A tall panda looked back at him, “Yiff! Yiff!” he exclaimed and waved at himself excitedly in the mirror.

It was time for him to go hit the furry clubs and hang out with the rest of the degenerates in the Imperial Remnant. At least this enabled him some sort of anonymity instead of a more high profile vice such as gambling or whoring.

The weekend passed uneventfully, with Howie having a glorious time. Sleeping, eating, pooping, punching random strangers and pretending to be a panda. He was so convincing that a zoologist attempted to capture him and put him in a zoo. That particular zoologist was swiftly convinced of his error, and Howie made his way back to his quarters at the end of a great weekend.

The door to his suite opened, and a strange man was standing in his room. He had dark brown hair and a beard, and wore black clothing.

“What are you doing in my rooms?” Howie demanded, annoyed at some stranger in his quarters.

“DO IT!” shouted the stranger, “JUST DO IT!”

Howlader was taken aback and his confidence was shaken.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“DON'T LET YOUR DREAMS BE DREAMS!”

The words of the stranger took heart within Howlader's mind. He was totally right.

He didn't need to put his uniform back on, instead he could parade around pantless as a panda. Embrace his inner ursa and have plenty of naps.

"Who are you?" Howie enquired, "Why are you so wise?"

"I'M ACTUAL CANNIBAL, SHIA LABEOUF!"

"Oh my," Howie exclaimed excitedly, "tell me more."

And Shia Labeouf sat down on Howie's bed, throwing his torn trousers into the trash can.

"Your heart's been aching but...You're too shy to say it." Shia began to sing.

"Inside we both know what's been going on. We know the game and we're gonna play it."
Howie sang.

"I just wanna tell you how I'm feeling!" they both bellowed out.

And that, children... Is how Howie lost his trousers, embraced his inner panda, and I used shitty old memes to ruin this competition entry just to annoy Howie <3.