Well once upon a time, Howie’s main concern was not so much pants themselves as it was the restrictiveness of the pants. The specific wear of an Admiral in the Imperial Remnant was unbelievably uncomfortable for someone with fur and so his original solution to this particular pantaloons problem was to have the tailors make his pants with extra leg room for his large panda legs so that his fur could shift freely beneath the fabric. This became such an amusing piece of trivia for his various subordinates that over time almost all of them adopted this same form of fashion and almost all began wearing wide, floppy pant legs. Howie at first found this to be a disrespectful mockery and was initially outright upset and soon after simply annoyed. Over time, he started to find it endearing and accepted the fashion statement within his ranks as a part of his unit. They even started calling themselves the Panda Pants Fleet. They were known in the Remnant Navy for their pristine precision and their parachute pants.

So it went on for years until one day Howie and a cadre of his favorite officers were enjoying drinks at the cantina of some industrial planet that he’d never been to before in order to stop for maintenance and repairs on his capital ship. The night had started tame enough with a couple of rounds. The night wore on as the group of officers kept ordering drinks and getting more and more rowdy. Eventually a speeder bike gang showed up for their own alcoholic appetites and were particularly annoyed with the naval officers making a ruckus in their favorite watering hole. The gang tolerated the half-drunk Imperials at first, expecting them to have more restraint, but things started getting more and more out of hand. Eventually the leader of this speeder bike gang, a large and overbearing Falleen, got up and confronted Howie on his rowdy, drunken officers, demanding he keep them in check. The panda was not used to being given orders and in his inebriated state, told the gang leader to kiss the backside of a bantha. He responded by insulting all of their pants. This was immediately met with a challenge from the Admiral to “step outside” and settle this argument.

When the two groups went outside to the hazy, industrial night, it was apparent that this speeder bike gang wasn’t just a bunch of amateurs. Every vehicle was modified from front to rear and half of them didn’t even look like speeder bikes. A number of them had various additions and modifications including one with a very large air intake turbine in the front. Howie wasn’t even paying attention to these details as he proceeded to try and drunkenly fight they all started a raucous melee. The panda started on the offensive, throwing jabs and hooks that his opponent blocked with a high guard. At that moment Howie looked around and saw that his subordinates were all being beaten by their opponents and in that moment of distraction, the Falleen gang leader knocked him on his back. The gang pinned Howie down on the ground and made him watch as all the officers were fed to the massive turbine on their boss’s speeder one by one, floppy pants first.