

It was a typical day in the MAA's office, Howie had just finished stamping out another set of denied approvals for promotions and headed to his bed.

"What sort of person puts I wear pants as one of their main reasons to be promoted." He scoffed. "I remember the time I decided that pants were not necessary. It was like it was yesterday."

Several years ago:

Howie sat in the middle of his room, he had just finished a nice long nap. He got dressed in his favorite outfit, a red shirt and black pants. His stomach then let out a huge rumble and feeling particularly famished, wandered into the kitchen. He sauntered over to the fridge, his large hips swayed back and forth as he rummaged for some grub. He pulled out some eggs, milk, bamboo shoots, and some blueberry scones he found. He made his way over to the counter and deposited the items. He then walked to his overhead cupboard and pulled out a pot.

"I think I am going to make a surprise breakfast."

Placing the pot on the stove, he then added a bit of water to the pot, poured some milk into it, and began to crack a few eggs. After he finished, he took some garlic, salt, pepper, and special 'Howie spice' from the spice rack and placed them on the counter. He then added all of the spices to the pot, put them back onto the counter and grabbed a stirring spoon hanging above his head. As he stirred the pot, he could smell a delicious aroma. "Perfect, this is going to be an awesome breakfast." He was so happy about his breakfast he had forgotten that his spoon was still in the pot and moved his stirring paw a bit too forcibly, causing the pot to tilt forward. Slightly panicked that he was about to lose all of his delicious food, he grabbed the sides of the pot to steady it. Unfortunately, since it had been on the stove, the pot was extremely hot and began to burn Howie's paws. He let out a blood-curdling howl as he immediately let go of the pot and instantly regretted his mistake. Time seemed to slow down as Howie watched in horror as the pot flipped over, spilling its entire contents all over his brand new favorite pair of black pants.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" He roared, "Not my pants!"

He danced about the kitchen as his pants soaked up the hot liquid and continually burned him. Seeing no other alternative in his frenzied state, he viciously ripped his pants apart and flung them to the ground. Taking a breath, he looked at his now stained and shredded pants.

"My sweet pants." He choked back some tears before resigning himself. "Why fate have you destroyed my favorite pants."

His face then contorted as he filled with rage. "Since fate has decided that my pants were a casualty then I will never wear pants again!"

He then ran from the kitchen to the front door and opened the door wide.

“DO YOU HEAR ME WORLD, FROM THIS DAY FORWARD I WILL NEVER WEAR PANTS AGAIN!”

And to this day, Howie kept his word. He never wore pants again.