

"Damn it, I'm so hungry..."

That was the story of the life of Darth Pandamonium himself. The giant walking, talking panda of a Sith had served dutifully as the Brotherhood's Master At Arms through consecutive Grand Masters. Of course, he only had one requirement: Unlimited access to the Dark Council food supply.

It seemed easy enough, and several Grand Masters were more than happy to accommodate. Pravus was too busy killing aliens to care, Mav was just the worst anyways, so nothing Howlader ever did would compare. Then we get to Evant. Mr 'party in a space yacht' himself. Howlader expected more of the same. After all, Evant hadn't shown any displeasure with the deal whilst he was the Deputy, so why would anything be different? How wrong Howlader was.

Turned out that Howlader's consistent raiding of food had left the remainder of the Dark Council struggling and famished. Being a Sith Panda, he ate more than ten times the average consumption of a human being, and the fridges and freezers within the Dark Ascent could barely sustain his insatiable hunger. It was so bad, that kitchen staff quit and walked out on shift, and worse of all, Dark Council members quit from their position, most having gone hungry during their tenure. Justinios, Marrick, Seraphol, and most recently, Dracaryis after only three months.

"Frakk this, I'm not putting up with *that* again," Dracaryis had said. There was not enough salt in the galaxy worth dealing with Howlader again. So, Evant gave him a pat on the back, promoted him, and sent him on his merry way.

That, ultimately, left Howlader with an ultimatum from Dacien Victae, the newest Deputy of the Brotherhood.

"Howie, my good bear," Dacien said, offering the complimentary Dark Council handshake. "Your food habit has gone too far this time."

"But..."

"The Dark Council is threatening a walk-out if this is not taken care of. So, to make up for your crimes against Dark Council stomachs, I have a job for you."

"But..."

"You are to infiltrate into the Children of Mortis and retrieve as much information as you can. Failure to do so will result in your food rations being cut *drastically* short."

Howlader gasped and placed his hands over his mouth. "Not my food supply!"

"Do you have any questions?" Dacien asked.

"Ues, just one," Howlader leaned in closer until his face was an inch away from Dacien's. "Can I take a snack for the journey?"

When Howlader broke into enemy territory, the response was not what he expected it to be.

"By the Force! Why the hell is he pantsless!? Take him to *The Father!*"

That was when he came face to face with *him*.

"My dear fellow. Howlader, Master At Arms of the Brotherhood," *The Father* said.

"I can make you an offer you cannot refuse. Join me, and you will feast on whatever banquet you desire. There will be no fridge-freezer safe from your gluttony!"

"Holy kark, I'm in!"

With that, Howlader joined the Children of Mortis and betrayed the Brotherhood, proving once and for all that the fastest way to a panda's heart was through his stomach.