

Howie was readying himself to board the shuttle to wherever the hell he was going. Howie didn't know.

He was a Panda.

How can Pandas even know what the hell is going on?

He wished to be back in his comfy little abode, munching on some bamboo and rolling around like a football (not soccer as some earthlings like to wrongly call it), an actual **ROUND** football, used in sports where you use your feet, not your hands most of the time.

His turn to embark came. It was then that he noticed the invoice on his datapad. It said "Howie, you better find useful information. Signed: D.C."

Howie thought to himself "DC means Don't Care. Got it."

So he didn't. He enjoyed his little flight across the hyperlanes to a mysterious new planet that had been discovered, called *TPS22*. "A planet with this name must be amazing." Howie thought.

When he arrived, he was greeted by a hooded figure with a sweet and raspy voice at the same time. "Good morning Howie. We are so glad you have arrived safely."

"How do you know my name?"

"The Children of Mortis knows many things."

"The Rigor Mortis?"

"No, the Children of Mortis."

"The Rick and Morty?"

"Also incorrect. Repeat after me. The."

"The."

"Children."

"Children."

"Of."

"Of."

"Mortis."

"Mortis."

"The Children of Mortis."

“The Timor Mortis.”

There was an awkward silence and a deep sigh, before the hooded figure said something back.

“It’s good to have you here. We’ll make a Children out of you?”

“You’re gonna make me a Child? But I haven’t even told my momma and pappa yet! I’m not ready to be a father!”

“No. You’re going to be a Child of Mortis.”

“I’m being adopted?”

“Yes! That’s exactly it. Mortis will adopt you into our family.”

“I don’t know. I have to think deeply about such a commitment.”

“We have thousands of bamboo.”

“Where do I sign?”

After much bureaucratic paperwork, where inadvertently Howie would surrender all his freedom and his soul to Mortis and whatnot, he was on his way to meet his peers.

In a big hall, there were hundreds if not thousands of hooded figures, perfectly lined up in lines. Howie was also wearing a red hood now. He was picturing himself frolicking in the forest with a basket full of freshly picked mushrooms and then running away from a big bad wolf in order to save his Panda Grandma.

“NO! Grandma!” He yelled, which caused everyone to look at him.

There was a voice in the distance.

“Child, come forth.”

Howie moved towards the centre where a tall old man was waiting for him. He was holding the hand of a beautiful lady with hair down to the floor.

“Tell us your name, Child.”

“Howlader, but you can call me Howie.”

“Well, Howie. I personally welcome you to the Children of Mortis.”

“Are you two my new mama and pappa?”

“We are.” said the woman with a warm smile.

Howie grinned in a not so decent way. "Me gusta." he said.