Howlader – Maximum Brevity V: Day Off

Howlader sat at his desk staring at the latest status report in his seemingly never ending pile of status reports. This one was about foodstuffs in the 47th Reconnaissance Regiment – seems that everything is okay, and that all the troops were being fed. Excellent. Approved. Howlader sighed and searched for the next report in his computer terminal. Empty. Nothing. Howlader searched again. Nothing.

Howlader looked at the display across his office – only an hour into the day with nothing to do. Some fluke of calendar secured Howlader a random day off – and that must not be wasted.

Howlader got up from his chair, walked back to his quarters, took his pants off, and took a nap.

The end.