

## Pizza O'Clock: Weighing Your Future (Preview)

By: Firingwall

Based off an RP with Sea-Mon, a friend of mine~

Memphis felt anxious, odd, and uncomfortable. But one could not blame the toon rat for feeling uncomfortable in his situation.

He was very much out of his element. He was all dressed up in his best clothes, ones that actually fit his body and didn't have his large gut sticking out. He wasn't able to eat anything or smoke one of his favorite cigars. He was trying to exude as much professional as a toon could possibly present given his situation.

He glanced over at his partner today. The rat shook his head, thinking, *ugh, Chunky... why didn't ya listen ta mes? Dis why no ones comin' up ta us!*

Chunky was the large ape toon with dark green fur and light green skin. Instead of a suit or casual business attire, the gorilla wore blue shorts that stretched over his large package quite prominently. He had on a small short-sleeve t-shirt with the phrase "OOOH, BANANA!" plastered on the center, his pizza tattoo exposed due to the short sleeves.

As he chomped away on a pizza slice, Memphis sighed. *At leasts he's wearin' ours official Pizza O'Clock cap on his head. Makes him seems likes hes actually works with us...*

Shoving the last bit of the pizza crust into his mouth, Chunky spoke in his grunty, booming voice, "Mmmm, banana pizza, Chunky's favorite~ Memphis want pizza?"

"Nots nows," sighed the rat toon, feeling a bit famished himself, "Wes gotta focus ons findin' ourselves a news managah before leavin'!"

Today was a special event, a job fair being held in a local college. A human college for business and management to be exact. Somehow, Hefty McOrckee, the owner of Pizza O'Clock, managed to snag the small business a booth in such an odd place. They were hoping to expand their operations and open a new pizzeria in another city. To do that, they needed to hire another manager to lead the charge.

Chunky nodded, scratching his chin, "Chunky don't get it. Why Hefty has us at human school? Shouldn't Memphis and Chunky be at toon school to find manager?"

"...probably." Memphis sighed, folding his fat arms. He really wished Hefty had consulted with him on this idea. It wasn't a bad idea to seek out people with degrees in business for a new manager position. But maybe it was best to do it in Toon Town?

Scratching the tip of his chin, Memphis also thought, *wells, nots likes I'ms a full toon either. I's gotta be a manager despite bein' a skinny girl lots of dah time... Hmmm, maybe I's shoulda been her for dis? Maybe I's be less intimidatin'?*

It couldn't have hurt. The two large toons had been standing at their booth for the past three hours without anyone really approaching them. Almost all the students on campus either ignored them or glanced their way for a moment before moving onto a different option.

They were about to go on their fourth straight hour of standing there. Chunky didn't seem to care, the silly pizza delivery driver merely chowing down on his seemingly endless pizza from the box he brought. Memphis could only huff, thinking, *mans, I's could uses a cigar right 'bout nows...*

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"Mmmmm, what's this?" Rose Garland turned her head and caught the curious sight off to her right. Two large, rather fat toons were standing behind one of the many booths set up in the large gymnasium. The business major had never met toons before or even seen them up close like this.

Curious, the book-ish girl with long brown hair approached the booth. She looked up at the banner above: Pizza O'Clock. There were a couple of signs up with different promotional information about the business and even some leaflets laid out on the stand before them. There were probably even more things to look at, but they were currently being covered by the gorilla toon's large pizza box.

Pizza O'Clock... The name sounded familiar to her. It then clicked, recalling some ads on the radio. She looked from the leaflets to the large toons, asking softly, "Is this the pizzeria... from Toon Town?"

The large rat flinched, looking down at her quickly. It almost seemed as if he was sleeping with his eyes open. Seeing her there, asking a question, brought a warm smile to his ratty mug. He answered with a pleasant nod, "Indeed it is, lil' missy! What's your name?"

His breath smelled off a mixture of cigars, pizza, and a ton of mouthwash. It seemed like he overcompensated for the other smells to drown them out but wasn't able to regardless. Rose blushed awkwardly as the smell passed her nose, "I'm Rose Garland."

"Afternoon Rose," the rat said, holding out his large, gloved hand, "Da name is Memphis Ratterton, da manager for da place. Dis big oaf is ours pizza delivery guy, Chunky!"

"Hiya Rose, Chunky is happy ta meet Rose~" The large ape said, taking her other hand. The two toons shook together, causing her to jerk up and down a bit. The shaking caused her to wobble a little when they stopped.

After a moment, she sighed. She glanced at the hand that Chunky shook, seeing it covered in grease and sauce, no doubt from the pizza he was gobbling down.

She casually wiped the gunk off on her pants leg and on the table before asking, "So... umm, what is it like there?"

Chunky jumped in there, “Pizza O’Clock very gud pizzeria! Loads of fun with nice people ands toons dere all da time! Chunky loves it and Chunky loves bringin’ fatty pizza to people to fill dem up big!”

Memphis chuckled, adding in, “Indeeds, We’s a very nice, friendly environment dat wes ands da customers love. We’s all like ones big ol’ family there!”

Rose nodded. It made sense to her. She heard toons were a very friendly sort of group, so a business like that would probably be just as friendly and family-like. She asked, “You all know each other well then? Is there a lot of staff there?”

The rat answered that one straight away, “Not much staff at da moment! Just me, Chunky here, Cal, Tony, and Hefty McOrckee, da owner! We’s all big fans of da pizza before we started workin’ dere. Dough, Cal was lookin’ for a job between college semstahs, so no eatin’ pizza experiences required.”

“Alright. So, what kind of work is involved? I assume you’re looking for someone big if you’re here at a college.”

“Wells, we offer alls sorts of dings from waiter, ta cook, ta delivery driver ta even bigger deals! Buuut, we’s lookin’ for sumone real big dis time: a manager!”

Rose’s eyebrows rose. “Manager? Is it that easy to get one without having them work at your place beforehand? Or if you’re coming here, is it even a good idea to get someone just fresh out of college to be a manager? How would you even decide on something like that?”

“It’s super easy Rose!” Chunky interjected, flashing a big, toothy grin, “Pizza O’Clock find manager by weighin’ person’s poten... poten... potential? Chunky find words hard at times!”

Memphis laughed, patting the large ape on the head, "What mah big ape friend is sayin’ is we’s find ours manager by weighin’ a candidate’s potential ands skills ta see if dey’s be big enough in ands out fors da job!"

Rose looked at them with such a bizarre, baffled look. It seemed... unbelievable to be honest that something could be just that simple. Her head tilted as a thought came to mind.

It was a thought that made her all too curious. She asked, “That’s it? Well, how would you be able to tell if, say, I was capable of doing it?”