

Pizza O'Clock:
Goin' Ape for Deliveries

By: Firingwall

The Fourth Delivery

Dog, this is weeeird. Beatrice looked up... and up and up. The entire house before her was shaped like, or quite possibly made out of a cardboard tube.

But, did she actually expect anything particularly normal? Beatrice was in Toon Town now and strange was the real normal around there. She had only heard of the place from her fellow witch sisters (though, would “real” sisters make her do this?) before, and it always sounded like a nightmare.

It indeed was. It was an incredibly garish nightmare. The blazing colors, animated (quite literally) vibrance, over-the-top citizens and locals she's seen... it was too much. She was feeling more and more awkward by the second just being there.

Pizza O'Clock was part of Toon Town, but it was situated on the outskirts of the district. It didn't look like this at all... as far as she knew. She did arrive at the pizzeria through a magic backdoor and didn't explore much of the building, leaving it through the backdoor and alleyway.

Regardless, being in this place made her feel wrong. Sure, she was a green witch with magical powers, but she was certainly more human and down-to-earth than any of these toons.

Though, what was most irritating about all of this was that growing feeling in her. It was growing like every other part of her. It was the feeling of belonging. Driving through the zany area made her feel as if she was almost at home. Something was just so gosh darn likable and nostalgic about that place that was slowly overwhelming that awkwardness.

Beatrice shook her head. *No. Focus on what's important here.* Her thick fingers tightened on the box as she walked closer to the front door. *Delivery.*

She nodded to herself, stepping onto the welcome mat. *Just do **dis** and maybe Beatrice... maybe I can just get out of here.*

Her thoughts were getting cruder and more inelegant. She hated this so much.

Beatrice took a deep breath and tried not to think about that depressing thought as well. She reached up and knocked heavily on the door with her ape hand. **KNUCK-KNUCK!**

The witch stood there... and stood there. *...is anyone coming?* She waited a full minute. *I don't think anyone is coming. If someone was coming, I'd probably hear it, right? Toons are loud, so they would be loud coming to the door, right?*

She wasn't sure, so she knocked on the door again. **KNUCK-KNUCK!** Beatrice leaned in close to the door, her ear only an inch or so away from it. She focused in as hard as she could, listening for any potential footsteps.

At first, it didn't seem like anyone was coming. Then, both of her ears grew bigger, wider, and a little rounder. The skin turned black and thick, not unlike her ape hands.

Enhanced, her ears twitched. It was faint, but there was something. The noise was slow and plodding, but it was getting closer.

This is gonna take a bit. Beatrice frowned and stood back up straight, stepping back.

She twitched then, feeling a light sensation bop against her cheek and hearing a soft jingle. She reached to her head, the back of her fingers hitting something metal. It was her earring... no, it was a different earring.

She traced the shape of it and shivered. It was that of a pizza slice. *Crap.* She turned her head to look at it, abruptly stopping and realizing how pointless that'd be. *Craaaap. I'm getting dumber! Why did I think I could see that if I... I...*

The witch could see her shoulder now with how she turned her head. There was another pizza slice. This time, it was a tattoo. It was somehow visible, clear as can be and flat as if it was a sticker despite the blackish fur. It was almost like a cutiemark from My Little Pony in that way.

...oh... oh my... Beatrice stared and stared at it. The image was horrible, terrible, just plain wrong... but yet also right. There was something fitting about it, something perfect. It felt as if it belonged on her, and the thought of that didn't bring anger or frustration but moderate annoyance at worst.

CRREEEEEEAAAAK! Beatrice stood at attention, looking forward and burying the thought for the time. The front door slowly opened and, at long last, the owner finally appeared.

It was a ferret toon with gray & chocolate brown fur, very lanky and standing far taller than her. He wore cartoonishly stretched-up suspenders and pants that went up over his belly. The toon walked with a cane and had thick glasses, so thick and large that she couldn't see his eyes no matter how much she looked at him.

OLD! Dat guy's OLD! Beatrice shook the toony thought from her mind and tried focusing on a different one. *So, does this pizza affect toons like it does humans or...*

“Yeeeeeees?” The ferret spoke in an ancient, raspy voice. It almost felt like a cloud of dust would kick out of his mouth. “What can I help you with, sonny?”

“R-right, hello there. Beatri...” She cleared her throat. “I am your delivery woman from Pizza O’Clock. Bea... Be... I am here with your pizza, sir!” She cringed the entire time she spoke. It was so difficult now not to use first-person when talking.

“Wha?” The toon stepped forward, holding a wrinkly white glove up to his ear. “What you say, son?”

“...” Beatrice frowned. “Beatrice here from Pizza O’Clock! Beatrice has yummy in tummy pizza for youse, sir!” She partially hated every second of saying that, but talking like that was much easier and let her be louder. Plus, it was annoyingly sounding right to the ears.

“Huh?” The old ferret leaned in a little more, leaning on his cane and pushing his ear closer to the witch’s maw.

Seriously? Beatrice’s frown only grew. *How can he... ugh!* She cleared her throat. **“Beatrice has nummy pizza fors Mistah Ferret! Pizza taste good! Beatrice wants Mister Ferret ta has his pizza!”**

“WHAAAAA?!” The ferret pulled out a funnel and held it up to his ear while sticking the funnel’s other end right over her mouth. “I can’t hear ya, ya youngin!”

Come on!! Beatrice huffed. She cleared her throat again, thicker and longer, smacking her chest too. ***“Beatrice has big pizza fors ya! Beatrice wanna give Ferret special pizza! Pizza smell good ands tasty! Big Beatrice really hungie and wills eat pizza if Ferret don’t takes it!”***

The witch felt so weird after speaking. Her voice was nothing like her own, so deep and powerful while yet dumb and dopey. She couldn’t stand it, but yet did. After four deliveries and sniffing pizza all morning, her voice sounded... nice?

“PIZZA?!” The ferret loudly declared, snapping her attention back. “Ya don’t have ta yell, whippersnapper! I can hear ya!”

She wanted to throttle him badly. She sacrificed her voice and normal way of talking for this annoying fossil. Only her growing sense of professionalism wouldn’t let her do such a thing as tempting as it was.

So, she handed him the pizza without a word. The ferret toon took it and, in a split second, slammed the door in her face. “Humph! Ferret shoulda tipped Beatrice!” she grunted, scratching her side, “Beatrice don’t need dis! Beatrice don’t like—”

GURRRRRRRRGLE! Her cheeks lit up red. She looked down at herself. Her stomach was cartoonishly rumbling, vibrational waves visibly emanating from it.

The words from before, “Big Beatrice really hungie”, was the truth. She did feel awfully hungry. She hadn’t eaten a thing since breakfast. Rubbing her stomach, she felt even hungrier and lacking. Something felt missing, something felt needed.

The toonifying witch shook her head. “Beatrice hungry. ...!... I’m... Beatrice really hungry! Needs sumding in Beatrice’s tummy, stat!”

She returned to the car and got back in it. Looking to the side, she saw no new fax and the pizza container hadn’t reinflated with a new order. It appeared like she had some time on her hands now.

Her eyes went down to her cupholders. All of those coupons she had gotten so far? They were stuffed in there.

GULP! *Maybe... maybe Beatrice should use ones. Beatrice hungry...*