

Firingwall Preview Guide: 2/28/2019

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Tooning Out

This is it, Tyrone thought nervously, gripping his resume in his hands, get this job and I'm good to go!

Tyrone was a dark-skinned young man sitting out in one of the booths of his local burger joint, waiting to be called on. Summer had come, and the semester had finished at college for him. While he would love to enjoy his free time and prepare for the next semester to come, Tyrone was in a bit of trouble. His work study job at the college was unavailable during the summer months, and he needed to have some extra money to last until it was over.

With a bit of searching and looking around, Tyrone had found that the place not too far from his dorm was hiring. He applied online and, eventually, was called for an in-person interview. He had done them many times before, but he never felt not nervous doing them.

He took a deep breath, sitting there quietly in his white, button-up shirt and semi-pressed and iron pants. *You can do this man, he said to himself, you can do this. Just do this like every other interview before and you'll be fine. You're overqualified if anything. You've got lots of experience and plenty of references to...*

His mind was pulled away from his motivational thinking to his hands. His arms were resting on the countertop of his booth, clutching and unintentionally wrinkling his resume in his hands. However, the wrinkled paper wasn't his big issue.

From underneath the cuff of his right sleeve, Tyrone could see something wet, something dark, something unnerving seeping out and onto his wrist. Tyrone's eyes widened and his jaw slowly dropped. *No way, he thought, not now, not now!*

Something happened a few months ago during one of the courses he was taking. Something... that kind of left him with a problem that kept on affecting him. While people ultimately understood, it was not something he went around telling everyone about.

Crap, crap, crap! he thought, *not now when I got this important interview! Why can't it happen later when I'm not busy?!* He watched the black, inky substance crawl over his wrist and over his hand. The goo fully coated his hand, palm, and fingers, wrapping around his middle and ring fingers and sticking them together. On the underside of his hand, white, thick, inky bubbles popped out of each finger and palm, looking like that of animal pads.

No no no! What do I do?! Maybe I should say I'm feeling under the weather and just reschedule?! No, that may not look good at-

"Mr. Tyrone Cole?" a female employee spoke, stepping over towards the booths, "Mr. Jones is ready for you now."

Bulk Up

“Holy crap do you need help!”

“...well that’s welcoming.” Ricky had only taken a few steps into the gym when he was greeted by a weird face. It was a golden retriever anthro with fluffy fur and wild, dirty blond hair. He was fairly strong-looking with some decent muscles, overcompensating in Ricky’s mind with how small his t-shirt was.

The retriever huffed, his tail stopping its wagging. “Trying to be helpful here, so enough with the sass boy.”

“I’m twenty-five!”

“Riiiiight, but enough chat! Welcome to our very inclusive, special gym, what brings a scrawny guy like you here? I assume to get super beefy and tuff like moi, right?”

Ricky tried his hardest not to roll his eyes right out of his head at that remark, the act getting more difficult when the anthro flexed his arm to show off. To be fair, the college student was looking to get a bit more in shape. He put on a few more pounds than he liked to admit during the holiday season and with the cold ever still present, he decided to try his luck working out at some gym.

It was just so convenient that a local gym nearby the dorms was offering an open house day to students. He grabbed his best clothing that could be considered gym/work-out attire and headed for the place.

“I’m certainly looking to work out a bit,” the Hispanic man mumbled, trying his best to ignore the dog, “Just point me to the locker room and I’ll figure things out from there!”

“No way, little guy!” the anthro huffed, shaking his head. He leaned in excitedly, his tail wagging again, “I’m gonna help you thick and tough man! As one of the trainers here, I feel it is necessary for me to give it my all with helping you!”

“...no thanks?”

That did not make a single impact on the golden retriever, who took Ricky’s hand and held away from the lobby. “The name is Jason and I’ll be your trainer today... mister?”

“Ricky? But really, you don’t need to bother with-OOF!” With a big pull, the anthro yanked him into the men’s locker room.

One Rubberizing Misfortune

“It’s gotta work, it’s gotta!” Ashley Jennings murmured angrily as she dropped another bit of liquid into the beaker.

She carefully placed the test tube back onto the rack, sighing softly. Rubbing her forehead, her eyes wandered up at the wall above the door. The only clock in the room sat there, flashing the time at her, midnight.

She sighed, slouching a bit in her seat. *Been at it this long? Gees... gotta keep going though. I’m close. I can sense a breakthrough for sure.*

Ashley yawned, stretching her arms and cracking her neck a tad. Despite the long hours, the scientist was very, very tired already. The week had been nothing but disappointments for her. The company she worked for wanted what was essentially magic to be created. She already performed an incredible trick once before and now, they wanted a repeat, but far more difficult.

A few years ago, Ashley was merely a lowly scientist for the company, experimenting and working on various projects that were tossed at her and the team she was part of. It wasn’t impressive or newsworthy projects, but it paid well enough.

Then, one day, creating a new type of wood polish, Ashley mixed some various chemicals together in a fit of frustration. There, she performed a miracle: any and all damage to wooden products was instantly repaired with a single coat of the polish. Her work, whether it was an accident or not, was revolutionary.

Now, there she was that night, having to pull off lightning in a bottle once more. The company asked for her to see if she could cook up a product that could do the same, but with items made of rubber. The possibilities were endless and could prove very lucrative if pitched to the car repair industry for fixing tires.

This isn’t possible, she thought, carefully putting a few drops of another chemical into the beak. It’s color turned black as night, the glass warming just a tad. She jotted down the reaction, still thinking, *wood is organic and has some basis for restoration when it was living. But rubber? Uuuugh, there’s so many compounds and inorganic material in it as it is.*

That wasn’t the first time she thought of that before, and she felt it wouldn’t be the last either at the rate things were going. Things were too complicated here and the science was way too out there as it was already. Of course, trying to tell the people in suits that was only meet with dismissal.

Either finish the project by the end of the week or we’ll have to move you to other tasks more suitable for your skills.

Oh fuck off, she thought, her face turning to a scowl. *I try my best and what do I get by not delivering the universe? Threats to dump my ass somewhere else.* She took the metal spoon next to her and put it in the beak, stirring the contents a bit.

Spray for Trouble: Chapter 9

Emma trudged nervously down the steps and into the living room. No one was there.

She looked in the kitchen. Still no one.

Then she glanced into the dining room. “There you are. We need to talk about your behavior, young lady.”

Emma shivered. She never heard her mom use that tone of voice or that phrasing with her, having been a goody two-shoes all her life. However, memories, both of mind and muscle, came pouring into the brain almost immediately.

She gulped and slowly trudged into the room, taking a seat across from her mom. “Hey mom,” she spoke, fingers twitching and foot nervously tapping the wooden flooring. God, she really needed a cigarette right about now, but she knew there was no way lighting up was going to help her situation.

“Emma,” her mom spoke, leaning in across the table. Her stare was stern and hard, but still with a hint of concern to it. Emma’s body shook again as her mother continued, “Last night, you and your friends went out for dinner, inviting Anna and her friend along. That was very nice of you...”

So that was the excuse Anna pulled out of her ass to avoid getting yelled, Emma thought frustratedly.

“...however, what was not nice was coming home drunk. Emma, sweetie, you promised me you were quitting drinking.” Memories came flowing up to the forefront of the young woman’s mind. She now recalled drinking a LOT, even before she was drinking age. Soon as she hit twenty-one, she was constantly drinking all the time. A lot of nights of being drunk, a lot of puke, and a lot of nasty hangovers.

She also remembered her mom getting completely fed up with her behavior as well. Instead of getting mad though, for the first time in her new, rebellious and wild memories, she sided with her mom. She cut back on all of her drinking to try and please her.

Emma sank into her chair, looking at the ground. Her hands clenched the top of her knees, longer fingernails sinking into the denim jeans she tossed on. She muttered, “I-I did... I did and I fucked up, okay?”

“Language dear.”

Emma frowned, mumbling, “Sorry...”

“You promised me you wouldn’t drink age. What happened?”

One Trip to Chubbo's

“Three... two... one!” Hands tightly gripping around the crowbar, the woman pulled on it as hard as she could. With this bit of strength, she pried the last wooden board off the backdoor.

“Phew! Finally! Let’s give this place a look!” Tossing the crowbar back into the truck of her car, she pulled out the building’s keyring and started shifting through it. After a few moments, she grabbed hold of the key she wanted and unlocked the backdoor.

With a bit of a push, she was in the building. She let out a big cough, blowing the thick, dusty air back as much as she could with her hand as she ventured down the back hallway. Passing through an empty doorway, she stepped into a familiar area and a wave of nostalgia flowed over the woman.

Kage was a businesswoman, a very successful one having climbed all the way to ownership status of a large, investment bank in her home city before she even hit forty. She made all the right deals, all the right allies, and put together all the right plans and investments to get where she was. She was smart, savvy, and very cold when she needed to be.

But yet, there was one part of her that wasn’t at all like that. It went all the way back to being a child and walking in the doors of her favorite pizza place, Chubbo’s. It was a knock-off Chuck E. Cheese’s restaurant that appeared out of nowhere in the Eighties, with the exception being people in suits instead of animatronics. It had everything a child could love from tasty pizza, arcades and games, to fun, silly characters walking around to entertain children.

Kage glanced at the ground of the large room, still setup with all of its tables and chairs for patrons to sit and eat at. Beneath her heel was a flyer, which she grabbed and looked over. It was promoting the upcoming Christmas event at the restaurant... back in 1997.

Her heart sank, the business woman respectfully placing the paper onto a nearby table. *What a waste*, she thought, looking around, *everything still looks fine. Can’t believe they just left it all to rot.*

She took a deep breath, brushing some of her long, black hair to the side. *Alright then, time to see what we have here.*

She left the large room behind and headed over into the arcade area. All the arcade and skee ball machines were still there, including some gumball and candy machines that still had the sweets in them. She flinched, looking at the sight of them, thinking, *okay... gonna need to get someone to wash that stuff out as soon as possible. Also, need to get the power going to see if these things still work...*