

## Pizza Inferno

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## **Chapter 1 - The Vortex of Crust**

In the waning hours of a pallid eve, when the city lay shrouded beneath a cloak of soot and smoke, there sat a solitary figure in a humble chamber of stone and timber. Upon the table before them rested a box of the famed PrimoPerfect Pizza, still warm from the furnaces of the mortal realm, and exhaling a fragrant vapor that mingled with the dusky gloom like a silent, invisible herald.

The aroma was rich and heady, curling through the air as though it possessed some hidden will, drawing the eye and the spirit into longing. Golden cheese, melted to perfection, stretched and trembled upon the surface, and slices of pepperoni lay like crimson medallions upon a sea of molten white. Yet it was not these mortal delights that would mark this night with dread. Nay, it was the small and simple refusal of tribute, the withholding of coin from the delivery-man, a deed that in the reckoning of powers unseen, was grievous indeed.

The lid creaked and lifted. A shaft of light, green and gold, as if sunlight and flame had mingled in secret, spilt forth from the box. It trembled in the air, quivering, and the very floor beneath the figure's feet seemed to sigh and warp, as though the world itself recoiled at the act. The smell of the pizza grew thick and strange, more pungent than the memory of the forest at summer's height, more sweet than honeycomb at the peak of bloom.

Then came a sudden draught, a force unseen and terrible, that seized the figure and lifted them from the mundane floor pulling him into the pizza box. They tumbled through the air as though flung by a giant hand, twisting and turning amidst ribbons of molten cheese and glimmering tendrils of steam, each strand shining with a light unearthly. Time stretched, lengthened, and bent; the very walls of reality seemed to ripple as a pond might in a sudden storm.

The city below shrank into nothing, a dim smudge of gray and black, and the wind of this strange vortex whispered in voices that were neither wholly human nor wholly spirit, whispering words of warning and promise, of doom and of marvels yet unseen.

At last, the tumbling ceased. The hero found themselves upon a floor of smooth, cold stone, vast and endless as a hall of kings in some forgotten age. Vaulted ceilings arched above, carved with grotesque flourishes that seemed to writhe and shift when the eye lingered too long. Around them, throngs of men and women labored, clad in roughened aprons, their hands scarred and worn by ceaseless toil. They moved in unbroken lines, silent, dutiful, tending to vast contraptions and enormous tubes that rose upward and disappeared into the darkness. From these tubes, faintly glowing with strange light, came the occasional thrum and pulse, as if the world above hung upon their work.

And upon a table at the far end of this hall there stood a figure, and though he seemed but one among many, all eyes, and indeed all light, turned toward him. He was tall, of lean and commanding bearing, dressed in a coat of crimson velvet shaped in the manner of a pizza slice, trimmed with golden braid that caught the faint light and glimmered like sunlight on a river. Upon his face lay a smile both broad and terrible, a monocle glittered upon one eye, and a bowtie, spinning faintly, added a final touch to his preposterous, terrible regalia.

From his place upon the table the figure spoke, and his voice rolled through the hall like a tide of music and malice combined:

“Welcome, my delicious delinquent, to the kingdom beneath the crust and inside the box! You have shunned the gift of coin or in your mortal words “tipping”, and thus... eternity awaits you here!”

As the words echoed, the hero’s eyes were drawn to the vast pneumatic tubes, each one a soaring column that pierced the ceiling and vanished into realms unseen. Through them, the harvested fruits of labor were sent to the world above, there to become the ingredients of mortal sustenance. And standing above it all, the figure’s long arms swept in grand gestures, orchestrating the scene as a master might conduct a symphony of horror.

Thus began the Freshness Tour for all newcomers. And thus was the hero’s fate entwined with the labyrinthine horrors of the realms of toppings, with the cruel and theatrical **Director Slice** as their eternal, watchful warden, PrimoPerfect Pizza’s silent conductor.

## **Chapter 2 - The Maestro of Freshness**

The hero rose shakily to their feet, the cold stone of the hall biting through their clothes, and glanced about them in awe and terror. The multitude of workers moved like a single living organism, their faces pale and hollow, their hands ceaselessly engaged in labor that seemed endless and eternal. Long shadows stretched along the vaulted walls, twisted and distorted, dancing in the flickering light that emanated from lamps of molten glass, hung upon iron chains like strange fruits in a haunted orchard.

From the table, **Director Slice** descended with a flourish of crimson velvet. Each step echoed as if the floor itself were acknowledging his authority, and his monocled gaze swept over the new arrival with predatory precision. His bowtie spun faintly, and the tips of his coat flicked like flames with each exaggerated gesture.

“Behold!” he cried, his voice rolling through the hall like the chiming of a great bell. “Behold the kingdom of flavor, the dominion of freshness! You, my new and unfortunate guest, have spurned the coin of courtesy, and so are bound to witness and partake in the marvels of labor that sustain the mortal realm above. Every slice of pepperoni, every glimmering shard of green pepper, every mushroom that sprouts and breathes - they owe their perfection to toil, to discipline... and to obedience. For not tipping you are now bound here for the remainder of your mortal life!”

The hero tried to speak, to protest, but no words would form. The sight of the pneumatic tubes alone was enough to steal the tongue. These colossal conduits, polished and silvered, rose like towers of enchanted metal, each one pulsating with a strange, otherworldly light. From within them came the distant rumble of ingredients being sent skyward to PrimoPerfect Pizza headquarters, each one a testament to the endless labor of the human throng.

Director Slice’s hands rose again, now pointing toward a grand monorail of brass and dough that wound through the hall like a serpent. The hero saw their fate realized in the shape of the vehicle: a small platform, narrow and enclosed, designed to carry visitors on what he called the **Freshness Tour**.

“Come,” Slice commanded, his voice dripping with theatrical delight. “Come, that you may see with your own eyes the wonders of your sentence. Fear not the toil - you shall find that no effort is too great when the freshness of the ingredients is at stake. And yet...” He paused, his smile widening until it seemed to stretch beyond natural bounds. “...you will find that no mortal born may leave this realm unscathed, unclaimed, or unbound by duty eternal.”

Before the man could protest further, they were guided toward the monorail. It moved with a hiss and a shiver, carrying them past the endless lines of laborers. Everywhere the eye fell, there were the signs of unnatural industry: vats of boiling cheese, giant knives slicing with uncanny precision, and conveyor belts that seemed to pulse with a life of their own.

“Observe!” Slice cried, spinning in place as the rail carried the hero onward. “Observe the Pepperoni Mines, where crimson slabs are wrought from living walls! The Green Pepper Fields, towering and verdant, where bees and dust enforce obedience! The Mushroom Marshlands, where spores rise and twist the mind! The Onion Catacombs, where tears fall in rivers and the air

itself stings! And beyond, the Tropics of Pineapple, where sentient fruit hurls judgment upon the lazy!”

The hero’s stomach churned at the sight, at the sounds, at the smell - a mixture of roasted meat, earthy greens, and something sharp, acrid, and vaguely magical. Every laborer’s face seemed a reflection of the same terrible truth: here, in the realm beneath the crust, no one could hope for mercy, and the will of **Director Slice** was absolute.

“And now,” Slice intoned, stepping close so that the man could feel the chill of his gaze, “you shall see them all. Each realm, each domain, each punishment... before your eternal assignment is decreed by the grand machine of fate itself. Behold! The Freshness Tour has begun, and your eyes shall not close until the marvel is complete!”

With that, the monorail turned a sharp curve, and the hero was carried into darkness, toward the first of the ingredient realms, where horror and wonder waited in equal measure, and where the fate of all who disobeyed mortal custom was revealed in crimson, green, and gold.

### **Chapter 3 - The Pepperoni Mines**

The monorail hissed and groaned as it curved through the darkness, carrying the hero farther from the faint light of the hall and deeper into the subterranean vastness of **Director Slice's** dominion. Outside the rail, shadows stretched and twisted, revealing glimpses of a world that seemed both wondrous and dreadful, a realm where mortal logic held no sway.

Then, as the rail rounded a great bend, the hero beheld the first of the realms in its full, terrifying glory: the **Pepperoni Mines**.

It was a cavern of colossal proportions, hewn from walls of deep crimson that gleamed as though wet with blood. Upon these living walls, great slabs of pepperoni grew, embedded in the stone as if the rock itself had taken flesh. The scent of cured meat hung heavy in the air, mingled with the acrid tang of molten cheese that flowed like a river through the mine's lowest levels.

Workers moved like shadows among the veins of crimson, their hands and tools a blur. They sliced, carved, and pressed the slabs with precision born of endless practice. Some swung great cleavers that sang as they fell, while others carried wheeled carts loaded with fresh cuts toward the **Pepperoni Tube**, a massive cylindrical shaft that rose like a great silver spire and vanished into the unseen heavens above.

The hero shuddered as they observed the punishments meted by **Director Slice's** overseers. Those who faltered, whose hands trembled or whose backs bent too slowly beneath the weight of the slabs, were seized by hooks and dragged into rivers of molten cheese, only to be drawn out moments later, scared and terrified, to continue their work. The overseers themselves were tall, masked figures whose robes shimmered faintly, and they moved with a grace both elegant and deadly, wielding boiling tongs and knives that flickered in the dim light like tongues of fire.

From somewhere high in the cavern came a low, pulsing hum, and the hero realized it emanated from the **Pepperoni Tube** itself. Every slice carved, every strip trimmed, was sucked upward with a force both magical and mechanical, disappearing into the unknown, destined for kitchens in the mortal world above. The tube quivered as if alive, and each pulse seemed to echo the cries of the workers below.

Director Slice appeared beside the monorail, seemingly without sound, a crimson specter. His eyes gleamed behind the monocle, and his long, gloved fingers traced imaginary patterns in the air, conducting the symphony of labor with delight.

"Observe, my dear guest," he said, his voice rich and musical, yet edged with menace. "Behold the art of freshness. Here is the Pepperoni Realm, where the crimson fruit of toil is rendered perfect for the mortal palate. Each slice, each disk, each crimson jewel owes its existence to labor and obedience. Those who fail... ah, those who fail, are reborn in flavor through pain and diligence. You shall find that no morsel of life is wasted beneath my dominion."

The hero's stomach churned, not from hunger, but from the combination of awe and horror. Every worker moved with a rhythm of fear and necessity, their eyes hollow, their muscles taut with strain. Some whispered to one another in low, fearful tones; others were silent, as if all speech had been drained from them by the mine itself.

And yet, even amidst the terror, there was a strange, terrible beauty. The walls of crimson shimmered like living garnet, the rivers of molten cheese glowed like gold, and the tubes soared like spires of enchanted metal, carrying the fruits of human labor to realms unknown. The hero could not look away, even as their heart screamed in warning.

Director Slice's voice echoed once more, rolling through the cavern like a bell tolling doom: "Remember well, my delicious delinquent - every slice you see, every flavor perfected, comes from toil eternal. And none, none shall leave my kingdom unclaimed, unbound, or untouched by duty. Come, the next realm awaits."

With a dramatic flourish, he gestured toward a shadowed archway beyond the mines, where faint green light flickered and swayed. The monorail hissed and carried the hero forward, leaving the crimson horrors behind, but never far from memory, toward the next domain: the towering, perilous **Green Pepper Fields**, where labor and cruelty awaited in equal measure.

## Chapter 4 - The Green Pepper Fields

The monorail hissed and rattled as it wound its way from the crimson depths of the Pepperoni Mines, carrying the hero onward into a realm both wondrous and perilous. Through the darkness, a faint green luminescence began to glow, growing stronger with each curve of the rail. It was a light soft and eerie, yet insistent, illuminating towering stalks that stretched upward as though striving for the very sky.

The hero beheld the **Green Pepper Fields** in awe and terror. These were not mere plants, but living forests of verdant stalks, reaching heights taller than any tree the hero had ever seen. Their leaves whispered and rustled in a wind that seemed to have a life of its own, though no breeze could be felt upon the hero's skin. Between the stalks moved countless workers, climbing ladders of rope and wood, harvesting the peppers with care, and yet with a grim urgency that made every misstep perilous.

Above them buzzed the **Basil Bees**, enormous and black-winged, guardians of the harvest. One careless worker drew too near, and the winged creatures descended in a furious swarm, stinging and punishing with precision. Those who faltered beneath the weight of baskets of peppers were subject to further retribution: clouds of dust, sharp and pungent, were scattered upon them by overseers who moved silently and without mercy.

Director Slice appeared once more, descending from a narrow catwalk that ran above the fields, his crimson coat billowing like a sail in some spectral wind. He moved with a grace that was theatrical, almost majestic, yet beneath it lay a chill of menace. His monocled eye gleamed as he addressed the man:

“Behold the Green Pepper Fields! Here grows the verdant fruit that crowns the mortal pizza above. See how the laborers climb, how the leaves quiver with expectation! And know this: sloth and carelessness are never forgiven. Every slip, every hesitation, brings punishment swift and unyielding.”

The man watched in horror as a worker misjudged a branch, slipping from the height of a stalk. With a shriek, they fell into a vat of pungent green dust below, coughing and gagging, only to be hauled out moments later to resume their endless toil. All the while, the **Green Pepper Cannon** thumped with relentless rhythm, sending harvested peppers through the air and into the great pneumatic tube that pierced the ceiling, carrying the fruits of human labor skyward to kitchens above.

The green fields were vast, stretching as far as the eye could see. Some stalks were twisted and gnarled, as if shaped by centuries of labor; others were smooth and straight, towering like columns in some cathedral of flora. The hero felt the weight of the realm pressing upon them, a sense of order and cruelty intertwined, of beauty wreathed in terror.

Director Slice swept his arms wide, the bowtie spinning once more:

“See the symphony of labor! Every leaf, every fruit, every harvested pepper is a note in the grand composition of freshness. And know, my guest, that no one leaves these fields unmarked by their labor. None escape the dictates of the Freshness!”



The monorail carried the hero forward, weaving between the colossal stalks. The scent of earth and green spice filled their nostrils, heavy and intoxicating. Workers climbed above and below, their movements precise, their faces pale with exertion, yet in the corners of their eyes, flashes of despair glimmered.

And still, the tubes pulsed above, silvered and gleaming, swallowing the harvest and shooting it into the world above, a bridge between the infernal beauty of this hidden realm and the oblivious kitchens of mortals.

Finally, the rail curved toward the edge of the field, where shadows deepened into fog. Beyond the green stalks, a dim, phosphorescent light glimmered, soft and strange.

Director Slice's voice followed the hero like a bell tolling doom:

"Prepare yourself, my dear delinquent. The Mushroom Marshlands await. Here, in the realm of spores and swamp, the mind itself shall be tested, and labor shall twist the senses as surely as it shapes the body."

The monorail shivered and hissed as it entered the fog, carrying the hero onward, leaving behind the emerald towers of toil, yet carrying with them the echo of the buzzing, stinging, unrelenting Green Pepper Fields.

## **Chapter 5 - The Mushroom Marshlands**

The monorail shuddered and groaned as it emerged from the mists of the Green Pepper Fields, winding now into a darkness deeper and stranger. The fog thickened, curling about the hero's ankles as though it were a living thing, cold and damp, carrying a scent both earthy and pungent, tinged with decay and an unnamable sweetness.

Before them, stretched the **Mushroom Marshlands**, an endless expanse of quivering fungi rising from brackish, waist-deep swamps. Some caps glimmered with a faint, spectral luminescence; others shone with the dull, mottled sheen of something long decayed. The marsh was alive with movement: small tendrils lashed at the workers, and spores drifted through the air in soft, shimmering clouds, catching the dim light and twisting it into illusions.

The hero saw the laborers wade through the sludge with trembling determination, hands probing each mushroom to ensure it was harvested at the precise moment of perfection. A single misstep could plunge one into a mire of quickening spore-laden muck, where hallucinations twisted perception and the mind itself trembled at unseen horrors. Many had been driven mad by the marshes, their eyes vacant and gazes wandering, yet still they toiled, compelled by unseen chains of necessity and the ever-watchful eye of **Director Slice**.

From a distant ridge came the faint hum of the **Mushroom Suction Tube**, spiraling like a silver serpent into the unseen skies. Harvested fungi, glowing faintly as though imbued with the very essence of the marsh, were pulled upward into the tube, vanishing from sight. Each pulse of the tube sent ripples through the marsh, and the hero could hear the faint, echoing cries of those trapped in the harvest's unrelenting grasp.

And there, perched atop a high outcropping of glowing fungus, was Director Slice, crimson coat a flame among the gloom. His bowtie spun like a pinwheel, and his monocled gaze took in the hero's awe and terror alike.

"Behold, my delectable delinquent," he intoned, voice rich with satisfaction, echoing across the marsh like a tolling bell. "Here lies the realm where minds are tested, where the will is sharpened upon the whetstone of toil. See how the laborers move, ever careful, ever precise. One false step, one lapse of attention, and the marsh claims its due. And yet, they rise to the demands of freshness - as shall you, or your mind will twist as the mushrooms twist, and you shall remain part of this marsh forevermore."

The man felt the thick, spore-laden air press upon their chest. Every inhalation was a trial, a test of endurance. Shadows danced along the glowing fungi, forming shapes that were almost, but never quite, human. Some of the mushrooms quivered in uncanny rhythm, as though mocking the laborers' endless toil.

Workers moved past the man, their faces pale and glistening with marsh moisture. A few whispered quietly to one another, words lost in the thick fog, while others, eyes hollow with exhaustion, seemed already half-subsumed by the hallucinations the marsh imposed.

Director Slice extended a long, elegant arm toward the far horizon, where the marsh met a distant wall of jagged rock. "And beyond, the Onion Catacombs await," he said, his tone both musical

and cruel. “Where tears shall flow like rivers, and even the strongest shall weep. But you, my guest, shall see it all before your fate is decreed by the great machine of assignment. Onward, then - the Freshness Tour continues.”

With a hiss and a shiver, the monorail moved forward, sliding through the phosphorescent fog, leaving the luminous, dangerous marsh behind. The hero’s mind swirled with visions of quivering fungi and the silent suffering of the laborers, carrying with them a dread that would linger far longer than the fog itself.

And so, they approached the next realm, where sorrow and pain mingled with the pungent bite of tears: the twisted, labyrinthine **Onion Catacombs**.

## **Chapter 6 - The Onion Catacombs**

The monorail descended from the marshes, winding through the fog as though it were a serpent threading a secret passage in the underworld. The air grew thick and pungent, pressing upon the man's senses with an acrid bite. Ahead lay the **Onion Catacombs**, a vast labyrinth of vaulted tunnels carved from pale stone and lined with endless rows of glistening bulbs, their layered skins shining like moons in a dim, haunted sky.

The walls themselves seemed to weep, exuding a thin, brackish moisture that stung the eyes and clung to the skin. Each step upon the cold, damp floor echoed through the endless corridors, as if the catacombs themselves bore witness to every sound. The pungent scent of onions filled the air, weaving through the hero's mind, conjuring visions of tears and sorrow, of labor unending and burdens heavy upon the soul.

Workers moved in solemn procession, slicing and peeling, their faces streaked with salty streams that mirrored the rivers of onion juice flowing beneath the raised platforms. Each movement was precise, yet every lapse was met with swift reprisal. Overseers, clad in silvered masks and gloves of polished steel, struck with whips that hissed through the stinging air, driving the laborers forward. The sound of their cries echoed like distant bells, hollow and mournful, yet never truly ending.

High above, the **Onion Tube** arched like a pale spire, gleaming faintly in the dim light, drawing the harvested bulbs upward with a hum that seemed to vibrate through the very stones. Each layer of onion, stripped and polished by human hands, disappeared into the tube, destined to crown the pizzas of the mortal world with pungent perfection. The hero felt a shiver of dread as they watched, knowing that each pulse of the tube was a reminder of the endless labor required to maintain the kingdom of flavor.

Director Slice appeared once more, stepping lightly along a balcony of carved stone. His crimson coat seemed almost aflame in the dim light, his bowtie spinning faintly as he gestured to the labyrinth below. His monocled eye gleamed with malevolent delight.

"Here, my dear guest, is the realm of tears," he intoned, voice rich and melodic, echoing through the tunnels like a song both beautiful and terrible. "Behold how the laborers toil, their eyes flowing with the salt of their devotion. Every layer peeled, every bulb prepared, is a testament to the power of diligence and fear. None may linger, none may falter, and none shall leave unmarked by sorrow and by labor."

The man's throat ached with the sting of airborne vapors. Every inhalation brought with it a sharp reminder of the realm's merciless demands. Workers moved past, their faces pale, their hands nimble, yet their eyes hollow, reflecting the unending cycle of toil. Some whispered faint prayers to no god, others sang muted songs, rhythms of endurance that echoed through the corridors.

The monorail carried the hero onward, twisting and turning through the tunnels, past the endless rows of bulbs and streams of tears. Beyond the final archway, a faint golden light glimmered, promising a strange and exotic spectacle.

Director Slice's voice followed them like a shadow:

“And now, my guest, we approach the Tropics of Pineapple, where sweetness belies the sting of labor, and where the careless are punished with both heat and bite. Watch well, for no mortal shall leave unshaped by the tour of freshness!”

The monorail shivered and hissed as it slid from the tear-streaked catacombs into the humid glow of the next realm, carrying the hero forward into the **Tropics of Pineapple**, a land both radiant and perilous, where labor and torment mingled beneath golden fronds and blazing sun.

## **Chapter 7 - The Tropics of Pineapple**

The monorail hissed and curved, leaving behind the pallid, tear-streaked corridors of the Onion Catacombs, and emerged into a light so brilliant and golden that the hero's eyes recoiled from it. Before them stretched the **Tropics of Pineapple**, a realm radiant as a midsummer sunrise yet alive with hidden peril. Great fronds of verdant green arched toward a sky unseen, under which towers of golden pineapples rose like spires of living gold, their surfaces glistening as though each were polished by the sun itself.

The air was heavy with the rich scent of sweetness, mingled with a sharp tang that stung the nose and made the throat water. Rivers of syrupy juice coursed along stone channels, reflecting the light like molten gold, and the distant hum of the **Pineapple Tube** rose like a song, vibrating through the soles of the man's feet.

Workers moved among the towering fruit with cautious precision, climbing ladders carved from the trunks of colossal trees, cutting, peeling, and slicing. The pineapples themselves seemed alive, their golden eyes watching each movement, judging each motion. Those who faltered or paused were met with a peculiar and merciless punishment: the fruit itself would hurl shards of its own flesh, sharp and stinging, into the hapless laborer, who was then compelled to continue their work amid the pain.

Director Slice appeared atop a sun-warmed platform, crimson coat aglow as if lit from within. His arms swept wide in grand gesture, bowtie spinning like a tiny sun. "Behold, my guest," he called, voice both melodious and terrible, carrying over the golden canopy, "the realm of sweetness and diligence! Here, the fruit judges the laborer as surely as I do. Each pineapple harvested with care rises to the mortal world above, a crown of flavor upon the pizza of man. But woe to the careless! Woe to the indolent!"

The man watched in horror as a worker slipped, dropping a golden pineapple that bounced upon the fronds, shattering into shards that sprayed sweet, acidic juice in all directions. The overseers moved swiftly, tall figures in masks of brass and steel, directing the worker to resume labor while shards clung to their skin, pricking and stinging like living needles.

Above it all, the **Pineapple Tube** pulsed and shimmered, swallowing the golden fruit in relentless rhythm, drawing it skyward into the unseen world above. Each pulse seemed to echo the cries of those who toiled, and the hero felt the weight of inevitability settle upon their shoulders.

Director Slice's voice rang once more, carried on the warm, fragrant breeze. "See well, my dear delinquent! None shall leave these fields unmarked. Every cut, every slice, every drop of juice bears witness to the perfection demanded by Freshness! Remember this: in my kingdom, all labor is sacred, all disobedience punished, and all who defy the rules shall be shaped by toil eternal!"

The man's throat tightened at the sight of the golden towers, the rivers of juice, and the relentless workers, yet still the monorail carried them forward, twisting through the radiant fronds toward the edge of the realm. Beyond the sunlit trees, a faint violet glow shimmered,

promising the next domain, where sharpness and pungency awaited: the **Garlic Caverns**, where cloves gleamed like gemstones and laborers endured relentless trials beneath the pungent air.

And so, the monorail slid from the Tropics of Pineapple into the shadows of the next domain, carrying the hero forward on the ceaseless **Freshness Tour**, ever deeper into the dominion of **Director Slice**, whose gaze followed them like fire and shadow alike.

## Chapter 8 - The Garlic Caverns

The monorail descended from the golden radiance of the Tropics of Pineapple, and as it entered the shadowed expanse ahead, the air thickened with a sharp, biting scent that stung the eyes and filled the nostrils with its pungent intensity. The man now gazed upon the **Garlic Caverns**, an immense subterranean realm of twisting tunnels and jagged rock, where the walls themselves were embedded with enormous bulbs of garlic, their skins gleaming faintly under the luminescence of hanging crystal lanterns.

The caverns buzzed with life. Workers moved with careful precision, wielding curved knives to peel and slice the massive cloves. Streams of pungent juice ran along channels carved into the stone, and those who faltered, who mishandled the delicate bulbs or allowed even a drop to spill, were met with swift punishment. Overseers, clad in robes that shimmered like liquid silver, wielded tongs and brushes with lethal grace, ensuring that labor proceeded without hesitation or error.

Above, the **Garlic Tube** arched toward the unseen ceiling, a polished conduit that pulsed with the relentless rhythm of extraction. Every peeled clove, every jarred bulb, every fragrant fragment of garlic was drawn upward, disappearing into the mortal world above, destined to lend its pungent flavor to kitchens and ovens oblivious to the suffering from which it sprang.

Director Slice appeared upon a high balcony of rock, his crimson coat vivid in the dim light, monocled gaze sweeping over the labyrinth of labor below. He moved with a grace both elegant and terrible, arms gesturing with dramatic flourish as he addressed the hero.

“Here,” he said, voice resonant and musical, “is the domain of sharpness and fortitude! Observe the laborers as they toil, for even the smallest misstep bears consequence. The garlic demands respect, and all who harvest it shall learn the meaning of diligence and endurance. None leave unshaped by labor, none escape the Freshness that binds this realm.”

The hero shuddered as a worker’s knife slipped, striking too deeply into a clove. The bulb shivered and burst, releasing a cloud of pungent spores that swept across the cavern. The worker coughed and staggered, the overseers quick to prod them back to their task, the sting of the airborne juices relentless. Some who faltered entirely were dragged into vats of crushed garlic, emerging moments later, their hands raw, their eyes stinging, yet still compelled to continue.

All around, the caverns echoed with the rhythm of labor: the swish of knives, the thrum of the garlic tube, the occasional stifled cry of pain. The man felt their heart tighten with both awe and dread, realizing the sheer scale and unyielding rigor of the labor required to sustain even a single ingredient.

Director Slice’s voice rose above the cacophony, ringing like a bell forged from crimson velvet: “Mark well, my dear delinquent! Each clove harvested, each bulb perfected, contributes to the kingdom above. The mortal realm is nourished by toil eternal, and none shall leave these caverns unclaimed by duty or untested by labor.”

The monorail began to twist through the caverns, carrying the hero toward the distant, violet glow of the next domain. Beyond the pungent bulbs and shadowed tunnels lay the **Olive Groves**



**of Shadow**, a realm of gnarled, silvered trees where laborers moved silently, harvesting fruits that were as dark as night and as sharp as iron.

And so the man was pushed onward, deeper into the dominion of **Director Slice**, whose gaze seemed to follow every motion, every thought, as if the very act of watching lent power to his will.

## Chapter 9 - The Olive Groves of Shadow

The monorail slipped silently from the pungent corridors of the Garlic Caverns, carrying the hero into a realm unlike any seen before. A violet glow illuminated twisted trees with silvered trunks and gnarled branches, their leaves like shards of black glass glinting in the low light. This was the **Olive Groves of Shadow**, a forest of darkness and quiet menace, where the air was thick with the scent of brine and the faint, acrid tang of olives freshly pressed.

Beneath the twisted boughs, the workers moved with slow, deliberate care. Each laborer balanced precariously upon narrow catwalks woven between the branches, plucking olives of deep, glistening purple. These were no ordinary fruits; they seemed almost sentient, their skins gleaming with an inner light that pulsed as though aware of the mortal hands that touched them. One misstep, one careless grasp, and the olives released a burst of bitter oil that scalded the skin, searing the fingers of the hapless worker and marking them for further toil.

The **Olive Tube**, a tall silver conduit coiled like a serpent among the branches, pulsed with steady rhythm, drawing the harvested fruits upward into the unknown sky. Each pulse sent shivers through the boughs, and the hero glimpsed the terror in the laborers' eyes - the knowledge that a single lapse might cast them from their heights into vats of brine far below.

Director Slice appeared atop a twisted trunk, crimson coat vivid even in the violet gloom, monocled gaze sweeping the groves with theatrical menace. He raised his long, gloved hand, and the hero could see the shadow of a smile play upon his lips.

"Behold, my dear man," he intoned, voice echoing through the grove like a chime of glass, "the final realm of toil before your destiny is sealed. Here grow the olives that crown the mortal pizza, dark and bitter, yet perfect in their extraction. Observe the laborers: nimble, precise, fearful, yet ever obedient."

The man watched as one worker faltered, slipping along a narrow catwalk. The branches quivered, and the olives above released their bitter oil in a cascade that lashed the laborer's face and hands. Overseers, tall figures draped in shifting shadowed robes, descended silently to ensure the worker resumed immediately. The oil burned, yet they continued, their devotion bound by necessity and fear.

Around them, the grove was alive with quiet menace: leaves rustled like whispers of the condemned, shadows danced in unnatural patterns, and the very ground beneath the trunks seemed to come alive with the power of the **Olive Tube**, drawing the fruit upward, always upward, into the mortal kitchens far above.

Director Slice's voice rose again, carrying both delight and cruelty:

"Mark well, my guest! Each olive harvested, each drop of oil preserved, contributes to the kingdom of taste above. And know that your journey has brought you to the penultimate threshold - the final assignment awaits in the grand hall, where the lottery of destiny shall decide where you toil eternally."

The monorail began to twist and descend, carrying the hero away from the violet shadows and toward a vast chamber filled with a great machine, its gears and chimes gleaming with brass and

silver. Beyond it waited the moment that would seal their fate: the **Machine of Assignment**, where each worker's domain would be chosen, and their eternal labor decreed by the hand of **Director Slice**.

## **Chapter 10 - The Machine of Assignment & Fate**

The monorail shivered and groaned as it carried the hero into a vast hall, a cathedral of brass and iron, where shadows danced upon walls polished like mirrors and the air thrummed with the pulse of countless unseen gears. Here, the very essence of the realms converged, and the scent of every ingredient - crimson pepperoni, verdant green peppers, pungent onions, golden pineapples, sharp garlic, and brined olives - swirled in a dizzying, almost suffocating miasma.

At the center of the hall stood the **Machine of Assignment**, a towering contraption of polished brass, spinning wheels, and glass spheres. Enormous pipes, gleaming and alive, connected the machine to the pneumatic tubes that rose into the unseen world above. Each tube pulsed faintly, carrying the fruits of toil and labor upward, as if the very heavens depended upon the work of mortals trapped below.

And above it all, perched upon a dais that seemed both throne and stage, was **Director Slice**, crimson coat a blaze among shadows, monocled gaze sharp as a blade. He swept his long arms wide in theatrical flourish, bowtie spinning like a tiny sun of darkness.

“Welcome,” he intoned, voice echoing with majesty and menace, “to the culmination of your journey. Here, the realms you have witnessed - the mines, the fields, the marshes, the catacombs, the tropics, the caverns, the groves - converge. Here is where labor, obedience, and fear are distilled into destiny. You shall witness the lottery of eternal assignment, and learn the weight of Freshness in its purest form.”

The man’s heart pounded as they approached the machine. A great chamber above it contained a swirling vortex of glass spheres, each glowing with faint light. Director Slice gestured to a platform, and the man stepped forward, trembling, into the center of the hall.

The machine began to move and clank, gears turning with relentless rhythm, chimes ringing like bells of judgment. One by one, brass arms lifted spheres and released them into a cascading spiral, the light within each sphere flaring like captured fire. The man could see faint, swirling images of the realms - crimson mines, verdant fields, luminous marshes, tear-streaked catacombs, sunlit tropics, pungent caverns, violet groves - each awaiting the hand of fate.

Director Slice’s eyes gleamed. “Behold, my guest! One sphere shall choose you. One realm shall claim you for eternity. The choice is not yours; the Freshness decrees.”

With a sudden hiss and a flash of light, a single sphere shot upward, spinning through the air and descending toward the hero. Inside, a swirling image of a realm twisted and turned, revealing the horrors and beauty they had witnessed, yet now sealed by destiny. The man’s breath caught as the sphere landed before their feet, glowing with finality.

Director Slice’s voice dropped to a whisper, though it echoed across the hall: “Step forward, and embrace your fate.”

The man bent low, hands trembling, and touched the sphere. Light surged, enveloping them, and in a moment both infinite and fleeting, they saw the faces of the laborers, the pulsing tubes, the endless toil, and the machinery of the realms above. The realm chosen for them flared into

brilliant clarity, a domain where they would labor, bound by Freshness, for all the days of eternity.

When the light faded, the man stood alone, the machine silent but hissing with latent power. Director Slice's voice, warm and cruel, floated down like smoke:  
"Now you belong to the Onion Catacombs"

The monorail carried the hero away from the machine, back toward the corridors of the realm they now called home. Outside, the pneumatic tubes pulsed faintly, carrying the fruits of toil to oblivious kitchens above, and the echoes of labor - moans, cries, and whispered songs of obedience - followed them, a symphony of despair and diligence intertwined.

And in the shadows, Director Slice watched, bowtie spinning, eyes glinting behind the monocle, a master of worlds, a conductor of labor, a keeper of the eternal Freshness. The realm had a new laborer, one who forwent tipping as if it meant nothing to those involved. A mistake that he would think about for the remainder of his life.

Thus concluded the tour, thus was destiny decreed, and thus did the man step into their eternal life, bound to a realm of toil, wonder, and horror - a servant of the ingredients, a slave to the freshest of them all, in the kingdom of **The Pizza Inferno** that fed PrimoPerfect Pizzas around the world.

### **Author's Thoughts**

This story began as a silly “what if you don’t tip your pizza delivery” idea - but it’s really about choices, the hidden effort behind the things we take for granted, and how tipping culture shapes the work we rely on every day. And, of course, it’s fun to imagine a villain like Director Slice turning pizza into a terrifying adventure.

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