

# Intermission -1

*A Quest For The Perfect Meme At the Perfect Time.*

> ...

You are chilling in your plush CEO office waiting for it to be 4'oclock so its not TOO weird when you text your newest employee your carefully curated meme. You are. So. Very. Bored. Time is truly the worst aspect.

> examine the meme

It's a picture of a small baby aardvark wearing a top hat. You're PRETTY sure that the Intern will see it and IMMEDIATELY realize that you must be his best friend caught in a time loop. Your plan is impeccable.

>engage in some pre-meme sending snacks

You know better than this. If you so much as rustle some plastic like seven crows are going to show up demanding tribute.

> look even harder at the baby aardvark



God they are even more horrible than you remember

>consider purchasing a scarecrow or two to put around the office

...

Even if didn't scare them away...they'd probably be so busy trying to mimic the silent and non moving scarecrows that you could ACTUALLY eat some doritos. Holy shit!

> go buy some scarecrows already. pursue the dream

Is online shopping invented yet? .... Nope! You'll have the CFO look into how hard it would be to invent it early this loop. Otherwise, you've promised her you won't leave during business hours.

Something about how it attracts auditors? Or maybe Auditors....you weren't entirely clear on the distinction.

>look at your contacts. maybe you can get peer review on this aadvark

It looks liiiiiike... the Closer, the Manager and three of the Toms are online currently! You could show any of them!

> hide in shame about the idea of sharing your super special best friend aadvark to the corporate office

You message the CFO about your shame. She doesn't get it, but you feel better just having confessed your sins.

You sure are glad you have a friend like her!

> continue to overshare about this aadvark completely unprompted

You explain to the CFO that she is your absolute second bestie and it kills you to not be able to show her the EXACT aadvark you'd like to show your bestie.

You describe the aadvark in frankly unsettling detail. Describing each wrinkle and confusing joint as if it were a long lost friend who you thought was dead but actually was just twenty years older and a new gender.

She asks if you need, like, a job to do or something.

> make a secondary aadvark that is not the other one, you know, to really sell the point you could NEVER. Creepy baby mammals are for BESTIES only.

> no no keep going. we could trans this aadvark's gender. there's something here

Oh god. You really don't want to think about what sorts of things might be specific to a female aadvark and not a male...

>maybe you do need a job, inquire more on that

You sigh and ask her what she has in mind. She explains that an auditor is due to show up at 2pm and it would really help her out if you kept everyone, and most especially YOURSELF, away from him.

> literally go outside of the office right now, just, who knows, for a breather

You helpfully explain to the CFO that the BEST Way to keep your little gaggle of idiots from interacting with anyone on company grounds is a FIELD TRIP.

You close the chat window before she can provide helpful feedback. You are RULING at this leadership thing!

You stroll out of the office trailed by at LEAST 19 "hiding" employees and another 81 that are actually good at it. Where to go? There's so much to do in Italy, even in the 70s...

> go to mcdonalds

You are still so very grateful that there won't be any McDonalds in this clown-forsaken country for at least another decade.

>go to the park

You begin casually strolling towards a seaside park. This time of day, its probably crawling with tourists which means your little parade won't be TOO out of place...

> introduce tourists to your new hit game zampanio

You begin passing out free floppy disks to anyone who makes eye contact with you, like some sort of fucked up Pokemon Trainer.

The 8 inch disks are...unwieldy, sure. And ALSO you're perfectly aware that home computers still haven't caught on. BUT people can use them as coasters! Or interesting doorstops! Just so long as they remember to checkout Zampanio in their local Arcade!

> get the crows to re-enact all of zampanio 1, where you get lost in a maze and then it never stops

You have your built in astro-turf crowd all clamor around you talking about how fun Zampanio is and how everyone should play it. The press of seeming humanity blocks all avenues of escape! It's so soothing...

This is going great! The crowd of actual humans is dispersing extremely quickly, no doubt to tell all their friends about their new favorite game!

> WHAT TIME IS IT OH MY GOD

OH SHIT HOW COULD YOU FORGET!

If you wait too long the Intern will leave for the day and THEN what will you do!>

You frantically try to check the time only to remember that yeah, 70s, phones aren't a thing yet and you haven't yet built back up the habit of wearing wrist watches.

> ask your army of loyal subjects what the time is

You get back a wide variety of answers including "3pm", "5:30am", "Tomorrow" and, "THE END".

You aren't really sure what you were expecting. You didn't exactly invite a Leader Quotidian to come along...

>oh my god just run back and send it go go go go go

You flee at a dead run all the way back to the office, shove aside some guy with black glasses and a tie and send the aardvaark meme.

> check what time it is once and for all and hope it's not too late

1:50pm.

Ah.

> just straight up break into tears

You fail to do this because you are too busy deciding everything is F I N E

THE END?