

The First Day of the Rest of Our Lives

Two weeks passed and Dwight's convalescence period was coming to an end. He's starting to feel a lot better, but now he has to step back into the working world. It was late on Sunday night, Freya was already asleep, but Dwight stared up at the pitch black ceiling above him. His hands laid on his chest to slow his racing heart. He exhaled sharply and tossed himself on his right side, trying to close his eyes. Oreo heard the ruffling of the sheets, he hopped up onto the bed and laid by his side. He padded his paws on Dwight's chest, gently licking his face. *"Thanks Oreo..."* he whispered as he slowly closed his eyes.

Rays of sunshine parted through their bedroom window. Thank goodness it was a Bank Holiday and Freya had the day at home. Dwight threw on his navy blue pizza hoodie and went into the study and turned on the computer, looking at jobs he could apply for. He didn't really have a detailed CV, but he mentioned his time at PizzaWhat! He ultimately decided to leave out his experience at Peak 22; was it really an employment? Or just money to boost his ex boss' ego. He wasn't keen on mentioning his last job either, but he feared that his future employer would see an 'unemployment gap' and not want to hire him. Lost in his mindless scrolling Freya knocked on the open door bringing in cups of tea.

"O-oh, good morning Freya- thank you!" He smiled and placed it on a dog face coaster.

"You're welcome! Whatcha up to?!" Freya pulled up a foldable chair next to him.

"Oh, just looking at a job for me. I know the benefits aren't going to last and..." Freya rested her hand on his lap.

"There's really no rush." She gently reminded him. *"I mean I've paid for my house all this time and it's been just me! So it's really no problem at all!"*

"But I really want to help with finances! I want us to be able to-" Dwight paused. He wanted to say *'Get married and have kids'*, but was it too soon to say how he wanted to spend the rest of their lives together. *"You know, like, go on a big holiday, just us two, or with your friends?"*

"I hadn't thought about that, I appreciate your commitment!" She hugged his shoulders and kissed his shampoo fragrant hair. *"What kind of job are you going for?"* He stopped for an advertisement for a pizza company, looking for a team member to help with small tasks.

"This, I think!" Dwight clicked on it, a pretty average pay but it was something.

"Remember what I said before yeah, and don't work yourself too hard, but this looks perfect for you!" Dwight figured it was a job he could potentially work up the ranks up to manager, he didn't have a lot of confidence for most things, but he believed he was good at management when he's in the moment. He sent off his small CV with a letter of experience and waited for the email to return to him.

By lunchtime Dwight left Freya to continue with the cooking while he went upstairs to check his emails. Pressing his nails to his mouth he opened up his recent emails and there was a response. *"Hey there Dwight! I've heard a lot about you! Your CV looks great! You've already got experience in the field we're looking for! See, we're looking for someone to start as soon as possible, wondering if you'd be available to start ASAP? Looking forward to hearing from you!-*

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Derek” Dwight couldn’t believe it. He’d got a job? Just like that?! His heart jumped for joy, he relaxed a smile and typed an email back.

“Good afternoon Derek. Yes I’d love to accept the position! When will I start?- Thanks, Dwight.”

“Dwiiight!~” A sing-song voice shouted from downstairs. *“Lunch is readyyyyyy!”*

“Coming!” Dwight locked the computer and went downstairs. Freya had laid the table ready for them; Chicken wraps and thick-cut chips. Dwight sat at the table and leaned in to smell the steam radiating off the plate. *“Wow Freya, you made these up so quickly!”*

“I... I may have got a job...” Dwight timidly started the conversation.

“Whaaat? No way Dwight, that’s amazing!” Freya got up from her chair and hugged him tight.

“Y-yeah, turns out they need someone like me to start ASAP!” He felt a buzz from his trouser pocket. Was it rude checking his phone at the table, but if he couldn’t check it in front of his girlfriend, then who? *“I guess I’m just scared I’m gonna get used.”*

“I bet! You’ve had some poor luck with jobs! Why don’t you check your emails at the table?!”

Hesitant, he pulled out his phone under the table and a response from Derek popped up at the top of his notifications.

“We’re open tomorrow from 4pm, want to come by for a few hours to see how we run things?!”

“He... says I can pop by tomorrow!” Dwight stuttered, he was nervous.

“That’ll be great! I’m at work from around that time tomorrow! I’ll drop you off and pick you up?!”

“Thanks... love!” Dwight smiled.

By tomorrow afternoon, Dwight picked out a long sleeve shirt and jeans and buffed black loafers.

“You look handsome and ready for this job!” Freya hugged him and kissed his cheek.

“Thank you Freya... I couldn’t of done this without you!” He squinted his eyes and hugged into her chest.

“You’re gonna do great! Trust me! Show them what you can do!”

Freya pulled into the pizza place carpark and Dwight got out the passenger side; slipping his phone into his pocket!

“Good luck love! I’ll see you later!”

“T-thanks, bye!” Dwight inhaled a deep breath as she pulled away. He relaxed his shoulders and strided up to the front door; Freya’s optimism fresh in the front of his mind.

“Hello! Is Derek here?!”

“Yep, that’s me! You must be Dwight! Nice to meet you in person!”

“You too!” They shook hands and he showed Dwight around the restaurant. But it was obvious why they needed more staff, the small team of employees were running amok, trying to take orders, serve food and sanitise all at the same time.

“What’s going on?” Derek asked everyone in a firm tone.

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"Mike's just up and left us!" Eloise shouted. "We're understaffed but trying to make it work!"

"I'm so sorry Dwight, this isn't a good demonstration of our teamwork." He held his head down in embarrassment. Dwight looked up, Eloise looked like she was about to cry, drinks were being spilled on the floor.

"One second mate." Derek rushed off to talk to the staff while Dwight wandered to find the bathroom. Inside he found Mike staring into a mirror wiping his puffy eyes.

"Hey, you alright?"

[TO BE CONTINUED]