

Apartment 4B.
Ground zero of
culinary disaster.

RUMBLE...



**It's alive!
The pile is actually
breathing!**



**I cooked the ramen
yesterday! Not my turn!**



I literally
only eat cereal
with my hands.



**Then who
used nine
pans?!**



This means
war.





**SPONGE TORNADO
STRIKE!**



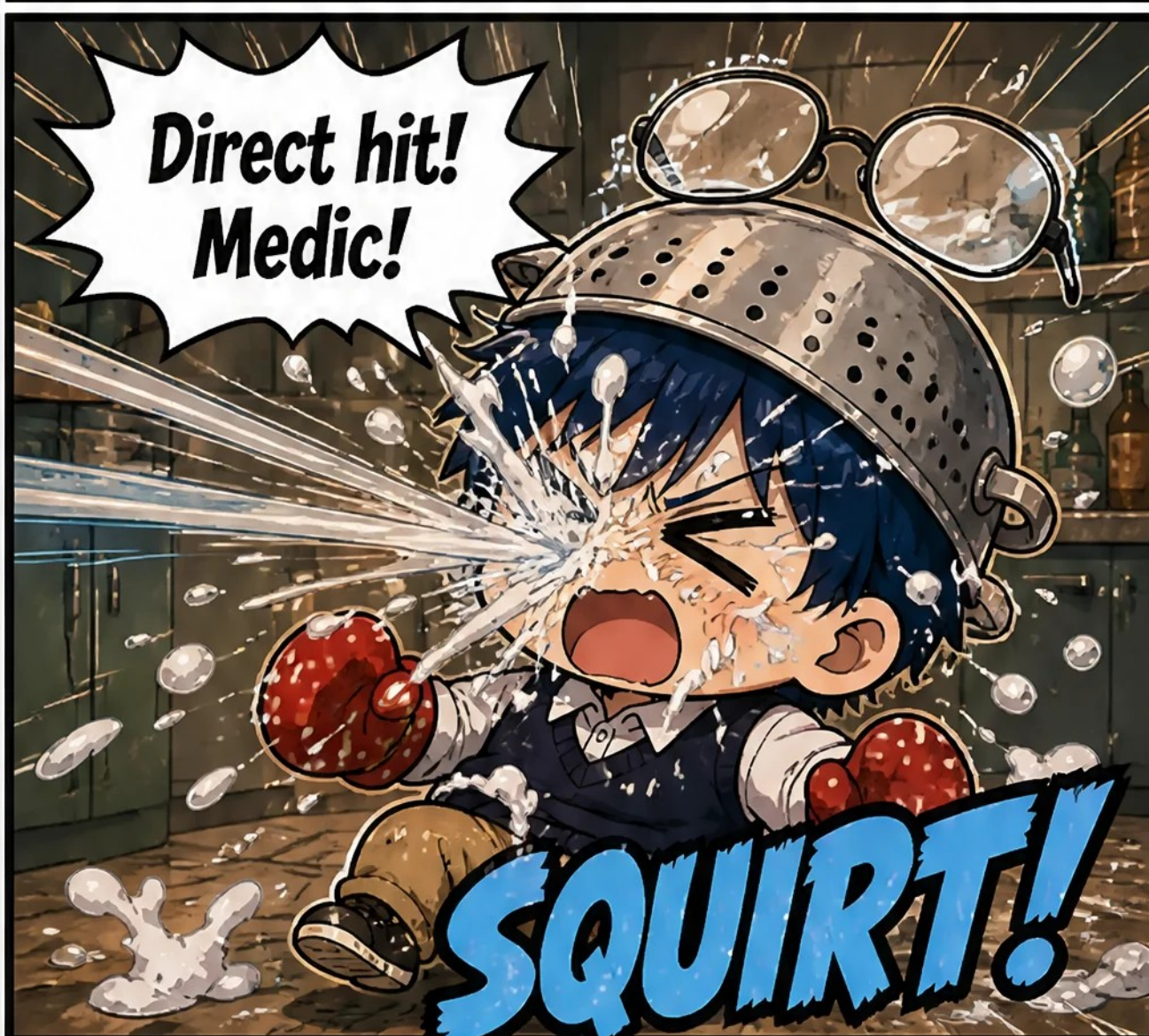
**Shield wall!
Hold the line!**



Target
acquired.



**Direct hit!
Medic!**



**You will scrub
every single spoon!**



**Never. Sleep is
my only duty.**







PHEW...

Mochi is safe.
Target secured.



PURRRR



HEHE

Okay...
maybe this
got out of
hand.



Ceasefire?
We do it as
a squad?



**Assembly line
mode activate!**

CLAP!



The feline
witness ratifies
the truce.

STAMP

Ten minutes of
peak teamwork
later...

Scrub, rinse,
repeat! Perfect
tempo!



The sacred
treaty is forged.

THE DISH ACCORD:
Cook never cleans.
Mochi eats first.
Signed: Mia, Leo, Sam



Peace...
at last...



Peace was never
an option.

MOCHI NOOO!