



UM, NOW WHAT?

NOW WE WAIT. MAYBE STRETCH OUT A BIT.

GIVE ME YOUR NAMES AGAIN?

UM, CHEF KLASH, CHEF GENEVIEVE? CHEF, WHAT'S GOING ON? I FEEL LIKE MR. ROMAN SPOKE IN SOME SORT OF CODE? AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHAT TO DO?



SWING THIS AS HARD AS YOU CAN. TRY AND AVOID THE TEMPLES AND EYESOCKETS--WE'RE NOT THUGS. BACK OR SIDE OF THE NECK, THAT'S GOOD. KNEECAPS ARE GOOD.



IF YOU CAN GET A CLEAN SHOT AT THE DELTOID OR THE INFRASPINATUS, YOU CAN IMMOBILIZE THE ARM.

WHAT THE [REDACTED] ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WE'RE NOT FIGHTING ANYONE!



I'M AFRAID WE ARE, DARLING. BUT DON'T WORRY...

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP




...IT'S ALL IN THE SPIRIT OF COMPETITION.

SQUAD ONE: CAFÉ AGUSTIF. APPETIZERS FOR SIX. YOU HAVE EIGHTEEN MINUTES.







I ADMIT
THIS LOOKS
ODD. STUPID.
PROBABLY
BARBARIC.




BUT CHEFS ARE PRIMAL
CREATURES. ALWAYS HAVE
BEEN. WHEN YOU SEE PUFFED
UP FOOLS BELLOWING AT THEIR
KITCHEN STAFF ON THE COOKING
SHOWS, THIS IS WHAT I
MEAN. SO YOU TELL ME!



ISN'T A BIT OF INTRAMURAL KICKING *FAR
MORE SANE* THAN SCREAMING OBSCENITIES
AT SOME HAPLESS UNDERLING? YOU RECALL
THAT ONE CHEF ON TV WHO DOES THAT? ABOUT
READY TO POP AN ARTERY?



AND WHEN HE DOES AND
THERE'S A FUNERAL, WHO'S
GOING TO SHOW UP? *NO
ONE*. BECAUSE HE'S AN
WHO *SHOUTS*
AT HIS *EMPLOYEES*.



ANYWAY, I
DIGRESS.


IN MY EARLY DAYS, WHEN THIS CITY WAS VITAL AND ALIVE AND DANGEROUS, THIS IS HOW WE SETTLED TURF BATTLES AND PUNISHED POACHING AND BLED OFF ENERGY AT THE END OF THE NIGHT. AND FOR ABOUT NINETY MINUTES ON ONE OF THESE NIGHTS, **ROMAN ALGIERS** AND I WERE **BEST FRIENDS.**

I BUSTED HIS NOSE. HE BOUGHT ME A DRINK. IT WAS THE START OF A GREAT FRIENDSHIP, I THOUGHT. BUT IN THE COLD LIGHT OF MORNING WE REALIZED WE SHARED A VICIOUS SORT OF AMBITION, ONE THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY CUT THROUGH ANY SENSE OF BROTHERHOOD OR TRIBAL UNITY.

AND HERE WE ARE.

THESE YOUNG ONES, THESE WANNABE CHEFS IN THIS LIMP CULTURE, THESE ENTITLED BUDDING GENIUSES WITH THEIR SQUEEZE BOTTLES AND PUBLIC RELATIONS PEOPLE... MY HEART GOES OUT TO THEM, BECAUSE THE VISCERAL PLEASURES I FELT AS A YOUNG CHEF... WELL, THAT'S ALL GONE. DIFFERENT WORLD NOW.





BUT FOR
TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS THEY ARE
MY SOLDIERS.
AND THIS IS MY
WORLD, COME
BACK TO LIFE FOR
THIS ONE
CHALLENGE.
WE'RE GOING TO
LET IT RIP.

Cafe. Agustif

THEN WE'LL
DELIVER UP
SOME KILLER
APPETIZERS.

THAT RADIO WILL
CRACKLE AND WE'LL
MOVE ON TO THE NEXT
KITCHEN, TO THE NEXT
FIGHT, THE NEXT
PLATE OF FOOD.

ME, THIS
IS COOKING.