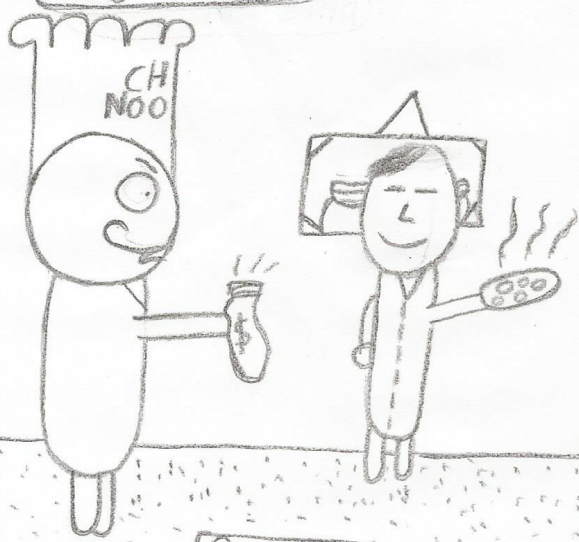


Chef
Noodle
(Moe RonZilla)

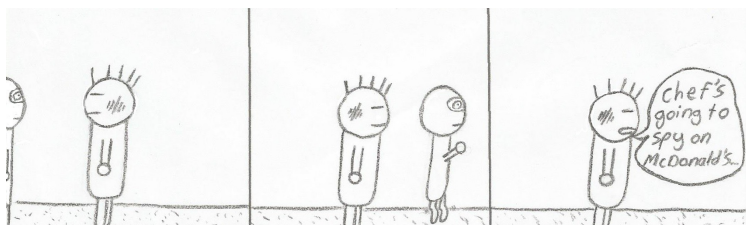
Graphic
Novel
#1



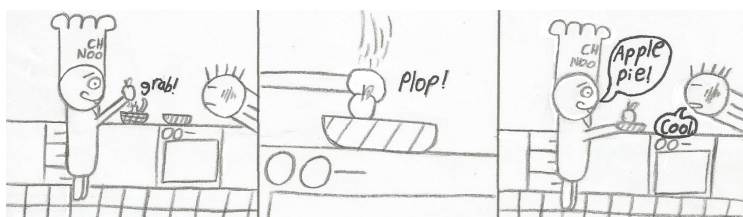
BANK

Current Balance: 4,67\$

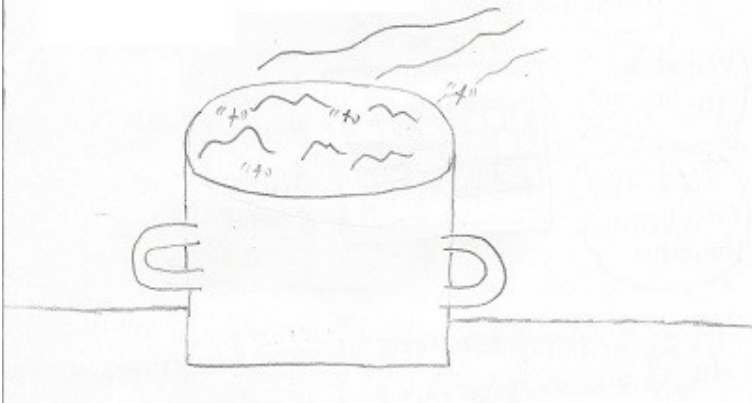
by Tomcat03
A
CDP
Production



Dedicated to Mom, Dad and Caleb



It's a typical day down at Chef Noodle's restaurant in Denver, U.S.A. The Stew's a stinkin'.



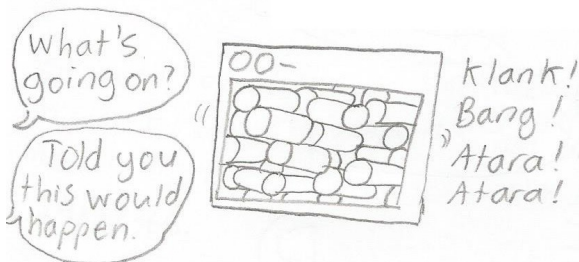
The customers are a screechin'.



And I'm sitting here, bored to death, watching Chef Noodle trying to repair a broken Stove. And let's just say he is not going to succeed any time soon

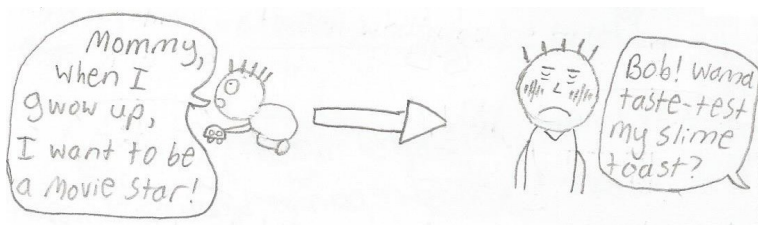


Basically, the stove is broken because Chef tried stuffing 100 extra large burritos in the stove and then turned the stove ON to cook them.



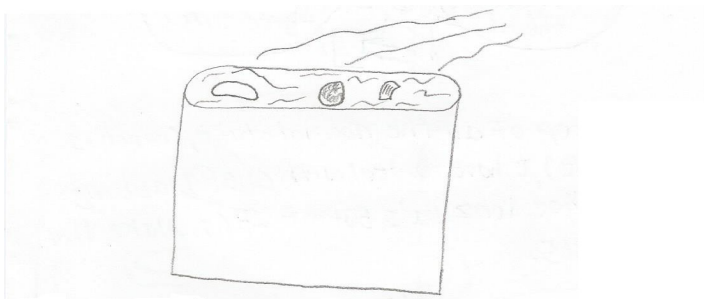
I tried to warn him.

So yes, apart from me dying of boredom, my day's GREAT. (For this I went to college?) Sorry I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Chef Noodle's loyal assistant/sidekick/butler. I don't know how I ended up where I am today. All I know is that this was definitely NOT the job I dreamt of.



Whatever the reason I work for Chef Noodle, I'm stuck with it now.

Anyways, the stove being broken means that I have to smell raw pineapple, spinach, and onion cake all day. I'm telling you, the smell of MANURE is better than this stench. Cooked, it smells bad, but UN-cooked, it's 100, no 1000, no 1000000 times worse.



If it wasn't for this lame cooking show on TV, I wouldn't be smelling this foulness, and the stove wouldn't be broken. The name of the cooking show is "Moe Ronzilla's Buffet", and Chef is absolutely OBSESSED with it.



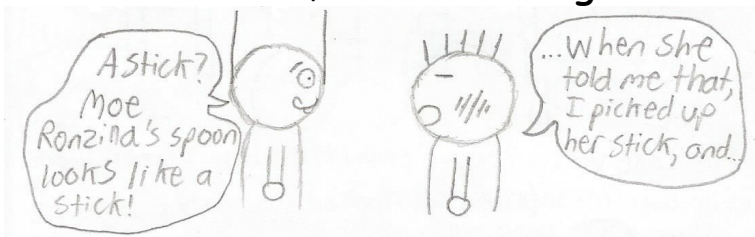
The Cake recipe was from the show, and so were the burritos. (The dishes from the TV show would be good, but Chef decides to "modify" them.)



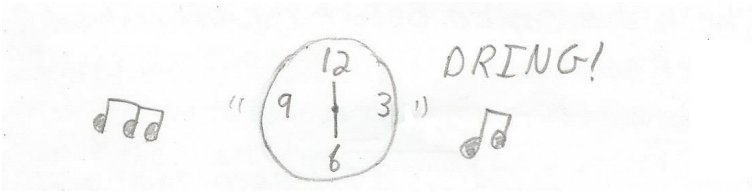
And it's not just that. Moe Ronzilla is all Chef can think and talk about. So he's blabbing 24/7 about Moe Ronzilla's Buffet. Make that 24/7/365.



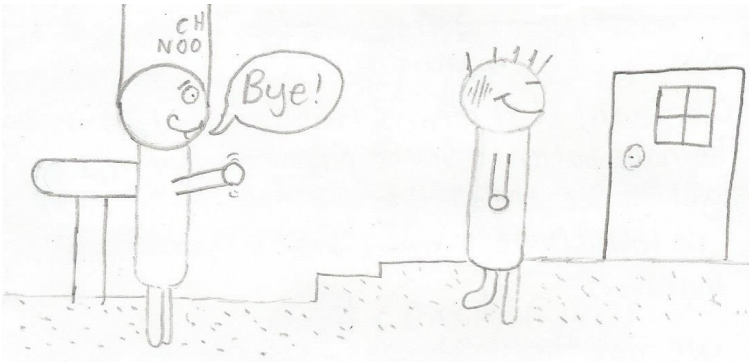
Trying to change the subject is as useless as a clock with no batteries. All Chef does is find something in what I'm talking about that relates to Moe Ronzilla, and he off again.



So, now my job includes THIS. It's the little things they don't mention when you get a job.



A, Yesssssssssssss! My day is OVER!
No more Chef Noodle until 10 am
tomorrow. Time to head home, kick
back, and relax.



There is nothing, and I mean
NOTHING, like the feeling of walking
out of Chef Noodle's. Instead of
toxic fumes, you breathe oxygen. And
instead of being in a dim lit room,
there's sunshine.

When I got to Chef Noodle's this

morning, Chef was dressed in a black leather jacket, and instead of his normal chef hat, he wore a cap. This was very unusual for Chef, because he NEVER takes off his Chef clothes. Before I could ask why he was dressed unusually, Chef said:



Oh, yeah! That means that instead of being a butler to a snake preparing venom, I get to see the opening of a new restaurant in town! (I just wanted to point out: yes, I agree that Chef looks ridiculous in those clothes.)

We got to the restaurant in minutes.

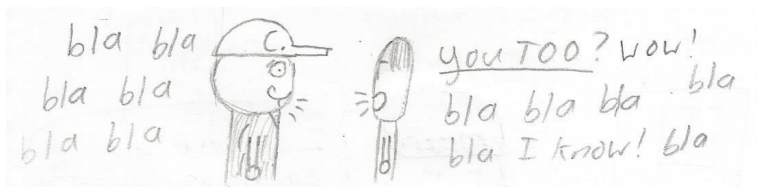
In front of a square building, stood a thin, tall man that looked pretty proud.



I'm guessing the name of the restaurant was "Scott's Sausage", and the man standing in front of the building was Scott.

Also, it's going to be interesting to have a neighbouring restaurant, since the nearest one to us used to be a dozen MILES away. (Chef's restaurant was forced to move far from civilization so he wouldn't run any other businesses out of business.)

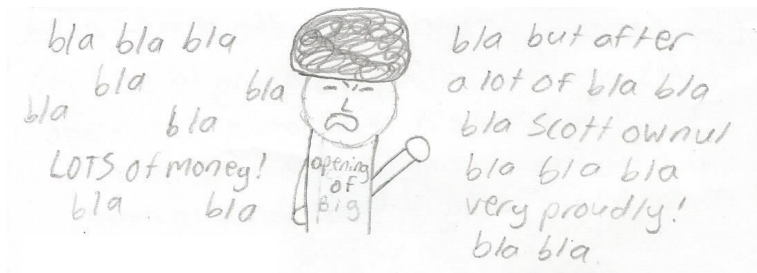
Opp. Wait a sec. Where in the world is Chef?



Oh. there he is, with Scott. It looks like him and Chef Noodle are really hitting it off.



Wow, that guy's grumpy. Really grumpy. No, really GROUCHY. It looks like he's going to host the opening of the restaurant. Chef and Scott are going to have to put their conversation on pause for a bit. It took, like, a minute, but eventually everyone calmed down. Even Chef and Scott. Mr. Grumpy put on a big speech.



The only thing I held back from that long, boring, lip-smacking is that Chef's new friend/the owner of this new restaurant's full name is Scott. Ontulhi.

After a while, Grumpy Dumpty (Hey, I like that!) announces:

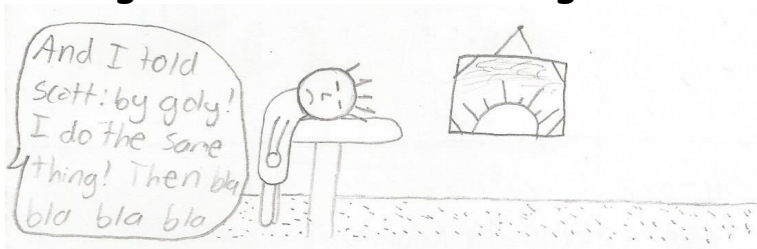


Everybody claps and whistles. Chef and Scott go berserk. You know, I would've thought these guys were best buddies their whole life.



Chef's never had any friends, but there's a first time for everything. (Okay, I'll admit, that was a bit cruel.)

Hello, and welcome back to my life at Chef Noodle's. I have bad news. VERY bad news. Now, Chef's not just talking about the cooking show. He's talking about Scott's Sausage too.



And by the looks of things, Scott and Chef have the exact same taste. Everybody with a brain knows that

can only mean one thing.



That explains why they put Scott's Sausage next to Chef Noodle's. See, I knew when they moved a restaurant next to Chef's that the restaurant was going to fail. They must be turning this area into a "Toxic food for Snakes and elephants " restaurant neighbourhood. Want the proof that the Scott and Chef are alike? All morning, Scott's sausages was deserted.



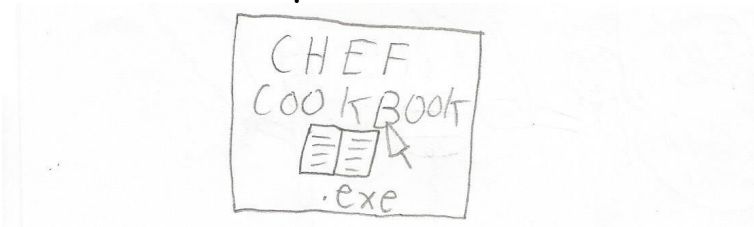
Also, Scott Ontulhi isn't just the owner of Scott's Sausages. He's also the chef. Another thing he and Chef have in common. So that pretty much means that-



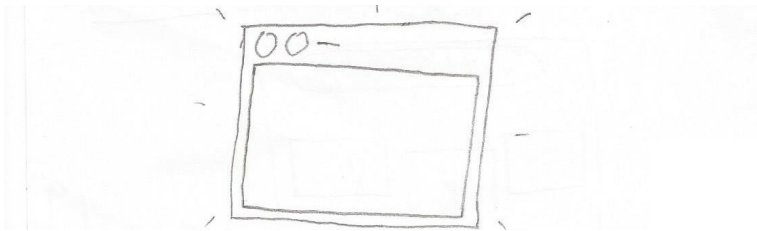
Oh, woooooopsies. I just missed out on whatever Chef was talking about. I held back from that that

a) Chef is installing something in the restaurant and

b) he'll be back soon. I see a couple possibilities on what this could be. It could be a computer software.

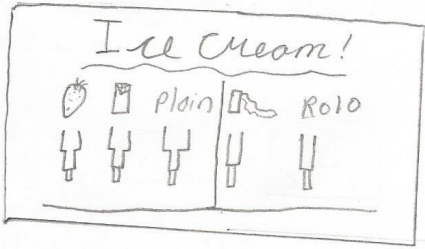


But I don't think that Chef would be leaving the restaurant to get that. Plus, we don't have computer. So, it might be anew oven, since the one we have is broken because of the burrito incident.

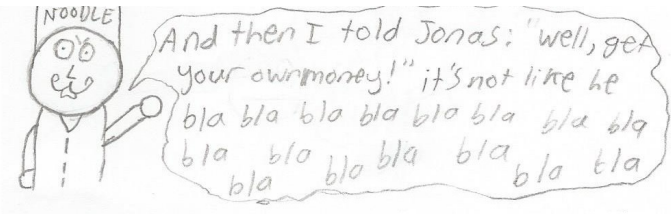


Now that I think of it, Chef called a repair team, and they're fixing the oven next week. So that crosses the oven off the list.

If it's not an oven, or a software, Chef could be out to get an Ice Cream machine. (I really have my hopes set on this one, and I think you can see why. Ice. Cream. Machine. Dispenses Ice Cream.)

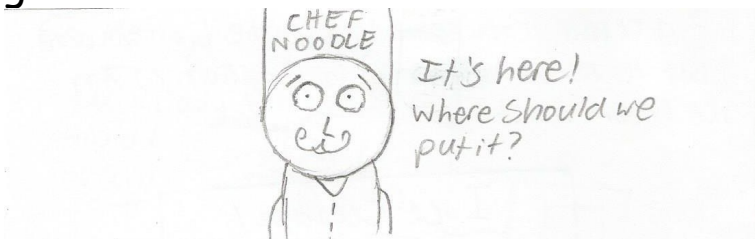


Unfortunately, we can't afford one of those, which is a shame. Of course, I'd know what Chef would be out to get if I'd been LISTENING when he was talking to me. But trying to find something interesting in Chef's speeches is like trying to find a needle in a **jumbo** sized haystack, so I don't bother.



(Note, Chef is doing a gossip speech up in the image above. Those are the WORST!)

So while I waited for Chef to return with "?", I did some boring chores. Like cleaning the tables. Cleaning the windows. Polishing cutlery. Sweeping the floor. (I will not go into detail on WHAT I swept, because it wasn't pretty.) Then, after an hour, Chef got back.

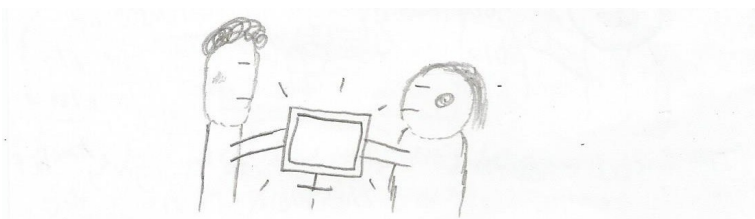


What here? I don't care where you put it, just tell me what it is! I wasn't sure what I was supposed to answer so I said:



There. That should keep Chef busy

for awhile. But it turns out, Chef didn't come back alone. He came back with two other men. And they were carrying IT. The thing that Chef said he would install.

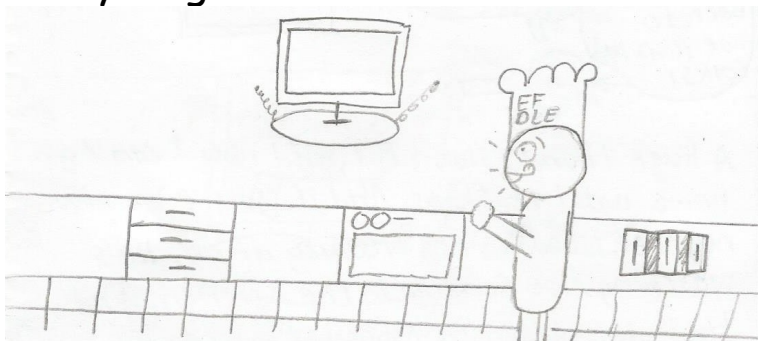


A TV. Chef Bought a TV. That costs MORE than the Ice Cream Machine. If I were him, I would've just gotten that instead! According to my calculations, this means that money left in the restaurant's bank account would be...

Balance \$4,67

Yup. Four dollars and a sixty-seven cents. Great financial decisions up in here at Chef Noodle's. GREAT financial decisions. Because Chef bought the TV, the restaurant is now

broke. Speaking of it, the TV's all ready to go.



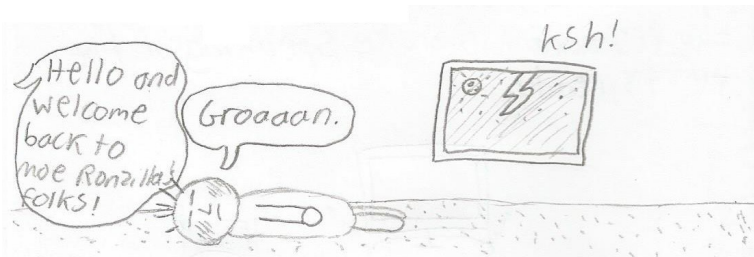
And that's Chef in the right hand corner praising the TV like it's the lord of the universe. Man, I wonder what he is going to watch on THERE.



All I learned from this episode is:
NEVER trust Chef Noodle with money.

Hello, I'm back. Definitely NOT happy, but back.

Right now, I'm sleeping on the floor, in Chef Noodle's restaurant, at 12 am. You're probably wondering WHY. A huge thunderstorm hit, and now I can't go home until it stops. Plus, there's no power. Just in case you're wondering, no, Chef isn't sleeping at all. He's watching Moe Ronzilla in the kitchen.



And I'll tell you this, that is not helping me sleep.



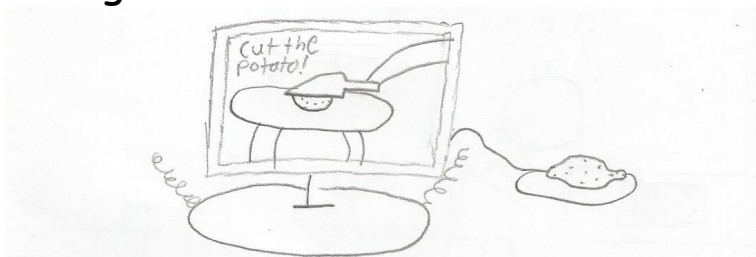
If that dumb TV doesn't shut up soon, I guarantee you, I'm taking it, and I'm smashing it outside.

In fact, if Chef would let me, I would walk back home. Because having a chance of being struck by lightning is better than being stuck here. But every time I insist, Chef answers:



Well, I don't think it's any better in HERE than out THERE. If getting struck by lightning is the price to pay to get out of this place, that's not that bad.

You're probably wondering "Gee, how did Chef get that TV working without any power?" Believe it or not, he managed.



A LEMON. A TV! Here at Chef Noodle's, physics aren't important at all.

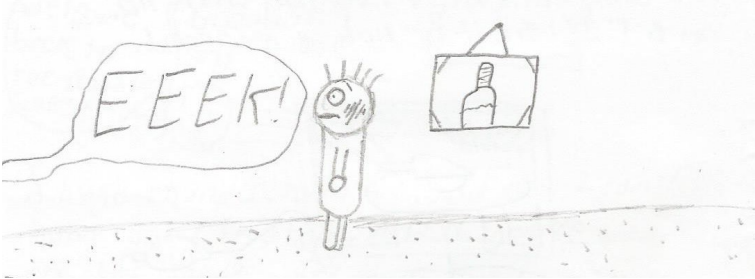


Yes! Oh, Yes, the power's back on, which means the storm should be dying down! Time to head back home and have a good night's sleep. And this time, Chef won't tell me off. I can't WAIT!

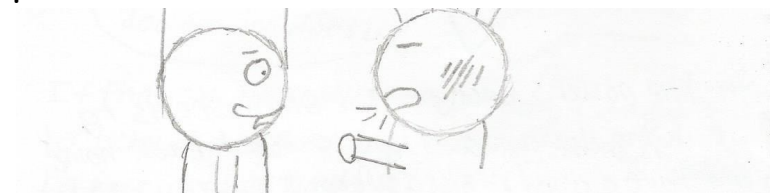


The current time is 11:41 am, and I'm sitting here listening to Chef blubbering. From blabbing to blubbering. That's right. Here's the scoop. Chef was peacefully

watching TV this morning when:



I ran right over to see what was going on, because I thought Chef had hurt himself. But it turns out Moe Ronzilla announced on his show that he was coming to Denver, and that's where we live. Chef was super excited, and wanted to go. I had to explain to him that you need a ticket to go, and you have to pay at least \$50 for that.

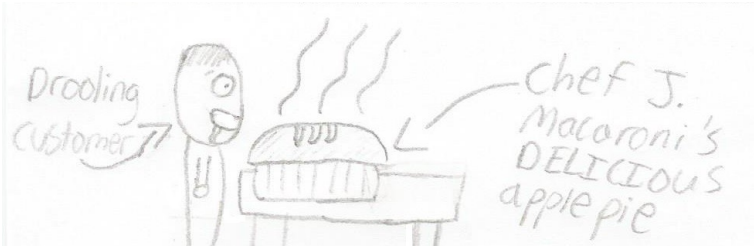


No money was left in Chef's account, because of the TV. And know all of you know why Chef's having a breakdown in the kitchen.

But freaking out isn't going to get him any money, if you ask me. There are many more USEFUL things he could be doing right now. One of them is asking his father for money. It may sound ridiculous, but since no customers appear at the restaurant, Chef has no money. So Chef goes to his father every time, and his father is completely used to it.



Plus, Chef J. Macaroni, which is the name of Chef Noodle's father, is filthy rich. He used to have a restaurant open, and anyone could've thought his food fell from heaven. I'll say right now I'd rather be working for HIM than for CHEF.



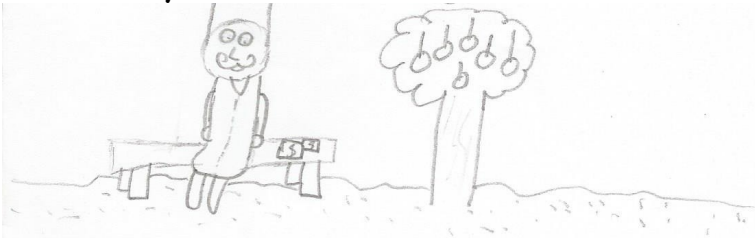
But there's a problem. Chef's father is on vacation in EGYPT. And if you don't know that that's on the other side of the globe, then you should restart your history class.



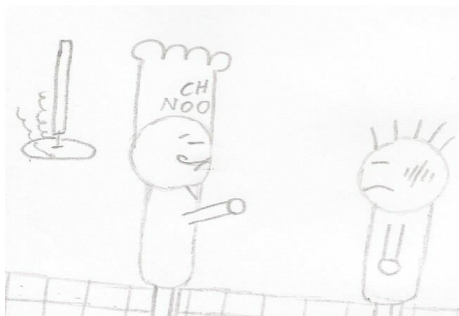
Something tells me that it would be difficult getting money to someone across the Atlantic Ocean.



Another option would be to look for money just lying around on the street. But it's not every day that you find a fifty dollars just sitting next to you on a wood bench.

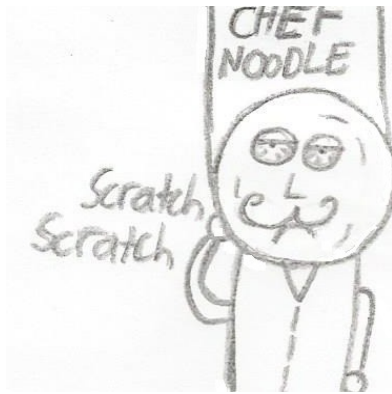


So unless Chef has seen a field of four leaf clovers, that's just not going to work out. The best option would be to sell the TV. But there is **NO WAY** Chef's going to do that, even to see Moe Ronzilla Live.

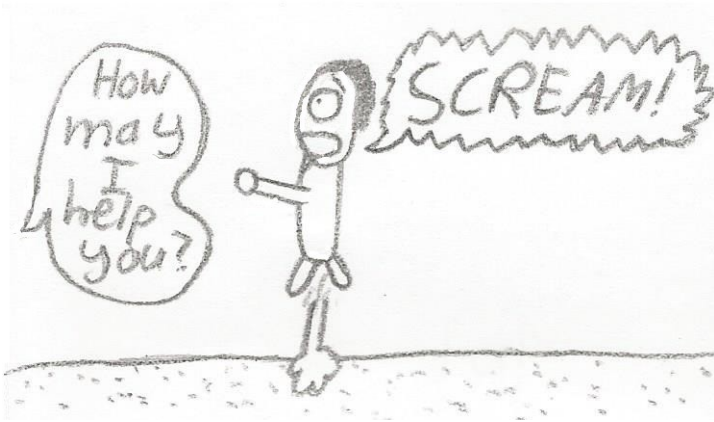


So, I can't imagine Chef going to this thing, unless his father cuts his trip short, Chef gets extremely lucky, or decides to sell the TV. (None of those are probable.)

Ever since Chef got that TV, he's been in a horrible condition. And when I say horrible, I mean it. Staring at a screen all day makes him look like a ZOMBIE.

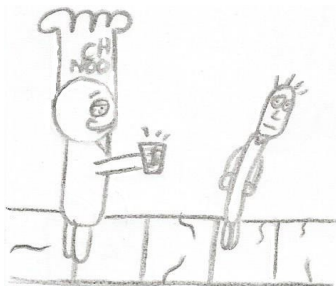


And THAT is definitely NOT helping the amount of income we get per month.



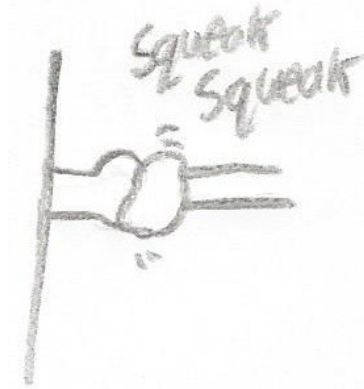
And who knew that that situation could get any worse?

Lately, Chef's been trying to make money. I guess he finally figured out that bawling wasn't getting him anywhere. His current strategy is going on the street and asking for money. But people don't like giving things to inhuman creatures.



Chef was very discouraged, and he wanted to start STEALING cash from people's wallets. But I put a stop to that before we ended up in high security jail.

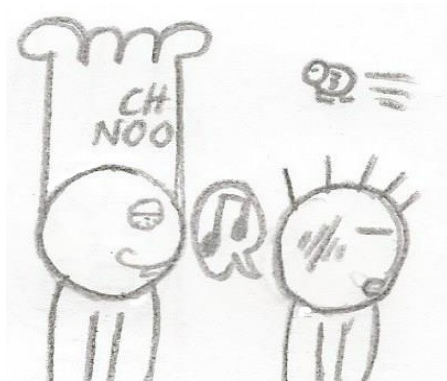
I suggested that Chef did some sort of JOB, like mowing people's lawn. So that's what he did. He didn't settle on mowing lawns, though. Instead, he wanted to polish doorknobs.



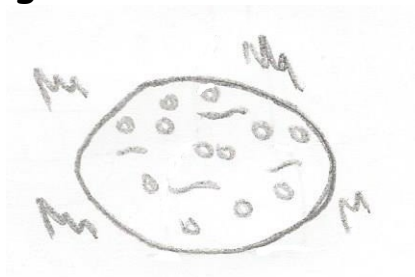
Nobody wanted to pay more than a dollar to get their doorknob polished, and Chef was charging TEN dollars.

Chef didn't know what to do, so he and I went for a walk to get our creative side to kick in.

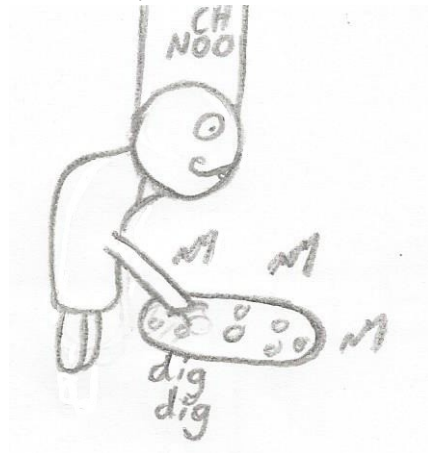
Actually, I came up with that idea just to get out of the restaurant for a bit. But Chef didn't need to know THAT.



We walked to a nearby park. But when we got there, I spotted something.

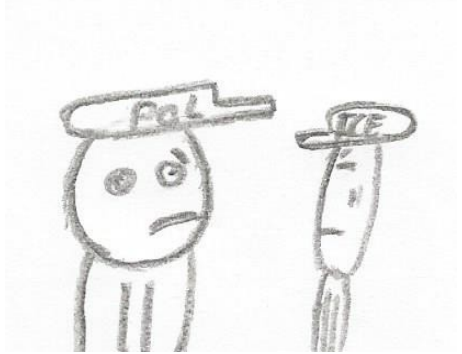


It was a pond. But not just any pond. One those ponds in which people throw MONEY. There had to be \$70 in there. I could tell Chef had spotted this too. I knew exactly what he was thinking. But by the time I processed this, it was too late.

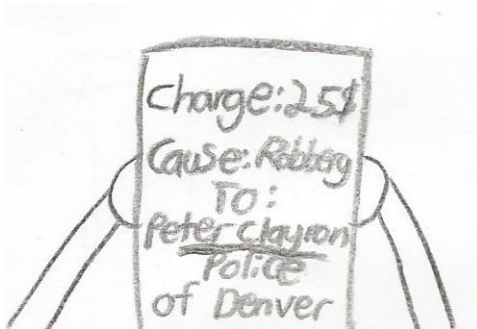


Unfortunately, a few COPS were roaming the park grounds, and saw the whole thing. When they started running towards Chef, I knew that this wasn't good news.

They didn't look too happy with Chef.



They made Chef dump everything back into the pond, and charged us \$25.

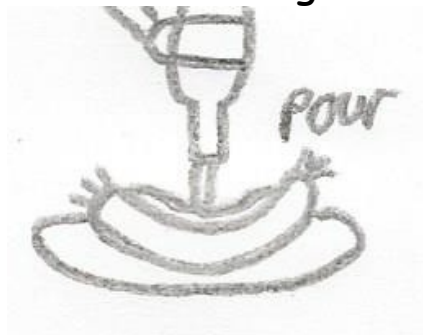


So all we did today was LOSE more money. I have no idea how we are going to rack up \$50 OR \$25. I told Chef not to steal, but of course he didn't listen.

Remember when I was stuck in that storm the other night? Chef sat around watching TV, but apparently, Scott didn't. While he was stuck inside all night, he was experimenting with a bunch of different sauces.



From what I hear, he found this mixture, that tastes HEAVENLY. So, he applied it to a sausage.



The result was outstanding. So now, he sells this as a dish called the "Sauce-age". It's kind of a lame name, but the food is a HIT. I'm pretty sure that Scott made over \$10,000 today, because people were coming from other STATES to taste the "Sauce-age"

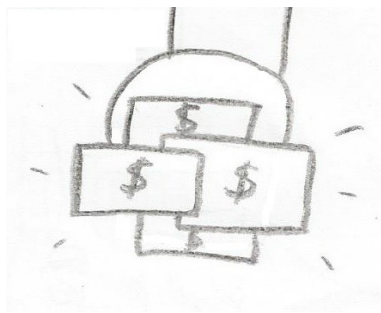


I went to tell Chef the news. But after I told him, a thought hit me. Chef and Scott friends. Scott rich. Chef no money. Before I could interfere, Chef was gone.



I couldn't BELIEVE Chef was actually going to beg Scott for money. After all, while Scott was experimenting, Chef was watching Moe Ronzilla's Buffet.

But apparently, Scott didn't mind, because Chef came back a minute later with a wad of cash.



He said that he had \$100, which was enough for a ticket, to pay the money the police charged us, and a little extra. We went to order the tickets online. When we got on the Moe Ronzilla's website, Chef saw something that almost gave him a

heart attack.

Moe Ronzilla
A SOLD
OUT

Luckily, that was for some other show, and the ones for the show in Denver were in stock. So, Chef got two front seat tickets. I was surprised that Chef was bringing me along. I didn't think he was gonna pay.... wait.

1 ticket 50\$
1 ticket 50\$

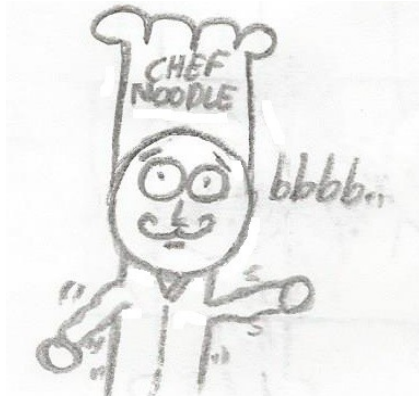
Taxes 3\$

Total: 103\$
check out
4

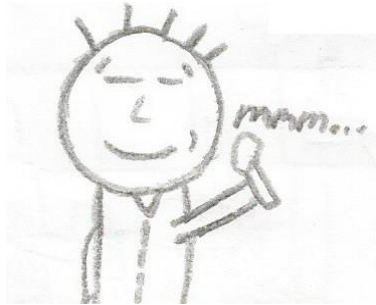
Uh oh. The grand total is \$103.
That's the money from Scott AND
what's left in the bank. I have no
idea HOW we are going to pay the
cops NOW. Chef didn't seem too
concerned when I pointed this out,
though.



When we got to the venue this
morning, it was PACKED with people.
Our seats were right up at the front,
and Chef had a SPASM when Moe
Ronzilla came on the stage.



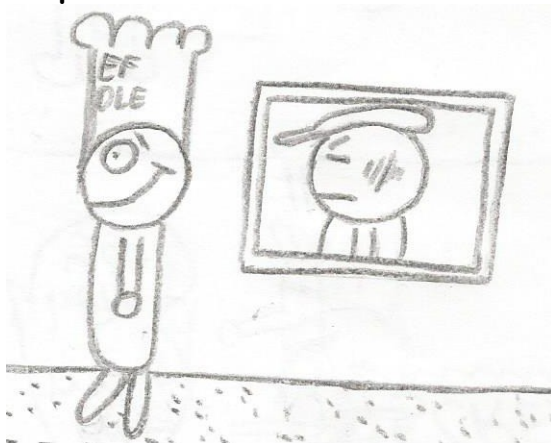
Moe Ronzilla showed everyone how to make perfect mashed potatoes. He let us taste test, and I'll admit, they were **AWESOME**.



But the craziest part was when he called CHEF up on stage to be his assistant for making the pizza dough. Chef looked like he was going to **FAINT** when he got called up.



I actually ENJOYED myself over there, which was not what I was expecting. And I think Chef's going to be in a good mood for the rest of his LIFE after this experience. But still, how are we going to pay the Denver police....



Thank-You's

First of all, thank you to YOU for reading this book. Hope you enjoyed it!

Thank you to my parents, who gave me paper, inc, a pencil, and the computer.

Thank you to Ella for making the hardcover of the printed version of this book

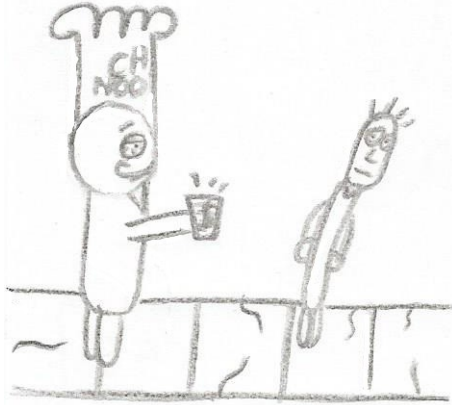
-Tomcat03



Chef Noodle's Broke!

Chef Noodle's obsessed with a cooking show called "Moe Ronzilla"... and spends all his money on a TV to watch the show full time! But when Moe Ronzilla comes to a venue in Denver, Chef freaks out because he has NO MONEY TO BUY TICKETS!

How will he manage?



Liked this book?

Then Check out

Fat Mozza,

Every Restaurant's

best customer...

A CDP Production

