

Kitchen Accidents

(or one of Haruka's experiments with food!)

Von SeiyaKou*

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Hallo!

Ruka-chan hat mir heute erzählt, wie ihre Küche nach dem Kochen immer aussieht.....
Und irgendwie paßte diese Fanfic ganz passabel dazu! *grins*

Aber ich gebs' ja zu, bei mir ist es keinen Deut besser.....*geknickt-bin*! ^^,

Also.....Sailor Moon nebst sämtlichen Chara's ist nicht mein Eigen! Leider Gottes!
Und ich widme diese Story meiner Herzallerliebsten Ruka.....you are the light that
remains, when all other lights go out! *grins* ^^

Mata ne,
Seiya*

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8 o'clock in the morning / The beautiful Household of Tenoh, Kaioh, Meioh&Tomoe

Michiru woke to the smell of... Burnt food. Wrinkling her nose as she hopped out of the twinbed, she pulled on a shirt and a pair of pants before leaving the safety of her room to following the smell.

As she trotted along the corridors, she found the smell leading her to the small, second kitchen that Setsuna almost used to cook cakes or cookies. Quietly sliding open the glass door, she found the source of the awful smell.

"Haruka! WHAT are you doing?!"

Haruka turned around from where she stood at the stove, looking very guilty.

"Cooking?" She said, looking hopeful.

"I didn't know you could cook." Michiru said indignantly.

"I can't."

Michiru let out a huge sigh and slapped her forehead. "Yes, I think I picked that much up from the smell.

What on earth are you trying to cook?"

"The smell isn't THAT bad-" Haruka began indignantly, but Michiru interrupted her.

"Yes it is. I could smell it all the way from my bedroom."

"Oh." Haruka went back to looking guilty. "Pancakes."

"What?"

"Pancakes. I was trying to cook pancakes."

Michiru blinked and looked around at the room, which now looked as if a small hurricane has swept through it. The green and blue tiled floor, and the wood counter where covered in flour. The "pancakes" were burnt to a crisp and were beginning to shrink. A large trail of milk was dripping from the counter to a small lake on the floor. Michiru winced.

"I don't suppose you would be willing to help me?" Haruka said pleadingly.

Throwing her hands in the air, Michiru sighed. "Alright! I'll help! I really hope our insurance covers pancake accidents."

"What?" Haruka asked, puzzled.

"Oh never mind."

"It wasn't my fault!" Haruka insisted as Michiru, hands on hips, inspected the very overcooked pancake. The blackened thing hardly looked like food at all, more like a very large piece of charcoal.

There was a long pause.

"I'm guessing that goes in the trash?" Haruka ventured. Michiru let out a little snort of laughter as she dumped the black object into the garbage can.

"Yeah, something like that."

As the two went back to work, Michiru noticed the small radio. Checking the CD compartment, a smile spread across Michiru's face. A second later, Haruka jumped, nearly dropping the bowl of batter, as a popular Japanese song filled the little room happily.

"Don't DO that!" The blond said crossly. Michiru grinned as she went back to flipping pancakes.

"That it.....!" Haruka called out, listening to the music. Michiru nodded after a moment's thought.

"Yeah, that's the popular Three....."! She never ends her sentences

Haruka's face looks like as if she eaten a handful of extra-sour Lemonbons, and Michiru had to cover her face with both hands to muffle her laughter.

"What? You know, that I hate this Group....this, this.....argh!"

Michiru simply laughed. Haruka could be so sweet when she are jealous....

Two spills, five towels, six sponges, and exactly forty-two paper napkins later, Michiru and Haruka stood proudly over a large pan of perfectly cooked pancakes.

"Now we eat!" Haruka said gleefully.

"Somehow I think we should clean up first." Michiru said dryly, looking around the kitchen, which had gone from like a small hurricane to a large tornado had been through it.

Haruka looked around as well, and nodded slowly. "It is rather... messy. Setsuna will kill us is if she finds out about this." She said this as if they where at the zoo, and had just finished throwing some chips into the tigers pen when he had noticed the sign that said, "Please Do Not Feed the Animals."

Michiru began putting away the milk as she tried not to imagine what Setsuna would do to them if she found out they had been messing with HER kitchen.

"What she doesn't know can't hurt her." Michiru agreed. "I don't want to be the one to tell her we cooked in her kitchen."

"Just what have you two been doing? You know Setsuna will kill you when she finds out."

Both of them whirled around to face the intruder.

"Oh PLEASE don't tell, Hotaru!" Haruka yelped, her eyes widening. "She'll kill us!"

Michiru held out the tray of pancakes. "You can have some if you help us clean up and don't tell."

The black haired girl let out a huge sigh. "If we get caught, I'm not going to stop Setsuna from killing you."

The two criminal's winced visibly. Setsuna's anger at someone using her kitchen would be enough to kill each of them seven times, slowly and brutally.

"Maybe we should take the pancakes to the great kitchen." Michiru suggested. "Once we clean up of course."

"I still can't believe that you two cooked something edible in SETSUNA'S kitchen and got away with it." Hotaru shook her head in amazement.

"Hey, I can cook!" Michiru protested as Haruka snickered behind her. She glared at her before leaning over and stealing a piece of her pancake with her fork.

"Hey!" Haruka yelped indignantly. "That was mine!"

Michiru smirked as she chewed the maple syrup covered food.

"It was very yummy. Thank you."

Haruka was about to say something in return when Hotaru froze. Her two companions whirled around to see what he was looking so intently at...

...Only to see Setsuna standing in the doorway.

"Se..... Hi?" Michiru ventured.

"Hey guys!" Setsuna said brightly. She was fully dressed and had a white and blue apron on. "I'm just down here to borrow some milk - I haven't got enough for today." She frowned for a moment, then shrugged.

"Really?" Haruka was trying to look pleasantly interested and failing horribly. Michiru had to poke her in the side several times to stop her from bursting out laughing as Setsuna searched the fridge for milk.

"Ah! Here it is." Setsuna shut the door with a snap, straightening up with the container of milk in her hand.

"What are you making?" Michiru called after her as she exited the kitchen.

Setsuna turned her head just enough to flash them a cheerful smile. "Pancakes!"

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Seiya
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