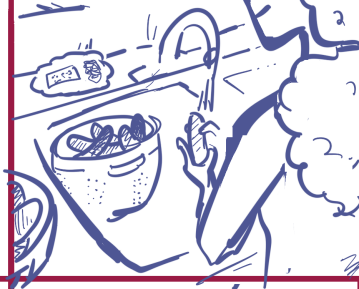




Sweat off the brow.
Scorching day.



Bringing the haul
inside.



At the sink.



There is an abundance
of zucchinis.



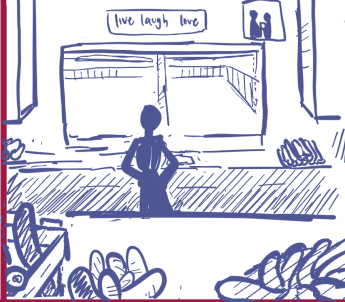
urgent action.



Visiting neighbours.



Surprise delivery!



emptier kitchen
but still crowded



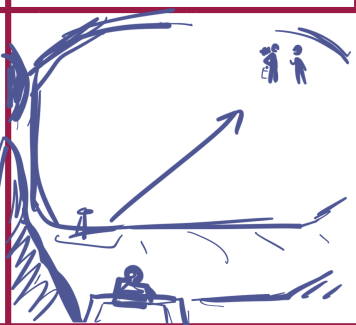
up the grind 100



Repeat surprise ...?



Pseudo - stalking the
neighbourhood.



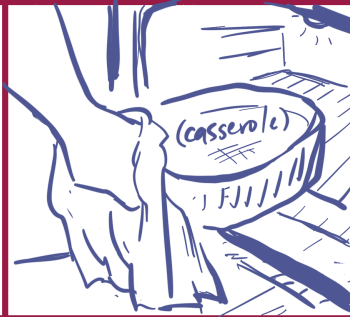
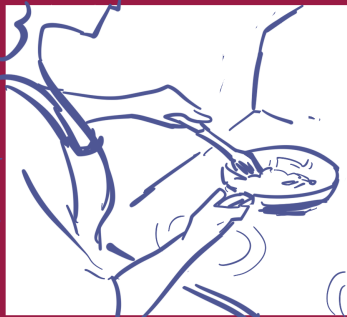
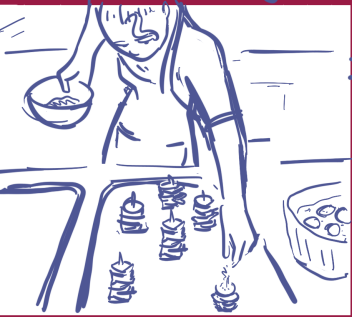
Target acquired.
Delivery inbound.



Neighbours start ignoring/avoiding.

Drop n' dash (n' caught in the act).

still a lot left.



Cooking montage.



Table is set!
Full of zucchini.



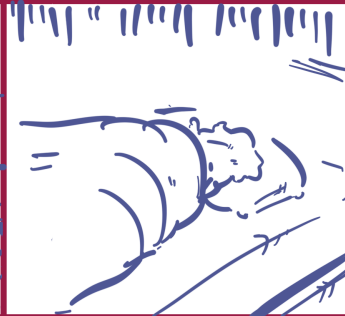
The first bite...



... can't bring
herself to swallow.



There is still so much



Resigns herself to
sleep.



The next morning, comes
down, dead inside.



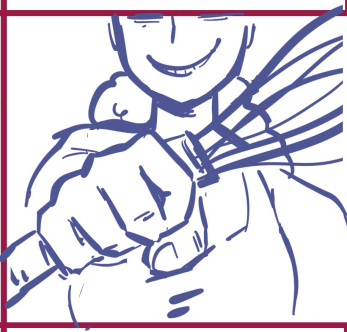
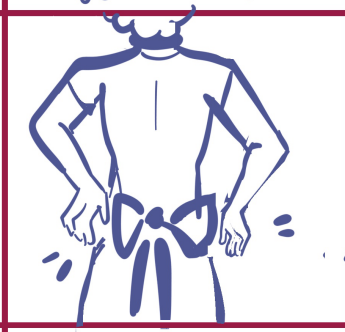
Pure disdain for the zucchini. Trudges thru kitchen.



Spots the cocoa - a glimmer of hope.



Getting ready for battle.

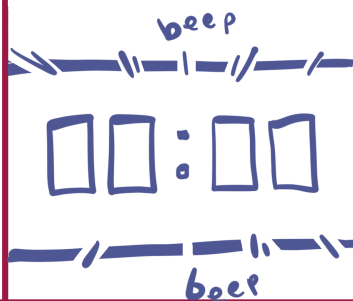


Cool knife tricks with the whisk. gettin down 2 business



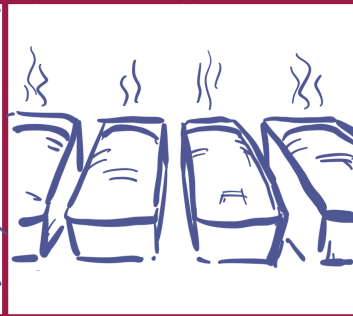
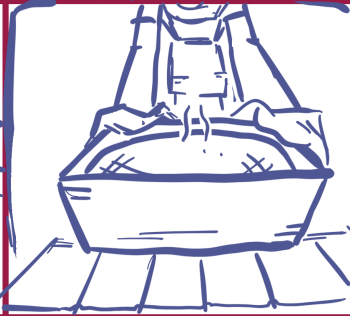
Food processor.

The catharsis of mechanically shredding your problems.



rollin' around at the speed of sound
got places to go, gotta follow my rainbow
can't stick around, have to keep movin' on
guess what lies ahead? only one way to find out

oven timer goes off -
the frenzy stops.



coming out of the oven,

the reveal: it's a ~~boy~~
cake!





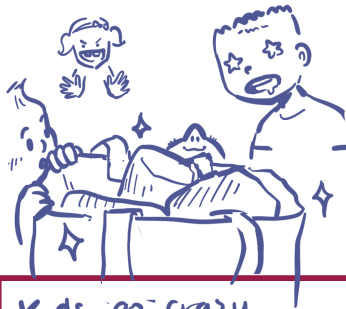
Making amends with her
zucchini overload victims.



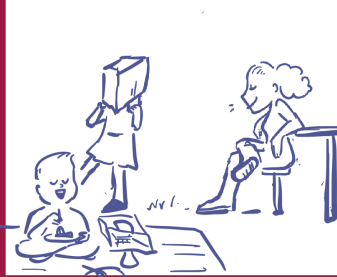
Regains trust.



neighbourhood BBQ/
potluck... cake in tow



Kids go crazy
for sweets.



All is well in the world.
bags empty.



A peaceful, empty kitchen.