

La'an and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day

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La'an and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day

by [Lysippe](#)

Summary

OR

Four times La'an didn't celebrate her birthday, and one time she did but still insisted she didn't.

Notes

It's actually humor, no hidden angst.

Title shamelessly cribbed from the children's book "Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day" by Judith Viorst.

Nyota

Most people were able to put two and two together and conclude that La'an was not someone who celebrated birthdays. And thus, more years than not, her birthday came and went blissfully ignored.

But Uhura had never been particularly good at taking a hint, and scolding her for trying to be nice felt a lot like kicking a puppy. Or at least, like what La'an thought kicking a puppy would feel like, because she did try to not be a complete monster most of the time.

Still, not doing so took every ounce of self-control she had when she walked onto the bridge at 0800 exactly and was met with a cheerful "*Happy birthday, Lieutenant!*"

A long moment passed and La'an managed, just barely, to keep her face schooled into an expression of perfect impassivity as she took her station. It was only Una's meaningful glance, eyebrows raised, that prompted her to force out a terse "*Thank you*" before immediately settling in to work.

The rest of the bridge crew mercifully seemed to get the message, but she did see Ortigas pat Uhura on the back sympathetically and say, "*Hey, you tried. That's more guts than any of us had.*"

Pike

Captain Pike, apparently, also had not picked up on the fact that La'an's birthday was not a welcome topic of conversation.

He called her into his ready room and demanded to know her preferred flavor of cake because "I tried to get Number One to tell me, but she swears that you don't like cake." As though that were the most patently unbelievable preference a person could have.

"That would be because I don't like cake," La'an said, blinking hard against the headache she could already feel forming behind her eyes.

"Pie, then?" Pike asked, and La'an wondered for a brief moment if this was some strange, ship-wide joke at her expense. Or perhaps a very elaborate fever dream.

"I don't care for baked goods in general. And sir," La'an paused, trying to dredge up whatever tact she could manage. "Did Una at any point mention that I don't celebrate my birthday?"

"I didn't think cake alone constituted a celebration."

"Well, I appreciate the thought, at least" La'an said, proud of herself for selling that particular lie. "Was there anything else?"

"That was it, Lieutenant. As you were."

La'an hurried out before he had the chance to change his mind.

Chapel

La'an's initial reaction when Chapel slid smoothly into the empty chair across from her in the mess hall was confusion, followed immediately by a sliver of dread. They weren't on unfriendly terms by any means, but they also weren't the kind of friendly that invited impromptu lunch dates.

She wasn't that kind of friendly with anyone, except Una.

Without so much as a hello, Chapel fixed her with that piercing stare she had, the one that always made La'an feel a little like she was standing naked under a spotlight, and said, "I heard you don't celebrate your birthday."

La'an actually did groan audibly this time. For *fuck's* sake. She was just about to snap, to say something nasty just for the sake of being able to tell *someone* off today, because she knew at least Chapel could take it and wouldn't be too angry at her for it later. But Chapel barreled on before she got the chance.

"Totally your prerogative. Seriously, no judgment here. But congratulations on surviving the year anyway. Feels like an accomplishment, you know?"

And then she was gone, halfway across the room before La'an was able to process any of what had just happened.

Spock

By the time Spock stopped her in the hallway that afternoon, La'an's headache had progressed to a throbbing, percussive beat behind her left eye. She had just resigned herself to heading to sickbay when she heard her name.

She hoped, desperately, that this one conversation could just be normal. Vulcans didn't celebrate birthdays either, did they?

"Yes?"

"I was informed that today is your birthday."

God *dammit*.

"No." It came out more forcefully than intended, more forcefully than Spock deserved for what was doubtless a well-intentioned attempt at friendliness. She just couldn't make herself care anymore.

Spock's brow creased. "According to your personnel file—"

La'an held up one hand, the other massaging her neck in a vain attempt at easing the pain. "No, I will lose what's left of my mind if one more person mentions my bloody birthday. Not no, it isn't my birthday."

Spock, mercifully, did not press for further details. "Very well." He moved to walk around her, then stopped. "You may wish to see Dr. M'Benga for the pain in your head."

Feeling a bit like someone had driven the business end of a mek'leth into her skull, La'an just sighed. "Thank you. I'll do that."

Una

When the chime at her door sounded, La'an was sorely tempted to pretend she was asleep.

Hopefully, whatever it was would be brief.

"Enter," she called.

The door slid open, and Una stepped inside. "I was hoping for some company."

She gave no indication that stopping by unannounced was in any way out of the ordinary, but Una always called. La'an could only assume that she hadn't tonight because she knew La'an would put her off. At least she didn't appear to be carrying a gift.

"You know I don't celebrate my birthday."

"Is it your birthday?" Una asked innocently, the crinkling at the edges of her eyes giving her away.

"Hilarious."

"Like I said, I'm not here to celebrate your birthday. I just wanted company. I don't care what we do."

La'an knew Una meant it. Their nights in were usually spent working through their individual mountains of paperwork, and while that was neither of their idea of fun despite what the crew seemed to think, it was always better with company.

Of course, paperwork sounded like a fate worse than death at the moment.

"Fine," La'an acquiesced. "Why don't you show me that musical you keep talking about?"

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