

The Flying Cookie

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The Flying Cookie

by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

La'an deals with an anonymous cookie mystery.

Notes

Written for the [Fandom Empire](#) prompt "The Flying Cookie".

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

La'an's first encounter with *The Flying Cookie* comes while scanning in crates of cargo taken on board during their stop at Starbase Fifteen. Most of it is supplies - dilithium crystals, synthesiser protein, medical equipment, and similar items - but this shipment also includes a crate of personal items, things that crewmembers have ordered or requested to be sent to the starbase in their stead.

La'an doesn't open the boxes and packages, merely scans them for anything dangerous or contraband before setting them aside to be distributed to their respective recipients.

She's about halfway through when she hits a stash of half-a-dozen or so identical blue metal boxes, each addressed to a different crewmember. The top of the box is embossed with the words *The Flying Cookie* above a logo of a cartoon chocolate chip cookie next to three horizontal lines. Something about it looks vaguely familiar, and she frowns a moment, trying to remember if that was one of the stores listed on the starbase.

It's an unusual find, but the scanner doesn't give any reason for concern, so she sets the boxes aside with the rest of the packages and continues working. Her job is to make sure the items are safe to bring on board, nothing more. (Besides, on the scale of unusual things she's seen people get delivered, cookies are pretty far down the list.)

* * *

La'an's next encounter comes very soon after the first, when she meets up with Erica and Christine at the ship's bar and finds a very familiar blue box sitting on the table.

"My *Flying Cookie* delivery arrived!" Erica tells her as she sits down. "Here, have one." She pushes the box closer.

Rather than the chocolate chip of the logo, the cookies inside appear to be a mixture of oatmeal raisin and peanut butter. At Erica's urging, La'an picks out an oatmeal raisin cookie and bites into it, chewing thoughtfully.

"It's good," she says.

"Is that all you can say?" Erica replies, at the same moment as Christine says, "They're more than good."

La'an takes another bite. "Okay," she admits, "*really* good."

"Good enough that there's a four month waiting list," Christine tells her. She stares at La'an for a moment, then adds, "Don't tell me you've never heard of *Flying Cookie* before?"

"Not before I scanned a bunch of boxes in this morning," La'an replies. "Why, who are they?"

"No one knows," Erica says. "The baker's identity is secret, and no one's been able to track them down. You just sign up and wait to reach the

top of the list."

La'an eyes the box with concern. "So these cookies came from some random stranger? How do you know they're safe?"

"Because they've been doing it for nearly a year now and no one's ever complained? People are talking about this all over, if there was something wrong with the cookies we'd know about it by now." She nudges the box and adds, "Besides, it adds some mystery into life. You don't even get to pick the type of cookie, outside of vetoing common allergies. It's meant to be a surprise."

"If you say so," La'an says doubtfully. "But I'm blaming you if I get poisoned."

* * *

"Have you heard of *The Flying Cookie Company*?" La'an asks Una the next time she sees her.

"I've heard of it," Una replies. "I've never ordered anything, though."

"Ortegas has," La'an tells her. "Along with several other crewmembers. I scanned the boxes in myself."

Una shrugs. "Some people like the mystery of it. A baker who sends out batches of delicious cookies, at apparently random intervals, while managing to keep their identity entirely secret? It's like a real life Santa Claus."

"Every mystery has a solution," La'an replies.

Una looks amused. "I'm sure it does. But if you want my advice, I'd let this one go. It's just cookies, after all. And pretty amazing ones, from what I hear."

"They were good," La'an admits reluctantly. "But doesn't it bother you that we don't know who made them?"

"No," Una tells her. "It doesn't bother me at all."

* * *

La'an tries, on and off over the next weeks, to track down the mysterious baker behind the *Flying Cookie* mystery, but finally has to admit defeat. Every trick she knows fails, every attempt leads to a dead end. Whoever the baker is, they're putting a *lot* of effort into staying anonymous.

Maybe some mysteries really can't be solved.

* * * * *

"Have you ever thought about coming clean?" Una asks as she watches Chris transfer cookies into a series of identical blue boxes.

"And ruin the mystery?" He shakes his head. "What would be the fun in that?"

End Notes

Christopher Pike, the Banksy of cookies. :)

You can see a very basic MS Paint mockup of the logo [here](#), it's supposed to look a little bit like the *Enterprise*.

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