

The World Revolves Around Cookies

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Mikey has something of Gerard's and is on the run from him; in the hotel stairway. While that chase is in pursuit, Frankie is in the lobby awaiting fresh cookies, but will he ever get to taste them?

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The World Revolves Around Cookies

Get back here! Gerard yelled, running after Mikey around the hotel hallway.

Never! Mikey called back, opening and entering the door to the stairway. He stealthily slid down the banister, keeping the small white box tucked under his arm.

Gerard sprinted down the stairs after his brother, being careful to not fall.

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Meanwhile, in the lobby on the bottom floor, Frankie lero was anticipating the fresh, chocolate-chip cookies that the cook was taking out of the oven. *Hurry up*, he thought, licking his lips. *I m starving!*

The cook, however, seemed to be taking his time and was ever so slowly taking the pan out of the oven. He was smirking at Frankie and obviously enjoying tormenting him with the rich smell that was making even his own stomach growl, but first he must fulfill his urge to bring Frankie to his knees and beg.

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Mikey made it to the bottom set of stairs and paused to listen for his brother. He heard footsteps and heavy breathing from about two sets of stairs above. He was getting closer by the second. And the millisecond. And all the other time thingies.

Get back here, you beep! Gerard s voice echoed down the staircase.

Gasp! Mikey said to himself. Did he just call me a beep?

A loud thump was heard at Gerard tripped on his own feet. BEEP!! he roared, clutching his stubbed toesy woesies.

Poor Gewwie.

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Frankie was gazing at the steaming cookies, holding his stomach in an attempt to somehow make it stop growling. Sadly, he was failing.

The cook's facial expression became somewhat fatigued looking. He shook his head and put on the sinister smirk that he often used to torture people who were awaiting his delicious cookies. He finally pulled the pan out of the oven and turned around; setting it on a counter that had a fan on it. With a flick of his wrist, the fan was whirling and blowing the fragrant smell of the cookies toward Frankie, who was a mess of messy messes.

Frankie was so desperate to have at least a mere crumb that he fell to his knees, clasped his hands together, and began to beg, Please, just one bite! I'll do anything; be your assistant, mop the floor, take out the trash and clean my room! Anything! All I ask is a mere chocolate-chip that melts in your- my mouth!

The cook was thrilled. He delicately picked up a cookie with a napkin and walked out from behind the counter. He stood towering over Frankie and dangled the treat teasingly over him. Beg, beg, beg! Beg like this cookie is your life! he sneered.

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Gerard howled in pain, rocking back and forth. His toe was throbbing with agonizing hurt, making him not able to concentrate on getting the box from Mikey. He swallowed hard, trying to get rid of the lump in his throat. He had to get the box from him, even if it meant stubbing another toe. He put his heart and soul into the contents of it! The man slowly lifted himself up back onto his feet, took a deep breath while blinking back tears, and darted down the stairs.

Mikey heard his brother approaching quickly. He hurriedly opened the door that leads into the hallway that leads to the lobby. He dashed down the hallway, the doors mere blurs as he raced past them. He glanced back over his shoulder as he entered the lobby and saw that his brother wasn't far behind. He hadn't noticed that Frankie's feet were directly in front of him, so, obviously, he tripped over them. The little box went flying out of his grasp, and the contents spilled about the floor.

Noooo!! Gerard cried, tears once again forming in his eyes. My cookies!

Did someone say delicious, freshly-baked, melt-in-your-mouth, chocolate-chip cookies? Frankie piped up. He forgot about the cook's cookies and crawled around the dirty floor, stuffing Gerard's in his mouth. Scrumcious! he exclaimed with a grin.

Well, Gerard sniffed, At least they're good& Why'd you take them anyway, Mikey?

Mikey shuffled his feet nervously. Um, I& I was always jealous of your cooking skills& I was gonna enter the baking contest. he confessed.

Why, so was I! the cook smiled.

Why, so was I! Gerard smiled.

Why, so was I! Bob smiled, and then disappeared with a pop.

COOKIES!! the Cookie Monster roared, running into the lobby. MINE!

Never! the cook called after, running towards the staircase.

GET BACK HERE, YOU BEEP!! the Cookie Monster growled.

The cook whirled around; his right hand on his hip. Oh, no, you di nt! he spat, snapping a Z formation with his left hand. Beepotch!

All of a sudden, a giant rubber ducky fell from the sky and turned the hotel into a pancake while singing gleefully, Rubber ducky, I m the one! I make bath time so much fun!

Teh Endness.