



## The Finer Cookie: Elsa's Rye Cookies

### Description

## The Crimes of the Father

By **Kimberlie Robert**

In a full arm cast, your lover didn't make a good patient, especially since the injured arm was the one that preferred to hold the pencil. Clearly clumsy and frustrated handling the telephone and impatiently delegating menial tasks to his offices, it was best to tend to your errands outside the house and leave your lover alone for the afternoon.

Without ringing, your sister came into your house, and opened the box of Rye Cookies intentionally not sharing. Her cone of silence created a vacuum in the kitchen, so your lover stood from the dining room table and was put off-guard by her stone face. The Rye Cookies were so fresh that the soft grain and butter perfumed the open air; however, there was no hint of sweetness in the aroma, which created curiosity.

Locked in a gaze with your lover, your sister said: "I'm outing you here and now. Your charming and elegant manner cannot conceal your secret. I sniffed it when you first kissed my cheek. Thankfully it wasn't expensive to uncover your history, so let me get to the point. When the media finds out that you are lovers, it will use your family history to discredit Alex's career. I know who you are, and I'm telling you to leave. I'm not asking."

"And why would I let the trifling machinations of the press make my decisions? What reason have I given you to doubt my intentions?"

The sister said: "Your intentions are irrelevant. This family has suffered at the hand of addiction far too often. And as always, it starts innocently—the cocaine brought to a small party in tiny amounts by charming, fun loving people, then a little more, until one day my best friend, my life partner, the only man I ever loved and trusted, is lying on our bedroom floor, dead from a heart attack. The likes of you and your family profited off the back of my strong and beautiful husband. Trust me when I say, Alex won't be the next to fall; I will defend my family's strength and character with the fullness of my being."



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“What do you know of me and my family?”

“I know the nature of your father’s business, and you are guilty by association, with your “clean” shipping empire. The money you flash is dazzling and I can see the effect it’s having. Before this goes too far, do what’s honourable and in the best interest of Alex.”

“I have nothing but respect for Alex and I feel nothing but kindness and love. This relationship is one of mutuality and deep friendship. I’m not my father; my hands are clean; my business is too. Didn’t your research reveal that? Don’t think you can dictate to me. You and hundreds of others have been unsuccessful.”

“Deep friendships do not conceal a family history such as yours. This is the first and only time I’ll speak to you on this subject. Going forward will be unpleasant.” With that your sister exited the house with a decided slam.

Your lover tore himself up, and reached for the box of Rye Cookies. Tasting one was tinged with bittersweet feelings, as Alex’s family certainly knows the art of making great cookies. They were gently spiced and hardly sweet, yet intriguing for their subtle flavour, tender texture and addictive properties; six or eight disappeared unconsciously.

The sister was right in a sense; Alex should have been told everything. Contemplating the true story, the family’s deluge of wealth came from the cocaine production and distribution, but everything changed when father died at the hands of the DEA, leaving you, your sister and mother alone and exiled. Mother was savvy in financing university, and it was there that one of father’s old colleagues offered to teach you the shipping and transport business. This profession generated a great deal of wealth, but in spite of your transparency and clean dealings, the police keep vigil at your docks and containers, and plague an otherwise quiet life. The crimes of your father have, to this point, prevented you from living a normal life, and it never really bothered you until now. Alex is your first serious lover, and it’s unimaginable to walk away. The feelings run deep, but now your composure is injured, and you can’t bear to see the disappointment on the face of your truest friend. Maybe you should consider the sister’s advice.

Alex returned home to a note that read: “Took a cab to my condo so that I could tend to a little business. Will call later. Love.”

Click here for the [Rye Cookie recipe](#).

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*Photographed by Kimberlie Robert*

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*Kimberlie Robert is currently the Executive Cookie Maker at [The Finer Cookie](#). As of recently, she has worked as an Executive Assistant for five years. Prior to that she was the Coordinating Director/Partner of an Advertising Agency. She has earned an MA in Art History and a BA in English Literature. She is also a writer and researcher, short story editor, pastry chef, tango dancer and gardener.*

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