

Hi, hello, it's me, the Brain, or not really, I just take care of the brain. I am a brain keeper. I don't know my name, I do not think I ever got one. No one really knows that I exist, it is not clear where I am from, anyways, I call myself the Smurf. I picked my name when I saw a TV-show about some small cartons called the Smurfs. I actually kind of look like a Smurf, just much smaller. I am about 5 mm tall, I have no hair and I am very blue. I am 17 years, three months and 26 days old. Just like my person, her name is Lola.

Lola is quiet unmindful. Forgetful they say, but it is actually not her fault, it is I, I am very sleepy. When she have to do something important, I fall asleep. I think important is boring.

I feel bad for Lola, she tries so hard, she shows me books, movies, everything. She even goes to school! I know, I really should absorb all the knowledge she offers me. But its hard, I am so lazy. I love to sleep, and when I am not asleep, there are things more fun than homework to do. I side down the blood vessels, climb on the brain beam and explore the ear canals, just to give some examples.

But it is hard when I do not care, it makes Lola disappointed. It feels like she is disappointed in me because I did not try hard enough. I had fun in the moment but when she have to know important stuff, I cannot remember anything. At least she gets happy when I do my job. It makes her succeed. It feels good, she is proud of my effort.

Okay so now for example, right now Lola is supposed to write a short story and that's apparently my job. What is short story? I have no idea. Lola said she taught me how to write a short story but that is not something I can remember... She said I should have made a mind map and decided what we should write about, but honestly, I did not really feel like. When would I have had time for that? Yesterday perhaps. Actually, I could not do it yesterday, Lola had practice. It is fun when Lola works out. I am bouncing around in her head as a bouncy ball. Even if I wish so the fun can not last forever. After a while I get motion sick and want her to stop. It is kind of mean but at that point I pull the nerve fibers so she fells sick and tired. It usually makes her stop.

But back to the short story, apparently super important. She have to hand it in to her teacher, if she do not she will fail the class. So now I am thinking, I am thinking so hard you can not even imagen, but still I have no idea what to do. Right now I wish I can do something people likes to call cheating. It means that you collaborate with other brains, people says it is bad, they say it should be prohibit. I think it is good, I mean cheating, someone else can do my job. At least help me, how could me an Lola be able to do everything on our own? When I get help from other teachers it goes better.

I do not think I can write a short story, I am sorry. At least I tried. While waiting for the class to be over I can tell a story, a quiet terrific story.

Lola was born almost 18 years ago, she was a cute little baby, rosy cheeks and golden hair. Always energetic and happy and so was I. She played, collected memories and experiences. Jag learned, inch by inch how to work in her brain. Together we learned more and more. We learned how to eat and talk, crawl and walk and aome years later we learned how to write and ride a bike. Lola was happy, I was proud.

But one day when Lola was about 7 years old monsters started to take over her brain. They were big and ugly, they spread a unbearable stench and acted very rude. They stomped with their big feet, they hammered on her eyes so they became all dented and it became hard for

her to see. They screamed so loud in her ears so she thought she had tinnitus. Lola had constant headache, she could not see good but glasses barley helped.

At first, the monster just were rude and annoying but after a while, they started to destroy and mess up important things and functions. They tore my papers, hided memories and destroyed all the spots for new memories. It was a total mess. I did everything I could to stop the monsters. There were a lot of them; they were both bigger and stronger than I was. Unfortunately, I was chanceless.

At last, they started to pull the nerve fibres and push forbidden buttons; they even cut of urgent connections between the cerebral hemispheres. Lola felt sick; she passed out, threw up and did not have any energy. Finally she was taken to the hospital. The doctor though she was going to die. He said Lola had brain tumours, aggressive brain tumours. They were going to try to remove the monsters from Lola's brain. They succeed and Lola was getting better. Everyone was happy and Lola's life went back to normal.

Even though the tumours were gone, I could never get rid of the thoughts of the monsters. When I was walking around in the brain, I was always scared to see one. I imagined hearing and seeing them.

After five years Lola was considered cancer free. I could finally feel calm. The doctors said said the tumours were totally gone, I could let go of the thoughts. It comforted me to know they only existed in my imagination. Unfortunately she never was healed totally. She is sleepier and do not have as much energy as before she got sick. She sleeps somewhat often and feel sick sometimes. It is the bogeys.

When Loal is asleep. I entertain myself. I pretend I am Lola, I live her life. But only inside my brain. I do all kind off stuff, i make things up. Sometimes other brains comes and visits me, if their people are asleep too. I can make up really crazy things. Sometimes sad or scary things. I want to try what it is like to be Lola for real, not only during good times. When Lola wakes up she usually says she dreamed. It seems like she do not understand that I exist, and that it just was me playing. It is sad because more than often she only remembers the bad dreams. She calls it nightmares. Most of the "dreams" are fun and beautiful, she would be happier if she rembered that, the nice dreams.

Okay I really have to stop this story telling. I have not even started the short story and it is due in half an hour. It is just so hard to make up a story. It is like a gnawing feeling inside me, but it is not only the pressure from Lola that chafe. The monsters are back in my mind.

It is more then 5 years since Lola was considered cancer free, but I doubt it is true. I feel like they are back. I think I can feel their smell. I really hope it is my wild imagination but I am not sure. Another sign that strengthen my fear is that I have seen straws of their fur all around the brain.

I fear the day when Lola and her near one's will have to receive the bad news, but hope is the last thing to leave a human, and me! There is still a chance they never have to face it. I hope that it is just a little baby monster that found its way into our brain. If that is the case, I can either turn it good or make it stop growing and it will never turn into an aggressive beast or otherwise I can scare it away and neither Lola nor I will ever have to see it again.

The assignment might be important but Lola's health is more important. I really have to focus on monster hunting right now. The writing can wait.