

Martin is sitting in the kitchen with his aunt. She had cancer and didn't see him for a long time. He's happy and asks her: "What is cancer actually and what happened to you?" She thinks about it and tells him this story: "Every person consists of many tiny cells. They are born like us and they die like us."

They help us all their lives.

When we are hungry

cells shred the

food and dissect it

in the stomach,

so that on the

toilet it comes

out again. All

cells help that

we feel good, we

laugh and cry, run and

sleep, play and be

quiet. Some ensure

that we are healthy.

Sometimes we are angry, sad

or happy. Trouble can

cause stomach aching.

Sometimes we breathe

something out of the air,

the cells cannot convert.

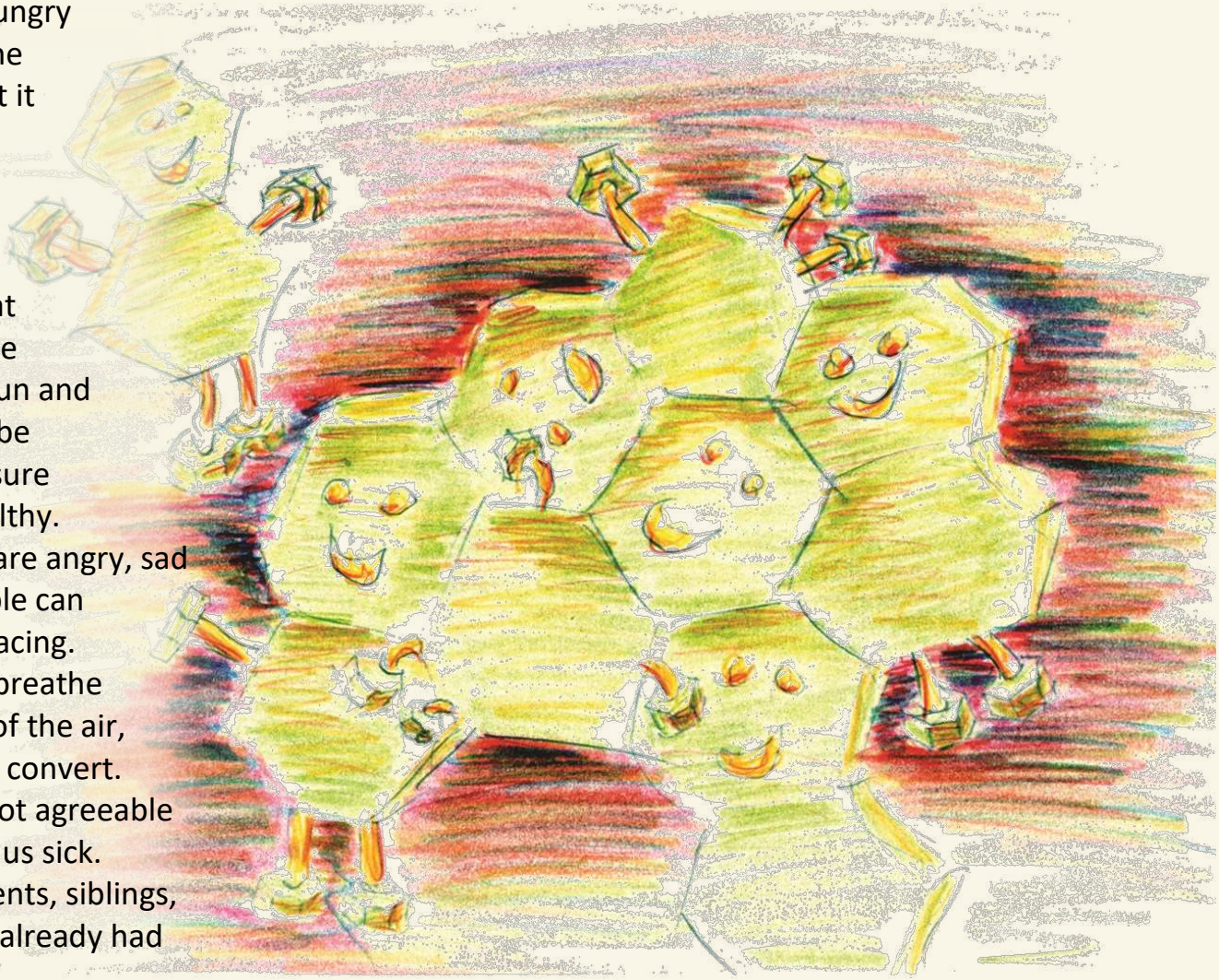
Or our food is not agreeable

and that makes us sick.

Sometimes parents, siblings,

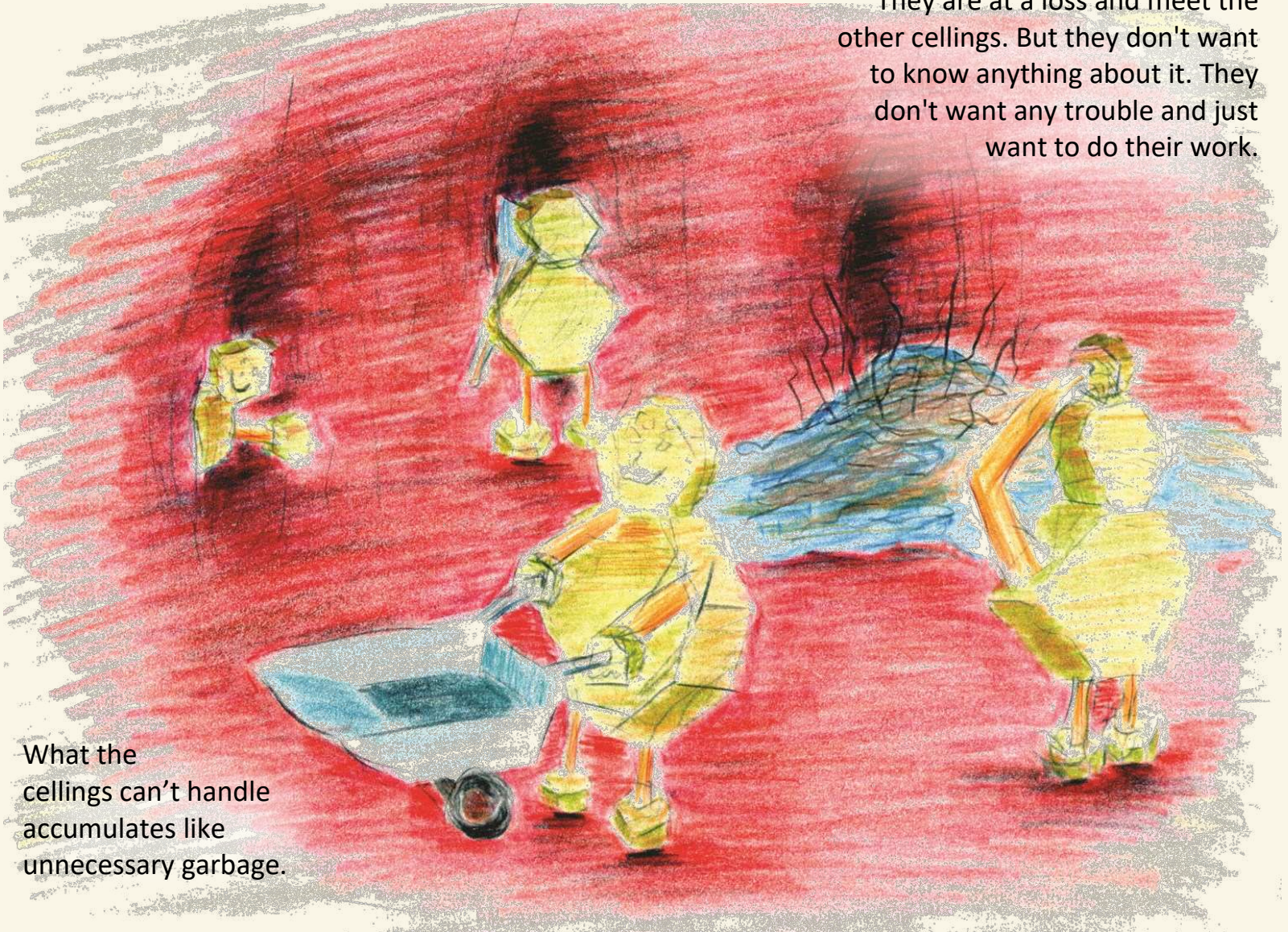
uncles or aunts already had

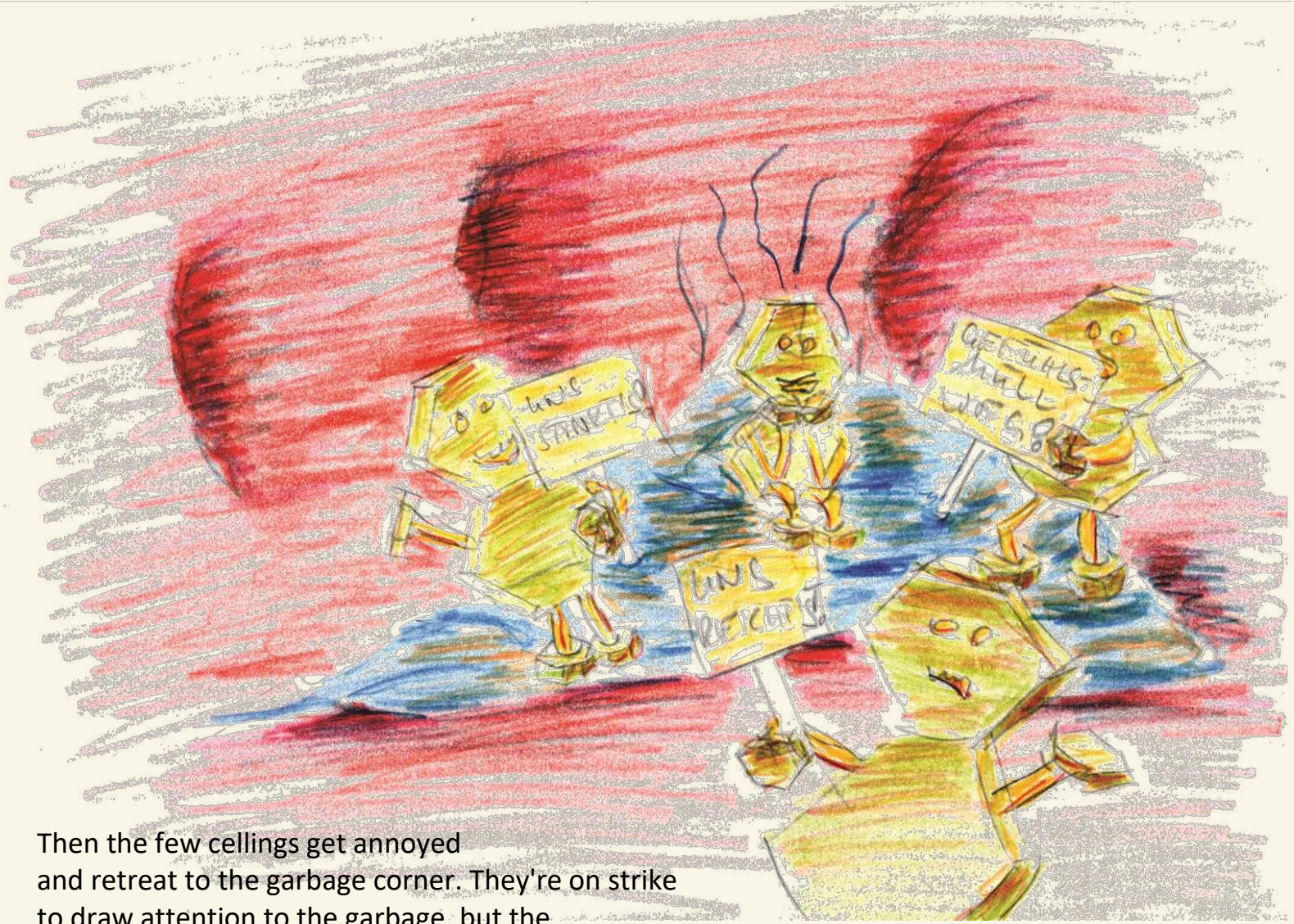
cancer before.



They are at a loss and meet the other cellings. But they don't want to know anything about it. They don't want any trouble and just want to do their work.

What the cellings can't handle accumulates like unnecessary garbage.



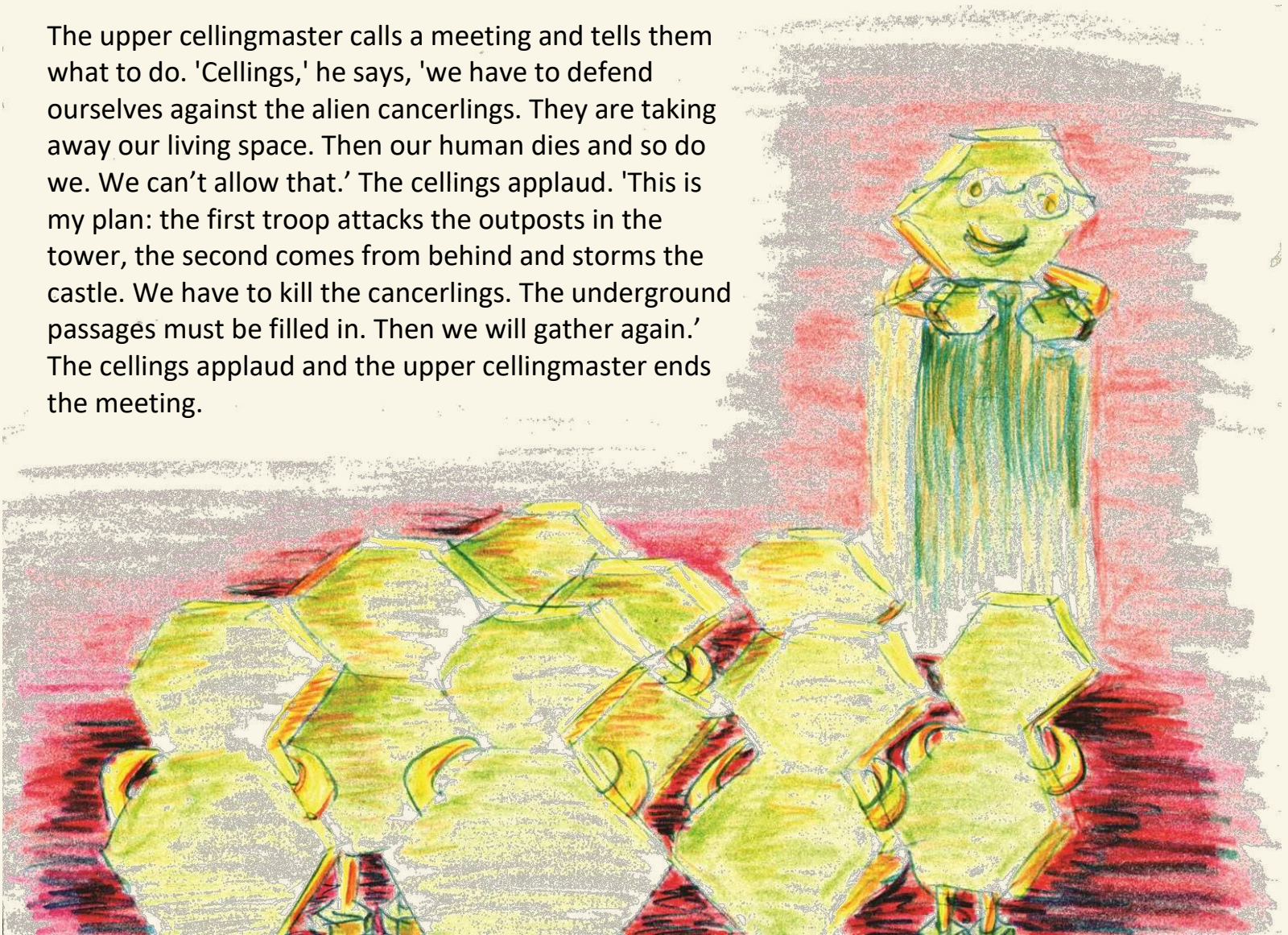


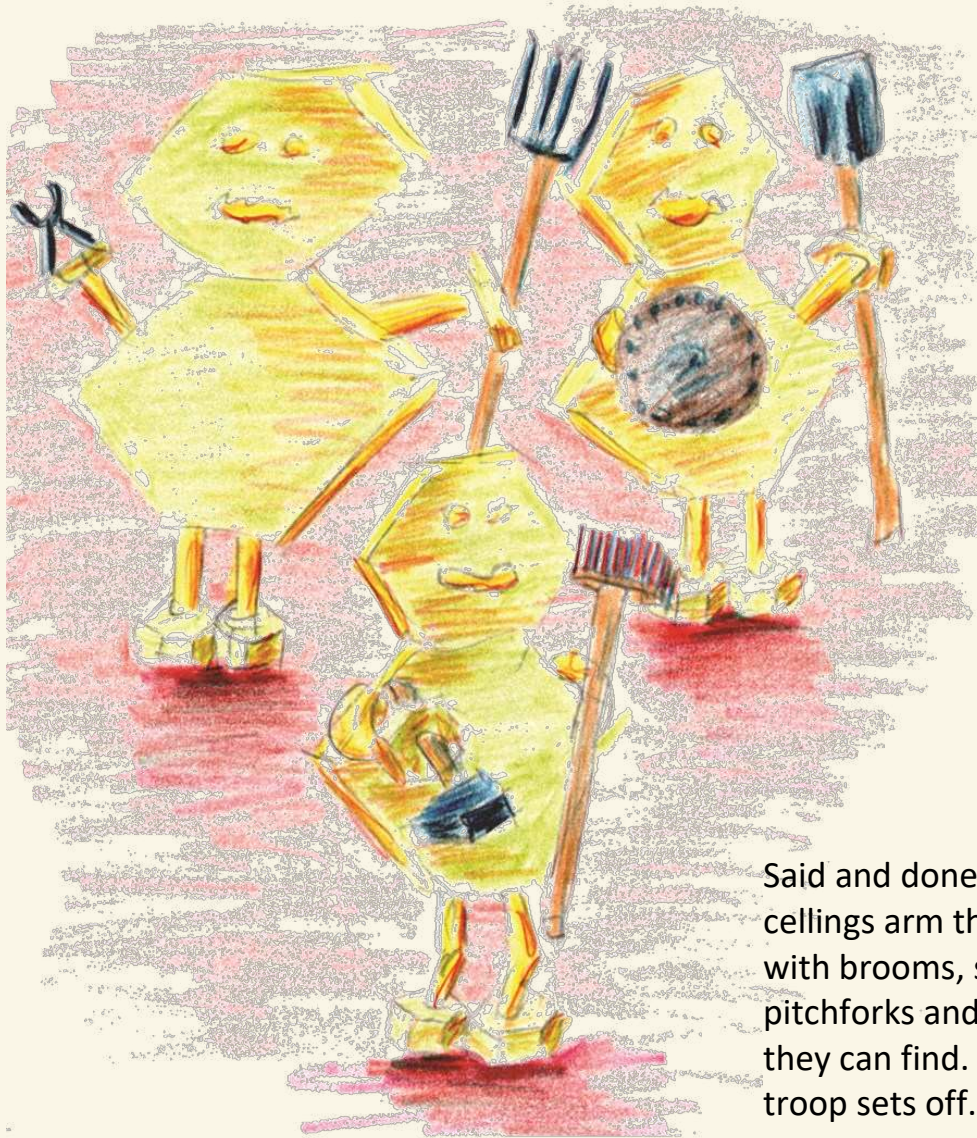
Then the few cellings get annoyed and retreat to the garbage corner. They're on strike to draw attention to the garbage, but the the others don't notice them. They decide to do what they want and retreat.

They build a castle out of the trash and live there undisturbed. Their appearance changes and they become cancerlings. The other cellings slowly notice that something is wrong. They move to the garbage corner and see the castle. But the cancerlings don't let them get any closer. The cellings are frightened and run away. They are at a loss and need to talk about.

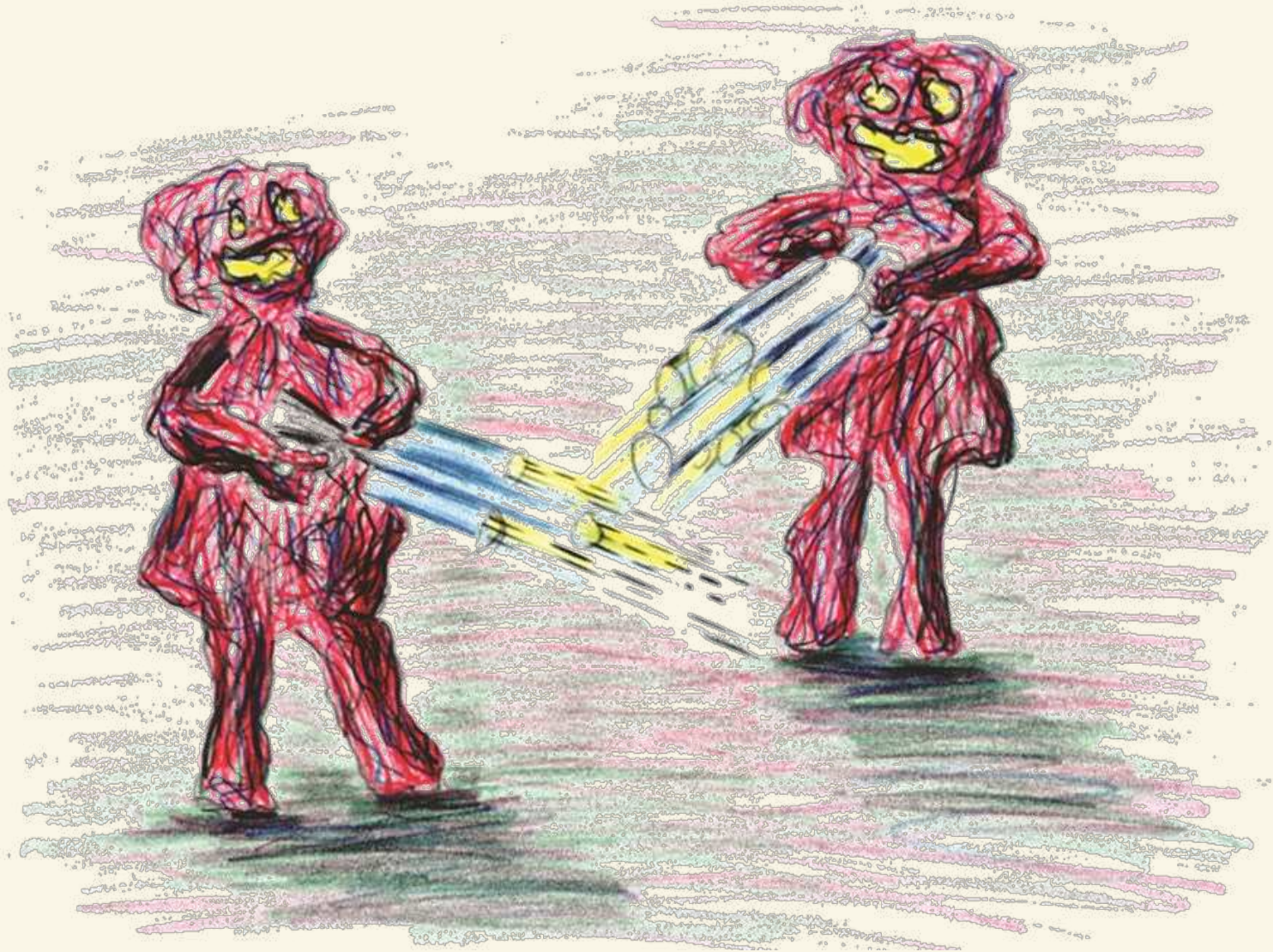


The upper cellingmaster calls a meeting and tells them what to do. 'Cellings,' he says, 'we have to defend ourselves against the alien cancerlings. They are taking away our living space. Then our human dies and so do we. We can't allow that.' The cellings applaud. 'This is my plan: the first troop attacks the outposts in the tower, the second comes from behind and storms the castle. We have to kill the cancerlings. The underground passages must be filled in. Then we will gather again.' The cellings applaud and the upper cellingmaster ends the meeting.

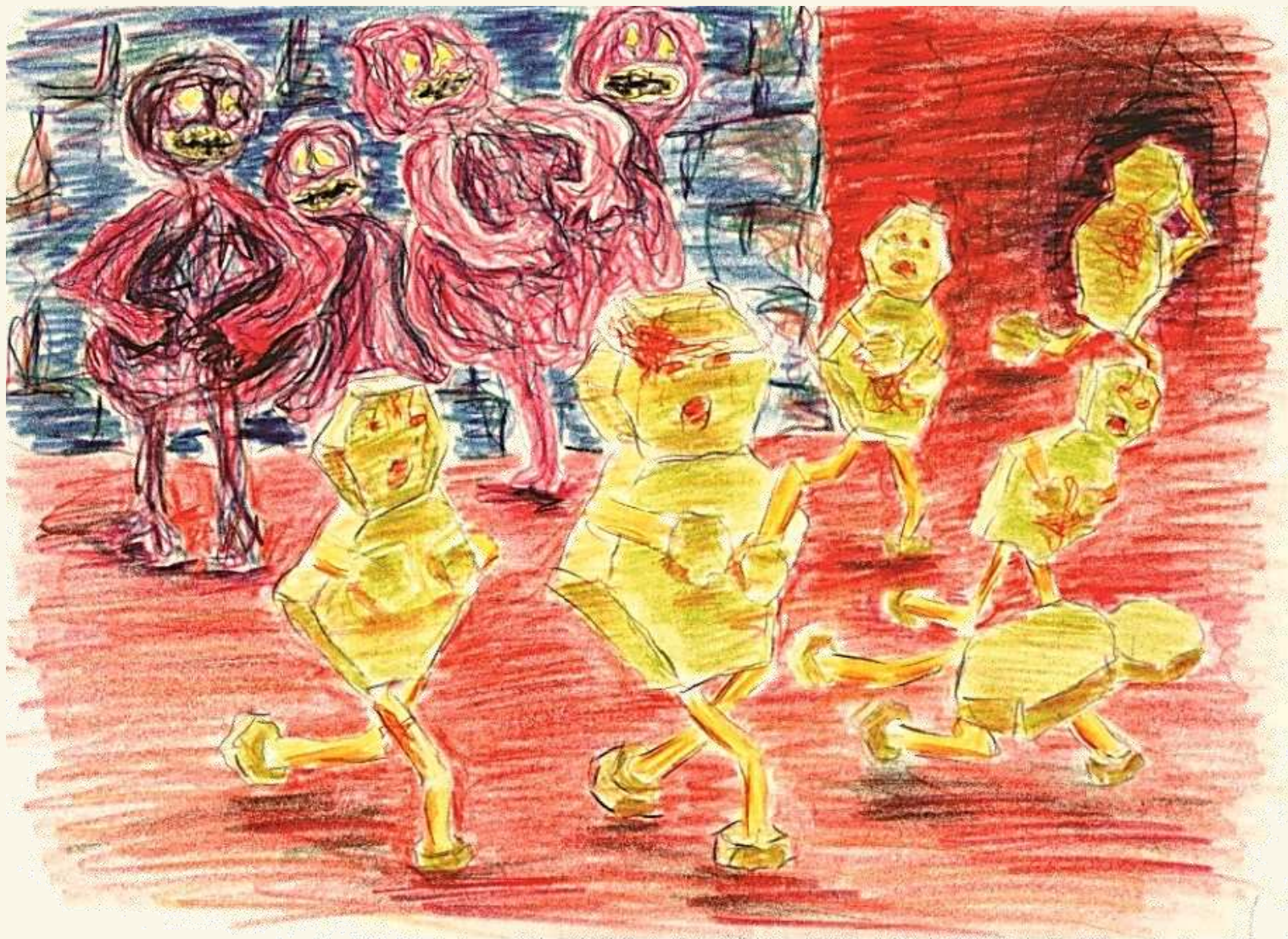




Said and done. The
cellings arm themselves
with brooms, shovels,
pitchforks and everything
they can find. The first
troop sets off.



But there! How terrible the cancerlings look, each more terrible than the other. They have modern weapons with which they can laser the ceilings away.



When the cellings see the cancerlings, they drop their brooms, shovels and everything else and run away as fast as they can. The cancerlings' malicious laughter echoes behind them.

The second ceiling troop is no different. Just as they were setting up their projectiles, they suddenly found themselves in a dazzling light. When it gets dark again, all the projectiles, cannons and ammunition are gone, as are many of their fellow fighters. The ceilings run for their lives while bright laser beams flash menacingly through the corridors and malicious laughter echoes behind them.

