

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
ceilings shred the
food and dissect it
in the stomach,
so that on the
toilet it comes
out again. All
ceilings help that
we feel good, we
laugh and cry, run and
sleep, play and be
quiet. Some ensure
that we are healthy.

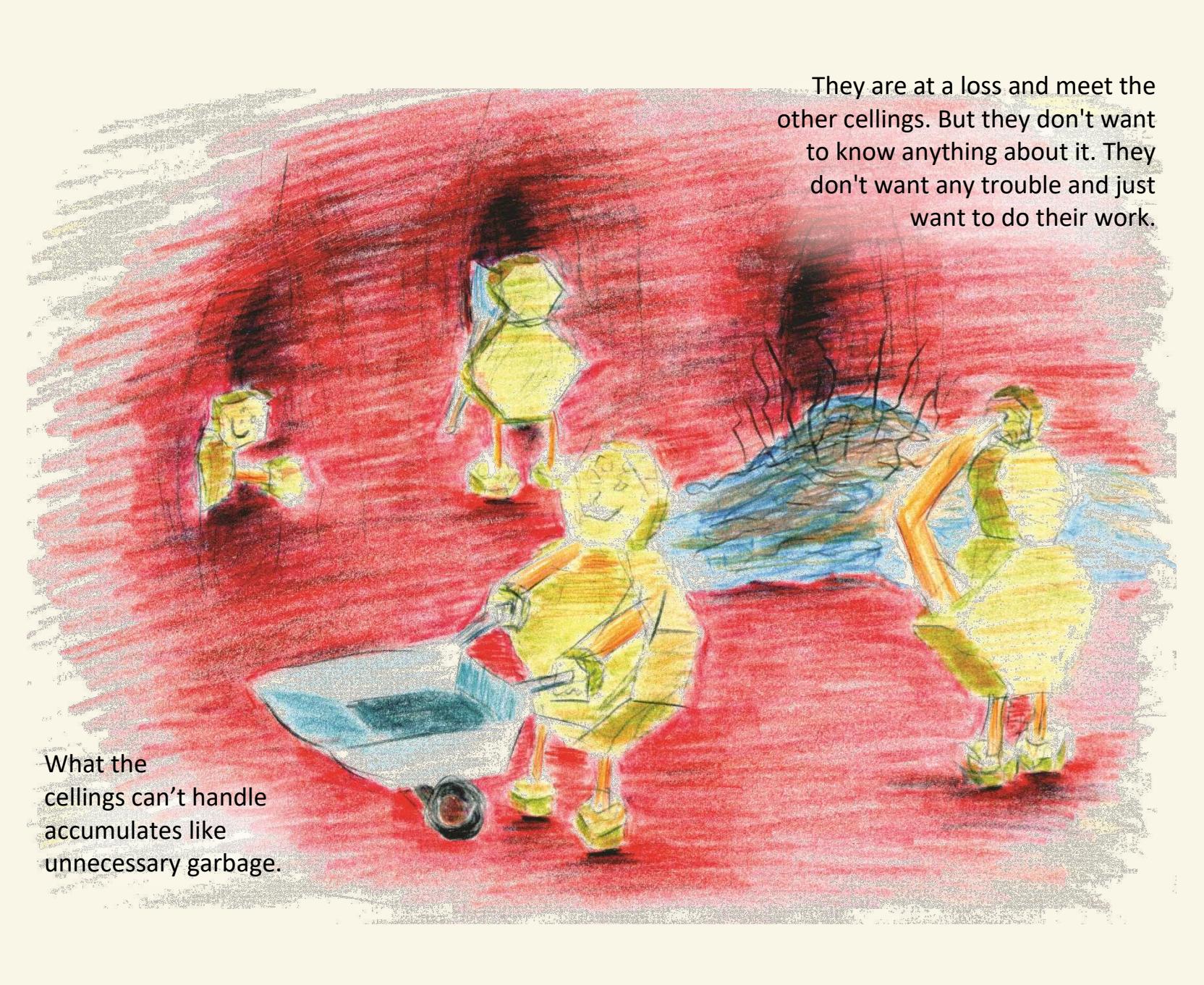
Sometimes we are angry, sad
or happy. Trouble can
cause stomach aching.

Sometimes we breathe
something out of the air,
the cells cannot convert.

Or our food is not agreeable
and that makes us sick.

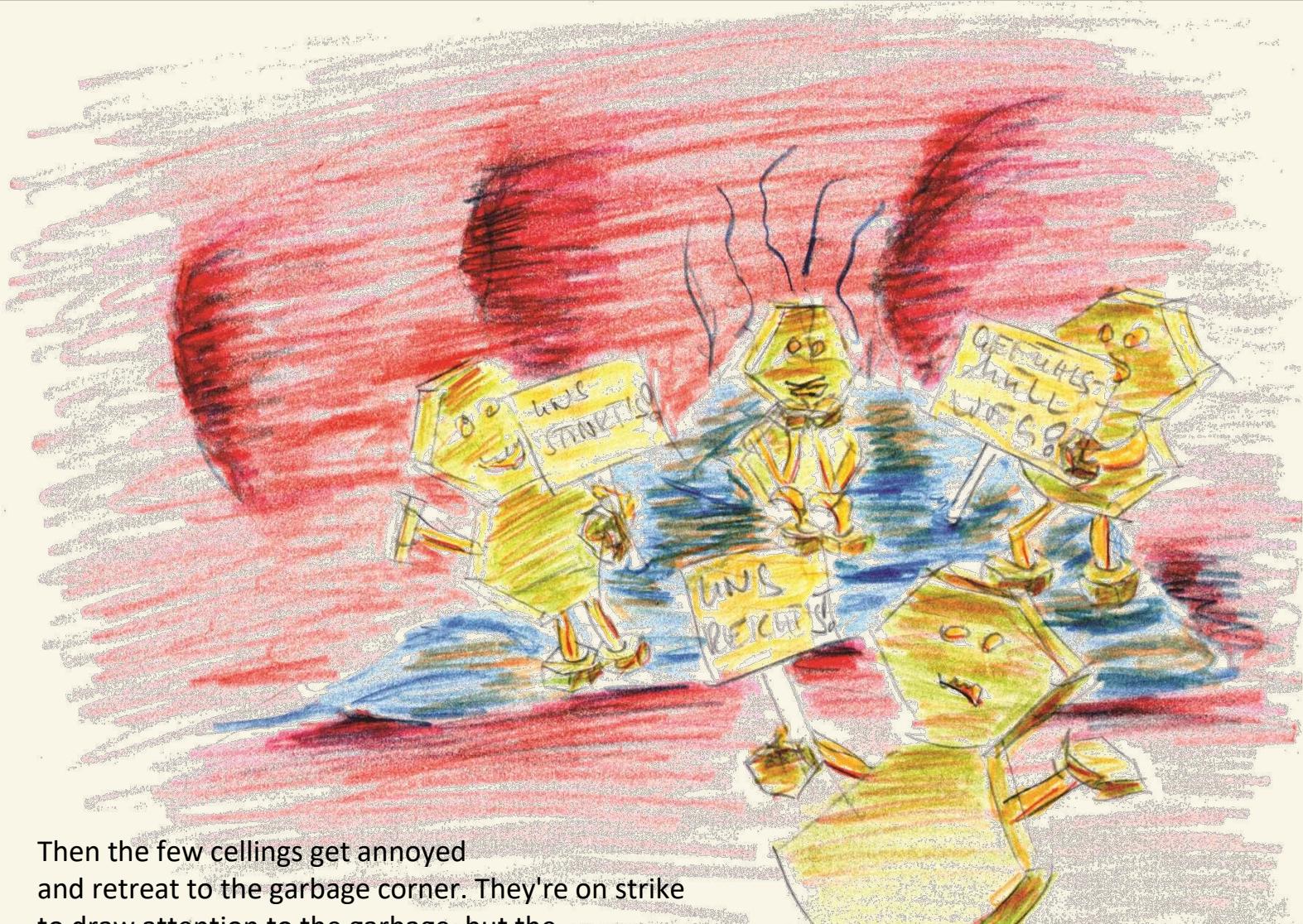
Sometimes parents, siblings,
uncles or aunts already had
cancer before.





They are at a loss and meet the other ceilings. 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 ceilings can't handle accumulates like unnecessary garbage.

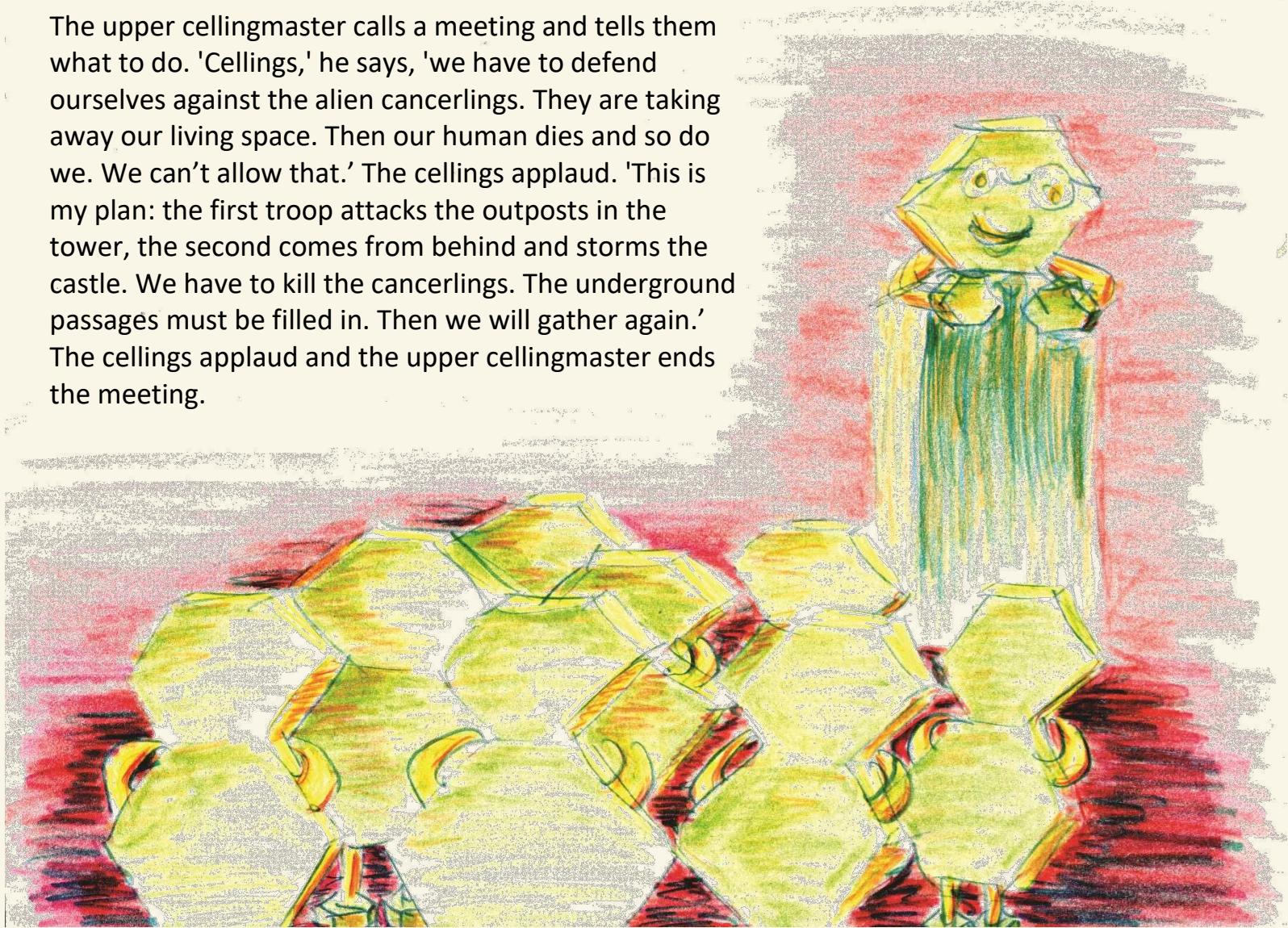


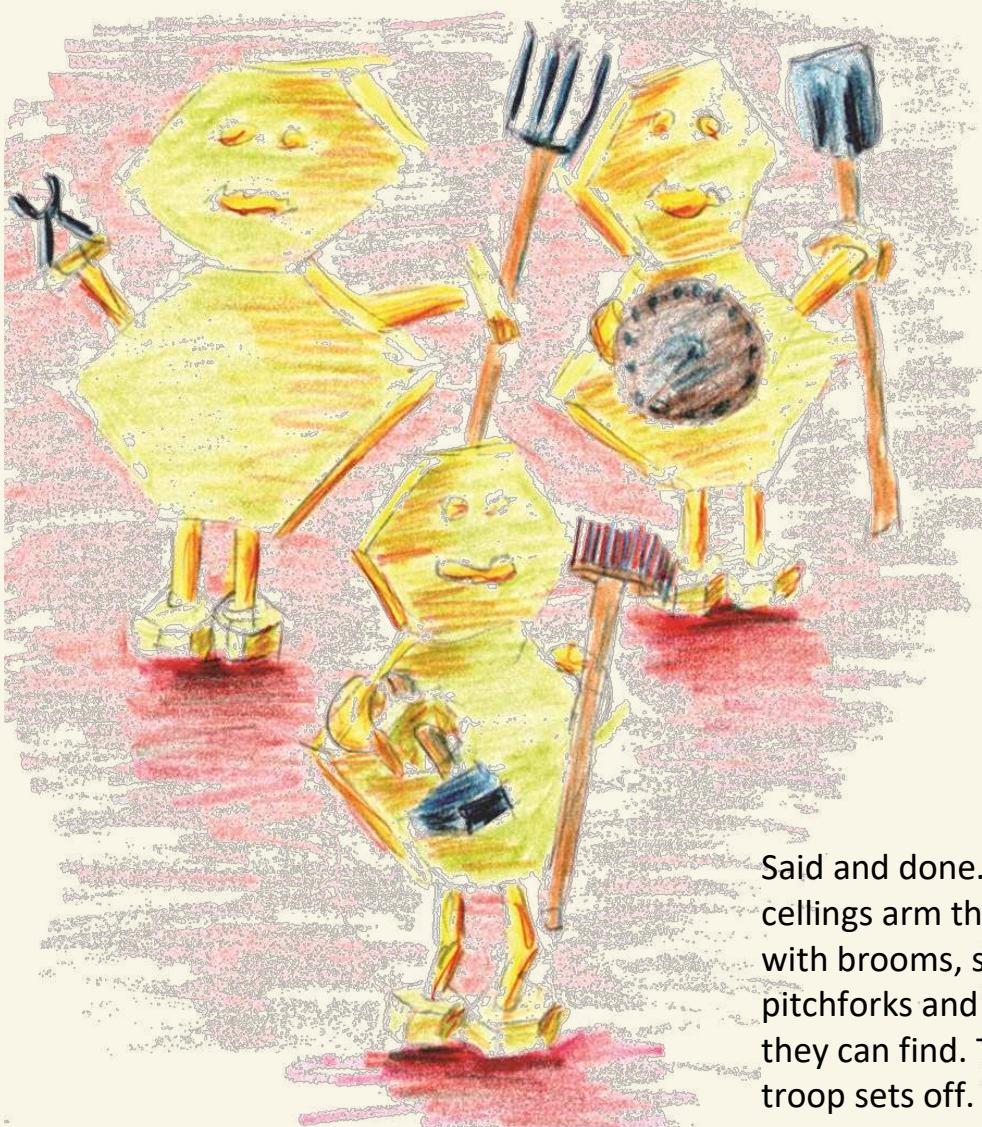
Then the few ceilings get annoyed
and retreat to the garbage corner. They're on strike
to draw attention to the garbage, but the
the others don't notice them. They decide to do what they want and retreat.

They build a castle out of the trash and live there undisturbed. Their appearance changes and they become cancerlings. The other ceilings 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 ceilings are frightened and run away. They are at a loss and need to talk about.

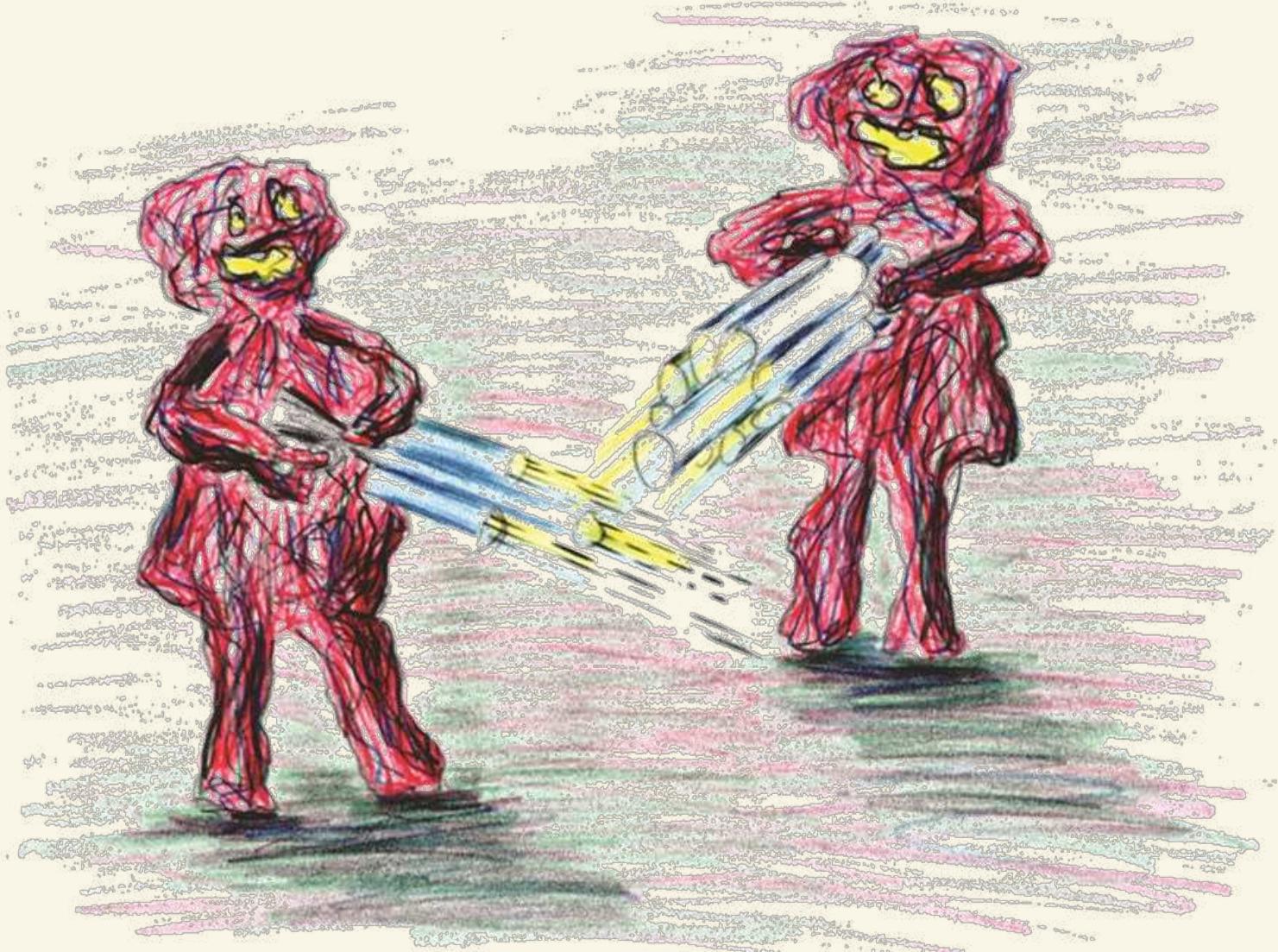


The upper ceilingmaster calls a meeting and tells them what to do. 'Ceilings,' he says, 'we have to defend ourselves against the alien cancerlings. They are taking away our living space. Then our human dies and so do we. We can't allow that.' The ceilings applaud. 'This is my plan: the first troop attacks 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 ceilings applaud and the upper ceilingmaster ends the meeting.





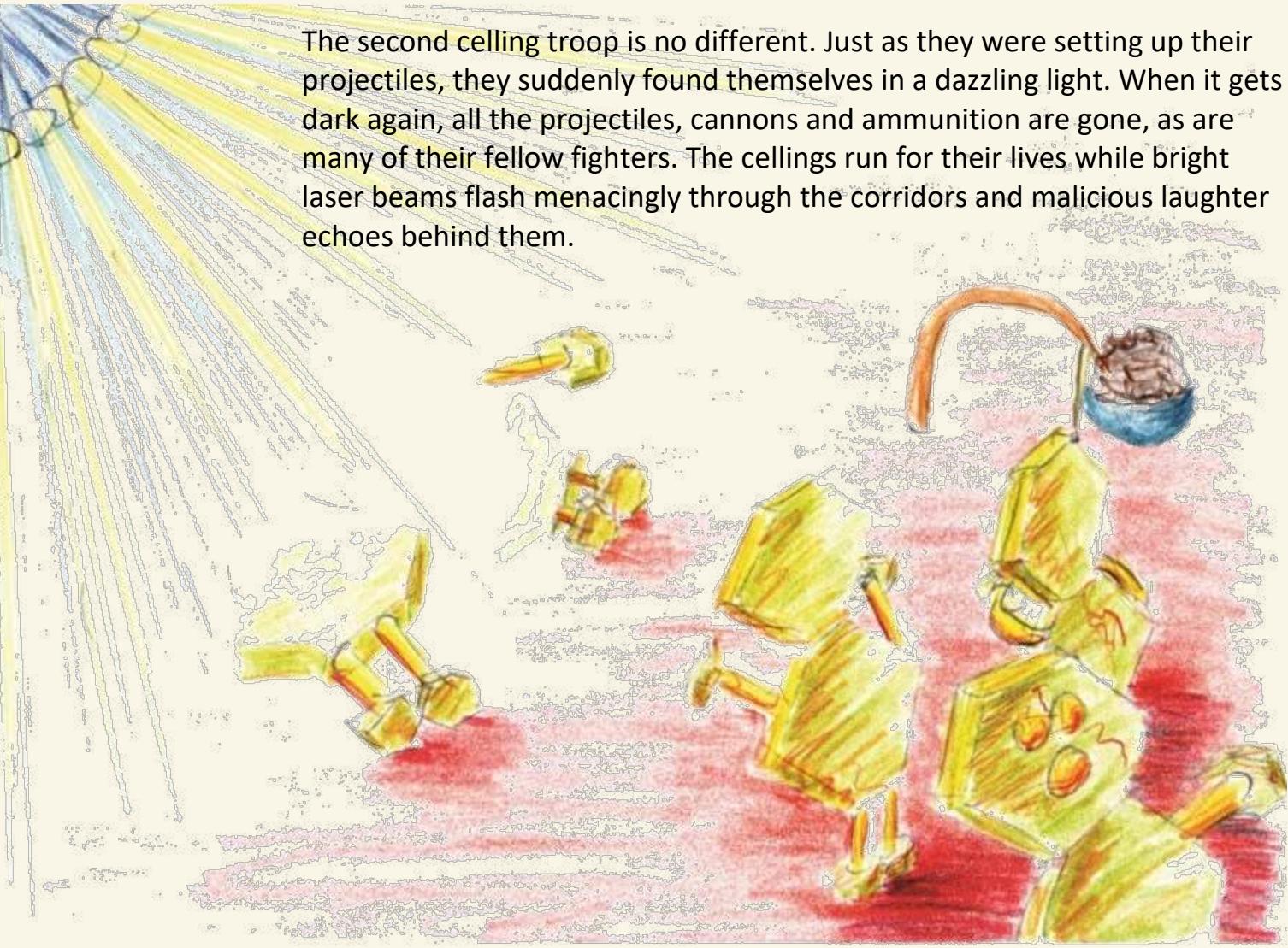
Said and done. The ceilings arm themselves with brooms, shovels, pitchforks and everything they can find. The first troop sets off.



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 ceilings 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.