

The Rebellion Against the Stomach

Once a man had a dream in which his hands, feet, mouth and brain all began to rebel against his stomach.

“You are so lazy!” the hands said. “We work all day long, hammering and lifting. At night we are covered with blisters and our joints ache. Meanwhile you just sit there, taking all the food.”

“We agree!” cried the feet. “Think how sore we get, walking back and forth all day.”

“That’s right!” said the mouth. “I’m the one who has to chew. Do you think that’s fair?”

“And what about me?” called the brain. “Do you think it’s easy being up here, having to think? And yet I get nothing at all for my pains.”

“I have an idea,” the brain finally announced. “Let’s all rebel against this lazy stomach and stop work.”

“Great idea!” all the other organs agreed.

So they all stopped working. Then to the dreaming man’s surprise, he found he could not open his mouth. And he suddenly began to feel sick. The dream went on for many days. As each day passed the man felt worse and worse. “This rebellion had better not last much longer,” he thought to himself, “or I’ll starve.”

Meanwhile, the hands and feet and mouth and brain just lay there, getting weaker and weaker.

Finally the man heard a faint voice coming from the direction of his feet.

“It could be that we were wrong,” they were saying. “We suppose the stomach might have been working in his own way all along.”

“I was thinking the same thing,” said the brain. “It’s true he’s been getting all the food. But it seems he’s been sending most of it right back to us.”

“We might as well admit our error,” the mouth said. “The stomach has just as much work to do as the hands and feet and brain and teeth.”

“Then let’s all get back to work,” they cried together. And the man awoke.

To his relief, he discovered his feet could walk again. His hands could hold things, his mouth could chew, and his brain could now think clearly. He began to feel much better.