

The Head and the Heart

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Once there was a man with a giant head and a tiny heart, but he had not always been so disproportionate.

The brain had begun the same size as the heart, small and fragile. Over time, the brain grew at the expense of the heart, always using as much blood as possible to grow in size and strength, always convincing the heart that this allocation of resources was in the best interest of all involved.

And so, over time, the brain became gigantic. The massive brain required an enormous amount of blood to function, such an enormous amount that his tiny heart could never imagine pumping enough blood to satiate it. Working day and night pumping every ounce of blood possible to the perpetually thirsty brain, the heart never rested and never faltered in its devotion. All the while, the heart cursed the brain every moment of its existence for being an ungrateful and unyielding ruler, never taking a moment to let the heart slow down and collect its strength.

Over the years, though, the heart grew stronger and stronger from the constant slaving at the foot of the brain and slowly gained the attention of its master, until one day the brain finally felt it was getting enough blood to function comfortably at full capacity.

"Okay. Great job. You can plateau at this output and we can both be content," said the brain to the now not-so-tiny heart. "You've really impressed me with your work consistency and loyalty. I'm glad we can now coexist in comfort." But the heart was not content. The heart did not want comfort. The heart wanted control. So it kept pumping at full strength and growing more powerful by the minute.

"Why would I want to coexist with you? You've ruled me for so many years with your constant, impossible need for more blood, for more work. With all your thinking, you never spared a thought for me. You never gave me what I needed, so why would I give you what you want now that we are equals? See, you think you are the undeniable superior, the unchallenged champion and sole torchbearer. Well, I'm here to show you that my fire burns brighter and longer than yours because I hold the oil that fuels both of our flames."

The heart kept pumping with blinding passion and overbearing pride until it flooded the brain with blood, eliminating the tyrant forever. But without the purpose of serving the brain, the heart began to feel alone and worthless, pumping blood to the rest of the man's withered limbs, which had become limp twigs from years of the heart's neglect in preference of the brain. But the limbs never grew strong and never challenged the heart as the brain had. After a short time of this pointless pumping, the heart's struggle ceased.

In the meantime, the man lived and died.