

It all started in 19's that Walt Disney himself wanted to make a show about the human body.

For years, they have planned the ride for a long time, until the year 1989 after Walt Disney passed away a long time ago, they have finally opened the place, calling it the Cranium Command.

After the place opened, the first people to enter is a small family, a father, a mother and their little son.

The son was 10 years old when he entered the stadium, looking excited to see what the show is about.

Once everyone got inside and sat down, the door automatically closed after everyone settled and the pre-show began.

Military music came from the speakers in the corners from the back and the front, as the video began, showing people entering the stage and sitting down on the chairs.

They all are wearing almost the same uniforms, a green shirt, with a khaki-green shirt with brown cargo pants.

A leather brown aviator jacket over their bodies and a cap and with a black headset with a microphone to talk to someone.

Two characters started talking to each other from the front, as the male whispered to the female character, *"I hear this new CEO they sent over from HQ is a real featherweight."*

*"Nah, he's probably some desk jockey never been up in a brain in his life."* the female character spoke, whispering back to him.

Suddenly a military horn went off in the distance, as everyone sat up into position and the wall in front of the stage crashed, as a large black tank entered, and a hatch opened in the front.

Inside the tank is a figure, in the shape of a large man from the light inside.

*"Ten-hut!"* a voice called out to everyone, as everyone stood up on their feet immediately.

Then, out stepped the figure from the black tank, as he has light skin color, and short orange hair, with a straight mustache.

He has a buff upper body and wearing a light flaxen short-sleeved button-up shirt, with an ascot around his neck and hidden underneath in front.

The man's shirt has metals on the left-hand side of his chest as there was a pocket on the right-hand side, and on his shoulders have thin gold shoulder pads with three stars.

He is also wearing a pair of dark brown cargo pants with a black belt around his waist with a small silver buckle to keep his pants up from falling down.

To top it off, he is also wearing brown combat boots, with a pair of dark sunglasses that cover his eyes.

After he had got out of the tank, the speaker called out, *"At ease!"*

*"Alright, you pitiful, soft-bellied sad sacks, eyes front and listen up!"* he bellowed loudly, as everyone else listened to him silently without anyone whispering to each other.

*"I'm your commanding officer, General Knowledge."* The General introduced himself quickly. *"And it's my job to turn you mealy-mouthed meatheads into a crack squadron of Cranium Commandos!"*

As he spoke, the tank drove away from the spot, leaving a large hole in the wall, before covered by a light blue screen for the projection to start.

*"Your job — if you can cut it — will be to run the most sophisticated information system ever devised: the human brain."* General Knowledge explained, before noticing something in the background, as the camera was still facing him.

*"You! There in the back! Suck in that gut and wipe that smile off your face! The brain is serious business."* he snapped at the person.

As he was snapping at that person, he lowered his head so that the people could see his face, as he was showing his eyes, which his eye color is black.

*"Now, listen up, you miserable toads! This is your brain."* He pointed at the screen as it showed a human brain, hitting it with his horsewhip.

*"You will eat with it, sleep with it, you will never leave it!"* he continued yelling, hitting his left hand with the horsewhip in his hand, as the projectionist showed examples of human brains. *"Without you, the brain is nothing. Without your brain, you are nothing!"*

The last picture showed a man standing perfectly still as the brain is leaving out of the mind and crashed to the ground.

Then, the man disappeared into thin air after that.

*"It took three million years of research and development to make this lean, mean thinkin' machine what it is today."* he continued, slapping the horsewhip against the wall as the pictures went by in a blink.

*"In those years, we had some successes,"* he spoke as a picture of Albert Einstein appeared. *"And some failures."*

The next picture showed of Jim Varney.

*"And if you meatballs can't fly right, you'll wind up piloting one of these."* he thrust the tip of his horsewhip at a picture of a chicken. *"Do I make myself clear!?"*

*"Yes, sir!"* the recruits responded.

*"I can't heeear you!"* General Knowledge called.

*"YES SIR!!"* the recruits shouted.

*"That's better."* he nodded.

He turned back to the screen behind his back, and the next picture to appear is the top of the brain.

*"A brain is divided into two halves, the right, and the left-"* he continued to talk until he was interrupted when the music was stopped, and a small person walked into the auditorium, late.

The small recruit is wearing a khaki-green shirt with brown cargo pants, with black combat boots.

His leather brown aviator jacket was unzipped and is wearing his cap and with a black headset with a microphone.

He has fair skin color with black beady eyes, behind his thin-rimmed glasses.

Underneath his hat, he has short and messy brown hair, but is hidden underneath, except the back of his head.

*"Excuse me, uh..."* he pardoned himself, taking his hat off as he pardoned himself, chuckling nervously. *"Heheh... Sorry. Heheheh."*

After he sat down in an empty, chuckling nervously, General Knowledge thrust his first finger at him, pointing at him, while smushing nose from underneath the nose bridge of his glasses.

*"You!"* he bellowed.

*"Me, sir?"* he stammered, squirming around in his chair.

*"No, your mama! Yes, you! Get up here on the double! Move it, move it, move it!"* General Knowledge shouted, ordering him to be on the auditorium stage.

The little character jumped up from his seat like a cartoon character as his hands were on his hat, keeping it on as he ran, leaving a small puff of dust behind his feet.

When he was on the stage, he stopped in front of General Knowledge, standing stiff as he could be.

*"What's your name, recruit?"* he asked.

*"Buzzy, sir!"* Buzzy responded, saluting to him.

*"You think you're ready to pilot a brain, Fuzzy?"* General Knowledge asked, putting his first finger against his temple.

*"That's Buzzy, sir."* Buzzy corrected him. *"Oh yes! You just let me in the control pa-"*

*"Quiet!"* General Knowledge shouted, interrupting him. *"Do you know the brain can process up to three million bytes of information per second?"*

"Uh... Why you, sir-" Buzzy responded before interrupted again by him.

"I don't think you've got the lecture on a dim light bulb, Freaky!" General Knowledge continued, as Buzzy listened to him, looking nervous. "I don't think you understand the amount of concentration and commitment it takes to run this lovely unit."

"Just look at you!" he snapped, thrusting the front of the horsewhip into his stomach, causing him to wince. "You're a disgrace!"

He quickly moved his horsewhip up and pulled Buzzy's tucked shirt up out from his pants, as he continued listening to him blabbering about him.

"Does your mother still dress you, boy?" General Knowledge snapped, messing up his hat, glasses, and headphones.

"Well, yes, sir," Buzzy responded before was shouted at by General Knowledge.

"Don't talk when I'm shouting!!" he bellowed, as Buzzy quickly turned his body and shoved his shirt into his pants. "Drop and give me twenty!"

"Sir! Yes, sir!" he responded, and in one move, he rearranged his hat and headphones into place and dropped to the ground, doing push-ups as he counted.

"Where was I?" General Knowledge asked himself, as he placed his dark glasses back on. "Oh... yes."

He turned back to the picture that shows the brain.

"Your brain is divided into two halves." General Knowledge continued. "The left brain handles the linear thinking: analysis, logic."

The left-hand side of the brain showed equations and information, with gears working and turning.

"The right brain is the creative center, home of the emotions and imagination." He continued talking, instructing to the recruits.

The right-hand side of the brain showed the colors and imaginary objects.

"From the command seat, here in the cortex, you'll run the whole shebang." The next picture showed the brain on the side in a diagram, as an arrow pointed at the bottom, at the steam from the behind.

"Any questions?" he asked, as every hand in the auditorium goes up. "No? Good!"

Suddenly, the warning beepers went off, warning everyone about the next mission going on.

"All right, you chickens, this is it. Let's scramble. On the double! Move it, move it, move it!" General Knowledge ordered as everyone scrambled to get into their positions.

For Buzzy in the meantime, he was still doing push-ups, as he was struggling on one until he was stomped all over by the rushing people.

He survived the stomping, but only left a smushed figure on the ground, covered with boot prints.

"What now, Scuzzy? Takin' a nap?" General Knowledge asked, not knowing how much in pain he is in. "Get your heinie in gear and hustle!"

"Sir! Yes... sir!" Buzzy gasped, as he tried walking towards the door.

As everyone rushed to their stations, they chanted a chant that everyone knows of.

"🎵 Little women, little men, Tucked inside your cra-ni-um! 🎵" They all chanted, as they entered a large area, where there are many heads, that is either getting hair, shaved, putting things inside, or getting something ready. "🎵 We're the ones that make you go. Cranium Comma-andos! 🎵"

Buzzy was tagging along with the commanders, singing along with them.

"🎵 Little women and little men-🎵" he sang until he was cut off by General Knowledge.

*"Blinky, you leadfoot, if you moved any slower you'd be going backwards! Putting you in a chicken is cruelty to animals! I'm gonna stick you in a squid, a lumpfish, a talk show host! Now get in line. Move it, move it, move it!"* he shouted at him from behind, as he sped up his speed.

When Buzzy was in line with the rest, he called out to them, *"Ten-hut!"* and all of them straighten their positions.

*"Here's your assignments, so listen up!"* General Knowledge called to them, before calling the first one on the list. *"Sicto!"*

Sictio, the first character to appear on the screen before everything started walked up in front and stood proud.

*"Sir!"* she called.

*"You drew a rocket scientist. Ha! Sicto, if your brains were dynamite, you couldn't blow your nose! Take off!"* General Knowledge called to her, before letting her go.

*"Sir, thank you, sir!"* She thanked, before running to her head.

*"Trousdale!"* General Knowledge called the next person, which is the first male character to appear on the screen, as he stepped up. *"Can you walk and chew gum at the same time?"*

*"Never tried, sir!"* he responded.

*"I'd like to know how HQ picked you for this job, Trousdale. With a dartboard?!"* General Knowledge snapped, before pointing over at a football player's head. *"That's your NFL All-Pro runnin' back over there! Now get outta my sight!"*

*"Sir! Thank you, sir!"* He ran over to the head that General Knowledge pointed to and entered inside.

One by one, they were picked with a head and ran to each one, all except Buzzy.

*"Uh, General Knowledge, sir?"* Buzzy asked as he turned around to him. *"You didn't give me an assignment yet, sir."*

General Knowledge glanced at his clipboard in his hand, reading the list before a shocked look appeared on his face.

*"Oh no! This has gotta be a sick joke!"* He cried out, before leaning down to Buzzy's height, poking his chest with his first finger of his right hand. *"So, goldbrick, you wanna pilot a brain, huh?"*

Confident, Buzzy responded with a positive, *"Yes, sir!"* as he saluted him.

*"Ten-hut!"* General Knowledge shouted as he turned his body around to where he is walking.

His hat along with his headset jumped up from his head after he whipped around and landed in the same spot, without being out of place.

*"Well, some gen-i-us at HQ has picked you to pilot the most unstable craft in the fleet!"* General Knowledge explained as Buzzy followed him.

*"You-you don't mean-"* Buzzy stammered, gulping nervously, as he pulled the collar of his shirt with his left hand.

*"You guessed it, Stinky. An adolescent boy. This particular model is twelve years old. Very unpredictable."* General Knowledge finished, explaining him.

But, Buzzy was not going to be backed down by someone who is adolescent and decided to be determined to do his job.

Instead, he climbed up the stairs and started heading to the inside of the brain.

*"Don't worry, sir! I can haaa-aaaa!"* He screamed when he fell inside, banging against a few things, before popping out of the head's mouth.

He chuckled nervously and finished what he was saying, *"Don't worry, sir. I can-I can handle it."*

*"You couldn't find your head with both hands and a flashlight!"* he called up to him, as he went back into the head.

He turned around and mumbled underneath his breath as he walked away, *"Sweet blue yonder, where do they get these knuckleheads? And why do they always wind up in my outfit?"*

While taking off, Buzzy noticed one of the people, and gave them the thumbs up, which did not give him the thumbs up, but huffed and turned their heads away.

After the top of the head of the female was closed, Buzzy gently facepalmed himself from his stupidity.

*"Roger, twelve-year-old, all clear for takeoff on delta one niner tango. All clear. Over."* a person spoke through the radio, letting other people know which head is going to take off.

Bobby's head was screwed on a body, as construction people attached bolts on it, and weld it on.

General Knowledge was saluting to the rest, as his back was facing the audience.

Then, the General turned to the audience from behind the screen and pointed at them, while speaking and lifting his glasses up for a moment, *"Hey, you goldbricks, this ain't a spectator sport! Where do you think you are, Disney World??!! Get your strollers in line and hustle! On the double! Move it, move it, move it!"*

Then, the screen went back as a picture of a hand pointed at the other side of the room, where the doors opened.

*"All right, recruits, please look down and watch your step as you enter the theater through the doors to your left. Have a great day."* The crew member explained as people walked through the door.

*"All right recruits, let's pick a row and move all the way to the end. Let's go. Move on! Are you waiting for your mamas to seat you?! Walk swiftly, do not run! Move it!"* The General's voice called to everyone through the speakers as everyone got into their seats, as the boy and his family sat down in front of the Buzzy animatronic.

From where he sits at, he could see the Buzzy animatronic sitting in his chair, waiting patiently and motionlessly for any instructions.

*"Let's try not to look like a bunch of tourists! Squeeze all the way... All the way to the end and I don't want to see any open spaces. This isn't rocket science, people. That's better. Good! Now you've got it. We may make Cranium Commandos outta you yet."* the General continued, as everyone finished sitting down.

After the doors closed, the crew member came in and explained, *"And welcome to the command center. Is everybody ready to take a journey today? All right, good deal. In just a few moments, we're going to turn it over to Captain Buzzy, but the General's got a few more instructions."*

*"One of the instructions I'm going to give you is we ask you to remain seated throughout this performance."* The crew member continued. *"That's for your safety and the safety of those around you. I'll let the General talk. He likes talking a lot more than I do, so I don't want to steal his thunder."*

The military music went on, and General Knowledge's voice spoke through the speakers, telling everyone about the rules, *"Now listen up! This training exercise will require your utmost attention and concentration. Therefore, distractions must be kept to a minimum. Understood? There will be no flash photography or videotaping, and no smoking in here. Got it? And absolutely no drinking or eating, either. That is all, recruits. At ease!"*

It went back to the crew member, and the person continues talking, *"I'm going to turn it over now. We're going to go back to reality, and turn it over to Captain Buzzy here, who's going to take you through the day of a twelve-year-old. Are you ready? All right, here we go. Captain Buzzy, take it away."*

After the crew member finished talking, the Buzzy animatronic started moving his fingers, as if he was nervously thinking to himself.

The movements of the animatronic amazed the boy as he watched, as his mother and father watched along with him.

*"Gee, it sure is dark in here. There's gotta be a light around here somewhere. Ah! This oughta do it."* the Buzzy animatronic spoke, before clicking a button, which made the overhead screen turned on, revealing to be General Knowledge, startling him. *"Whoa!"*

*"All right, pinhead, listen up. Your job is to pilot this craft through a typical day's maneuvers without overstressing it."* General Knowledge explained. *"Remember, use your head, don't lose your head."*

General Knowledge's tone turned serious, as he tilted his glasses down slightly, revealing his eyes to him.

*"I got my eye on you, Fuzzy,"* he warned, before pointing at a chicken in the corner of the room.

*"Screw up this mission,"* he paused, mentioning to the chicken, before moving his head in front of the screen. *"And you'll be piloting a chicken 'til your retirement day. Got that?!"*

With that, the screen went black after he had snapped.

*"Uh, yes, sir," Buzzy called to the general after he had gone out. "Guess I better get this show on the road. Okay crew, report in. Left Brain, Right Brain! Come in, please."*

Then, a long machine rose up from the pit underneath Buzzy, looking up at him.

*"Yes, Captain? Did you call?"* The robot asked as the voice sounded monotoned.

*"Uh, no. I... guess I just pressed the wrong button."* Buzzy answered, sounding confused.

*"It figures."* the robot sighed, as it moved down. *"No one ever wants to talk to me."*

*"Who are you, anyway?"* Buzzy asked before the robot shuts down.

*"I'm only the hypothalamus. I only monitor all the automatic functions of the body."* The Hypothalamus explained. *"All the things you don't need to worry about. I'm used to being taken for granted. Blink, blink, breathe, breathe, day in, day out. Never a 'Thank you,' never a 'Job well done.'"*

*"Gee, I'm sorry. I had no idea."* Buzzy apologized, before noticing something strange from the screen, as the long tube from the right-hand side was glowing a light purple color. *"Hey, wait a minute. What're all these things?"*

*"Dreams, sir."* the Hypothalamus answered, as signs of fish, Egyptian symbols and other things appear. *"You're in the sleep mode. You should've had this in class."*

*"Hmmm. Looks pretty simple..."* Buzzy mumbled.

Suddenly, loud rock music was blasted through the speakers, causing the boy to jump from his seat, as two screens suddenly flicked on, revealing to be the 12-year-old boy's eyes.

*"Whoa! Whoa! What's going on?! What's happening?! Whoa!"* Buzzy cried out, sounding startled from the sudden noise. *"Oh, the alarm clock. Eyes, find the clock!"*

The eyes glanced around for a moment, before noticing the alarm clock, with the time saying '7:30.'

*"Arms, hit it, hit it!"* Buzzy cried out, as the hand hit the side of the alarm clock and it crashed on the ground, turning it off.

Buzzy sighed in relief after the alarm clocked turned off and the left-hand side of the tube started to glow purple, revealing to be another person.

The eyes drifted off somewhere else.

*"Well, I guess we're awake now, huh?"* Buzzy asked himself, before noticing the figure on the overhead screen. *"Good morning, guys."*

*"Morning, Captain."* the person greeted, as he sat down on a chair in front of a desk. *"Left Brain reporting for duty, sir. Logic circuits are working at full capacity. Let's have a safe and sane day, shall we?"*

*"Roger, Left Brain."* Buzzy nodded his head, before the right-hand side of the tube glowed a purple color, switching to a different person.

*"Right Brain here, Buzz! Free association and creativity banks fully charged."* the happy person replied, explaining to him, before being hit by a balloon object.

*"Roger, dude."* Buzzy chuckled.

Then, the bottom screen turned on, revealing another person, pumping something.

*"Heart reporting, Captain. Left Ventricle..."* the person spoke, before pausing as the camera turned to a different person.

*"Right Ventricle!"* the second person responded after him.

*"Ve are on..."* they both spoke at the same time, before clapping their hands and pointing at him. *"Und pumping!"*

Then, the screen turned to a different person, surrounded by different wires and maybe holding a few in his hands.

*"Adrenal Gland reporting, Captain. Ready to freak out at any second!"* he spoke, sounding a little excited.

*"Not now, please,"* Buzzy spoke, as the screen changed to a different person, wandering in darkness.

*"Stomach reporting, Captain."* the person spoke, as he glanced around with a light on. *"Runnin' on empty down here. Suppose you could toss down some of those cold pizza crusts from last night? You could just, you know-"*

He was interrupted when the boy's mother appeared, looking down at him.

*"Bobby, aren't you up yet? The bus'll be here any second,"* she warned.

*"Okay, Mom, I'm up."* Bobby sighed.

*"Okay, guys, we're running a little late,"* Buzzy spoke, getting ready to lead the way. *"Legs, swing over forty-five degrees and extend peds. Head for the door. Walk vector ten."*

Then the overhead screen turned to the Left Brain.

*"Going to school stark naked, are we? Puh-lease!"* the Left Brain asked.

Confused, the eyes glanced over at the mirror, only to see Bobby, naked only to the waist down since it is inappropriate for younger audiences.

*"Whoa! Quick! Let's find some clothes."* Buzzy spoke, directing the body to look around the room for any clothes. *"There's gotta be something in here."*

The body looked around for a moment, before opening a closet door noticing a pair of pants hanging up.

*"Ah, good, pants,"* Buzzy mumbled to himself, before looking for the shirt. *"Uh, the shirt's still okay, it's only been worn a couple of days."*

Then, they looked for the shoes and found one of them, as the other one was hidden underneath the pillow.

*"Shoes."* Buzzy continued mumbling to himself until he finished looking for any clothes. *"All right, we're outta here."*

The overhead screen turned on again and showed Left Brain, his hands folded in front of him on the desk.

*"Aren't we forgetting some... functions?"* he asked.

The eyes glanced over at the toilet and Buzzy paused for a moment.

*"Uh... Elimination, give me a reading!"* Buzzy ordered.

The bottom screen turned on and showed a man, taking out a tube, filled with yellow liquid.

*"Uh, bladder reading at 9.9, sir."* Elimination responded.

*"We can hold it."* Buzzy quickly spoke.

A horrified face appeared on his face, as he mouthed the word, *"No."* repeatedly before the screen turned black.

*"Full speed ahead!"* Buzzy ordered as Bobby rushed down the stairs.

The overhead screen turned to the Left Brain as he said, *"I can see you're going to put us all under a bit of a strain today."*

The bottom screen turned on again, as the man in the stomach said, mentioning to the obnoxious growling echoing inside, *"Captain, I know we're in a hurry, but this puppy's starting to growl down here, ya know what I mean?"*

*"I hear you, Stomach,"* Buzzy assured as Bobby sees his mother cooked him a healthy meal. *"Looks like we've got breakfast dead ahead. Let's chow down."*

The overhead screen turned back on and revealed to be the Right Brain, as he was dressed in a cooking uniform, holding out dessert, *"Guys! Let's go for the dessert!"*

Before Bobby could eat his breakfast, a horn honked from outside, sounding like it was from a vehicle.

*"Hey, Smarty-Pants, the bus is here."* Bobby's sister spoke, as she pointed at the window of the front glass door.

The bottom screen turned on once more and showed the man in the stomach again.

*"Could've sworn I heard something about breakfast,"* he murmured.

The horn honked twice from the vehicle and Bobby looked outside, to see the bus waiting for him.

*"The bus!!"* Adrenaline shrieked, as sparks of electricity went everywhere.

*"Run for it!"* Buzzy panicked, as Bobby ran straight for the bus, avoiding the traffic.

*"Whoa! Bobby, would you watch where you're going?"* one of the neighbors called to him as he ran.

*"Hey, kid! Get off my car!"* Another neighbor called to him after he slid off his car.

They were not catching up to the bus, so they stopped at an alley.

*"It's getting away! Quick! Take a shortcut."* Buzzy ordered as Bobby turned the corner.

*"Planning an alternate route to school, sir."* Left Brain spoke. *"Memory indicates the presence of a small, rabid poodle-"*

Just as he said that a small poodle came up to him, barking at Bobby.

*"Whoa! Watch out! Back up!"* Buzzy ordered.

After Buzzy ordered that, Bobby backed up into someone's house.

*"I see it! Step on it! Step on it!"* Adrenaline shrieked, as more sparks of electricity went everywhere.

*"Quick! Cut through here."* Buzzy ordered, as Bobby turned and ran through the house, passing a lady doing laundry.

The bottom screen turned on and showed the heart.

*"Heart reporting, Captain, we are pumping!"* Right Ventricle spoke.

*"Ja, but we're really low on energy."* Left Ventricle replied.

*"What are you going to do about it?"* Right Ventricle asked.

*"Stomach, we need fuel! Do you read?"* Buzzy spoke, turning to the next person.

*"No can do, Captain. Remember that breakfast we didn't have?"* Stomach replied.

*"Blood sugar is falling."* the Hypothalamus spoke.

*"You have exactly two seconds to get to class."* Left Brain warned.

Bobby zoomed into the school and went into the hallway.

*"Cut to the right! Turn!"* Buzzy ordered, before noticing a seat.

Bobby sat down on the chair and sighed in relief.

*"There's our desk."* Buzzy sighed.

*"Okay, my little... monsters. Let's create."* the chemistry teacher spoke.

*"Excuse me."* a female's voice spoke to Bobby, as Bobby turned around, seeing a beautiful young lady. *"Looks like we're gonna be lab partners."*

*"Yes!"* Right Brain smiled.

*"Heart reporting, Captain. We have just skipped a beat."* The Left Ventricle reported.

*"Ja, what is going on up there?"* The Right Ventricle asked.

*"She's beautiful!"* Buzzy gasped, awed at the beauty of the female.

*"Um, I'm new here."* The female replied, turning to Bobby. *"My name's Annie. What's yours?"*

*"Uh... say something."* Buzzy stammered.

*"Uh... B-b-beautiful. I mean, Bobby."* Bobby stammered, stuttering on his words as he spoke.

*"Contact. 6.5, Captain."* The Sensory Report reported.

*"Okay, Bobby. I'll measure; you mix."* Annie smiled, handing him the masher that is filled with chemicals inside.

Bobby glanced over at masher and started to carefully mix.

*"Careful, careful. Some of these compounds are not entirely stable."* Left Brain warned.

*"I feel like an unstable compound whenever we look at her. This must be chemistry."* Right Brain sighed, as Bobby glanced at her, away from the mixture.

*"Concentrate! This could be dangerous."* Left Brain warned as Bobby glanced at the work he was doing.

*"Just imagine..."* Buzzy sighed, as Bobby glanced back at Annie, forgetting about the compounds in front of him that he is mixing.

Music started playing from the Right Brain, as there were pictures of her appearing on the screen.

*"🎵 Hey Venus, oh Venus, make my wish come true... 🎵"* the music played.

Suddenly, smoke started to come from the corner of Bobby, which was coming from the left-hand side of him, as Annie glanced back at him, before glancing at the work he was doing.

*"Bobby, watch out!"* Annie cried out, as Bobby glanced over at what he was doing and the mixture he was doing was in flames.

*"Whoa! Hands, get outta there!"* Buzzy cried out as the hands moved out of the fire's reach. *"Feet! Stomp it! Stomp it! Put it out!"*

After he ordered the next one, Bobby stomped his feet, while he was running out of the classroom.

The alarms went blurring inside the auditorium, as Adrenaline continued screaming in horror, as electric sparks went everywhere.

*"See? You put us in an explosive situation!"* Left Brain snapped.

*"I've never had to work this hard in my life."* Adrenaline sighed.

*"Ja, vhat a loser Captain ve have."* Right Ventricle spoke.

*"Yeah, jou're a pathetic girly-man."* Left Ventricle agreed.

*"Jou're a girly-man, loser, und pathetic."* Right Ventricle added.

*"Say now, Captain, I'd be willing to call it even if you could just toss a little bit of food into the old dumpster. Whaddya say?"* Stomach complained.

By this time, Bobby has left Chemistry class from the incident, and it is now lunchtime.

*"Okay, guys, this time we'll eat. I promise."* Buzzy promised, before noticing someone. *"Wow, look. There she is."*

Annie turned around and noticed Bobby, before smiling.

*"Oh, hi."* she greeted.

Before Bobby would say anything, two bullies that are taller than Booby walk up to Annie, blocking his way.

*"Hey look, Chad, it's the new girl."* the first bully mocked.

*"She needs some company, huh, Rico?"* Chad giggled.

They began messing up the food on Annie's tray, biting some and making fun out of her.

*"Come on, you guys..."* she sighed, as the continued messing with the food.

*"We've gotta help her!"* Buzzy worriedly spoke.

*"We'll rescue her! We'll swing in on a vine, and take her to a desert island!"* Right Brain smiled.

*"Nonsense."* Left Brain rejected. *"We'll simply explain to these ruffians the lasting negative ramifications of their delinquent behavioral tendencies."*

*"Okay, you take the helm, Left Brain."* Buzzy agreed.

*"All right, Bobby, address them."* Left Brain commanded.

Bobby walked over to the bullies and patted one of their shoulders, clearing his throat.

*"Ahem, come now, gentlemen. I'm sure I needn't point out the negative impact in both social and academic dimensions of your Neanderthal tactics."* Bobby explained, before being grabbed by one of them.

Adrenaline begins to freak out as they lifted him up from the ground, as more electricity sparks went everywhere.

*"I should point out that this will reflect very poorly on your citizenship record, and it'll look bad when you're not studying at the college of your choice!"* Bobby panicked, as he was turned upside down and thrown into the trash.

*"You've got to give me a chance for revenge!"* Right Brain replied, speaking up.

*"Okay, Right Brain, go!"* Buzzy agreed, as some videos of people fighting each other, until one of the ideas was tossing food into someone's face.

Bobby grabs something from the trash can and gets out, still holding the handful of food in his hand.

*"Ramming speed!"* Right Brain excitedly yelled.

Then, Bobby thrusts the handful of food into Chad's face, smearing it all over.

Adrenaline freaked out as Chad grabbed some food from a tray right next to him.

*"Look out! Yeah, duck! Duck!"* Buzzy ordered.

The food fight rapidly escalates after Chad tosses it, missing Bobby.

*"FOOD FIGHT!!"* Adrenaline shrieked, as everyone grabbed food from trays and tossed it, tossing it at either reach other or at the bullies.

*"I suppose you'll be wanting reflex dodge maneuvers, sensors on hypervigilance, and endorphin pain suppressors on maximum."* The Hypothalamus spoke.

*"Give me some action!"* Right Brain yelled, sounding excited.

*"Hey, Buzz! As long as you're tossing all that food around, why don't you toss some down here, eh?"* Stomach yelled as Bobby dodged the flying food.

*"All right, Stomach, here you go, a burger with everything on it."* Buzzy grinned as Bobby ate the burger.

He cried out with glee and cheered, as more food landed inside the stomach as Bobby ate.

*"Hallelujah!"* Stomach cried out in joy.

*"30-degree roll!"* a speaker called out, as Bobby ducked again from tossed food.

*"Watch it!"* Buzzy cried out. *"Milk cartons launching, sector 4-D!"*

*"That's whole milk, too! These guys are serious!"* Right Brain remarked.

*"Who took the bite out of it?"* Stomach asked.

Then, Chad came over towards Bobby, while a girl was blocking his way, as he had a handful of lasagna in his hand.

*"Reload! Reload!"* the Sensory Report repeated.

*"Incoming lasagna at five o'clock. Dive! Dive!"* Buzzy quickly ordered, but it was too late.

The handful of lasagna went into Bobby's face, covering the eyes as the screen went black.

*"We're hit, we're hit! Going down!"* Buzzy cried out.

Then, the overhead screen turned on, revealing to be General Knowledge.

*"What the devil is going on, Drunky? Your job is to protect this body from unnecessary stress, not send it into a coma!"* General Knowledge snapped.

*"Well, the Left Brain wanted-but then the Adrenal Gland said-and the-"* Buzzy stammered before cut off by General Knowledge.

*"You can't just listen to every fool thing that comes into your head. That's why there's chaos in this body. Make decisions! Get this crew working together! You're just begging to pilot this chicken, aren't you, boy?"* General Knowledge ranted, before holding up a chicken by the neck.

*"Y-yes, sir. I-I mean no, sir!"* Buzzy stammered.

*"I'm warning you, Skunky!"* General Knowledge warned as the chicken clucked once.

After he warned, the screen went black.

*"I've gotta get my act together here. Okay, I'll do better. I'll use my head. He'll be proud of me."* Buzzy mumbled to himself. *"All right. Hands, wipe the eyes, please."*

Just after the hands wiped the lasagna away, a teacher was standing in front of him, covered with food.

*"Well, young man, perhaps a trip to the principal's office will straighten you out."* the teacher growled, grabbing Bobby's shoulder roughly and dragged him towards the principal.

*"Lose audio; I get the idea."* Bobby sighed, sounding like he has lost hope.

*"We're gonna get the salt mines, I tell ya! The curtain! The big house! Maybe even prison!"* Right Brain worriedly complained.

From the distance of the way to the principal's office, Bobby heard the principal talking to the bullies, before saying, *"Six weeks of detention. Out!"*

Bobby passes the bullies on his way into the principal's office, as Buzzy watched and along the way, they glare at him.

*"Six weeks?! Oh, no. It'll be an eternity."* Right Brain moaned.

*"How 'bout a last meal? Uh, it's kinda traditional."* Stomach suggested.

Bobby entered the principal's office, sitting down on the chair in front of the desk, as he was staring at the principal.

The principal sat down on his chair, as a pang of nervous guilt sank in the boy's stomach.

*"Right."* the principal sighed, staring at him. *"And what's your side of this?"*

*"Uh, stall for time. Shuffle feet. Uh, wring hands."* Buzzy ordered, as Bobby shuffled his feet, and wrung his hands nervously.

*"We'll probably be put on suspension for this."* Left Brain suggested. *"We can kiss Harvard good-bye. No job. No upwardly mobile lifestyle. I hope you're proud of yourself, young man. You obviously have no need for logic whatsoever. Thank you so much, and good night."*

The bottom screen turned on and revealed a man, looking panicked.

*"Lungs reporting, sir!"* He shouted. *"We're hyperventilating!"*

Then he glanced out in the background, away from Buzzy.

*"Batten down the bronchial tubes!"* he shrieked.

*"I recommend using a brown paper bag."* Left Brain adds before leaving.

*"CO2 is dropping fast."* The Hypothalamus spoke, as the alarms are blaring and the light beaming red.

*"Oh, I'm feelin' really light-headed, man."* Right Brain spoke.

*"Listen to us now und believe us later. Ef ve vere 30 years older, ve'd be attacking jou right now."* Left Ventricle spoke.

*"Ja, ef ve live zhat long."* Right Ventricle added.

Adrenaline only replied by shrieking as the electricity went everywhere.

*"Sorry, Captain. We can't take much more of this. I'm gonna have to send some back up."* Stomach panicked, turning some levers.

*"No, don't! Seal all exits! Seal all exits!"* Buzzy panicked, ordering some orders.

General Knowledge appeared on the overhead screen and yelled, *"What in blazes are you up to now?!"*

*"I might as well say good-bye now, sir."* Buzzy sadly sighed. *"They're gonna burn as at stake and send our ashes into Siberia."*

*"Nonsense, Pinky. You're just worrying yourself sick."* General Knowledge assured. *"Real stress or imagined stress, it doesn't matter beans to your body crew. They can't tell the difference, only you can. Take charge, lunkhead! Be calm, cool, collected, serene, balanced, centered, and relaxed. Like ME!!"*

With that, the overhead screen turned off, as the surrounding noises continued to go.

*"Now hear this!"* Buzzy yelled as things were going haywire, then he shrieked, at the top of his lungs, *"Quiet!!"*

Everything stopped as the red lights are still on and listened to him.

*"Look, guys, this isn't the end of the world, okay? Now let's cooperate for once."* Buzzy assured everyone. *"Left Brain?"*

*"Yes, sir?"* Left Brain responded, peeking around the corner of the doorway.

*"Give me the bottom line,"* Buzzy ordered.

*"Run."* Left Brain responded.

*"Right Brain?"* Buzzy turned to the other side of the brain.

*"Do what you really feel."* Right Brain responded.

*"I've got a solution that covers both. We're going to tell the truth."* Buzzy responded as Bobby glanced up.

*"I'm sorry, Mr. Hardcase. When I saw those guys bugging Annie, I-I guess I just lost my head."* Bobby explained, telling the principal the truth.

*"I think we can be a little lenient here. Why don't you just help the janitor clean up the cafeteria after school?"* the principal sighed.

*"Really? Boy, thank you, sir. Thanks a lot."* Bobby thanked.

Right Brain cheered in happiness, relieved that nothing terrible has happened.

*"Right, right, right. Get outta here. Go on."* the principal brushed.

*"Well done, Buzzy: wonderfully logical."* Left Brain cheered.

*"It felt a moment. It was beautiful."* Right Brain smiled.

*"Yeah, we're starting to get the hang of it now. What with a little teamwork, we'll become invincible."* Buzzy smiled.

*"Warning! Warning! You've been tapped on the shoulder. Warning! Warning!"* the Sensory Report repeated.

*"It's a ghost!!!"* Adrenaline shrieked at the top of his lungs, as sparks went everywhere.

*"Adrenaline, would you chill out?!"* Buzzy snapped. *"You're getting everybody all worked up. Just keep cool, guys, and stand by for instructions. Come full about."*

So, Bobby turned around to see Annie, not covered in food from the food fight earlier in the cafeteria.

*"Hi, Bobby."* Annie greeted, as Bobby sighed gently, following her to his locker.

*"Look, um, I just wanted to thank you for helping me out with those guys who were hassling me."* Annie thanked.

*"No sweat."* Buzzy smiled.

*"No sweat."* Bobby copied, speaking the same line that Buzzy spoke.

*"You were like... pretty neat."* Annie smiled.

*"Golly, she likes us."* Buzzy sighed, as Bobby unlocked his locker.

*"Captain, we are having a sudden burst of energy."* Right Ventricle reported.

*"Ja, we are feeling young at heart."* Left Ventricle agreed.

*"Hey, who ordered the butterflies?"* Stomach asked as he waved his hands around inside to swat away the butterflies.

*"Ooh man, she's cute. Just look at the way her eyes glisten in that fluorescent tube lighting."* Right Brain cooed.

*"Oh, let's not start daydreaming again. Let's do something constructive."* Left Brain spoke, as Bobby grabbed a composition book from inside his locker.

*"Tell you what."* Buzzy smiled, as an idea popped in his head. *"We'll ask her out."*

*"Bold move, sir."* Left Brain agreed.

*"Maybe we could go out sometime after school, like maybe to the mall or something?"* Bobby suggested.

*"Okay. That'd be great."* Annie happily agreed. *"Thanks again, Bobby."*

After she had thanked Bobby, she kissed him on the cheek, as everyone cheered in happiness.

*"Outstanding, recruit! Look after your body crew, and they'll serve you well. Congratulations. You are now a full-fledged member of the Cranium Command! I'm proud of you, boy!"* General Knowledge saluted him.

*"Thanks, General! I never could've done it without everyone's help. This is one first-rate crew."* Buzzy thanked, before mentioning to the people who helped him.

*"No need to thank me, sir. I don't do it for the glory. It's just my function."* The Hypothalamus sighed.

*"Well, chicken, what're we gonna do about a pilot for you?"* General Knowledge asked the chicken in his hand.

The chicken clucked and said, *"I don't need one. I'm going into politics."*

The chicken disappeared from the screen as General Knowledge chuckled.

*"Politics."* General Knowledge chuckled, as he moved the chicken away from the screen.

Then, he turned his attention to Buzzy, grinning happily.

*"So long, Buzzy! Keep up the good work!"* General Knowledge saluted before the screen went black.

*"Let's hear it for Captain Buzzy!"* Right Brain cheered.

*"Hip, hip, hooray!"* Everyone cheered, including Bobby, who is looking in the mirror.

After everyone had cheered, the Buzzy animatronic turned to the audience and said, *"Now remember gang, if you get stressed out, just call on your general knowledge, balance your body crew, and get your cranium under command."*

The boy felt happy as he watched the animatronic continued talking to everyone, feeling like he was instructing him too.

*"Use your head, don't lose your head."* the Buzzy animatronic reminded everyone. *"You need it! You'll be flying in no time... as a member of the Cranium Command! Bye!"*

After the Buzzy animatronic had waved to everyone, the Hypothalamus moved up and said, *"On behalf of the Cranium Commandos, Metropolitan Life, and the Walt Disney Company, thank you for volunteering for Cranium Command. Please gather your belongings and exit the command center through the doors on your left."*

Everyone stood up from their chairs, getting ready to leave the place and the boy stood up, deciding to take a look at Buzzy.

*"Madame, you forgot your child. Oh. That's your husband. I'm very sorry. I mean that."* the Hypothalamus spoke.

The boy paid no attention to the Hypothalamus and smiled up at the Buzzy animatronic, as he was motionless because the people who control him shut him down and getting ready for the next crowd of people.

"You did a wonderful job Buzzy!" he quietly cheered to him. "I wish Walt Disney was here to see you."

As people were leaving, the Buzzy animatronic glanced down at him with his eyes, as he was staring up at him and winked at him.

The boy's face went from amazement, into shock when he just noticed that the Buzzy animatronic just winked at him, even though the people had shut him down.

Before he could quietly ask him a question, the boy's mother called, interrupting him from asking, "James, honey, it's time to go!"

James glanced over at the doorway and saw his mother, waiting for him.

"Coming!" he called to her, before glancing back up to the animatronic, which is not staring at him, but away from him.

Shrugging to himself mentally, he walked away as his mother walked away, and before he took a step out of the doorway, a voice softly called to him, "Thank you for watching my show!" and it was Buzzy's voice.

But, it was not automatic like the voices through the speakers, it was almost like it was real.

Instead of feeling creeped out by the voice of the shutdown animatronic, he turned his head slightly towards the animatronic and smiled gently.

"You're welcome, Buzzy." He smiled, granting his thanks.

Then, he left, following after his mother.

18 years later, the boy is older, everyone received the news that the show "Cranium Command" is permanently closed.

It broke his heart to hear that.

To see the show one more time, they went into the auditorium where the show was, as the boy stared longingly at it.

The seat where they sit to watch Buzzy was gone, instead was replaced with concrete and carpet.

An enormous wall blocked the show, as the Buzzy animatronic was nowhere to be seen from outside.

Just as everyone around him is gone, and the distance voices turned down, he heard faint sobbing.

"Please..." a voice softly spoke from behind the wall. "Let me out..."

It was Buzzy's voice!

Glancing around for anyone that is coming his way, he took a careful step forward, getting close to the new stage that is in front of where the old platform was and softly whispered, "Buzzy?"

A soft gasp escaped from Buzzy on the other side of the wall, sounding startled that someone from outside spoke to him.

Then, the crying stopped.

He panicked slightly to himself when he noticed the crying stopped.

Did he scare him?

Before he could call out to Buzzy, one of the crew members called to him, noticing he was too close to the stage, "Hey, you're not allowed to be over there! And the Scientific Show is not starting until 3 o'clock!"

Stammering, he turned around to the crew member and said, "S-Sorry, I must've called out to someone from back there, I thought someone was inside the stage."

An unamused look appeared on the crew member's face, and he chuckled nervously, moving away from the stage.

"Sorry." he apologized. "I better be going."

After he had left the building, he walked outside, heading towards an empty area where he could relax.

When he was far away, he leaned his back against the wall and sighed heavily.

He is going to miss that little animatronic.

But then, 11 years later, everyone received the news that Buzzy went missing, and everyone wanted to get him back, including James himself.

He was determined to find the culprit and take him to justice.

But, he was not alone.

Someone, after another 4 years have passed, will be on the hunt to look for him and return him home.