



Unfinished Smurfs

Les Schtroumpfs | The Smurfs · Not Rated · 20009 words

by Arukir

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Unfinished Smurfs

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Characters: Schtroumpf à Lunettes | Brainy Smurf, Schtroumpf Maladroit | Clumsy Smurf, Schtroumpf Curieux | Nosey Smurf, Schtroumpf Grognon | Grouchy Smurf, Schtroumpf Coquet | Vanity Smurf, Schtroumpf Farceur | Jokey Smurf, Bébé Schtroumpf | Baby Smurf, La Schtroumpfette | Smurfette, Grand Schtroumpf | Papa Smurf, Saule | Smurfwillow, Snappy Bug, Schtroumpf Costaud | Hefty Smurf

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A collection of short, out-of-context, and/or unfinished Smurfs fics. Enjoy!

Chapter 1: News Crew

"Nosey," Editor looked up from the papers he'd been reviewing, rubbing the bridge of his long nose, "we can't smurf this article."

"What? Why not?" Nosey asked, gesturing to the papers. "It's the juiciest story in the village!"

"It's also not true." Editor glared at her.

"It is so!" Nosey insisted. "Cam got photos of the whole thing. Didn't you, Camera?"

Camera grunted, nodding once.

"See?" Nosey pulled some photos from between the papers, waving them in front of Editor's face too fast for him to see them properly. "Come on, Eddie, this is the scoop of the century! You gotta let me publish!"

"If I've smurfed you once, I've smurfed you a thousand times, Nosey," Editor sighed, "get me something better than rumors and blurry photographs, then we'll talk. Until then..." He gestured to the door.

Nosey humphed, stomping off with a scowl. Camera nodded goodbye to Editor, before calmly following her out of the Newspaper Mushroom.

Once they were out of earshot, Nosey hissed, "How *dare* he! Your photographs are not blurry; they're some of the best staging we've done yet!"

Though his face was as impassive as ever, Camera nodded a tad more enthusiastically than usual and grunted in agreement.

Chapter 2: Dismal Reflections: An Unsmurfy Love

Part One

snruteR yppaH ynaM

Smurfs are cheery creatures.

"Good morning, Grouchy!"

"What's good about it?"

They strive to work, live, and play in harmony.

"Top 'o the mornin', Grouchy."

"I hate mornings!"

Smurfs are social creatures.

"Good morning, Mr. Grouchy!"

"...morning, brats."

They are a community, constantly seeking to make each other happy, each an essential piece of a wider puzzle.

"Smurfy morning, Brainy!"

"Oh, smurfy morning, Jo—" BOOM!

"Hehehe! Smurfy morning, Grouchy!"

"Morning, Jokey."

And they all liked it that way...

"And how's your morning smurfing?"

"Smurf me alone, Nosey!"

...unless they happened to be named 'Grouchy Smurf'.

"Dismal day today, isn't it?"

"Hello, Vanity." Grouchy nodded, sitting on the bench next to his fellow Smurf. "I hate today."

"I know what you mean!" Vanity didn't turn his gaze away from his mirror. Grouchy didn't mind, he hadn't expected the other Smurf to do so. "With how blotchy these clouds are, my skin is being *unevenly* doused in sun! And don't get me started on what this Smurf-forsaken wind has been doing to my..."

He talked and talked, either compliments to himself or complaints about how something or somesmurfs was affecting him. Grouchy occasionally added a complaint of his own, otherwise not really speaking — which was fine, as Vanity never asked him to contribute more than the little he already did.

"...of course, even with the smurfing weather working against me, I'm still the best-smurfing Smurf in Blossom." Vanity chuckled, adjusting the cloth flower pinned to his hat. "Nothing can smurf *my* good looks."

"I hate—" Grouchy cut himself off before he could add *how you look*. It wasn't true, really, and it was something that could actually hurt Vanity's feelings.

(And then Vanity wouldn't sit next to him to complain anymore, and he'd have to go back to either being ignored or forced to talk to Smurfs who demanded he talk back)

"—mirrors," he finished instead, quickly enough that the other didn't notice his pause.

Vanity gasped dramatically, gaze briefly flicking to Grouchy before going back to his reflection. "However can you smurf that?! Mirrors are..."

And thus began a long rant about reflective surfaces that he wasn't expected to either contribute to or actually pay any attention to.

(He did pay attention, when Vanity got so passionate he'd look away from his mirror and to the sky for a few seconds. Grouchy had learned more about reflections and beauty standards and skincare from Vanity than he'd ever thought he'd want to know. He didn't really mind)

"...which of course proves the psychological benefits of smurfing at—" Vanity made a choked sound as he suddenly cut himself off, eyes fixed on a point in the distance. "Oh, was that today?" He sounded like he looked: dazed and lost.

Grouchy followed his line of sight, spotting a large bird a ways off. "I hate—" wait, he knew that bird "—Smurfs that fly in weather like this! Smurfing idiots!"

Not to mention they were a day early, so there wasn't even a landing space prepared, and all sorts of Smurfs had to run around to clear one big enough for the huge thing. Well, at least there was plenty of panic and chaos — two things that always lifted Grouchy's mood a little. He watched the bird getting closer, crossing his arms and frowning deeper, before glancing at a still-staring Vanity.

It had been five years since Dreamy had set off on an adventure to the farthest reaches of the world with a crew of volunteers. Volunteers that happened to include a very specific sorta-but-not-really-but-kinda-still-was Smurfling. Grouchy sighed loudly, hoping that would get Vanity to talk about it.

Luckily, it worked. "D-do you think he'll want to see me?" Unluckily, they were apparently going to actually have a conversation now. Because that's how talking about it worked. Oh well, he supposed it wouldn't be too bad. It never was, with Vanity. "Maybe he won't want to smurf—"

"I hate insecurity!" Especially when it was so very out-of-character for a Smurf who was literally almost named 'Narcissist'.

"I'm not being insecure, I know I'm perfectly smurfy." Vanity humphed defensively, making eye contact for what was probably the first time that day before hurriedly returning his gaze to his mirror. He adjusted his hat as he spoke, a nervous tick Grouchy had picked up on decades ago. "I'm beautiful and amazing and have clearer skin than Smurfette, but I happen to be self-aware enough to know I'm hardly a good conversation partner. Besides, he's got friends he hasn't smurfed in years, friends that won't just..."

Talk about themselves for three hours straight.

Get distracted by a particularly reflective puddle.

Have a panic attack if a bit of dirt gets on them.

Grouchy wasn't entirely sure how Vanity had intended to end that sentence, but he knew a lot of possibilities. All of them very valid points, and maybe he should point

them out, but... Something about listing Vanity's flaws always rubbed him the wrong way, no matter how much he usually enjoyed doing it for other Smurfs.

"What if he'd rather not smurf time with me?" Vanity asked, voice small. Too small, especially for somesmurfs like Vanity. "I won't try to make him if he doesn't want to, of course. He deserves to be his own Smurf with his own choices."

A phrase Grouchy had heard from the other hundreds of times, but not any time in about half a decade. A small time for a being over two hundred years old, true, but long enough for him to forget how different Vanity always sounded when he said it — determined but with a tinge of guilt, more like he was reminding himself than talking to anysmurf else.

He'll want to *smurf time* with you, Grouchy wanted to comfort the other, but the words didn't come out. They were too... soft. There was no way he could think of to spin them into the negative, and the bird was already landing anyways, so he settled for hesitantly patting Vanity's arm. Vanity startled under the unexpected touch, but briefly leaned into it, his worried frown becoming a small smile for just a second.

He still didn't look at Grouchy, but that was okay. Grouchy didn't mind. He never would.

"Hello, everysmurf!" a familiar voice that neither had heard in five years called out from the carrier on the back of the truly gigantic bird, hopping down as if gravity was more of a suggestion than a rule. "I, Captain Dreamy, have returned with my merry band of brave adventurers! We bring treasures unseen and tales unheard, all from places unimagined in smurfy Blossom!"

"Welcome back, Dreamy. Welcome back, Dreamy's crew," the village Smurfs chorused. Under the cover of so many voices, Grouchy joined in the greeting, Vanity's faux-bored tone only a half-second behind his own neutral one.

One by one, Smurfs hopped out of the carrier after Dreamy, all being greeted by friends and family. There was luggage to haul, new faces to introduce to the village, even some injuries to gasp about — but Grouchy hardly cared about any of that. He only cared about the last Smurf to exit, the one a little smaller than the rest, the one Vanity had looked up from his mirror to stare at.

The one walking backwards.

".ysmulC, gninrom dooG" The Smurfling waved, holding his backpack over one shoulder, looking around at various Smurfs. He hadn't seen Grouchy or Vanity yet, facing away from their bench as he was. "¿yniarB, sessalg weN"

Grouchy nudged Vanity, gesturing towards the Smurfling who still looked exactly as he did when he'd left, and wasn't that just a weird sight? *Get his attention, idiot.*

Vanity glanced repeatedly between the Smurfling and his mirror. He gestured to the Smurfling, eyebrow raised. *How?*

Grouchy shrugged. What did he want from him? He just needed to call out his name like a normal Smurf!

Of course, Vanity wasn't by any means *normal*, so instead he put his fingers in his mouth and loudly whistled like somesmurf calling over a pet caterpillar. Grouchy facepalmed, but at least it worked, and the Smurfling turned curiously towards the noise. The kid's face lit up, and he ran normally (though a little unsteadily) towards them, barrelling into a now-standing Vanity to throw his arms around him.

"!ytinaV, hcum os uoy defrums I" The Smurfling laughed, happy tears welling up when Vanity hugged him back. "!esroh a was neve I .enod ev'I sgniht fo sdnik eht sseug reven ll'ouY"

"Calm down, I can't undersmurf you." Vanity chuckled, sitting back down, eyes still on the kid.

"naem I, mean I, I mean—" The kid took a deep breath, hopping in place from excitement. "Horse a s— I saw a horse!"

"A what?" Vanity asked. His mirror was face-down on his lap, fingers clutching the handle as if he was forcing himself not to pick it up. He had a small, slightly strained smile, eyes flicking to the side a few times, but managed to mostly keep looking at the Smurfling.

"It's Gargamel than bigg— bigger than Gargamel!" The kid gestured with the hand not holding his backpack strap, getting more excited as he talked.

Grouchy stared at the kid. He'd forgotten how weird it was, seeing a spitting image of Vanity as he had looked over ninety years ago, barely one eighty-five and yet already starting to get his adult looks. Spitting image except for his cloth flower being on the wrong side, and he gestured with the opposite hand than Vanity normally did, and he wasn't holding a mirror...

It was still weird. Almost as weird as Vanity trying so hard to focus on his living reflection rather than his handheld one, which was another thing Grouchy had sorta forgotten he did. Five years wasn't all that long, but it was long enough to be surprised by certain things that used to be normal. Maybe they weren't quite bad surprises, though.

"...then it bucked up and— oh, me reminds that!" The Smurfling shook his head. "Uh, that reminds me! I need to smurf Handy about something. Is he in his workshop?"

"Probably, but he moved his workshop last year after a little exploding incident." Vanity gestured across the way at Jokey, who broke into cackling laughter at the reminder. "I can smurf you where the new one is, if you want?"

"Yeah, I— oh, hey Mr. Grouchy, didn't smurf ya there." The kid frowned, looking up at the sky. "Horrible weather we're having, aren't we? The amount of turbulence we smurfed coming in nearly threw me straight overboard and onto the ground — can you imagine what the bruises would've done to my skin?!"

Deep inside and only there, Grouchy laughed, because of course that was what Vanity's reflection was worried about. "I hate stormy weather!" was what he said instead of hello, but it didn't matter because the kid didn't seem to mind the lack of greeting. He'd forgotten how much the young Smurfling was like Vanity in that respect.

"Now come on, let's go!" the kid said, starting to pull Vanity along in the general direction where Handy's workshop used to be. Grouchy briefly wondered if he was pulling him like that as an excuse to walk backwards. "Bye, Mr. Grouchy."

"Oh, uh, I suppose we'll have to smurf again later." Vanity waved to Grouchy, letting himself be led in the wrong direction.

"I hate smurfing later!" Because he'd much rather smurf now. But he still waved goodbye with slightly less of a frown than usual. He supposed it wouldn't be fair to get in the way of the two spending time together after so long.

Of course, when exactly he'd started caring about fair was a mystery to him. He was distracted from trying to remember by a rather loud declaration.

"To smurf or not to smurf, that is the question." A Smurf he didn't recognize was setting up a podium nearby. "Hello, everysmurf. My name is Philosopher, and I am considering smurfing to your quaint village, on the esteemed recommendation of Captain Dreamy. To introduce myself, I've smurfed up a little lecture. The topic? What is self, and can we truly share it? In fact, do we even really smurf it in the first place?"

"I hate pompous Smurfs!" Grouchy grumbled. To his surprise, Jokey walked up to him, frowning instead of smiling.

"So do I, especially when I try ta smurf 'em an' they call my gift box 'an amateur attempt to understand what cannot be smurfed'." Jokey grinned, which was a lot more like him. It was a grin that meant somesmurf had earned his wrath and was about to have a rather *bad day*, to put it mildly. "Ya wanna help me smurf him outta town?"

"I hate pranks," Grouchy lied, smirking internally in anticipation. Jokey could be an annoying pain in the smurf to hang out with, but the chaos and anger his pranks brought was usually enough to make Grouchy feel almost-happy. He growled. "I hate Philosopher more." He didn't really have a reason to, but he never needed a real reason.

"Smurfy!" Jokey giggled, clapping his hands. "So, here's th' plan..."

Snippet

Diogenes (IYKYK)

He hated that he didn't hate Phil as much as he thought he would. Especially since the look Jokey was giving him meant that this was a betrayal of the highest order, and Grouchy had better 'naively' open up the next gift box he got or else there would be Hell to pay.

Part Two

Names/Brothers

They were going the wrong way, but that was fine. Vanity knew how to get to Handy's new workshop from where his old one used to be, they'd just have to go a slightly longer route — which would give him more time to listen to Reversal ramble on about where he'd been and what he'd done, who he'd met and the things he'd seen. It was incredible, honestly, what one crew could go through in just five years.

But that was hardly why Vanity paid attention to every word. Vanity noticed a lot more than most Smurfs gave him credit for, heard a lot from behind his mirror, but he still had trouble caring about anything that wasn't his own reflection. He was called Vanity for a reason, he knew that, as nothing mattered to him so much as his own face and voice.

So it made sense that the one Smurf he could mostly force himself to focus on had his face and voice. Except he didn't anymore, hadn't for a long time. Reversal looked and sounded like he did nearly a century ago, when he was still so boyish but already thought himself the most beautiful Smurf to ever live. How he'd looked the day of the little incident with the storm, the mirror, and the interrupted ritual.

Reversal hadn't aged a day. Alchemist said he'd probably start aging when he caught up to how old his body was, and Vanity hoped it was true. If he was forever stuck as a Smurfling, he'd never find love, or have kids, or a whole lot of other things Vanity himself didn't particularly care about but knew most Smurfs did and that probably included his reflection.

His reflection who *wasn't him*. His reflection who was oh-so-different and always had been. His reflection who didn't mind dirt or eye contact, who worried over his appearance more than most Smurfs did but less than Vanity himself did, who cared enough about the wider world to actually want to go see it.

No, Vanity's self-obsession (he had no delusions about who he was, flaws and all) wasn't the reason he cared about Reversal, though admittedly that's how it started. Growing up an only child was hard, especially when you didn't quite function properly. Suddenly getting a little brother made it a lot harder and a lot easier in different ways.

"—so he turned out to be an *escaped slave*, if you can believe that," Reversal continued talking, walking backwards as he gripped Vanity's hand. He didn't hit into anything as he walked, years of practice letting him hear his obstacles in time to avoid them. "He's a pretty Smurfy guy, but don't let him near your valuables. We should change his name to Klepto." Reversal laughed.

And that made Vanity think of something he should've asked before, but of course he didn't think about it... "Speaking of names, do you smurf one now?" Reversal wasn't a real name, after all, just a Smurfling's placeholder.

"Yet not, no." Reversal shook his head, seeming not to care. Then again, most Smurflings didn't care all that much at seventy, which was technically how old Reversal actually was. Vanity himself had only started really getting emotional over names at a hundred-and-two. "No name trait me for. For me. Yet. But I've got a bunch of new hobbies! Tricks smurfy of lot a learned I and. Wait, that's not right, sorry. Uh..."

"It's okay, I understood." Five years around Smurfs who weren't used to it had made Reversal a little better at speaking normally, evidently. Vanity wasn't entirely sure how to feel about that. He tightened his hand around his mirror, looking his living reflec-

tion in the eyes as he fought the urge to look at his regular one instead. "Are any of these smurfy tricks the reason you need to smurf with Handy?"

"Sorta." Reversal let go of his hand to rummage in his backpack, left hand still gripping the strap. Just like Vanity, he was rather unnecessarily used to living with one hand, the other always occupied with something. For Vanity, it was his mirror, while Reversal preferred his backpack strap or small puzzles.

Vanity was broken from his thoughts by a piece of paper being shoved into his face, something drawn on it. He stopped walking, leaning against one of Lantern's lamp-posts, and took the paper to look at it carefully.

Two animals were drawn side-by-side. One was a rabbit or hare (he could never tell the difference), while the other was... Well, he didn't know *what* it was, but he guessed it kinda matched Reversal's description of a 'horse', so maybe it was that. They both were wearing something on their backs, though the one on the rabbit/hare had some parts crossed out and redrawn differently.

"Saddle a cal– it's called a saddle," Reversal told him, almost nervously. "Humans use them to ride horses easier, and I thought maybe Handy could make something similar for smaller creatures? Ones Smurfs can ride. To give us options besides baskets on bird-back. Think it's something... Think he'll like it?"

Vanity looked up from the picture, meeting Reversal's eyes a little easier this time (it had been five years since he willingly made so much eye contact, but it was coming back to him quickly). He honestly had no clue if 'saddles' could be made for rabbits or hares or whatever, or if Smurfs could ride less predictable creatures than birds. But weirder things had happened, and Reversal looked so nervously hopeful, so he smiled and said, "I think he'll love it."

The smile he got in return made his heart lighten in a way it hadn't for the past five years (full of anxiety and loneliness and wondering if he was even okay–).

Suddenly they were off again, on the wrong long way to Handy's workshop, Reversal happily chattering and Vanity happily listening.

Notes On Planned Next Scene/Chapter

They meet up with Handy, and we finally see how Vanity interacts with most Smurfs — faux-bored, dismissive, and not paying attention at all. He even pretends to not know what Reversal wants to show Handy. Handy POV???

Chapter 3: Grouchy And The Foundling/Three Smurfs And A Baby

This is one I really hope I finish someday, it's cute ☐

One day, three Smurfs were taking a walk in the woods.

"Can we smurf home now?" Jokey whined, trailing behind the others.

"I hate whining!" Grouchy complained.

"Oh, come now, dear Jokey," Vanity admonished, his gaze never leaving his mirror. "Walking is good for you."

"I hate things that are good for me!" Grouchy whined.

"Well, I hate hypocrites!" Jokey yelled at him.

"I hate being called out..." Grouchy grumbled.

"Is there anything you *don't* hate, old friend?" Vanity asked, adjusting his flower with a sniff.

You, Grouchy thought.

"NO!" Grouchy said.

//They find a Baby Smurf under a stasis spell in the woods and take him back to the Village. Someone needs to watch him while Alchemist tries to find his parents. Grouchy is either assigned the role or surprises everysmurf by volunteering.

Grouchy pounded on the library door, scowl deepening every second it went unanswered.

Finally, a disheveled Brainy opened the door. "What?" he snapped. He recoiled as the Baby was shoved in his face.

"I need a book on how to take care of Baby," Grouchy growled.

"Since when do you have a child?" Brainy asked, blinking the sleep from his eyes and looking around. "Who in their right smurf would smurf you with a child?"

"It was me or Jokey." Grouchy shrugged, privately enjoying the look of utter horror that crossed the other's face. "Book."

Brainy scowled. "Despite my *temporary* residence here, I will have you smurf that I am not, in fact, the town Librarian."

"Book," Grouchy demanded again, glaring. Baby giggled, reaching out a tiny hand to honk Brainy's nose.

"Awwww!" Brainy cooed, running a finger along Baby's arm. He sighed, deflating. "Oh, alright. Come inside, sit down; I'll smurf your books in a minute."

"Coochie-coo, Baby!" Jokey giggled, scratching the hatchling's chin. He pulled a tiny gift box out of his vest. "I hava present fer ya!"

"Jokey..." Vanity said wearily.

"I'd hate to have to hit you, Jokey," Grouchy warned.

"Come on, guys, d'ya really tink dat liddle of me?" Jokey pouted. "It's an *actual* gift dis time, honest!"

"I HATE..." Baby nuzzled Grouchy's cheek. Grouchy smiled softly, making the others gasp. "...how much I don't hate Baby."

//Of course Baby's parents aren't found, and he needs a more permanent caretaker. Grouchy has some thoughts on this.

"Mine," Grouchy growled quietly, hugging the sleeping Baby close to his chest. "You smurf a problem with that?"

Vanity looked away from his mirror, staring at Grouchy for a second. Two. His gaze flicked to Baby. Back to his mirror. He smiled. "Of course not, old friend. But don't expect me to smurf his diapers."

"I HATE smurfing diapers," Grouchy muttered. He startled as Vanity's arm snaked around him. He didn't hug back, but he did lean into the touch. "I hate you... slightly less than most."

"I know," Vanity chuckled.

Jokey popped up behind them suddenly, wrapping his arms around them both, careful to not jostle Baby. "Oh! I luv ya guys!"

"We love you too, Jokey." Vanity rolled his eyes. Silently, privately, where no one but him could hear... Grouchy echoed their words.

Chapter 4: Ideas

Partly inspired by that one movie I can't remember the name of. Gargamel has attempted to capture the Smurfs and learn their secrets, but has never tried to kill them (and certainly never wanted to eat them).

Thanks to a spell gone wrong, Gargamel and Azrael have been stuck in the human world for ten years. His magic may be crap, but it's enough for him to do pretty well for himself in a non-magical world like that, getting a fairly large place to live in. He keeps his magic secret, using it to help/cheat in various tasks and gambling and such.

When trying to open a permanent portal between the two worlds, something goes wrong and he instead pulls a group of Smurfs through — Smurfs who now have the bodies of human tweens/teens.

Gargamel reluctantly takes care of the Smurfs as they try to find a way back home, teaching them how to survive and function in this new world. As they're all forced to live together, hearts start melting and a question gnaws at them all — can they really go back to being enemies after all this?

- 1) Smurfette – Suzette
- 2) Brainy – Barnaby/Barney
- 3) Clumsy – Klaus
- 4) Jokey – Joseph/Joey
- 5) Hefty – Harold/Harry
- 6) Handy – Randall/Randy
- 7) Poet – Porthos/Poe

One of Jokey's pranks goes too far and almost gets another Smurf killed. The Redcaps (Smurf leaders) declare that, to make up for it, the Smurf gets to make one rule that Jokey has to follow until/unless the Redcaps decides otherwise.

The rule the Smurf decides on originally is that Jokey can't pull any more pranks, but he breaks down in tears after a few days and *begs* them to change it, claiming he'll do anything. They agree, changing it to Jokey having to answer honestly if asked whether something is a prank, threatening to change it back if he breaks it.

Now Jokey just has to figure out how to keep pulling pranks while having to answer honestly – shouldn't be too hard for a prankster like him, right?

- The Incident – the prank is set up and goes wrong, prompting Jokey to run for help.
- The Rescue – how the Smurf is rescued, with emphasis on the fact that Jokey feels guilty for them getting in danger but is unrepentant for pulling the prank in the first place.
- The Punishment – Jokey gets yelled at by Alchemist and Warrior in front of the whole village and sent to his Mushroom. He waits nervously while the Redcaps calm down, knowing and dreading that his punishment will be harsh, but he is still basically unrepentant. He finds out his punishment in full.
- The Few Days – emphasis on Jokey struggling not to pull any pranks, slowly breaking down as he's forced to ignore his nature. He notices perfect prank opportunities and actually sets up several pranks, only to have to quickly sabotage them when he realizes what he's done, sometimes ending up with them hit him instead.
- The Breakdown – Jokey can't take it anymore and decides to swallow his pride, showing up at the other Smurf's house in tears, begging on his knees for them to change their rule. He promises to do anything, and apologizes repeatedly, willing to go through whatever Hell the other could think up if only he gets his pranks back.
- The Changing – the other Smurf's perspective of the story's events, up to the point where they change the rule, already regretting it.
- The Pranks – Jokey's many attempts at pulling pranks with his new restriction, including making it so other Smurfs can't ask, distracting them, technical truths, and even just getting them by surprise. Like a cat getting sneakier because of a bell on their collar, Jokey gets better at pranks, even stopping lying about anything all together just to give himself a better challenge.
- The Lesson – somehow Jokey learns his lesson? Or at least pretends to?
- The Rule Is Lifted – the rule is lifted!

Maybe the rule shouldn't be lifted? Maybe Jokey never learns his lesson and instead just becomes a better prankster? Subverted moral and all that?

Brainy Sees Red

Somesmurf has taken to kicking Clumsy out of village whenever he's accidentally destructive, sending him soaring through the air to land on his head.

Clumsy's taken to avoiding the village.

Brainy finds out, and... 'strongly-worded report to Papa' is not going to cut it this time. Because this time it's not happening to Brainy, it's not because he said the wrong thing, it's not just Smurfs being idiots.

This time, Clumsy's the one holding back tears, and somesmurf is going to pay for that fact.

Grouchy is going around with a sticker on his forehead and nosmurf can figure out why. Turns out, Baby put it on him and will cry everything he tries to take it off, so he just lives like this now.

Young Brainy is attacked by a group of other Smurflings, but he can handle it. Until the strongest Smurfling in the village shows up, and Brainy knows he's doomed.

Except Hefty Smurfling doesn't hit Brainy. He hits the other Smurfs instead, retrieving Brainy's stolen glasses.

"You okay, little dude?"

Aka: how Hefty and Brainy became friends.

A potion causes Brainy to be his most honest, open self. He enthusiastically hugs Clumsy, corrects his own correction of Handy and apologizes, and casually admits that the reason he always has to be right is because being smart is all he has to contribute.

He as well won't stop *talking*. He walks around rambling and humming and commenting on random things because that's Brainy's most true self — ranting about anything and everything.

Brainy doesn't realize just how often he actually listens to Clumsy, until a spell-gone-wrong makes him have to obey whatever the other says *and almost nothing changes*.

Scaredy is scared of milk.

Jokey does a milk-based prank, laughing when Scaredy cries, insisting the other is just overreacting and can't possibly be *that* scared.

Scaredy tells Handy. Handy comforts Scaredy, quietly thinking as he does so.

Jokey is scared of thunderstorms.

A smurfberry hunt is interrupted by a thunderstorm. Handy spends the whole time mocking Jokey, saying a guy who constantly explodes things can't be *that* scared of thunder.

Jokey, in tears, snaps and yells at Handy that just because Handy can't understand his fear doesn't mean Jokey doesn't feel it.

With a flat glare, in a quiet voice, Handy replies 'Scaredy is afraid of milk.'

Jokey freezes, realizing why Handy has been so mean to him. Jokey tries to deny it at first, saying it was just a joke and it's different and *milk* is such a dumb phobia and...

But inside, Jokey knows he messed up. The next day, he apologizes to Scaredy... And then gives him an exploding gift box.

Jokey may have a heart, but he's still Jokey ;)

Clumsy's birthday is approaching, and Brainy is hard at work writing a brand new quotations book just for the occasion. The other Smurfs roll their eyes at the self-centered gift, but Clumsy loves Brainy's quotes books, and so long as he's happy with the gift they don't care too much.

Until the special day arrives and Brainy hands over a book filled not with his own quotes, but with things *Clumsy* has said to him before!

Aka: Brainy takes a step in the right direction by making the best gift he knows how — telling somesmurf else that what they say matters, and he values their words deeply.

Chapter 5: Joke's On You

An unfinished Jokey character study.

Jokey Smurf likes to think of himself as a pretty fun guy. Sure, he was spiteful and a little mean at times, but he just wanted to get a laugh! He was harmless, mostly, even with the exploding presents.

He was a nuisance, a menace, an annoyance — nothing more and nothing less. He wasn't the Smurf you called when you needed help, but he wasn't particularly dangerous. In fact, for all his mischief, it was generally accepted that he was a relatively weak Smurf.

And that had been true, once upon a time. A couple hundred years of dodging the consequences of his pranks had led him to become, well, not strong... He was agile, fast, flexible. But still not strong. Not a fighter, not somesmurf anysmurf would expect to rescue them.

He was the class clown, the funny guy, and he was fine with that. Until Boxer moved to town, and apparently took issue with Jokey's *everything*. Worse than the teasing, the mocking, the humiliations — he *never* fell for Jokey's pranks.

"Aww, poor little clown, did you smurf some help with that?" he teases when Jokey can't lift his overfilled Smurfberry basket.

"Oops, you should smurf where you're going," he says after tripping Jokey into a mud puddle.

"Again with the presents?" He scoffs, taking the box from Jokey's hands before he can give it to Brainy. "Can't you ever smurf up something original?"

"Maybe you should stick with the gift boxes!" He guffaws when Jokey's big prank backfires *because of him*. The other Smurfs laugh too, and Jokey tries to remember that it's the same as him laughing when his gifts explode in their faces – but it's not, it's really not.

Because none of them ever feel like crying and hiding after one of his pranks. Mostly they just yell or laugh along. He'd apologize if they ever–

"Are you crying? Can't take what you smurf out, huh?"

Boxer's right, just this once, because he shouldn't be crying. It's just a prank, the same prank that he was going to pull on another Smurf (except it isn't, because it went wrong, it wasn't supposed to-). He shouldn't be crying, he should be able to take it.

But this is his *thing*. It's what he's good at, his namesake, his life! And now every-smurf's laughing at him for messing it up. It's the difference between chuckling when Clumsy hammers in a nail wrong or when *Handy* does it wrong.

And every-smurf's laughing and pointing, and Boxer won't stop talking, and he just... feels so humiliated. He can't take it anymore, turning on his heel to run to the safety of his Mushroom, wiping away the tears that have slipped out already.

He doesn't hear the other Smurfs stop. He doesn't see the guilty looks. He doesn't witness the arguing about whether they went too far or if he's overly sensitive to his own jokes. Is it cruelty or karma? Nosmurf can agree, but they don't like that he actually got his feelings hurt, whether he deserved it or not.

But Jokey doesn't know that, he thinks they don't care. He sits in his Mushroom, under a blanket, cuddling with his stuffed animals in a fort made from pillows and joke boxes. He sniffles, wondering if he did deserve it.

His pranks are annoying, he knows that. Other Smurfs rarely like them, and their angry shouts and frowning faces just make him laugh *harder*. He's spiteful and hates being pranked back, he has no sense of when it's inappropriate to make a joke — he knows all this and has reveled in it for years.

So maybe he deserves the burning embarrassment that's settled in him, because maybe he *has* made a Smurf or two feel like this before. Maybe their yelling is just a cover for the tears they hold back. Maybe their laughter is just a defense mechanism.

Maybe they all hate him as much as he hates Boxer.

(But he has a limit, doesn't he? There are some Smurfs he never pranks, there have been times when he apologized, things he knows better than to mock – he never actually bullies any-smurf... right?)

It's a sobering thought.

For all his trouble, Jokey has always been basically helpful. He picks Smurfberries, gathers firewood, joins in the search whenever somesmurfs go missing. But he gives a bare minimum, really, usually only doing enough for himself or to satisfy the Redcaps.

After the Crying Incident, he decides to be more helpful. He's still going to pull pranks, it's just who he is, but he has to make sure the village doesn't hate him. He wants to be a good Smurf, somesmurfs others can rely on when he's not pranking.

So he looks for something to help with. Maybe he can carry Stargazer's telescope, or feed Wooly's rabbits, or plow the fields with Farmer? He tries them all, and... it doesn't really go well.

"Jokey!" Stargazer cries, frantically wiping ink off his telescope, ignoring the ring around his eye. "You almost stained the lense! It would've taken me a week to fix it."

"Aw, c'mon, I was careful!" Jokey assures him, doubled up in laughter. He can't help it – the look on Stargazer's face is priceless! And the telescope's fine, so no harm no foul.

(It doesn't occur to him that other Smurfs don't see things that way, that being so careless with somesmurfs' prized possession is reason enough to be angry; the only item he really cares about is his jokebook, and he's already got it memorized).

"Jokey!" Wooly shouts, staring at the open pen. "What did you do?"

"It was an accident..." Jokey says quietly, wincing as he holds his aching arm, damaged by a kick from one of the rabbits. "I was jus' tryin' ta help ya feed 'em!"

"Yeah, sure you smurfing were." Wooly growls, rolling his eyes. "Just get the smurf out of my sight."

(For once, he does as he's told, running into the village to tell Alchemist that Farmer needs some help finding his rabbits. For once, he's quiet and cooperative when Doctor takes a look at his arm, not in the mood to joke — because, for once, he was actually telling the truth. It was an accident, this time).

"Why can't I Smurf out?" Jokey asks, dodging a half-hearted swipe from Farmer's pitchfork, kept at the entrance to the fields by the other Smurf.

"'Cause ya'll just loosen mah wagon wheels or somethin'," Farmer answers with a frown. He sighs and lowers the pitchfork, shaking his head. "Listen, Jokey, it's nice of ya ta offer, but ah don't want yer help. Ya've never cared 'bout contributin' afore, why should ya start now?"

(That wasn't true, he contributed plenty! His jokes boosted moral, when they weren't lowering it... He helped out, when he had to... He, he, he...)

Jokey returned home after a long week of failures, interspersed with decreasing joy derived from his usual pranks. Joy that was offset by so many things, including more of Boxer's mocking, that it wasn't really worth it.

"I'm an important part of this community," Jokey muttered to himself, pacing. "I am! It doesn't matter what they smurf, I am. I... I..."

He didn't actually do anything, though. And, sure, he wasn't the only Smurf that didn't do anything beyond the basics – Lazy barely even did the basics, for Smurf's sake! – but still.

Still.

Still, he wanted to do something! He wanted to prove that he was more than just pranks, wanted to help, wanted to prove Boxer– *everysmurf* wrong. But the village didn't really have anything it really needed, no particular job that didn't already have *somesmurf* doing it, no niche for him to fill.

Which is what led him to the Dojo. The one thing the village didn't — never — had enough of was fighters, warriors, protectors. The Smurfs that dealt with foxes, hawks, Gargamel, and any other threat. Smurfs just weren't violent enough to ever have more than a handful of protectors at a time.

Jokey stood right inside the entrance to the Dojo, using long-perfected skills to remain small and unnoticed as he watched different Smurfs train.

Martial and Berserker were sparring off to the side, fists flying as the fire marshal flipped over the giant, both of them intimidating blurs. In another corner, Boxer was dodging a blow from Hefty, nimble on his feet as he gave the strong Smurf a black eye. As different Smurfs practiced different styles around the large mushroom, each seemingly a ball of violent and destructive energy, Warrior Smurf calmly walked between them and gently threw out instructions or corrections.

Jokey wondered if the Redcap ever got scared, being this close to so many combat Smurfs, none matching her in wisdom but all much younger and most much bigger. She was a renowned warrior once, but surely her own students must easily surpass her in her old age?

That theory got shattered when she started to duel with Swashbuckler, nimble and quick and fierce, not a trace of her age showing in her graceful movements. Jokey watched in awe until the match was over, impressed and intimidated, feeling weaker than he ever had before.

He slowly backed towards the door, internally scolding himself for this insane idea. He'd always been impulsive and reckless, but thinking he could become a fighting Smurf? That was just plain stupid.

He'd go home, maybe prank Brainy to lift his mood, and forget this ever happened. He was the useless town prankster, he should just accept it and move on.

"Jokey?"

//The person who catches him watching them is Warrior. She's the one that sees the potential in him and not only gives him a chance, but convinces him to give himself a chance.

//He learns how to use his agility and pranks to protect others.

//The end.

Chapter 6: Let There Be Sight

The prologue of what I like to call my 'In Search Of Myself' AU, starring Brainy Smurf.

"Ow!" the Baby Smurf squeaked, crawling headfirst into the base of a tree. He fell down, bursting into tears. "Papa! Mama!"

It was official, he didn't care one bit for this 'outside' thing; it was filled with noise and strangers and lots of blurry colors and things moving and scary stuff and noise. He wanted to go back inside, be held by Mama, and sleep. Why would anysmurf ever choose outside over that?

Blue arms picked him up, making him cry harder before he was pulled close enough to recognize his Papa. "Papa!" he cooed, pointing frantically in the direction he was pretty sure inside was. Now that Papa had rescued him, they could go back to where it was safe and he knew what every blur was already.

"Are you alright, my little Smurf?" Papa asked, frowning. Of course he wasn't, his head hurt and he was scared, but everything would be fine once they were away from the stupid 'outside'.

"Is something wrong?" a voice asked — Mama! He started reaching towards the blob he was pretty sure was her, squirming to escape the arms currently holding him. He loved his Papa, but Mama was the one that could scare away all the bad things, she was the one that all the blurry monsters around them wouldn't dare mess with.

(And besides that, he was hungry)

The Baby had a few complaints, mostly doing with how going outside was becoming a repeated activity, but partly with how weird things now were *inside*. Papa had brought a lot of strange things inside, then he'd done a lot of strange things that annoyed the Baby.

Like shining a light into his eyes, or trying to get him to grab a specific toy when they were all too far away for him to tell them apart. He didn't know why Papa had suddenly decided to be mean, he just wanted his teddy bear!

A few loud wails later, and teddy was back in his arms, and he was in Papa's arms. Papa rocked him gently, cooing at him and saying things that he didn't really under-

stand, like myopia and retina. But the cooing was nice, and he soon found himself drifting off to sleep...

When the Baby woke up, he was laying on the bed, and there was something on his face. Curious, he opened his eyes and reached up to get whatever it was off of him, already breathing in to cry out for Mama.

But he stopped. He stopped and he stared, because the blurs were gone, replaced by the clear sight of the house. He sat up, cooing and giggling, reaching out his hands to see if everything had simply gotten closer, but they hadn't! They were still far away but he could see them like they were right in front of his nose.

"Do you like your new glasses, my little Smurf?" Papa asked from where he was washing dishes. Across the room. Papa was across the room and he could still see him perfectly.

With a shriek that made Papa jump, he broke out into joyous laughter. He didn't know why, or how, but he could see everything. And the world wasn't quite so scary when you could actually see it.

A while later, crawling on the grass and staring in utter fascination at all the trees and buildings and people, he decided that maybe outside wasn't so bad after all.

When a leaf fell down and trapped him for a good five seconds before Papa rescued him, he decided that outside was still far inferior to inside.

Chapter 7: A Walk In The Park/Somesmurf To Listen When You Speak/Not Exactly Not-Friends

I'm pretty sure this would end up as the first chapter of 'In Search Of Myself'.

Brainy (aka 'Glasses' Smurfling) is young here. He hasn't befriended Hefty and Smurfette hasn't been adopted yet. He's at his meanest, his most 'I am better than anysmurf else and and everything sucks and nothing is ever my fault' mode but also at his most insecure.

That is to say, Brainy thinks some really mean things about Clumsy in this one, but he doesn't say them out loud and he'll mostly stop thinking them over time. Brainy's a jerk, and if I want to show him growing then I have to let him be a jerk first.

Most days, when Glasses awoke, he'd go straight to Papa's library and read until somesmurf — usually Mama — made him come back to the house to eat breakfast. He'd learned a long time ago that the sooner he woke up, the more time he'd have until breakfast, and so always bounced out of bed the moment the tiniest bit of sunlight hit his face.

(He'd wake up even sooner, but a little passing-out incident that was *hardly* his fault had led to a rule that he could only get out of bed once the sun did)

(Pointing out that the sun didn't actually *have* a bed did not get the rule lifted)

Today, however, he didn't hop into the air and scramble to find his glasses so that he could leave, backpack carelessly thrown over his shoulder as he scrambled out the door. Instead, he scowled and pulled the covers over his head, rolling over to further block out any sunlight that had found its way through the window.

Today wasn't a day he could study, because today was one of the worst days imaginable. He could hear Papa and Mama moving about, already up for a special day like today, and inwardly groaned. Maybe if he was very still, they'd forget he existed and he could just skip the horrid occasion...

"Are you excited for the picnic, sweetie?" Mama asked. He sat up and gave her a flat look, just shy of glaring. She chuckled. "Oh, it's not that bad, Junior."

"It is so," he responded, knowing he sounded childish and whining, but he hardly cared. The monthly Town Picnic Days were his least favorite days ever, and he was going to make his displeasure known. "Can't I smurf home just this once, please?"

"Now now, my little Smurfling," Papa admonished, smiling gently. "Picnic Days are important for community smurfing. We're a vital part of this community, and we have to be there. Besides, you could do with some sunlight, and you can smurf your friends."

"I have no friends," Glasses complained, reluctantly hauling himself up to get ready, namesake groggily slipped onto his face. His voice took on a pleading note as he asked, "Can I at least smurf a book?"

Papa sighed, sharing a meaningful look with Mama. He was sure they must have developed telepathy somehow, with the way they silently communicated like that, and made a mental note to see if there was a book on telepathy in the library.

"Okay, one book," Papa finally said, and Glasses' brain stopped working for a second. They never let him bring books to these things! Before he could get too excited, Papa hurriedly clarified. "One *small* book, and you still have to participate in something active and talk to other Smurfs. You can't just smurf yourself away all the time, son."

"Of course, Papa!" Glasses agreed, hurrying to pull out his private stash of books and pick a small one. Of course, in his family, small books weren't really that small.

Talk to other Smurfs and join one of those ridiculous physical activities hosted every month — that was easy, and definitely worth it to bring a book to the picnic.

Even if Papa had said he had to join every activity, it would've been worth it. Nothing was worse than going an entire day without reading, after all. Why Papa couldn't get that, despite being an avid reader himself, Glasses didn't think he'd ever understand.

It was a beautiful Spring morning, sun shining with hardly a cloud in the sky, animals of all sorts happily going about their day, flowers blooming in dozens of colors; perfect for a picnic.

Blankets of various sizes and patterns were spread out along a grassy field, a clearing free of trees, with Smurfs busy setting up tables and games between them. Food was everywhere, the sweet scent of berries filling the air, and happy chatter could be heard as the Smurfs worked.

It was Glasses' own personal definition of hell, and he didn't care that his hatred didn't make any sense. There was noise, and idiots, and too much sunlight — nothing was ever enjoyable about these things. But at least he had a book this time.

"Go on and smurf a table," Mama told him, gently pushing him towards the area where the other kids would be sitting. "You don't have to smurf with everysmurf, but try to be a little social. Alright?"

"Yes, Mama," Glasses agreed, wondering how little socialness he could get away with as he trudged over the grass. It wasn't like he had any friends to talk to, after all, and surely he couldn't be expected to exchange more than a few words with kids he barely knew, right?

He found a table at the edge of the area, near enough to a tree to get shade on part of it whilst leaving the rest bathed in sunlight. He carefully sat down on the wooden bench connected to the table, setting his book in front of him but not yet reaching to read it — he wasn't too bored yet, and he needed it to last him the entire day.

He idly let his gaze drift around, ignoring the twitch in his fingers and the itch in his mind that demanded he immerse himself once more in the realm of knowledge. He needed to decide which activity to join, something that wasn't too taxing but would reassure Mama and Papa that he was getting enough exercise.

The race was definitely out, he had no hope of winning, though probably wouldn't quite get last place depending on who else joined. He could do the bean toss, but that wasn't very active, exactly. He'd gotten a bit better at jumping, maybe he could try the hurdles? Of course, he'd just make a fool of himself if he joined the obstacle course, he learned that a long time ago.

His thoughts were soon interrupted by a series of crashes, shouts, and muttered apologies making their way across the field. His face twisted with annoyance, but in his heart he knew it was mostly for show. To himself, and only to himself, he'd admit the familiar sounds lifted his spirits to something more manageable than they had been before.

He looked up just in time to see another Smurfling trip and fall into the grass next to him, barely not spilling the plates of food he'd been carrying (years of practice was the only explanation he could find for how the other managed not to drop them).

"Heya, Glasses!" The Smurfling smiled shyly, his freckled face looking up from the ground. He was as he always was — smaller than most but not overly so, his hat perpetually slipped half over his large eyes, and with an expression that was too open and trusting for his own good.

"Hello, Clumsy," Glasses sighed, reaching down to help the other up and onto the bench. Clumsy was the only Smurfling he knew that already had a name, having had it basically since he could walk, and he'd long ago gotten over his jealousy of that fact.

It was rather hard to stay jealous of a Smurfling so unpopular, destructive, and dim-witted, after all. He caused chaos wherever he went, but was too dopey and friendly to realize just how much everysmurf tried to avoid him because of it. He was a living safety hazard, with the brains of a particularly oblivious caterpillar.

"Ah saw yah didn' have no food yet, so ah smurfed yah some." Clumsy smiled, pushing one of the plates towards him.

Glasses didn't even have to look at the plate to know he would like what was on it. Clumsy may have been a dimwit, but he was as well the only Smurfling that bothered to listen to his rants on food rankings, and had never once brought him something he disliked.

They weren't friends, of course. Clumsy had friends already, miraculously, and Glasses didn't have friends. There was no Smurfling worthy of such a title, certainly not an accident-prone numbskull. Why he even let Clumsy hang out with him was a mystery to Glasses.

"Uh, gee, ah don't think ah've smurfed yah with that book afore." Clumsy pointed to the book Glasses had brought, eyes crinkling in excitement. "What'cha readin' 'bout?"

"What are you reading about?," Glasses corrected, holding up the book. And that was his answer, wasn't it? The rest of the Smurflings refused to learn from his wisdom, but Clumsy never stopped asking questions. He didn't ever need to force a conversation with Clumsy, because the other was always willing to listen eagerly to whatever topic he was obsessed with right then.

(Why Clumsy chose to do that instead of sitting with his real friends was yet another mystery, one Glasses didn't have a good answer to yet).

"Fl-flora..." Clumsy's face twisted as he tried to read the title, squinting as he leaned a little closer. Glasses smirked slightly at the habit he knew the other had learned from him. "Uh, Florazoo-logi?"

"Florazology." Glasses nodded, putting the book back down. "It--"

"Wait, wait!" Clumsy shouted, waving his hands. Glasses frowned, confused because the other was one of the few who never interrupted him, and impatiently waited for him to speak. "Flora! Ah know that, ah think... It means, uh, it means..."

Clumsy started lightly thumping his head with both hands, muttering to himself as he tried to remember. Anysmurf else and Glasses would've already told them the answer, assuming they didn't actually know.

Clumsy, however, did know. A few weeks ago, the walking disaster's excitement over a pretty floral arrangement had prompted an etymology lesson from Glasses. So he already knew, he just had a little trouble with retention and recall.

Glasses leaned back a little, waiting patiently as the other tried to figure it out. Well, 'patiently' might have been the wrong word, but he was managing not to snap at him to hurry it up. Close enough.

"Flora... Plants, flora means plants!" Clumsy snapped his fingers, looking very pleased with himself. Then he slumped a little, suddenly unsure. "Uh, right?"

"Very good, Clumsy!" Glasses praised, genuinely pleased. Okay, alright, he was rather fond of the natural disaster. But that hardly made them friends. It was more of a mentor-student thing, since Clumsy was the only Smurfling interested in learning anything from him. "Now zoology, on the other smurf, has to do with the study of fauna — animals."

"Plant animals?" Clumsy asked, giggling. "That's funny."

"Florazology is the study of Floric Fauna and Faunic Flora," Glasses started into a long rant about the topic he'd barely begun studying, pausing occasionally to nibble on a piece of food or other. Most of the science he talked about were direct quotes from his book or Papa, but a few things were gaps he'd inferred and figured out on his own.

He knew Clumsy didn't understand most of what he said, despite the way the other Smurfling leaned in eagerly and paid attention to every word. Out of what he did understand, Glasses doubted he'd retain any of it. But once in a while he did actually learn something, like with flora, and that – for a reason Glasses hadn't smurfed out yet – made it quite worth it.

Well that and the opportunity to talk to somesmurf outside his family without bored yawns, eye rolls, or requests to shut up, that was.

Sometime later, when most of the other tables had been filled and Glasses had almost forgotten his hatred of that particular day, his speech finally wound down. Despite popular belief, he could indeed run out of things to say, and was content to enjoy a peaceful silence as he finished his food.

"Gee, y're really smart," Clumsy said after a few moments, like he usually did. He played around with his food, not really eating it, looking off to the side. "Um, uh, Glasses?"

"Yes, Clumsy?" He watched as the other frowned nervously, not meeting his eye, stammering too much to speak. Glasses sighed, letting his concern filter out as annoyance. "Clumsy, speak up, I can't undersmurf you when you mumble like that."

"...d'yah wanna hear 'bout a cool rock ah found?" Clumsy asked quietly, twirling his fork around with his fingers until he accidentally poked himself and dropped it. "Ah mean, uh, it's alright if yah don' want to, o'course. Clever guy like yah probably has more important things ta smurf 'bout than mah silly rocks – jus' forget 'bout it."

Glasses usually ignored other Smurfs unless he was trying to teach them something or make them understand how intelligent he was, but there were a few things he noticed. Now that he thought about it, he was pretty sure he'd overheard Clumsy saying something about rocks to the other Smurflings a few times.

He was also pretty sure they hadn't been very interested in it. Truthfully, Glasses wasn't very interested either. He doubted Clumsy had any scientific knowledge, certainly not any that he himself did not already possess, and would probably just ramble about its color or something. He did indeed have far more important things to think about, like his book or which activity to join.

"Sure, Clumsy, I'd love to smurf about your rock." Glasses smiled, enjoying the way Clumsy's entire demeanor changed. Instead of nervous and meek, he was suddenly bright and excited, grinning as he started describing a fairly plain-sounding rock.

It was grey and round, but with this one little chip that was sharp and could cut you if you weren't careful — he'd discovered that the hard way. He'd found it right outside his house, by the garden. Its name was Gerald, and it dreamed of flying someday. It was apparently very sensitive, so Clumsy was unsure how to break the news that rocks couldn't fly to it. Every day he checked to see if it had grown wings, even though he knew it couldn't, just to keep from snuffing out its hopes.

Glasses listened to and retained every inane detail, smile never leaving his face, occasionally making an interested sound or exclamation. It was boring and nonsensical, but he acted as if it was as fascinating as his own lectures. And he had a million excuses why it was practical to throw out a bone every once in a while, keep the only Smurfling willing to listen to him happy, how this was actually a selfish move.

Honestly, though, he just knew how it felt to finally have somesmurf listen to you, even when they couldn't really understand what you were talking about.

He and Clumsy weren't friends. Clumsy had other friends, and Glasses didn't do friendship. But maybe Glasses could admit, to himself and only himself, that they weren't exactly *not-friends* either.

Chapter 8: Pie Makes Everything Better (Unless You Live In Blossom)

Another from my 'In Search Of Myself' AU.

This is set when Brainy is a Smurfling going by Glasses. Smurfette has recently been rescued and adopted, she's still going from grey to blue, and young Glasses is... not fond of her, quite yet.

"Good afternoon, Glasses!" the false Smurf chirped from where she sat at the table, her freaky yellow gaze locking on him the moment he entered.

Glasses scowled. His day was bad enough without having to deal with *her*. The imposter, with her patchy blue-grey skin, her sickly yellow hair, her false cheer, her attention-stealing ways — everything about her grated on his already frayed nerves.

"Good afternoon, interloper." He humphed, moving past her to throw himself onto his cot. He tore his glasses off his face, roughly shoving them under his pillow, and dug the heels of his hands into his eyes to block out the light. The stress of the day was setting off a headache. Except it didn't hurt. Except it kinda did?

There was a word for that, wasn't there? He was sure there was, but he just couldn't quite remember it. If whatever-it-was passed soon, he could probably go find something about it in Papa's library; reading would be a good way to distract himself from this ruin of a day until bedtime, at least.

"Bad day?" Smurfette asked, frowning.

//This ↓ bit will mostly be edited into a previous chapter, eventually

'Bad day' — what an understatement. Yes, it most certainly had been a monumental catastrophe of a solar cycle, for a particularly aggravating reason: he had once again failed to obtain a name.

Animal Trainer Smurf, Juggling Smurf, Woodworking Smurf — none had stuck, simply because he just kept *failing* at everything he tried. It wasn't his fault, not really. He had the **knowledge** necessary to succeed at any one of them. He just...

He just wasn't good at the physical side. Of anything. He wasn't crippled, he was just *weak*. Like his eyes — he wasn't blind, but he definitely couldn't see without his glasses. He couldn't keep up with the others, not in anything physical anyways.

So he decided to succeed on the mental side instead. After all, he had regular access to the most comprehensive library in town, surely he knew more about any given topic than the other Smurflings! So he'd given them advice, pointed out their mistakes, tried to guide them like Papa and Mama did.

And they'd just gotten so *angry*. And, alright, maybe he'd been flustered enough to make a few tiny mistakes, but that hardly warranted such an aggressive reaction! Though, maybe they would've listened a bit better if not quite so many things had gotten broken...

He really hoped Papa didn't hear about this.

//This ↑ bit will mostly be edited into a previous chapter, eventually

"I attempted to smurf my vast wisdom with my fellow Smurflings, and they refused to accept my natural leadership due to their own *stubbornness*." It was close enough to the truth, was basically what happened. Not like he was about to share his issues with *her*, of all people. "If they'd just listened to me, so much trouble could've been avoided. Alas, they're all too young to truly recognize their betters."

"If you say so." Smurfette chuckled lightly, though Glasses couldn't see what was so funny. She had that damn tilt in her voice that Smurfs got when they didn't believe him and were too 'polite' to actually say it to his face. "I'm sorry you had a bad day... Hey, do you want some Smurfberry pie? It might make you feel better."

"Where did you smurf that?" Glasses asked, reaching under his pillow for his name-sake. He sat up on his cot and watched as Smurfette lifted up a pie he hadn't noticed from the table. It wasn't exactly small, but was smaller than most pies, with red filling visible between the crosses.

"One of the boys brought it by," she answered brightly, lifting a knife to cut into it. She might've said more, but if she did Glasses didn't hear it, as his mind was suddenly filled with a panicked buzz.

Before he really processed why alarm bells were ringing in his head, Glasses was out of the cot and across the room, grabbing her wrist to halt the knife's progress. "Don't!"

"What's the matter?" She gasped, eyes widening as she flinched. Reluctantly feeling a tinge of guilt, Glasses loosened his grip enough for her to slip out, pretending he didn't notice the way she slightly moved her chair away from him.

"Which of 'the boys' smurfed it over?" he demanded, ignoring her question, finally realizing why it had frightened him. That pie was perfectly cooked, crust a delectable brown and filling just the right level of gooey.

There were only two kids he knew that could cook a pie like *that*, and depending on who it was...

"I don't know, really," Smurfette murmured, looking away. "You guys all look alike to me."

"Come on, there had to have been *something*," he insisted, trying not to get too annoyed. Mama always said that it wasn't right to blame *somesmurf* for something they couldn't control — which apparently extended to false Smurfs who couldn't even do something as simple as *recognize a face*. "Remember what Papa said, if you can't smurf the small stuff you have to notice the big stuff. An askew hat, sleepy eyes, even an accent?"

"Um..." Her face scrunched up in thought, one hand reaching up to twirl her hair around her fingers. "I think he had stains on his hands?"

"What color?"

"Why does that matter?" she asked, frowning as if she was the one who should be frustrated.

"Just answer the question!" he snapped, glancing at the pie every few seconds. What if it was on a timer or something? "We're smurfing out of smurf."

""Smurf-Smurf Smurfity-Smurf"," Smurfette grumbled mockingly, crossing her arms like the bratty child he knew she was.

For one hilarious moment, Glasses considered telling her what she'd just said, watching her face twist in horror as she spluttered apologies... But the moment passed as the chance she might say it in front of *somesmurf* else if he didn't explain registered. Maybe she'd even say it in front of Mama or Papa?

The thought almost made him burst into laughter, despite the situation.

"Purple," Smurfette said, after a pause.

"What?" Glasses shook his head, clearing his rambling thoughts away.

"I think the stains were purple," she clarified, her almost-grumpy mood evaporating with a bright smile. Smurfette was many unpleasant things, but he could admit that at least she wasn't one to stay angry or even frustrated for long.

Purple. Berry stains, then. That meant it was the weird kid that really liked food, which in turn meant the pie was perfectly safe. Sighing in relief, Glasses took the knife and started cutting into the pie, glad that it hadn't been cooked by—

"Wait, no, I'm sorry," Smurfette suddenly chimed in, "I misremembered, they were black stains."

By the time her words registered in his brain, the blade had already pierced the crust, giving him only enough time to squeak "Oh smurf," before it exploded, leaving his glasses bent and his skin stained with gunpowder.

A note, somehow perfectly intact, lay in the middle of the goopy mess that was once a pie. In unfortunately familiar handwriting, the word GOTCHA! was marked in vibrant red and gold letters.

Smurfette, having miraculously been completely missed by the projectile mess that covered the table, because the universe apparently hated him, scooped up a fingerful of pie filling and tasted it. She hummed in delight, smiling cheerfully, unperturbed for some *unfathomable* reason. "You should try some of this, it's delicious."

Her light giggling made Glasses' cheeks heat up in embarrass- *anger*. Head definitely pounding now, he once again retreated to his cot, wiping off the soot with a corner of his blanket. Twisting his glasses back into shape, he decided that the library could wait — he'd turn in a bit early today.

Tomorrow, he told himself, was sure to be better.

Chapter 9: Snapshot

Okay, so I'm going to be dumping a lot of the In Search Of Myself chapters here, in as chronological an order as I can manage.

This one is when Glasses has started growing a bit fonder of Smurfette, but is still wary of her.

Most Smurfs had rather simple Mushrooms. They had one big ground floor and an attic, with an outhouse and a small garden outside. The attic was usually separated into a bedroom, a washroom, and a storage space, but some Smurfs liked to switch it up a little. Maybe sleep on the ground floor, and turn the bedroom area into a meditation zone or something.

Smurfs didn't really *need* all that much room. Most big meals were communal, most jobs were outside or had special buildings where they were done, and most of the popular pastimes weren't indoor activities — they just didn't need more than a simple space to sleep, store their stuff, and maybe retreat to if they really didn't want to be around anysmurf else for a while.

Glasses' family was different; they had *three* mushrooms, all clustered together. Their regular house was like most; a table and chairs, a small kitchen, bookshelves, and photos along the walls, all on the ground floor. The upper floor had a large storage space, a washroom with a copper tub, and the bedroom.

They all three used to sleep in the bedroom, before Glasses had gotten a bit bigger and started waking up very early on a regular basis, and had moved to a cot downstairs of his own accord. It was a little scary at first, but he got used to it, and it was nice more-or-less having his own room. Then Smurfette moved in, and her cot was next to his, and he had to get used to hearing another Smurf breathing near him all night again.

(He got reused to it rather quickly, actually)

The next Mushroom, which was a bit smaller than normal, was Papa's library. The first floor was filled with books from across the world, on every subject imaginable, some collected in Papa's youth but most passed through their family for generations. The top floor had a skylight and a telescope, with astronomy charts lining the walls, and made for a surprisingly cozy place to read.

The last Mushroom was Papa's lab, the smallest of the three. Mama did her work in The Dojo, with the other fighting Smurfs, but Papa's work needed a special space to do — one that the main village just didn't have, because no other Blossom Smurf needed it. The attic was filled with potion ingredients, books, and supplies. The bottom floor

was the actual laboratory, always kept dark and lit by candle flame, where Papa brewed his incredible potions.

His incredible, special potions that were unique and vital to the village's wellbeing. Papa was the only Smurf in Blossom to master potions, and he was the smartest Smurf in Blossom, ergo potions must be one of the things only the most intelligent Smurfs can do.

(Well, intelligent like Papa, not intelligent like Mama. And as much as Glasses loved his Mama, he'd rather be Papa's kind of intelligent)

And if intelligent leaders like Papa were good at potions, then Glasses wanted to be good at potions. It didn't matter that they smelled funny, nor that he didn't like waiting for them to boil, nor that the sharp knives scared him a bit when he was cutting ingredients — he had to master them, because how could he ever be like Papa if he didn't?

Papa, in all his wisdom, had caught onto his love of potion-making early on. As a Baby Smurf, he'd sit in the lab and watch Papa, eventually moving on to helping cut or mix things as he got older. He often researched potions, spending hours at a time curled up with a book or five on the subject.

But it wasn't enough, because he still wasn't allowed to actually brew anything on his own. A few accidents, some misremembered facts, had been enough for Papa to ban him from actual brewing until he was older. As much as he respected his Papa and tried to obey him, Glasses knew that if he just got a chance to try, he could prove himself trustworthy of brewing potions by himself.

Which is what led to him standing outside the lab door on an afternoon when both his parents had ended up having to stay out of the house late due to complex intervillage politics he didn't really understand (but would, someday, since he was going to be a Redcap and Redcaps have to know boring stuff like that), one hand holding tight to his backpack, the other hesitantly resting on the door.

"You aren't allowed to go in there," Smurfette whispered from behind him, as if afraid they— his parents would hear her if she didn't. "Papa's going to get mad at you."

"Oh Smurfette," he chuckled, trying to instill confidence into his voice but instead coming out a bit more patronizing than he intended, "Papa will only be angry until he smurfs what great work I've done, at which point he will undoubtedly forgive me."

Probably. Maybe. Alright, he was getting grounded for this and he knew it, but it would be worth it. Maybe. Probably. Okay, so getting in trouble gave him a kind of cold

fear no kid who's never been hit (by a parent) should ever feel at the prospect, but the thought of the disappointment that would surely light up in Papa's eyes... Still, this was something he had to do.

"Good luck." Smurfette patted his shoulder, then started walking back to the main Mushroom. He blinked after her, knowing she wouldn't help him but wouldn't tattle on him either, unless she thought he was actually in danger. He wasn't entirely sure how to feel about that, something in him saying she should be more loyal to Mama and Papa than that, another part knowing that her ignorance of Smurf family values just made it that much easier to keep her away from Gargamel.

But thinking about those things just wasted precious time, time that he'd need every second of to brew something *truly* impressive.

//He tries to make a very high-level potion, doesn't realize a ladybug has wandered in, and accidentally poisons it. This is young Brainy's first big experience with guilt and the first time he makes a major mistake that even he can't argue away as not his fault.

//He'd nurse the ladybug back to health as a subplot over many chapters, bonding with it over time and dreading having to release it.

//He'd eventually realize that it's been permanently mutated and actually *can't* be released, a bittersweet event. He keeps it as a pet, dubbing it Snapshot Bug or Snappybug for short.

Chapter 10: Random Bits And Bobs

"...Why are you carrying Clumsy like that?" Brainy asked, pointing to where his best friend was sitting on his other friend's bicep.

"He lost walking privileges," Hefty replied in the nonchalant way only a Smurf who has had a very long day can achieve.

"Don't be a Jokey about this," Brainy said...

"Did'ya just use my name as an insult?"

...having completely forgotten that Jokey was present.

"Uh, yes?"

"Awesome!"

Luckily, Jokey was Jokey.

BOOM!

Unluckily, even a happy Jokey came with a few *surprises*.

Chapter 11: Flirting

In Search Of Myself

This is right on the cusp of Glasses fully acknowledging Smurfette as his sister.

"You can't flirt with Smurfette!" Glasses growled.

"Why not?" Hefty asked.

"It's— I—" Glasses spluttered, trying to figure that out himself. "It's guy code, isn't it?"

"What?"

"You aren't supposed to flirt with your friends' sisters, I'm sure I smurfed one of your idiot buddies smurf that."

"Why would— Wait, dude, did you just..?" Hefty was smiling for some reason, but why?

Oh, wait... "Smurfette is not my sister!"

"Then why can't I flirt with her?"

Because she's my little sister.

"You just can't!" Glasses huffed. "There are plenty of other Smurfs that would date you the moment you smurfed. Like Clumsy, for instance."

And why did that sentence make him want to scream?

"I'm not into guys," Hefty tried to protest, but Glasses waved him to silence.

"On second thought, Clumsy and you wouldn't smurf well together, you're too different." As if summoned, Clumsy tripped towards their table. Glasses glared at him. "Clumsy, don't flirt with Hefty, he's not your type and is into girls — you'd smurf your heart broken."

"Okey-dokey, Glasses," Clumsy agreed easily as he clambered into a chair, looking mildly confused but mostly just pleasant as always.

That was what he lov– liked about Clumsy. He always took Glasses' advice, no matter how ridiculous. Which was as well extremely worrying, so Glasses made a mental note to give Clumsy a lecture on the importance of being discerning and making your own decisions. Again. Maybe it'd stick this time.

A very selfish part of him hoped it wouldn't.

Chapter 12: Shut Up, Brainiac!

In Search Of Myself

Context: Glasses has finally decided on a name that fits him — Knowledgeable Smurf!

Unfortunately, not every smurf is as keen on it as he is...

"Come on, Brainiac suits you!" Hefty insisted, apparently not comprehending how big of a deal this was. "And the other name's a bit of a smurffful."

"And Brainiac isn't?!" was all Glasses could think to say in a moment of fire he'd quickly come to regret.

"You're right, that is a little long," Hefty agreed, missing the point as always. "How about... I know, Brainy! Brainy Smurf."

The Smurfs around them started laughing, and Glasses could feel himself heating up.

"Yeah, Brainy, the 'smartest Smurf in Blossom'," Boxer mocked with a cruel grin. "He's right, it really does suit ya, nerd."

"See, Brainy? It's perfect." Hefty smiled. The only reason Glasses didn't shout at him was because he knew Hefty thought the others were laughing with Glasses.

They weren't. They were mocking him, and he couldn't say anything. Because maybe he was wrong, maybe Hefty did know, maybe he wasn't trying to be helpful and just failing miserably at it.

Glasses left, most certainly not wiping tears from his eyes, without saying a word. Because if Hefty was mocking him after all, if he chose Boxer's side, if he wasn't really his friend...

Glasses would rather live in blissful ignorance, just this once, than know for sure.

"Hiya, Know- Kno- Knowlag-" Clumsy struggled to pronounce the word, face scrunching up with effort.

Glasses sighed, because this was the icing on the cake, wasn't it? The one Smurf outside his family to actually try to call him by his chosen name, and he couldn't. His best friend couldn't say his name.

"It's alright, Clumsy." He smiled weakly, feeling like he was admitting defeat. "I'm not Knowledgeable Smurf anymore, you can just call me *Brainy*."

"Brainy..." Clumsy repeated, drawing out the syllables as if trying them out. "Brainy! Ah like that, it really suits yah. Now everysmurf will know y're tha brainiest Smurf that ever smurfed!"

Somehow, when Clumsy said things like that, they didn't sound sarcastic. They didn't sound mocking or stupid or fake. When he said 'Brainy', it didn't sound like an insulting designation that he'd just have to live with.

No, instead... it sounded like a name.

Chapter 13: I Smurf My Heart On My Sleeve

In Search Of Myself

You know how Hefty, THE strongsmurf, has a tattoo of a heart? And how basically no other Smurfs have tattoos period?

Well, I decided to explain this.

Somehow 'Hefty has a big heart and wanted to show that' became 'Hefty processes complicated feelings by drawing hearts over and over again'. ☐♀

I want to point something out real quick — Brainy 100% should've told someone. Hefty was making a dumb, possibly dangerous decision without the proper knowledge or tools to deal with it. Brainy made the wrong choice here. But he also made the loyal choice. Even mistakes are part of growth, and this is a part of Brainy's.

Brainy wasn't a trusting Smurf, and he freely admitted this. Others were just too stupid to trust, with the exception of Mama and Papa, after all. Even his very best friends weren't free from his suspicions.

So when Hefty came back from a trip to a human village, only to begin acting strangely, one could hardly blame Brainy for getting worried. The strongsmurf was unusually quiet and thoughtful, carrying a little jar around with him, distracted for days on end – something had to have happened.

Brainy tried to ask him about it, but he dodged the question. He tried to tell others, but they thought he was being ridiculous. Finally, Brainy decided he would just have to investigate it on his own.

It was late at night, and Brainy was planning to peek in through Hefty's window and see if anything strange was in his house using Snappybugs's eyelights, only to find that Hefty still had his lanterns lit.

Hefty was big on getting enough sleep, always bugging Brainy about his habit of staying awake studying, because of the effects it had on health. Him staying up this late was the final straw, and Brainy pushed through his door, mouth open to confront him–

Only to find Hefty sitting on his bed, the mysterious jar open on the floor next to him, holding a small knife against his upper arm.

"What the smurf do you think you're smurfing?!" Brainy yelled, running forward to grab Hefty's wrist. He didn't actually have a chance of restraining the strongsmurf, but he still had to try.

Eyes wide, Hefty slowly put down the knife, flipping his hand so that he was the one holding Brainy's wrist. His voice, when he spoke, was as calm and confident as he ever was. "It isn't what it looks like."

"It looks like you're about to smurf your arm open!" Brainy hissed, his own voice high and hysterical. What in the world was happening?! Did Hefty go crazy? Was he going to turn on somesmurfs else next? Was Brainy in danger? Was his friend under a spell or something? He needed to yell for help, but there was no guarantee anysmurf would hear him and even if they did, nosmurf could get there faster than Hefty could grab the knife and—

"Hey, hey! Brainman, calm down." Hefty gently moved both his hands to Brainy's shoulders, still keeping him from fleeing in a grip too strong for him to break, but simultaneously grounding him even as he kept him in place. "Breath, bro, breath..."

He was breathing, he... was just breathing really *smurfing* fast, and when did that start? Oh Smurf, this was a horrible time for a panic attack. Hefty was the one that needed help, he had to remember that and push through, but he couldn't, he—

"Breath," Hefty repeated, more insistently this time, shaking Brainy in a way that was surprisingly careful. Or, not so surprisingly, he supposed – Hefty was always gentle with Smurfs who needed it. "Remember what Mental taught you? In, one two three, out. Slowly, deeply. Come on bro, just copy me, alright?"

Brainy nodded shakily, trying to match how Hefty breathed, following his count. He focused all of his mind on breathing properly, just like he focused when studying, though he was sure he didn't quite manage to do it exactly right. Still, it helped.

A few minutes passed like that, Brainy slowly calming down until he could think clearly again. He sat down on Hefty's table, since the other had no chairs, and looked up at him warily.

"You alright now?" Hefty asked. Brainy nodded once, still staring warily at the other. Hefty shifted, uncharacteristically nervous, and sank back into his bed with a sigh. He buried his head in his hands. "It's not what it smurfs like."

"You smurfed that already," Brainy replied dully, trying to twist his useless concern into useful anger. "Smurfs, Hefty, I'm not even sure *what* it smurfs like! Were you trying to perform amateur surgery? Cutting out a dangerous bug that Doctor's too scared of to help with? Just happened to be *smurfing* the knife weirdly?"

"It's a long story..." Hefty looked up, sounding smaller than he ever did even as a Smurfling.

"I've got all night," Brainy answered firmly. It was true – he'd already planned to stay up late investigating anyways, so he had completely cleared his schedule. Hefty was worth that. Hefty was worth a lot of things.

Including being heard out before Brainy told Papa about this.

"I don't know where to start." Hefty laughed, but it was a weak, almost bitter sound. It wasn't like Hefty in the slightest. He got up to pace, waving his arms around as he started and stopped speaking several times.

Hefty had always been open with his emotions, and Brainy had had decades to learn how to read the expressions that would flash across the other's face. He was strong in everything he did, including feeling things, never a Smurf to go only halfway.

Right now, Brainy could see nervousness, fear, anger, sadness, and worry, emotions he had almost never seen Hefty have. He also saw excitement, anticipation, and hope. Just what the Smurf was going on to make his friend, his *brother in spirit*, act like this?

Brainy waited patiently, though he didn't feel very patient, while the other gathered his words. Finally, Hefty started speaking, not looking at Brainy.

"I guess it all started when I smurfed a name." Hefty ran a hand over his hat, still pacing. "I'm Hefty Smurf, I'm big and strong. I lift things and punch things."

He gestured to the exercise equipment around his Mushroom, most of which were various sorts of dumbbells. "Of course I do, that's just who I am. It fits me, I love it, it's a great name!"

"I agree, it suits you..." Brainy said after a few moments of silence, wondering where this was going. Hefty's name trait had always been obvious, his main issue had been which word for 'strong' to use, in Brainy's opinion.

"And, I mean," Hefty growled, frustrated, "I'm not smart like you, and I'm not good at knowing how others are smurfing like Smurfette, and I guess I'm a little good at battle strategy but– my point is, it makes sense that nosmurf really expects more of me than showing off and dealing with Gargamel and carrying things!"

"...I expect more of you," Brainy said quietly, after another lull in the other's speech, Hefty apparently caught up in his thoughts. He remembered the boy that teased him

growing up. The idiot with every thought or feeling painted on his face. The kid that once beat up another Smurfling for stealing Brainy's glasses.

Hefty was a strongsmurf, that had always been true. But, somehow, Brainy really did expect a lot more from him. He was confident and popular, somesmurf you could trust and listen to easily. He was destined for great things, almost as great as Brainy himself was. And maybe Brainy would tell him that someday, but for now he'd hope that the other understood without him actually saying all of it.

Hefty paused in his pacing, finally looking at Brainy. His face softened, a small smile appearing. "I know you do, Brains. But nosmurf else really does. And that's fine, really. I'm fine with being the strongsmurf!"

He started pacing again, sounding more like he was trying to convince himself than Brainy. "Still, it gets... Nosmurf... I mean, *I'm more than that!* I..."

He growled, frustrated with his own inability to put his thoughts into words. Without warning, he reached under his bed, dragging out a wooden chest that he quickly upturned, spilling its contents onto the floor. "Here. It's not like I want to be another Painter, but..."

Brainy stared at the notebooks, kneeling on the ground to look through them. He remembered watching Hefty from a distance when they were young, sitting by himself and sketching, wondering what he might've been filling all those pages with. He'd never asked, Hefty had never told, and that had been that.

Now he knew. He flipped through the books in awe, looking at hearts. Hearts with spikes, with flames, with arrows. Hearts with faces, hearts made out of twisting vines, hearts dripping with rainbows. Anatomically correct hearts, lopsided hearts, ridiculously simple hearts. They were relatively well done, creative, and absolutely-

"Beautiful," Brainy breathed, unbelieving. Sure, Painter could do any one of them better, but still...

"You really smurf so?" Hefty asked, smiling. He looked away sheepishly. "I don't want to be Sketching Smurf or anything, but I think I'm pretty good. I've just always smurfed the shape, y'know? And it sorta became its own thing, after the first few doodles I did in the dirt."

He picked up one of the oldest notebooks, flipping it open to the very first page. He held it out, revealing a simple red heart. "It's dumb, I know, but this is a part of me. Who would believe that Hefty could smurf things like this, right?"

He chuckled, sounding less bitter and more genuinely amused now. "Smurfs, I'm insane, aren't I? It's not even like it's that big a deal, but it is. I could just show Smurfs my art books, show them that I'm more than just lifting things. But then they'd probably start calling me 'heart sketching Smurf' or Painter would get mad or... Still, it might be a better idea than this."

"You still haven't smurfed what 'this' is," Brainy complained, gesturing to the knife. The fact that Hefty apparently liked to draw one single thing over and over was interesting (and a tiny bit worrying), but it still didn't explain anything.

"You're right, I haven't." Hefty sighed. Leaning against the wall and staring down at the heart drawn in his sketchbook. "I smurfed a guy, on that trip into the human town. He was massive, bigger than Gargamel, with all these drawings all over him."

"Drawings?" Brainy asked, incredulous. Humans were so weird, sometimes.

"Yeah!" Hefty said quietly, smiling softly, looking completely awed at his own memory. "Names and animals and leaves – they were all over him! I smurfed him about it, and he had so many stories. Each picture represented someone he knew or something he did or something that happened to him – good and bad, it seemed like his entire life was smurfed on his skin."

Hefty laughed, jumping a little as he resumed his pacing. "It was incredible, Brainy! There were things I would never have guessed about him that were smurfed clear by those silly little doodles, once I knew how to look. I thought that it must be a pain to redraw them all the time, though, and I smurfed him that."

He turned back to Brainy, eyes wide in wonder. "You know what he said?"

"What?" Brainy asked, some memory or other pulling at the back of his mind. He didn't like the look on Hefty's face, and he didn't like where this was going. He stayed kneeling on the floor, looking up at his grinning friend, and wondered whether Papa would've done the same in his place.

"He didn't have to redraw them. He told me how they do it, it's this human thing where they permanently smurf you with special ink." Hefty looked away for a second, excitement and nervousness dueling on his face as his gaze flicked back to Brainy. "I don't really smurf how to explain it, but they call it–"

"Tattoos," Brainy interrupted flatly, dread faintly pooling in his stomach, as that vague memory sharpened.

Well, at least he wasn't trying to do amateur surgery..?

"You've heard of it?" Hefty asked, then waved it away. "No, what am I saying? Of course you've heard of it, you've probably smurfed fifteen books on it!"

Actually, he'd read one book about it. And, technically, only one chapter was really about how they were done – the rest was about history and culture and other stuff that made humans so strange.

"I know it's not a very Smurfy thing–" Hefty began, picking up the small jar from beside his bed, which Brainy could now see was full of red ink.

"You can say that again," Brainy muttered, standing up to face the other, hands on his hips. "In fact, it might be the single most unsmurfy thing I've ever heard you say!"

"I know that!" Hefty yelled back. He frowned, breathing deeply for a minute. He stared at the jar, not meeting Brainy's eyes, his voice quiet. "I know. Putting ink inside my skin, marking myself *permanently*... Smurfs, even humans will be able to tell me apart from everysmurf else! I know it's stupid, I know this shouldn't even be a big deal, I know I should've asked somesmurf for help or something."

Brainy watched as a certain sort of determined look came over the other, one he recognized. It was the look he got before fighting Gargamel, before he cleared large branches for a new path all by himself, before he shouted at somesmurf bigger than he was. It was the look that meant he knew he was more confident than he should be, and he was doing the dumb thing anyways, so woe to anysmurf that stood in his way.

"I want the world to always know there's something more in here." Hefty smirked, eyes hardening, tapping his chest. "I want people to smurf my mark, my tattoo, and wonder why a strongsmurf is smurfing around with a stupid little heart on his arm. And I know it'll hurt, maybe a lot, but I wouldn't be Hefty if I couldn't handle a little pain."

He twisted the jar in his hands, staring at Brainy while the silence hung heavily between them. Brainy felt frozen to the spot, processing everything.

Smurfs didn't have tattoos. Tattoos were an insane human thing that were basically just colorful scars. Tattoos marked you as different, made it impossible to hide among your fellow Smurfs, and that wasn't something you did on purpose. He needed to take the knife, go tell Mama and Papa about this, let the town decide what to do...

It was what Papa would've done. Papa would have told his Redcap about something like this, when he was younger. Brainy needed to do the same, he knew that, so *what was stopping him?*

Hefty looked so hopeful. And it was stupid, Brainy thought, very stupid to get this obsessed with something like *hearts*. He just couldn't understand it. But it mattered so much to Hefty, so maybe the fact that Brainy didn't understand didn't matter, just this once.

Hefty was worth a lot. Brainy sighed, admitting to himself that maybe Hefty was even worth his silence, just this once. He looked around, noticing something important, and smiled playfully.

"You're smurfing it wrong~" Brainy declared in a smug sing-song, pulling a quill and some paper out of his backpack, and started to write a list. "You've got ink, and you've got a knife – which I doubt you properly smurfed – but you still need lotion, and something to cover it with afterwards, and when was the last time you ate?"

Brainy talked as he gathered what they needed, Hefty listening for once as he outlined proper aftercare. Brainy didn't know near enough about this, and there were no records on how Smurfs differed from humans in tattoo recovery, so a good deal of what he said was guesswork – but he knew more than Hefty, and no other Smurf had a tattoo as far as they knew, so it was better than nothing.

There came a point where everything was ready – Brainy had repeated everything he knew or had figured out about the subject, all the materials were gathered, Hefty's arm was properly cleaned – and there was nothing left but the act itself.

Brainy sat on the table and Hefty reclaimed his spot on the bed, watching in nervous anticipation as the knife was raised to skin. They both winced when Hefty started carefully tapping the ink-covered blade into his own arm.

It was slow-going, and Brainy wished it was over from the moment it began, but it did eventually get finished. It was crude, and looked purple in places due to the blood, yet it didn't look too bad. It was a simple red heart, nothing really special about it.

Hefty flexed, breathing deeply because of the pain, and looked at Brainy. "Well? What do you smurf?"

"...it suits you," Brainy decided after a moment, watching the other's muscles move behind the new mark. Something about it felt right, felt like it belonged there, felt like Hefty.

"You really think so?" Hefty asked. He chuckled, a sound of utter disbelief, and closed his eyes. He propped his head against his hand, elbow resting on his leg. "I can't believe I smurfed this. I'm going to be in so much trouble."

"Yeah," Brainy agreed, sliding off the table walking over to sit next to Hefty, putting a comforting hand on his back. He waited until the other opened his eyes to look at him. "We are."

They both started laughing at that, both tired, shocked, caught between regret and joy. Tomorrow would be a new challenge, as there would be no hiding this, but for now it didn't matter.

For now, all that mattered was that they were both sitting together, laughing over what might still prove to be a dumb decision. What mattered was that Hefty hadn't had to face this alone. What mattered was that Brainy's friend was *safe*.

Hefty was worth a lot of things. Brainy's ear, his silence, his words. He was worth his worry, his help, his friendship. He was worth getting in trouble for.

Chapter 14: Brainy Vs Smart

In Search Of Myself.

A very short scene. The context is that Brainy has befriended a Smurf named Smart, one who can match him for and encourages his intelligence. However, Smart also happens to be a jerk who treats anyone less intelligent than he is with contempt, with many red flags that Brainy ignored in favor of finally having somesmurf that he clicks with mentally.

Until those red flags start affecting his real friends, anyways.

"You know what? You're right; they are idiots," Brainy said, crossing his arms. He couldn't see his friends behind him, but he assumed they looked various degrees of shocked and betrayed. Well, except for Clumsy, he'd just have that sad, agreeing smile that made Brainy in equal parts want to yell at him about self respect and kick himself for whatever he said to bring about that expression.

"And it's hard, sometimes, being with Smurfs so far beneath my intellectual level," Brainy continued, putting his arms behind his back and smirking. He looked Smart right in the eye, walking forward slowly. "It's hard, but it is worth it to know these Smurfs. They are the kindest, most loyal beings I've ever known. They have smurfed by me and protected me and called *me out*, no matter how much everysmurf else smurfed that I was an arrogant blowhard who should be ignored."

"They may be idiots," he came to a stop before Smart, barely half an inch away, "but they are kind idiots, loyal idiots, idiots who will smurf by their morals no matter what. They are idiots who understand other Smurfs and diplomacy and smurfing rocks better than you or I ever will."

"In conclusion," he scowled, leaning in until their noses were touching, "they are *my* idiots, and I will not let you hurt them again, in any way. So get new test subjects, Smart Aleck, before I smurf you into one."

Chapter 15: What I (Don't) Want To Be, Is Just Like You

In Search Of Myself

This is near the very end of Brainy's arc, once he's come to a few realizations about himself.

Alchemist/Papa is a little stiff and bland here, since I'd need to actually write the context for the scene to properly get a feel for how he should be acting, so sorry about that :/

"I hate potions!" Brainy blurted, waiting for the disappointment in his father's eyes. It didn't come, confusion showing where it should be. Of course Papa didn't understand, that was an oversimplification, he needed to actually explain.

No matter how much he'd really rather not. It wouldn't be the first time he did something he didn't want to because he *had* to, but if this somehow went well... maybe it would be the last. He started pacing, gesturing wildly.

"I mean, I love studying them and hearing you smurf about them," Brainy continued, vaguely noticing that Papa was staying quiet, letting him ramble on. "But actually brewing them is *boring*, and hard, and they smell funny, and-and the knives are all really sharp. I know you're going to be disappointed, but I don't like potions, and I don't want to brew them anymore. So, can I... stop smurfing them? Please?"

He stopped and reluctantly looked back at Papa, just to see the frown he was dreading. Before he could take it all back, somehow, he found himself pulled into a hug.

"Oh, my little Smurf." Papa sighed. "Of course you don't have to smurf potions if you don't want to. I'm not disappointed in you in the slightest. If anything, I'm disappointed in myself for smurfing you feel like you had to help me—"

"I don't want to stop helping you!" Brainy said, panicked, pulling just a bit out of the hug. He'd never wanted *that*. "I still want to study new potions for you, and collect ingredients, and even help you brew sometimes. Smurfing potions with you is different, Papa, it's nice smurfing out with you. I love you."

"And I love you, son." Papa smiled at him gently. "You can keep helping me, but only if you really want to. And you will smurf me if you don't, or if you smurf your mind."

"Yes, Papa." Brainy smiled back. This had gone so much better than he thought it would! But it wasn't quite over yet. He swallowed, wondering if he should really risk ruining this, then pushed on anyways. "Papa?"

"Yes, Brainy?"

"I know everysmurf thinks I'm going to be the next Redcap, and I'm not sure if it's true or not, but if it is," he licked his lips, pushing down his fear and nervousness, ignoring the lingering doubtful voice in the back of his mind telling him that he's wrong and of course he wants to and, "I don't want to be."

Papa blinked, surprise on his face. "Well, you don't have to be, but I thought you wanted to?"

"I wasn't lying when I smurfed I did," Brainy assured him, not wanting Papa to think he'd been deceiving him all these years. The only Smurf he'd been deceiving was himself. "I thought I wanted it, but I don't really smurf I do, anymore. Smurfing in charge stresses me out, and honestly I'm the last Smurf who should be trusted with others' emotional well-being, and I don't really undersmurf politics anyways, and... I'm sorry, Papa."

"You have nothing to be sorry for," Papa insisted, hugging him tighter. It was funny how the same smells that were so bad in potions were so comforting when they stuck to Papa. "What is it that you want to smurf now, then?"

"I..." Brainy hesitated, every instinct screaming at him to make something up, because not knowing something made him weak. Made him a failure. Made him a disappointment. Made him a million things he'd feared his entire life. He laughed, pushing all of it— pushing *through* all of it. "I have absolutely no idea. But I've always loved learning, and it'll be fun finding out."

Chapter 16: Notes And Plotline

In Search Of Myself

Here are a ton of different notes and ideas I have for this AU, though not everything will necessarily make it to the final draft.

Once upon a time, there were two Smurfs named Alchemist and Warrior, a married couple. They were Redcaps, coleaders of a Smurf village called Blossom.

Alchemist was very intelligent, while Warrior was very brave, and the two worked together to lead and defend their people from the immortal sorcerer Gargamel.

Smurfette is rescued/adopted by the Smurfs when she's biologically a young teenager/preteen, having quick-grown over a period of months but not yet reached the point where she could seduce the Smurfs. She's mentally a teenager as well.

Gargamel made an immortality potion with the intention of selling it to get rich, testing it first on Azrael, then on himself. Afterwards, something caused the formula to be destroyed and Gargamel couldn't remember how he did it. Part of the reason he chases the Smurfs is to find out the secrets of their long lives. (He is not interested in eating them, however, because I am very very VERY against cannibalism)

There are other Smurf villages, with their own leaders and ways of doing things. Leaders are typically the only ones who wear red hats, so they're called Redcaps.

Alchemist is Papa Smurf. His son is Brainy, but he goes by 'Glasses Smurfling' for a while. Warrior/Rory is a retired warrior based partly on Smurfwillow.

Chapter Ideas (out of order):

1) Clumsy meeting/befriending a Firescale Dragonfly and learning how to ride it, discovering a hidden talent with it (OMS, How To Train Your Dragon Fly!). This references that one movie where he turns out to be good at riding fire breathing dragonflies.

2) Hefty and Brainy meeting, probably with Hefty protecting Brainy from something.

3) Hefty and Brainy bonding ("You're like my little brother!" "I'm older than you..." "Only by, like, two years.") (I'm actually going to make it so Hefty is older than Brainy and that line won't make it into the final draft, but it was funny so I wrote it down)

4) When young Brainy breaks the rules and sneaks into his Papa's lab to prove he can make potions, he accidentally poisons a ladybug that wandered in. While a guilty Brainy nurses the mutating creature back to health, he finds a place in his heart he didn't know existed. Or: how Brainy gets his pet ladybug, Snapshot/Snappy Bug, and teaches her how to be a living camera/flashlight/voice recorder while as well beginning to learn higher empathy and care.

5) Brainy meeting Barista Smurf and drinking coffee for the first time. He's determined to impress the newcomer before his reputation ruins his chance, and ends up drinking something his research has told him he shouldn't (because of his highstrung personality, panic attacks, etc). Barista ends up becoming his friend anyways.

6) The first time Brainy calls Smurfette his sister and doesn't take it back/pretend he didn't.

7) Brainy facing his fear of failure and asking Handy for help with something, admitting he's better at building things than Brainy is. But he does it at night so nosmurf can overhear. Still, though, progress.

8) Brainy noticing that Grouchy always interrupts Philosopher's lectures, and saying some things that piss both of them off. Next time he himself gives a lecture/speech, he finds two hecklers in the audience... (Grouchy and Philosopher are close friends who love debating each other, it's just that almost nosmurf knows this because, well... they're always debating each other XD)

9) Brainy trying to go by Knowledgeable Smurf and instead getting derisively named Brainiac. He hates the mocking name until Clumsy reacts happily to it, sincerely saying that he's the 'Brainiest Smurf' there is. Smurfette is one of the few that tries to call him by the name he chose before he gives in to being called Brainy, making them bond a little more.

10) Other Smurfs realize how little respect they give to Brainy and decide to fix it, starting by acknowledging his original choice of name. Brainy is touched, but soon runs into an issue — he's so used to being 'Brainy' that he doesn't want to go by 'Knowledgeable' anymore. Brainy is who he is, now. But can he tell the others that without losing the tentative respect he's earned?

11) Brainy standing up for Smurfette for the first time when she's bullied for being a false Smurf. He himself didn't like her and the fact that she was a false Smurf at first, but her personality and kindness towards him changed his mind. He remembers kind moments between them from various other chapters.

12) Brainy realizing that he will never be like Papa Smurf. He's horrible at potions, isn't patient, and tends to get stressed out when actually given the chance to lead. He's bummed out for a bit, but eventually realizes that it's okay — all this time he's been trying to copy Papa, when he should've been trying to be Brainy. So, of course, he goes full mad scientist!

13) How Brainy becomes the town's (reluctant) librarian.

14) Jokey has been pranking Brainy a lot, causing hatred between the two. When they both are lost and Jokey gets hurt in the woods, it's up to Brainy to get them back home. Jokey expects Brainy to say he deserves it, dreads rough treatment until he's safely back with the other Smurfs, but is instead met with Brainy's own peculiar brand of kindness. Bonding happens.

15) Hefty meeting Smurfette for the first time. I don't believe in love at first sight, but, well...

16) When Gargamel captures some Smurfs, Warrior leads a rescue party – coming home with a mysterious cloaked Smurfling with grey skin. (Smurfette comes to town).

17) Berserker or Boxer throws Glasses out of the village for the first time (he barely gets hurt due to Smurfy durability, though). When his friends ask who did it, he pretends he didn't notice (he doesn't always pay attention to things like that), fearing that Hefty (who is close to the offending party) will choose their side over his. As the years go by and being tossed out of the village becomes so normal his friends don't even ask anymore, Brainy wonders if he should've told somesmurf when it first began. Because as much as it doesn't seem to phase anysmurf anymore, it upsets him – but even his family are too used to it to care. Will those closest to him realize what's going on, and what will happen once they do? (I'm still unsure how much his family will know or not, but they'll definitely be at least mostly unknowing towards what happens. Maybe featuring Brainy assuming they know when they actually don't...)

18) Brainy running across Jokey after he's been beat up for a prank, and reluctantly bonding to him as Jokey vents some long-held frustrations. Later, Jokey saves Brainy from Gargamel/wolves/whatever with his pranks and parkour. Features Brainy not paying attention to others' emotions until he sees something that makes him worry, and insecure!jerk-but-not-cruel!Jokey.

19) Somesmurf that's never hurt Brainy (Papa Smurf? Historian? Barista? Mental?) tells him to 'Shut Up, Brainy!', either playfully or in anger. Due to how many times he's been told that before being thrown/kicked/hit, he flinches, worrying the other. Brainy just thinks it's normal, so he either casually goes back to what he was doing or quietly apologizes and asks to not be thrown out (depends on whether he figures out they aren't going to hurt him or not). This worries the other further.

20) Mental Smurf moves to town, bringing all sorts of strange ideas with him. When Brainy has a panic attack (probably doing with his fear of failing and/or being wrong), his parents make an appointment with the new town therapist. With words like 'anxiety' being thrown around, Brainy is convinced that the man's a quack – after all, only broken Smurfs get anxiety, right?

Plot notes:

- Brainy as a baby, discovering outside for the first time and getting his glasses
- Brainy's first attempt at making friends... and meeting Jokey
- Brainy and Clumsy become friends
- Brainy and Hefty become friends
- Smurfette comes into the picture
- Brainy starts trying to get a name
- Brainy gets Snapshot
- Brainy tries to go by knowledgeable Smurf, but ends up as Brainy
- Hefty's tattoo
- Brainy vs Smart

Brainy starts getting bullied but doesn't tell anysmurf. Eventually it just becomes so normal, nosmurf really cares.

Brainy meets a historian Smurf that starts to open his eyes to the possibility that, just maybe, he doesn't want to be exactly like Papa

Brainy's parents make him see a therapist, named Mental. Poor, poor Mental...

Brainy meets Barista

Brainy meets Phil

Brainy and Jokey reconcile... mostly.

Running gag with Jokey exploding him.

Brainy confesses that he doesn't want to be exactly like Papa Smurf. He hates portions and leading stresses him out... Oh! Him failing to be in charge a few times before this.

Brainy and Clumsy get together.

Hefty becomes a good leader. Smurfette's name changes. Clumsy invents Firescale Riding. Jokey becomes the world's most whimsical warrior. Grouchy and Vanity's relationship develops, and Grouchy adopts Baby. Ryder's creation, departure, and return. Most of this is in the background.

Ideas for other long-form fics in the same world but focusing on other characters than Brainy:

- Fire's Grace: Clumsy's Story
- Too Much Pink: The Tale Of The False Smurf
- Heart On My Smurf: More Than Just Hefty
- That's Not Funny: The Life And Times Of Jokey Smurf
- Dismal Reflections: An Unsmurfy Love
- Stalker With A Cause: The Secrets Of The Newssmurfs
- Mental's Patients, Music Notes, And Other Smurfy Stories

And then something that stars the Smurflings, probably. Oh, and maybe a story for Dreamy's crew...

Chapter 17: Pranks And Punishments

This is the last thing I have for the In Search Of Myself AU as of now.

It's a bit rough in terms of quality and has a lot of unknowns/notes in it, but I like the basic idea.

Part of Hefty's growth is learning meditation techniques from Mental! :)

"It was jus' a joke!" Jokey dismissed, still giggling, as if the last few hours of terror had no effect on him.

"You almost smurfed us all killed!" Hefty shouted, his face turning vaguely purple in a way Brainy hadn't seen on him before but had seen on others enough times to guess it meant he was *really* angry.

"Eh, y're fine." Jokey shrugged, laughing harder. He winked. "But if ya really didn't like this joke, y're gonna *hate* th' surprise I have fer next week!"

Brainy felt a cold shiver of fear go through him, but not because of Jokey's words, as horrifying as they were. No, his reaction was due to the growl that had emerged from Hefty's throat. It was unsmurfy, like something a cat might make. It was a dangerous sound.

Dangerous enough to finally phase Jokey, apparently, as he turned on his heel to run. Jokey was fast, but Hefty was too close and with too long a reach for that to matter, his hand easily closing around Jokey's arm and pulling them both to the ground.

Brainy had never seen... Well, actually, that wasn't true — he'd seen Hefty hurt other Smurfs, because Hefty got into fights with his bruiser friends *all the time*. This was, however, the first time he'd ever seen the other *beat* a Smurf who had little to no chance of fighting back.

Laughter got switched for pained grunts, and Brainy wasn't sure if he should try to stop this or not (he wasn't entirely sure if he *could* stop it), but in the end it didn't matter. It was over quickly, with Jokey sporting a purple eye and a handful of light bruises, but nothing worse. Nothing like what Brainy might've expected. Nothing like what he knew Hefty was *capable* of.

Hefty looked calmer, yet vaguely sick, eyes avoiding Jokey even as he continued restraining him. Hefty breathed deeply, and Brainy was surprised to recognize a meditation pattern, before turning to the other from where he sat on the ground.

"Jokey and I will smurf here for the Redcaps, you guys go find Doctor," Hefty told them, ignoring Jokey's look of horror at the prospect of being left alone with him. Or maybe it was at the idea of facing the Redcaps. Or maybe it was both. "There's no reason for you guys to stay and maybe smurf in trouble, you smurfed nothing wrong."

"Neither did—" Brainy tried to insist, but Hefty interrupted him. For once, he couldn't bring himself to be upset by that.

"Yeah, I did." And Hefty was still so calm, his tone leaving no room for argument.

So what else could they do but obey?

//Later

"Hefty, apologize to Jokey," Papa ordered, and Brainy winced from the crowd. Just this once, he was absolutely 100% certain he knew what was about to happen better than Papa, because he knew Hefty better than Papa.

//(Change it to Brainy being certain that Hefty will, because Papa said to and he always knows what's best, even though a part of him doesn't feel like Hefty should?)

"No, sir," Hefty replied, standing at attention. Before Papa could say anything more, he continued, "What I did was wrong, I should never have smurfed violence against a fellow Smurf like that, and I will accept whatever disciplinary action you see fit. But I will not apologize when Jokey still doesn't smurf that what he did was wrong."

"It was jus' a joke!" Jokey scoffed.

"A joke that's going to add to Brain-man's nightmares," Hefty replied quietly. Quietly, but with something dangerous enough to make Jokey take a half-step back. "A joke that Smurfette's going to pretend didn't bother her, but she doesn't always bounce back as easily as the rest of us, so it will. A joke that made Clumsy cry."

"He cried?" Jokey asked, but not in the excited, self-satisfied tone Brainy would expect. Instead, he just sounded... horrified.

"You might smurf it's a joke, but the four of us are going to spend weeks getting back to normal." Hefty sighed. "Even me. Hitting you was wrong, Jokey, but if being scared I'll smurf it again is the only way to keep you from smurfing this again... So be it, I'm not apologizing."

Everysmurf held their breath as they waited for Jokey to respond. Out of all the possible responses, from laughing to screaming to half-hearted lies, nosmurf expected Jokey to turn and pick out specific faces from the crowd.

"I'm sorry, Clumsy, fer makin' ya cry. I'm sorry, Smurfette, I forgot how much this stuff affects ya." He locked eyes with Brainy, smirking. "Sorry, Brainiac, I didn't know ya had *nightmares*."

Thank you so *much*, Hefty, for revealing *that* little fact. Brainy was going to get him for this.

Jokey turned back to Hefty and Papa, serious again. Or, as serious as he ever got. "I probably owe ya an apology too, Hefty, but my eye still smurfs, so... Let's smurf th' no apology thing even an' just accept our punishments?"

"Deal." Hefty nodded.

"Don't think this means I won't prank ya," Jokey warned, giggling. "I just, heh, won't prank ya *that badly*."

//Still Smurflings? Snake involved?

— end of "Unfinished Smurfs" —