

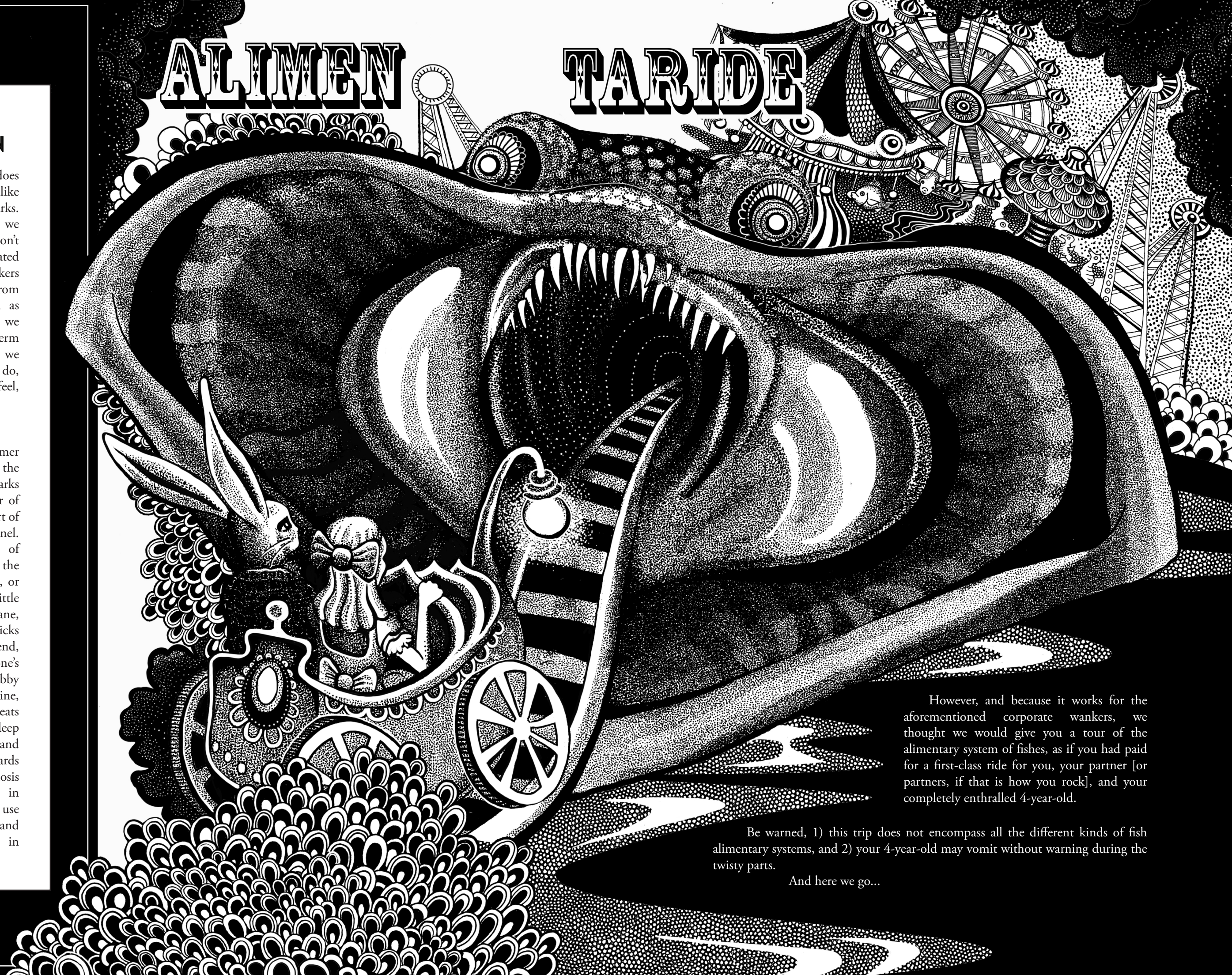
ALIMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON

At least one of us does not like amusement parks. We like nothing about amusement parks. We don't like the artificiality, we don't like the crowds, and we don't like that we are being manipulated by a bunch of corporate wankers who want only to separate us from as much money as possible, as quickly as possible. In fact, we don't even like the term "amusement park," because we don't like to be told what to do, where to go, or what to feel, particularly amused. Screw you all.

However, in a calmer moment, we must admit that the one thing most amusement parks do have [in addition to an air of underlying fragility] is some sort of ride through some sort of tunnel. One gets into some sort of conveyance, gets carried into the tunnel, where one sees pirates, or dinosaurs or, Gaia forbid, little figures singing the same inane, perfect earworm song, which sticks with one for hours on end, spinning through one's hippocampus like Chubby Checker on phencyclidine, continuing even later as one eats something overpriced and deep fried in the OCD Island restaurant, as one walks on shards of broken glass in Psychosis Village, or as one stands in unconscionably long lines to use the intentionally planned, and pitifully few, restroom stalls, in Paranoialand.

ALIMENTARY

TARIDE



However, and because it works for the aforementioned corporate wankers, we thought we would give you a tour of the alimentary system of fishes, as if you had paid for a first-class ride for you, your partner [or partners, if that is how you rock], and your completely enthralled 4-year-old.

Be warned, 1) this trip does not encompass all the different kinds of fish alimentary systems, and 2) your 4-year-old may vomit without warning during the twisty parts.

And here we go...