

Click & the Kids

story and art by Meg McLean



Amy



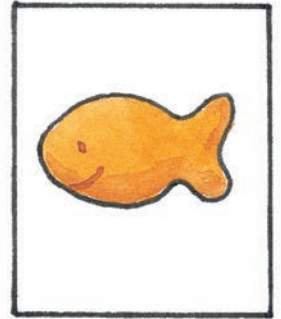
Martin



Click

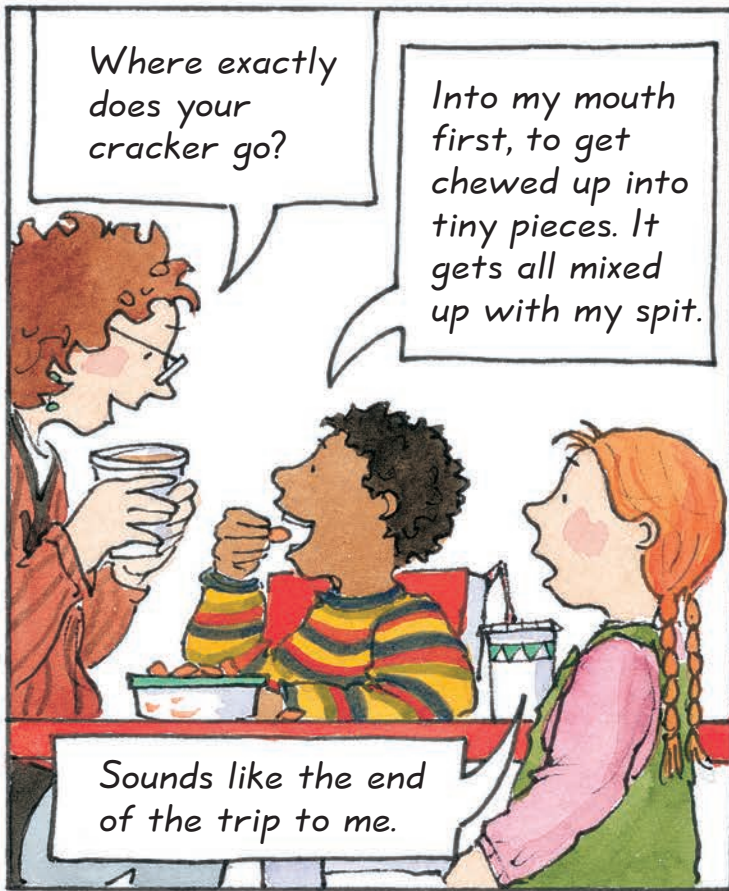


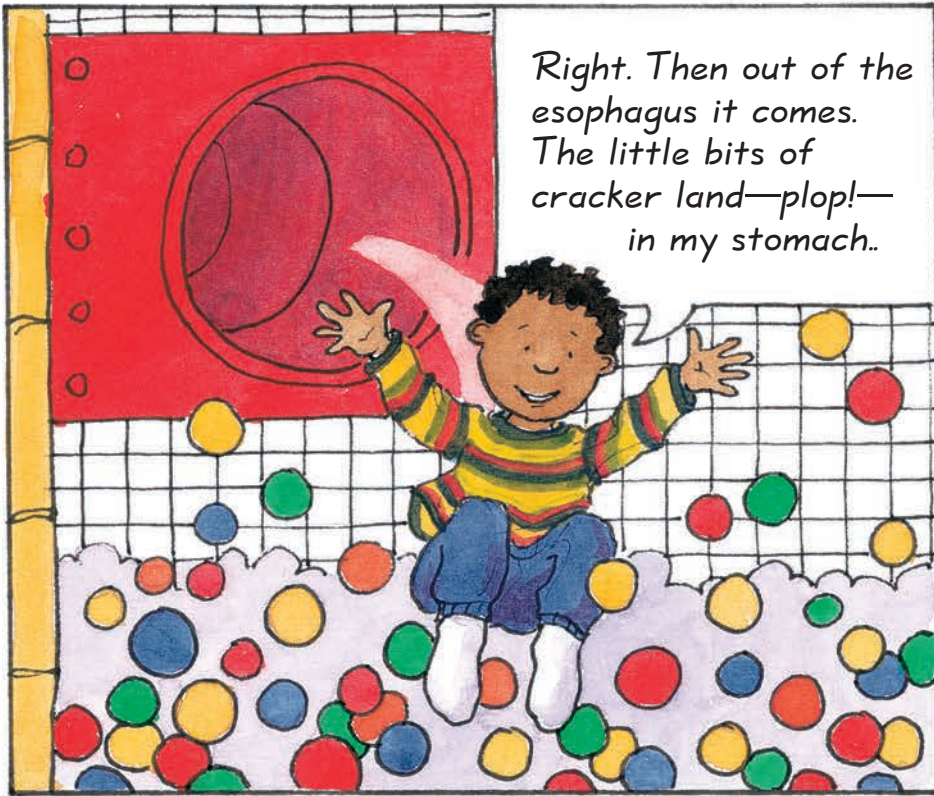
Liz
(the sitter)



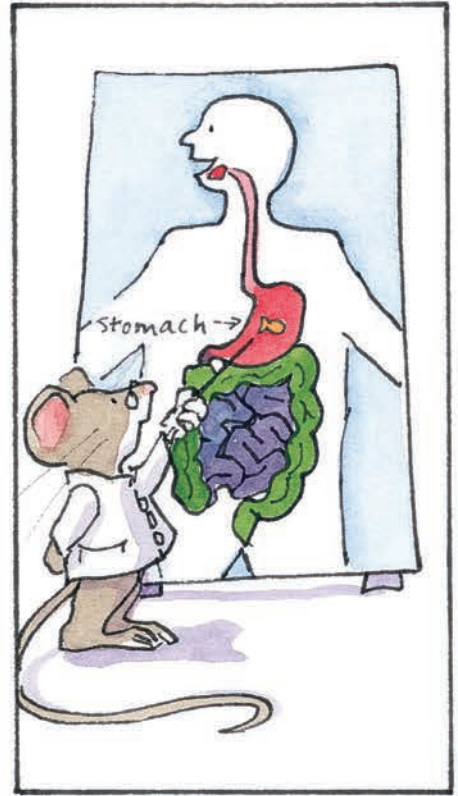
cracker







Right. Then out of the esophagus it comes. The little bits of cracker land—plop!—in my stomach..



Your stomach juices help make the food all mushy so your body can use it.

Yeah. Your stomach swishes everything around and around until it's like a milkshake.



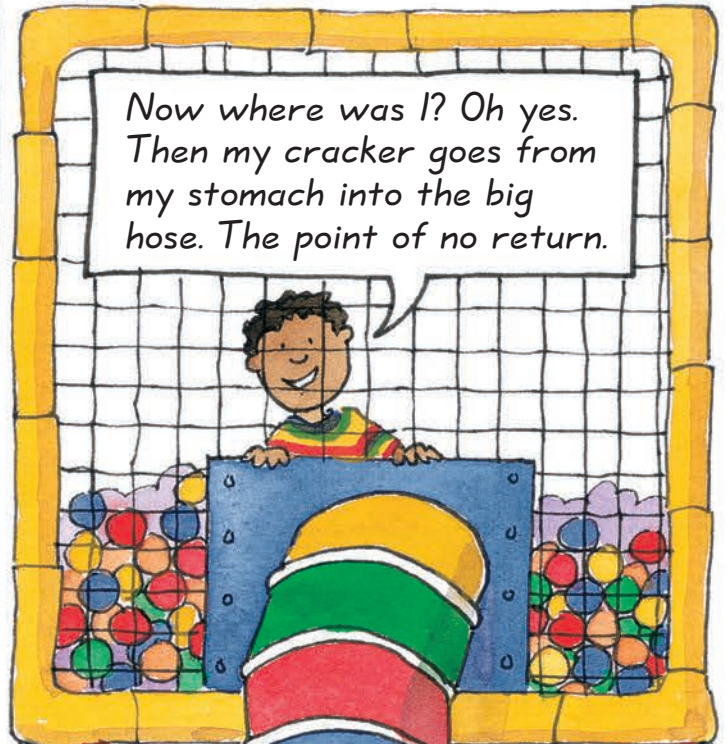
Oh! Remember that time I ate too much birthday cake and ...

How could I forget? You threw up right on my party shoes.

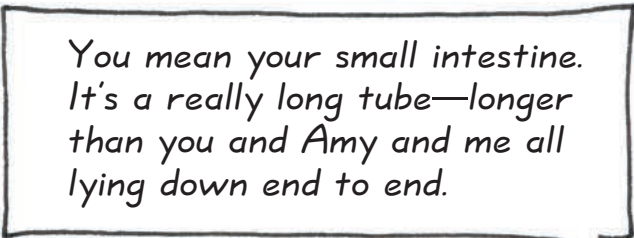
Remind me to take an umbrella to the next birthday party.



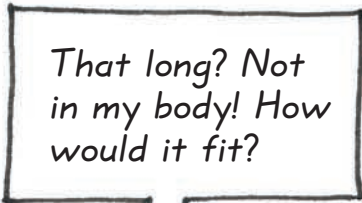
But that's OK. Everybody throws up sometimes.



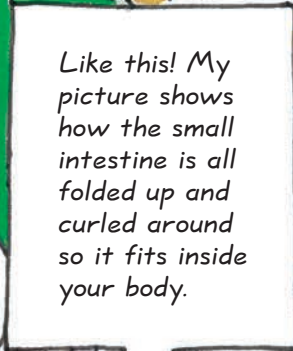
Now where was I? Oh yes. Then my cracker goes from my stomach into the big hose. The point of no return.



You mean your small intestine. It's a really long tube—longer than you and Amy and me all lying down end to end.



That long? Not in my body! How would it fit?



Like this! My picture shows how the small intestine is all folded up and curled around so it fits inside your body.



Your intestine is long so that your body has time to soak up all the good things from your food.



The cracker must be coming to the end of its trip by now, Martin.

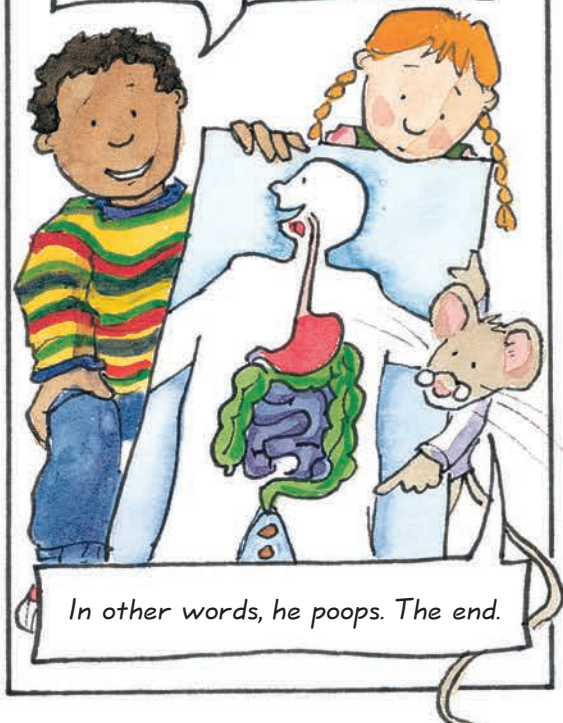


Just one more tunnel. Right, Liz?

Yes. That's the large intestine, where all the waste ends up.



And then it's into the toilet for the remains of my cracker!



In other words, he poops. The end.