LEAVING DISNEYLAND

by ALEXANDER PARSONS

The Disney Corporation's decision to close down its theme park in Anaheim, California, for a week in 2001 was a shrewd piece of marketing. Or, more accurately, it was a gift to the Tribal, Cult Band Elite, the Hanging Out Crowd, the Hip Young Things, the Cool Dudes and the Trendy Dudettes who make up the Disney Corporation's target market.

The Tribal Council knows what Disney's offer was whenever Disney's offer is good enough. Disney's offer is good enough when it offers the Tribal Council what the Tribal Council wants. Disney's offer was good enough when it offered the Tribal Council a week's holiday from the Disneyland theme park.

Just outside the Disneyland theme park's entrance-gate, the congregation of the Tribal, Cult Band Elite was gathering, chanting the hum of the Leaving mantrum tantrum.

"Leaving Disneyland! Leaving!"

Alice Wonderland's mother, who had accompanied the Tribal Council to the Disneyland theme park, was confused.

"Why are we leaving?"

"Leaving Disneyland! Leaving!"

Alice Wonderland's mother, who was a Disney Corporation employee, was confused. Disney's offer was good enough, but Disney's offer was not good enough for Alice Wonderland's mother. Alice Wonderland's mother was a Disney Corporation employee, and Disney's offer was good enough for Disney Corporation employees. Disney's offer was good enough for Disney Corporation employees because Disney's offer was good enough for the Tribal Council. Disney's offer was good enough for the Tribal Council because Disney's offer was good enough for the Tribal Council's children.

"Why are we leaving?"

"Leaving Disneyland! Leaving!"

"Why are we leaving?"

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"Why are we leaving?"

"Leaving Disneyland! Leaving!"