

The life of the tuna fish is the one of plight and peril. To fully understand what one has to go through in order to survive into the day I followed Mike the Tuna through a day in the life.



Mike the Tuna with his friends.

#### 6 AM: DAWN BREAKS

Mike reports back that he did not sleep- there is no sleep in the life of a tuna fish. One must constantly be on the move and aware of their surroundings.

“The constant fear that everything is attempting to kill you is really terrible.” Mike does not know who his parents are for he is a tuna and suffer from chronically short memories. I had to keep reminding him of who I was, “Who are you?” The question persisted all-day.

#### 8AM: NOTHING CHANGES

Yes, nothing has changed in the life of Mike the Tuna. He is still swimming and forgetting who I am.

A few of Mike’s friends, Sally, Miguel, and Margarita have all been hooked by fishermen. If they managed to break free of the line they were surely to be devoured by predators.



Mike’s reaction to the news of his friend’s tragic passing

### 10am ALL IS LOST EXCEPT FOR MIKE

Through a pure stroke of luck, Mike was the only one saved in a mass fishing attack. While questioning me all of his friends fell subject to the dangling lines of bait and were swiftly reeled in by the cocky fishermen of Wicked Tuna.

When asked of how Mike felt of losing all of his friends his reply was, “Who are you?” Perhaps someday Mike will remember.

### 12PM LUNCH-BREAK

Mike and I sit down for a bite to eat before we continue swimming. We chat about the local sports teams. “Yes- I do remember that the home runs go over the goal post and end in the penalty-box.”

I question Mike’s mental capability.

We press onwards. Mike’s opium addiction becomes more ferocious.

### 2PM: NO LIKE, NO MIKE

Mike forgot all about me and gave himself to the bait of a hook. Day is fruitless.

### 3PM: THE MIKENING



Mike and his new friend Paul

This is the man who captured Mike, his name is Paul. The two do not care for each other and Paul is only trying to make a profit. Mike is dead.

6PM: THE RE-MIKENING



Mike's new state.

Mike tastes good and tunas are forgetful.