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I saw something this week I'd never seen before. I saw a squirrel fall out of a tree. It took a 12-foot fall, and just shook itself a bit and went on its way. This answered, for me, a practically age-old question. It's the *you have one job* question: If you're a squirrel, there are limited things you're supposed to be good at. And not falling out of trees must be pretty high on that list. Yet there it was, a small startle, a gray plummet.

I'm not sure if I saw this because I now live surrounded by trees, so the law of averages just went way up, or if the squirrels here are particularly bad at their jobs, or if it really was this random moment in which something you always suspected might happen finally did.

It was funny; I laughed out loud. Sorry if I hurt your feelings, incompetent squirrel.

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