



## #61 *The Last Intuition*



*Two squirrels were burying acorns. “Do you think you will know where you buried that one?” joked one to the other. “Do not worry a bit,” boasted his friend, “I come from a long line of intuitive squirrels. If I forget, I use my instinct to guide me. My family has done this for as long as our stories remember.” “I hear you,” replied his comrade, “but I was just thinking of how funny it would be if we lost our intuition - you know - the way the humans have lost theirs. We would have to write down what we could no longer intuitively receive!”*

*MAYBE WRITING STARTED  
TO REMIND US OF OUR LOST INTUITIONS*