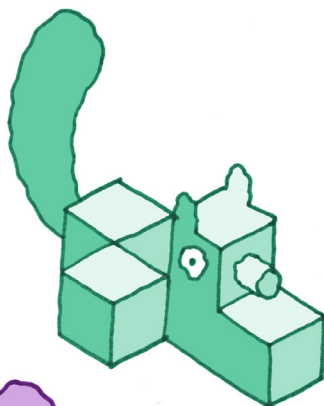
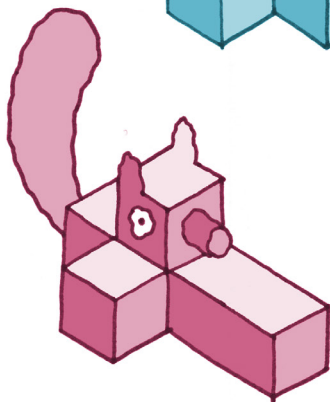
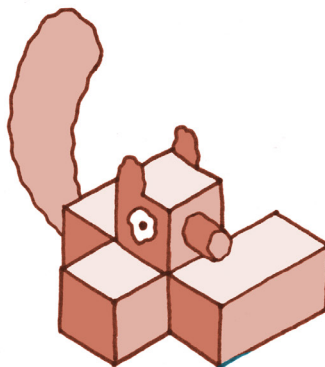
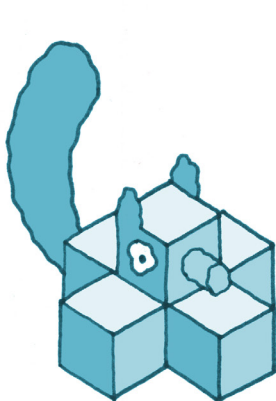


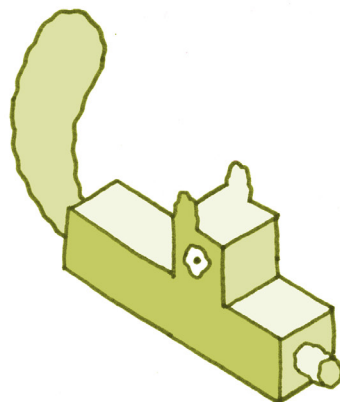
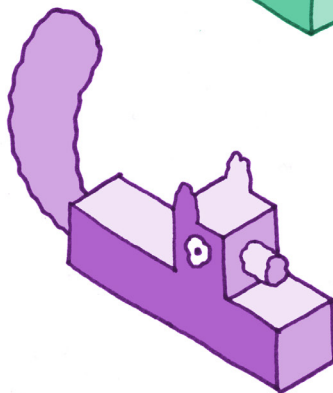
One of the first things Robot Squirrel learned
was that he did not like hazelnuts.

He did not like nuts at all.

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Tink. Thunk. Dong.



Zooming in with his telescopic eyes, Robot Squirrel watched a neighbour squirrel drinking.

The squirrel's muzzle touched the water and its slender tongue wiggled in and out tapping the puddle as it moved to and from the flesh squirrel's mouth.

Robot Squirrel admired the ripples expanding across the water's surface, which had been caused by the flesh squirrel's tongue.

Robot Squirrel opened his own mouth
and inserted
a birch leaf.

Robot Squirrel approached the puddle.

He looked down into it.

In the reflection
he watched
his metal jaw open
his head bow
and as it did so
he watched
his new birch leaf tongue
slide out
and spin
across the surface of the puddle.

At least, thought Robot Squirrel,
I have mastered the ripples.

