“I had a dream last night,” said Ug, the brightest and laziest of his tribe, “in which I chased down a mammoth and killed it. But when I went to carve the flesh, I woke up. But this bothers me. How do I know that I’m not dreaming now?” The other cavemen sat and thought for a while but couldn’t think of anything. “So what’s the point,” said Ug, “of hunting or working if we might be dreaming this instant?” It was obvious to them that there was none. So they sat around in the cave for a while, doing nothing, until the fire went out and the ground grew cold beneath their feet.

And then they got hungry.