The Gettier argument against the thesis that justified true belief is sufficient for knowledge has been stated from the first with artificial examples. It is possible and important to naturalize the argument. Then we can appreciate the extent to which it is a skeptical argument. We thereby get a better fix on the points at which the skeptic can attack the possibility of knowledge. We can also see that some recent defenses of the thesis do not come to grips with the essentials of the argument.

Let me elaborate upon the skeptical potential of the argument. As far as the argument is concerned, a belief may be not only true but justified. This is what the skeptic is usually thought to deny, while the point of the argument is rather that, even when joined, truth and justification do not guarantee knowledge. But when we consider what else is needed – or, better, what else is needed that can sometimes be had – the answer comes, once the argument has been naturalized: a little luck. And to require luck for knowledge might naturally be thought to lead to skepticism in any case. I do not see that it needs to. An argument must first be given. Still, luck is involved, whether in getting justification in the first place, or in getting from justification to knowledge in the second. If skepticism is fear of bad luck, the thesis that justified true belief is sufficient for knowledge will not ward it off. And I think that it is better natural history of concepts to locate the need for luck in the gap between justification and knowledge.

Every evening for years, Sneed and his wife went their separate ways, he in his car, she in hers, he to his club, she to her bingo game. She always returned late, expecting him to have preceded her home. His car was always there, always in the same place. And lights were always on in the house, too, always the same ones. “Sneed is home,” she would conclude. “It was always thus.” And it was.
This is the *everyday case*.

One Monday evening last year, Sneed and his wife went their separate ways, as they had done every evening for years, he in his car, she in hers, he to his club, she to her bingo game. She returned late, expecting him to have preceded her home, just as always. And, indeed, there was his car, just where he always left it. And lights were on in the house, too, just the ones he always lit. "Sneed is home," she concluded, "It was always thus." And it was. But that Monday evening things were not altogether normal. Sneed did not drive his own car home, nor turn on the lights himself. Rather, it happened that as he was leaving the club, he dropped and broke his glasses. Now Sneed is exceptionally myopic, and cannot drive without spectacles. So he importuned his neighbor Snodgrass, who had chanced along on foot, to drive him home in Sneed's car. Snodgrass did this, helped Sneed find his way into the house, turned on the usual lights for Sneed, found Sneed's extra pair of glasses for him, and departed. Everything was otherwise normal. As in the everyday case.

This is the *Monday case*.

Last Friday evening, Sneed and his wife went their separate ways, as they had done every evening for years, he in his car, she in hers, he to his club, she to her bingo game. She returned late, expecting him to have preceded her home, just as always. And, indeed, there was his car, just where he always left it. And lights were on in the house, too, just the ones he always lit. "Sneed is home," she concluded, "It was always thus." And it was. But this time things were far from normal. As Sneed was driving to his club he was seized by a powerful and inexplicable impulse to change his life completely. So he changed course and drove to the airport, planning to fly away forever to Brazil. But in the airport parking lot he was recognized by two local toughs who kidnapped him in his car, drove him to his house, parked the car in, by chance, its usual place, let themselves in with Sneed's keys, turned on, by chance, the usual lights, tied Sneed up in the attic, and began to loot the house systematically. They had been gone for an hour with their haul, in a truck that they somehow managed to commandeer, when Mrs. Sneed arrived home. From the outside of the house, everything appeared to be normal. And Sneed was home. Sneed got his wish, after a fashion. Things will never be the same.

This is the *Friday case*.