

Hank lived in a small town, but then he got a job in a big city and moved there with his wife and his two children.

On the first Saturday in their new home, Hank took his new red car out of the garage and was washing it when a neighbour came by. When he saw Hank's new car, the neighbor stopped and looked at it for a minute. Then Hank turned and saw him.

The neighbor said, "That's a nice car. Is it yours?"

"Sometimes," Hank answered.

The neighbor was surprised. "Sometimes?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"Well," answered Hank slowly, "when there's a party in town, it belongs to my daughter, Jane. When there's a football game somewhere, it belongs to my son, Joe. When I've washed it, and it looks really nice and clean, it belongs to my wife. And when it needs gas, it's mine."