



David: Isn't it? I thought it was mine.

Wife: No, it isn't. You didn't take an umbrella with you this morning. Look, There's the one you bought last week. Now you have two umbrellas.

David: Let me see. That's right. This is the one I bought last week. But, the one I brought home is very familiar to me.

Wife: Is it?

David: Look here. There's a scratch I made when I tried to pick out a golf ball in the river.

Wife: Did you use an umbrella to pick out a golf ball from the river?

David: Yes. While I was walking along the river, I happened to find one at the bottom.

Wife: So did you get it?

David: No, it was close. I once grabbed it, but it slipped out of my hand, and rolled down into the river again. Gee, what a shame I missed it.

Wife: And?

David: I was really frustrated, almost angry. So I hit the water surface but there was a twig floating on the water, so I made a scratch.

Wife: But you never brought your umbrella home.

David: That's right. I left it in the train as usual.

Wife: But how can you prove that's yours. There's no names on it.

David: That's right. What shall I do?

Wife: Well, you'd better take it to the station, and give it to the people there, and apologize for taking an umbrella even though you weren't carrying one.

David: And?

Wife: You might tell them that you think it was yours because it has a scratch on the hand. Then the station people would tell you that if after one month, no one claims the ownership, it would become yours.

David: Wow, that's a lot of to do. Do I really need to do that?

Wife: Absolutely. Otherwise you are a thief.

David: Ah, really. OK, then I'll do that first thing tomorrow morning..