By Ken Swarner

from Chicken Soup for the Expectant Mother's Soul

Copyright 2000 by Jack Canfield and Mark Victor Hansen

There's nothing like a new car in the neighborhood to bring the guys together.

 "Nice car, Wayne," I said.

Mike crossed over from his house: "Hey Wayne, new or used?"

 "Used."

John was two steps behind Mike. "Six or eight cylinders?"

 "Four."

Jim peeked over the fence: "CD or Cassette?"

 "Neither."

 Just then, the new neighbor *appeared out of nowhere* and stole Wayne's moment.

"Wow, look at that!" We starred, our mouths dropped open, as Bob Henderson parked his new Mercedes in his driveway. We watched him walk inside.

 "No kids, you know," Mike said breaking the silence.

 "Probably waiting until they've gone through their selfish stage."

 "Yeah," we *chimed*. We had enough kids amongst us to field our

 own little league team - batboy included.

 Jim pointed to the Mercedes. "Imagine owning a beautiful car like that

 with no one kicking the back of your seat."

 "Ever notice how baby formula cuts through new car smell

 faster than a toddler passes salsa."

 "Yeah," we said.

 "I saw his wife and him going out again last night. All dressed up."

 "Must be nice not paying for a babysitter."

 "We received a lovely card the other day from our sitter

 thanking us for the 401K and profit sharing plan."

 "He leaves early and comes home late from work any time he wants."

 "Wives only want us around for crowd control."

 "Yeah," we chanted.

 "I bet his watch doesn't get buried in the backyard like treasure."

 "I doubt he's ever worked all day oblivious to a Barbie sticker on his back."

 "He can eat his dinner while it's hot."

 "And not standing up."

 "Yeah," we said standing there shaking our heads.

 Wayne's wife brought out a tray of lemonade. "What are you guys staring at?"

 Wayne gestured across the street: "The neighbor's new car,

 we were just saying if they had kids it..."

 "They can't have children, you know," she announced.

The five of us looked at each other, "They're infertile." She passed out the lemonade and returned to the house. Except for the tinkling of ice against the glasses, it was quiet for a long time.

 "It's a nice car, Wayne." "I think I'll go see what my kids are doing."