

A man comes up to the border of a country on his motorbike. He has three large sacks on his bike.

The customs officer at the border crossing stops him and asks, "*What is in the sacks?*"

"*Sand,*" answers the man.

The customs officer is suspicious and tells the man to get off the bike.

He rips open the sacks and empties them out. He finds nothing but sand, so he puts the sand back into new bags and lets the man go.

A week later the man arrives at the border again. Once more he is carrying three sacks of sand.

This time the customs officer detains the man overnight and has the sand analysed, but it really is just sand.

So once again the customs officer puts the sand into new bags and lets the man go.

This happens every week for three years.

Eventually the customs officer can't stand it any longer. 'Please, he says, I know you're smuggling something and it's driving me crazy. I haven't slept for months. What is it?!'