

And that's how the fight started.

A husband decided to buy his mother-in-law a cemetery plot as a Christmas gift. The next year, he didn't buy her a gift. When she asked him why, he replied, "Well, you still haven't used the gift I bought you last year!"

And that's how the fight started.

My wife and I are watching Who Wants To Be A Millionaire while we were in bed. I turned to her and said, "Do you want to have sex?" "No," she answered. I then said, "Is that your final answer?" She didn't even look at me this time, simply saying "Yes." So I said, "Then I'd like to phone a friend."

And that's when the fight started.

I took my wife to a restaurant. The waiter, for some reason, took my order first. "I'll have the strip steak, medium rare, please." He said, "Aren't you worried about the mad cow?" "Nah, she can order for herself."

And that's when the fight started.

My wife was hinting about what she wanted for our upcoming anniversary. She said, "I want something shiny that goes from 0 to 200 in about 3 seconds." I bought her a scale.

And then the fight started.

My wife and I were sitting at a table at her school reunion, and she kept staring at a drunken man swigging his drink as he sat alone at a nearby table. I asked her, "Do you know him?" "Yes,' she sighed, "He's my old boyfriend. I understand he took to drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear he hasn't been sober since." "My God!" I said, "Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?"

And then the fight started.

I rear-ended a car this morning. So, there we were alongside the road and slowly the other driver got out of his car. You know how sometimes you just get sooooo stressed and little things just seem funny? Yeah, well I couldn't believe it he was a DWARF!!! He stormed over to my car, looked up at me, and shouted, "I AM NOT HAPPY!" So, I looked down at him and said, "Well, then which one are you?"

And then the fight started.

I SAVED THE BEST FOR LAST.

THE BROKEN LAWN MOWER

When our lawn mower broke and wouldn't run, my wife kept hinting to me that I should get it fixed. But, somehow I always had something else to take care of first: the truck, the car, playing golf. Always something more important to me. Finally she thought of a clever way to make her point. When I arrived home one day, I found her sitting in the tall grass, busily snipping away with a tiny pair of sewing scissors. I watched silently for a short time and then went into the house. When I came out again I handed her a toothbrush. I said, "When you finish cutting the grass, you might as well sweep the driveway." The doctors say I will walk again, but I will have a limp!