

Cake or Bed

A husband is home watching a football game when his wife interrupts, "Honey, could you fix the light in the hallway? It's been flickering for weeks."

He looks at her and says angrily, "Fix the lights now? Does it look like I have G.E. written on my forehead? I don't think so."

"Fine," says the wife and then asks, "Well, could you fix the fridge door? It won't close right."

To which he replies, "Fix the fridge door? Does it look like I have Westinghouse written on my forehead? I don't think so."

"Fine," she says. "Then could you at least fix the steps to the front door? They are about to break."

"I'm not a damn carpenter, and I don't want to fix steps," he answers. "Does it look like I have Ace Hardware written on my forehead? I don't think so. I've had enough of you; I'm going to the bar!"

So, he heads to the bar and drinks for a couple of hours. He starts to feel guilty about the way he treated his wife and decides to go home. As he walks into the house, he notices that the steps are already fixed. He also sees the hall light is working. As he goes to get a beer, he notices the fridge door is fixed.

"Honey," he asks, "how'd all this get fixed?"

She replies, "Well, when you left, I sat outside and cried. Just then a nice young man asked me what was wrong. I told him. He offered to do all the repairs, and all I had to do was either go to bed with him or bake a cake."

The husband says, "So, what kind of cake did you bake?"

She replies, "Hellooooo? Do you see Betty Crocker written on my forehead? I don't think so!"