

# Marital Bliss

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“Hey, turn that overhead light back on, can't you see I'm trying to read here? “Oh, don't be a silly goose, there's a table lamp right next to you there that should give you plenty of light, John.” “Yea, maybe if I was a coal miner it would, but I'm trying to read the paper.” “But with that overhead light on it washes out the television screen, it looks so much better in the dark.” “I've told you before, it doesn't wash out the TV screen, it's just the way your eyes adjust to the light.” “I know you've said that before, but that doesn't make any sense to me. Besides, I don't understand all that scientific stuff. Why don't you just pull that lamp closer? That will give you more light.” “It might if it didn't have one of those damn squiggly bulbs in it. I don't know why we have to use them instead of a good old bright bulb that gives plenty of light. I might as well try to read in the dark.” “See, there you go again. You're always saying I spend too much money. That bulb alone is saving you over two dollars a year. That's why I bought them and threw out all those old bulbs. I'm saving us money.” John pulled some money from his pocket and slammed a five dollar bill on the table, “Here's five bucks, can I turn on the damn light now? Wait a minute, you threw out over twenty dollars worth of light bulbs to save us money. How does that work?” “You're just a complainer. If it was up to you every light in the house would be on all the time.” “It'd be better than stumbling around in the dark, smashing my shin bones into jelly when you move the furniture every five minutes.” Why don't you put a hat on, then the overhead light wouldn't shine in your eyes and the TV wouldn't look washed out?” “Well, I'd look pretty silly, sitting here in my living room, wearing a cap, wouldn't I?” [mumbling] “It's a little late to be worrying about that, isn't it?” “Did you say something, John?” “No, never mind. I'm going in the kitchen and read the paper.” “I wish you wouldn't do that. It seems like every time we have a little tiff about the light and the dark you go in the kitchen and start drinking that nasty whiskey. I don't know why you do that?” “Maybe it helps me see in the dark.” “That doesn't make sense, cats don't drink whiskey.” “No, and they don't read the paper either.” “What did you say?” “Never mind, I'm going to the kitchen.” Later that night “Marge, when are you going to turn that light off?” “I just want to finish this last chapter. Besides, that light can't be bothering you, it has a shade on it.” “The shade is too high, the light shines right in my eyes. Why don't you read during the day when you have plenty of light, instead of in bed at night when I'm trying to sleep, or instead of watching the damn television all night. That's the best time to read.” “I don't have time during the day, I'm usually shopping, trying to save us money. At night I like to watch my programs in the dark and can't read at the same time. “I don't know why not if you can shop and save us money at the same time. It seems to me that would be a lot harder.” “You

just don't understand. If you didn't drink that whiskey maybe you could sleep. Lord knows you'll keep me up half the night snoring." "Maybe if I could get to sleep with that damn light on I'd be done snoring by the time you finished reading, did you ever think of that?" "Now you're being silly again, just roll over and the light won't be shining in your eyes." "I need a dark room, Marge. Total darkness. Any light and I can't sleep, I need the dark." "You mean like when you fall asleep in the chaise lounge and get burnt to a crisp in the summer? That kind of dark?" "Boy, you keep harping on the one time that happened. Besides, I had a black towel over my eyes. If you can figure a way to shine a spotlight on my body and just have darkness on my eyes I'd go along with that." "I did, I bought you that mask you put over your eyes, don't you remember? You only used it once and I never saw it again. What happened to that?" "It was uncomfortable and it had lace around it. I'll bet I looked pretty stupid with that on." "It's a little late late to be worrying about that, isn't it?" "When you get done reading call me, I'll be in the kitchen.