

NEW YEAR'S DINNER

AS IN MANY HOMES ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, MY WIFE AND I FACED THE ANNUAL CONFLICT OF WHICH WAS MORE IMPORTANT - THE FOOTBALL GAMES ON TELEVISION, OR THE DINNER ITSELF. TO KEEP PEACE, I ATE DINNER WITH THE REST OF THE FAMILY, AND EVEN LINGERED FOR SOME PLEASANT AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION BEFORE RETIRING TO THE FAMILY ROOM TO TURN ON THE GAME.

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, MY WIFE CAME DOWNSTAIRS AND GRACIOUSLY EVEN BOUGHT A COLD DRINK FOR ME. SHE SMILED, KISSED ME ON THE CHEEK AND ASKED WHAT THE SCORE WAS. I TOLD HER IT WAS THE END OF THE THIRD QUARTER AND THAT THE SCORE WAS STILL NOTHING TO NOTHING.

"SEE?" SHE SAID, CONTINUING TO SMILE, "YOU DIDN'T MISS A THING."

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friends@wheenk.com
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