

One morning Boudreaux and Thibodeaux are out rabbit hunting when they come across this sink hole. The hole is about four feet across and so deep that they can not see the bottom. The boys cautiously inspect the hole for a couple of minutes.

Boudreaux: "Dat sure is deep. How deep you tink it is Thibodeaux?"

Thibodeaux: "I don't know. Throw dat stick in and let's count the seconds til it lands."

Boudreaux throws a small stick into the hole. It disappears into the darkness and the boys count with their fingers, but no sound emerges from the hole. They try it again with a larger stick with the same results. Boudreaux then sees an old railroad cross tie lying in the grass.

Boudreaux: "Let's throw dat thing in. I guarantee we'll hear dat land."

The boys drag the cross tie over and heave it into the hole - and listen. While they are listening a goat runs out of the grass, on a dead run the goat goes right between them and jumps head first into the hole. The boys are so startled that they forget about listening.

Boudreaux: "Did you see dat?"

Thibodeaux: "Yeah, dat was one crazy goat! Come on let's git back home, dere ain't no rabbits here today."

The boys are walking out of the field when they meet Old Man John.

Old Man John: "Boudreaux, Thibodeaux, ya'll do any good?"

Boudreaux: "Nah, dem rabbits is sleepin' in dis mornin'."

Old Man John: "Sometimes day do dat. I'm lookin' fer my goat, you see 'em?"

Boudreaux: "Yeah, we saw a goat. A crazy goat! He come runnin' out da grass and jump head first into a sink hole. He dead fore sure, sorry Old Man John."

Old Man John: "Dat sound like one crazy goat alright. But it couldn't be my goat - you see my goat is tied to a cross tie."

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