

Day 1: Dear Boudreaux, Thanks for de bird in de Pear tree. I fix it las' night with dirty rice. I doan tink de pear tree will grow in de swamp, so swap it for a Satsuma.

Day 2: Dear Boudreaux, Your letter say you sent two turtle doves, but all I got was two scrawny pigeons. Anyway, I mixed dem with andouille an made some gumbo out of dem.

Day 3: Dear Boudreaux, Why doan you sent some crawfish? I'm tired of eating dem darn birds. I gave two of dose prissy French chickens to Marie Trahan over at Grans Bayou an fed the tird one to my dog Phideaux. Marie needed some sparing partners for her fightin rooster.

Day 4: Dear Boudreaux, Mon Dieux! I tol you no more friggin birds. Deez four, what you call dem "calling birds" were so noisy you could hear dem all de way to Napoleonville. I used dere necks for my crab traps, an fed de rest of dem to de gators.

Day 5: Dear Boudreaux, You finally sen' somethin useful. I like dem golden rings, me. I hocked dem at da pawn shop in Houma and got enuf money to fix da shaft on my shrimp boat an buy a round for da boys at de Raisin' Cane Lounge. Merci Beaucoup!

Day 6: Dear Boudreaux, Couchon! Back to da birds, you Cajun turkey! Poor egg suckin' Phideaux is scared to death at dem six geeses. He tried to eat dems eggs and dey peck de heck out ah his snout. Dey good at eatin cockroaches, though. I may stuff one of dem wit erster dressing on Christmas day.

Day 7: Dear Boudreaux, I'm gonna wring your fool neck next time I see you. Thibeau, da mailman, is ready to kill ya. The merde from all dem birds is stinkin' up his mailboat. He afraid someone will slip on dat stuff and sue him good. I let those seven swans loose to swim on de bayou and some duck hunters from Mississippi blasted dem out of de water. Talk to you tomorrow.

Day 8: Dear Boudreaux, poor ole Thibeau, he had to make tree trips on his mailboat to deliver dem 8 maids a

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milkin and their cows. One of dem cows got spooked by da alligators and almost tipped over da boat. I doan like dem shiftless maids, me no. I tolt dem to get to work guttin fish and sweepinq the shack but dey say it wasn't in dair contract. Dey probably think dey too good ta skin nutrias I caught las night.

Day 9: Dear Boudreaux, What you trying to do huh? Thibeau had to borrow the Lutcher ferry to carry dem jumpin twits you call Lords-a-Leaping across the bayou. As soon as dey gots here dey wanted a tea break with crumpets. I doan know what dat means but I says, "Well La Di Da. You get Chicory coffee or nuttin." Mon Dieu, Emile. What I'm gonna feed all dese bozos? Dey too snooty for fried nutria, and de cows done et up my turnip greens.

Day 10: Dear Boudreaux, You got to be outs you mind! If de mailman don't kill you, I will fo sure. Today he deliver 10 half nikid floozies from Bourbon Street. Dey said dey be "Ladies Dancin" but dey doan act like ladies in front of dose Limey twits. Dey almos left after one of dem got bit by a water moccasin over by da out-house. I had to butcher 2 cows to feed toute le monde an had to get toilet paper; the Sears catalog wasn't good enuf fer dose hoity toity Lords' royal behin.

Day 11: Dear Boudreaux, where y'at? Cheerio an pip pip. Your 11 pipers piping arrives today from the House of Blues, second lining as dey got off de boat. We fixed snuffed goose and beef jambalaya and we having a fais-do-do. Da new mailman he having a good time, yeah, dancing with de floozies. Thibeau he jump off de Sunshine Bridge yesterday, screaming your name. If you get a mysterious, ticking package in de mail, doan open it.

Day 12: Dear Boudreaux, I sorry to tell ya but I not your true love anymore, no. After da fais-do-do, I spent de night with Jacque, de head piper. We decide to open a restaurant and gentleman's club on de bayou. The floozies, pardon me, Ladies dancing can make \$20 for a table dance, and de Lords can be waiters an valet park de boats. Since de maids doan have no more cows ta milk, I trained dem ta set my crab traps, watch my trotlines, an run my shrimping business. We will probably gross a million nex year.

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