

There was a tense silence in the pirogue. Charmaine, stern faced and jaw set, paddled in the back. Boudreaux sat miserably in the middle seat hanging his head. Their little granddaughter, Marie, sat on the bow seat smiling back at her Paw-paw.

“Maw-maw’s mad at ya ain’t she?”, Marie asked Boudreaux.

“Yeah”, Boudreaux replied without lifting his head.

“She’s mad at ya cause ya went ta sleep in church, aint she?”, Marie asked.

“Yeah”, Boudreaux replied still not lifting his head.

“She ain’t mad at me cause I stayed awake the whole time”, Marie proudly announced.

Boudreaux looked up at eight year old Marie and asked, “Do ya member when dat Priest was talking bout dat man Lott? Da one dat was told to take his wife and flea outta da wicked city. And his wife looked back and was turnt in ta salt?”

“Oh yes, dat’s what happened all rite”, Marie answered.

“Well, dat’s when I fell asleep”, Boudreaux admitted, “So now ya gotta tell me - what happened to da flea?”

###

For more Boudreaux Jokes visit the OtherSide section of

[www.SouthernThoughts.Com](http://www.SouthernThoughts.Com)