

Boudreaux and Thibodeaux were fishing from their secret spot on the bank of the bayou. Suddenly Pierre the Game Warden jumped out of the bushes.

Boudreaux threw down his fishing pole and ran off through the woods. Pierre took out after him yelling "stop".

After a couple of hundred yards Boudreaux was out of breath and stopped. Pierre caught up.

"Let me see yer fishin license dere boy", Pierre demanded.

Boudreaux took a couple of deep breaths, pulled out his wallet and handed over a fishing license.

"Boudreaux", Pierre read from the license, "Yer as dumb as a fence post boy, ya don't have ta run from me if ya got a valid license".

"Yeah, I know", Boudreaux replied, "But de utter guy dat was back dere, he didn't have one".

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