

One chilly overcast fall morning Boudreaux and Thibodeaux went deer hunting in the woods behind Boudreaux's house. It rained most of the afternoon and just before dark Boudreaux returned dragging a eight point buck.

"Dats a fine deer", Charmain said as a greeting,
"Where's Thibodeaux?"

"He had some kinda stroke or something. He's 'bout five miles back dat way", Boudreaux replied.

"Did I hear dat rite? You left Thibodeaux laying out dere in da woods and you drug dis deer back?", Charmaine asked in amazement.

"Yeah. It was a tough call. I hada think 'bout it a long time", Boudreaux replied, "Finally it occurred to me that nobody would steal Thibodeaux".

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