

It was an extremely hot August afternoon, the temperature was in the high nineties, the humidity just a couple of points less. Thibodeaux took a six pack got in his truck and went for a ride. He wasn't going anywhere, he just wanted the motion breeze to cool him off.

He was working on his fourth beer when he came to Boudreaux's house. Boudreaux's big work trailer had over turned in the driveway. Boudreaux was frantically shoveling the huge load of oyster shells out of Charmaine's flower garden.

"Hey Boudreaux, you gota mess dere man", Thibodeaux said.

"Tell me about it, Charmaine is gonna be mad" Boudreaux replied still shoveling.

"Man, you gonna get a heat stroke, take a break, have a beer", Thibodeaux offered.

"Can't, Charmaine would be some kinda mad", Boudreaux replied still shoveling as hard as he could.

"Dat woman thinks she wear de pants. Have a beer", Thibodeaux urged.

"No, I gotta get dese shells moved or Charmaine is really gonna be mad", Boudreaux replied still shoveling.

"Boudreaux, dat woman has got you hen pecked. Where is she? I'm gonna tell her a thing or two", Thibodeaux boasted.

"She was working in her garden when da trailer turned over - she's under dese shells", Boudreaux replied.

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