

Late one summer afternoon Charmaine was sitting on the porch peeling shrimp. A loud crash and the sound of breaking glass came out of the house - she shook her head and kept on peeling. A few minutes later out came another crash and some loud bumps - she sighed and kept peeling. Then another crash.

“Boudreaux, what ya doin in dere?”, Charmaine yelled.

“I’m huntin flies”, Boudreaux yelled back.

“Well Mister Great White Hunter, aside from breakin up de house, are you killin any?”, Charmaine asked.

“Sure, so far I got four males and two females”, Boudreaux announced.

“Oh, and you so good dat you can even tell the difference?”, Charmaine asked.

“Yeah, dats easy”, Boudreaux explained, “You see de males was sittin on a beer can. De other two was on da phone”.

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