

Boudreaux had been bartending at the Cabin Fever Bar for two weeks. The Cabin Fever was at the end of the road down by the bayou, it was where the locals and the bayou people met.

Saturday afternoon the crowd was big and noisy and drinking well. Suddenly the door bursts open and an obvious bayou person comes in yelling, "Big John's commin".

Boudreaux is amazed at the reaction. Inside two minutes no one is left in the bar but Boudreaux and old man Richoux - and old man Richoux is frantically looking for his crutches.

"What's dis all about?" Boudreaux asked as he handed the crutches to the old man.

"Big John's da meanest man dat ever lived. He'll kill ya jist fer breathin'. He'll put out yer eyes jist fer lookin at him. He'll cut out yer tounge so ya can't talk about him. He'll chop off yer fingers so ya can't point him out. Come on, we better git outta here," old man Richoux explained and headed out the door.

Boudreaux was in a fix he didn't want to run out and lose his new job - but the didn't want to get killed either. So he compromised by locking the door and turning out the lights. Then he sat peeking out the window.

Up the bayou came the biggest man Boudreaux had ever seen. He was standing astride and Cypress log pulled by ten alligators. The alligators crawled into the parking log and the man got off the log. He took a ax and smashed one of the alligators in the head, the rest immediately began eating their dead comrade.

The big man walked up to the front door and kicked it completely off the hinges. "Give me a whiskey," he yelled.

Boudreaux quickly grabbed a bottle and began to pour. The man grabbed the bottle and drank it straight down. "Dat's good", he bellowed.

"Would you like another?", Boudreaux offered weakly.

"Yeah I would, but I ain't got no time, I gotta git. Big John's commin," the man said and ran out the door.

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