

Thibodeaux gave Boudreaux a big time lecture about his poor attitude. He told Boudreaux that he was becoming a grumpy, contrary pain in the butt, and no fun to be around.. He advised Boudreaux to be nicer, more pleasant, and accommodating.

Boudreaux went home thinking about what Thibodeaux said. He had just decided that Thibodeaux was right when there was a knock at the door.

“Good afternoon, can I help you?” Boudreaux said in his nicest voice as he opened the door.

The rather stout woman standing on the porch looked Boudreaux up and down then frowned. “I’m the new Avon representative. Can I speak with the woman of the house?” she demanded.

“Charmaine’s not here right now,” Boudreaux answered in a pleasant voice.

“Do you mind if I wait for her?” the Avon Lady asked.

“Not at all, just have a seat on the swing. I’ll get us some tea,” Boudreaux said being very accommodating.

For three hours Boudreaux explained in detail how to skin muskrats. Finally he Avon Lady interrupted by asking, “Exactly where did you wife go?”

“Oh, Charmaine went to da cemetery,” Boudreaux answered pleasantly.

“Well, when do you think she will be coming back?” the Avon Lady demanded.

Being very accommodating Boudreaux answered, “I truly don’t know. You see we buried her six years ago and I ain’t heard from her since.”

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