

Boudreaux was pulled over for speeding. He recognized the patrolman as his one time neighbor Trusclair - they hated each other. "Gotta think fast, else I'm gonna be in big time trouble," Boudreaux thought.

Patrolman Trusclair recognized Boudreaux too. "Oh boy! I gotcha now Boudreaux," he said, "Let me see your license."

Boudreaux hung his head looking miserable, "I ain't got one - dey took it away for drunk driving."

"Oh boy! I gotcha now Boudreaux. Dis is even better," Trusclair said, "Show me your registration."

Boudreaux still would not look up, "Can't - dis ain't my car - I stole it 'bout a week ago."

"Oh boy! I gotcha now Boudreaux. Really gotcha! Dis just keeps getting better," Trusclair said, "Where was you going in such a hurry anyway?"

"You're gonna find out anyway, so I might as well fess up," Boudreaux said, "I was going to the refinery, I was gonna blow it up. I done took me a job as a sewer side bomber - da trunk is fulla dynamite."

"Hold it right dere - don't move a muscle - I'm calling for backup," Trusclair said, "Oh boy! I gotcha now Boudreaux - dis is so wonderful."

It didn't take very long for a dozen police to surround Boudreaux's car. The Chief of Police walked up.

"Mr. Boudreaux. Patrolman Trusclair over dere say dat you got the trunk fulla dynamite," the Chief said.

"Nah, dat ain't true. Search it if you want," Boudreaux said. They searched but found no explosives.

"He also told me dat you stole dis car," the Chief said.

"Nah, dat ain't true neither," Boudreaux said and handed the Chief his vehicle registration.

"And he said dat you was driving without a license," the Chief said.

"Nah, dat certainly ain't true," Boudreaux said and handed his drivers license to the Chief. Then Boudreaux added, "Dat lying SOB probably gonna say dat I was speeding too."

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