

Boudreaux was flying first class for the first time. He was all impressed.

"Dis is nice," Boudreaux told the minister sitting next to him.

"It always is. There are many perks in flying first class," the minister said.

The flight attendant came through taking drink orders.

"Mr. Boudreaux, can I get you a drink?" the pretty young lady asked.

"Why sure - Black Jack on the rocks," Boudreaux said.

Quickly the flight attendant got Boudreaux's drink and sat it before him.

"And you minister, can I get you anything to drink?" she asked.

"Young lady, I had rather be raped by a gang of whores than let liquor touch my lips," the minister said loudly.

The flight attendant was stunned, she didn't quite know what to say or do.

"Excuse me miss," Boudreaux said and held his drink out to the flight attendant, "Can I give dis back to you - you see I didn't realize dat we had a choice."

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