

Little Boudreaux was sitting in the doctor's waiting room. It was his first time there by himself and he was trying to be brave.

The door to the inner offices opened and Little Thibodeaux came out holding a bandage around his finger and whimpering.

"What's wrong Thibodeaux?" Little Boudreaux asked.

"Oh, I was here for a blood test - dey cut my finger to get it - pert near cut it off - damned but dis hurts," Little Thibodeaux replied.

This was just too much for Little Boudreaux, he broke down crying.

"What's wrong dere Boudreaux?" Little Thibodeaux asked.

"I'm here for a urine test," Little Boudreaux mumbled between sobs.

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