

All jokes aside Charmaine is a good looking woman. Last summer she was waiting for Boudreaux to get back from fishing - she sat on the wharf next to Pierre's Bar - she sipped a beer and let her hair blow in the breeze - she was feeling as good as she looked - and she was in a mischievous mood.

A bright red Corvette kicked up a cloud of dust when it skidded to a stop in front of the bar. A short thin man got out, put on a cowboy hat, and started into the bar - then he saw Charmaine.

He grinned from ear to ear and said, "Hello pretty lady. My name is Bob."

"Hi Bob - I'm Charmaine. Dat's one fancy car you got dere," Charmaine said.

"Yeah - it's fast too," Cowboy Bob said, "Got 8 cylinders - 425 horsepower - tops out at over 160 - got me from Houston to here in two hours and six minutes."

"Wow - dat's something," Charmaine said.

"You want to go for a ride?" Cowboy Bob asked.

"I'd better not - I'm waiting for Boudreaux," Charmaine said.

"Oh? What does this Boudreaux drive?" Cowboy Bob asked.

"It's a old ford pickup truck - but it goes really fast," Charmaine explained, " It got either 4 or 6 cylinders, I forget - but it goes really fast."

"How fast can an old truck go?" Cowboy Bob asked.

"Well I don't know how many miles per hour it goes. But Boudreaux works for the state highway department. He gets off work at 5 each day," Charmaine said, "And he's almost always home by 4:30 - dat truck is fast."

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