

It was one of those glorious cool clear fall evenings down on the bayou. An evening during that brief time after the mosquitoes die but before the real cold arrives - perhaps it's more appreciated by Cajuns than others.

Boudreaux sat in the back and slowly paddled the pirogue home. Charmaine and her sister Rosette rode in the middle and talked about what a wonderful day they had. Boudreaux was glad the day was over, he had not enjoyed it one bit. Family reunions were a pain, Charmaine's family reunions were a pain in the neck, Aunt Evette was a lower pain.

Evette had talked to Boudreaux the entire day. She told Boudreaux about every ailment she ever had and about everyone she ever knew. She was in his face all day long, nobody else would even come near them for fear of Evette being transferred to them. By mid afternoon Boudreaux's eyes were rolling back in his head. At dusk when Charmaine told him it was time to go Boudreaux was more than agreeable - to get away from there he would have gladly paddled them all the way to New Orleans.

Boudreaux was content to paddle down his beloved bayou and listen to the night sounds. Charmaine and Rosette were not talking to him, somehow that made listening to them pleasant enough. He had been paddling for an hour when Charmaine told Rosette, "Aunt Evette is outspoken."

A cold lump of fear slid down Boudreaux's spine. He tapped Charmaine on the shoulder and asked, "Outspoken by whom?"

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