

Charmaine won the Wine Basket at her company Christmas party. It was a beautiful thing, she brought it home and called Marie, Yvette, and Yvonne over to admire it.

By eight o'clock they had totally admired three bottles and were showing considerable appreciation for a fourth. Laughter and conversation flowed easily.

"I got a question. What do you give a man who has everything?" Marie asked.

"A woman to show him how it works," she answered when no one else did.

A round of laughter rose and fell.

"I got another one. What do you automatically know when you see a well dressed man?" Yvette asked.

"Dat his wife buys his clothes," she answered when there were no takers.

Again the laughter rose and fell.

"How about dis one? When do women care for a man's company?" Charmaine asked.

There were some giggles but no answers. "When he owns it," Charmaine answered.

Laughter all around.

"Oh, oh, I know one. What's the difference between Big Foot and an intelligent man?" Yvonne asked.

"Big Foot has been sighted a couple of times," she answered when no one spoke up.

Boudreaux had already tied up his pirogue and started toward the house when he heard the laughter and saw the women. He sucked in his stomach, pulled his shoulders back, puffed out his chest, yelled, waved, and began to strut. He took two steps, tripped over a bucket, fell flat on his face, and knocked himself out cold.

There were brief embarrassed snickers from the women - then an awkward silence.

"If dat man gets any dumber, I'm gonna have to set him in the sun and water him twice a week," Charmaine said and poured more wine all around.

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