

Late Christmas morning Charmaine and Marie were walking down the path near the bayou. They were happily chatting about their presents and not paying a great deal of attention. Suddenly -

"Merry Christmas Ladies," a voice said.

Startled, they looked around - but saw no one.

"Down here - on the log," the voice said.

The women were surprised to discover that it was a big fat bull frog that was talking to them.

"I'm not a frog," the frog said.

"You sure look like a frog," Charmaine said back.

"I'm really Santa Claus. This morning about daybreak an evil witch collided with my sleigh. She got mad and turned me into a frog. Now if one of you lovely ladies will kiss me I will be restored to my former self. And I promise to shower you both with gifts in return," the frog said.

Charmaine lifted the frog, held it near her face, looked into it's eyes, and quickly shoved it deep into her coat pocket.

"Didn't you hear him? Aren't you going to kiss him?" Marie asked.

"Oh yeah, I heard him. But I've heard promises before. Maybe I'll kiss him later. But first let's ask around and find out what a talking frog is worth," Charmaine said.

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