

Back in the days when Boudreaux and Thibodeaux were but boys they attended the same church on the bank of the bayou.

On summer Sundays they would race out as soon as services were over. They'd dash home, stop to wiggle out of church clothes and into regular clothes, and run out the door again. They'd grab their cane poles and head down to the fishing holes on the Bayou Teche.

With lines in the water and poles propped up, they would lay back in the soft warm grass, watch the clouds float overhead, and talk about things all afternoon.

"You hear 'em talkin bout dat guy Noah dis morning?" Boudreaux asked one afternoon.

"Yeah, dat was a good story," Thibodeaux answered.

"I was just wonderin bout dat. Out dere - on dat boat - day after day - no land in sight. I wonder what dey did to pass the time?" Boudreaux asked.

"Oh, dey probably just fished a lot," Thibodeaux said.

"Nah, I don't think so," Boudreaux said, "Cause day say dat he only took two worms with him - dat ain't much bait."

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