

Boudreaux and Thibodeaux were fishing from the boat pier. Or more accurately they were sitting on the pier, dangling their feet over the edge, holding a fishing pole in one hand, and a beer in the other.

Suddenly Thibodeaux stood up and began limping around in a circle. "Dang it Boudreaux, my butt done went to sleep," he complained.

Boudreaux looked up and said, "Yeah, I figured dat. I ain't surprised. I heard it snoring a while ago."

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