

Pierre and Boudreaux wuz flyin' Cajun Airlines to da Mardi Gras.
Boudreaux was flyin' da plane, and Pierre was in da back foolin' wit da cargo equipment an' stuff.

Da plane hit some turbulence an' start bouncin' 'roun an' Boudreaux got knock unconscious.
Den da plane start drif'in'.

Pierre come run up to da front an' Boudreaux wuz sprawl out awl over da steerin wheel.

Well, Pierre don't know nuttin' 'bout flyin' an' he start to get panaky. He grab da microphone and holla "May Day! May Day!
Dis iz Cajun Air Line 90210. Boudreaux, him knock unconscious an' I don' know nuttin' 'bout flyin' dis plane!"

"Dis is da control tower," someone answer. "Don' you worry 'bout nuttin'. We gonna 'splain how you to lan' dis plane, step by step, ah gar-own-tee! Jus' leave anyting ta us. Fus, how high you are, an' whas you position?"

Pierre thought a minute, den say, "I'm five foot ten an I'm all da way to da front o' da plane."

"No! No!" answer da tower. "What you altitude, an' where you location?"

Pierre say, "Man, rat now ah got a po' attitude, an' ah'm from Thibodeaux, Laweezeeanna!"

"No! No! No!" came an exasperated voice. "Ah needs to know how many feet you got oft da groun' an' how you plane in relation to da airport!"

Pierre, he start to panik by dis time. He say, "Countin' Boudreaux's feets an' mines togedder, we got fo' feet off da groun' an' I don' b'lieve dis plane related to you airport a'tall!"

A long pause ---- de silence was deafanin'. "We needs to know who you next of kin..."