

**Cajun
Country**

Touring Lafayette with Kenny & Biker Babes

LAFAYETTE, LA

April 7-10, 2011



Our Tour Guides

Charlie, Kenny, Denise.

Charlie's Mother always taught her
to stand up straight and stick her
chest out.

THOSE CRAZY Biker Chicks



Biker Babe Story

When you meet Denise Tackett, she is all smiles. She was born in Greenville, MS, the Delta, and is such a "happy go lucky" person. Always has a big smile on her face. Is cute "as a but-
ton". I hope she doesn't hate me for saying that. Sounds like my Mother talking.

When you meet Charlie, well, you MEEET Charlie. If you can keep up with her, you are lucky. She is constantly moving—FULL of ENERGY. She is a thousand laughs. She rides her Bike like a Trooper. I mean, a real Trooper. She got in the intersections and stopped traffic for us. True BIKER BABE.

I started talking with her and she told me that the reason she moves around is because she has "people living inside her head". They talk to her. Some are nice people and some are I asked her if I could be one of those people in her head. I would probably be "Trouble", as Dave Scott calls me. She told me NO WAY, I have enough trouble as it is.

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Taking a break at POCHES

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Don't ask me what anything in this store was. I can't even pronounce **BOUDIN BALLS** without going into hysterics. I was even afraid to pick up these Quail Eggs.



Kenny & His



Biker Babes



CHARLIE, DENISE & KENNY

Kenny is the Charlie Sheen of the South.

The 2 lovely ladies live with him
& drive him crazy.

But he loves being "driven crazy"

If you know what I mean

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Oyster Shucking at SHUCKS

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VAL PUT SOME LIP-
STICK ON AND GAVE
KENNY A BIG KISS ON
THE HEAD.
HEY, KENNY, IS IT
STILL THERE??



SEAN IS STILL
SHUCKING THOSE
OYSTERS.
THEY ALSO HAD
SMOKED OYSTERS
WITH GARLIC.

DEMON

THEIR BIKER
NAMES ARE

NICE FANGS



DARK ANGEL

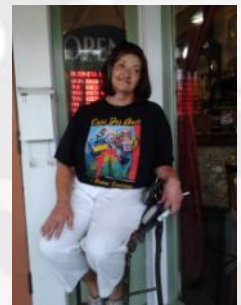
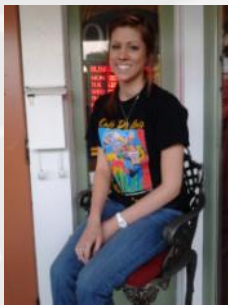


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Café des Amis

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SO HERE GOES ANOTHER STORY....

WE GOT UP AT 5AM TO RIDE TO CAFÉ DES AMIS. RICHARD'S PAST EXPERIENCE HAS BEEN THAT IF YOU WAIT TILL 7AM TO GET THERE, THE LINE IS DOWN THE BLOCK. THIS IS A RESTAURANT WHERE PEOPLE COME TO EAT GREAT FOOD AND THEN DANCE TO THE CAJUN MUSIC. SO, WE GET THERE AT 6.30 AM. IT OPENS AT 7.30AM. FORTUNATELY, THERE ARE TABLES OUTSIDE. AFTER ABOUT 20 MINUTES, THE MONEY GAL COMES OUT TO COLLECT MONEY. IT COSTS 5\$ TO GET IN, BUT YOU GET IT BACK WHEN YOU EAT BREAKFAST. SOME PEOPLE JUST COME TO DANCE...AT 8AM????

AS THE LADY IS COLLECTING MONEY, I AM SEATED DOWN AT A TABLE. AS ALL GOOD NEWSLETTER WRITERS GO, I HAVE MY PAD AND PENCIL IN MY HAND TAKING NOTES. THEN A MAN COMES UP TO ME AND HANDS ME 10\$. I QUICKLY KNOW THAT HE THINKS I AM TAKING RESERVATIONS OR SOMETHING. I JUMP AT THIS CHANCE. I ASK HIM HOW MANY FOR BREAKFAST AND IF HE WANTS TO SIT BY THE BAND. HE SAYS YES TO SITTING BY THE BAND AND I TAKE HIS NAME AND MONEY. THEN ANOTHER MAN COMES TO ME. BEFORE I KNOW IT I HAVE 30\$ AND A LONG LINE BEHIND MY TABLE.

I HEAR THE PEOPLE TELLING ONE ANOTHER THAT THE LADY AT THE TABLE IS TAKING RESERVATIONS—OOPS. I REALIZE THIS HAS GOTTEN OUT OF HAND SO I TELL THE PEOPLE ON LINE TO GO TO THE OTHER LADY AND I FIND THE PEOPLE THAT GAVE ME MONEY. I GIVE THEM BACK THEIR MONEY AND TELL THEM THE MONEY NEEDS TO GO TO THE OTHER LADY. I NEVER ADMITTED THAT I WAS ONLY FOOLING EVERYONE. I DID NOT THINK THAT PEOPLE WOULD BELIEVE ME. I GUESS IF YOU HAVE PENCIL AND PAD, YOU MUST LOOK OFFICIAL.

WE GET IN AT 7.30AM PROMPTLY. WE WERE THE FIRST ON LINE, BUT WE GOT SEATED FAR FAR AWAY FROM THE BAND. IN RETROSPECT, SITTING AWAY FROM THE BAND IS GOOD. UP FRONT YOU GET KNOCKED AROUND BY ALL THE PEOPLE DANCING. AND, I MEAN ALL THE PEOPLE.

THEIR BREAKFAST AND ESPECIALLY THEIR BEIGNETS ARE TO DIE FOR.

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**SEE WHAT A
FRIENDLY SMILE I
HAVE.
I AM YOUR FRIEND
I WON'T BITE YOU**

The Swamp Tour

OK—NOW FOR THE ALLIGATORS. OOPS, NOT ALLIGATORSSS, BUT ALLIGATOR.

PS-THIS IS THEIR MATING & NESTING TIME. I GUESS THIS IS THE ONLY GAY ALLIGATOR IN LAFAYETTE.

WE START THE TOUR ON THE PONTOON BOAT. FOR SOME REASON SOME OF US THOUGHT THAT IT WOULD BE AN AIR BOAT GOING 90MPH. IF SO, THAT AIR BOAT WOULD HAVE SCARED THE

ONLY EXISTING ALLIGATOR IN THE WHOLE SWAMP.

WE PASS THROUGH MOSS TREES. AND, TO OUR SURPRISE WE SEE A BOAT PULLING A KID ON A KNEE BOARD. JOHN TOLD US THAT THEY EVEN HAVE JET SKIS IN THE SWAMP. DON & I HAVE JET SKIS, BUT I THINK WE WILL STAY ON LAKE OUACHITA.



SO, AS THE BOAT GOES FURTHER INTO THE SWAMP, OFF IN THE DISTANCE JOHN SPOTS AN ALLIGATOR. HE TELLS US TO BE QUIET SO WE DON'T SCARE HIM. STEP BY STEP WE DRIFT TOWARD THE COVE WHERE THE ALLIGATOR IS RESTING PEACEFULLY. NO ONE IS MAKING A PEEP. VALERIE DECIDES THAT SHE WANTS TO GET A CLOSER LOOK. SO, SHE EASES OFF THE BOAT & WADES TO THE SHORE WHERE HE APPEARS TO BE SLEEPING.



JUST AS SHE GETS TO THE SHORE WITH HER CAMERA IN HAND, (NOW, REMEMBER, VALERIE WANTS A GOOD SHOT FOR THE NEWSLETTER) —THE ALLIGATOR LUNGES AT HER.

**DON COMES TO THE RESCUE
HE JUMPS IN AND SAVES THE CAMERA.**