

CAJUN MADMAN

So..... There I was. Tied to the back bumper of a 1969 Chevy El Camino. I was being dragged down a dusty backroad through rural Louisiana. Night was falling and the environment was at its most extreme. The cicadas were loud, the mosquitoes were fierce. The air was hot and muggy, and I had bugs and mud caked onto my face. But this paled in comparison to being drug through the sticks by a drunk Cajun who spoke very bad French and no English except for "Beer" and "Sandwich".

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