

Artist of the Month Angel Chambers

Nail Technician at Shear Paradise



The Coconut Telegraph's Artist of the Month is talented nail technician Angel Chambers. In 1994, Chambers moved to Key Largo and began working at S&S Hair Salon. After 12 years there the salon closed and Chambers found a new "art studio" at Shear Paradise.

What sets Chambers apart from other nail technicians? Experience. Other salons carry the same products but can't offer the quality of service that comes from years of experience. Chamber's clients are so loyal that some have been traveling to the Keys from Miami for years just to get their nails done by her. Whether you are in a public profession where you need a polished image, or a busy mother, a manicure or pedicure by Chambers is the absolute ultimate pampering experience.

Get those feet sandal ready for holiday parties. Sit back and relax while your

calluses melt away. Men also enjoy the treatment.

Chambers is now offering shellac, a gel polish that cures under ultraviolet light and lasts two weeks without chipping.

Not only is Chambers friendly and professional, but so is everyone at Shear Paradise Salon. It is always a pleasant experience when I deliver newspapers or Enchanted Sea Crystals to the business. Everyone is always happy and having a great time.

Call ahead to make an appointment 305-451-7110. Gift certificates are available, stop by and pick one up or Chambers will mail it to you. Don't let this holiday season go by without giving that special person a treat.

Shear Paradise is open Monday through Saturday 9am-5pm. Located at 99353 Overseas Highway #4, (across from Napa Auto Parts in the north bound lane) Key Largo, FL 33037.

Happy Thanksgiving to you and your family from all of us at D-Hooker!

We're Open All Day Thursday Nov. 24th - Serving Traditional Thanksgiving Dinner

What goes with Thanksgiving? FOOTBALL!

\$5.99 Bud Select PITCHERS

Bud Select Pitcher & 8 Wings "Your Style" \$12.99

D-HOOKER
SUNDAY TICKET
A FAMILY SPORTS BAR & GRILL

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STONE CRAB SEASON IS HERE AT THE GRILL ALWAYS FUN!

ISLAND GRILL
ISLAMORADA, FLORIDA KEYS

Our Chef has gone CRAZY!!!

BBQ Ribs on Tuesday only \$12.95

On Friday Nite, yes FRIDAY!! Nite PRIME RIB for only \$12.95

So come out and enjoy the Island Grill Specials, from 5 - 9pm

Beach available for special occasions or your private party.

BEST BREAKFAST DAILY AT 7AM

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT EVERY NIGHT!

COME BY BOAT!

305-664-8400
MM 85.5 Oceanside At Snake Creek Bridge, Islamorada

Palmetto Bugs Aren't Cute: My Battle with the Bug

"How can you live in Florida with all those bugs?" asked my mother more than once.

"What bugs?" I replied. I thought she was talking about the bloodthirsty mosquitoes because I hadn't seen many other bugs in the Keys.

"With all the beauty that surrounds us why worry about some pesky little bugs?" That was what I thought before I met my first Palmetto Bug.

I came home late one night, admittedly after a few glasses of wine, and when I flicked on the light I saw something from under the kitchen sink take off as fast as a bat out of hell, rapidly zipping across the tile. Whoosh! It looked like a speeding cat turd on wheels!

Just then my feline friend took off after it and pinned the thing against the wall. I took one look at it and froze. Shivers went up my spine. My hair stood on end. It was a monster of a cockroach! I grabbed the shoe off my foot, and then realized I couldn't kill the monster with a high heel even if it was a vintage designer Candies. My head circled like the exorcist - I had to locate a potential murder weapon. Briefly I thought about my .38 caliber with the laser from Kiffney's but decided that was too dangerous. I could shoot up the house and the neighbors might call the cops. There's no law against bugs breaking and entering.

Just about then my cat lifted its paw and the grotesque bug flipped, became airborne, and landed smack dab on my nose. I hit myself in the face with the

shoe. The flying turd flew off and landed on all six feet, gave me a "ha, ha" look

reached for the broom, but before I could do anything else I had to sit down and

the house. Then, I remembered my phone. Got to call someone fast! So I dialed animal control only to get a recording. Now I was really screwed. It was either escape the house and look for a motel vacancy or go to battle with the bug.

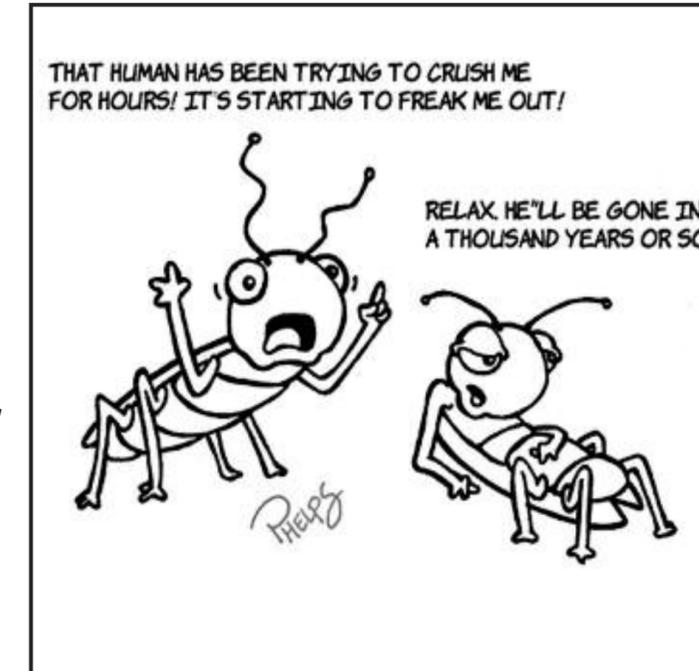
I swished the broom sideways under the hutch but only captured some dust bunnies.

"That does it!" I screamed and rammed the broom under the furniture like a madwoman on an adrenalin rush, which of course, I was.

Finally Mr. Palmetto Bug limped out the side. Euphoria, I'd crippled the bastard! Yellow goo, the color of newborn baby poo, was oozing out his backside. With the shoe I bravely coaxed the creepy, crippled critter onto the dustpan and raced, with my heart pumping, to give the king of cucarachas the royal flush. Safe-at-last!

As I took a deep breath I thought of my mom asking me about the bugs. A delightful smile crossed my face thinking about the humor she would have found in my terrified fight with the gigantic roach. The jacked-up cockroach that was really no roach at all. It was none other than the infamous Keys resident, the Palmetto Bug.

The next day I went to the grocery store and purchased Harris's Famous Roach Tablets. I tossed them under every appliance and piece of furniture that was safely away from children and animals and felt a sense of relief. The tablets did the trick and were only \$2. Bye, bye Palmetto Bugs.



and zigzagged under my hutch.

Ok, it's 11:00 p.m. and I'm barefoot alone with a cockroach on steroids. I

put my head between my legs to stop from hyperventilating myself unconscious. I knew I would never be able to sleep with a lurking Godzilla bug in