

ROCKIN' THE DOCK!!

JULY 2016 PARTY
BENEFITING



Paul and Sid put on a great party!



Maddy and Kaiya chilling out in the A/C



Baga Tricks with special guest star Jimmy Hawkins



Sharkey's great servers Kitty and Patty



Rae, Kate and Pearl



Adam and Cathy with tons of prizes, all to benefit Reef.org



Dr. Tom and a friend

Our Bumble of Joy

Here's what happened:

Just after dinner one night, my son came up to tell me there was "something wrong" with one of the two lizards he holds prisoner in his room.

"He's just lying there looking sick," he told me. "I'm serious, Dad. Can you help?"

I put my best lizard-healer expression on my face and followed him into his bedroom. One of the little lizards was indeed lying on his back, looking stressed. I immediately knew what to do.

"Honey," I called, "come look at the lizard!"

"Oh, my gosh!" my wife exclaimed. "She's having babies."

"What?" my son demanded. "But their names are Bert and Ernie, Mom!"

I was equally outraged. "Hey, how can that be? I thought we said we didn't want them to reproduce," I said accusingly to my wife.

"Well, what do you want me to do, post a sign in their cage?" she inquired (I think she actually said this sarcastically!)

"No, but you were supposed to get two boys!" I reminded her, (in my most loving, calm, sweet voice, while gritting my teeth).

"Yeah, Bert and Ernie!" my son agreed.

"Well, it's just a little hard to tell on some guys, you know," she informed me

(Again with the sarcasm!).

By now the rest of the family had gathered to see what was going on. I shrugged, deciding to make the best of it.

"Kids, this is going to be a wondrous experience," I announced. "We're about to witness the miracle of birth."

"Oh, gross!" they shrieked.

"Well, isn't THAT just great? What are we going to do with a litter of tiny little lizard babies?" my wife wanted to know.

We peered at the patient. After much struggling, what looked like a tiny foot would appear briefly, vanishing a scant second later.

"We don't appear to be making much progress," I noted.

"It's breech," my wife whispered, horrified.

"Do something, Dad!" my son urged.

"Okay, okay." Squeamishly, I reached in and grabbed the foot when it next appeared, giving it a gentle tug. It disappeared. I tried several more times with the same results.

"Should I call 911?" my eldest daughter wanted to know.

"Maybe they could talk us through the trauma."

"Let's get Ernie to the vet," I said grimly. We drove to the vet with my son holding the cage in his lap.



We were silent, absorbing this. "So, Ernie's just ... just ... excited," my wife offered.

"Exactly," the vet replied, relieved that we understood. More silence. Then my wife started to giggle. And giggle. And then even laugh loudly.

"What's so funny?" I demanded, not believing that the woman I married would commit the upcoming affront to my flawless manliness.

Tears were now running down her face. "It's just ... that ... I'm picturing you pulling on its ... its ... teeny little ..."

She gasped for more air to bellow in laughter again.

"That's enough," I warned. We thanked the vet and hurriedly bundled the lizard and our son back into the car. He was glad everything was going to be okay.

"I know Ernie's really thankful for what you did, Dad," he told me.

"Oh, you have NO idea," my wife agreed, collapsing with laughter.

- Two lizards: \$140.
- One cage: \$50.
- Trip to the vet: \$30.
- Memory of your husband pulling on a lizard's winkle: Priceless!
- Moral of the story: Pay attention in biology class. Lizards lay eggs!

IF YOU'RE GOING TO CHILL, CHILL BIG!

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4-7 PM
Monday - Friday

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Ladies' Drink FREE
6-7 PM - Tuesdays

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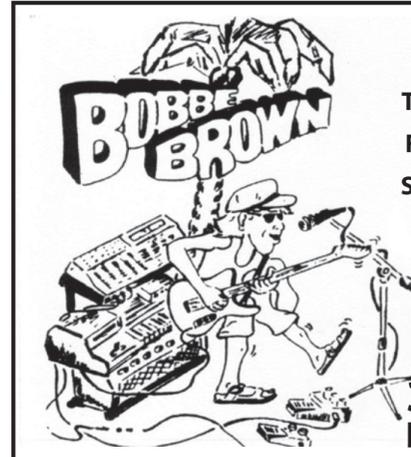
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