

The Mangrove Galley by Sandi Mieszczenski

Sandi's recipes are featured here monthly. For previous issues go to <http://www.theconchtelegraph.com>.



Again, the hot days of summer. My favorite part of this time of the year is the abundance of seasonal fruit. There are so many varieties available and they make a summer evening almost tolerable. This recipe is one of my favorites as peaches are so luscious and juicy. Try the crumble and I promise you will not be disappointed. Enjoy!

PEACH CRUMBLE

Batter: 1 cup all purpose flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 cup whole milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Peaches: 5 to 6 medium size peaches, sliced
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup sugar

Topping: 1 cup oatmeal
 $\frac{1}{2}$ stick of melted butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon water



1 stick melted unsalted butter

Prepare the batter. Mix the sliced peaches with the lemon juice and sugar in a separate bowl. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ stick of butter in a large casserole dish and evenly distribute over the bottom.

Pour the batter over the butter, do not stir.

Place the peaches over the batter, again do not stir.

Mix the topping and sprinkle over the peaches. Bake in a 375° oven for 40 to 45 minutes

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Amateur & seasoned musicians wanted!
The Keys Community Concert Band begins rehearsals for its new season in the fall. If you want to participate, call 305-451-4530.

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PERSONAL

To the girl in the pink pyjamas standing on US 1 at MM 100 on Wednesday afternoon with a cigarette in one hand and a bottle of vodka in the other - you're absolutely gorgeous. Want to get together for the weekend? I'm that guy with one hand down the front of his tracksuit bottoms, slurring my words every time I ask a tourist for 50 cents for the bus home.

VESSEL SAFETY

The USCG Auxiliary conducts vessel safety checks at Blackwater Sound Marina, MM 103.8 Bayside, every third Saturday of the month.

The Public is Welcome.
More info: 305-998-8400

CLUBS

Fraternal Order of the Eagles meets every 1st and 3rd Monday 7pm at Elks Lodge in Tavernier.

Florida Keys Orchid, Fern and Bromeliad Society meets the 3rd Thurs. of every month at Key Largo Library Comm. Room 7pm. Open to public.
305-451-3000

The Key Players, Inc. Community Theater Group needs volunteers to work behind the scenes and audition for roles!

Go to: thekeyplayers.org

WILL TRADE

Magical piece of driftwood, unknown origin. \$8,997 OBO. Will consider trade for boat. 305-555-BOAT.

ARTIST WANTED

Artist to help create Pop Tarts mural (Tavernier)

I love Pop Tarts! Why has no one made a mural with this delicious snack food that is perfect for breakfast or a tasty treat?

I want to change that and create a work of art that everyone can admire.

I will supply the Pop Tarts, you create the artwork. I can't pay for this project, as I will be taking out a small loan to fund the Pop Tarts.

If you're interested, please respond with your ideas and preferred Pop Tart flavor(s). (Please, no Chocolate Sprinkles — I dislike that flavor.)

Compensation: no pay

Classified ads will not be accepted without payment.

Protect Yourself? One Man's Story.

Last weekend I saw something at Coral Financial Pawn Shop that sparked my interest. The occasion was our 15th anniversary and I was looking for a little something extra for my wife Julie. What I came across was a 100,000-volt, pocket/purse-sized taser. The effects of the taser were supposed to be short lived, with no long-term adverse affect on the assailant, allowing her adequate time to retreat to safety...

WAY TOO COOL! Long story short, I bought the device and brought it home. I loaded two AAA batteries in the darn thing and pushed the button. Nothing! I was disappointed. I learned, however, that if I pushed the button and pressed it against a metal surface at the same time, I'd get the blue arc of electricity darting back and forth between the prongs. **AWESOME!!!**

Unfortunately, I have yet to explain to Julie what that burn spot is on the face of her microwave. Okay, so I was home alone with this new toy, thinking to myself that it couldn't be all that bad with only two AAA batteries, right? There I sat in

my recliner, my cat Gracie looking on intently (trusting little soul), while I was reading the directions and thinking that I really needed to try this thing out on a flesh-and-blood, moving target. I must admit I thought about zapping Gracie (for a fraction of a second) and thought better of it. She is such a sweet cat. But, if I was going to give this thing to my wife to protect herself against a mugger, I did want some assurance that it would work as advertised. Am I wrong?

So, there I sat in a pair of shorts and a tank top with my reading glasses perched delicately on the bridge of my nose, directions in one hand, and taser in the other. The directions said that a one-second burst would shock and disorient your assailant; a two-second burst was supposed to cause muscle spasms and a major loss of bodily control; a three-second burst would purportedly make your assailant flop on the ground like a fish out of water. Any burst longer than three seconds would be wasting the batteries. All the while I'm looking at this little device measuring about 5 inches long, less than 3/4 inch in circumference; pretty cute really and (loaded with two itzy, bitsy AAA batteries), thinking to myself, 'no possible way!' What happened next is almost beyond description, but I'll do my best...

I'm sitting there alone, Gracie looking on with her head cocked to one side as if to say, 'don't do it dipstick,' reasoning that a one-second burst from such a tiny little ole thing couldn't hurt all that bad. I decided to give myself a one second burst just for heck of it. I touched the prongs to my naked



thigh, pushed the button, and...

HOLY MOTHER OF GOD! WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION!! I'm pretty sure Jessie Ventura ran in through the side door, picked me up in the recliner, then body slammed us both on the carpet, over and over and over again. I vaguely recall waking up on my side in the fetal position, with tears in my eyes, body soaking wet, both nipples on fire, testicles nowhere to be found, with my left arm tucked under my body in the oddest position, and tingling in my legs? The cat was making meowing sounds I had never heard before, clinging to a picture frame hanging above the fireplace, obviously in an attempt to avoid getting slammed by my body flopping all over the living room.

Note: If you ever feel compelled to 'mug' yourself with a taser, one note of caution: there is no such thing as a one second burst when you zap yourself! You will not let go of that thing until it is dislodged from your hand by a violent thrashing about on the floor.

A minute or so later (I can't be sure, as time was a relative thing at that point), I collected my wits (what little I had left), sat up and surveyed the landscape. My bent reading glasses were on the mantel of the fireplace. The recliner was upside down and about 8 feet or so from where it originally was. My triceps, right thigh and both nipples were still twitching. My face felt like it had been shot up with novocain, and my bottom lip weighed 88 pounds. I had no control over the drooling.

Apparently I pooped myself, but was too numb to know for sure and my sense of smell was gone. I saw a faint smoke cloud above my head which I believe came from my hair. I'm still looking for my nuts and I'm offering a significant reward for their safe return!

P.S. My wife can't stop laughing about my experience, loved the gift, and now regularly threatens me with it!



New! The Taser iPhone App!

Things to try on an Elevator

- Stand silent and motionless in the corner facing the wall without getting off.
- Greet everyone with a warm handshake and ask them to call you Admiral.
- Meow occasionally.
- Stare at another passenger for a while. Then announce in horror "You're one of them!" and back away slowly.
- Say "DING!" at each floor.
- Make explosion noises when someone presses a button.
- Draw a little square on the floor with chalk and then announce that this is your personal space.
- When there's only one other person in the elevator, tap him/her on the shoulder, then pretend it wasn't you.
- Drop a pen and wait until someone reaches to help pick it up, then scream: "That's mine!"
- Call out a group hug, then enforce it.

