

# Conch Characters



You can see Virginia and all her feathered friends at the Theater of the Sea in Islamorada. Photo Rob LeBrun.



12-year-old junior angler Brianna Sullivan from Naples was the Junior Angler winner in the Elks Lodge's 7th Annual Ladies Dolphin Tournament.



Majesty of Rock really got the crowd going at the Lorelei back in May. See them again in the fall.



Elks Lodge's 7th Annual Ladies Dolphin Tournament winning Team "Nuff Said."



John Wurst-Ferrer and Alex Ferrer from the Ft. Lauderdale Moose Lodge brought the Key Largo Moose members fame and fortune with their wheel of Fortune and Family Feud game. Photo Captain Lorelee Carpenter.



Spunk The Band front woman Ariel belts out some Janis Joplin at The Lorelei. See them again in August.



Actor Samuel L Jackson stopped by Walgreens in Key Largo recently (with store Asst. Mgr Tabitha Brown).



Tuxedo Jesus rocked the stage at Lorelei in June.

# Why Women Take So Long in the Restroom

When you have to visit a public bathroom, you usually find a line of women, so you smile politely and take your place.

Once it's your turn, you check for feet under the stall doors. Every stall is occupied.

Finally, a door opens and you dash in, nearly knocking down the woman leaving the stall.

You get in to find the door won't latch. It doesn't matter, the wait has been so long you are about to wet your pants!

The dispenser for the modern "seat covers" (invented by someone's Mom, no doubt) is handy, but empty.

You would hang your purse on the door hook, if there was one, but there isn't - so you carefully, but quickly drape it around your neck, (Mom would turn over in her grave if you put it on the floor!), yank down your pants, and assume "The Stance."

In this position your aging, toneless (God I should have gone to the gym!!!) thigh muscles begin to shake.

You'd love to sit down, but you certainly hadn't taken time to wipe the seat or lay toilet paper on it, so you hold "The Stance".

To take your mind off your trembling thighs, you reach for what you discover to be the empty toilet paper



dispenser. In your mind, you can hear your mother's voice saying, "Honey, if you had tried to clean the seat, you would have **known** there was no toilet paper!" Your thighs shake more.

You remember the tiny tissue that you blew your nose on yesterday - the one that's still in your purse. (Oh yeah, the purse around your neck, that now, you have to hold up trying not to strangle yourself at the same time). That will have to do. You crumple it in the puffiest way possible. It's still smaller than your thumbnail.

Someone pushes your door open because the latch doesn't work.

The door hits your purse, which is hanging around your neck in front of your chest, and you and your purse topple backward against the tank of the toilet.

"Occupied!" you scream, as you reach for the door, dropping your precious, tiny, crumpled tissue in a puddle on the floor, lose your footing altogether, and slide down directly onto the toilet seat.

It is wet of course.

You bolt up, knowing all too well that it's too late. Your bare bottom has made contact with every imaginable germ and life form on the uncovered seat because YOU never laid down toilet paper - not that there was any, even if you had taken time to try.

You know that your mother would be utterly appalled if she knew, because, you're certain her bare bottom never touched a public toilet seat because, frankly, dear, "You just don't **KNOW** what kind of diseases you could get".

By this time, the automatic sensor on the back of the toilet is so confused that

it flushes, propelling a stream of water like a fire hose against the inside of the bowl that sprays a fine mist of water that covers your butt and runs down your legs and into your shoes.

The flush somehow sucks everything down with such force that you grab onto the empty toilet paper dispenser for fear of being dragged in too.

At this point, you give up.. You're soaked by the spewing water and the wet toilet seat.

You're e-x-h-a-u-s-t-e-d. You try to wipe with a gum wrapper you found in your pocket and then slink out inconspicuously to the sinks.

You can't figure out how to operate the faucets with the automatic sensors, so you wipe your hands with spit and a dry paper towel and walk past the line of women still waiting.

You are no longer able to smile politely to them.

A kind soul at the very end of the line points out a piece of toilet paper trailing from your shoe. (Where was that when you **needed** it???)

You yank the paper from your shoe, plunk it in the woman's hand and tell her warmly, "Here, you just might need this."

As you exit, you spot your hubby, who has long since entered, used, and left the men's restroom.

Annoyed, he asks, "What took you so long, and why is your purse hanging around your neck?"

This is dedicated to women everywhere who deal with a public restrooms. It finally explains to the men what really does take us so long. It also answers their other commonly asked questions about why women go to the restroom in pairs. It's so the other gal can hold the door, hang onto your purse, and hand you Kleenex under the door!

## A THEFT IN THE LOCAL NEWS:

MSCO are hoping someone saw a blue portable toilet going down the road in the back of a truck or being hauled by an all-terrain vehicle, taken for a recent event at Founders Park.

The MCSO Public Information Officer said the MCSO's social media sites are flush with jokes on the theft, including "police have nothing to go on," and "police are trying to flush out a suspect."

There were other comments he wouldn't repeat, including many variations on a scatological theme.

He's hoping the humor will bring attention to the story and help find those responsible. The Sheriff's Dept. noted that "the portable toilet was empty at the time of its theft."

