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CAPT. KEN & CAPT. MONICA
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Boarding in Islamorada



Captains Ken and Monica provided an amazing experience... words cannot

fully express. They are undoubtedly the best couple we have ever met, and they made our Sunrise & Sunset Wedding even

more memorable. "We look forward to our next outing with you both. Once again thank you for making our wedding amazing!"



96180 Overseas Hwy., Key Largo



UNIQUE BAYFRONT HIGHWAY TO BAY property with a beautiful sandy beach and lots of mature palms. (Parts of the movie PT109 was filmed here) If you are looking for a true Keys paradise and property look no further. The house needs repairs, remodel, or buyer may chose to build up larger. This property is for that special customer who wants to have their own Keys piece of paradise, beach and the ambiance that is hard to find anymore. Look no further. This is it.

241 Lignumvitae Dr., Key Largo



Concrete stilt home on corner lot, surrounded by mature trees for extra privacy. Completely renovated w/ bright airy floor plan and includes all new gourmet quartz kitchen with stainless appliance and designer backsplash. Vaulted ceilings, spacious bedrooms, beautiful baths. Reno by CBT Constructio, impeccable work. Roof, HVAC & hot water heater - all brand new. The lot has plenty of room for your boat, and covered parking. Great family neighborhood, located near schools and shopping, as well as Pennekamp Park. The New Year would be bright with you and your family in this wonderful home...

We're not just Realtors... we're also your neighbors!



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This Ain't Glamping... or... The Masked Gangs of Pennekamp

A blog by
Luke Sommer Glenn

The band was booked to play the infamous party spot Holiday Isle in the beautiful Florida Keys. We had been playing high out in the low plains of the upper Midwest during the flizzard of '96/'97 and were damn grateful to be getting out of the cold.

Instead of staying at the "band house" as usual, I opted to camp out at Pennekamp State park as I had a date with the girl I would end up marrying.

The future Mrs. Glenn and I set up our camp site, having arrived a few days prior for some quality alone time in a tent. It was a beautiful spot, perfect weather...

The next afternoon a young mother and child pull up in a mini van packed to the gills with a young fellow in a fancy, foreign two seater sports car following behind. They decide to pick the spot right next to us to set up their brand new camping gear with the price tags still on everything and enough food to feed a small army. Definitely their first camping trip...

They were not having any fun setting up the tent- definitely not a very good team. If you want to know what it's going to be like living with someone, go camping together for two weeks! Then they started packing the tent full of food. They brought everything you would need for a Friday happy hour fish fry and a spoiled small child, especially a lot of flour and cooking oil for some reason.

They did an impressive job bringing their entire kitchen to a primitive campsite. Miffed by the absence of electricity, the man fumes at the park ranger for the lack

of modern conveniences... as if the ranger had designed the park.

The young fellow jumps in his fancy, foriegn douche mobile and does his best passive aggressive engine revving as he leaves the camping area for the correct type of supplies for cooking the 5000+ fish they must have planned on catching with the brand new surf rods and tackle they had bought.

I explained to them that they really should keep their coolers and food in their van otherwise the raccoons would get into everything. They blew me off as the stoner I am and continued without a second thought.

Later that night, after the whining and complaining about the mosquitoes, no-see-ums and the little kid being terrified of lizards, the raccoons started doing raccoon stuff.

The 'coons started off exploring the neighbors' picnic table and the food left on it and soon knocked some stuff over, alerting the neighbors to the invasion.

The humans start yelling and flailing their arms and the 'coons make a hasty retreat as the humans pick up some of the mess and move the cooler to the "front room" of their



big-ass, 3-room tent. Thinking themselves victorious the humans again retire to complaints of "It's too hot," "I wanna go home"...

The 'coons soon return to find the goodies have been moved into the tent, no problem... several 'coons start noisily exploring around the back of the tent eliciting shouts of "SHOO! GO AWAY!" "Mommy I'm scared!"

In the meantime, a couple of 'coons easily breached the front zipper to the tent and are tearing into cereal boxes, bags of chips..."Get out of there!" as flashlights dart from side to side in the tent as the 'coons seem to sense the ineptitude of the humans and become more brazen in their assault.

"Help! Help us!" Now they want advice... with the smell of our interrupted sex permeating the air, the future Mrs Glenn and I begin grabbing their foodstuffs and coolers to put them in their mini van and shut the doors... as they just stood there, looking helpless.

The 'coons scurried away with the spoils of the attack they could carry/drag along.

The next morning the young fellow says he is going for coffee as that was one of the items ruined in last night's battle. That would be the last we ever saw of him.

The young mother, a clueless soul, bless her heart, obviously learned nothing from the previous night and began setting up what was left of the food supplies as if she were in her kitchen at home.

I commented that was a lot of work to do just to have to

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For more info:
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put it all away before the 'coons came back later in the evening. "Really" she asks, looking at me like I should sit in my van and smoke more pot.

The future Mrs. Glenn and I go to Holiday Isle and do the nights gig. After letting ourselves in at the main gate we pull into our camping area and notice the absence of the neighbors minivan.

As the headlights illuminate the area we can see that the 'coons have had their way with the neighbors' stuff.

Sunrise reveals the devastation. The 'coons managed to spill 10 pounds of flour and a gallon of cooking oil. There were thousands of floury, greasy coon prints ALL over the entire campsite. "Damndest thing I ever saw" said the park ranger

The minivan arrives after the motel checkout time. The defeated looking mother and child duo takes in the FUBAR'd campsite. Without looking at me she begins describing how a "gang" of twenty or thirty raccoons with guns and knives raped and pillaged her village... they managed to flee to civilization just in time.

"Where do you think the nickname "masked bandits" came from?" Luckily, there ain't no bears in the Florida Keys, not that kind anyhow. Wonder if they started the #glamping, "I'm afraid of nature" camping for pussies thing...

Peace and Love!

IF YOU'RE GOING TO CHILL, CHILL BIG!

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