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ON THE MAP

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MM 101.5 • KEY LARGO

ON THE MAP

Key Largo

In Key Largo, we navigate by Mile Markers! Look for the little green signs and mile indicators on power poles to find your way.

Legend

- U.S. Highway
- State Highway
- Boat Ramp
- Mile Marker
- Point of Interest
- Dive Site
- Dive Wreck
- Swim with Dolphins



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ON THE MAP

The Conch Republic
COCONUT TELEGRAPH

RATES
KEY LARGO MAP PAGE

Vertical:
2.44" wide x 4.5" tall
\$125 per month

Horizontal:
4.5" wide x 2.75" tall
\$150 per month

Bottom Banner:
9.75" wide x 2.75" tall
\$225 per month

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BREAKFAST, LUNCH & DINNER 99411 OVERSEAS HWY • FORMERLY DJ'S DINER

ON THE MAP

Warning For All Males

from Tony Welch, found on Bored Panda

Last weekend I saw something at The Gun Show that sparked my interest. I was looking for a little something different for my wife Dana. 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 your assailant, allowing her adequate time to retreat to safety... right??

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, now I have to explain to Dana 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 Leo 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 Leo (for a fraction of a second) and then thought better of it. He 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 tee shirt with my reading glasses perched delicately on the bridge of my nose, directions in one hand, and taser in another.

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; and

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" long, less than 3/4 inch in circumference (loaded with two itsy, bitsy AAA batteries); pretty cute really, and thinking to myself, 'no possible way!'

What happened next is almost beyond description, but I'll do my best.

I'm sitting there alone, the cat looking on with his head cocked to one side so as to say, 'Don't do it stupid,' reasoning that a one-second burst from such a tiny lil 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. WHAT THE... !!!

I'm pretty sure Hulk Hogan 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 violent thrashing about on

the floor! A three-second burst would be considered conservative!

A minute or so later (I can't be sure, as time was irrelevant 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 top of the TV.
- 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 lbs.
- I had no control over the drooling.
- Apparently I had crapped in my shorts, 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 testicles and I'm offering a significant reward for their safe return!

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

