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Arrogance Leads to Disappointment

A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

While setting up to play on a packed Friday night at the Big Chill we were attacked by a negative entity known in today's parlance as a "Karen."

The drummer had parked his vehicle up on the curb along the hedges thus creating extra space for everyone entering the tiki bar. It was a weekly thing, no big deal. We go about our business humping gear to the stage, working through the throng of dilly dallying tourons.

Earlier in the week I had played a solo gig there and noticed a woman with a less than pleasant vibe. I make note of things like that as a matter of survival instincts. She even complained about the ice melting too quickly in her drink with a look of smugness befitting the Queen of Sheba.

She starts and/or ends every sentence with "I am an owner" or "president of the owners association." She expects priority service as president/owner. Her behavior is all caught on video. She manages to piss off an otherwise pretty forgiving team as far as tolerating someone with a buzz and tourons in general. By the end of the week they are done with this woman.

The drummer is known as one of the nicest guys around, one of the least offensive people on the planet. He brings some gear to the stage and says, "This lady out in the parking lot walking her dogs told me I have to move my truck." That's unusual as it's never been a problem before.

I ask who the \$&*k it is and he doesn't know. We happen to notice the manager at the

bar so we inquire about the parking situation. He says we are fine right where it's always at. Cool, it's a hassle to have to park across the street when you are trying to get the Friday night party started.

We continue to unload gear when 4 perfectly groomed, tiny, poofball dogs attached to a 40 something woman snaps "I thought I told you to MOVE."

The drummer replies politely "The manager says it's ok so..."

"I'm an owner, I'm ABOVE the manager" interrupts miss busy body.

"I don't think so, maybe you should talk..."

"Bullshit! I told you to move. I'll have you towed!"

One of her little dogs shits in the middle of the parking lot as she emphasizes the word "towed!", the turd rolling like a rubber ball scattering the other three dogs as they pull in different directions distracting madam president, and allowing the drummer to fetch in another load of gear.

As he passes by the MOD he points out the "owner/president/whatever" lady over riding his decision about the parking situation and threatening action.

"Don't worry about it," he says.

In the meantime she has recognized me from the other night and starts in with the drummers parking spot. I'm a little less patient as humping gear is the funnest part of my

goddamn night and listening to this stupid #\$\$@& is exactly what I want to be doing right now in the middle of setting up lights, sound and stage.

I choose my words very, very carefully and I say, "UM HUM."

"I'm the president of the owners association and this looks ugly. I want it moved."

"UM HUM."

She is aggravated because her little dogs are interested in sniffing me and I naturally pay more attention to the poor poofy dogs who were surprising friendly for little dogs. Probably just wanted a break from the bad energy controlling the leash.

"UM HUM," I say.

"YOU! I want this truck moved NOW!" she screams like a psycho as the drummer approaches.

"Look lady, it's not in the fire lane, people can get by..." he says calmly.

"As president of the owners association I DEMAND that you move this \$%&#ng truck NOW!" Another turd hits the pavement and rolls towards the drainage grate.

"I don't have time to argue with you..."

"FINE! Then MOVE IT!" she sprays. The poor poofy dogs jostle nervously.

She becomes even more unhinged and loud at our inaction to her commands, attracting the attention of



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the manager, who eventually bars her from the downstairs bar and restaurant.

Decorum prevents an accurate transcription here but suffice to say the president of the owners association had disrespected the crew and discovered her 2 weeks stay as president was limited to the upstairs and her title largely ceremonial.

She was going to have the drummer fired. The manager fired. The other manager fired. She felt GOOD being in charge, the boss, the freaking POA! (President of the Owners Association).

Arrogance leads to disappointment. She could've had a great time not having to worry about anything. No job, no laundry, no cooking, no cleaning... just cocktails and sunshine.

But vacation to her was having to take charge as "president," overstepping and sticking her nose in a business she actually knows nothing about. "How hard can it be to run a restaurant?" she exclaimed at one point.

Making people miserable for amusement, sport bitching, negative Nancies, Debbie Downers, Karens, crotchety old men... If it takes all kinds I would like a better cool people to assholes ratio.

Peace and Love!

***"Karen" is a member of Fisherman's Cove residence and has nothing to do with the Big Chill, its owners or management.*

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