

American Legion Post 333 - Key Largo

Ladies Auxiliary will be hosting a BBQ on July 4 starting at 12:30 pm

Open 7 Days a Week, Noon 'til 10pm
Happy Hour 3 to 6 pm

Karaoke with "Bullfrog King" Mike Kane, Monday at 7 p.m.
Thursday Night Jam from 6 to 10pm. Food served 6-9 pm.

Stop by and see Aimee!
 Tuesday through Friday, noon to 10 p.m.

We have wheelchairs, walkers, and other medical supplies available for our Veterans.

2 Seagate Blvd. • MM 99.6 • Key Largo • 305-451-0307 • www.legionpost333.org

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OPEN 6 DAYS: Monday-Friday 7:30am-6pm • Saturday 9am-2:30pm

SHIPWRECKS
 OPEN 11:00 AM to 9:00 PM EVERY DAY
KEY LARGO'S HIDDEN TREASURE!

WELCOME BACK

Join us for **HAPPY HOUR**

Happy Hour **DRINK SPECIALS** 4-6 pm EVERY DAY **\$2 PBR**

Happy Hour **FOOD SPECIALS** MON-THURS 4-6pm **\$10 WINGS FOR \$10!!**

LOCALS' FAVORITE 305-453-3153 45 Garden Cove Drive MM 106

4th of July FIREWORKS ON THE BAY

HAPPY HOUR 4-7pm Monday-Friday

JIMMY JOHNSON'S BIGCHILL
 AT FISHERMAN'S CREEK
TIKI BAR CABANAS POOL

★ Largest Display Of Fireworks on July 4th & Live Music All Day!

MM104 BAYSIDE | KEY LARGO
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 PRIVATE EVENT SPACE AVAILABLE

Critters, Part 1 -- A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

The morning walk with Mia the puppy dog. Timing is everything. Start too early, feed the bugs. Too late, get beat by the heat. And there's no reprieve from the insects that feed on blood.

There is no escaping from the mosquitoes and no-see-ums at sunrise and sunset. Biting flies patrol during the heat of the day and different breeds of mosquitoes come out at night to feed. Step in lush grass and the feast is on especially in the shade of a tree... where an inviting chair is often placed, calling you to sit and drink a frosty adult beverage, out of the beating sun, perhaps partake of some marijuana, and feed the bugs.

You know you have the right buzz when you no longer care about the biting and the itching. For me it's the best buzz ever, a couple of beers, a couple of joints and a waterfront view of our buggy paradise. It's either coincidence or proof the creator loves us, that hops in beer and marijuana are from the same lineage of plants.

The puppy dog Mia has expensive (the only dog food she'll eat) at home. And 10 varieties of treats to choose from. Yet on walks, she licks at the garbage truck juice on the road. She seeks out iguana turds like a delicacy. As she takes her sweet time sniffing

around, the bugs make a meal out of me.

Why don't I stop her? It's not as easy as you might think. She's smarter than me.

Is she giving me the, "Quit jerking the leash, I'm looking for the exact spot, perfectly aligned with the magnetic poles of the planet where I may leave my stool" look? Or is she slowly working her way towards an iguana turd? She's a great actress.

One thing she has in common with T-Bone is they both think chicken bones grow from the ground. T-Bone spent a lot of time at Gilbert's Resort plucking lost hot wings from the sand. He was too fast to stop. Once he found a chicken bone it was crunch, crunch gone. Plus all the construction workers in my neighborhood that throw their chicken bones on the ground instead of the trash, furthering my dogs' beliefs that chicken wings grow from the ground.



T-Bone was the star of the show when he sang.

I was spoiled by T-Bone. He was not a poop eater. He didn't roll around in nasty smelling anything. He was quite prissy for a dog. Probably because he was a singer and the star of the show when he sang.

He used to sing along with me when I played my shows but just on certain songs like Copperhead Road and any Johnny Cash.

Sometimes when people would walk up to tip us, they would set their drink down on the stage to reach for their cash. T-Bone would help himself to their drink, especially draft beer, thinking they had placed it there for him. But he was an incredibly friendly and gentle dog. And handsome.

Customers would often buy him a cheeseburger which I would have to cut up for him. If you put a whole burger down in front of him, he would look up and stare at you with his head cocked to the side as if to ask, "How am I supposed to eat it?" Just a little spoiled, maybe.

He was clever but not smart like Mia. She's such a typical, gross little dog. She rolls on the dead lizards that the cat murders and leaves on the mat. She rolls on bugs, living or dead, and on stuff in the middle of the road that has long since been dead. Yet if you fart, she'll run out of the room!

Our teenie tiny Lily was a mess. Bless her tiny little heart, I carried her more than she walked on our walks but her legs were only two inches long. She was like carrying a portable heater in the summertime. No matter how hard I tried to keep her dry, by the time we got home she was soaked with my sweat.

Her little poops were so small I often couldn't find them where they fell, disappearing into the pea rock. Unfortunately, just like on Star Trek, she did have a problem with cling ons. Sometimes they had to be cut out of her fur.

She also had a problem with eating things off the floor and having bowel movements that were attached to one of our

Luke Sommer Glenn is a local entertainer and Conch Character.

For more info: www.lukesommerglenn.com



Silly Lily had a bark that could render your mind inert.

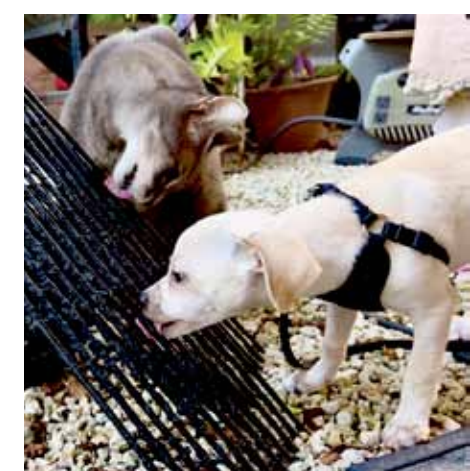
long hairs, it resembled anal beads. We often had to pull hair out of her butt. She even pooped a Q-tip once, how she passed that I'll never know.

Little Lil had a bark that was so piercing and loud it rendered your mind inert. The only way you could stop the torture was by picking her up and holding her. If you had to pick up something else and set her down, the barking would begin again until you picked her back up.

Mia has a tiny little bark comparatively. T-Bone had a mighty woof and could howl on key. He was good at phrasing for a dog. Probably why he was such a prima-donna sometimes.

The one thing they all have in common is our big cat Tinker. He loves his puppy dogs. T-Bone outgrew him, but for the little dogs he is a major part of their lives. He is the chew toy that fights back. Sometimes he's even a kitty couch, he's always a good napping partner though.

Thinking about naps it's about nap time for the old man.



Tinker & Mia cleaning the grill.