Coconut Telegraph

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Deadline

for the Coconut Telegraph's next issue is Thursday, August 14, 2025

Those who like the Coconut Telegraph are happier, more intelligent and better-looking than those who don't; according to a study we just made up.

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Key Largo, Florida Keys

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EDITORIAL - Helping Local Veterans

If you want to help real Veterans in the Upper Keys donate your money to the Islamorada American Legion Post 145, PO Box 947, Islamorada, Fl 33036. They have been advocating for Veterans since 1919.



Left: Robin Frick and the Alligator Alcatraz sign. This photo caused a lot of strife on the Internet. Uninformed people complained Alligator Alcatraz is a concentration camp! It is simply a holding point to organize illegal immigrants prior to repatriating them to their home countries. For those of you who are angry about that, what do you think would happen to you if you entered a foreign country illegally? If it were legal would you open your home to an undocumented criminal? Pay all their expenses? If you have a better plan please inform your Congressman.

Captain Robin Frick is from Australia and has been a US resident since 1987 and a citizen for 6 years. She was amazed at how fast the Alligator Alcatraz sign appeared in Florida City but shocked by so many negative comments.

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Reproductively Bored - A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

There is nothing to do. I mean, I've got plenty I should do but it's not what I feel like doing. I just don't know what it is that I feel like doing... I think this is how people catch venereal diseases or get something stuck in their rectum, maybe injuring genitalia in an attempt to alleviate the intense, late night boredom.

No one ever wants to admit how the object was actually voluntarily introduced into the rectum. Most people like to say they sat on something by mistake, or they lost their balance and fell into said object that lubricated itself before entering unexpectedly.

Ancient man was too busy surviving to be bored enough to stick things in their ass. They barely had time to learn how to jerk off before they were dead of some kind of disease or eaten by another creature. Boredom probably started after the wheel was invented. The wheel gave people the ability to work faster which created extra time. And you have to have extra time to become bored.

Teenagers in the modern era, besides having all the outdoor activities, have all the electronic activities as well and yet, they're still bored. As a young male, I learned very quickly that you could only stroke it so much before it became raw and once it was raw, it was no fun at all. The first life lesson in too much of a good thing.

Fireworks were illegal in Florida when I was growing up so twice a year when we went back to West Virginia to visit family, dad would stop along the way, so my brothers could buy fireworks. Being 10 years

younger than them, I was not allowed to participate in the purchase especially in front of my mother.

Once we got home and mom wasn't around, my brothers set up all my little, plastic green army menand equipment in a complete the battle scene... They would meticulously place fire crackers strung together by a fuse underneath and around the the battle zone...

A few years later, I was in charge of setting up the combat scene... I had discovered M-80s, smoke bombs, as well as the usual little ladyfingers and hellcats firecrackers. I was 12 years old and all of my toys were previously blown up, so I convinced the little girl across the street to let me use her Barbies for the reenactment.

I wired up Barbie's Dream House and RV with the ordinance that I had and let's just say the beating was worth it. Watching Ken's head blow off was was more exciting than the nipple-less boobs on Barbie for me.

I had found a discarded nudy magazine earlier that year and knew what Barbie should've had going on. The neighbor girl enjoyed watch-



ing it go off also. We were having fun all the way up until her father came out and had a shit hemorrhage at the destruction of her hand-medown Barbie collection.

I had to mow their yard for free the next summer.

I've always been a victim of late-night boredom. I was born in the middle of the night and I've always been a night owl. My mother would get pissed and say, "Quit ratting around in my kitchen," when she would hear me in there at night. I learned to be quiet if I wanted to get away with shit at a early age.

Nothing in town was open past midnight. As a kid I couldn't go to the bars yet, so me and the only other guy in my neighborhood that was my age would walk around all night bullshitting about the programming we were receiving. We weren't aware that we were being groomed at the time but that's all school and church was/is, indoctrination into society.

But mostly we talked about chicks and the lack of attention we received from the opposite sex as overly horny, pre-teenaged boys. All revved up and nowhere to go. It's an awkward age, between junior high and high school. The roller rink years. And we thought we had shit to worry about then... Which toothpaste to use, ultra bright or close up? Wanted to make sure we had the freshest breath possible in case we got to make out with the chicks. Gee! Your hair smells terrific!

Time seemed to move so slow back then, everything was so boring and long especially marine science and the last five minutes of the



church service on Sunday, right before lunch time.

Have you ever eaten because you were not so much hungry as bored? I'll go to the refrigerator 20 times a night, open the door and mindlessly stare at the contents, maybe take a look in the freezer, then close the door, walk away and do it again five minutes later. In the back of my mind I know not to eat late at night because it is fattening.

I can still hear my mother hollering at me to stay out of the fridge. It's something I've done my entire life, now I have a wife who yells at me to stay out of the fridge.

"You're letting all the GD cold air out," my dad would holler at me when he would catch me, although I learned the habit from him.

All the TV stations would go off the air at midnight and we didn't have cable or satellite. The stereo receiver I had in my bedroom didn't receive as many stations as the radio in the car. I would sit in the car in the driveway, slowly twisting the radio dial up and down, in search of something cool to listen to like "The Dr. Demento Show" and "The King Biscuit Flour Hour." Did you know there was a song about making love in a Subaru? At least I wasn't out there jerking off in the middle of the night in the driveway. That's the reason they tell you that Jesus is always watching, just like Santa.