

Coconut Telegraph

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Deadline

for the Coconut
Telegraph's
next issue is **Thursday,**
May 15, 2025

We now sell subscriptions!
See our ad on page 13
for details.

CORRECTION

The China Seafood Restaurant ad
that ran last month was incorrect.
It read 渔民海鲜加工坊
It should have read 农家红烧鸡米饭.
We regret any inconvenience this
may have caused.

Cast of Characters:

Editor/Sales/Distribution
Denise Malefy

305-304-2837
(leave a message)
theconchtelegraph@gmail.com

Ron Kostick

Independent Advertising Consultant
305-849-3778
rlkostick@gmail.com



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GATHERING TO REMEMBER

Fred Andrews

FEBRUARY 25, 1960 - MARCH 28, 2025

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Random Daydreaming -- A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

I had a bench seat in my pickup trucks, my dad's 1977 Malibu Classic station wagon had bench seats, as did a lot of cars of that era. (We called it the pie wagon because it was big enough to get a piece. Couldn't really call it a shaggin' wagon as the best it did was the occasional piece.)

Couples sat next to each other. There weren't any seat belt laws back then, as I seem to enjoy pointing out. Though after having been thrown through several windshields before I was 20 years of age, I started wearing a seatbelt., preventing serious injuries more than once. At any rate...

I was having the wife's car serviced at the dealership because I'm too dilapidated and inflexible to be able to do it myself anymore. I couldn't help but notice that all of the vehicles have center consoles now. No wonder romance is not what it used to be. Half the fun of driving somewhere is feeling up your date, getting a little stinky pinky action on the way, maybe get a little wound up and pull off to the side on a little side street somewhere...

Now everybody is absorbed into the small screen and an entire world of algorithmically suggested material to keep a soul stirred up, not informed. Some people seem to prefer to spend their time angry, defensive and up tight. Seems unnecessary with the availability of medical marijuana but alas it's not for everybody obviously.

I reckon these days though, you'd be hard pressed to be left alone long enough to get some without someone checking to see what it is that you're up to. Unless you live in the country. People

that don't get enough don't act right. It's a known fact. Just look at me. My wife seems to be OK though...

The new remedy on the horizon for the lonely hearted is an amalgamation of robotics, AI, realistic quantitative speech generators coupled with high tech transducers that mixes chest resonance with throat articulation and ultra realistic, new space age synthetic, self healing skin. A smart sex toy that also acts as your personal assistant. Do you enjoy boobs and penises? You can mix and match attachments to fulfill all of your fantasies.

No more dealing with someone whose is mood dependent. No more alcohol and drug problems. No more petty vanity. No one to disagree with your opinions and beliefs.

A technological gadget that can be repaired, updated and with a subscription to the sexual app of your choice, you will never long for human contact again. No more loneliness. No more doing yourself. Always funner when somebody else scratches your itch.

Talk about a cheap date... It doesn't eat or drink, it can even take the keys away and drive you home when you get too drunk to drive. It can be programmed not to look at other people in public and never make fun of your junk. Jealousy and insecurity solved!

Purchase an entire fleet and set up your own red light district to accommodate those who can't afford their own. Self lubricating and cleaning with anti microbial skin and orifices. What a future! Can't wait for reincarnation!

Self driving cars .. no more distracted drivers holding up traffic. When the light turns green, all of the cars start moving at the same time, no more driving slow in the fast lane. Red light runners will be a thing of the past. You can party in the car as it drives you home or until you run off the grid.

Road rage will be minimal because the traffic will move much more efficiently than independently human controlled vehicles. No more rubbernecking morons slowing down to watch a fellow human being change their tire. Evacuations will be orderly and less stressful.

Humans will fend for themselves less and less. There will be no more game to hunt, fish to catch or fresh vegetables and fruits. All food will be processed and eventually people will forget what real food really looked, smelled or tasted like at all.

People will not have to concern themselves with the monotonous daily chores of life such as cooking, cleaning, and maintaining the domicile, leaving more time for intellectual pursuits or simulated sports. Simulators will be so much better than real life that people will forget all about the real experience. Just like sex with a robot.

Concerts will be put on by holograms of Billy Joel, Michael Jackson, Bruce Springsteen, Whitney Houston and Beck at safe volume levels and the sound of a Les Paul being played through a Marshall amplifier will be gone forever, no more Hammond organs, no more Leslie double rotating speakers, no more feeling the kick drum in the chest and the bass in your

Luke Sommer Glenn is a local entertainer and Conch Character.



For more info:
www.lukesommerglenn.com

gut... All right, that's the gear head in me raging. Volume makes tone!

People will have to have permission to breed. The need for a large, ignorant and disposable workforce will be gone, with AI and robots doing all the unpleasant/dangerous work.

Just when everything is going right with the unsightly poor removed from the cities, social standing laws ensuring everyone does their part to maintain an orderly society, wearing the appropriate attire in public, using only the approved language according to the societal guidelines. Those that live on the fringe face a bleak and uncertain reality.

Then one day, the sun might release an electromagnetic pulse so intense that it destroys all the technology that the world has grown so dependent upon, and as all the systems fail, the satellites crash into each other and the corporeal and the artificial alike, gawk with gaping mouths at the techno remains showering the Earth in multicolored streaks of burning debris...

All the digital currency disappears in an instant along with all things that depend upon electrons for energy.

When it's all over with, mankind will have been reset 20,000 years, falling into small groups of disorganized tribes competing for resources and knowledge.

Another cataclysmic event will reset that society until one day the Sun eats the Earth.