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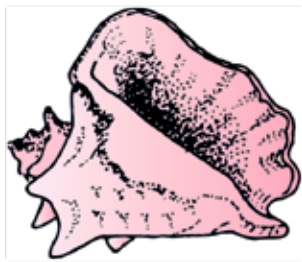
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EDITORIAL - Food Truck Explosion

Food trucks. It used to be there weren't any but now they are popping up all over in Key Largo. I don't like them because they are taking business away from our brick and mortar restaurants who are struggling to keep up with increased food costs and keeping staff employed. I know of several much-loved mom and pop restaurants that are up for sale or going out of business. The upper Keys is starting to look like a carnival. Can the Health Department keep up with this influx?

We need to support the brick and mortar restaurants that are invested in our community.



Box of Rocks — A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

I've done more stupid shit in the last three days... more like three weeks... actually it's been more like three months, made some genius effing moves and have cost myself more money than I could've ever anticipated. I guess it's a "stupid tax" in a way, paying for mistakes.

I think I've done my due diligence, research, hours of contemplating, taking notes and advice from my contemporaries and still manage to ram my head into the wall at full steam. Dad always said I was about as smart as a box of rocks.

My forte is getting caught in the money pit. Making what seems are logical choices at the time only to wind up in the end realizing I could've saved myself time and money had I not tried to save myself money.

That would be bad enough except for the fact that sometimes I'm too stupid to know that I'm doing it wrong until somebody comes along and points out the obvious. I'm really good at missing the obvious.

Like a lot of artistic types, I lack expertise or the discipline for fiduciary matters. It may not feel like work when you do something you love, but when you're a musician/moron, it also doesn't pay like work.

I find myself existing in a world where everything is spying on me, listening to everything I say, tracking everywhere I go... Targeted marketing is one word for it.

My Apple Watch thinks
it knows my routine so well

that it tells me how long it's going to take to get to where it thinks I'm going when I get in the truck and start to go somewhere. And once I get there, it tells me how long it'll take to get back home.

I'm sure everyone has experienced talking about something and then getting ads for that thing in computer or phone. It's damn near impossible to live in the modern world without a credit card and a cell phone. Our whole lives are attached to our cell phone numbers almost as rigorous as our Social Security number. If you frequently change phone numbers nowadays, it confounds your entire existence.

What I don't understand is how many times does somebody need to steal my information? My information is already out there so the only thing I can do is try to protect myself from bad actors by having the credit lock and identity freezes turned on.

And why is my information worth more to everybody else than it is to me? I've had to unlock my credit several times while we prepare to relocate.

Another odd sensation in the modern age is the feeling of being vulnerable when you unlock your credit. That was something I didn't even consider in my 20s, 30s and 40s, wasn't really until my 50s when identity theft became a thing.

I actually had a change of address that I did not apply for show up in my mailbox. I almost threw it away because it looked like

junk mail with all the advertising for moving supplies. I opened it up and realized somebody was trying to change my address to a Tampa address.

That was several years ago and I still haven't heard back from the postmaster inspector general's office as to whether or not they made an arrest. They wouldn't give me the address in Tampa for fear of the possibility I would seek revenge. That's what they said anyway.

My eyes suck pretty bad and it's hard for me to distinguish certain letters and numbers from each other especially in today's small print on everything. Can't read the back of a pill bottle for nothing. Fives and sixes look alike and that's

with my good reading glasses on. Three and eight are easily confused with the astigmatism...

I order the wrong things or sizes because my brain misinterprets the information from my eyes. A beautiful woman gets mad at me for staring and I'm just trying to focus. The worse my eyes get, the better my imagination becomes. The older I get, the more younger women there are to look at, too.

Oh well, what can I do?
Keep pulling the plow, that's
all I know.

**Luke Sommer
Glenn is a
local
entertainer
and Conch
Character.**



For more info:
www.lukesommerglenn.com



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This is what happens when you mistake a five for a six. Notice the gap between the topper and the tailgate. Ordered it off the internet. Came from New Jersey on an 18 wheeler. I wrestled with it for six hours assembling it. Took four grown men to lift it onto the truck before I realized my mistake. Genius! I'm in negotiations for returning it or selling it, I'm not sure which will happen. If it goes like usual I will probably end up giving it away along with the \$\$\$\$ I paid for the damn thing. I got brains I ain't even used yet.