RANTS & RAVES

Who do you think you are?

This local bar manager speaks for all of us!

If you owned a restaurant, how would you feel if people brought their own food and drinks into your place? Do you bring a 6-pack into Applebee's with you? So then why do you do this at our waterside restaurants?

We provide you a place to dock your boat, and spots to park your cars. We provide you with restrooms, free entertainment, a pool or beach, and a place to meet and socialize. Why won't you patronize us?

We run specials and discounts so you can afford it. You arrive in a BMW, or a 30-foot center console, yet you can't

afford a \$5 beer?

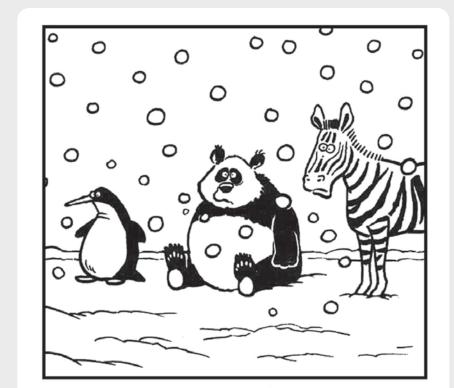
Don't you realize that what you're doing is against the law? Does it matter to you that we could get shut down, resulting in all our staff losing their jobs? All because you HAVE to go back to your car or boat and pour that orange drink, that we don't serve here, into one of our cups, and then come back to the party? Really?

Load up your cooler, sit on your own dock, plug your own speakers into your phone, and just hang out at your own place!

Or help the local economy by supporting us and keeping us legal.

THINGS TO DO IN 2016 ☐ Go fishing more ☐ Fish more than 2015

- ☐ Fish more often
- ☐ Never stop fishing
- ☐ Fish all the time
- ☐ Fish a lot



Coloring picture for lazy people.



www.keysadventureswatersports.com



God's Flashlight

OH MY GỐD

WHATHAYE

HE FIVE STAGES OF DRINKING

LEVEL 1: It's 11:00 on a weeknight; you've had a few beers. You get up to leave because you have work the next day just as one of your friends buys another round. One of your UNEMPLOYED friends. Here, at level one, you think to yourself, "Oh come on, this is silly. As long as I get seven hours of sleep, I'm cool."

LEVEL 2: It's midnight. You've had a few more beers. You've just

spent 20 minutes arguing against artificial turf. You get up to leave again, but at level two, a little devil appears on your shoulder.
And now you're thinking, "Hey! I'm out with my friends! What am I working for anyway? These are the good

times! Besides, as long as I get five with guys who have been in hours sleep, I'm cool." with guys who have been in prison as recently as... that

LEVEL 3: One o'clock in the morning. You've abandoned beer for tequila. You've just spent 20 minutes arguing FOR artificial turf. And now you're thinking, "Our waitress is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen!" At level 3 vou love the world. On the way to the bathroom you buy a drink for the stranger at the end of the bar just because you like his face. You get drinking fantasies. (Like, "Hey fellas, if we bought our own bar, we could live together forever. We could do it. Tommy, you could cook.") At level three, that devil is a little bit bigger... and he's buying. And you're thinking, "Oh, come on, come on now. As long as I get three hours sleep... and a complete change of blood, I'm cool..."

LEVEL 4: Two o'clock in the morning. And the devil is bartending. For last call, you ordered a bottle of rum and a Coke. You ARE artificial turf! This time on your way to the bathroom, you punch the stranger at the end of the bar. Just because you don't like his face! And now you're thinking, "Our busboy is the best looking man I've ever seen." You and your friends decide to leave, right after you get thrown out, and one

of you knows an after-hours bar. And here, at level four, you actually think to yourself, "Well... as long as I'm only going to get a few hours' sleep anyway, I may as well... STAY UP ALL NIGHT!! Yeah! That'd be good for me. I don't mind going to that board meeting looking like Keith Richards. Yeah, I'll turn that around, make it work for me. And besides, as long as I get 31 hours sleep tomorrow... I'm cool."

o'clock in the morning. After unsuccessfully trying to get your money back at the tattoo parlor ("But I don't even know anybody named Ruby!"), you and your friends wind up across the state line in a bar have been in

prison as recently as... that morning. It's the kind of place where even the devil is going, "Uh, I gotta turn in. I gotta be in Hell at nine. I've got that brunch with Hitler, and I can't miss that." At this point, you're all drinking some kind of thick blue liquor, like something from a Klingon wedding. A waitress with fresh stitches comes over, and you think to yourself, "Someday, I'm gonna marry that girl." One of your friends stands up and screams, "WE'RE DRIVIN' TO FLORIDA!!" and passes out.

You crawl outside for air, and then you hit the worst part of level 5... the sun. You weren't expecting that were you? You never do. You walk out of a bar in daylight, and you see people on their way to work, or jogging. And they look at you, and they know. And they say... "Who's Ruby?"

Let's be honest, if you're 19 and you stay up all night, it's like a victory, like you've beat the night, but if you're over 30, then that sun is like God's flashlight. We all say the same prayer then: "I swear, I will never do this again as long as I live!" And some of us have that little part that we add: "...and this time, I mean it!"

Thanks to Thad Bowling for this



