

Coconut Telegraph

May 2025

Volume 19 Issue #225

Prestige Publishing, Inc
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PMB #628

Key Largo, FL 33037

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 **鸡米酥饼汉堡饭**.
It should have read **农家红烧鸡米饭**.We regret any inconvenience this
may have caused.

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COCONUT TELEGRAPH

GATHERING TO REMEMBER

Fred Andrews

FEBRUARY 25, 1960 - MARCH 28, 2025

SATURDAY, MAY 3RD 2025

5-6 PM ALLEN BEYER FUNERAL HOME

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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 uptight. 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

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!

Note: We had to abridge this article for space. See Luke's online blog for the full story! www.lukesommerrglenn.com

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 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!

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.

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Luke Sommer Glenn is a local entertainer and Conch Character.



For more info:
www.lukesommerrglenn.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.