

My First Trip To Destin Florida

Have you ever been to Destin, Florida? I love the white sand beaches, moderate climate and beautiful clear blue ocean there, although it's a much more touristy kind of place than it was about 30 years ago when I first went there with my father, step mother, half-sister, and other family members. I remember that we checked into this one and a half star motel right on the beach, next door to a new circular tower motel which had a revolving restaurant on the top. Made my step-mother nauseous being in the restaurant (a highlight of the trip for me!).

Anyway, when we first checked in we noticed that there was this big wooden tub full of bottles of "Dark Tanning Oil With Genuine Coconut Oil" on sale in the lobby for something like 2 bottles for a dollar. Hmmm-just the thing for our budget! So we splurged and bought like 4 bottles and the woman at the front desk seemed so impressed that she threw two more bottles in for good measure!

Soon after we unpacked, we headed to the beach with our spiffy swim suits, our relatively pale bodies glistening with ample amounts of the aforementioned tanning oil. As soon as we got near the beach, this demonic bee that appeared to be a cross between a bumblebee, a pissed off hornet and a kamikaze pilot began to attack. So we began to dodge and swat as we continued toward the water. Then another bee joined in and we dodged and swatted even more. Then another couple of bees joined in and we began to look like the Grambling Marching Band double-timing it to the beach. In only seconds, a whole swarm of bees was upon us and the rout was on.

Thus began the famous Isaacs Family Forty Yard Desperation Dash to the Ocean. A couple of the family tried to dive in the water where it was still only about 6 inches deep, thus burying their heads in the sand (a family specialty) and exposing their nether regions (another family specialty). And a couple of the more fortunate or more frightened ones of us hit the water so fast that we continued running for another 15 or 20 yards on top of the water before we sank beneath the surface.

Then there was my step-mother (heh, heh, heh). Yep, straight out of the chorus line of the dancing hippopotamuses in Fantasia, but with inferior choreography, a gaudier outfit, and large, pendulous breasts, thus came Sandra Valentine Cade Isaacs, scattering sunbathers, small children and a few loose pets. With a high pitched squeal and appendages flying in all directions, onward she came . . . along with the main body of the swarm of bees. About 20 yards from the water, her spasms and movements somehow organized into this unholy rhythm of jiggling flesh, waving arms, waddling legs, and two enormous breasts that bounced mightily back and forth from the vicinity of her lap all the way up to her face and back. BAH-BLAM, BAH-BLAM, BAH-BLAM!

The entire crowded beach, which the rest of us now realized had been laughing mightily at our perils, became silent in momentary awe. Except for the ones who were squawking and scrambling to get out of her direct path. Even the bees seemed to back off, although I think they did so mostly from a sense of self preservation, since the mighty pendulums appeared to be exacting a toll of their own on the bees which ventured into their path.

Finally, she reached the edge of the water, and, after about three more unsteady steps fell facedown with a mighty splash into the aforementioned 6 inches of water, momentarily scattering water, sand and bees. The crowd regained its voice and many applauded and cheered. Others, like myself, just laughed. The rest of our group rushed to her aid while the bees were still in disarray. With considerable effort, they turned her over and drug her into the deeper and more bee-safe water (thus starting a ritual that was later adopted by Greenpeace and others along the west coast to save large beached mammals).

Once we had her in with the rest of us, in water up to our necks, we began to gather our wits and ponder what had happened. As we sputtered theories of alien visitations, abnormal sunspot activities and unusual planetary alignments, another beachgoer paddled close by on an air mattress and said, "I guess you folks bought the cheap tanning oil too. Don't feel too bad, my folks bought some of that coconut oil crap when we first got here too. I'm not sure whether it attracts those damn bees or just thoroughly pisses them off!"

About the Author

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