

IGUANA DYNASTY STILL RULES

In light of an enormous amount of time, energy and controversy, plus great expense during the past handful of years, not to mention the great amusement that this situation has provided for many curious onlookers, a mere group of ancient lizards searching for paradise has caused the utmost amount of chaos for Boca Grande.

And, the lizards are winning! Here's the real story.

Folks, this is the amusing tale of Edgar and Myrtle Guano. Those of you who love heart wrenching stories can settle down with a box of tissue and read this account of discrimination.

Edgar and Myrtle, not joined as Mr. and Mrs. Guano at the time, once lived on the Yucatan Peninsula, across the gulf from Florida. They had many generations of lineage for which to brag. In addition, Edgar was heir to the throne of all Guano's in that area. He had been brought up with the best of food and treatment, being groomed of course to take the reins of his father's kingdom. The Guano Kingdom!

Edgar had one problem...he had met Myrtle at a mango festival and had fallen in love with her, a breathtakingly beautiful maiden with the most lovely of lizard skin, sleek scaly figure and intriguing eyes. She was all he could think about. His thoughts, charged with male fantasies of a life with her, consumed him. He couldn't sleep, he couldn't eat and he was not performing well in his father's eyes as heir apparent to the Yucatan Guano kingdom. It wasn't long before Edgar's secret was discovered. His nightly visits to Myrtle on the poor side of the Yucatan, just the other side of the great Mayan pyramid, were not a secret long. Edgar was in big trouble and was told by his stern father to dump the commoner. After all, Edgar had been bred of the finest Guano blood and his destiny was to be King Guano, just as his father and his father before him.

But, love has no boundaries and Edgar couldn't bear the thought of living without Myrtle. What were they to do? Edgar knew exactly what to do...take Myrtle and disappear to a land that would welcome them with open arms. A land for them to live in a paradise setting with great food and no responsibilities...just getting up everyday to have fun and love each other for the rest of their lives.

One evening, while Edgar and Myrtle were sitting on the beach enjoying the breeze and dreaming of a better life where their love for each other would not be a problem, the trunk of a palm tree came floating by in the moonlight. Edgar grabbed Myrtle and they jumped on the floating get-away opportunity...Edgar exclaiming to his love that they were on their way to a better land, wherever fate would take them. Huddled together, afraid, but also joyful, they floated off into the moonlight, taken by the tide of fate to who knew where?

Several days later, as dawn broke, they were able to make out an island not too far in the distance. As the morning incoming tide continued, they came closer and finally washed up on a beautiful beach with coconut laden palms. Edgar and Myrtle had somehow safely reached Gasparilla Island. They hugged each other with joy...paradise was found. During the coming months, they frolicked over the island enjoying luscious mangos, avocados and other natural delicacies that were abundant. Their island was heaven, the only upsetting thing being the existence of human beings, whom they stayed clear of. The good side of mankind's seasonal presence on the island was the many unoccupied dwellings that made great places to live and hide. What better place than a nice quiet attic in which to live...after all, the homeowners were only there a few months each year.

With time, Edgar and Myrtle had little ones, and they in turn had little ones...resulting in a flourishing Guano population on Gasparilla Island, living in paradise and all with royal blood. Things couldn't be better. Edgar had not lost his opportunity to be King of his domain...it just happened that it was new and different from his native Yucatan. And, he had his beloved Myrtle at his side.

However, paradise became jeopardized. As is with mankind, many times natural things such as animals, trees and vegetation get in the way and removal or extinction is dictated by humans. So it went for Edgar, Myrtle and their little Boca Grande kingdom of family reptiles. Paradise was being disrupted.

While perched in the attic of a local restaurant on a cold day, Edgar and Myrtle heard city fathers gathered around a table discussing and planning the destruction of their family. What horrible news! The wonderful life of island living, an abundance of mangos and other juicy growth, beautiful Australian pine trees in which to climb and a generally great life were in danger.

What's more, Edgar and Myrtle heard talk from the group about using island lizards for tarpon bait, or lizard skins for the creation of ladies' purses, plus lizard tenderloin being included on the menu of local restaurants, among other horrible thoughts. Even the use of guns was being discussed. What once were friendly humans that stayed out of the way of lizards, and likewise, had now become bounty hunters, searching out and destroying any lizard they could find...which hadn't been too many at the time.

You see, Edgar and Myrtle are very smart and had created a kingdom of smart lizards that inhabit attics and crawl spaces all over the island. There were thousands of innocent lizards living in happiness and harmony in many Boca Grande locations. Edgar's loyal legions of Guano's were not going to take mankind's treatment while crawling on their bellies. No, it was time to protect the kingdom. Edgar and Myrtle had pre-warned their family of mankind's intentions. The lizards gathered in safe hiding and planned revenge. No more would they pose for tourist's pictures or grace the landscape to add island ambiance.

Boca Grande residents had chosen a tough fight with innocent reptiles who wished no harm to anyone. Edgar and Myrtle were devastated, but royal blood dictated protection

of the kingdom and Edgar did just that. In a very recent interview with Edgar, he made the following statement, “In the beginning, you guys got six of us in an island wide stakeout that cost thousands of human dollars. Meanwhile, my followers were fighting back with new lizards being born daily. We are going to be like love bugs. We will win this battle with sheer numbers. If you don’t believe me, maybe you should order a research study from someone who’s supposed to be smart!”

Edgar, King Guano, went on to say, “My ancestors have been on Mother Earth for several million years...do you think a handful of rich folks are going to do us in?”

The fact is that King Edgar is right. After years of preservation warfare by islanders with very rich bank accounts and connections to everyone important, including the President, the Guano regime is still in control...lizards over humans.

Now, the next step just might be executive help from Washington and the major decision will be where to stage the tanks, missiles, fighter jets, troops and other support equipment necessary to carry out this important mission. The golf course might be the only area available or a particular large and very valuable compound on the beach.

Folks, I think that Edgar and Myrtle Guano and their following of happy lizards will win this one. And, when the “Lizard Lovers of America” find out about this travesty, lizards nationwide will have new hope for the future.