

SHELL SHOCKED

Whiners Club Complains About Being in Sanibel

By Art Stevens

The American Whiners Club had its convention recently in Sanibel and boy did they whine about everything. First some members complained because they thought the convention was going to be in Paris. And others complained because they thought that Sanibel was in Arizona.

Some whiners complained that it was too hot in Sanibel. Others complained that it was too cold. Their hotel rooms were too small and didn't have a view. The air conditioning was on too high or not high enough.

The whiners were operating on full throttle.

Some whiners complained that there weren't any traffic lights in Sanibel making it difficult to drive, while others complained that it was too easy to get lost in Sanibel because every condo development had a similar name.

The Whiners Club is made up of people whose sole desire in life is to complain about everything in a whining, clinging, glass scratching voice. Each whiner tries to outdo the others by making whining a fine art. If you think that life is fine as it is then you can't qualify for membership in this organization. Optimists are not encouraged to join.

Sanibel restaurant owners were pulling their hair out recently when bands of whiners frequented their establishments. You couldn't help but eavesdrop on their litany of complains.

"This wine is too bland."

"The bread isn't fresh."

"This glass of water is too cold."

"The napkin is too small."

"Could you repeat the list of today's specials? I can't remember them all."

"This table is too close to the front door."

"My chair isn't comfortable."

And so on. And did you hear the whiners walking on the beach?

"Why are there so many sea shells on the beach? They're hurting my feet."

"Why is the tide in so far?"

"Where are the hot dog stands?"

"There's not enough shade."

And on the golf course:

"There are too many sand traps."

“This golf course doesn’t suit my game.”

“This golf course has too many trees, too much water, the grass is too high, the balls are too hard to find, the golf carts are too slow.”

“My shoulder hurts. This rented golf club is too heavy.”

And their visit to Ding Darling:

“Where are all the alligators?”

“Why can’t the birds come closer to us so that we can take better photos?”

“I left my camera in the hotel room. I’ll bet somebody steals it.”

And their visit to Sanibel shops:

“Why don’t they sell clothes that can fit me?”

“This store is too crowded.”

“Why can’t I get someone to wait on me?”

“This isn’t a sale. It’s a rip off.”

The American Whiners Association hasn’t made plans yet for its 2012 convention. No one can agree on where it should be.

“It’s too cold there.”

“It’s much too far to travel to.”

“I hear they don’t treat tourists well there.”

“It’s the wrong time of year.”

“I’m too tired. I don’t want to go anywhere.”

As the whiners leave Sanibel all the local businesses are waving an earnest goodbye – and preparing themselves for the next major convention – the International Snorers Club.