

## Keri O'Brien

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**From:** Jonathan Pidgeon <jpidgeo@me.com>  
**Sent:** Monday, May 5, 2025 3:55 PM  
**To:** Keri O'Brien  
**Subject:** [EXTERNAL] A Plastic proposal, Opposition Item #12 AstroTurf for Hernandez field

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Hey Keri I was hoping you could have my silly little writing read in opposition of the plan to cover Hernandez field in plastic, I timed it under three minutes so it should be good to go.

Thanks so much for everything you do,  
Jonathan Pidgeon  
Elizabeth St

### **A Plastic Proposal** Esteemed Council Members,

I humbly offer a modest proposal. Since we in Key West have already embarked upon the noble endeavor of replacing every last patch of natural grass and honest dirt with plastic, let us not stop at one mere baseball field. No—let us go further. Let us be bold. Let us lead the nation in becoming the very first *fully plastic island*.

After all, why should nature have dominion over our recreational spaces? Grass grows. Clay requires care. But plastic—it simply *is*. Forever. Like the decisions of government bodies etched into eternity.

If it is good enough for our children's feet, lungs, and scraped knees, then surely it is good enough for our beaches. Let's pave Smathers with AstroTurf. No more sand in your swimsuit, no more erosion, no more joy. Just clean, green, heat-retaining synthetic serenity.

And why stop there? Let's reimagine the mangroves in polyurethane. Let's make iguanas out of polypropylene. Let's replace the Southernmost Point with Lego.

Now, we may hear cries of "but what about the heat?" Indeed, on a warm day, plastic fields can reach upwards of 150 degrees—perfect training for the impending climate apocalypse we're politely ignoring. Let the children of Key West sweat now, so they may survive the infernos of tomorrow. What better preparation could there be?

I must also acknowledge the tragic example set by our poor neighbors in Islamorada. Founders Park—an oasis of soft grass, real trees, and aquatic centers where children laugh, swim, and dive from actual heights into water, not metaphors. How backwards. How natural. How utterly devoid of plastic. Surely, their youth will suffer from this reckless exposure to unprocessed life.

Let us not stoop to that standard. Let us rise—shiny, slick, and slightly melty—above it.

In conclusion, I urge the Council: don't merely approve this final plastic field. Expand your vision. Embrace the future. Give us *the island Key West deserves*: a fully synthetic paradise where nothing grows, nothing breathes, and everything ends up in the stomach of marine life.

Respectfully—and artificially yours,  
Jonathan Pidgeon,

Elizabeth Street.