

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

The Keep On Hoppin' Tour
Hops MacBarley's Ongoing
Key West Bar Boondoggle

Bar #274:

The Roost

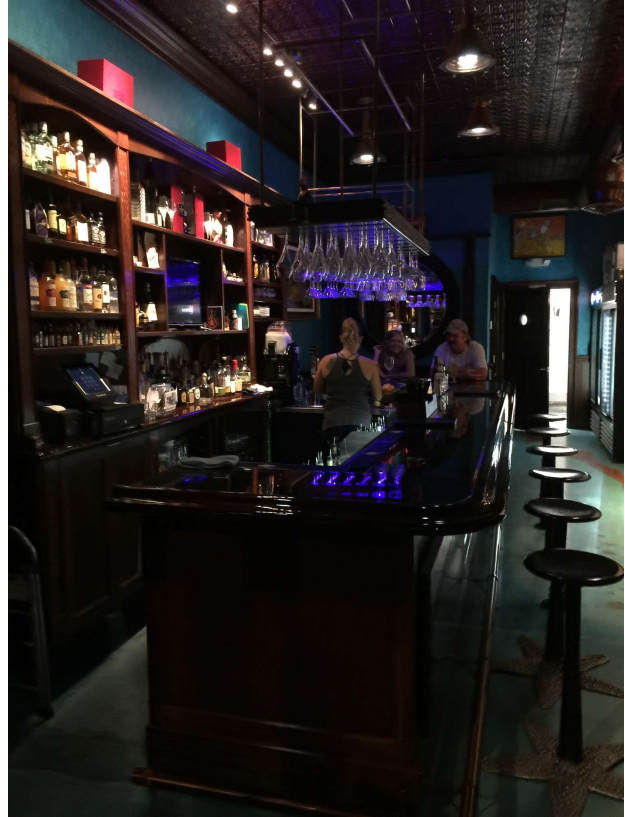
508 Fleming Street

www.facebook.com/pg/theroostkw/

Tuesday, 7 November 2017, 7:00 PM

Monk in the Trunk (bottle) \$6.50?

Robyn was our barkeep! Hi, Robyn! We -- that would B&J and I, reunited, as a Hop Squad after 18 months -- all knew her from the Lazy Gecko (#2), first as a barkeep, then as a kickass vocalist (who served me up copious quantities of Counting Crows), and a member of the trio called The Fabulous Spectrelles that has entertained KW for lo, these many years. Check out [their Facebook page](#) and see just how fabulous:



The Roost is now a bar and liquor store. It used to be a liquor store. What a



great idea to add a bar, and what an excellent job they did designing it! The lighting, the colors, the art, the bar top, the seats and tables, and, yes, the ceiling - all easy on the mind and settle-yerself-in relaxing.

B&J were already there when I arrived. I got a big hug from Robyn. I presume B&J had already been hugged. I have seen Robyn on occasion, mostly as I've passed by The Bull (#93) while she's been performing. Sometimes I get a wave from her. It always surprises me, though, when something like that happens. You know, when a live performer suddenly includes you. You tend to sit back and observe, just like you do with TV or a movie, and

suddenly, it's like, "Hey, you! Snap out of it, dumbass!" And you go, *oh yeah, she's really there!*

I was reading/viewing this 3D art story once, and was really getting hooked into the plot and the amazing 3D artwork, and when I flipped to the next image, the hero of the piece, who had been in dire straits (no, not the band), was looking right at me, saying, "What are you looking at? I'm in trouble here!" I cracked up. The author/artist really punked me with that one.



So, this Hop, like all Hops, called for a beer, and a beer I would have. I chose Monk In The Trunk Organic Amber Ale. Two, as it turned out. Two



monks in two trunks, that would be. Two monks in one trunk would be scandalous, especially when organs are involved.

My original request was a more prosaic Yuengling, but I was told, no no bo-zo, we're more into crafties here. Normally, that's where I would have gone first anyway, but things have not been normal along those lines for a while.

But you don't hear me whine about that. You probably rolled yer eyes and skipped ahead when you started to read that. Don't blame ya at all neither. Nobody wants to hear an unhappy tune. It's like when you ask somebody "hey, how are ya?", you don't *really* want to know. You're just trying sound nice. You don't want to hear, "well, I got a

nasty bout of diarrhea goin' on," or "I'm havin' chest pains, can you help me out?" Nahhh, you wanna hear, "I'm fine," and that's it. Keep your troubles to yerself, Ace. If I decide that I *do* wanna know how you are, I'll ask ya later in the conversation.

Some people respond with, "Can't complain." That's OK, by me, especially if it's said with an upbeat tone. But a lot of people don't let it go at that; they have to tag on, "Nobody listens anyhow." *That's a complaint!* You're



complaining that nobody listens. So, you know what? I stop listening. I don't even dignify that lament with a response. Whiner.

But back to beer.

Brian craved his usual Coors Lite, but settled for Bud Light. I'm sure it was done grudgingly. I've seen him leave a bar before when faced with that concession. If it wasn't for the chance to chit some

chat with Robyn after all this time, I bet he woulda been outa there. Can't blame him, really, Bud Light blows. Amazes me that so many people drink it. To each his (or her) own, I reckon.

Jan had a glass of white wine. I've never seen her have a beer, though I'm told that she had a couple of Sierra Nevada Pale Ales up at their mainland abode. SNPA does have a subtle fruity tang snuggled within that hoppy bitterness. It does mention the word "citrus" on the back label. In fact, one night, it actually hit my taste buds like a raspberry soda. WTF? I turned the bottle around and it tasted OK again.



We had some good catch-up chat. That surly bitch Hurricane Irma definitely gives people something to talk about. Whether you stayed and rode it out, or you got the hell outa Dodge, there are stories to tell: damages, outages, discomforts, inconveniences, traffic jams and departed friends. Strangely enough, Robyn hadn't gotten word that B&J had moved outa town -- "I was *wondering* why I hadn't seen you!" – even though that wasn't Irma-related.



Robyn evacuated, as did I. It's amazing how far some people went. I've heard from people who went as far as Maryland and Memphis. She had friends call her requesting chainsaws, so she bought some in South Carolina, I think it was, crammed them into an already too-full car, and brought them down to the Keys. She commented with a wry look that, "I saw some people who just should **not** have had chainsaws in their hands."

I've had only a few chances in my life to use a chainsaw, but, I gotta admit, after the intimidation of the first time, those things are a kick and a half. Not sure if they'd be as much fun if they weren't so loud, but between the noise and the vibration and the flying debris, they are funnnnn. I probably wouldn't think so after a few hours, but for the short amount of saw work I had, 'twas a good time. Maybe I'd be one of those people Robyn was talking about.

As for myself, I made the most of the evacuation. I evacked to the Central Florida abode of Clan MacBarley's patriarch, Malt, and rode out a Category 1 storm there. With the Keys closed up, I used the idle aftermath time to do a little roadtrippin'. I hit Atlanta to rendez-vous with Malt, Jr., who was in town on business, and did some Zoo/Aquarium hopping; I toured Ruby Falls at Lookout Mountain on the TN border; drove to Nashville area and picked up the Natchez Trace Parkway – my second favorite road ever (after the Pacific Coast Highway) – and easy-cruised the full 442-mile length of its soul-soothing curves and lush greenery; checked out Bourbon Street and Vieux Carre in the Big Easy; found a big XC meet to watch in Pensacola; and returned to the MacBarley Castle – a tidy 2000 miles in four days.

B&J and Robyn were the only ones in The Roost when I arrived, but a few other pairs came and went while we were kibitzing. Robyn said her clientele was mostly locals. Makes sense. But, once this hopster gets published, and word gets out that The Hop took place, she'd better get ready for a boom.

It's possible that, after people find out they've been Hopped, every single bar in this boondoggle has experienced a spike in business, possibly by as much as 50%. Maybe even more! Possible. Not probable, mind you, but possible. Right? Possible.

We left to spread our special joy elsewhere for a while, but when I was walking back to the van an hour or two later, I looked in and saw that Robyn had a full bar. So there. :]

