

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

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

Bar 262:

Senor Frog's

221 Duval Street

Tuesday, 22 March 2016, 9:30 PM

Goose Island IPA (draught) \$6.25

A couple of bars bit the dust and two more stepped right in. Duval Street just reloads. Burger Fi opened here at 221, and Johnny Rockets opened next door shortly after. Around two years later, BF buckled under and JR followed suit shortly after. It was almost like JR's only reason for ever being on Duval was to run BF out of business.



So, anyway, both vacated buildings got an overhaul, and Senor Frog's was the first of the new pair to welcome the public inside. (Gas Monkey would follow suit a week or so later.)

Actually, the Frog experience begins before you ever get indoors. They make the effort of putting you in a party mood before you walk through the front gate.

As I approached said gate, there were people in balloon hats at one table, buying test tube shots and yucking it up, and another table had a foursome of people howling and singing in Spanish.

They have a clever House Rules sign, designed to get you chuckling before you leave the sidewalk. Rule #9 was interesting; they don't want you to noth. Sometimes I *like* to noth, y'know?

I got a laugh out of that, but it's a private joke. Screw it, I'll tell ya.

As a middle-teen, I used the word "noth" as a euphemism for, um, entertaining myself behind closed doors. You know, yeah, wanking. Fun fun. So, if the Mama MacB or Papa MacB ever came knock-knock-knockin' on the door asking, "It's been six hours! What are you doing in there, Hopsy?" I could candidly reply, "**Nothing.**"

The term caught on among my circle of friends, but faded into obscurity once we left high school behind. So whenever I hear someone answer *Whatcha doin'?* with **Nothing**, I get a giggle out of it. Ha. How was your noth?

Anyway, back to Hop 260, Senior Frog's.

There's also the classic arrow pole out front, with planks showing the miles to select cities. I dunno, though. Are Miami and Myrtle Beach really opposite directions? Whatever.



Anyway, they had music cranking out front and a good-times-to-be-had-here vibe going on. I walked on in and easily found the bar on my right. The place looked a LOT different than the Fi, which is good; I didn't really care for BF's decor.

The bar seats were definitely different. Instead of those tipsy, flimsy silver aluminum things, Frog's has padded seats with a low back shaped like lips. Ya, big red smoochy lips. Right on my bum.

Only one of those smoochy seats was open, right in the center of the bar. A Cuban-looking barwoman took my order, but had an odd look on her face. It was sort of like, *what the fuck are **you** doing here, old man?* I was undaunted. I get that a lot. Almost always, in fact. But she brought my beer, which was all I really wanted from her. I don't need no con-ver-say-shun. It was in an odd, bottom-heavy mug that looked a couple of ounces short. Probably wasn't, but it looked it.

I slid a sawbuck her way. She brought back a way-too-small pile of change and left it without even a grunt of thanks. Three singles and three quarters. That's all I got back. Six-twenty-five for a not-big mug o' Goose juice. I don't know why I expected less -- like around five bucks -- maybe because the place was emphasizing Casual and Fun, and \$6.25 seemed like a classy-place-price. You know how some places up their prices to keep out the riff-raff? Yeah, those places I never go to (so it works). Well, this place *seemed* to want ... not so much riff-raff, but not so much polite society either.



With beverage acquired, I took some time to look the place over. License plates caught my eye. A fairly common decoration in KW, but -- wait a tick -- these were wallpaper! Ehhhhh.



Upstairs looked a lot like Burger Fi's upstairs looked: empty. Even the balcony overlooking the front yard and Duval Street beyond was unoccupied. Over my head, suspended from the ceiling, were a couple of black inner tubes with artificial buttocks hanging through. Nice touch. I guess.

I did feel a tad gringo here at the Frog. Latin music was playing, most of the staff looked Latino,

most of the customers looked Latino. "Senor" in the name, go figure, Hopsy. Duh. You *are* gringo, amigo!

I finished up my Goose juice and headed off to find someplace where they allow nothing. Not that I wanted to noth; it's just comforting to know that it's not prohibited. Ha.