

## Bar Hoppin' With Hops

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

Bar #287:

### Denny's (Uptown)

North Roosevelt Boulevard  
Monday, 22 January 2018, 6:45 pm

*Lazy Way (draft) \$3.25 HH*

So, yeah, Denny's. America's Diner. I guess. Why not?

But this was not the downtown Denny's that sits on the corner of Truman and Duval. No, no. This be the new Denny's on North Roosevelt -- US-freakin'-1, baby -- in the longtime locale of TGIFriday. Why this one and not that one? This one has a bar, Lamar, that one duddint.

That one was mentioned as a potential Hop once, if you'll recall. A few years ago, while we were enjoying our Kim's Kuban hop, Elle Taylor, of all people, responded enthusiastically to our brain-pick with, "Denny's serves beer!" We had to hit the [nahhhhh](#) buzzer on it, though, noting that a food counter ain't a bar.



In this Denny's, though, there is no doubt. The bar has its own room, raised up from the food floor. And it's the same four-sided, 22-seat configuration that TGIF had, only farrrr more bland.

The whole place was branded-down. True, TGIF is a flash-n-dash place, decor-wise, so anything would seem bland after that. But Denny's took bland to a new level, at least for a restaurant. They're still fairly new, so maybe they're in the process of acquiring quirky stuff for the walls, but there is a ton of pale yellow paint on display in here. Fewer distractions, I guess?



People often scoff at Denny's, but I've always thought their food was OK. It's not haute cuisine, but neither am I.

My barkeep was Roby, a past-prime woman with, um, light-colored hair. She's casual and probably a Conch: a good fit. I couldn't quite picture her at Antonia's, but I can't picture me there either.

The restaurant was not busy and neither was the bar. Five other patrons sat far apart from one another when I walked in. I quickly surveyed the scene and selected the seat that would allow me to be as far from any of them as I could. No sense seeming friendly, right? It might have been kind of a kick, though, to pick the toughest looking

guy there -- and my co-patrons all looked like the cast of an F150 truck commercial -- and plunk my ass down in the seat two feet to his right, drop my bag on the walnut bartop and just pretend he's not even there. Funny, ya think? Nahhh. Bad Idea Jeans, man. Guess that's why I didn't do it.

So, I ordered a Lazy Way and was told that it was Happy Hour, thus my brew was half price. Cool! I chose to believe that I paid for my first six ounces, and that the last few savory sips would be on the house. I could have chosen vice versa, but it would've pissed me off to have to pay for the warmer bottom after having the colder top for free. I suppose I could have alternated swigs, but what if I miscalculated and ended up with a pay-swig as both first and last? That would suck. So, I think -- like Indiana Jones' "that's the cup of a carpenter" -- I chose wisely.



I also chose the Pot Roast Melt, partly, I admit, because the picture in the menu looked unbelievably good. So, it was unbelievable indeed when the PRM showed up on a plate in front of me looking almost as good! And it

tasted as good as it looked! Mark it down, clown, that Melt will be had again.



When I was almost finished inhaling my samich, Roby offered "it's 7:09, but do you want another beer at the HH rate?" I declined since I had to skedaddle back to work, but it was a truly magnanimous gesture.

If all the world took that approach, oh what a planet we would be, huh? We'd be the best planet ever. Some would argue that we already are, but, screw them, there's

got to be rock out there where the critters that roam it don't slaughter one another. I dunno, I guess we'd have ten times as many people now without wars and terrorism. Part of God's plan, some say. Pretty fuktup plan, God. Got a Plan B?

Oh, wait. I guess we are Plan B. Plan A was the dinosaurs. I guess we're an improvement over them. Then again, I'm a bit biased.