

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

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

Bar #293:

Wet Willie's

126/128 Duval Street
Saturday, 17 March 2018, 5:00 pm

Bud Light (bottle > cup) \$4.00

We – that would be B&J and I – were coming off a failed attempt a few blocks away, and still had a strong desire to post another Bar Hop before we went drinking. But there was an odd reluctance to this one. Having just had a beer at the Waterfront Brewery Rooftop (#292), we were more in the mood for beer than for frozen concoctions, and Wet Willie's is a frozen concoction specialist. Actually, we're *always* more in the mood for beer than for a frozen concoction. But this place *does* count as a bar and, hence, needed to be Hopped.



The sign makes me think of Nestle's Crunch

Wet Willie's was the new kid on the block. They're close to the action and occasional mayhem of the 200 block, but they are insulated among the jewelry stores and such of this much mellower block. They're not really in the party bar vein anyway. It seems as though their target market would be the cruise ship passengers and shopping tourists who might stroll on by and get the urge for a Strawberry Daiquiri to take the edge off the KW swelter. Their product may be pretty similar to Fat Tuesday's (#91), but this has more the vibe of an ice cream parlor than a dance club.

So, it's brand new. It's not a remake of some place that just closed up. Top to bottom, wall to wall, it is brand new. I don't know if it's brand *spanking* new, though. I've never known what qualifies a place or thing as "spanking" new. Maybe, just maybe, it alludes to the doctor slapping the just-born baby's behind to get it breathing. If so, then, yes, it is *that* freaking new.



Spanking or not, though, you can't help by being a bit wowed by the artwork on the walls. Nothing shy about this paint job. Behind the bar, the scheme is mostly hot colors, with the Empress of the Conch Republic dominating your attention.



The upper wall, overhanging the bar and its seats, is a big snorkeling scene, with both surface and underwater depicted. There are fish and a boat and this and that, but the most notable thing is the cleavage. Most definitely cleavage. To be honest, I really can't recall what all else is in that mural.



We approached the service area and checked the menu. Beer was indeed an option, but the choices were beyond lame. The best of the bad bunch was – and I can't believe I'm even saying this – Bud Light. Ugh.

In retrospect, I don't know why I didn't just get a frozen Rum Runner. Tour rules do not specify that *beer* must be acquired, just some kind of alcoholic beverage. But we get

beer when we can, so we got the closest thing we could, which was Bud Light.

I really thought, "Hey, no big deal. I can choke one of those down. No prob." So, Brian and I took our Bud Lights and adjourned to a table in the front corner to do a little people watching and, ahem, enjoy our libations. It's a pretty good spot to watch the pedestrians stroll by, and the landscape is certainly quieter than at, say, Tree Bar (#111) or Flying Monkeys (#20).

But that also makes it less entertaining, and we quickly got bored. "Let's go," Brian declared, as he knocked back the last of his BL. As a Coors Light drinker, he had less of an adjustment to deal with. But I, being a consumer of good IPA, was struggling to adapt. Brian, for reasons understood only by himself, does not take advantage of the ability to carry a drink out of a bar

and along the sidewalk. I, on the other hand, revel in this freedom, so, while Bri felt the need to kill off his beer before moving on, I had no problem taking the rest of mine as a traveler.

B&J led the way to the 200 block. I followed a step or two behind. Conveniently, there was a trash can on the way where I could toss out my empty.

Oh, wait! It wasn't empty! It must have been *at least* half full. Oh, dang it, too late. Such a shame.

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