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Home Team

Real southern food is typically fried, baked, greased or dipped in some form of an oil-based solution. In other words, it's never just two pieces of lettuce with a slice of tomato on the side.

And as an 18 year-old girl with a penchant for over-eating, this makes me undeniably happy.

This past weekend, I dragged my little brother and father all the way to Sullivan's Island to go eat some good, bar-style barbeque.

Home Team Barbeque is exactly what you would expect from a wooden-walled, sports-bar located right by the beach. Crowded, with a small stage for live music, and a menu meant to keep crowds from getting overly rambunctious, this restaurant creates a fun atmosphere to be in, if not to eat in.

However, keep an eye out for indigestion -- it is real.

I ordered a simple BBQ sandwich (it's called Home Team BBQ for a reason) with a side of cucumbers and tomatoes.

Now, I'm not a barbeque aficionado, nor is it my favorite food. But I will say this -- I really enjoyed the sandwich. I'm pretty sure that the BBQ was cooked in a vinegar marinade (or something like that) which was an interesting experience for my taste buds.

I ordered wings as well, and they ended up being my favorite part of this meal. Crispy, crunchy, perfectly seasoned -- I didn't even care that a cute guy was watching me slobber over these wings. They were that good.

Overall, a cute, rundown place with yummy food that provides for really good people-watching. Seriously, it's like the water park of the food industry.

--Ryan Rothkopf