

## my little/big burrito



Written by bubba



I'm a huge fan of New Mexican food (not to be confused with 'Mexican Food'. In fact, every September I buy fifty pounds of raw green chile and have it over-nighted to me in Ohio. I roast it and freeze it in quart bags – fifty pounds is a years worth for me. For months I've been trying to get to this place in Denver that's supposed to have the best New Mexican food – Jack-n-Grill. I finally had the chance this week.

I'm proud to report that Jack-n-Grill was all I hoped it would be. No watered-down/whitewashing of their spicy foods – their green chile will light a fire in your ass. But in addition to the authentic New Mexican treats, Jack-n-Grill has a seven pound burrito to tempt the belly capacity of its burliest patrons. I can't remember the exact reward for men, I think it was cash. But women, if women can take down the seven pound monster, they get to eat free for the rest of their life. Hearing about the burrito reminded me of a place in Nebraska that has a 52 ounce porterhouse. And in college I remember a place called Fat Albert's that had (if memory serves) a ten pound hamburger, too. I think I tried that once. Gross.



Even though I had no plans whatsoever of tackling the Jack-n-Grill monster, I was curious what a seven pound burrito looked like. There's a wall of fame in the bar where all the successful big-burrito-belly-busters smile for a quick Polaroid, I assume just before or after they puke. I started perusing the pics, checking out the collection of folks that were able to choke that beast down. One of the conquerors was apparently a hundred pound girl, which I found to be suspect. That picture had to be a prop. When I finally did find a picture of the burrito, I thought...*that's not that big. I could eat that. Right?*



Then a memory crashed in from the back of my head. It was me, seven and a half months ago. I was standing in the operating room just after my wife was put to sleep with a morphine drip, seconds after giving birth. There I was watching my new little daughter roll around on the scale while the red digital numbers waited for a consistent poundage to lock in – 7.14 pounds.

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