

## GLOVEBOX CHILI

2 pounds ground beef  
A car w/ working glovebox  
One 15-ounce can pinto beans, wet  
One 15-ounce can kidney beans, drained and blown-on  
2 cloves garlic, finely chopped  
16 ounce can crushed tomatoes  
1 Tbsp salt  
2 Tbsp cayenne pepper  
6 magazines  
2 Tbsp chili powder  
1 tsp ground cumin  
1 tsp ground oregano  
Lime wedges  
A spoon probably

It's tough to put this recipe into words. It's more of a feeling. It's not that I don't know how to make it. I KNOW how to make the thing, pardon my French. I mean, Glovebox chili has been in my family since they left me.

It's true! It goes all the way back to me sitting on that Greyhound bus, waiting for it to pull out of the station and leave Waukegan, Illinois forever. I remember the bus was packed and hot, my hands ice cold. In my ice cold hands was a crumpled paper. I opened it up. Printed on the top was the above recipe. At the bottom, in my wife's familiar scrawl were the words "Nice Try. This is YOURS. We don't have to eat this MADE UP SHIT anymore."

I looked out the grimy bus window into the terminal. There she was, my wife Hoosier; arms crossed, glaring at me, standing next to what looked like a very small man but was actually my infant son. She was looking at me like only SHE could look at me: with her middle finger. Also, she was mouthing words at me. Lot of them. She was always a big frigging Mouter!

In fact - and not to get too sidetracked here - the first time I saw her, 12 years ago, she was mouthing words. It was my senior prom. I remember our school was so cheap they didn't hire a hall - our prom was at the school, on the basketball court. And there weren't any streamers or food either. The DJ was an Incubus record.

Also the prom was basketball themed. Everyone had to play basketball against their dates. It was crazy.

Anyway Hoosier was there with her high school beau Red. I was with a girl who I didn't eventually marry and have a small man with. I watched as she mouthed the words "pick and roll" to this other girl and then jammed Red up inside on her way to the basket. He fell on his ass. I was sure in love.

But I was the opposite of sure in love that day on the bus, as I watched my wife mouth those angry biting horrible basically accurate words at me. I couldn't hear her good through the glass but I think at one point she said "Aisle 8 You Fore-Egger." Yeah she said that a lot. Then the bus pulled away. I looked down at my recipe. My legacy. Add food to glovebox until brown. Serve with lime wedges.