

Myson's Tacos and Burritos

By Danny Fairchild

As I write this, I am drunk.

Don't judge. Lots of writers write while drunk. I'd hazard to say MOST. But I'm doing it for SCIENCE! See, I'm about to tell you all about a sexy-ass food truck named Myson's Tacos and Burritos. You've likely seen Myson's parked at local bars around town. I usually catch them at Southend Tap. They've been at Odd Fellows, too. It's the big yellow bastard of a food truck with a neon light show and fun sound effects. Myson's brings the party, yo.

Why am I drunk? Write! Sorry! I'm drunk because I had Myson's food truck tacos a few weeks before Bryce slammed this assignment on my desk and said, "Write, dammit!" before going back to trying to stop Spider-Man. See, I'm drunk now because when I had those tacos... I was drunk. And I don't think I'm insulting anybody by saying that Myson's Tacos and Burritos tacos and burritos are best consumed blotto. They're a late-night delicacy that is way-hey-hey better than a fast food taco, and you don't have to try to convince your Lyft driver to go through the drive-thru.

I guess that explains that I was drunk then, but it doesn't explain why I'm drunk now, does it? But here's the thing: With a newborn in the house, I can't go chasing a barhopping food truck around. I'm relying on my memories for this column. Don't worry. If there's one thing I can remember the details of, it's food, glorious food. I remember the experience very well. BUT! Since I was drunk then, I can remember them so much better while drunk.

Aha! And now we've come to it! State-dependent learning! I'm drunk NOW to better remember the Myson's tacos I had THEN. Not only that, chances are you're going to have a few drinks in you before eating Myson's, so Drunk Danny is who you're going to want to listen to, anyway.

But first, I'm going to tell you what you can expect at Myson's by way of getting something off my chest. Yeah, we're talking about a taco truck, but if your next question is "Are they authentic?" you deserve no tacos. "Authentic" cuisine is meaningless. Seriously. It means NOTHING. You can tell it means nothing because nobody agrees about what's really authentic cuisine. Kind of like how

metal fans can't agree on which bands are metal. The metal bands they like are metal, the metal bands they hate aren't metal.

So! If by "Are they authentic?" you're asking whether you can easily pretend they were made by someone's abuela from a generations-old family recipe, then no. You cannot. And you SHOULD not. That's not something you should want. If by "Are they authentic?" you're asking if they're good, then boy howdy, yes. They're good. Hmm. I have an answer that suits both situations:

Q. Are they authentic?

A. They serve walking tacos

Walking tacos are delicious. And brilliant. But walking tacos aren't authentic ANYTHING. For those somehow unfamiliar with walking tacos: You take a bag of Doritos or Fritos or similar (though I think if you use Fritos, it's actually called a Frito pie), open it on up, then add in your favorite taco fixins. At Myson's, whether you're talking about a regular taco, a burrito, or a walking taco, your meat options are the same: ground beef, chicken, and steak. From there, you can get as down and dirty as you want with Spanish rice, refried beans, green or red salsa, sour cream, guacamole, shredded cheese. You know... the usual suspects. I had the regular tacos, but a friend of mine ordered a walking taco, and I got to try it. It was a chicken one. If you're going into this thing with the understanding that you're going to be getting a buzz on, I recommend the walking taco. Much more self-contained in the chip bag. The regular tacos were served in clamshell containers, and that's just something Drunk Danny doesn't want to deal with, and I suspect Drunk You doesn't, either.

But then again, sometimes you just want to grab something wrapped or folded in a flatbread and press it into your face. This describes many dishes from around the world, so again, get the hell out of here with "Is it authentic?" But yes... sometimes you just want a taco or a burrito. I got one chicken and one ground beef taco. I don't often order steak tacos at a food truck because it's usually long since too overcooked for my taste. No worries here. I mean, sure the steak is cooked, but I stole a bite from my partner, and it was hearty and flavorful and nom. As for the chicken, samesies. Hearty and flavorful and nom. But I preferred the ground beef. It reminded me of taco nights when I was a kid.

Q. Are they authentic?

A. They call forth fond memories of the tacos made by my parents who, against everything we know about genetics, were even whiter than me.

I did not get to sink my teeth into a burrito, but judging by the tacos, walking or otherwise, you're in safe hands.

Beverages! Well... you're likely going to be imbibing at the bar, but



STEAK TACO AND JERK CHICKEN BURRITO



CHICKEN (LEFT) AND STEAK (RIGHT) BURRITOS WITH ALL THE FIXINS



Myson's \$1 sodas (Coke, Sprite, Orange Fanta) are a damn good value.

I've made it my calling card to comment on the poop and pee facilities so you know what you're getting there. That all depends on what bar Myson's is parked at, of course. Yummy tacos are worth a little risk, yeah?

Let's talk about this food truck. It's a big 'un. A big ol', huge ol' food truck painted construction zone yellow. The loud color starkly contrasts the sedate black lettering. During the day, it looks like the signage of an old No Frills Supermarket. But then the lights go down...

The lights go down and suddenly you're going from bag-your-own groceries to trance-inducing light show with these multicolored strand lights flashing like they require a seizure disclaimer. And the sounds! I couldn't hear it summoning me while I was in a loud bar. My fault. I drunkenly wandered too far. But I hear the truck makes delightful summoning noises. It's just that Drunk Danny didn't get to experience it.

It's a multipurpose aesthetic, really. Really takes the look from day into night. Plus, if they're parked at a more casual hang spot, you want something attention grabbing, but not too loud. But when the old man cranks the Freedom Rock... woo hoo!

Myson's, my friends, is bar food. Plain and simple. And good. But it's good because it's plain and simple. Like I said... sometimes you just want to cram a taco in your face. Usually when you're drunk.

Bryce and Kristina ventured out to try Myson's in a much less drunken state, and here are some of Kristina's thoughts:

I met Myson's owner Alvin (yes, like the famed chipmunk) after a late-night romp at Monk's. On my way home, I passed that aforementioned light show behind Odd Fellows, threw my car in reverse, and got in line for some food truck goodness. Earlier that day while looking for some

dining column options, I messaged Bryce about Myson's, and then I had a whole discussion about manifestation at Monk's. So did I find the food truck or did it find me? All I know is I went home with a burrito and taco and the thought that I may have ordered too much food for one belly.

On the menu that night, in addition to the ground beef, steak, and chicken options was jerk chicken. The very enthusiastic eater in front of me highly recommended the jerk chicken, so I went with that in a burrito along with a steak taco. The jerk chicken was well seasoned but not overly seasoned, moist but not soppy, and just enough heat for me to notice it but plenty spicy for most folk. I'm a sauce girl, so I got a cup of each, and suggest you do too if that's your sort of thing.

If you're feeling a bit peckish, a taco will do you well, and lucky for you, they're sold individually. But if you're looking for something to fill you up, you'll want the burrito. It's got some heft to it, especially if you add rice and beans.

Named after his sons (My-Sons... get it?), Alvin is dedicated to his family and his big yellow truck. He's got a second truck in the works which will be led by his nephew. The family business just keeps on growing! ■

Myson's Tacos and Burritos

563-348-0770

Facebook: "Myson's Tacos and Burritos"

DANNY FAIRCHILD

DANNY DOESN'T TAKE CRAP FROM NOBODY, BUT HE'LL TAKE FOOD FROM ALMOST ANYBODY. IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT DANNY, OR FEED HIM NOM-NOMS, EMAIL HIM AT DINING@DUBUQUE365.COM.



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