

No Anchovies Please

The J. Geils Band

This is the story of a young couple in Portland, Maine.
While waiting for her husband Don to return home from work, she
reaches for
A can of anchovies. As she spreads the tiny fish across a piece
of lettuce,
She notices a small note at the bottom of the can. Written on
it is a
Telephone number. Curious, she dials, and is told, "Don't move
, lady, we'll
Be right over." Placing the phone back on the hook, she turns
to see three
Smartly dressed men standing in her kitchen doorway. Before she
realizes
What is happening to her, she is rolled tightly in long sheets
of cellophane,
Transported to an international airport, and placed on a waiting
jet-liner.
All this being too much for her to comprehend, she passes out.
Upon awakening, she finds herself in a strange, foreign speaking
nation
("Dala nekcihc dna tihs nekcihc neewteb ecnereffid eht wonk ot
suineg a
Ekat t'nseod ti."). Alone, fearing her escape impossible, she
seeks comfort
In the arms of a confidential agent. With the trace of her kisses
still warm
Upon his lips, he betrays her to the hands of three scientists
who are
Engaged in diabolical, avant-
garde experiments previously performed only on
Insects and other small, meaningless creatures. Using her as their
subject,
They are delighted with the results. For the first time, a human
being is
Transformed into a ("shhh... it's secret").
Meanwhile, back in Portland, Maine...
Her husband Don, now chain-
smoking 40 packs of cigarettes a day, sits at a
Local bar and has a few beers with the regulars. Bored, everyone's
Attention turns to the television set that just hangs from the
wall.
("Welcome to Bowling for Dollars"). Suddenly, crazy Al says, "S-
say, Don,
There sure is something familiar about that bowling ball." To
which a
Terrified Don replies, "Oh my God! That bowling ball! It's my
wife!"

And the lesson we learn from this story is, next time you place
your order,
Don't forget to say, "No anchovies please."