

J. Geils Band, No Anchovies Please

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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 ("Dalas 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 kiss 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."