

Louie Louie



“Nobody move! Put up your hands. This is a stick-up!” snarled Louie Lechapeau as he waved his pistol at the band members. Or rather, that’s what he *meant* to say. What the French Canadian *really* said was “Personne ne se déplace! Soulevez vos mains. C’est un hold-up!” Only the dancers Winken, Blinken and Noddy – a.k.a. “the Fabulous McGillicuddy Sisters” – understood what Louie was saying, and, hence, did what they were told. The drummer, Clyde, who had befriended the French bookkeeper while a member of Moe’s Rumbleseat Orchestra, grasped about half of what Louie said, so he held up *one* hand. Comprehending neither outburst nor gesture, the rest of the bandsmen continued to play for another thirty seconds. Coincidentally, the number was “Louie Louie,” a song that had long annoyed Lechapeau. And when the band reached the first chorus (at the 29-second mark), the would-be robber could take no more and fired his pistol at Max, the clarinetist. By a stroke of luck, the bullet entered the bell of the instrument, whizzed up the barrel, and lodged in the reed. Max was flabbergasted, but undamaged. The same could not be said for Holly, one of the singers, who shrieked in panic before collapsing in a dead faint. However, the screech peaked at the precise frequency at which glass shatters. Louie’s gun was made of glass. Worse (for him), it bore the consequences of the gunman’s inattention to hygiene, and a shard of the trigger that lodged in Louie’s finger teemed with a virulent strain of Southern Fried chicken pox. All in all, thought Louie, as he beat a hasty retreat to where his getaway car *should* have still been parked, it was a day he’d rather forget.