

Missfallen Sie nicht Ilse!



When Fiorello Flederer opened his hot dog stand on Wienerstraße in Frankfurt, Germany, he knew he'd face competition from the other established businesses. By his count, he was one of twelve eateries that specialized in the spicy meat tube for which the city was named. And that was just in a two-block span! Sure, he thought his product was the best, but that alone wouldn't be enough to draw clientele from the other wienermeisters, who probably regarded their own merchandise similarly. So Fiorello sought to distinguish his shop by dressing his waitstaff in Victorian period costumes and big hair. He extended the latter theme to one of his products, der Wurmhund – or “wormdog” – a frankfurter smothered in vermicelli and garnished with a nematode-flavored gravy. A curious culinary concoction to be sure, but because it was delivered by the always alluring Ilse, the customers couldn't seem to get enough of the juicy dog, and the Wurmhund became Fiorello's best-selling product. That all changed when a patron discovered a *real* worm playing hide and seek in the vermicelli. Business promptly plummeted, and Ilse suspected Fritz, the irascible owner of Sausagepalooza, a nearby competitor, to be behind the contretemps. The next night, Sausagepalooza vanished – *all* of it, right down to its foundation. The other hot doggers were as bewildered as Fritz. Only Ilse failed to express surprise. And when the building turned up on a Sausalito side street later that day, all of the Wienerstraße merchants, including Fiorello, gathered for a group flabbergastation – all, that is, except Ilse, who nonchalantly went about her business of rebuilding customer loyalty, one saucy Wurmhund at a time. The moral? Missfallen Sie nicht Ilse!