

## **Killer Biscuits**

(from a story circulating around on the Internet; it is based on a Denver Post story from the late 90s.)

I sat in the Starbucks on Ford Parkway for almost 30 minutes before the door opened and in ran Carlotta. She had in one hand her cellphone and the other a small black briefcase.

"Don't have much time today, Mike...I'm sorry I'm late for our coffee break..."

I waved my hand at her, stood up and pulled out the other chair I had been keeping others from getting at this lunchtime. The Starbucks at this location is small in dining size, so seats are at a premium.

First come, first get.

"I have to get back to the office...we've got a client coming in this afternoon to sue Pillsbury."

The Pillsbury Company is one of the larger employers and corporate giants in Minneapolis. Gold Medal brand flour was "invented" and manufactured there in downtown "Mill City". Other products were also developed there.

"Wow. That'll be some big bucks. Can you tell me about it?"

"Sure. It's public knowledge -- but as a media guy, I thought you would have heard about it already..." Carlotta said, sitting down and placing her phone on the small table. I motioned in the direction of the coffee bar and asked "Want something?"

She shook her head in the negative. "No thanks. Like I said, I've got to leave here in a few minutes but I didn't want to stand you up like last week..."

I nodded my head, looking at her face and her green eyes.

"Anyways," she started, placing her hands and arms on the table, "here's the story."

This woman, named Linda, who's from Colorado, was here in town a while back visiting her in-laws down the road in Dodge Center. She went to the local Hy-Vee to get some groceries. She got what she came in for and they placed the groceries in the back seats of the rental car she was driving."

I nodded and sipped from my coffee container as I listened.

"Several people noticed her sitting in her car with the windows rolled up, her eyes closed with both hands behind the back of her head. One customer who had been at the store for a while became concerned and walked over to the car. He noticed that Linda's eyes were now open, and she looked very

strange. He asked her if she was okay, and Linda replied that she'd been shot in the back of the head, and had been holding her brains in for over an hour."

"Oh my god," I said. "No, I haven't heard that..."

Carlotta continued, "yeah...a lot of people haven't heard about this..."

She reached over and grabbed my coffee cup. "Your regular?" she asked before taking a drink. I nodded up and down and smiled.

"Do I ever get anything different?"

"Okay." She finished with her drink and handed the cup back to me.

"So the man called the paramedics, who broke into the car because the doors were locked and Linda refused to remove her hands from her head. When they finally got in, they found that Linda had a wad of bread dough on the back of her head. A Pillsbury biscuit canister had exploded from the heat, making a loud noise that sounded like a gunshot, and the wad of dough hit her in the back of her head."

I smiled because I knew at this point, my law friend has once again "wound me up."

"When she reached back to find out what it was, she felt the dough and thought it was her brains. She initially passed out, but quickly recovered and tried to hold her brains in for over an hour until someone noticed and came to her aid."

I laughed a little and asked, "so what is she suing for? Being shot by the Pillsbury Doughboy?"

Carlotta stood up, gathered her phone and briefcase, and calmly looked at me.

"She's suing for a lot...60 million for emotional distress and defective packaging. But you know, Pillsbury's got a lotta dough." She winked and left.