

Sad News :-)

The Pillsbury Doughboy died yesterday of a yeast infection and trauma complications caused by repeated pokes in the belly. He was 71. Doughboy was buried in a lightly greased 4" x 9" pan coffin.

A veritable Baker's Dozen of celebrities turned out for the funeral, dressed well and stuffed into the little chapel, to pay their last respects, with toasts. These included Mrs. Butterworth, Hungry Jack, the California Raisins, Betty Crocker, the Hostess Twinkies, and Captain Crunch. Condolences were sent by Fig Newton, "Chips" Ahoy! (a stage name), Triscuit, DunCan Hinz, J.E. Elelo, "Butter Ball" Turkey (the famous wrestler), and Legoma Eggo with Clon Dykebar.

Aunt Jemima delivered the eulogy and lovingly described Doughboy as a man who never knew how much he was kneaded.

The funeral was held at 3:50 for about 20 minutes. The deceased was carefully removed and allowed to cool before the serving at the grave-side burial place. Thereafter, the gravesite was piled high with flours.

Doughboy quick to rise in show business, but his later life was filled with turnovers. He was not considered a very smart cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-baked schemes. Despite being a little flaky at times, especially after his heated moments, in his later years he was just as much a crusty old man, and yet he was considered a sympathetic roll model for flattened millions cut into mis-shapened lives, only to be consumed by the relentless grinder of life and soon flushed down the societal drain, forgotten, tainted, and mis-labeled.

Few are aware that as a young adult, Doughboy slipped off the family plate, refusing to be a flour-child; yet later, when brought "out of the box," then thawed, and returned to the family rolls, he was rarely criticized for his forbidden, inter-chemical marriage with his wife Play Dough. (Their children always had that bad smell, and became moldy after a while). Kept under cover in a cool place, the matter was wrapped loosely, but bagged, sealed, and kept out of sight.

Doughboy is survived by his wife Play Dough, two children, John Moldi Dough and childless Jane Dough Legume*; and they had one more in the oven - - and it wasn't a hot tamale, either. (* She married a bean, thus genetically incompatible for getting his cookies).

He is also survived by grand-daughter Pastry Dough, grand-son Cookie Dough, and his uncle of some distant, folded-in relation, Pop Tart. Doughboy will be missed by his many fondu acquaintances at Pepper-Rigid Farms, who are all broken up at this loss.

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