

CARTIER STIPULATED STATEMENT

My name is Janet Cartier. On February 1, 2004, my husband Steve and I were celebrating our son Timmy's eighth birthday. We knew it was going to be his last birthday. He was dying. We knew this was going to be a very hard tie for us, but we wanted this birthday to be something special, something he would enjoy with us. Timmy had trouble speaking, but in his own special way he told us he wanted a super sized pizza with as many toppings as possible. We invited all of Timmy's friends to the party. We had heard in the neighborhood about Bianco's, and we thought that they could prepare those special needs pizzas.

In the early evening of February 1, 2004, I called Bianco's Pizza and told the person who answered that we wanted some pizzas and had special needs. I did not know that "special needs" was some kind of code word for narcotics dealing. The person put me on hold and then someone else came on the phone. I never learned who that person was. I couldn't even tell you if it was a man or a woman. I can't identify the person's voice. I remember thinking that this procedure for ordering a pizza seemed a bit strange,

The person said, "I understand you have some special needs." I said, "Yes," and the person asked what I needed. I said we needed 4 extra special large pizzas - two with everything, one with pineapple and extra cheese, and one with spinach and extra cheese. The person said they usually didn't take such a small special needs order, but I told the person we were desperate.

The doctor had told us that Timmy had only one month to live, so I said that a few extra dollars should solve the problem of a small order. The person agreed and told me the order would come to one hundred seventy five dollars, plus a tip for the delivery person." I had fifty dollars in my pocket so I asked if they took

credit cards. I remember the person laughing and saying, "You've got to be kidding. Cash only."

We couldn't refuse. You should have seen the look of anticipation on Timmy's face. I ran out to a cash station and used cash advances from my credit card to get the money. The pizzas arrived and we paid the bill, in cash, as we were told.

I then opened the pizza boxes and found more than the pizzas. I also found two plastic bags - one with broken yellowish chunks and one with a green leafy substance. We saw enough T.V. to recognize both as some kind of dope. Suddenly, it made sense. I had just purchased drugs for my eight-year old's birthday party! Even though the pizza wasn't very good, Timmy and his friends had a great time. Steve and I didn't, because we were so concerned about the drugs we found with the pizzas.

I didn't want to call the police. I was afraid that of being arrested or worse, shot by the person from Bianco's. We decided to flush the stuff down the toilet and talk to Officer Cartman. The next day, we looked for Officer Cartman on the street. We really respect Officer Cartman. I felt that Officer Cartman would help us.

Officer Cartman asked if we would cooperate and we agreed. Officer Cartman said Bianco's was a run by some disreputable people and our help would put them out of business. On February 9, 2004, I called Bianco's Pizza, with Officer Cartman listening on the other line. Maybe the conversation was recorded. I am not sure. I told the person who answered that we needed some large pizzas and had special needs. Again, I was told to wait and a few minutes later a person came on the phone. It may have been the same person as when I called the other time, but I'm not sure. The person said, "I understand you have some more special needs." I told the person we and our friends really liked our last order and that this time, we wanted to double the last order. The order was 8 extra special large pizzas - four with everything, two with pineapple and extra cheese, and two with spinach

and extra cheese. The person said the order would come to two hundred forty hundred dollars, plus tip for the delivery person and I agreed. We didn't have that kind of money, but Officer Cartman told us not to worry about it, that we didn't need any money.

The pizzas were delivered by a person by the name of Tracy. I recognized Tracy as the same person who brought the pizzas to Timmy's birthday party. Officer Cartman was behind the door when Tracy handed us the pizzas and said the order came to three hundred dollars. Officer Cartman came out from behind the door and placed Tracy under arrest. Neither I nor my husband saw what was in the boxes. Cartman and Tracy left together and Officer Cartman took the pizza boxes with them. We found it strange that Tracy wasn't handcuffed when they headed down the street together.

Steve and I are leaving the country. We lost Timmy on March 24, 2004. Maybe we can help other sick children in the world in his memory. We are on our way to Africa to help Doctors Without Borders as medical assistants. Although we won't be able to return to Marshall, we can be contacted through the agency.

If called to testify, the above represents what my sworn testimony would be.

Janet Cartier
January 5, 2005