



**WELCOME TO
THE RELEASE PARTY FOR
JUNE FONDUE'S
NEW EXERCISE VIDEO
"WE CAN WORK IT OUT"**





COSTUME INSPIRATION

JUNE FONDUE'S PARTY IS A SWANKY EVENT:
80'S FORMAL WEAR
OR 80'S PROM WEAR IS FANTASTIC!

...*OR*...

IT'S A WORKOUT RELEASE PARTY:
GET YOUR SPANDEX ON!
NEONS AND RAINBOWS APPRECIATED.



SUSPECT NOTES



Illinois Jane

PROFESSION: Archeologist of Adventure

MY FAVORITE PASTIME: Exploring caves piled high with ancient treasures

THE WORST THING: Running from rolling boulders

I've known June Fondue since we dug holes in the backyard as children. It was hard work. June started her fitness career with an instructional video on workout gardening called "Get a Hole New Body." I started my adventure archeologist career by surveying my yard for the skeletons of my dearly deceased hamsters. I'm so proud of June, and I'm delighted to be at the release party for her new exercise video "We Can Work It Out."

Adventure archeology is mad difficult. I've been cursed seven times, and last week I was trapped in a tomb. What's worse is that some man always insists on following me into caves, and I subsequently have to save him from tarantulas, or scorpions, or snakes, or a pit of knives. Men in distress just come with the job, I suppose. Like typhoid. I can't count how many times I've had typhoid.

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Illinois Jane

HOW I KNEW DR. G. BUSTER: Buster consulted on my archeology dig

Last year, I uncovered a mummy wearing spandex (we dubbed him *Expands Man*), so I brought in Buster to consult on the project. I discover priceless archeological treasures about once a week. For instance, last Sunday I found the Holy Grail. In my escape from the ancient palace I found it in, I dropped it on my foot and it broke my big toe. The thing weighs five pounds. Now I use it as a water bottle and take it everywhere. One of my dreams is to find the lost ark, but the project is stalling because of bureaucracy in Germany.

The astronaut E.T. has been legit everywhere in space, except the moon. I respect a fellow adventurer, but E.T. is self-conscious because he's never been there. He went so far as to buy a moon rock from Stellar Interstellar, and that thing is solid moon and weighs ten pounds. He always has it in case someone asks him about his space exploits. He shouldn't feel ashamed. I haven't been to the moon either.

Years ago, I caught Carmen San Francisco stealing a spork from a museum, and we became fast friends. Recently, Carmen stole classified spandex designs for Buster, but he didn't pay her. I always pay my employees, plus benefits. They even get dental.

The choreographer Mr. Rainbow and I both compete in martial arts tournaments. I study the ancient form *Doing Cool Things with a Whip*, and Mr. Rainbow studies two forms of deadly choreography. He has a black belt in Polkaido and a gold star in Tangokwando. I'd love to kill someone with dance.

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Illinois Jane

When I published my paper on the mummy wearing spandex, Buster immediately claimed credit for the discovery. He went on a textbook tour of *Snap to It: A History of Spandex Through the Centuries*, and appeared on Hollywood Squares. He also petitioned the Queen of England to knight him. She did not. If I ever meet the Queen, I'll shake her hand and take her out to tea.

Buster time and again asked Stephanie Hamburg to produce his textbook *Snap To It*. Even though it would've been a blockbuster sensation, she rejected his proposal. She told him, "Darling, you're just too awful of a human being." But Buster wouldn't take no for an answer. One night, he followed Stephanie home and stood outside her second story window with a boombox playing, "She Blinded Me With Science." Stephanie dropped a flower pot on his head. Then she shouted, "Darling, go play in traffic!" and closed the blinds.