



**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



# Carmen San Francisco

**PROFESSION:** Notorious International Thief

**MY FAVORITE PASTIME:** Playing Oregon Trail

**THE WORST THING:** Dying of dysentery in Oregon Trail

June Fondue is a charm. My partner Lizzie Francisco filmed her fitness video "We Can Work It Out," so June gave us a pre-release copy of the video. Lizzie and I have been working out to it every morning since. The video works wonders to relieve my back pain after spending a long day heisting.

Not many people know that cracking safes can lead to carpal tunnel and crawling in air vents can dislocate a shoulder. My physician told me that I should undertake thefts that are easier on my body, but there's nothing like shimmying down a rope into the Louvre to steal the Mona Lisa. The painting is hanging in my bathroom now because it matches the shower curtain.

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# Carmen San Francisco

**HOW I KNEW DR. G. BUSTER:** Buster hired me to steal top secret spandex designs

Buster was a racketeer. His only design was polka dots because that's all he could do. Dots. He wanted to break into the stripe market, so he hired me to steal classified military spandex blueprints. It was incredibly easy, of course. All I had to do was tunnel into a secret military base, turn off the entire security system, lockpick fifteen doors, crack a safe, crack another safe, and sneak out in a laundry cart. When I brought the blueprints to Buster, he wrote me a fraudulent traveler's check. I kid you not. Those blueprints are worth an island and a half.

I'm always prepared to steal something. I carry around a duffle bag full of heist tools: lockpicks, a crowbar, and dark sunglasses. It's mad heavy, but thanks to June Fondue's video, my core strength is superb. I would never steal from her. Well, maybe a few *little* things.

Buster's daughter Princess is engaged to Mr. Rainbow, and she told me he makes her happy even on cloudy days. Buster, because he ruined everything, didn't want her to marry Mr. Rainbow because he wanted her to marry his spandex protégé Scorpio Germany instead. Sometimes I'm glad I'm an orphan.

Last week, the choreographer Mr. Rainbow helped me steal Theodore Roosevelt's nose from Mount Rushmore. He studies two forms of deadly choreography, and has a black belt in Polkaido and a gold star in Tangokwando. I respect the ability to kill someone with dance.

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# Carmen San Francisco

I wanted my revenge on Buster. I was going to steal *his* top secret spandex designs and sell them on the black spandex market. His designs could sell for more than Buster promised to pay me for the military blueprints I stole for *him*. Probably sell for *two* islands.

Buster always kept the key to the safe--where he kept his spandex designs--in his pocket. The plan was to nick the key off of Buster, give it to Lizzie, and she'd take the designs from the safe. (Lizzie works at Buster's spandex lab.) There's a little hiccup in the plan, however. Buster's dead outside, and I didn't get a chance to steal the key from him. I hate it when dead people get in the way of my heists.

I go to the Lagoon's basketball games regularly, and at one a couple weeks ago I met Wizard Johnson. He showed me his bag of lucky peanuts that's signed by legendary basketball player Mike Georgian. A fan once threw it to him before a game, and he scored 100 points. It was a mad legit game.

Last year, Illinois Jane discovered an ancient mummy wearing spandex, so she brought in Buster as a consultant. They had some kind of argument about it, but I don't know about what. Probably something about how Buster was a blemish on humanity.