



**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



E.T.

PROFESSION: Astronaut

MY FAVORITE PASTIME: Listening to Starman on my Walkman

THE WORST THING: The cold empty void of space

June Fondue is a peach. Because I'm famous, I'm at the video release party for her new fitness tape "We Can Work It Out." It's every celebrity's duty to go to the most deluxe events in town. And tonight I'm as excited as a pig in sunshine.

Last time I went to space, I insisted that I had the full set of June's workout VHS tapes with me. Because of the extra weight from the tapes, the scientists had to cut rations, but by golly it was worth it. June's fitness videos lost me ten pounds. That, and not having anything to eat. She's plumb fantastic.

Space is first-rate. I've flown on every trip of the space shuttle Discovery, and boy have I discovered things. I discovered Neptune's rings, and I have five stars named after me. When scientists added my voice to the Voyager Golden Record, it went platinum. It's difficult being a universal celebrity, but by golly, I wouldn't trade my fame for Pluto.

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E.T.

HOW I KNEW DR. G. BUSTER: Buster designed my spandex spacesuits

Buster was so stuck up, he could've drowned in a rainstorm. He believed that his spandex designs were revolutionary, but by golly, I think they were lousy. All his designs had polka dots. He was mad into dots. I once told him I wanted stripes on my new spacesuit and he pitched a hissy fit, so I blasted my current suit into space. If he'd been my son, I would've disowned him.

I've traversed the boundaries of space and time, but I've never been to the moon. An astronaut's *got* to have gone to the moon, so I don't want anyone to know that I've never been. I bought a moon rock from Stellar Interstellar, and I show it off all the time. I hate lying, but until a fellow catches me talking with my tongue out of my shoe, I'll keep fibbing.

George Andwell is a marvelous writer, and his books are ingenious. His novel *1985* attacks Big Spandex, and claims that Buster is a government shill for the United State's military spandex division. I believe everything I read, so by golly, it's got to be true.

Bo E. Knife's kid Blade is here tonight because Bo couldn't find a babysitter. Blade plays with his Rubik's cube everywhere he goes, and he has the world record for *Fastest Time to Solve a Rubik's Cube with Feet* (6.12 seconds). He's working to set the record for *Fastest Time to Solve a Rubik's Cube Blindfolded Underwater with Sharks*. That boy's going places.

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E.T.

Two months ago, I received an award from NASA for *Shortest Astronaut*. At the reception, Buster stood up and spoke incessantly about his spandex spacesuit designs. He ruined my ceremony, and I nearly slapped him into last Sunday.

Bo's kid Blade was at the award reception. That kid totally loves space, and he's a big fan of mine. But because Buster talked like a turtle on a parade, I didn't have time to autograph Blade's moon rock. I'll be able to sign it tonight, though, and by golly, Blade will be mad excited.

Recently, Blade sent me a fan letter, and he told me that Buster babysat him a few weeks ago. He wrote that it would've been better if he'd just babysat himself. I sent him back a signed copy of my face.

Everyone fought with Buster about his spandex designs. Bo always replies to *my* fan mail, and in his last letter he wrote that Buster designed his spandex costume for a concert of 20,000 spectators. But the costume was late, so Bo had to wear *polyester* instead. Buster was as useless as a screen door on a submarine. Bo also sent me a signed copy of his face.