



**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



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PROFESSION: Tiny Child

MY FAVORITE PASTIME: Solving my Rubik's cube

THE WORST THING: Other people touching my stuff

I'm here because my dad Bo E. Knife couldn't find a babysitter. I think eleven-year-olds should be allowed to stay home alone. I'm totally grown up. I can cook my own Fruit Roll-Ups, which is a legit dinner. My dad mega likes June Fondue, which is why we're here. He has her entire collection of workout videos, no fake.

I'm way cool. I've leveled up so much in Pac Man that I've broken the game, and I have the high score in Simon Says. Science is killer awesome too. One of my heroes is the astronaut E.T., and he's legit been everywhere in space. When I grow up, I want to be an astronaut. Or at least the guy who does the star shows at the planetarium.

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HOW I KNEW DR. G. BUSTER: Buster babysat me

A few weeks ago, Buster babysat me while my dad was getting his face painted with lightning bolts. My dad is wicked cool. Buster was a bad babysitter, though. I think it would've been better if I'd just babysat myself.

I'm mega good at solving Rubik's cubes. I bring one everywhere I go because I have to practice. I have the world record for *Fastest Time to Solve a Rubik's Cube with Feet* (6.12 seconds), and I want to set the record for *Fastest Time to Solve a Rubik's Cube Blindfolded Underwater with Sharks*. I'm training with wrist weights, and I'm most definitely sure I'll set the record by next April.

Buster was a totally bad spandex designer. He designed E.T.'s spandex spacesuit, but the only design Buster could think of was putting polka dots everywhere. E.T. asked for stripes once, and Buster freaked. Even I can draw more than dots, and I'm 11. I'm mega good at drawing Transformers.

I totally love Carmen San Francisco, and I always know where in the world she is. She's an awesome thief, and she's stolen mad cool stuff. She once took Theodore Roosevelt's nose from Mount Rushmore, and she also stole top secret military spandex designs for Buster. But Buster didn't pay her because he's super uncool.

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When Buster babysat me, we watched *The Sparkling*. Now I'm too afraid to get in an elevator with twins, go in hedge mazes, or use a typewriter. Also, Buster didn't let me have ice cream. He's mental. My dad still thinks I'm too little to stay home alone, so he brought me to the party because he couldn't find a babysitter. He put me in a corner and gave me a snack of peanuts, Dunkaroos, and a Capri-Sun.

Two months ago, E.T. won a major cool award from NASA for *Shortest Astronaut*. I went to the award ceremony because E.T. is my fave. I wanted to get my *E.T. Signature Edition Moon Rock* signed, but there wasn't enough time at the end. The reception went too long because Buster was there and he gave a speech about his spandex spacesuits and took for-freaking-ever. Buster was mad lame.

I'm getting into science fiction because pretend spaceships are even cooler than real spaceships. One of my mega favorite writers is George Andwell. I'm totally down with dystopian futures. George plagiarizes everything, but that just makes his books better. Buster found out about it, and he legit started blackmailing George, which was totally uncool.