



**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



Princess

PROFESSION: Famous Singer

MY FAVORITE PASTIME: Watching VHS tapes of royal weddings

THE WORST THING: People who don't know who I am

June Fondue is totally glam, and this release party for her new workout video "We Can Work It Out" is the primo event of the season. The singer Giovanna and I sang the opening theme song "Don't Stop Pushing Up" for the video, and my fiancé Mr. Rainbow choreographed it. I'm stoked for whatever June Fondue does next.

I love parties. I'm always the life of them: I'm talented, I'm chic, and I have great hair. My voice is priceless. At concerts, my fans scream and weep and fall to their knees. When I finish my set, I blow kisses to the crowd and people faint. A man once had a heart attack in the middle of my song Purple Drizzle. I walk the streets with my entourage and wear dark sunglasses and leg warmers. My legs are *always warm*.

I flew in from Kalamazoo only this morning. I'm Michigan's biggest star. On the plane I always ask for pretzels *and* peanuts, because I deserve everything. I don't eat either, though, I just put them in my purse as proof that I can have it all.

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Princess

HOW I KNEW DR. G. BUSTER: Buster was my father

I'm totally miserable. I don't know if I'll ever be able to sing again. Or sing a high C, at least. My grief is too big. How could dad just leave me standing? Alone in a world so cold? This must be how it feels when doves cry. I don't know if I'll ever be happy again.

I love my fiancé Mr. Rainbow because he brings so much color to my life and he doesn't have a first name, which I think is mega awesome. But my dad didn't want me to marry Mr. Rainbow because he wanted me to marry his spandex design protégé Scorpio Germany instead. Scorpio is lame. If I didn't marry Scorpio, my dad was going to disinherit me. I'm way new to the music scene, and right now my record label *Rad Noise* is taking a way big cut of my earnings. Mr. Rainbow is also new, so he has like zero cash, so I totally needed my dad's money. It was warped. Dad really sucked sometimes.

I did like my dad's designs though, but I think that only my dad and me like polka dots. My dad designed Bo E. Knife's spandex costumes for his concerts, but they always argued about them. Bo once hit my dad over the head with the mic he always carries in case he ever has to break out into song.

My dad went by his last name Buster because his first name is a family secret. (It's Goose.) Also, most people don't know that I'm his daughter, because I'm the artist formerly known as Prudence Buster. Our family has many secrets, most of them pretty lame.

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Princess

I'm mega surprised that my dad was banged in the head. I always thought that he'd die from his deadly allergy because he never paid attention to what he ate. Dad was allergic to basically anything with the word nut in it: peanuts, walnuts, Nutter Butters, donuts, nutmeg, nutcrackers. I once saw him eat a bowl of milk and dog food. I told Mr. Brie to keep nuts out of all the food, but leave it to dad to still find a way to get murdered.

Now that she's back, Giovanna's taken the music scene by storm. Last week she released the album *Too Blue to be True*, and it topped the charts. When I listen to it, I can feel her mega sadness all the way to my teeth. I have to brush them after I finish the album.

My dad never really paid attention to anything. He lost the spandex designs for singer superstar Bo under a pile of *The Spandex Dispatch* magazines. Bo didn't get the costume in time for his concert, and he had to wear *polyester*. My dad mad fudged that one up.

I'm a mega reader, and my favorite writer is George Andwell. George plagiarizes all of his books, but I think that makes them better. My dad didn't like George, though. Whenever he found a book written by him lying around the house, he'd destroy it in the oven. My dad was also blackmailing George because he found out that his book *1985* was completely plagiarized. It's 1986 now, so I say it's water under the bridge.