

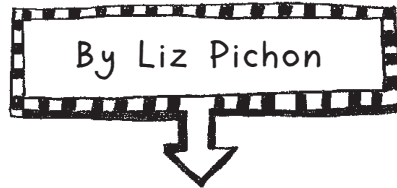
YES!



NO.




(Maybe...)





(Who's very good at making up her
mind most of the time.)




≡ } Derek and I are doing ≡ **FAST** ≡  walking to school to make sure we're not late, when he says,



I've got something to tell you about June's dad.

(June is the slightly annoying girl  who lives next door to me and goes to our school, and her dad  used to be in a **BAND** called **PLASTIC CUP**.)

I ask, "What about June's dad?" 



COUGH
COUGH

But Derek starts **COUGHING** and can't get it out.

June's dad?



I say again,

when Derek **STOPS coughing**.

 "You know how **MY** dad won't stop going on about June's dad being in **PLASTIC CUP**?"

SLIGHTLY. He's a **BIG** fan,




I say.




Derek agrees then does an impression of **HIS** dad.




"He keeps on saying, 'They should get back together and make a **NEW** record.'" 

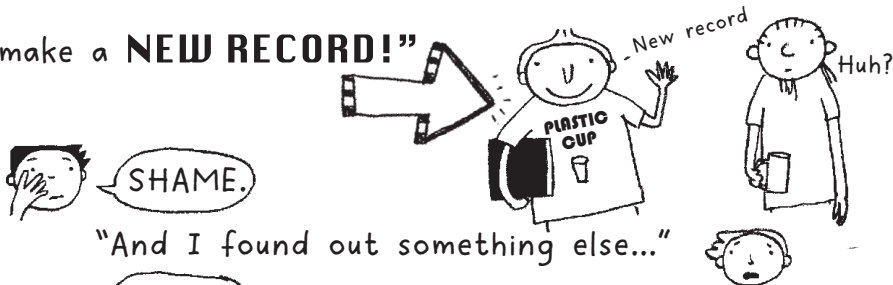
I remind Derek, "That **PLASTIC CUP** album we listened to the other day was **GREAT!**" 

(IT'S **TRUE**. I was **SURPRISED**.) 


 "Well, you'll never guess what my dad did."

I'm **CURIOUS** now. **WHAT?** 

 "He went over to **JUNE'S HOUSE** wearing a **PLASTIC CUP** T-SHIRT and told him he had to make a **NEW RECORD!**"



 **SHAME.**


"And I found out something else..." 

 **What?**

"My dad says that the **PLASTIC CUP** album we were listening to is **WORTH LOADS** of **MONEY.**" 

 **Really?**

"**BUT** only if it's not scratched **OR**  broken." 

 **Oh...** I say, for good reason ...

... because I've just remembered what we
did at our last band practice.



(Whoops.)