

SUPER SUE.®



"The Shim Sham Redemption"

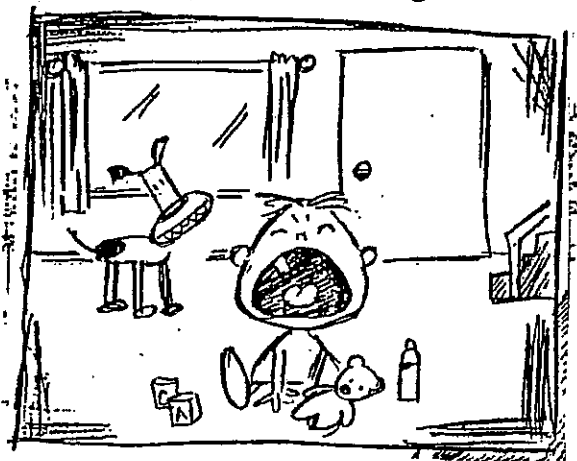
BONNIE JOSEPH

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Super Sue is at home reading to her baby sister Wee-Wa. Her wrist-watch which is also a pager, calendar, calculator and TV screen goes off with that particular beep that the TV screen makes. The TV screen reveals a picture of a frantic person with both index fingers stuck in "Chinese bamboo handcuffs."

Super Sue whips out her carrot juice, since her eyesight is so bad, and takes a healthy swig, which makes her eyesight super-acute, and drones, "I-used-to-dot-my-tee's-and-and-cross-my-eyes,-but-now-I-wear-glasses." Swoosh! She's flies off to save the bamboosed victim.

Wee-Wa lets out a loud cry. Their pet dog Bongo gets hyper, thinking, "What to do," (hop), "what to do," (hop), "what to do?" (hop, hop). Bongo brings a book; Wee-Wa cries. He brings a toy; Wee-Wa cries. Finally, Bongo takes Wee-Wa on a wild adventure, popping her onto the skateboard, sliding into his leash and tugging her in circles through the house. Wee-Wa starts to laugh.



Meanwhile at the Science Fair, Ham Radio Hank wins the Science Fair Grand Prize with his beanie satellite receiver. His prize: A gift certificate for x-ray goggles. He is showing it off to Shim Sham Sam, Blames-it-on-James and Bouncin' Bob.

Shim-Sham Sam wants the x-ray goggles badly. The question: how to get the gift certificate away from Ham Radio Hank!?

Super Sue swoops in from having released the handcuffed victim just as Ham Radio Hank is demonstrating the beanie. He turns in different directions and tells everybody what he's hearing: Radio stations, police reports, "Attention K-Mart shoppers! Special on carrot juice in aisle four," and NORAD communications. Super Sue intones, "Sale?-Good-thing-I-have-a-freezer." Swoosh!

Meanwhile Bongo, dizzy from doing 360's with Wee-Wa on the skateboard, sidesteps through the doggie-door with Wee-Wa in tow and heads on down the street. Wee-Wa laughs some more.

Ham Radio Hank, excited about his beanie, is running up and down the street blurting out messages and runs head-first into a mailbox! With the smashed mailbox firmly around his neck like a large megaphone collar, it amplifies the transmissions so that they are readily audible to the others.

This gives Shim-Sham Sam the idea of how to get the gift certificate. Shim-Sham Sam convinces Ham Radio Hank that he could get unlimited reception if he builds a really huge receiver. Shim-Sham Sam will get him the scrap metal to build one in exchange for the gift certificate. Ham Radio Hank agrees in great excitement.



Then Shim-Sham Sam sets up Blames-It-On-James to go door-to-door on a mailbox painting scheme. "Give me your mailbox, and for just 25 cents, we'll have it painted for you!" Bouncin' Bob overhears all this but is unable to tell anyone because he cannot speak.

Now Bongo and Wee-Wa are romping through city streets on the skateboard. They cross an intersection, narrowly escaping an oncoming ice cream truck.

Blames-It-On-James is overly enthusiastic about his job, collecting mailboxes and flattening them with a steamroller. Shim-Sham Sam in turn gives them to Ham Radio Hank. Ham Radio Hank is adding the final touches to his really huge dish.

Super Sue is fighting over the last batch of carrot juice at the K-Mart store, as Bongo and Wee-Wa skateboard by.

Ham Radio Hank is now ready to test out his monster receiver. He plugs it in. Oh Wow! It's really loud! Now everybody can hear transmissions of every kind. Ham Radio Hank is awe-struck.

Among the messages from the really big dish are: "Reports coming in from all over town!...Mailboxes are disappearing everywhere!...People say ...The Post Office is unable to deliver!..."

Crowds start gathering and coming through the streets. They are zeroing in on Blames-It-On-James, because he was the one who took the mailboxes.

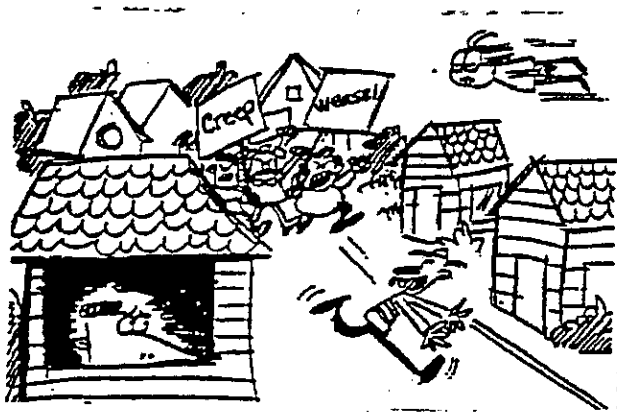
By now, the Bongo/Wee-Wa dogsled-team is crossing airport runways. Jumbo jets are landing and taking off, zigzagging precariously, missing the oblivious pair by inches.

The crowd of former mailbox-owners is growing. Their signs read, "Creep!" and "Weasel!" and "Save the Mail Box!" They are coming toward Blames-It-On-James. Blames-It-On-James panics and screams to Bouncin' Bob,

"It's not my fault -- I only did it for Shim-Sham Sam!" Bouncin' Bob's eyes get big -- he remembers overhearing the mailbox painting plan!

Meanwhile, the dish is receiving everything, and now everyone can hear loud messages -- too loud!

The monster receiver is going haywire! All the electrical, magnetic and sound-wave apparatus in town go berserk: toasters, radios, phones,



garage door openers, traffic signals (resulting in car pile-ups), etc. Worst of all -- Super Sue's wrist do-all has been rendered useless.

Wee-Wa and Bongo are looping onto the Beltway and shredding the stripes between lanes of high-speed bumper-to-bumper traffic.

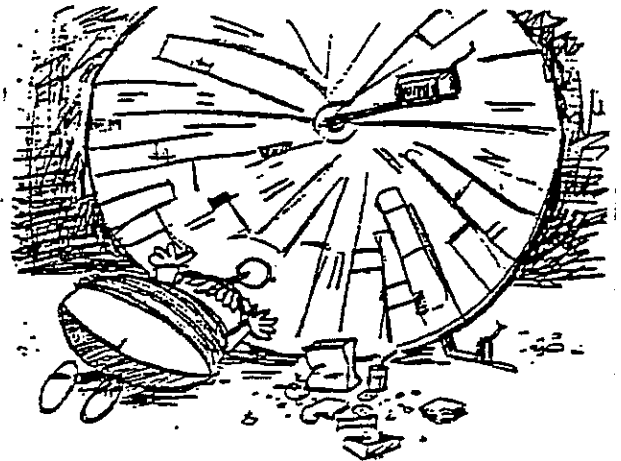
Bouncin' Bob tries to send a message into Super Sue's wrist-thing, finds out it's not working, just like all the other equipment. Everyone has their hands over their ears -- the transmitter's noise is deafening. Ham Radio Hank has gone into a religious trance, worshipping the Almighty Dish.

Wee-Wa is back zigzagging through chaotic traffic with her fearless leader Bongo.

The crowd is loping toward the huge dish, chasing after Blames-It-On-James.

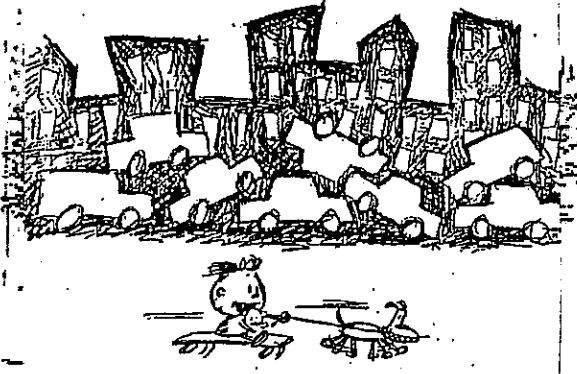
Unable to communicate with Super Sue, Bouncin' Bob bounces all over the city, finds Super Sue, swoops her up and bounces her over to Ham Radio Hank.

The crowd has cornered Blames-it-On-James next to Ham Radio Hank, who is bowing furiously to the Dish as the Dish is going berserk.



Super Sue looks at her non-working wrist-controller, rolls her eyes, reaches over and calmly unplugs the monster receiver! Everything stops. The last message out of the receiver's loudspeaker is a police broadcast: "Calling all cars! Sighted on the super-expressway -- A baby on a skateboard, being pulled...by...a.....spotted-d-d.....dog-g-g-g...!"

Super Sue thinks aloud, "Baby?...Spotted-Dog?...Karrotski!" She swigs the juice, and swoosh! She scoops up Wee-Wa, the skateboard and Bongo just before they are about to run into a 12-car pileup and flies them back towards the crowd.



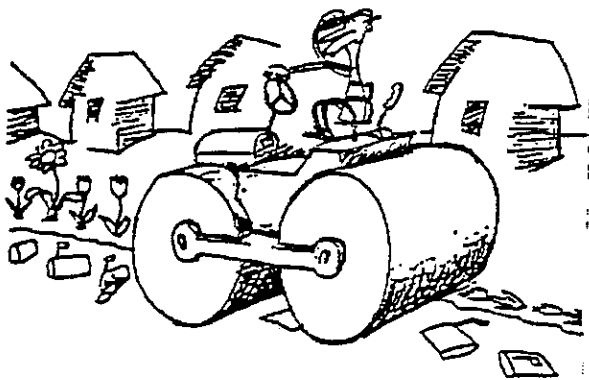
Now Bouncin' Bob types into Super Sue's watch, "We can't blame it on James! I overheard Shim-Sham planning the whole thing!"

Super Sue stops the crowd and says in her quiet monotone, "Shim-Sham-Sam-was-behind-all-this. We-need-to-teach-him-a-lesson. Good-thing-I-have-a-plan." She whispers her plan.

Everyone becomes noisy again, shouting, "Great reward! Great reward! For the return of our mailboxes! Hooray for Blames-It-On-James, our mailbox hero -- the Great Reward is for Blames-It-On-James!" They carry James on their shoulders past Shim-Sham Sam's house where he has been hiding.

Shim-Sham Sam can't stand it. He races out of his hiding place and announces proudly, "I'm the one who came up with the idea. It was my own plan. Blames-It-On-James had nothing to do with it! The great reward is MINE!"

The crowd surrounds Shim-Sham Sam and nabs him. Super Sue tells him that he'll have to pay for his deception. He has to return the gift certificate to Ham Radio Hank and repair, paint and return the mailboxes.



Shim-Sham Sam starts to repay his debt. The ever-loyal Blames-It-On-James joins in to help and is having a grand old time, singing and whistling while he works. Shim-Sham Sam grumbles away. He disassembles the huge dish, gathers together the pile of mailboxes and hammers them back into shape.

Super Sue is back home finishing the story for Wee-Wa. Wee-Wa falls asleep. Super Sue kisses her good-night and turns off the light.