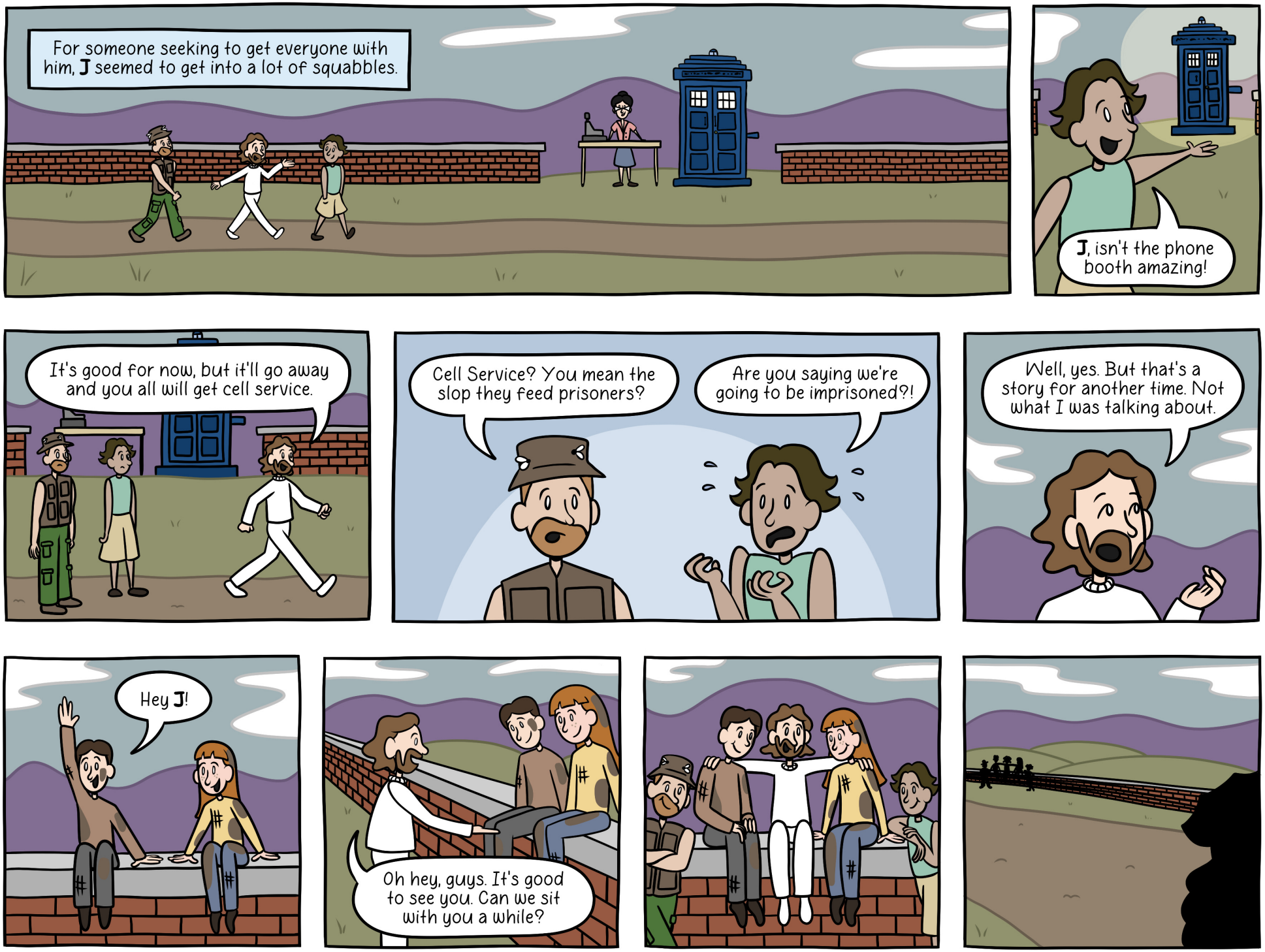
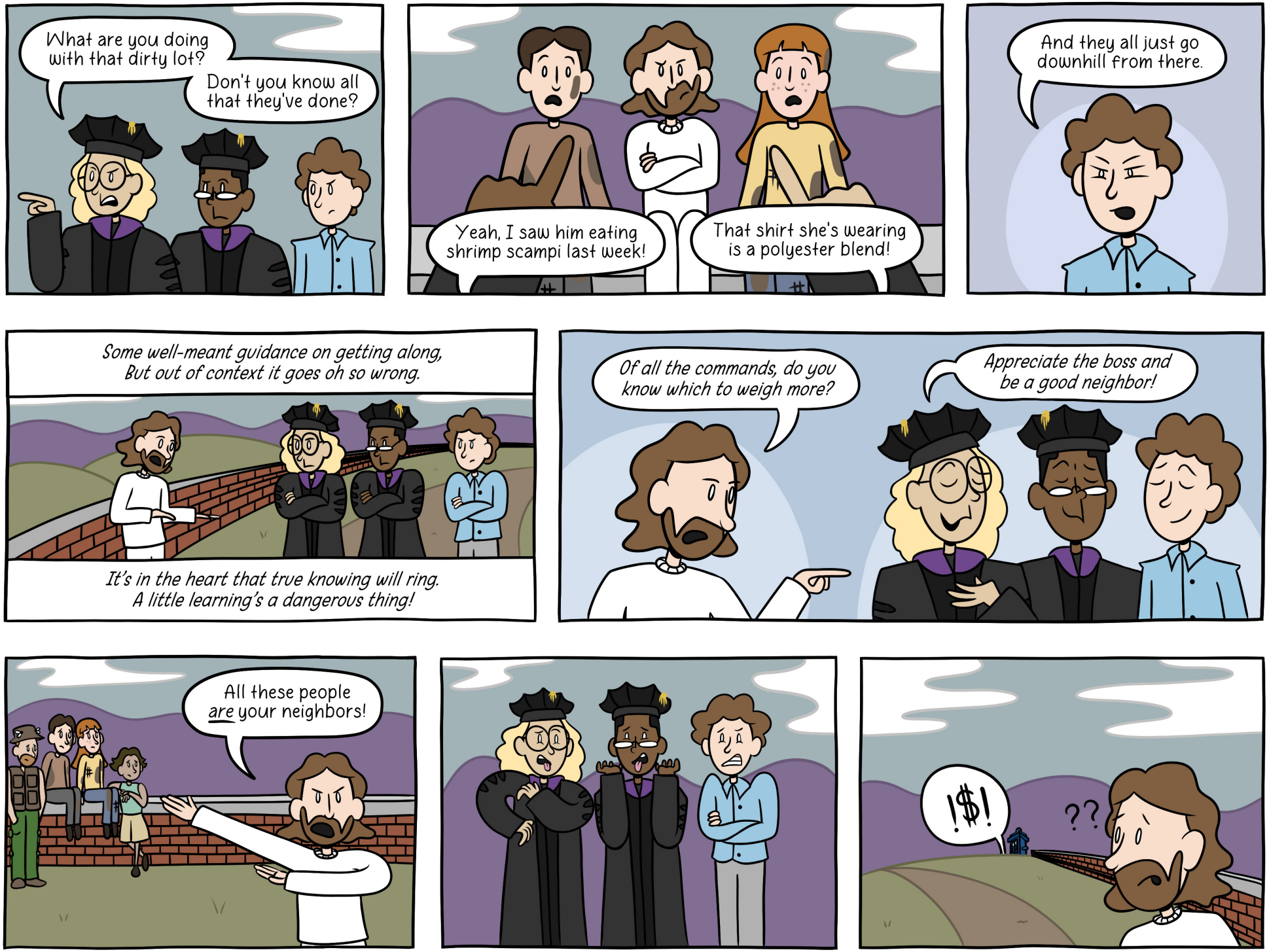

For someone seeking to get everyone with him, J seemed to get into a lot of squabbles.
J, isn't the phone booth amazing!
It's good for now, but it'll go away and you all will get cell service.
Cell Service? You mean the slop they feed prisoners?
Are you saying we're going to be imprisoned?!
Well, yes. But that's a story for another time. Not what I was talking about.
Hey J!
Oh hey, guys. It's good to see you. Can we sit with you a while?


What are you doing with that dirty lot?
Don't you know all that they've done?
Yeah, I saw him eating shrimp scampi last week!
That shirt she's wearing is a polyester blend!
And they all just go downhill from there.
Some well-meant guidance on getting along,
But out of context it goes oh so wrong.
It's in the heart that true knowing will ring.
A little learning's a dangerous thing!
Of all the commands, do you know which to weigh more?
Appreciate the boss and be a good neighbor!
All these people are your neighbors!
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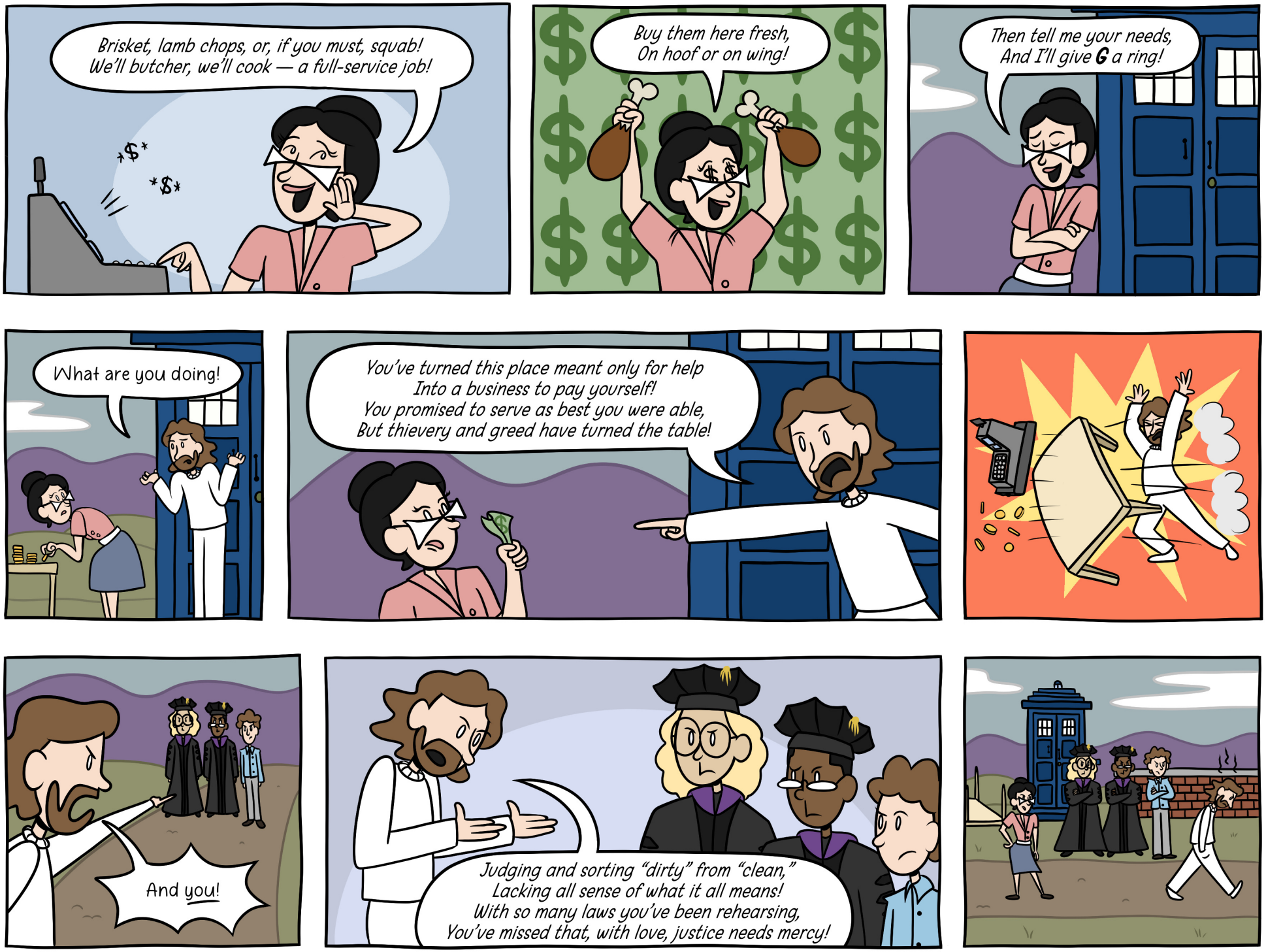
Brisket, lamb chops, or, if you must, squab! We'll butcher, we'll cook — a full-service job!
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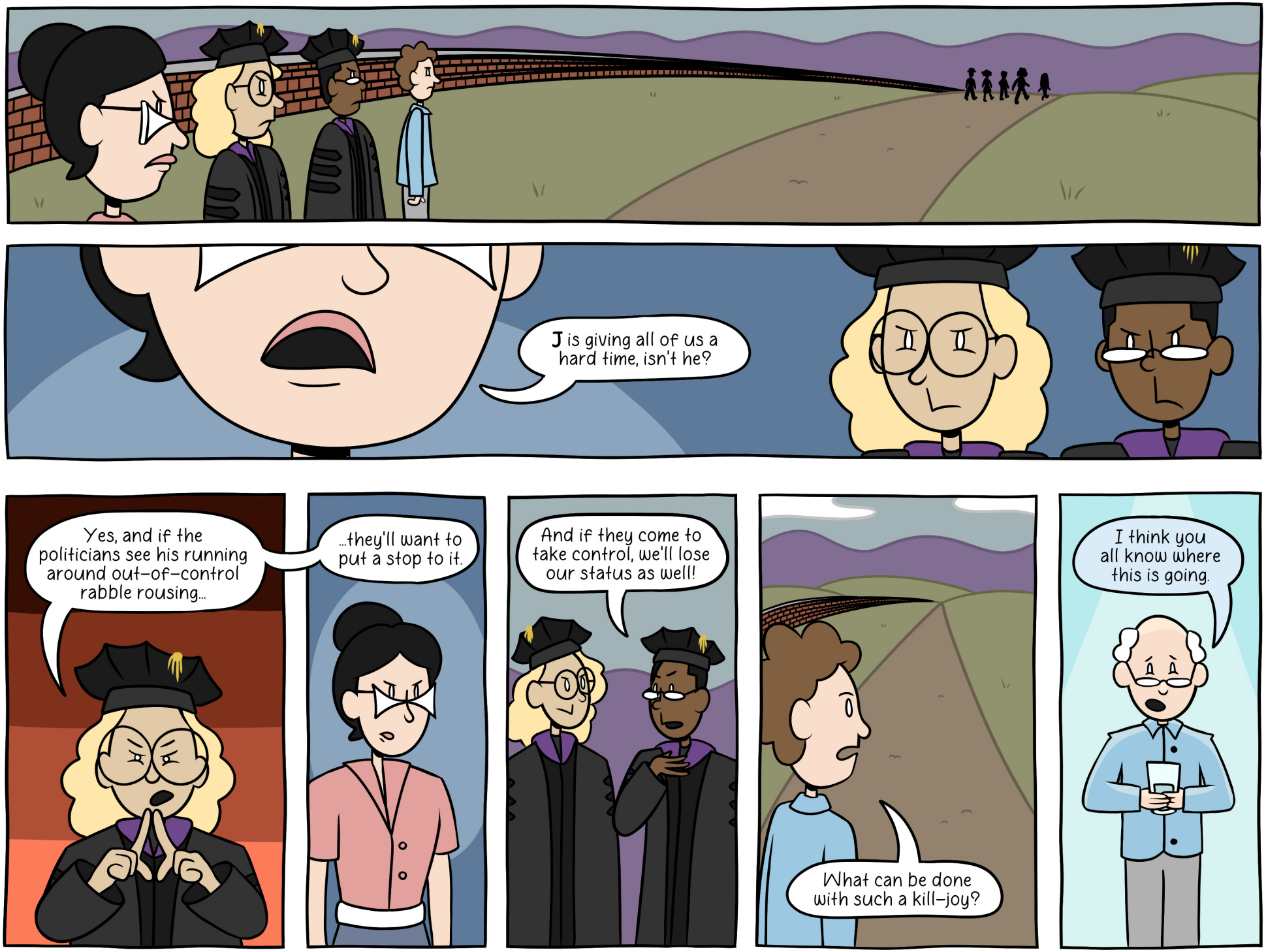
Buy them here fresh, On hoof or on wing!
Then tell me your needs, And I'll give G a ring!
What are you doing!
You've turned this place meant only for help Into a business to pay yourself! You promised to serve as best you were able, But thievery and greed have turned the table!
And you!
Judging and sorting "dirty" from "clean," Lacking all sense of what it all means! With so many laws you've been rehearsing, You've missed that, with love, justice needs mercy!


J is giving all of us a hard time, isn't he?
Yes, and if the politicians see his running around out-of-control rabble rousing...
...they'll want to put a stop to it.
And if they come to take control, we'll lose our status as well!
What can be done with such a kill-joy?
I think you all know where this is going.