

# Meh.

Fetal stemcells, aren't those controversial? No, she'll probably make me do it. We can't compete with Mom! Her company is big and evil! Ours is small and neutral! Tell her she looks thin.

You don't know how to do any of those. Oh dear! She's stuck in an infinite loop, and he's an idiot! Well, that's love for you. **Wow!** *A superpowers drug you can just rub onto your skin?* You'd think it would be something you'd have to freebase.

## Tell her you just want to talk. It has nothing to do with mating.

Ummm...to eBay? You can see how I lived before I met you. Bender?! You stole the atom. The alien mothership is in orbit here. If we can hit that bullseye, the rest of the dominoes will fall like a house of cards. Checkmate.

1. Anyone who laughs is a communist!
2. Morbo will now introduce tonight's candidates... PUNY HUMAN NUMBER ONE, PUNY HUMAN NUMBER TWO, and Morbo's good friend, Richard Nixon.
3. But I know you in the future. I cleaned your poop.

## Um, is this the boring, peaceful kind of taking to the streets?

Hey, what kinda party is this? There's no booze and only one hooker. You mean while I'm sleeping in it? Kif might! Come, Comrade Bender! We must take to the streets! In our darkest hour, we can stand erect, with proud upthrust bosoms.

- Hello, little man. I will destroy you!
- I love this planet! I've got wealth, fame, and access to the depths of sleaze that those things bring.
- She also liked to shut up!

No! The kind with looting and maybe starting a few fires! Say it in Russian! I'll tell them you went down prying the wedding ring off his cold, dead finger. Perhaps, but perhaps your civilization is merely the sewer of an even greater society above you!