

# With gusto.

Okay, it's 500 dollars, you have no choice of carrier, the battery can't hold the charge and the reception isn't very... If rubbin' frozen dirt in your crotch is wrong, hey I don't wanna be right.

Really?! **And I'm his friend Jesus.** *I'm Santa Claus!*How much did you make me?

## You're going back for the Countess, aren't you?

I love this planet! I've got wealth, fame, and access to the depths of sleaze that those things bring. And from now on you're all named Bender Jr. She also liked to shut up! It may comfort you to know that Fry's death took only fifteen seconds, yet the pain was so intense, that it felt to him like fifteen years. And it goes without saying, it caused him to empty his bowels.

1. You, a bobsleder!? That I'd like to see!
2. Oh no! The professor will hit me! But if Zoidberg 'fixes' it... then perhaps gifts!
3. Why am I sticky and naked? Did I miss something fun?

## Who are you, my warranty?!

I don't 'need' to drink. I can quit anytime I want! WINDMILLS DO NOT WORK THAT WAY! GOOD NIGHT! That's not soon enough! You guys aren't Santa! You're not even robots. How dare you lie in front of Jesus?

- Ah, yes! John Quincy Adding Machine. He struck a chord with the voters when he pledged not to go on a killing spree.
- These old Doomsday Devices are dangerously unstable. I'll rest easier not knowing where they are.
- Bender, we're trying our best.