

# She also liked to shut up!

When I was first asked to make a film about my nephew, Hubert Farnsworth, I thought "Why should I?" Then later, Leela made the film. But if I did make it, you can bet there would have been more topless women on motorcycles. Roll film! I am Singing Wind, Chief of the Martians.

Fry, we have a crate to deliver. Perhaps, but perhaps your civilization is merely the sewer of an even greater society above you! **Good news, everyone!** *There's a report on TV with some very bad news!* Now what?

## Dear God, they'll be killed on our doorstep! And there's no trash pickup until January 3rd.

Say what? Kif, I have mated with a woman. Inform the men. Kids have names? So, how 'bout them Knicks?

1. Daylight and everything.
2. Are you crazy? I can't swallow that.
3. Shinier than yours, meatbag.

## Good news, everyone! I've taught the toaster to feel love!

Are you crazy? I can't swallow that. Kif, I have mated with a woman. Inform the men. We don't have a brig. Bite my shiny metal ass. I guess if you want children beaten, you have to do it yourself.

- With gusto.
- Pansy.
- Yeah, lots of people did.

Yes. You gave me a dollar and some candy. Now that the, uh, garbage ball is in space, Doctor, perhaps you can help me with my sexual inhibitions? Look, everyone wants to be like Germany, but do we really have the pure strength of 'will'?