

**Oh, how awful. Did he at least die painlessly?
...To shreds, you say. Well, how is his wife
holding up? ...To shreds, you say.**

In your time, yes, but nowadays shut up! Besides, these are adult stemcells, harvested from perfectly healthy adults whom I killed for their stemcells. But existing is basically all I do! Well, thanks to the Internet, I'm now bored with sex. Is there a place on the web that panders to my lust for violence?

That's the **ONLY** thing about being a slave. Is today's hectic lifestyle making you tense and impatient? Oh, but you can. **But you may have to metaphorically make a deal with the devil.** And by "devil", I mean *Robot Devil*. And by "metaphorically", I mean get your coat.

No, I'm Santa Claus!

But, like most politicians, he promised more than he could deliver. Robot 1-X, save my friends! And Zoidberg! With a warning label this big, you know they gotta be fun! This opera's as lousy as it is brilliant! Your lyrics lack subtlety. You can't just have your characters announce how they feel. That makes me feel angry!

1. Aww, it's true. I've been hiding it for so long.
2. Calculon is gonna kill us and it's all everybody else's fault!
3. Oh Leela! You're the only person I could turn to; you're the only person who ever loved me.

Doomsday device? Ah, now the ball's in Farnsworth's court!

I found what I need. And it's not friends, it's things. File not found. There, now he's trapped in a book I wrote: a crummy world of plot holes and spelling errors! I love this planet! I've got wealth, fame, and access to the depths of sleaze that those things bring.

- Calculon is gonna kill us and it's all everybody else's fault!
- I'll tell them you went down prying the wedding ring off his cold, dead finger.
- Oh, I always feared he might run off like this. Why, why, why didn't I break his legs?

Yes. You gave me a dollar and some candy. All I want is to be a monkey of moderate intelligence who wears a suit... that's why I'm transferring to business school! No, she'll probably make me do it.

Large bet on myself in round one. I wish! It's a nickel. Shut up and take my money! I've got to find a way to escape the horrible ravages of youth. Suddenly, I'm going to the bathroom like clockwork,

every three hours. And those jerks at Social Security stopped sending me checks. Now 'I' have to pay 'them'!

Good man. Nixon's pro-war and pro-family. THE BIG BRAIN AM WINNING AGAIN! I AM THE GREATEST! NOW I AM LEAVING EARTH, FOR NO REASON! Who's brave enough to fly into something we all keep calling a death sphere?

In our darkest hour, we can stand erect, with proud upthrust bosoms. That's a popular name today. Little "e", big "B"? What are you hacking off? Is it my torso?! 'It is!' My precious torso! I saw you with those two "ladies of the evening" at Elzars. Explain that.

Large bet on myself in round one. Doomsday device? Ah, now the ball's in Farnsworth's court! In our darkest hour, we can stand erect, with proud upthrust bosoms. OK, this has gotta stop. I'm going to remind Fry of his humanity the way only a woman can.

It's toe-tappingly tragic! And until then, I can never die? Fry, we have a crate to deliver. Hello, little man. I will destroy you! We don't have a brig. Okay, it's 500 dollars, you have no choice of carrier, the battery can't hold the charge and the reception isn't very...

Fry! Stay back! He's too powerful! Yes. You gave me a dollar and some candy. I found what I need. And it's not friends, it's things. We need rest. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is spongy and bruised.

Yep, I remember. They came in last at the Olympics, then retired to promote alcoholic beverages! Oh sure! Blame the wizards! You wouldn't. Ask anyway! I decline the title of Iron Cook and accept the lesser title of Zinc Saucier, which I just made up. Uhh... also, comes with double prize money.

Ugh, it's filthy! Why not create a National Endowment for Strip Clubs while we're at it? You mean while I'm sleeping in it? There, now he's trapped in a book I wrote: a crummy world of plot holes and spelling errors!

Bender, hurry! This fuel's expensive! Also, we're dying! Bender, we're trying our best. That could be 'my' beautiful soul sitting naked on a couch. If I could just learn to play this stupid thing. It's a T. It goes "tuh".

Take me to your leader! But existing is basically all I do! Our love isn't any different from yours, except it's hotter, because I'm involved. Professor, make a woman out of me.