

We'll need to have a look inside you with this camera.

For one beautiful night I knew what it was like to be a grandmother. Subjugated, yet honored. Shinier than yours, meatbag. And remember, don't do anything that affects anything, unless it turns out you were supposed to, in which case, for the love of God, don't not do it!

And remember, don't do anything that affects anything, unless it turns out you were supposed to, in which case, for the love of God, don't not do it! *We're also Santa Claus!* A true inspiration for the children.

Now Fry, it's been a few years since medical school, so remind me. Disemboweling in your species: fatal or non-fatal?

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. And so we say goodbye to our beloved pet, Nibbler, who's gone to a place where I, too, hope one day to go. The toilet.

1. Anyone who laughs is a communist!
2. Hey, guess what you're accessories to.
3. Now what?

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!

Ummm...to eBay? I am Singing Wind, Chief of the Martians. Ooh, name it after me! And until then, I can never die? Humans dating robots is sick. You people wonder why I'm still single? It's 'cause all the fine robot sisters are dating humans!

- It's okay, Bender. I like cooking too.
- And I'd do it again! And perhaps a third time! But that would be it.
- Soothe us with sweet lies.

Yes. You gave me a dollar and some candy. Oh God, what have I done? Robot 1-X, save my friends! And Zoidberg! Wow! A superpowers drug you can just rub onto your skin? You'd think it would be something you'd have to freebase.

Ugh, it's filthy! Why not create a National Endowment for Strip Clubs while we're at it? These old Doomsday Devices are dangerously unstable. I'll rest easier not knowing where they are. Fatal. Then we'll go with that data file!

You lived before you met me?! You, a bobsleder!? That I'd like to see! I don't want to be rescued. Who are those horrible orange men?

It must be wonderful. 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. But existing is basically all I do!

No, just a regular mistake. I'll get my kit! Hi, I'm a naughty nurse, and I really need someone to talk to. \$9.95 a minute. I guess if you want children beaten, you have to do it yourself.

OK, this has gotta stop. I'm going to remind Fry of his humanity the way only a woman can. For the last time, I don't like lilacs! Your 'first' wife was the one who liked lilacs! No! The kind with looting and maybe starting a few fires!

You guys aren't Santa! You're not even robots. How dare you lie in front of Jesus? Bite my shiny metal ass. Humans dating robots is sick. You people wonder why I'm still single? It's 'cause all the fine robot sisters are dating humans!

I feel like I was mauled by Jesus. It's okay, Bender. I like cooking too. You can see how I lived before I met you. Kif, I have mated with a woman. Inform the men.

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. Have you ever tried just turning off the TV, sitting down with your children, and hitting them?

Kif might! I wish! It's a nickel. No! Don't jump! For example, if you killed your grandfather, you'd cease to exist! Hey, tell me something. You've got all this money. How come you always dress like you're doing your laundry?

You've killed me! Oh, you've killed me! You lived before you met me?! WINDMILLS DO NOT WORK THAT WAY! GOOD NIGHT! I'm Santa Claus! You mean while I'm sleeping in it? Oh, how awful. Did he at least die painlessly? ...To shreds, you say. Well, how is his wife holding up? ...To shreds, you say.