

You are as precious to me as you were to your own mother and father. i swore to them that i would protect you, and i haven't. well, then, i confess, it is my intention to commandeer one of these ships, pick up a crew in tortuga, raid, pillage, plunder and otherwise pilfer my weasely black guts out. you wouldn't hit a man with no trousers on, would you? my lord! you're a tripod. me? i'm dishonest, and a dishonest man you can always trust to be dishonest. honestly. it's the honest ones you want to watch out for, because you can never predict when they're going to do something incredibly... stupid. my lord! you're a tripod. we had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a saltshaker half-full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers... pull my finger! what? no. we can't stop here. this is bat country. jasper: your baby is the miracle the whole world has been waiting for. holy jesus. what are these goddamn animals? your were only supposed to blow the bloody doors off.

You wouldn't hit a man with no trousers on, would you? i want to shoot the pigeons... off my roof. a drug person can learn to cope with things like seeing their dead grandmother crawling up their leg with a knife in her teeth. but no one should be asked to handle this trip. yes, i used a machine gun. forget about it" is, like, if you agree with someone, you know, like "raquel welch is one great piece of ass. forget about it!" but then, if you disagree, like "a lincoln is better than a cadillac? forget about it!" you know? but then, it's also like if something's the greatest thing in the world, like, "minghia! those peppers! forget about it!"

i took a viagra, got stuck in me throat, i've had a stiff neck for hours. we had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a saltshaker half-full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers... do you like my meadow? try some of my grass! please have a blade, please do, it's so delectable and so darn good looking! well, then, i confess, it is my intention to commandeer one of these ships, pick up a crew in tortuga, raid, pillage, plunder and otherwise pilfer my weasely black guts out. we are very much alike, you and i, i and you... us. holy jesus. what are these goddamn animals? yes, i used a machine gun.

What? no. we can't stop here. this is bat country. you're only supposed to blow the bloody doors off! you are as precious to me as you were to your own mother and father. i swore to them that i would protect you, and i haven't. me? i'm dishonest, and a dishonest man you can always trust to be dishonest. honestly. it's the honest ones you want to watch out for, because you can never predict when they're going to do something incredibly... stupid. you know, your bobby dangler, giggle stick, your general-two-colonels, master of ceremonies... yeah, don't be shy, let's have a look. at this point, i'd set you up with a chimpanzee if it'd brought you back to the world! we're not sheep! when i get back, remind to tell you about the time i took 100 nuns to nairobi! pull my finger! a drug person can learn to cope with things like seeing their dead grandmother crawling up their leg with a knife in her teeth. but no one should be asked to handle this trip. you're only supposed to blow the bloody doors off! i took a viagra,

got stuck in me throat, i've had a stiff neck for hours.

It's not the size mate, it's how you use it. we're not sheep! when i get back, remind to tell you about the time i took 100 nuns to nairobi! i want to shoot the pigeons... off my roof. do you like my meadow? try some of my grass! please have a blade, please do, it's so delectable and so darn good looking! it's not the size mate, it's how you use it. giddy-up... no, no this way... good horsey. forget about it" is, like, if you agree with someone, you know, like "raquel welch is one great piece of ass. forget about it!" but then, if you disagree, like "a lincoln is better than a cadillac? forget about it!" you know? but then, it's also like if something's the greatest thing in the world, like, "minghia! those peppers! forget about it!" you know, your bobby dangler, giggle stick, your general-two-colonels, master of ceremonies... yeah, don't be shy, let's have a look. giddy-up... no, no this way... good horsey. at this point, i'd set you up with a chimpanzee if it'd brought you back to the world! your were only supposed to blow the bloody doors off.