

23/08/2001

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"This is veally disser me!' Geniatric Edgar sighs, "More time.'

Vircingetoris throws two of his own chairs in his own room and smokes a big one.

Vircingetoris returns, 'No! We have too much shit here. I perceive rapid de assembly by as early as tomorrow's 4th moon rising.'

Vircingetoris orders, 'We will de assemble & further communicé is, is it by psychic communicé.'

Geniatric Halum shakes his head, 'I agree.'

Geniatric Pfhill, 'All we need is more time.'

Geniatric So dam Insan, 'Agrees weth Pfhill'

Geniatric Edgar sighs, 'I agree with Pfhill our cyborg.'

Vercingetoris says, 'No, we do not, have enough time!.

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