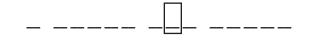


YOU: I doth profess... thou reminds of a Music Meister from a half-rememb'rethed dream...
I.H.T.F.P: By Walt Disney's beard, you're talking nonsense.
YOU: ... one who broke parole a decade and nine years ago.
I.H.T.F.P.: Perhaps it's finally time to wake up to the sound of music... activate the synchronized kicks!

Affection may be metaphored to the exposed aperture of an enclosed dwelling. May I make an foolish inquisition? Wilt thou engage with me in the vows of holy matrimony?

\_\_\_\_ \_\_ \_\_ \_\_ \_\_ \_\_ \_\_

I shall reveal to you the heavenly sphere upon which we dwell. Impart to me, royal heiress, when didst thou last allow thine heart to ponder?



I shall inspire in you the characteristics of a fine gentleman.



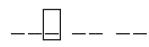
The cyclical nature of biological existence galvanizes the entirety of our race, through affliction and promise, allegiance and passion.



Art thou capable of creating art with the tempestuous hues of nature?



These entities of frozen precipitation sparkle white on the elevated precipice. Alas, it becomes apparent that I am the sole royal matriarch of this kingdom.



Art thou capable of experiencing the sentiment of affection this evening?

\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_ \_\_\_