

Jonathan found life a little dull.



Na oczach wszystkich śmiała ściąć drzewo w niecałą godzinę...



This inv't my lake, It belongs to everyone - just like the ferens and the streams.



They've even paid you to destroy entire crops.



It's a minor adjustment to the tax code.



No sinks, stoves, or toilets, no privacy, and far too much space.



Monetary policy is all part of a master plan.



After all it takes something special to make people's dreams come true.



Does that sound like I own the property?



I've been puying for your GLIB since before you were born!



Everyone is a winner, young man.



Uncle Samta has a vicious temper and deals harshly with anyone who gets in his way.



It's not fair that some of his subjects should have better mail service than others.



Vanidals and gangsters room the political cafeterias and no one feels safe these anymore.



Give me your Past or Your Future!



The Council of Lords is my best customer.



I vote to protect my right to complain.



Jonathan just could not figure this out.



They'll do chores that Madam Ins wouldn't touch.



You'll ask the Lords to you for your injury?



Of course we're hurting someone. How else can we cure them?



Merryberries have no nutritional value and may even be unhealthy.



Peace is war! Wisdom is ignorance! Freedom is slavery!