

Dark Moor, Imperial Earth

Imperial Earth,
galaxy masters,
our peace is worth
welfare for the asters.

Pray!

The Earth: Hete, the representation
of the Imperial government of The Earth.

Aliens: We listen humbly, sir.

The Earth: Surrender immediately.

In any other case, we must initiate the ignition.

Imperial Earth,
galaxy masters,
our peace is worth
welfare for the asters.

Imperial Earth,
galaxy blasters,
our war is worth
ruin and disasters.

Slay!

Plunder

this planet

using foul play and stealth,

under

the granite

lies their enormous wealth.

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Aliens: Don't attack, please.

We accept all conditions with deferential respect.

The Earth: Not enough. Too late. New conditions.

And we're afraid you couldn't accomplish them.

Aliens: Why? What's the matter?

The Earth: Now, we need... your planet's core

Aliens: Caution! Caution!

Aliens: Nuclear launch detected!