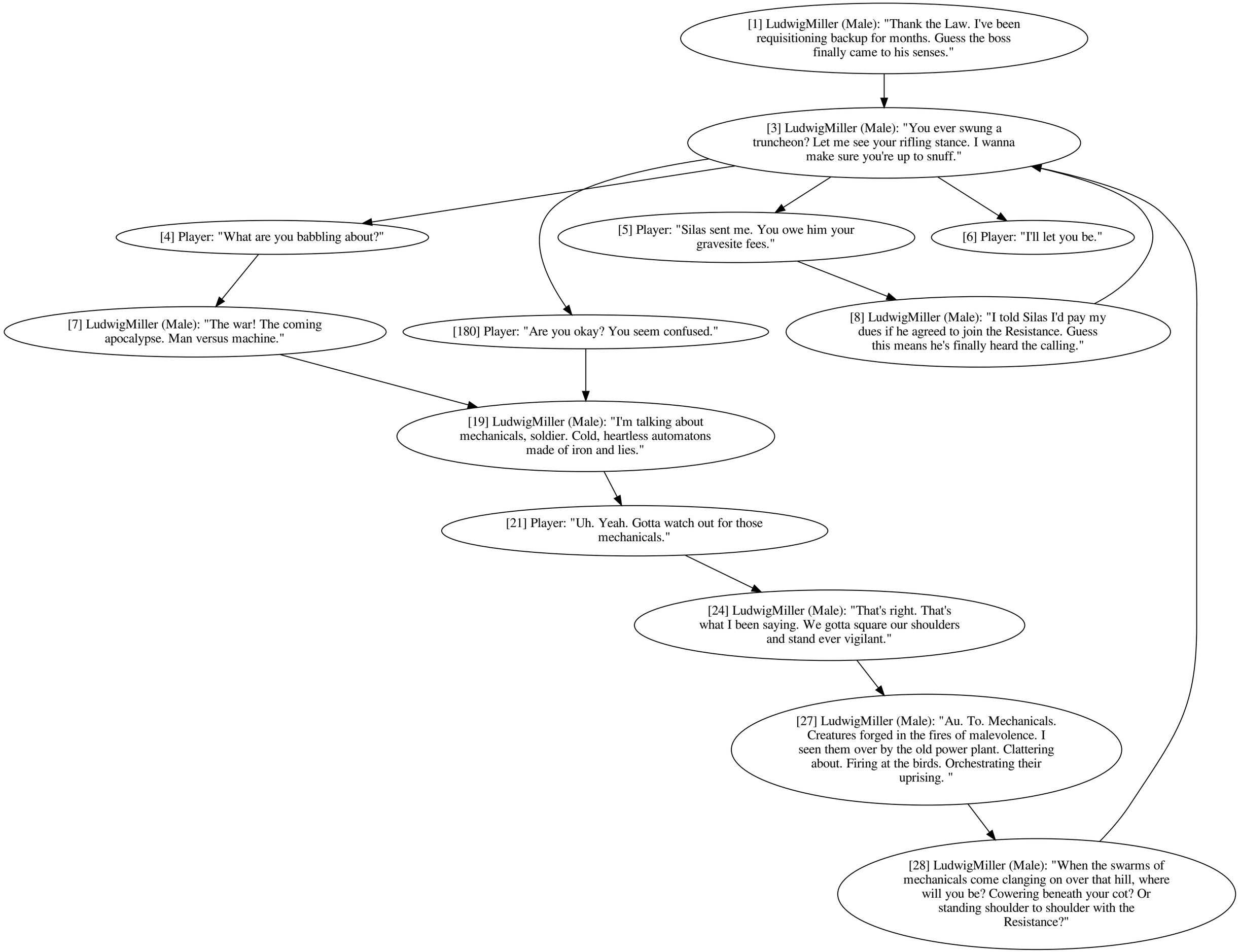
[1] LudwigMiller (Male): "Thank the Law. I've been requisitioning backup for months. Guess the boss finally came to his senses."
[3] LudwigMiller (Male): "You ever swung a truncheon? Let me see your rifling stance. I wanna make sure you're up to snuff."
[4] Player: "What are you babbling about?"
[5] Player: "Silas sent me. You owe him your gravesite fees."
[6] Player: "I'll let you be."
[7] LudwigMiller (Male): "The war! The coming apocalypse. Man versus machine."
[180] Player: "Are you okay? You seem confused."
[8] LudwigMiller (Male): "I told Silas I'd pay my dues if he agreed to join the Resistance. Guess this means he's finally heard the calling."
[19] LudwigMiller (Male): "I'm talking about mechanicals, soldier. Cold, heartless automatons made of iron and lies."
[21] Player: "Uh. Yeah. Gotta watch out for those mechanicals."
[24] LudwigMiller (Male): "That's right. That's what I been saying. We gotta square our shoulders and stand ever vigilant."
[27] LudwigMiller (Male): "Au. To. Mechanicals. Creatures forged in the fires of malevolence. I seen them over by the old power plant. Clattering about. Firing at the birds. Orchestrating their uprising. "
[28] LudwigMiller (Male): "When the swarms of mechanicals come clanging on over that hill, where will you be? Cowering beneath your cot? Or standing shoulder to shoulder with the Resistance?"