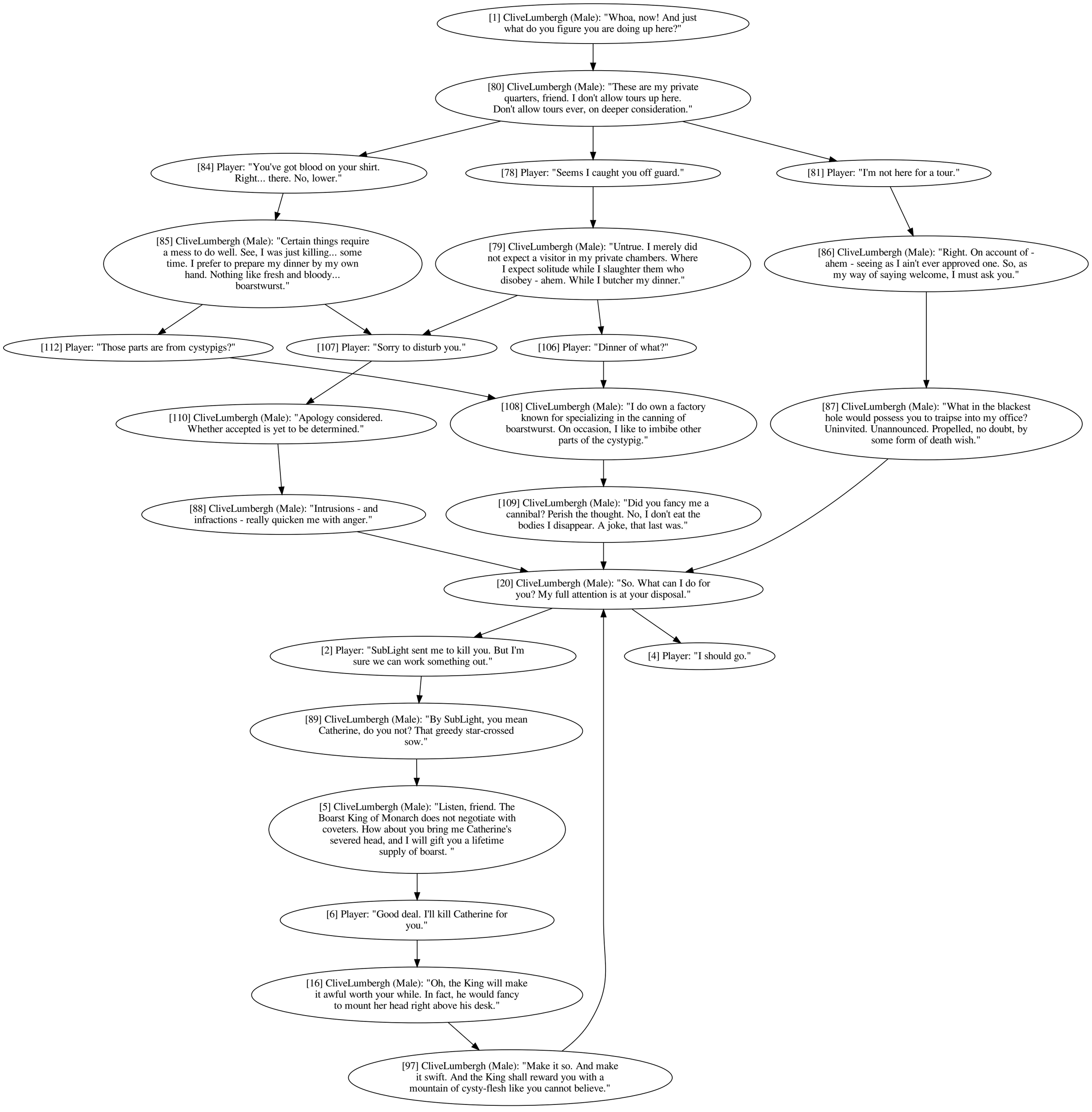
[1] CliveLumbergh (Male): "Whoa, now! And just what do you figure you are doing up here?"
[80] CliveLumbergh (Male): "These are my private quarters, friend. I don't allow tours up here. Don't allow tours ever, on deeper consideration."
[84] Player: "You've got blood on your shirt. Right... there. No, lower."
[78] Player: "Seems I caught you off guard."
[81] Player: "I'm not here for a tour."
[85] CliveLumbergh (Male): "Certain things require a mess to do well. See, I was just killing... some time. I prefer to prepare my dinner by my own hand. Nothing like fresh and bloody... boarstwurst."
[79] CliveLumbergh (Male): "Untrue. I merely did not expect a visitor in my private chambers. Where I expect solitude while I slaughter them who disobey - ahem. While I butcher my dinner."
[86] CliveLumbergh (Male): "Right. On account of - ahem - seeing as I ain't ever approved one. So, as my way of saying welcome, I must ask you."
[112] Player: "Those parts are from cystypigs?"
[107] Player: "Sorry to disturb you."
[106] Player: "Dinner of what?"
[110] CliveLumbergh (Male): "Apology considered. Whether accepted is yet to be determined."
[108] CliveLumbergh (Male): "I do own a factory known for specializing in the canning of boarstwurst. On occasion, I like to imbibe other parts of the cystypig."
[87] CliveLumbergh (Male): "What in the blackest hole would possess you to traipse into my office? Uninvited. Unannounced. Propelled, no doubt, by some form of death wish."
[88] CliveLumbergh (Male): "Intrusions - and infractions - really quicken me with anger."
[109] CliveLumbergh (Male): "Did you fancy me a cannibal? Perish the thought. No, I don't eat the bodies I disappear. A joke, that last was."
[20] CliveLumbergh (Male): "So. What can I do for you? My full attention is at your disposal."
[2] Player: "SubLight sent me to kill you. But I'm sure we can work something out."
[4] Player: "I should go."
[89] CliveLumbergh (Male): "By SubLight, you mean Catherine, do you not? That greedy star-crossed sow."
[5] CliveLumbergh (Male): "Listen, friend. The Boarst King of Monarch does not negotiate with coveters. How about you bring me Catherine's severed head, and I will gift you a lifetime supply of boarst. "
[6] Player: "Good deal. I'll kill Catherine for you."
[16] CliveLumbergh (Male): "Oh, the King will make it awful worth your while. In fact, he would fancy to mount her head right above his desk."
[97] CliveLumbergh (Male): "Make it so. And make it swift. And the King shall reward you with a mountain of cysty-flesh like you cannot believe."