

CLANGO? ARE YOU AWAKE?
JUST HIBERNATING. HANG
ON, LET ME SPIN UP MY
DISKS.

I'VE BEEN THINKING...YOU'VE
NEVER BEEN WITH ANOTHER
HUMAN, AND YET HERE I AM, AN
EX-PORN-STAR.

"MATURE ENTERTAINMENT ICON."

YEAH, WHATEVER. ISN'T IT HARD
FOR YOU? I MEAN, MOST MEN
PRETEND TO BE ALL INTO IT,
BUT UNDERNEATH THEY'RE
ALWAYS JEALOUS OF MY PAST.
AND ESPECIALLY FOR YOU, WITH
YOUR INEXPERIENCE! AREN'T YOU
EVEN THE LEAST BIT RESENTFUL?

SIGH

SILLY FLESH-LING. BRING
YOUR SOFT BODY OVER
HERE.

I'M *NOT* MOST MEN, AND YOU KNOW IT. I'M NOT
EVEN HU-MAN, AND SO I'M NOT GIVEN TO LOOK FOR
REASONS TO BE MISERABLE WHEN I HAVE EVERYTHING
I COULD POSSIBLY WANT RIGHT HERE.

EVERYTHING?

WELL, EXCEPT AN IPOD.
BUT THE HOLIDAYS ARE
COMING UP...

OH, CLANGO. YOU ALWAYS KNOW JUST
THE RIGHT WORDS TO SAY.

YES -- I HAVE A LARGE DATABASE. NOW
TURN OFF THE LIGHT.

CLANGO!

WHERE CAN *I* FIND A ROBOT LIKE THAT?

WHOA. *DUDE*.

*RICK
SPRINGFIELD* □
??