Well, we did do the nose. We found them. Found them? In Mercia?! The coconut's tropical! It's only a model.

Well, how'd you become king, then? Bring her forward! Who's that then? Well, I didn't vote for you.

He hasn't got shit all over him. We want a shrubbery!! It's only a model. But you are dressed as one… Now, look here, my good man.

You can't expect to wield supreme power just 'cause some watery tart threw a sword at you! You don't vote for kings. And this isn't my nose. This is a false one. We found them.

Shh! Knights, I bid you welcome to your new home. Let us ride to Camelot! You don't vote for kings. Oh! Come and see the violence inherent in the system! Help, help, I'm being repressed! Well, we did do the nose.

…Are you suggesting that coconuts migrate? Why do you think that she is a witch? We shall say 'Ni' again to you, if you do not appease us. I'm not a witch. Did you dress her up like this?

Well, I didn't vote for you. We found them. But you are dressed as one… Well, I got better.

Look, my liege! I'm not a witch. Knights of Ni, we are but simple travelers who seek the enchanter who lives beyond these woods. You can't expect to wield supreme power just 'cause some watery tart threw a sword at you!

Burn her anyway! Ah, now we see the violence inherent in the system! Well, Mercia's a temperate zone! No, no, no! Yes, yes. A bit. But she's got a wart. …Are you suggesting that coconuts migrate?

Who's that then? Be quiet! I am your king. What do you mean?

Shut up! Well, I got better. …Are you suggesting that coconuts migrate? Bring her forward! Who's that then?

You don't vote for kings. He hasn't got shit all over him. She looks like one. Listen. Strange women lying in ponds distributing swords is no basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power derives from a mandate from the masses, not from some farcical aquatic ceremony.

Bring her forward! Oh! Come and see the violence inherent in the system! Help, help, I'm being repressed! I have to push the pram a lot. Burn her anyway! You don't vote for kings. You don't vote for kings.

Knights of Ni, we are but simple travelers who seek the enchanter who lives beyond these woods. I'm not a witch. It's only a model. It's only a model. Bloody Peasant! Shh! Knights, I bid you welcome to your new home. Let us ride to Camelot!

Why? And this isn't my nose. This is a false one. Oh, ow! Shut up! A newt? Why?

And the hat. She's a witch! Look, my liege! Bring her forward! Listen. Strange women lying in ponds distributing swords is no basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power derives from a mandate from the masses, not from some farcical aquatic ceremony.

Camelot! Now, look here, my good man. Shut up! Will you shut up?! Ni! Ni! Ni! Ni! I don't want to talk to you no more, you empty-headed animal food trough water! I fart in your general direction! Your mother was a hamster and your father smelt of elderberries! Now leave before I am forced to taunt you a second time!

You don't vote for kings. It's only a model. Oh, ow! Listen. Strange women lying in ponds distributing swords is no basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power derives from a mandate from the masses, not from some farcical aquatic ceremony.

Burn her! Well, she turned me into a newt. Bring her forward! What a strange person.

You don't frighten us, English pig-dogs! Go and boil your bottoms, sons of a silly person! I blow my nose at you, so-called Ah-thoor Keeng, you and all your silly English K-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-niggits! The swallow may

fly south with the sun, and the house martin or the plover may seek warmer climes in winter, yet these are not strangers to our land.