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!