

Squire and Jill

- Squire: It really is the most excellent plan, I raise taxes now, then raise them again in a few months, and in another few months I raise them again for good measure. Soon, all the villagers will fear me and I will be the richest man in the south of England. Now come on Jill, I'm not having this conversation any longer, I love money, and money loves me.
- Jill: Hello papa, what are you doing
- Squire: Oh just thinking about money
- Jill: Money can't love you daddy, its an object... and it definitely can't buy you happiness Papa...
- Squire: No maybe not, but I'd rather be crying on top of a stallion than a donkey...
- Jill: But the people Papa, they can't afford higher taxes, they can barely afford the taxes as they are!
- Squire: Nobody asked you Jill, you're just a girl!
- Jill: And what's that supposed to mean?
- Squire: Oh well you know, girls can't do Maths!
- Jill: Girls can do anything they want! I bet girls will go to space one day!
- Squire: Oh yes of course they will Jill, And in two days time there is going to be a GIANT BEANSTALK that take us up to a land of clouds in the sky, where a large castle sits and a Mythical Giant Lives in that castle, and he has tones and tones of gold And a chicken that lays golden eggs! Do you hear how ridiculous you sound Jill?!
- Now, I'm raising the taxes and thats final!
- Jill: But Papa...
- Squire: I said that's final!
- Jill: How do you even sleep at night PAPA!?
- Squire: Oh you know, a mixture of thai chi, and chi Tea. Anyway, I'm not listening anymore... LA LA LA LA, anyway i'm off for a nice crispy crumpet with some butter and Early Grey