Yes, well, I’m polymerized tree sap and you’re an inorganic adhesive, so whatever verbal projectile you launch in my direction is reflected off of me, returns to its original trajectory and adheres to you.

They were not “friends”. They were imaginary colleagues.

I don’t guess. As a scientist I reach conclusions based on observation and experimentation. Although, as I’m saying this, it occurs to me that you may have been employing a rhetorical device, rendering my response moot.

Engineering: where the noble semi-skilled laborers execute the vision of those who think and dream. Hello, Ooompa-Loompas of science.

You know, it’s amazing how many super villains have advanced degrees. Graduate schools should probably do a better job at screening those people out.

Engineering is merely the slow younger brother of physics. Watch and learn... do either of you know how to open the toolbox?

What part of an inverse tangent function approaching an asymptote don't you understand?

Looking out at your fresh young faces, I remember when I, too, was deciding my academic future as a lowly graduate student. Of course, I was fourteen. And I had already achieved more than most of you could ever hope to, despite my 9:00 bedtime. Now, there may be one or two of you in this room who has what it takes to succeed in theoretical physics, although it's more likely that you'll spend your scientific careers teaching fifth graders how to make papier-mâché volcanoes with baking soda lava

This is a can't-miss symposium. There are going to be discussions on bio-organic cellular computer devices, the advancements in multi-threaded task completion, plus a roundtable on the Non-Equilibrium Green's Function approach to the photoionization process in atoms.

Rock, paper, scissors, lizard, Spock. It's very simple. Look -- scissors cuts paper, paper covers rock, rock crushes lizard, lizard poisons Spock, Spock smashes scissors, scissors decapitates lizard, lizard eats paper, paper disproves Spock, Spock vaporizes rock, and as it always has, rock crushes scissors.

Perhaps you mean a different thing than I do when you say "science."

Ah gravity, thou art a heartless bitch