

Lord Summerisle: "Now, those children out there, they're jumping through the flames in the hope that the god of the fire will make them fruitful. Really, you can't blame them. After all, what girl would not prefer the child of a god to that of some acne-scarred artisan?"

Sergeant Howie: "And you encourage them in this?"

Lord Summerisle: "Actively! It's most important to teach new generation born of Summerisle be made aware that here the old gods aren't dead."

Sergeant Howie: "And what of the true God? To whose glory churches and monasteries have been built on these islands for generations past? Now shall what of Him?"

Lord Summerisle: "Oh, He's dead. He can't complain. He had his chance and in modern parlance. Blew it."