







...THIS IS ALL MY FAULT.
OF ALL THE STUPID THINGS
I'VE DONE THIS HAS TO BE
THE WORST. HOW COULD
I LOSE MY OWN KIDS?



MA'AM, THIS IS
MY FAULT, NOT YOURS.
IT WAS MY JOB TO
PROTECT YOU AND
I SHOULD HAVE
BEEN READY.



GUYS, COULD
WE ALL PLEASE STOP
APOLOGIZING FOR A SECOND?
I THINK YOU'RE FORGETTING
THE ACE UP YOUR SLEEVES.



THERE'S A VETERAN OF
THE ONE DAY WAR SITTING HERE.
A SOLDIER TRAINED TO *DISABLE*
ENEMY SHIPS. I KNOW MY TALENTS
ARE A LITTLE OUT OF DATE,
BUT THIS THING WE'RE SITTING
IN IS MADE OF JUNK.



SOME OF THESE PARTS
MUST BE *DECADES* OLD
AND YOU KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS.

DO IT, TOR.
GET US OUT OF HERE
RIGHT NOW.

