

THE **DEATH**
OF **APOLLO**
PART FIVE



GOOD DAY, MAJOR APOLLO. YOU'RE LOOKING WELL.



"LOOKING" BEING THE OPERATIVE WORD, DOCTOR MADUSA.

I KNOW THAT IN *HERE*, I'LL NEVER BE WELL AGAIN.

IT'S DIFFICULT TO RATIONALIZE.

YOU HAD A CLOSE CALL, MAJOR. YOU WERE LUCKY TO SURVIVE.



THE PURPOSE OF THESE COUNSELLING SESSIONS IS TO TALK ABOUT--

TALK ABOUT WHAT?

YOU SAY I WAS LUCKY TO SURVIVE.



WELL, I THINK WE'VE ALL BEEN LUCKY TO SURVIVE THE TEN YAHREN SINCE THE CYLON BETRAYAL.

THE ONE THING WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO DO IN THAT TIME IS *FIGHT*.

NOW I CAN'T EVEN DO THAT.

SELF-PITY DOESN'T SUIT YOU.

MY FATHER WARNED ME THAT YOU TAKE A "TOUGH LOVE" APPROACH.



APOLLO, YOU NEED TO COME TO *TERMS* WITH THIS.

YOU SUSTAINED A *SERIOUS* INJURY. THE MICRO-FISSURE TO YOUR BRAIN WILL *NEVER* HEAL AND *CANNOT* BE REPAIRED.

AS A RESULT, YOU ARE IN *CONSTANT* DANGER OF A STROKE. YOU CANNOT RISK *ANY* FORM OF PHYSICAL STRESS.



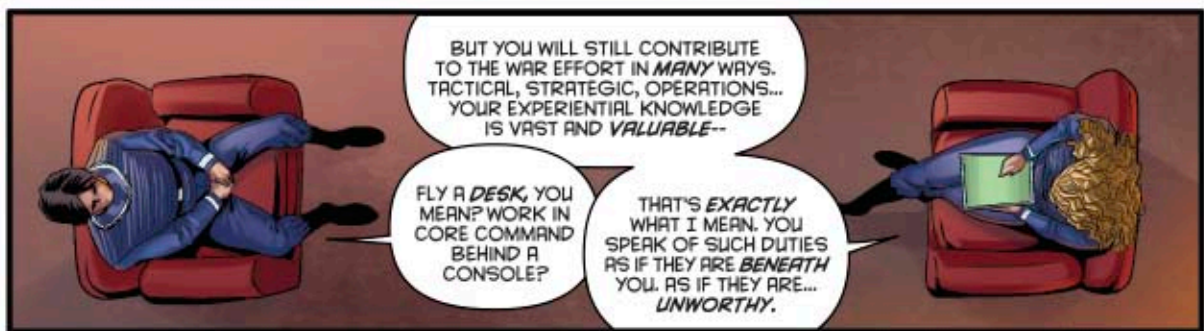
SO...YOU CAN NO LONGER FLY **COMBAT MISSIONS**. NO LONGER FLY AT **ALL**, IN FACT.

YOU MUST NOT RISK **STRENUOUS** ACTIVITY, TROOP OR **GROUND COMBAT** DUTIES, FOR EXAMPLE.



THIS IS NOT AN **OPTION**. THIS IS NOT A **PUNISHMENT**. THIS IS NOT A DECISION WE HAVE **IMPOSED** UPON YOU.

THIS IS THE **FACT** OF YOUR LIFE NOW. THIS IS **YOUR** SITUATION.



BUT YOU WILL STILL CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT IN **MANY** WAYS. TACTICAL, STRATEGIC, OPERATIONS... YOUR EXPERIENTIAL KNOWLEDGE IS VAST AND **VALUABLE**--

FLY A **DESK**, YOU MEAN? WORK IN CORE COMMAND BEHIND A CONSOLE?

THAT'S **EXACTLY** WHAT I MEAN. YOU SPEAK OF SUCH DUTIES AS IF THEY ARE **BENEATH** YOU. AS IF THEY ARE... **UNWORTHY**.



NOT AT **ALL**! CORE COMMAND IS A VITAL--

AND IT IS HOW **YOU** CAN SERVE NOW.



DOCTOR, I MISS BEING BEHIND THE STICK OF A VIPER. I MISS ACTIVE DUTY.

I MISS...**ME**.

IT'S ONLY BEEN A SECTION. YOU'LL **SOON** BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE NEW LIFE.

"I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR."

VANTAGE COLONIAL, THIS IS GALACTICA.

YOU'RE CLEARED FOR BURN IN TWO. MOVE ALONGSIDE THE FLEET TANKER FOR REFUEL.

COPY THAT. THANK YOU, GALACTICA.

MAJOR? THE SITUATION SHEETS FROM BLUE SHIFT.

THANKS, OMEGA.

YOU, um...

YOU NEED TO *CODE-READ* THEM AND SIGN THEM OFF AS *LOGGED*. IT'S JUST PROTOCOL. I NOTICE YOU *DIDN'T* DO IT YESTERDAY.

I HATE TO MENTION IT.

YEAH, OF COURSE.

SORRY, OMEGA.

I'M STILL TRYING TO MEMORIZE CORE PROCEDURES.

YOU'LL GET THE HANG OF IT FAST ENOUGH. IT'LL ALL BECOME ROUTINE.



*GALACTICA,
THIS IS KOBOLE
GOLDSTAR. REQUEST
PERMISSION TO MOVE
INTO GRID FOUR.*

Uh,
GOLDSTAR, THIS
IS GALACTICA.

FOUR'S
GETTING CROWDED.
ROTATE INTO FIVE,
PLEASE.

MAJOR?
GRID FIVE
IS BLOCKED.
YOU MEAN
GRID SIX.



DAMN.

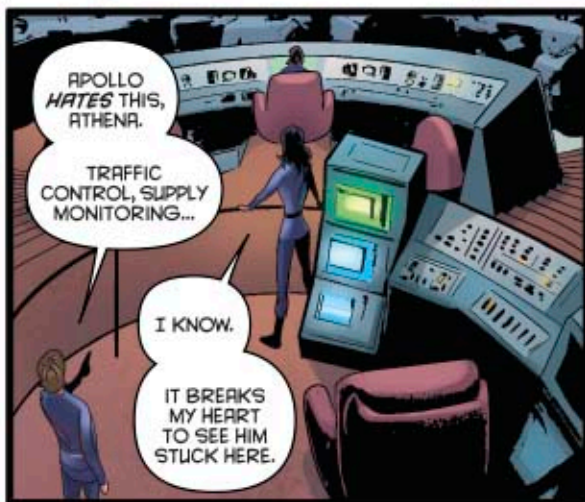
OF COURSE.
SORRY,
OMEGA.



*GOLDSTAR,
GOLDSTAR.
CORRECTION, ROTATE
TO GRID SIX, PLEASE.
THAT'S GRID SIX.
CONFIRM.*

*GRID SIX,
CONFIRMED,
GALACTICA.*

YOU'LL
GET THE
HANG
OF IT.



APOLLO
HATES THIS,
ATHENA.

TRAFFIC
CONTROL, SUPPLY
MONITORING...

I KNOW.

IT BREAKS
MY HEART
TO SEE HIM
STUCK HERE.



BUT IT WOULD
BREAK MY HEART
MORE NOT TO
SEE HIM AT ALL.