

Marty's Personal Logs Never Again

by
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and
CSU Productions

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Marty was turning thirteen today. He woke up with a purpose. Today he was going to keep his promise. His life had turned around for the better. He made his way to the bathroom, being careful not to wake anyone. After he had relieved himself he jumped into the shower. The hot water felt good. It made him think of the times when he would have killed to just be able to get enough water to even have a sponge bath. Those days were over now and he had learned so much since them. Today was definitely the day.

He dressed with haste. He could taste the end. It was tangible. He knew that it would soon be over. He very carefully made sure that everything was in proper order, and that he had not forgotten anything. He moved to the closet and removed his back pack. Everything he would need was in the pack already. Everything was set up and ready to go. As he made his way out the door, he turned and said in a quiet voice.

"Okay guys. You are all my family now and forever, but I need to do this on my own. I love you all. Take care."

Marty put the head phones on and thumbed a song up. He began to sing along with the tune as tears streamed down his face as he made his way toward his future.

Mr. Fontanna was screaming at the top of his lungs again. He was angry, but that was nothing unusual. He was going to teach his wife her place again. She was forever telling him not go out all the time and waste their money on the horses. Well, he was going to teach her. She did nothing but sit around all day and drink. She had locked herself in the bathroom, but that had never stopped him before.

In a room at the end of the hall, three young children hid in their closet. Terrance, the oldest at seven, was doing his best to comfort his younger siblings. They knew that as soon as he was finished with mom, it was their turn next. Terrance had successfully hidden the girls from his dad last time. It had meant a particularly bad beating, but the twins were only three, and he had to protect them. His big brother had done the same for him. Now he was gone and Terrance knew he was the big brother. It was too much for a seven year old to take, but somehow he had.

Marty had never expected to be walking down this street again so soon. He had figured he would be eighteen before he would be able to return here. He was struck by many vivid memories of the people he had known and the things he had done. It was surprisingly nostalgic. He had expected to feel trepidation, fear, or sadness. But that wasn't the case. He was actually feeling pretty good. It startled him. He was confident as he walked down the familiar stretch of road. He had done this many times before. Usually as he was coming home from a friend's, or just him and his little bro going somewhere to get away from their nut job of a father.

"Mart!?! Is that you? Your dad told everyone you had died while you were visiting your uncle. I can't believe your really here!" A familiar voice called out from a yard.

Marty turned and saw his only close friend from his old life. He was bigger, but still kinda mousey and skinny. Tears formed in his eyes as he turned and said softly, "Myron. Man, I have missed you."

Myron vaulted his fence and sprinted to his friend. He grabbed Marty in a fierce hug, which was quickly returned warmly by Marty.

"What happened to you? Why did your dad tell everyone a lie, and what's with the military outfit, Mart?" Myron asked with his voice all choked up.

"It's a long story, bud. I've missed you. Right now I need to do something. Why don't you come with? We can talk on the way?"

"Uhm... Mart?" Myron said shyly.

"Yeah, Myron. What is it?" Marty said with softness in his voice.

"I know I asked ya a'ready, but... Um, you don' gotta answer if you don' wanna. Uhm... Why you wearin' a army uniform for?"

"It's my job now, Myron. I been livin' at a place called Camp Bam Bam with a group called the UNIT." Pride had shown through as he said this.

"You mean the guys that got attacked and all? I saw it in the news. That was so horrible! You didn't get hurt, didya?" Myron said with feeling.

"No, dude. I didn't get hurt in the attack. It was after that. I got there after that. I was in a hospital recovering from..." Marty's eyes moistened as he remembered the attack that had put him in the hospital. Living on the streets was dangerous at best, and turning tricks could be deadly.

"What? What is it, Mart? Why were you in a hospital?" Concern laced his questions.

"I got beat up by a man in a hotel. One of the cleaning ladies found me and called the cops and an ambulance. By the time the cops and ambulance showed up, a little boy in an army uniform showed up with these big guys that looked like cats." Marty's voice showed the disbelief he had felt at that time as he shook his head.

"What happened then, Mart?" Myron asked, his voice showing that he had been sucked into the tale.

"Well... Uhm, it's kinda blurry in parts. Best I can remember though, this boy showed something to the cops and said that he was taking me. I was now under protection of the UNIT and Clan Short of Vulcan." Tears formed in the corner of his eyes.

"Dude. No way! I heard of them on TV and stuff. They protect kids that are abused and stuff... Uh... Oh my God! Why'd you get beat up, Mart?" Myron said as his voice began to sound unsure. He had a sinking feeling about what had happened to his best friend.

"I was selling myself..." Marty said barely above a whisper.

"Oh man... I... I..." Myron stuttered because he couldn't think what to say. He solved the problem by grabbing Marty and hugging him fiercely as he began to cry.

Myron and Marty had been close. They had met in a preschool when they were about three years old. As they grew up Myron had watched as Marty and his mom were beaten by his father. As time went on, it had become worse and worse. Myron's family had tried to intervene, but all that had happened was another beating for Marty and his mom. Finally it had gotten so bad that Marty had run. That was six months ago.

"Dude. It's all right. I... Well, I am in a very good place now. I did what I had to survive. Me and my family needed money for food and stuffs, you know. We all in a better place." Marty said in a voice that was soft, but steady.

"Family? I thought all your family was here?" Myron said sounding confused.

"They are... Well, I met them on the street. We looked out for each other as best we could, but well... I mean, I was the oldest after Bobby got killed..." Tears began to stream down his face as he remembered the sixteen year old who died protecting them from a drug crazed homeless man.

Myron looked at him with a feeling of guilt. "Mart. We tried, but you know. My Mamma and Papa tried. Your dad, well you know." Myron began to sob and his shoulders heaved as they got louder.

"It's all good, Bud. Let me tell you what's going to happen..."

The screaming and begging had begun. Mr. Fontanna was pounding on the bathroom door and telling Mrs. Fontanna that she better open up and take her beating or it would be worse. She was babbling and begging him not to hit her again.

In the closet the twins were beginning to cry. They could hear their mamma begging and pleading. They knew what was going to happen. Terrance put his arms around his little sisters, just like his big bro used to do, and he prayed. It was a simple prayer. He asked God to save his mamma from papa, and to keep him from finding the twins again, even though he really didn't believe in God.

"Polly. Mary. You gots ta listen ta me. Bees quiets. Don't lets papa hears ya okay?" Terrance said to his little sisters as he hugged them tight. "I gunna keep papa away from ya, 'K?" The little girls loved their brother, so they nodded their little heads and put a finger up to their mouths to show that they under-

stood. Terrance stood up and took a deep breath. His small frame trembled with fear. He made his way out of the closet and made for the door.

Just as he put his hand on the door to the room he heard a loud bang. He jumped back, falling on his butt, because he was so startled by the sound. He realized it was his dad kicking in the bathroom door again. He was paralyzed with fear as he heard his mother beginning to scream and beg.

Then a strange thing happened. Someone came up the stairs at a run. Terrance couldn't believe his ears. It was a voice he hadn't heard in a long time. It was his big bro.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing? Let mom go, you son of a bitch!"

"Oh, so you dragged your worthless ass back home, did you? You're not wanted here. Get the fuck out of my house!" Mr. Fontanna barked as he slammed his wife's head into the toilet, knocking her unconscious.

"Mr. Fontanna. I am not here to move back into this house. I am a commissioned officer in the UNIT and a representative of Family Clan Short of Vulcan. My rank is First Lieutenant. Based upon the investigation I initiated into your abuse of me and the rest of the family, and the information received from me through a certified Vulcan mind meld, I am here to serve you with papers removing the minor children Terrance, Polly, and Mary from this damaging environment. Further, I am placing you under arrest until such time as you can be tried by a certified Vulcan telepath."

"What fuckin' nonsense are you spewing, you little shit? I aint gonna let you take anyone anywhere. You've gotten a bit too big for your britches, boy. I am going to remind you who's in charge."

Terrance jumped up from the floor. He was sure that he had heard that big bro was going to take them away from here. He quickly opened the door and stepped into the hallway. He couldn't believe his eyes. Big bro was standing in the hallway. He was wearing a black beret, camos, and combat boots. He had a pistol strapped to his hip. He looked like a real soldier. Terrance dismissed the thought, though, because kids can't be 'real' soldiers.

Then it happened. Terrance flinched as he saw his father's fist connect with Big Bro's face. To his astonishment, however, Big Bro shrugged it off. He had expected him to cry out and throw his hands up, but neither happened.

Marty was surprised at how calm he was. His training was kicking in. He felt good now. The butterflies had left his stomach, and he was now simply performing his job. He had expected his ex-father to hit him, but he had expected to be pissed. Instead he found himself pitying the man. It was obvious that he was a small person, and didn't have anything worthwhile in his life. It didn't change the burning hatred he felt for the man who had abused him for as long as he could remember, but it allowed him to channel that hatred and make use of it instead of being used by it.

"Mr. Fontanna. I would advise you to stand down. If you don't, I will take the necessary steps to render you no longer a threat."

Mr. Fontanna sneered at his oldest boy. He knew the boy was bluffing. Hell, the kid used to wet his pants before a beating...

His fist never connected. Marty had sidestepped, then moved inside. He brought an elbow to Mr. Fontanna's chin, quickly brought his foot to the man's knee, then spun while grabbing an arm, slamming him into the wall. Marty quickly back-stepped.

"Mr. Fontanna, this is your last warning. Drop to your knees. Lay down on the ground. Spread your legs and put your hands on the back of your neck with your fingers interlaced."

Mr. Fontanna was enraged. No one touches him. He calls the shots. He made a move toward Marty. He was no novice to fighting. A man didn't get to his position without being able to defend himself.

Marty wasted no time. He pulled out two collapsible steel batons and extended them with a fluid flick of his wrist as he moved to meet the man.

Mr. Fontanna's fist was met mid punch by one of the batons. The sound of the crunching bones was clearly audible as the man let out a scream of pain. His face became a mask of pain and confusion. This couldn't be his son, was his anguished thought. In fact, Marty was no longer the man's son, and not just legally. Marty was his own person now. He had a family, and that was the UNIT and his Clan brothers and sisters. Soon he would have his brothers and sisters back in his life, and hopefully his mom would get the help she needed and be there too.

Before Mr. Fontanna could react, Marty moved in again, dropping low. He swung the batons and took out Mr. Fontanna's knees. You could hear the bones crack at impact. As the man fell, Marty delivered two shots to the man's ribs, followed by a shot to the man's face. Mr. Fontanna's nose was pulverized by the blow and blood sprayed the walls.

The blow to the face caused Mr. Fontanna to fall backwards to the ground. Marty quickly followed him, dropping the batons. As the man landed on his back Marty straddled his waist. With a quick twist of the man's uninjured hand he twisted it so the back of the elbow was facing him. Then Marty used his knee to break his former father's arm at the joint. He quickly took control of the man's other injured arm by wrapping his arm around the outside of Mr. Fontanna's arm, the one with the pulverized hand. Marty stepped up onto the opposite foot, and quickly rotated his body so that his other foot was now on the other side of the man's head. Then he quickly lay back, putting the man in a perfect arm bar. He then pulled and dislocated Mr. Fontanna's shoulder and grabbed the crushed hand in his.

"You ready to give up now, you piece of shit!" Marty growled with a menace in his voice that sent chills down the man's spine.

"Let me go... AHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Mr. Fontanna screamed as Marty squeezed his damaged hand and applied pressure to the man's arm.

"Wrong answer, Mr. Fontanna. Surrender now or I will snap your arm in two."

He screamed again as he tried to move his legs and realized that his kneecaps were shattered.

"Okay. Okay, you little shit. I give." Marty didn't believe him for a moment.

"Dailess, this is Lieutenant Martin Thomas Casey. Please initiate plan Delta Zed."

"Acknowledged, Lieutenant Martin."

The air next to them shimmered and three figures appeared: two teens a few years older than Marty and a boy about his age.

"Mr Fontanna. I hope in all your years you've learned how to kiss your own ass," one of the older teens said sweetly.

"Yeah," said the boy about his son's age, "'cos you're gonna hafta kiss it goodbye!"

"Bubba wants to know if you can handle 12 inches in your throat?" The third boy said with a smile.

The first boy took control of Mr. Fontanna, removing the gun he had in his waistline in the small of his back, and teleported back to the UNIT base with him. As soon as Marty stood up, his little brother slammed into him and wrapped his arms and legs around him and began to sob. The second boy that had arrived was already in the bathroom and was checking on Marty's mom.

"Marty. She needs medical treatment now," the teen said softly in Marty's ear.

"Daileass. Teleport my mother to the medical facility please."

"Right away, Marty," was Daileass' response as she vanished from sight.

Marty turned his attention to his little brother.

"I missed you so much, Terr. I thought about you every day. You are never going to be hurt by him again. You won't have to watch him hurt mommy either. Remember my promise?"

Slowly the little boy got his sobbing under control and answered his big bro.

"Uhm... Sniff... You... Someday you would take us away." Terrance managed to spit out through his lessening sobs.

"That's right, baby bro. Never Again."

Marty was waiting in a corridor outside the brig. The news about Joel was making him feel slightly sick to his stomach. Soon his attention was drawn to a very old Vulcan making his way down the corridor towards him. His hair was white as snow, and his face was lined with more wrinkles than a French Bulldog. His eyes, however, belied his age, and seemed to hold an eternal youth in them. They sparkled brightly. Marty snapped to attention immediately.

"I am Commander Xolan. I am here to help you assess the prisoner's guilt and render judgement."

"Thank you for coming, Commander Xolan. I am Lieutenant Martin Casey. Let me call someone to show you to his cell, sir."

"That would be acceptable, Lieutenant Casey." Half an hour later Commander Xolan came out of the brig. He handed a PADD to Marty.

"Lieutenant Casey. Here is my report. I will provide whatever assistance you may need to pass judgment."

"Yes sir." Marty felt a bit queasy and unsure of himself. "I requested that responsibility. I would appreciate any assistance you can provide, Commander."

Marty's unease was becoming more intense with every paragraph he read. Some of it he already knew all about, having lived it himself. He knew that his father had been involved in illegal activities, but the extent of them was shocking. Drug trafficking, prostitution, gambling, gerrymandering, and murder were all there.

Marty stopped when he got to one incident in particular. He looked at the elderly Vulcan and asked in an unsure voice, "Sir. Would it... I mean... Can you give it all to me in here?" He pointed at his head. "I need to 'know' it if I am to do a proper job judging him."

Commander Xolan looked at the boy for a moment before he nodded. "It is as you say, young Lieutenant. I can and shall. Also, I can ease your mind as I do so if you wish. I am a registered mind-healer and counselor. That is, however, your choice, Lieutenant."

"Sir, I will bow to your experience. It is acceptable to me that you do this in the manner you find appropriate." Three years of training in the Tardis had included learning about various races, and especially the Vulcans. Marty needed to know what his ex-father had been up to. He was going to do everything in his power to fix as much as he could of the damage that his ex-father's organization had caused.

Xolan laid his hands gently on Marty's head. He began the dump. It went very well, better in fact than Xolan had thought it would. Marty's mind was strong and the training he had received from Chang and Takamura while in the Tardis served him well. Xolan found that only in certain extreme cases did he need to help the boy to cope.

When the dump was concluded Marty stood silently for a moment. Some tears escaped his eyes. He looked at the elderly Vulcan with a questioning gaze. He wished to say something to the elderly man, but was not sure he should.

"Marty. You may feel free to ask or say anything. I will just listen to you or answer any question you may have."

"I knew him, sir." Marty's voice caught for a moment. "The boy he shot in the head. He was a friend of mine. He was only four years old, and that bastard put a gun to his head and shot him in front of his father. I mean I was the same age. I always wondered why he suddenly stopped being around." His voice cracked again as he continued. "The fucking bastard didn't even care. He didn't feel a thing except a rush of power and control when he did it." Marty wiped the tears from his eyes. "I had been to Simon's house just a few weeks before...." Marty fell silent.

Xolan reached out to the young human and placed a hand on his shoulder. He looked the boy in the eye and gave a gentle squeeze.

Suddenly Marty straightened up. "Daileass. I need to make an official Judgment. Will you please record it for me?"

"Right away, Marty. You may begin whenever you are ready."

Marty was visiting with his mom in the hospital. He was in a somber mood. What he had learned about his sperm donor was difficult, but what had happened to Joel was so horrible that it broke his heart. However, he had to deal with the task at hand. He had a seven-year-old and twin three-year-olds to take care of now. He hoped that his mom would get the help she needed and they could be a family.

"Hi, baby." She said in a weak voice.

"Hi, mommy. How you feeling?" Marty asked with a bit of uncertainty in his voice.

"I feel pretty sick, honey. I haven't been this long without a drink since well before you were born," she said weakly.

"I know, mommy. I came to tell you that I have custody of Terr and the twins. They will be living with me and my family now." Marty said this carefully. He made sure that his voice did not waver in the least.

"What do you mean, baby? How can you..." She stopped as Marty held up a hand and spoke to her softly.

"Mommy. I love you. You know that, right?" Marty said in an unsure voice.

"I know, sweetie. You know I love you too, don't you?" His mother sounded even more unsure of herself.

"Mommy. I know that you love us, but I don't trust you. All you ever do is drink. You should have left that son of a bitch when I was still a baby. I know it all, mommy. I know what he did to you even before I was born." Marty had tears freely flowing, but he was taking deep breaths, and soon had himself under control.

"Baby you can't..." She was cut off by Marty mid-sentence.

"I have been inside his head, mommy. Xolan, you know the Vulcan who came and talked to you, did a mind dump for me. I know it all now." He felt that his heart was going to break as his mother turned pale. "No, mommy. It's all right. I love you. You gotta promise me that ya will get help..." His voice failed him.

They stared at each other for a long time, neither one of them speaking. Marty finally made his way to the side of the bed. He took his mother's hand in his and tenderly gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Mommy, ya gotta promise." Marty's voice was sounding like a much younger child and he was reverting to his old mode of speech. He took a deep breath and got control of himself. "You gotta do what

they tell you and try to get well. You can't drink ever again. You have to promise me and really try. No matter how long it takes."

"Baby, I don't understand. What do you mean?" She was bewildered. He was so confident and looked so good. She was filled with pride.

Terr and the twins were asleep in Marty's pod. His family was looking after them. When he had been scanned by a pair of twins in the hospital, they had gone to the warehouse where he had been living. They had convinced his "family" to come and visit. Everyone had stayed with the UNIT. He knew that his siblings were going to be spoiled rotten by everyone.

He had gone to the chow hall to get something to eat and a cup of tea. He saw some people he knew sitting at a table and went to join them. His mother had promised to get the help that was being offered, and he had promised that they would see her as much as they could. He had made her a promise. If she got herself together, then he wanted them to live together. He had told her that it meant everyone, and was surprised that she thought that was not a bad thing.

"Mind if I join you guys?" he said to the two girls sitting at the table.

"No. I don't mind. Go ahead, Mart," Maria said.

"Yeah, why don't you sit next to me?" her twin sister Maya said.

Marty blushed a little as he accepted and sat next to Maya. The twins were just a little older than him. They had turned thirteen a little over a month ago. They looked exactly alike, but he always knew which one he was talking with.

"Did you get everything done, Mart?" Maria asked in a tender voice, while Maya looked at him expectantly.

"Yeah. Thanks for asking. My little bro and the twins are asleep in the Pod. The guys are watching out for them." Marty smiled at Maya. He was thinking that she would make a good role model for Polly and Mary. He blushed when he realized what he was thinking. The girls giggled at him, which of course made him blush even more.

Marty's attention was suddenly drawn to a young Vulcan woman asking for tea to be sent to Sarek, Spock, and T'Pol. He quickly made his way to her.

"Excuse me. Are they finished now?"

The young lady turned and looked at Marty. Then she asked in a neutral voice. "...and you are?"

Marty brought himself to attention. "I am Lieutenant Marty Casey. I am the person who passed judgment."

The young woman's face softened slightly as she realized who this was. "I am called T'Mir. No, Lieutenant, they are not finished. They are just taking a break."

"Son of a bitch. It's been forty-five minutes since I passed judgment. You're kidding me?" He said in an extremely shocked voice.

"No, Lieutenant, I am not." T'Mir replied levelly.

"Well, it serves the bastard right. Eye for an eye." He looked at the young woman with unsure eyes before continuing. "I suppose I should feel some guilt for his death, but all I can think of is how much he deserves all he is getting. I am glad he is being hurt. Does that make me a bad person?"

"Lieutenant Marty Casey, you are not a bad person. This brings balance and is a most logical way to help a family in pain and punish the guilty. Your emotions are what they are. You can let them use you, or you can use them. I perceive that you do an adequate job at the latter."

"I thank you, T'Mir. May you live long and prosper."

"Peace and long life, Lieutenant Marty Casey."

Marty's thoughts were of the conversation he had with Commander Xolan only an hour ago. They had entered the cell with Mr. Fontanna. He looked up at Marty and glared, but didn't say a word.

"After a careful review of the evidence that was given to me, I have decided that you are a menace to society, Mr. Fontanna. I respect life, so it is with great reluctance that I do this, but I sentence you to death."

Mr. Fontanna couldn't contain himself any longer. He had been healed to an extent, but he was still pretty sore. So he fell back when he made to lunge at Marty and Xolan.

"What the fuck is this shit! You don't have any right..." Mr. Fontanna fell silent as Commander Xolan applied a nerve pinch and he collapsed onto the bed.

"Would it be acceptable for me to make a suggestion, Lieutenant?" Xolan said evenly.

"Of course, Commander."

"As you know, we had an unfortunate incident involving Joel."

"Yes, Commander. I am sick to death about it. He is such a nice kid. He always smiled every time we ran across each other during training. It always made me feel..." Marty stopped. He felt choked up.

"I understand, Lieutenant. He has that effect on people," Xolan said carefully.

"What is your suggestion, Commander?" Marty said as soon as he could collect himself.

As Commander Xolan explained himself, Marty got a wicked smirk on his face. He agreed with the logic of the suggestion and let Xolan know that he could proceed.

Marty followed the security officers as they led Mr. Fontanna to the room where his execution was going to occur. He had a small grin on his face. The bastard was finally going to get his. 'Why do I feel guilty?' he thought to himself.

They were met by three angry Vulcans. Mr. Fontanna began to tremble as he saw the hard stares coming from the trio.

"What the fuck is this shit? You can't do this to me. I've got rights..." He stopped as the female Vulcan took him by the throat and lifted him in the air.

"You have no rights. You are condemned and we are to be your executioners."

The older of the two male Vulcan opened the door to the room and the woman threw Mr. Fontanna through the entrance. He slammed so hard into the weight rack that it was knocked completely over. He could be heard moaning in pain.

The three Vulcans looked at each other for a moment and came to an understanding.

"You, Mr. Fontanna, are going to learn the meaning of 'an eye for an eye'." Mr. Fontanna promptly wet himself.

She turned to Marty and gave a curt nod before the three disappeared into the room and the door closed.

Marty made his way back to the table and was met with curious looks from the twins. He smiled at them as he sat down. They looked at him expectantly, and he decided to have a little fun and ignored them as he started to eat.

"Oh, come on, Mart! What was that all about?" Maria asked impatiently.

"I have no idea what you are referring to, Maria dear," Marty said while trying to maintain a neutral expression.

She was having none of it though. "Give, boy, or I'll slice them off and feed 'em to you!" She tried to sound menacing, but the laughter in her voice slipped through.

Marty made to get up and said, "That's it, I am leaving." He was stopped however by a hand that gently took his.

All Maya had to say was, "Please," and Marty sat back down and spilled it all. By the time he was done, Maya was looking very serious. Marty felt fearful and unsure, and it must have shown.

"Mart, don't be like that. I think what you did was amazing. I just want you to promise us one thing," she said while looking Marty in the eyes. She was trying to project all the love she could to him through her eyes.

"Sure Maya, but what is it you want from me?" Marty said in an uncertain voice.

"My team gets to be in on whatever you have planned for your ex-father's crooked buddies." She had fire in her voice.

"What do you mean..." Marty said, but stopped as soon as Maya gave him a skeptical look.

"Marty, I know you. You won't stop until you have finished what you started, and this isn't finished. Is it?" she said with certainty in her voice. Her eyes dared him to contradict her.

"Maya, I don't know. I mean, I have to go up the chain of command with this. I have already filed the official report with Daileass, but I don't know where this is going to lead."

"You're going to make them close up shop, aren't you?" Maya accused.

"Yes, I am, Maya, if they will let me. But I have to tell you something," Marty said as his voice went from all business to unsure again.

Maya and Maria both looked at him and nodded, indicating that he should continue.

"This goes deeper than just the State of Mississippi. I don't think that it will end any time soon." Marty was in command mode. "These people were part of something larger. I think they may even have people in Starfleet. I know that they have people in governments all over the world, but it is too early to say exactly to what extent. Look, I can't say any more right now. I have already said more than I should, but I promise you that I will bring you in when the time is right."

Marty's comm badge beeped at him and he answered.

"This is Lieutenant Marty Casey."

"Lieutenant Casey, this is Alvin. Please report to the intelligence offices immediately. I have that information you requested, and WOW, is it going to blow your mind! I can't wait to see what my big bros want you to do!"

The twins turned and looked at each other. They knew that Marty was going to do whatever he could to stop these people, whatever it was that they were doing. They remembered the day before they had all gone with Mark to ask to be included in the raid on the Genesis base. He had made it clear that he was going to do whatever it took to see that the damage his father had caused would not keep happening. His words on the subject were simple, but meant so many things. "Never Again." Unlike others that had said these words, First Lieutenant Martin Thomas Casey meant them and would live by them.

He turned to the twins and smiled as he took Maya's hand in his.

"I've been listening to this song all week." He broke out in a clear voice and sang.

"Never Again"

He's drunk again, it's time to fight
She must have done something wrong tonight
The living room becomes a boxing ring
It's time to run when you see him
Clenching his hands
She's just a woman
Never Again

I hear her scream, from down the hall
Amazing she can even talk at all
She cries to me, Go back to bed
I'm terrified that she'll wind up
Dead in his hands, She's just a woman
Never Again

Been there before, but not like this
Seen it before, but not like this
Never before have I ever
Seen it this bad
She's just a woman
Never Again

Just tell the nurse, you slipped and fell
It starts to sting as it starts to swell
She looks at you, she wants the truth
It's right out there in the waiting room
With those hands
Lookin just as sweet as he can
Never Again

Seen it before, but not like this
Been there before, but not like this
Never before have I ever
Seen it this bad
She's just a woman
Never Again

Father's a name you haven't earned yet
You're just a child with a temper
Haven't you heard "Don't hit a lady"?
Kickin' your ass would be a pleasure

He's drunk again, it's time to fight
Same old shit, just on a different night
She grabs the gun, she's had enough
Tonight she'll find out how fucking

Tough is this man
Pulls the trigger as fast as she can
Never Again

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**Song Copyright by Nickelback
Silver Side Up (2001)**

Everyone in the chow hall was silent when he finished. Marty suddenly realized that every one was looking at him, and blushed red. Maya looked him in the eyes.

"Marty, that was... Well it was powerful. I didn't know you could sing so well. Why don't you do it more often?"

He looked at her a moment before answering. "I had to sing in the choir at church because he made me. I hated church and everything to do with it. I only sing for me now, but I will sing for you any time you ask."

It was Maya's turn to blush now. She leaned into him and tilted her head so that it was resting on his shoulder as he gave her hand a gentle squeeze.

--End Log