

Brings Back Memories

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A flashback on the characters in CSI lives

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Yeah, I was in the system...I know how it felt" Sara said quietly as she talked to a young girl, maybe five or six years old. She was a brunette like Sara but she had amazing green eyes that sparkled even though what she went through was tough. "I know how you feel...like the world is against you" Sara said, covered in darkness by the shadows in the interrogation room. The girl looked up at her with enormous eyes that seemed to leak innocence. "They took him away" the young girl said as she buried her face in her blue skirt, she was wearing white knee length socks and Mary Jane shoes. Sara looked at the girl, puzzled, "Who was it that they took Mira?" The girl gave Sara a look; it was the first time Sara had called her by her name the whole night. Sara gave her a smile as it urged her to continue and answer the simple question. "Daddy" Sara sighed as she took Mira's hand; "My Mom took my Dad away" Mira looked up at Sara and gave her a simple yet comforting smile, as if she was the one who was stronger than Ms. Sidle. Mira brought her head to one side and asked, "Don't the people bring your Dad away...not your Mom?" Sara shook her head, "It was different for me, and it will be different for you" Mira shrugged down in her chair, processing the best she could of what Sara had told her. Brass walked into the room and looked at Sara, she caught his gaze and looked at him. "Thank you Sara, Mira will you please come with me" Brass said as he caught the young girls attention and waved his hand for her to follow him out the door. Mira got up from her chair and so did Sara, they were both standing in front of each other. Mira looked toward Brass and then at Sara, "Can I say goodbye to her first?" Brass looked at Mira affectionately and nodded his head. Mira looked back at Sara and took her hand she gave Sara a hug. Sara stood frozen as the young girl stood holding her hand and hugging her. After what it seemed for like a lifetime Mira let go of her and Sara's hand and walked toward the door. As Mira and Brass walked out, Mira poked her head in; "I'll never forget you Sara..." she smiled as she left Sara standing frozen. Mira turned away and continued to follow Brass down the corridor.

"Laura God damnit, what did I tell you when I got home?" he smelt like alcohol and his voice changed with every word. "I'm sorry, I was only taking care of the kids..." he smacked Mom hard across the face, I sat alone in the corner of the living room watching them. "You only take care of me, got it?" he said as his steely eyes glazed over to me, I looked away and continued to play with my dolls. Dad walked over to me and Mom stood where she was, holding her smacked face with her trembling hand. "Sara honey, go get Dad a beer will you...there down in the kitchen fridge" I knew that if I didn't I would get hit, so I got up and started walking over to the kitchen. I heard Dad's voice loud and clear, "See Laura, Sara listens to me...that's because she's smart and she doesn't take after you...thank God" As I walked into the kitchen it smelt awful, my brother was smoking something wrapped in a newspaper. I remember what he told me it was, pot. I had no clue and I continued walking to the fridge as fast as I could, making sure to do what Dad ordered me to do. As I grabbed the ice-cold beer out of the fridge I couldn't help but to take a few meaningful sips myself, not like anyone would care. As I rushed back into the living room I handed my father his drink and remained at the corner, playing with my dolls that had more of a life than I would ever have as a child.

"Sara, Sara...hey remember Mira, the case you're working on?" Brass said his voice rose as he snapped his two fingers in front of Sara's face. Sara blinked and blushed slightly, she had wandered through her childhood memories again and completely forgot where she was at the moment. "Sorry Brass it's just that I was deep in thought...can you please repeat what you said...sorry" Brass nodded his

head; apologetic as he told Sara what she had missed. "We looked into Mira's past and we found out that she was abducted by her preschool teacher" Sara shuddered as she looked at the floor. Brass seemed taken back himself but continued on in a relaxed complexion, "We also found out that this happened when she was four, she probably wouldn't remember what had happened well but it's worth a try" Sara nodded as she got up from the leather chair, her dark soft hair flowing out behind her as she tucked a strand behind her ear, "Brass, I need to do some lab work, maybe you should let Nick conduct this interrogation" Brass nodded as he considered Sara's word. As Sara turned to leave his stuffed office Brass coughed and spoke back up, causing Sara to turn around. "Why Nick, Sara...did he want this case?" Sara shook her head, trying not to give away any detail. "No...he just has a certain outlet to this kind of...motive, he knows more than I in that field" Brass nodded as Sara turned back around and headed for the lab.

Sara walked down the hallway on her way to the lab. She was hoping that Greg had got the lab results back and that he wasn't sticking anything up his nose or in his ears. As she walked, not completely aware of herself or the lab she felt a pull on her shoulder. As she looked to her side she noticed that she had bumped into Nick, almost spilling the coffee in his hand. "Nick, sorry I didn't see you...oh Brass wants you to lead an interrogation" Nick listened as best as he could but he was too worried about his coffee, Sara noticed. "Did you get all that?" Sara asked as she looked at him, his big dark eyes looked her back. "Yup, Brass...interrogation" Sara nodded as Nick continued his way to Brass' office and Sara too the lab. Nick cursed in his head as he slowly walked to Brass' office, trying not to spill any more coffee out of the mug. He entered the office and sat down in the leather chair, waiting patiently for Brass as he sipped his coffee. A few minutes later Brass walked in carrying a brown folder with the name "Mira Svells" written across the top. Nick gave him a smile as Brass walked in and sat at the other side of the desk. Brass sat down and opened the folder so Nick could see what Sara had just finished uncovering with the little girl. Nick nodded every second or so as he understood what was in front of him. Brass cleared his throat and spoke up to Nick, "So you're going to talk to her then...ask her a couple questions" Nick nodded again as he looked at Brass. "Right about the foster care?" Brass shook his head, "No Nicky, about the preschool teacher" Nick tilted his head to one side. "What about the kids teacher?" Brass gave in a small sigh and looked back at Nick. "Mira was abducted by him when she was four, Sara said that you would be best to lead this part of the case" Nick felt a pit in his stomach as he strongly answered Brass, "Yea, I'm your man...lets get this over with, I need to get more coffee"

"Hello Mira, I'm Nick...how are you doing?" Nick said trying his best to smile for the little girl. Mira only looked at him and Nick's smile faded, "What's wrong...your not scared of me are you?" Mira shook her head as she looked at Brass who was standing next to the door. "Where is Sara...I want to talk to her" Nick gave Brass a look and then responded to Mira, "Sara is busy, but you can talk to me. Sara and I are friends" Mira gave Nick a stare as she finally became less stiff and more comfortable talking to Nick. "I'm not scared of you, I just like talking to Sara" Nick nodded. "Sara is a very nice lady, would you mind if I asked you some questions Mira, they won't be hard" Mira nodded her head as Nick's soft smile came back into play. "So Mira, do you remember what happened to you when you were in preschool?" Nick asked her. Mira nodded her head and looked at Nick, "My teacher...was bothering me" Nick nodded his head; he already felt the sweat gather upon his forehead. "He was bothering you...how?" Mira sighed. "He was...helping me when I went to the bathroom" Nick closed his eyes and breathed in. "Did he bother you a lot?" Mira nodded her head again, "Everyday...you're the only person I told, until the people found out" Nick looked at Brass who seemed to have a gloomy expression on his face. Nick held onto Mira's hand that was placed gently on the table, "Listen to me Mira...no one will do this to you again" Mira nodded her head as she squeezed Nick's hand. "Tell Sara that I said you two

are really good friends” Nick tried to hold back as Mira slipped down from the chair and walked out of the room with Brass by her side.

“Nick, I had to get you a different sitter tonight” Jillian Stokes said as she kissed her son on the head. “But why Mom, what happened to Katie?” Jillian hugged her son as she answered his simple yet promising question. “Katie is working tonight and she isn’t able to make it but I hired another nice sitter for you” Nick nodded his head as he hugged his mother back in return. “Be a good boy and don’t get into any trouble tonight” Nick smiled at his mother. “I’ll be a good boy for the sitter Mom, bye” Nick waved as his Mother walked out of the house and his new sitter came in. She was wearing jeans and a white t-shirt. Nick was occupied the whole night and he was also watched and taken care of, except for when the sitter asked him to take down his pants. Nick knew it was wrong and his sitter kept doing whatever she was doing. Nick felt his face grow red as he walked slowly back to his room, he sat by his door, waiting until his Mom home. He heard the door open and his Mom talking and laughing with the sitter, and then she left. But Nick knew that moment would never leave him for the rest of his life.

Nick, come on Nicky...get up” Nick opened his eyes as he heard Brass’ voice boom over his memory. “Sorry, I’m tired...didn’t sleep at all last night. Brass nodded, “Same here pal, I did some background checks on her parents” Nick nodded, “What you find out...anything important or the same old?” Brass tilted his head to one side. “What do you mean?” Nick smirked, “That there people you can’t trust...especially with a child’s life” Brass looked at him and also gave in a smirk. “Well other than that fact we found out that Mira’s mother was a dancer at the Blue Ranch casino” Nick nodded his head, “What about her father?” Brass shook his head. “Nothing in CODIS” Nick felt the room silence as he sighed. “Were you able to get her mother in for questioning?” Brass shook his head as a small smile etched his face, “Ya, pulled her in a couple hours ago...she’s willing to answer” Nick nodded as he stretched his arms above his head. Brass looked at him and replied, “Are you willing to question her...you up to it?” Nick gave Brass a promising look but not a promising answer. “Sorry Brass...my shifts about over and I still gotta to the paper work of my share” brass nodded as he turned to walk out. “Hey Brass, get Catherine on this...she just started her shift” Brass nodded as he walked out. “Cath’s going to kill me for this” Nick thought as he put his head back down onto the table and thought about getting home.

Nick walked down the chilled hallway of the crime lab; he was feeling relaxed and more focused on the case. He eyed Catherine at the end of the hall and wondered if Brass had told her about her part in this case. As Nick continued to walk down the hallway, heading for Catherine he had a quiet step as he walked as if he was trying not to wake the dead. Catherine was reading up on the file of Mira Svells, Sara had conducted the first bit and Nick had just finished the second interrogation. As Catherine read on she saw Nick from the corner of her eye and a small smile trickled onto her face. “Hey Cath” Nick said in his cheery voice. Catherine looked up as if she didn’t know he was there in the first place. “Hey Nick, I was just reading over the file” Nick nodded as he responded, “Umm...Brass told you right?” Catherine stared blankly at Nick that was his cue to tell her. “Well your leading the third interrogation” Catherine shook her head, “Why?” Nick gave her a smile, “You’re the best for this” Catherine kept starring as Nick continued on down the hall.

Catherine walked into the interrogation room, feeling pissier than last shift. As she walked in Brass was standing by the door holding on to Mira’s hand. Catherine looked at the child and instantly saw her own daughter Lindsey. She got flash backs in her mind from the times she had spent with her daughter. Catherine sighed forlornly, mentally posting that she should make more time to see Lindsey. Catherine

backed out of her thoughts and looked at the young girl, she smiled sweetly and the child gave her a cold stare. Catherine knelt in front of the girl still keeping her motherly smile, "Hello sweetheart I'm Catherine, what's your name?" Mira looked up at Brass and he nodded in agreement. "I'm Mira...where is Nick and Sara?" Catherine smiled and she responded, "Mira, that's such a beautiful name...Nick and Sara are on their break" Mira nodded her head and Catherine continued. "You can talk to me...I have a little girl of my own just like you" Mira let a small smile onto her face. "Really?" Catherine shook her head as she took Mira's hand and led her to the chair that was placed by the table. Mira took one side and Catherine took the other. Catherine gave the girl a long stare, burning her eyes by looking at the child. Mira flinched and Catherine became aware of the room. "Sorry, what can you tell me about your Mom?" Mira stared at Catherine blankly and shook her head. Catherine gave the girl a smile, "I'll help you out, and did she leave a lot, or party a lot?" Mira nodded her head as Catherine looked at Brass who jotted down the note. "Did she bring boys back home or did she come back with money?" Mira nodded her head again. Catherine nodded hers as well, "She was a stripper...just like me," she thought as she looked at Brass. He waved his hand over to Catherine. "Sorry Mira, just wait here a second?" Mira nodded her head, but kept it low. Catherine and Brass walked out of the room and Brass pulled her aside. "I did some digging of my own and her mother was a stripper through her high school years and still did some work on the side" Catherine nodded her head as she looked at herself. "Do you mind if I go to the bathroom real quick?" Brass blinked and responded, "Go ahead, and be quick"

The music pounded through Catherine's head as she sat in front of a mirror and glossed her lips with lipstick. She decided to keep her hair down tonight and plus it would look good with what she was wearing. "Hurry up Catherine, were up next" Melissa said to her as she combed her hair. Catherine looked over to her left and smiled, "Those guys will be blown away" Melissa smiled in return and changed the subject. "So what grade are you in?" Catherine looked at her and responded in a low tone, "I'm in college" Melissa shook her head, "What's the point of that?" Catherine got up and decided not to answer that question. She made her way over to the back stage stairs that lead up onto the stage, this was the time where she would feel hyped and ready to accomplish any task that was put in front of her. As she noticed that the lights were dimmed down it was her cue to walk out on stage and strut her stuff. "Keep your eyes on the money and not on yourself" Melissa had told her and Catherine lived by that. As Catherine walked up the backstage stairs she felt the adrenaline rush through her and the smell of alcohol and smoke filled her lungs, this was her world. As she waited for the music to come back on, something sexy probably by Spears or Beyonce. As she heard the song blasting she instantly walked up and onto the stage making sure she walked and strutted in time from the music. Most guys whistled and threw cash and other objects onto the stage, whatever they threw up was hers to keep. Catherine kept smiling and knew she was the biggest maker, everyone loved her. As the song neared to an end she gently slid down one metal pole and landed gently on the ground, picking herself up afterwards. As she lay there, her body wet from the sweat and hard work she thought about her daughter Lindsey and knew she needed to get home.

Catherine walked back to the interrogation room and found herself alone, Brass and Mira had left...she had took to much time to reflect on her past life. Catherine left and headed straight for Brass' office, she knew where to find him. As she walked in she saw Brass sitting with Mira, she was drinking an iced tea that Brass probably got from the machine. As Catherine cleared her throat Brass noticed her appearance and told Mira to sit tight while he talked to Catherine. Brass got up and walked over to his doorway where Catherine was perched. "What took you so long?" Catherine shook her head, "Nothing I was thinking about...never mind" Brass looked at her confused, this wasn't like Catherine at all. She was the strongest woman working for the LVPD even Brass knew that. "Well, were still not done yet...I

did some more digging and we found out that her parents are divorced” Catherine shook her head, “Typical in this situation” Brass shook his own head, “No actually...Mr. Svells was deaf” Catherine gave Brass a questionable look. “Is that why she divorced him” Brass nodded his head, “Yup, you mind to carry this out and talk interview him” Catherine looked bewildered and responded, “You should ask Grissom...I have to go home to my daughter” and with that Catherine left Brass with only one choice.

Grissom was stowed away in his office, drowned with paper work and opera music. He was finishing up on the swing shift's paper work and he still didn't understand why he had to do it. Brass walked into Grissom's office and Gil was still at it, not even noticing Brass' presence. “Gil...Gil” Brass said as he tried to over come the music. Grissom looked up innocently and turned of his CD player. The room was deadly silent, creepy even for Brass. “It helps me concentrate, sorry” Grissom replied as Brass looked at him dumbstruck. “No...it's not about that, I need you to lead an integration,” Brass said as he helped himself into one of Grissom's leather chairs. “I can't, doing Ecklies peoples paperwork” Brass nodded his head and replied. “Gil, we need you to do this” Grissom frowned and replied, “Why?” Brass smiled meekly, “Catherine went home and we need you to talk to him” Grissom shook his head and focused back on the paper in front of him. “Can't you do it Jim?” Brass chuckled as he got up from the chair, “I can't...I can't speak to the deaf” Grissom gave Brass a cold stare as Brass shrugged. “What do you mean Jim?” Grissom asked, fully in attention. “Mira Svells father...I need you to interview him, he's deaf” Grissom nodded as he got up from his chair. Brass waited for him so they could walk out together but Grissom pushed by Brass and headed straight for the interrogation room. Brass stood in Grissom's office and reflected, “Thank God for Gilbert Grissom”

Grissom looked at Mr. Svells, he was an older man but still held much of his personality. Grissom remained in focused as he waited for the right time to talk, Mr. Svells looked nervous so Grissom let him collect his thoughts. After a couple of minutes Grissom piped up the conversation that had started, “How are you?” Grissom asked. Mr. Svells looked at Grissom and replied, “I'm tired, you can call me Richard” Grissom nodded as he smiled, Richard seemed to relax more. “I need to ask you about your ex-wife” Richard nodded and responded, “She left me, divorced me” Grissom tilted his head to one side. “Why Richard?” Mr. Svells sighed as he responded, a gloomy look in his eyes. “Because I went deaf, she didn't have the time to communicate with me...your not deaf are you?” Grissom's smile faded as he remained conscious, “My mother was deaf, and I was going deaf...then I got an operation, but I have learned much from this experience” Richard nodded as he continued, “It's good to know that you learned something and held on to it” Grissom nodded as he got up from his chair, “Thank you, call me anytime you want to talk” Richard smiled as he started to cry, he had felt the most welcome in his life from a man he just met. Grissom came back into the hallway feeling good about what he just achieved but his mind went back to be were it belonged, when he was growing up.

“Gilbert, make sure you get dressed and wash your face” Gilbert nodded as he looked at his mother. “I'll do it right away Mom, why do we have to go to church? I want to look for more animals outside” his mother shook her head as she put a silver necklace around her neck. “When we get back you can go out and play, hopefully you wont bring any bugs into this house like the last time” Gilbert smiled as he hugged his mother, something they both shared in common. Gilbert never used his voice other than at school. He was silent and spoke to his mother in a special way that he had learned and grew up with. He felt safer with his mother and bugs than with the other children at school. As Gilbert put his shoes on his mother grabbed her purse and opened the door, letting Gilbert out first so she could follow him. She loved him and felt that he was the only person she could trust after her husband died, Gilbert was young and didn't understand the true meaning although he still asked questions about his father. As they

walked down the narrow dirt road Gilbert stopped so he could walk next to his mother, "Why do we go to church Mom?" his mother looked at him and smiled. "Because we believe in God and what he has done for us" Gilbert shook his head and walked faster, "I don't believe Mommy, but I do believe in science"

As Grissom opened his eyes he realized he was still in the hallway, his eyes burning from the sorrow inside of him. Brass had left with Richard and he didn't even bother Grissom to come with them. Brass had left him to his thoughts that were deeper than he could possibly think. Grissom gathered his strength and headed for the locker room. As he walked into the dark crowded area he could sense another person sitting on the bench, Warrick. Warrick turned around as if he sensed Grissom the same time he sensed Warrick. "Hey Gil, how is that killer case coming along?" Grissom relaxed as he moved closer into the room, there was a certain stillness that he couldn't make out. "It's been...hard, almost everyone has been working on it" Warrick nodded his head as he went back to tying his shoe. Grissom stared at him for a second and continued down the hallway to his office. As Grissom neared his office he saw Brass standing outside looking irritated, he must have been waiting for a while. "Jim, what is it?" Grissom asked as Brass jumped. "We ran the girls last name, Svells under CODIS and we just found out that she has a brother. His name is Mark and he's a runner" Grissom flinched as he looked at Brass. "He works for...dealers?" Brass shook his head, "No, in the casinos...he transports the money from one guy to another, under cover" Grissom looked at Brass as he suggested, "Pull Warrick into this...he knows more about runners than I'll ever" Brass nodded his head as he headed down the hallway in search for Warrick.

"Are you kidding me? Just because of my past your gonna drag me into this?" Brass gave Warrick a shrug. "Well Gil did say you seemed interested and I thought you wanted to tag along" Warrick shook his head, "I can't believe this, do I really have to take to some...crack headed kid?" Brass gave him a cold look, "Once you were a crack headed kid too Warrick, don't forget that" Warrick seemed to calm down as he brought up Brass' reality. "Your right, so were is he?" Brass gave him a smile, "In the interrogation room, were else?" As Warrick gave Brass a halfhearted smile he started heading for the interrogation room, a walk he had frequently walked to in this job. Warrick was a strong and determined person and didn't make his job a joke, but certain things did get to him. As he entered the room he saw a sixteen maybe eighteen-year-old male with a baby blue polo shirt and a ball cap on. He was chewing gum and not even caring where he was at the moment. Warrick sat down in the seat across from him and the boy looked up, almost mistaken. "I'm Warrick Brown, crime lab...and you are?" Warrick said professionally. The boy gave him a smug look, "Mark Svells...I heard about my sister, what do you want to know?" Warrick tilted his head to one side. "Is it true you work for dealers in the casinos?" Mark gave Warrick a stupid laugh and replied, "What do you know about any of that?" Warrick gave him a deadly glance, "I was just like you when I was in high school, and if I didn't talk, well lets just say you might go somewhere you don't wanna" Mark gave Warrick a glance back as he talked.

After the long interrogation Warrick had collected enough facts on Mark Svells, even Brass wouldn't haul his @\$\$ back in there. Warrick sat in the locker room again and began to think of his teen years. "Warrick, you better not be going out again tonight," his Grandmother warned him. Warrick gave her a hug as he walked into his bedroom, "I won't, I'ma go to sleep and make sure to get up early for school tomorrow" his Grandmother smiled as she slowly walked away, "What a good man you are" Warrick smiled as he closed his eyes. It was eleven o'clock and Warrick had woken up and put his clothes back on. He walked over to his window, opened it and climbed down the ladder that was perched up against the sill. As Warrick slowly climbed down he headed for the strip, he grew up in Las Vegas and knew where all of the hotspots were to make some fine cash. As he headed for the Grande Blue he felt his

fingers tingle as he got ready to run, not physically but...business like. As he headed in he saw his partner Mac and instantly they headed for the slots, getting ready to cash out. As the night went by Warrick had left Mac with about five grand in his pocket and a few bottles of beer. As Warrick made his way home he thought about his exam tomorrow and what his Grandmother would think of him if he didn't pass, would he still be that good man she was always telling him that he was?

Warrick walked down the dark and lonely hallway of the CSI lab, his head was down and he was shuffling. He carried the light brown case file that was bulging with paper and evidence of Mark Svells. As Warrick shuffled he heard music pouring the hallway with a loud irritated beat, Greg. As Warrick walked by the lab trying not to cause a distraction his plan didn't work out too well. "Hey Warrick, how is that case coming along? Sara's been telling me about it and it looks like you got bombed. Warrick gave Greg a cold look but Greg didn't even seem to notice. Warrick envied Greg, he was always happy and youthful and it seemed like he never ran out of steam. "Yeah why don't you take a crack at this case?" Warrick said as he shoved the file into Greg's hands. Greg stared at him in fear as Warrick gave him a cold look, "I'm done for the night, tell Grissom that" Greg shook his spiky head as Warrick rushed out leaving Greg to face Grissom. As Greg took his gloves off and left them at the desk with all of his other equipment he decided to leave his lab coat one, heck he was in a lab anyway. As Greg walked down the quiet hallway he eyed Grissom at the end of the hall. Greg stopped and gave out a loud whistle, like the kinds you would at a football game. Grissom instantly turned around looking annoyed as Greg gave him a sweet innocent smile. Greg walked over to Grissom and simply told him, "Warrick booked so he gave me the file...want me to help?" Grissom gave Greg a look and then finally replied; "Yes Greg, but first...take the lab coat off" Greg smiled as he simply nodded his head.

"Ok Greg, you're going to talk to Mira's brother Mark. Just ask him about his and Mira's childhood growing up together" Greg looked at Grissom with huge focused eyes. Grissom was at least proud in his enthusiasm but not too much of his ultra high energy levels. "Alright, I'll do what I have to do" Grissom nodded his head as Greg walked into the room, Mark sat in the same chair as last time but now he was holding his head in his hands. "Mark Svells? Greg Sanders...DNA tech I wanted to ask you about you and Mira's childhood, would you like a drink?" Mark looked up at Greg and it looked like that he was calm, as if Greg had soothed him. "Water please, what do you need to ask me?" Greg sat down as he gave him a warm smile. "Just how was it, between you two...you know did you spend time?" Mark shook his head, "I was always out with my friends" Greg nodded his head. "Mira was always in daycare or summer camps" Greg looked at him as the officer planted a glass of water in front of Mark. He slowly reached for it and brought it to his lips, sipped and then lowered it. "Did you go to any camps, play any sports...maybe join any team?" Mark gave out a laugh that had freaked Greg out. "Are you kidding me...my mother was over protective of me, she wouldn't even let me try out for any teams" Greg lowered his head, "Mommy's little boy..." Mark gave Greg the eye "Excuse me?" Greg looked up startled; "I was once her little boy too"

As Mark was released only having to fill out some forms and Mira was able to be with her brother, Mark would be her guardian and take care of her Greg sat on the waiting bench and let his life take over him. "But Mom, everyone is joining a team at school, why can't I try out for the football team?" Greg asked his mother. "No Gregory, how many times do I have to tell you, I don't want you to get hurt" Greg huffed as his mother looked at him. "But Mom being on the chess squad isn't all that fun..."his mother gave him a smile, "But Gregory, aren't you the captain?" Greg nodded his head, "I wish there was a science team" Greg's mother shook his head, "Greg don't you listen to me ever? Science is for the romantically challenged and pale skinned...don't you want to have a life?" Greg pouted as he replied to

his mother, "Your life can't be full unless you take risks" Greg's mother shook her head, "Why do you have to be so difficult to me?" Greg smiled as he returned to his chemistry set, "Because I'm taking a risk Mom, even if you don't let me join the football team"