

Casey Jones

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*Casey Jones is talked into tagging along with April on her assignments. He's looking to break something and she needs protecting. Based off the **1987 series**.*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/VampireWarith/59916/Casey-Jones>

Chapter 1 - Backup

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1 - Backup

Takes place after episode **Night of the Rogues**.

New York City, Manhattan

November 20, 1993

11:00pm

As April and Irma began walking back to the channel 6 news building, out of nowhere, Irma brought up a certain mask vigilante, "You know it just occurred to me, you have the phone number to a hunk like Casey Jones, while I have to settle for dating services late at night on TV." Not only was April surprised by this from her, but she questioned whether or not they had met the same person just a few minutes ago, "Uhhh... Irma, you have met Casey Jones, right?" Even though it was a sarcastic question, it didn't bother her and Irma continued on, "I may not know him well enough as the turtles do, but he seems like a good guy, someone you can count on."

April knew that Irma meant well and that her friend wanted her to have more of a social life. "I don't really have time for that sort of thing in my life Irma, most men just wouldn't understand and would think I was a workaholic." "But Casey would, more than anyone, in fact..." with a funny but serious tone as she winked and nudged April in the side with her elbow, "it wouldn't hurt if he came along with you as backup, if you catch my drift." "What do you mean?" Ask April.

Now it was Irma who was surprised that April didn't know what she was getting at, "Your reporting does get you into quite a bit of trouble, it wouldn't be such a bad idea to have some muscle around when the tough gets going." April frowned, now she knew what she meant, "I know it gets me into more trouble than I can handle, but I've accepted the dangers that comes with this job," thinking about it, maybe Irma had the right idea, "I'm only 5'9" and 120 lbs., martial arts is not going to change biology, most men, mutants and aliens can overpower me and just about every woman on the planet."

As they approached the parking lot at the channel 6 building, Irma got into her vehicle and started up the engine, before driving off she gave April one last piece of advice, "Just give it a chance... what have you got to lose?" Getting on her news-cycle, April sarcastically said to herself, "My sanity for one thing."

129 West 81st Street

11:35pm

Arriving at her apartment and before settling in for the night, April took out her turtle-comm and was about to call Casey, but hesitated with her thumb hanging over the numbers. Casey might say no and she wouldn't be disappointed by that at all, but if she was going to do this, then she needed to convince him that he would get what he wanted out this, which was to break something, mainly criminals. Knowing her luck when it came to reporting on something dangerous, it shouldn't be that hard.

Dialing the numbers she waited for him to pick up, after a few beeps she almost hanged up, but when he picked up, he answered in that deep gruff Filthy Harry McGarnagle voice of his, "Yeah?" "Casey, it's me,

April." "What is it?" "Listen, I've got an idea... I was thinking that maybe..." she hesitated again, trying to make sure that it was even a good idea to be with, knowing that he had a leap before he act attitude, "You still there?" Asked Casey, "Yes!" April answered as she was snapped out of thought, "Would you like to tag along with me on my assignments?" At first he declined, "I'm too busy bashing scum bags April."

Perhaps that should have been the moment for April to agree and hang-up, but she persisted, "You'll be able to Casey, I always end up find something connected to Shredder or something dangerous." Casey thought on this, remembering past episodes, "Hmmm? Yeah, you've a got a point, you do have that kind of luck... alright, I'll follow you around, where are you going to be tomorrow?"

Bronx, Roscoe Street Station

8:20am

A rusty door led to an abandoned part of the subway station, closed off since the early 40s. Inside there were several old ticket booths and subway cars, some of them was where Casey Jones lived and worked. To look at them, one would think they were brand-new, during his time there Casey had cleaned up the passenger cars, took out most of the seats for him to sleep, to work on his weapons, store food and supplies. He had even swept away the dust on the floor throughout the station for him to train and workout. The downside was that if the police came looking for him and found this place, they would know that someone was living there.

Changing his clothing, he put on a pair of black jeans, a dark gray shirt, wrapped his wrists in white boxing cloth hand wraps. Long black gauntlets with hard knuckle protection, black elbow pads, black knee-shin pads and black steel toe boots. Filling his golf bag with a wood and aluminum baseball bat, a steel harpoon spear with rope attached to it, and for when things really get tough, a Wilton BASH sledgehammer and a longsword. His golf bag was custom made with every weapon locked into place. Strapping on a dark gray football pad on his left shoulder, he finally put on his white rectangular hockey mask, "Time to do some damage."

Making his way out of the station, Casey got into a black 1974 Chevrolet C10 Stepside, started up the engine and pressed play on the cassette player. The soundtrack to the last Filthy Harry film, The Lifeless Pool, started to play the Main Title music.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zghhzPW754U>

Revvng the engine and putting the gear stick in drive, Casey tore out with the screeching sound of the tires echoing down the street.

To be continued