

Racer

Most nights for the last 15 years of his life in New York Oliver Williams had gone down to street corners and unused highways in a dark and neglected parts of The Bronx. The Bronx is the most North-Eastern part of the great city of New York. It has been regarded at some point of or another as the 'worst' part of New York, which is why it is the perfect place for Oliver to practise his certain job away from prying eyes. You see Oliver is a street racer one of the best in America. He started when his brother named Robert let him have a ride in his 1969 Dodge Charger. Of course equipped with nitrous and super charger, however soon Oliver was not just riding in the back seat, he was driving. Not too long after his first drive in the car, Robert saw his potential and let him into the secret world of street racing. Oliver had no idea Robert was a racer but jumped at the chance to make some cash, as Oliver wasn't exactly well off living in a rat infested apartment deep in The Bronx. Within a year Oliver had made over 50 grand racing all over New York City and the whole of New York County. He thought nothing bad could ever happen to him but soon after his 13th win, Robert while racing in a final race of the year, got came off the road and wrapped himself around a tree. Oliver was devastated but knew that it was only a matter of time before something like this happened. However all it made him want to do was to race more for his brother.

After a few months and epic race wins Oliver had soon surpassed even his late brother's skill in racing. Oliver was now on the starting line of a new race in his new 2013 Ford Mustang confident of his 15th win of the half year.

"Hey Oli, What happening bro!" Oliver's mechanic Sam shouted from across the street. Sam was a legitimate mechanic but switched to the races for more cash (the typical reason for getting involved).

"Hey Sam, just about to smash every guy here and take out my 15th!" Oliver always had a huge grin on his face whenever he talked about winning a race.

"I'm sure you will mate. Just one thing you know when, Robert... you know..."

"He died Sam, no use skirting around it now but yeah I know what of it?"

"Oli, the guy who everyone says rammed him off the road, the Black Wolf as they call him. He's here now."

"Yeah so? Robert knew that it was risky, he knew it could and probably would happen." Oliver was reaching down making sure his nitrous tanks in the compartment under his feet were good.

"Oli I think he is out for you. You know Rob was good, racing is in your blood just like him. The Black Wolf knows that, he rammed Rob because he was too good. Now you're the one who is the risk to his income so, just watch your back."

Oliver nodded and returned to his preparations. Sam stood silent for a second and observed him, Oliver might have seemed alright but in reality he was still angry for his brother's death. Even though he denied it he really did want to extract his revenge. Oliver had a habit of keeping things to himself until they exploded into something he couldn't control.

Sam and Oliver checked and double checked the car, when everything was perfect Oliver lined up on the starting line. Oliver was up front as he had won each time trial before the race. However just before the race started another car pulled up even with Oliver. The car which had a wolf howling at moon on its hood pulled up and stopped. The driver lowered his window and nodded once at Oliver, then raised his window and revved his engine. Oliver knew that this was the guy who had rammed his brother off the road. Oliver revved back, he wasn't going to show mercy if the Black Wolf messed up. Sam had been elected as the person who was to start the race. In these races a flare gun was used to start them. So Sam stood in between the two rows of cars pointed the flare gun into the sky, looked directly at Oliver and fired.

Oliver's car shot forward, he had perfected not spinning the wheels when he starts. All other cars expect one other, the Black Wolf spun their wheels. In this split second delay Oliver and the Black Wolf leaped forward and were already going about 80kp/h almost before the other cars had even started. Oliver and his new found opponent took the first corner without braking they just managed to hold on without smashing into an apartment building. This put them both a large distance ahead of the pack, they virtually could forget about the other racers. Their cars were evenly matched the Black Wolf's car was custom made and it showed, the next corner he took without effort his four wheel acting independently of each other the wheel on the inside of the corner were going slower so he turned on a coin. Oliver lost a bit of ground but drifted around the corner not losing much speed and streaked on after his opponent. Oliver was proving his skill at driving at speed he could make the tiniest of adjustments on the wheel without rolling over and dying in a ball of flame. What the two racers up front did not know was that another person in the race was planning on sabotaging it. A few of his friends were setting rode spikes on the road to take down the leaders so their cheating friend could win. In the meantime Oliver knew that he would have to fight hard to win. On the straight near the finish he knew he would have to empty his nitrous tanks to get in front. After the last hairpin bend the straight loomed up on Oliver and the Black Wolf. Oliver kicked his nitro into action and he pulled forward going at 200kp/h. The Black Wolf saw this and kicked his supercharger to the next notch. Little did they know they were racing towards the road spikes. Oliver saw the glint of steel on the road about 500 meters before it, cut his nitrous and slammed on his foot and handbrakes. The Black Wolf saw the spikes too and did the same thing however he was much closer to them than Oliver. He skidded, hit the spikes and flipped, he rolled multiple times and slammed into a lamp post. Oliver felt a sense of stratification about would he just saw but then he realised he was turning sideways.

"Oh not good! Come on you..." Oliver tried in vain to correct himself but going at 90kp/h he couldn't he rolled and flipped too and smashing into a dumpster and was knocked out on impact.

He woke up upside down and watching the other racers blasting past to the finish. He was watching them when, WHOOSH! A fire licked out from the engine and was heading towards the half full nitrous tanks. Oliver swore and tugged at his safety belt it jammed, the clip had been smashed. Oliver shouted,

"This is why I hate these things!"

The fire was circling the tanks, Oliver stopped trying and let he hands go limp.

"Damn, don't have enough time."

The last thing he heard was someone kicking the door out and sawing at his belt.

He regained consciousness on the side of the road lying on someone's leather jacket. He pulled his head up and saw his car, well at the least the crater in the ground where it used to be.

The Black Wolf spoke from behind him.

"Just saved you before the tanks blew that's why I don't use nitro mate. Also before you punch the living day lights out of me, I didn't kill your brother. Contrary to everyone's belief he was a terrible driver. He bribed people to say he was good. Just remember you never saw him race did you? Then of course he lost it going 80 and hit the gas not the brake and flew into a tree. It's mike by the way."

Mike looked at Oliver was unwavering eyes. For some reason Oliver felt the he was telling the truth. He tried to tell himself otherwise but he knew deep down he was hearing the truth. He thought hard about Robert and came to a conclusion.

"Ok Mike, I...I believe you, I thought Rob was too good to be true."

The two men shook hands and started to figure out how they were going to get back at the guys who had almost killed them. So began a new and eventually great racing partnership.