

Prologue – Beginnings

October 12, 09:35

I woke up to the sound of my alarm, this is the start of my new life. To an unknown place I'll go and start living my life. Not permanently, of course, and my sister will do the same; go to a new place, live an exciting life and come back. We'll tell stories about who did what and in the end, everybody wins.

There's one small detail: We're both street racers.

October 12, 11:42

We arrived at the airport and both pulled a city name out of a hat. Mine was Grand City; known for its luxurious inhabitants, that is an easy place for someone like us. Hers, not so much. Harbortown isn't exactly a motor city but they're famous for their off-road tracks; something I'll miss in Grand City.

When our planes docked, we said our goodbyes and hugged like there's no tomorrow. We would be together again after two months but... it'll be a long time for both of us.

October 12, 22:37

My plane arrived a little late to Grand City than its ETA but it's not a problem; I've already arranged my place. The only downside is, I have to wait for morning to get a ride. God I hate taxis.

October 13, 10:00

Today is the day. Day of the beginnings. First I'll need a car. I think a Nissan or a VW would do the trick for now. I already know which streets hold the races in this town; I've done my research. The only thing remaining is the wheels.

October 13 15:23

After a quick search online and some gallery shopping, I think I nailed my first ever car; a Mazda MX-5! It was in almost perfect condition too! Whoever owned this beauty took care of everything. From the clutch to the pipes, this beast is ready to rumble. I'll definitely gather some spotlight with this gem.

The interior is a bit dull for my taste though. But it works and that's what matters, for now. Performance first, glitter later.

October 13 23:16

As my contact said, racers have already gathered around Richmond and Halley. I see that they "classify" cars with their powers. Mine would probably be the lowest, given that it's stock to the core. I see a heavily modified Chevy Cruze; it's been changed so much you can barely see its original chassis. The hood, wheels, suspension... every part of the car is substantially modified.

“Yo! What’cha looking for? Here for sights, gals or the gas?” A man came up to me and asked. He’s probably ‘the man’ for the races.

“Gas, yeah. I’m here to burn some rubber.”

“You look like you can burn rubber on and off the asphalt... Grrr...”

‘The man’ took off while chanting “We have new blood”. I don’t know what that means but I’m eager to find out.

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A couple of minutes later he came back with a paper.

“Look man, if you wanna put pedal to the metal, you gotta sign this. It says that in a case of emergency, only you are responsible. Oh and by the way, don’t forget to add your blood type as well. Just in case.”

That’s what it means!

“Yo, I see hesitation on your eyes. Which one is your car? The Miata?”

“Yes, that one.”

“Isn’t she gor-geous! Looks like stock, which makes it all the better.”

I could get blind by the shine in his eyes; he really loved that car.

“As much as I love this car, I can’t put it higher than the G rank. G rank is the most common rank and it pains me to see her in it. But for someone like you it’s perfect.”

“How so.”

“Every idiot with cash in their hands think that they can race. So they come here. I’ve been here for years now and I’ve never seen an idiot actually wins more than a G rank race. That’s just how it is.”

“So you think I’m one of those idiots.”

“No man, I’ve been watching you for a while and I saw how you look at cars. At their drivers. Gauging their ability with your eyes. Estimating how to beat them. You’re different.”

He stopped talking for a second and continued.

“Let’s make a deal. If you win today’s G-Race, I’ll find you races all across town from all ranks. Finding a car for the race is up to you though. You can ask people to lend their cars if you want but I’d say, don’t hold your breath.”

This time, I waited for a while to respond.

“You’re on.”

I signed the document.

“Lookie lookie, here’s the cookie. Let us make some noise on the streets!”