

Throttle Down

By Romall H. Smith II

One by one, the out stretched fingers began to close. Her grip tightening till a sweaty palm was pressed firmly against the throttle. Oriana's other hand reached up and closed the visor of her helmet. The textured leather glove quickly returned to the Joy stick on her left.

"You will never make it Oriana," a voice crackled in over the com system.

"Last time someone said that..."

Her right hand jammed the throttle forward opening the scramjet inlets to full. A surge of oxygen rushed though letting loose a blue explosion of particles out the back. The speed back racer lurched to the left, but she pulled it back on course. Lights from the street lamps gleam off the racers green hull as it speeds along the metallic street.

"You have got to let go of your past. This is about your future."

"Don't talk to me about my future"

Her right foot pushed the yaw to the floor board. The tail end of the racer whips around to the right narrowly missing the wall.

"Last chance to turn back, your engines will give out if you don't power down"

"I have faith in my engine, but I have none in your words," she said. "I power down you arrest me, I keep going you don't."

"Your broke the law kid, you'll do time but you will be alive"

"Incarceration isn't living it's a prolonged death sentence, no thank you"

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The rotating slats beneath the racer began to turned white. The super-heated air began to ignite hydrogen particle creating white flashes and sparks as Oriana's crafted ran just inches above the road.

"A Green metal triangle riding on White sparks being chased by a blue flame," the voice said. "You have to realize how ridicules this is you aren't John Dillinger. Power down, Now!"

The growing whine of her maglev engine echoed through the craft, creating a reverberation that shook the cockpit. Every bolt and rivet was shaking and rattling.

"You know what is ridiculous?" Oriana asked turning to look over her shoulder. "All that government funding and your cruiser can't catch little ole me in this junker. Should just let me keep the money and I'll build you a faster one"

"That isn't going to happen lady. All units fall back."

A concrete wall in the distance began to grow as the racer sped toward it. Her pursuers, already hundreds of feet behind, throttled down and slowed their pursuit.

"Just gotta hold it together a little longer"

Taking her hand off the throttle, she reached out to the dash and flipped a series of switches. The maglev slats locked in to opposing forty-five degree angles. The white flashes and sparks intensified as she neared the wall. Oriana's racer lifted several feet into the air. The hull screamed as bolts were sheered away. Both hands reached back and grabbed the handles behind her head. The Green triangle shaped racer that had been riding on White sparks while being chased by a blue flame flew in to the air. A shower of pyroclastic dust exploded out the other side of the wall.

"All units be advised; the racer has impacted the wall. There is no sign of the target"