

"He Can Win...
I GANT..."

STREET PEDAL BLACK™

EPISODE III: DOPPELGANGIN 2nd Ed.

AN ENHANCED DIGITAL SHORT NOVEL BY

DEFORREST



LIFE FOREVER



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***Street Pedal Black - Episode III: Doppelgangin [2nd Edition]***

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For all who have supported me so far...



Narrated by Street

“C’mon, Street!” Ped called, holding the door open to my westside garage.

I finished lacing up my skates and picked up my sword harness. “How many times have I told you to call me ‘Dad’?”

“A lot,” he answered, smiling his usual goofy smile.

I picked him up and closed the garage’s back door behind me. Since he also had his skates on, I figured a quick practice session was in order. We went over to the foot-high rail I made so he can practice grinding.

“You think you can do it today?” I asked, setting him down.

Ped quickly clutched my leg, looked up at me, and shook his head. I taught him how to skate, and he caught on quickly for his age, but he was terrified of grinding, “I don’t wanna fall!”

“If you do, get back up and try again. Just try it one time without holding my hand,” I said, shaking him off of me. “If you do that, we’ll pick up somethin’ to eat on the way back. Maybe those tacos you love so much.” That made him light up.

“Okay!” Ped yelled, stepping back a few feet

He focused for a quick second, ran towards the rail, jumped, and...

... landed back on the ground on his wheels.

“What happened?” I asked sarcastically.

“Uh, I chickened out?” he said, nervously giggling.

I just sighed, *Saving an entire city is one thing... teaching him to grind rails, though?*

CLANG!!

Some trash cans fell behind us. I thought I saw a shadow move.

“Hey, who’s there?!” I called, gripping one of my sword hilts. There was just silence in the alley, not even a trace of a random animal digging through trash.

“Street! C’mon!” Ped yelled, still next to the rail.

“Stay there!” I yelled back.

I ran around the corner towards the right side wall, listening for anything. I withdrew one sword and took in everything around me, every single detail. I heard the usual sounds of sirens and random yelling from neighbors but no footsteps. I sheathed my sword and went back to Ped, putting him on my shoulders and heading down the road.

When we got off the subway, Ped and I went through crowds of people hustling to get inside the Boom Coliseum, trying to find the competitors’ entrance. I’m defending my title in the 2nd Annual Freedom Tournament in the city of Bass Chrome, the eastside neighbor of Metal Stereo. It was founded last year as a celebration of the now Government-free tri-city area and to help boost commerce. Competitors sign up in eight different sports and then contend for their respective divisional championships. The eight champions then mix-up their events in a mash-up competition and come out with the Freedom Champion, me being the first and Steeler, the runner-up.

Right now, the evening qualifications are going on. Including me, there are 4 people left in the skating category, and the final event is a battle-royal endurance race. Ped and I wandered through the less-crowded lower garages, looking for two particular mechanics.

“Hey, ya’boy!” a familiar voice yelled.

I looked around and saw X. Hoodo & Hoodie-Bo changing a wheel on their dragster.

“Whassup, Palm-Man!?” I yelled. We did our pound-fists-and-snap-little-fingers handshake that we still don’t have a name for.

“Just another trophy nailed to my ceiling! YA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!!!”

“Hey, Uncle Bo!” Ped called.

Picking him up, “Hey, you came to see me and X win this thing?!”

“Yeah!” he yelled.

X. Hoodo poked out his head from behind the dragster. “We’re not gonna

win anything unless Bo gets over here and with the damn impact wrench!” he yelled, sliding on a new tire.

“I’ll do whatever I damn-hell please!” he said, setting Ped down.

I walked over and peeked at the dragster’s motor, “You guys went with the nitrous after all? You’ll fuck up your engine too quick.”

“You should’ve seen us in our last race,” X. Hoodo said, “We won 8 seconds after the horn.”

“A new record, ya’boy! YA-HA-HA-HA!!” Bo added.

“You think I could ride in that one day, Street?” Ped asked, climbing onto the door.

I think I felt my eyebrow twitch. “Start being brave enough to ride a rail, and we’ll see...”

<ALL SEMIFINALISTS IN THE DRAG RACING CATAGORY, REPORT TO THE STARTING LINE!> the announcer said.

“Let’s go, ya’boy!” Bo yelled, jumping in the back seat. He reached behind him and pulled the starting cable (I heard that was his decision).

VVRRRRROOOOOMMMMMMM!!!!!! VVROOM-VROOM!!

.....

“Bo, why don’t you just get the car started instead of doing that with your mouth?” I groaned.

X. Hoodo shook his head and jumped behind the wheel. They soon disappeared from the garage, heading up into the arena.

Ped ran down into one of the spectator boxes and made it to the front row, putting on his earmuffs to drown out the sound. We saw that they set the racing “bowl” inside the arena floor, giving the cars a chance to run on the wall.

“Hey, Kini,” Ped said, holding the toddler up so she could see the arena.

“Where’d she come from?” I whipped my head around confused.

Suddenly, the back of my knees caved in so hard that I flipped back!

But someone caught me before I hit the floor.

“Blame her parents, Street,” LaTonya was right in my face. “Remember this?”

She instantly dropped me.

I glared right into her purple contacts as I got up, “If you still wore glasses, I’d break them in half right about now.”

“Hmph, I should break you in half for what you did,” she turned her back to me.

I got on the defensive, “Hey, you would’ve-!”

“GET ON YOUR MARKS,” The race was about to start. “GET SET...!!”

The gun sounded and they took off. The Hoods got an early lead with the other cars following close behind.

“Dada?” Kini was tugging on my leg. “I can’t see!”

I picked my daughter up and set her on my shoulders, making extra sure she was steady and her earmuffs stayed in place.

“AND IT’S NECK N’ NECK AROUND THE LAST LAP!” The announcer yelled. “THE BROS. HOOD ARE IN A CLOSE SECOND WITH THE BLACK KNIGHT IN THE LEAD! X. HOODO AND HOODIE-BO ARE GAINING ON HIM!”

“Let’s go, guys!!” I yelled.

“C’mon!!” LaTonya joined.

“Beat that medieval guy down!” Ped yelled.

“Medieval guy?”

“Yeah, Uncle Bo said that he came straight from the past just to race.”

Why X. Hoodo, LaTonya, and I didn’t suffer brain damage from being raised by Bo, I’ll never get.

“Ped, that guy did not come from the past,” I flatly said.

“But Uncle Bo is supposed to be a genius or something,” Ped said.

“No, Hoodie-Bo usually doesn’t know what he’s talkin’ ‘bout sometimes.”

“AND THE WINNER IS THE BLACK KNIGHT!!!”

The entire crowd cheered.

“WITH THE HOODS COMING IN SECOND, THE LIGHT IN THIRD, AND

SORCERER IN FOURTH!!”

“Well, they’ll be pissed off the rest of the night,” I said.

“You’ll probably have better luck in *your* competition,” LaTonya told me, venom on her lips. “You’re up in about half-an-hour.”

“You’re gonna win, right, Street?” Ped said.

“What? You think I won’t?” I asked.

We went back to the garage, where X. Hoodo was replacing another wheel.

“MAN, we were too close, ya’boy!!” Hoodie-Bo screamed.

“Told ya’ they’d be pissed,” I whispered to LaTonya.

“Who isn’t tonight?” she replied while I frowned back at her.

We walked up to the Hoods but kept our distance from Bo’s nonsense.

“We got a bent axle, Bo! Hand me the clamp.” The younger Hood immediately went to work on the dragster, inspecting everything. “AH, A-HOLE! A piston shattered!” Steam rose from the damaged area.

“You guys gotta stop with the nitrous, man.” I said.

“We know what we’re fucken doin’, Street!” X was just livid at life.

Bo pulled me aside and said, “Hey, you’ll be using the bowl in your battle royal, ya’boy.”

“Yeah, I know. But we got ramps and rails, though,” I explained.

Bo leaned in a little. “There’s a weak panel in the right corner across the starting line. Stay away from it. It’ll make you lose and defeated, ya’boy.”

“ALL SEMIFINALISTS IN THE SKATING BATTLE ROYAL, REPORT IN THE CENTER OF THE ARENA IN FIVE MINUTES.” The announcer said.

“Alright! Time for another title win,” I said, stretching out outside the locker room.

“Dada, can I go?!” Kini babbled, not understanding what I was about to do. I just smiled and picked her up over my head.

“Tell ya’ what, I’ll put the trophy in your room,” I said, giving a peck on her nose.

She laughed for a while before I handed her to my wife.

“Good luck, Street!” Ped shouted, hugging her leg.

LaTonya paused for moment, just staring at me, before leaning in towards my face... but she stopped midway and grimaced. I didn't think she'd be this mad from our race.

“L, we'll talk about-”

She then locked lips with me for a quick kiss, “And don't break yourself...” LaTonya will have to deal with herself for a while. She's the one who really started this mess in our race—she tried to trip me first...

I let the wheels out of my skates, put on my helmet, and went down the arena hall, eventually meeting up with three very familiar people in the bottom corridor.

“Hey, it's Street!” a guy with three-wheeled skates called Motor shouted.

His ever-silent brother Wheels just nodded to me. I think I'm up to four on the number of times I've actually heard him say anything. I looked around again—I know I saw the third person here.

Suddenly, I found two slender arms around me, “And where have you been?” Jetta whispered into my ear.

“I could ask you guys the same thing,” I said, sliding from her embrace. “Could've used your help with that *little* Blade Governor thing a few years ago. I mean, we DID HAVE THAT, ya know.”

“FFFUUUCCCKKKKK that!” Motor walked up to me. “You wanna keep fighting mechanical motherfuckers all your life, that's you.”

Jetta turned me towards her, holding my neck gently and flirting some more, “You couuulldd run away with me if you want... Ya know, my offer from the Pound all those years ago still stands... We could make little 'half & halves' together.”

“Ped and Kini are enough for me... and do you want me to pass that along to Steeler?” She backed off, a little shaken.

The three of them are known as the Jet Iron Rollers. The siblings were some of the first people I met when I was taken to the Child Pound, and they're a formidable skating crew... but it turns out that they're a little chickenshit when it comes to fighting the Government!

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE LAST EVENT OF THE NIGHT, THE SKATING BATTLE ROYAL!!”

We could hear the muffled cheers from the arena, and the Rollers' theme

music played. The three skated down the corridor, leaving me to stretch for my entrance.

“NOW ENTERING THE ARENA, THEY ARE... WHEELS, MOTOR, AND JETTA, THE JET IRON ROLLERS!!!”

The crowds cheered, shouted their names, and pyros rumbled and shook the walls.

But that was nothing compared to what I’m about to bring...

“AND THEIR OPPONENT...”

The arena went pitch black.

Smoke and strobe lights went off around me.

My theme music played, and I stepped out into the arena.

The people cheered like no tomorrow.

“HE IS THE REIGNING FREEDOM TOURNAMENT CHAMPION...”
“STREET PEDAL!!”

“STREET PEDAL!!”

“THE FIRE OF METAL STEREOOOOOOOOO

“STREET PEDAL!!”

“STREET PEDAL!!”

“STREET — PEDAL — BLACK!!!”

I skated a lap around the arena, making sure to avoid the loose panel, and cameras went off like machine guns. You wouldn’t believe the electricity from moments like this! You just gotta be here to feel it—Hell, you have to *be me* to know it!

Once the initial high died down and I listened a little more carefully to the crowd, I heard some very noticeable boos. Imagining how brutal the incident with my wife must’ve looked, I understood that...

But fuck the haters. I SAVED THIS CITY!

I went to the arena center and joined the others.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE RULES OF THE SKATING BATTLE ROYAL.” The bowl started to rise up. I noticed more ramps and half-pipes on the field this year. “THE COMPETITORS ARE ELIMINATED BY FALLING OUT OF THE DOME, GIVING UP, OR COMPLETE INCAPACITATION.”

Or “death”; go ahead and say it, I thought. It happened last year, so why not?

“COMPETITORS, TO EACH CORNER OF THE BOWL,” I went to the corner across from the broken panel. “THIS IS FOR A SPOT IN THE SKATING CATEGORY FINALS! READY?!!!”

Suddenly, the lights flickered on and off and then went out completely. The crowds murmured and started to shout a little. The emergency lights dimly came on.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, DO NOT BE ALARMED,” the announcer said. “WE ARE ONLY EXPERIENCING ELECTRICAL SURGES. COMPETITION WILL RESUME SHORTLY. STAND BY!”

I turned on my radio and set it for open channel, “Guys, what’s goin’ on?”

<I don’t know, ya’boy,> Bo answered. <It’s probably just rats.>

“Crap-ass stadium with its crap-ass loose panels n’ shit...” I murmured.
BOOMMM!!

“What the hell!?” I screamed. The dome of the stadium exploded! “And its CRAP-ASS ROOF!”

The crowds started to haul ass out of there.

<Street, what’s happening?!> LaTonya shrieked.

Debris was falling everywhere!

“Tonya, get the kids outta here, NOW!” I yelled.

I watched her pick them up and charge through the people, while the Jet Iron Rollers and I skated away from the blast area. After a few moments, I realized that the explosion, while huge, came from a small section of the roof.

<Street, we’ll get the dragster and be out there in a minute!> X. Hoodo called.

I couldn’t see the night sky through all of the smoke, but all of a sudden, a light flashed and shot through. We had to shield our eyes, but I spotted a dark mark that grew into a full silhouette.

“This... will be good.”

That voice echoed throughout the arena... but that was *my* voice! The light finally dimmed, and the crowds slowed down, turning to their attention to the damaged dome.

“Hey! Who’s up there?!” I screamed.

“*I see. My original,*” The person with my voice appeared. “The Fire of Metal Stereo.”

“W-w-what?!” I shrieked, nearly tripping on my own skates. He looked exactly like me! “Who the fuck are you?!”

He wore a white wave cap with diamond-lens goggles, a black vest, a white shirt with black triangles along the hems with a black leotard underneath, and black pants, gloves, and shoes with the same designs. His face looked exactly like mine, except his sideburns were shaped into L’s, and he had a gold earring in his left ear.

But forget what he looked like for a second: the real problem was that he was floating in the air!!

“This was the last piece of the puzzle,” He reached behind him and pulled out what looked like... a Lightning Conductor?!

“Hey, fool!” I shouted, “Who are you, and what are you doing with that?!”

He looked down at me and floated down to one of the half-pipes, “I’m more handsome than I thought... A shame that I have to rip your face into shreds.”

“Last time I’m gonna ask,” I threatened, “Who-are-you?!”

He lazily tossed the cube in the air. The moment he caught it, bolts of energy surrounded him, “I am the perfect entity. My name is Streak Pedal Dark.”

I actually eased up with that, “... Really... “Streak?” That’s the best you could do you? Real fucken original!”

“Oh, so you’ve seen THIS before?!” With that, he fired a bolt of lightning straight from his hand! I managed to back flip away, but the ground underneath me exploded, launching me and the Rollers to the other side of the bowl, nearly falling out!

“Strong words for someone who is about to feel the real power of the State of the Giga-Bio,” he said. “I’m disappointed that you’re at this tournament unarmed. I wanted to test you at your very best.”

TARGET 1: STREAK PEDAL DARK

We suddenly heard an engine revving, and the Hood Brothers flew onto the arena floor with their dragster, leaving a dust storm in their trail.

“Street, catch!” X. Hoodo tossed me my sword harness, and I ran straight at Streak.

“What was that shit about being unarmed!!?” I screamed, unleashing both blades.

He tossed the cube in the air again, caught it, and yelled, “My power is called... the SURROUND!!!”

Lightning bolts and pure energy shot from him! Streak ran off the half-pipe and towards me with the cube in front, going at least four times as fast! I jumped back and swung my sword like a baseball bat as he passed.

But he was just a big black blur.

“Is that your best?” I heard him echo.

“What?!” My sword passed right through his torso! He jumped on top of a rail and grinded towards X. Hoodo and Hoodie-Bo.

“Get ‘em, ya’boy!” They sped towards Streak at full speed, but the fake jumped at least 50 feet when they reached him!

“Man, what in the hell are you?!” X. Hoodo screamed, slamming on the brakes with a small spinout.

My imposter floated in the air and pointed at me, “Street Pedal Black, I challenge you!

“If you truly value your city, meet me in the streets near the old GOTC Headquarters.”

Streak charged up the Lightning Conductor and then teleported away! And I was left still staring at the hole in the ceiling.

The Rollers and the Hoods ran up to me, with X shaking my shoulder, “You okay, man?”

I dropped my swords and fell to my knees. The dome collapsed more with debris falling second by second, “My swords went right through him, X. What... the fuck... can we do?!”

“C’mon, ya’boy. You beat the Blade Governor, and you can beat this evil twin-imposter guy down, too. And we got your back this time, I think so,” Hoodie-Bo tried to say. “Let’s go down to the Headquarters and get that fool!”

THANK YOU FOR READING.

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