

Hawk Davidson: Extreme Athlete Escape from Rival

Contents

| | |
|--|-----------|
| 1 Doubletrack..... | 1 |
| 2 Meeting with the Bosses | 6 |
| 3 Hawk Visits Sam..... | 13 |
| 4 The Offer | 16 |
| 5 The Mission | 20 |
| 6 Rival Territory | 29 |
| 7 Escape | 34 |
| 8 Airborne | 39 |
| 9 Heading Home | 42 |



The RIVAL Building

CHAPTER 1

Doubletrack

Hawk Davidson was gaining. A minute ago he had been behind. But now he was just in back of Sam, the leader of the pack. The new extra-light frame was doing its job well. He had passed all the other riders. In a few seconds he could make his move. But Hawk had raced against Sam before and knew it would not be easy.

The course narrowed into a tight double-track. There was one more switchback left. Then it would be a final sprint to the finish line. Hawk

began to pedal his mountain bike faster. Now he was right behind Sam. Mud from Sam's tires was flying in Hawk's face. As the two riders came to the switchback, Hawk swooped around the turn. He was now side-by-side with Sam. The two riders spun like crazy toward the finish line. In the final 50 yards, Hawk began to pull ahead. He won the race by a tire length.

"Thought I had that one all wrapped up," said Sam. "How did you come from behind so fast?"

"I just saved the best for last," Hawk said.

"I think there's a little more to it than that, Hawk. I've never seen a bike like that before. Can I take a closer look at it?" Sam asked.

Hawk had a lot of respect for Samantha Turner. Not only was she pretty, but she was Hawk's main competition. Like Hawk, Sam was skilled at most extreme sports.

"You know I can't do that, Sam. First of all, it's not my bike. It is owned by ACME Extreme Sports. Second, any gear I bring to the course to test for ACME is top secret. It goes right back to them after the race. Besides, you work for RIVAL Extreme Sports now. How do I know you won't tell them about the bike?"

"I thought there were no secrets among fellow thrashers," Sam answered. "But if you insist . . ."

Hawk watched her walk away. Then he

took the bike to an ACME van. The van was parked in the lot next to the track. Mick, the driver, was waiting in the van. Mick was 55 years old. He had been with ACME for 30 years. Besides driving trucks and vans for ACME, he also knew how to fly planes and copters.

"Well done, Hawk. I always like to watch you race," Mick said. "The ACME Bosses will be glad to hear that you and the new bike won. ACME should make a lot of money with this new model."

"Thanks, Mick. I think the frame will be a hit with the hard-core riders. Make sure it gets back to ACME safe, OK?"

"Don't I always?" Mick said. He placed

the bike in the van and drove off.

Hawk took a last look at the track. He could see the other riders talking. Next to them he saw Sam talking on her cell phone. *She looks busy, thought Hawk. I'm sure I'll see her again soon.*

Hawk got on his motorcycle and went home.

CHAPTER 5

The Mission

You will go to the copter pad at ACME tomorrow at 5:00 a.m. Mick will be there. He will then fly you close to the RIVAL building. You will parachute into the base. Then you will be on your own. Make sure you pick up these things at ACME before you leave: cell phone, watch, parachute, tool kit, Power Bars, water bottle, mag lite.

Hawk checked the note one last time. He had his chute and backpack with him. He was sure he had everything on the list. Then he

walked toward the copter pad.

"Hello, Hawk. Ready for some pre-dawn flying?" Mick said.

"Ready as I'll ever be," Hawk said. "Glad you're OK, Mick. I wouldn't want anyone else flying this mission."

Mick smiled as he started the copter. "Won't take us long to get to RIVAL by air," Mick said.

"Do you know why ACME and RIVAL hate each other so much?" Hawk asked.

"Goes back a long way," Mick said as they took off. "All the way back to the early 70s and the start of mountain biking."

Mick liked to talk about the 'old days'

when he had raced. "The first moto-cross and mountain bikes were standard bikes. They were changed for racing and stunts by bikers in northern California. Within a few years, people were planning local races. They raced their custom-made 'Clunkers' as they were called back then."

"I've seen a few of the early models. They sure were heavy back then. Some weighed up to 35 pounds!" Hawk said.

"That's true," Mick said. "They had nothing like alloy frames. They began to use those frames in the late '70s. Anyway, ACME was one of the first companies to build those 'Clunkers.' The company grew. They began to make skateboards. Then they made roller blades,

mountain climbing gear and other extreme sports equipment. Lots of people like me went to work for ACME to try out the latest stuff. There was one man I used to race with. We were good friends in those days. He was a skilled athlete. But his skills went far beyond sports."

Hawk watched as Mick paused before going on.

"He was always at work on the test bikes and other gear. He would design his own models. Then he would show them to ACME. He would also give the ACME Bosses advice on how to sell the equipment. In a few years the ACME Bosses let him into their closed circle. His ideas made the firm lots of money. Soon ACME was one of the

top sports companies in the world. And then something tragic happened. I remember it like it was yesterday . . ."

Mick talked some more about ACME. Hawk's thoughts turned to Sam. He hoped he hadn't made her mad. He didn't think Sam took the bike. But then who did? The only people who knew about it, other than the ACME Bosses, were Sam and Mick.

Hawk was surprised by a tap on his shoulder. "We're almost there," Mick yelled over the sound of the engines. "I'm going to fly right over the RIVAL building. There should be just enough light on the roof for you to land safely. From there you should be able to find a door on

the roof to get into RIVAL."

Great, thought Hawk. How did I get in this mess?

Mick went on, "After you jump, I will fly around RIVAL for a few minutes. That should distract the guards. It should also give you some extra time."

"I'll need all the help I can get," Hawk said.

Mick went on, "Once you have the bike you must get out of RIVAL territory. The tracking device in the bike will tell me where you are. Listen for the engines and be ready to get in the helicopter as soon as I land."

"OK," Hawk said, "But what if you are . . ."

"Ready!" Mick yelled. "Jump!"

Hawk stepped out of the copter and started to fall. He had jumped from planes many times, but not like this. He could barely see the roof of the RIVAL building. The building had fifteen floors. It sat on top of a mountain. There were steep hills on all sides. A river wound around the base of the hills. Escaping from RIVAL would not be easy.

Hawk tried to look for a route down the mountain. It was not quite sunrise and he couldn't see a way down the mountain. He pulled the cord to the chute and felt a tug as the chute opened. He could hear the sound of Mick's engines as he steered himself toward the rooftop.



"Ready!" Mick yelled. "Jump!"

Mick was right. There was just enough light to avoid landing on anything dangerous. Hawk hit the roof hard and rolled. The chute covered him. Now he could now hear voices. Hawk quickly freed himself from the chute. He folded it up and put it in his pack.

Hawk saw several hatches on the rooftop. He tried the first hatch. It was locked. He rushed to another. This one opened. As Hawk climbed down the stairs he could no longer hear Mick's copter. He was now on his own.