

Speedsuit Powers: Chapter 1 and 2a Excerpt

Speedsuit Powers
The Powersuit: Book One
By: Allen Paul Weaver III

This is a preview copy of chapter one and a few pages of chapter two. This preview copy is part of the book, *Speedsuit Powers*, which was published in 2009. THIS IS FOR REVIEW PURPOSES ONLY.

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Chapter One The New Kid

The alarm clock goes off just before dawn... It sits on a makeshift stand next to the bed—blaring its squawking drone—which is ignored for several minutes before a massive array of covers, comics, magazines, and textbooks begin moving. An arm lurches out from beneath the fabric mass and slams hard on the snooze button. Next to the clock, a calendar sits—the date circled with orange ink: Tuesday, September 9, 2008—the first day of school.

"Curtis! Wake up!" a woman's voice yells from down the short hallway. The form beneath the covers moves just enough to get his mouth out into the open.

"Five more minutes, Mom...!" He pulls his face back underneath the covers as he hears the click-clack of his mother's shoes approaching. A moment later she forcefully uses the door like a shovel to push aside a large clump of clothes on the floor.

"Curtis, your room is a mess! When you come home today, I want it cleaned. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Mom..." he moans from beneath the sheets.

"And you don't have five minutes. You need to get up right now! I don't want you to be late on your first day."

"Ok. Two minutes... please!"

"I made your favorite breakfast..." she says cheerily, "but if you're not in the kitchen in two minutes, I'll find something else to do with it."

"All right, I'm up!" He throws back the covers with a grunt, and sits up, causing some of his books to slide off the bed—hitting the floor with a thud. His mom can't help but smile as she sees his hair—matted and disheveled.

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"Two minutes or your food is gone," she says. "I'm serious! I've got to finish getting ready for work; and don't forget I've got class tonight—so I'll be home late."

He turns and looks at his mother. "I can't wait till you finish your degree, Mom."

"Me too," she says while turning to walk out of his room and back down the hall. "Me too."

Curtis' stomach growls as he thinks about breakfast. He may be sleepy, but that doesn't matter when his favorite meal is waiting for him. He inhales deeply, as the slight aroma whiffs past his nose, and says with a smile, "Yep! I can smell it from here!"

The phone rings.

"That could be your brother," mom yells from down the hall, "he said he'd try to call this morning!"

Curtis jumps up and runs down the hall, barely missing a collision with his mother. "Try not to kill yourself!"

He gets to the kitchen, checks the caller ID and quickly picks up the phone.

"Omar!" Curtis smiles from ear to ear.

"Hey, little brother! How are things going?"

"Good! Mom's being pushy though," he says sarcastically.

"Nothing new there," Omar laughs, "you know she's just anxious about your first day."

"Yeah, I know." Curtis moves his mother's textbook to the table and settles into the chair next to the phone.

"You ready?" his older brother probes.

"I guess so. I wish dad was here."

"Yeah... me too. Things would be a lot easier if he was. But listen, you're the man of the house while I'm away. Don't worry about the new school. You got this."

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"I hope so."

"Trust me, little bro. Would I lead you wrong?"

Curtis laughs. "Well..."

Omar laughs as well. "Let me rephrase that. Would I intentionally lead you wrong?"

"That's a better way of saying it. No. You wouldn't."

"All right, then."

"So how's the navy today?" he asks excitedly, "are you doing anything new?"

"Now you know I'm always doing something exciting. I just finished working on a Harrier's jet engine yesterday."

"A Harrier jet! You got to email me a picture!"

"I'll see what I can do."

"You ever see one take off?"

"A bunch of times; take off and landing."

"Wow... I've only seen one on TV."

"Yeah, it's pretty amazing to see it up close. The thrust from the engine is crazy! If you stand too close it'll knock you on your backside."

They both laugh before Omar continues.

"But listen, you gotta get going. I don't want you to be late for school. My ship is pulling out of port later today, so I'll call you in a few days."

"Hey."

"Yeah?"

Curtis' eyes tear up. "I... miss you."

"I miss you too, bro. Can you put Mom on the phone?"

"You got it." Curtis cranes his head out into the hallway. "Ma! Omar's on the phone for you!"

"I got it," she calls from her bedroom. "And don't forget to eat your food! It's in the oven!"

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Curtis listens as his mother starts talking; then hangs up the phone and quickly makes his way to the oven. As he opens the door, the warm aroma intensifies around his nose.

"Mmm... I love mom's pancakes." He puts on a protective glove, pulls the warm plate out of the oven and sits it on the table. The butter has already melted as he pours a hefty serving of maple syrup. In his hurry, he forgot his journal and runs back to his room to get it. Once back at the table, he says a quick prayer and downs a fork-full of pancakes as he opens up the book to the last entry. As he swallows, he wastes no time taking a few gulps from the large glass of milk.

He pauses as he looks down at the page and recalls his first time writing in a journal. It was three years earlier.



"Curtis, you've always loved to write. I think you should start keeping a journal about your thoughts and feelings. It will help you handle your father's death better," said the psychologist.

He reached into his desk drawer, pulled out a notebook and pen and gave them to Curtis. Days passed as the book and pen laid unused on his messy desk. Eventually, Curtis made his way over and stared at them for a long moment before opening the notebook to the first page. He slowly reached for the pen, clicked the tip, and began to write as a tear dropped from his cheek to the page...

June 25, 2005. Entry number one.

"My dad is dead... and I don't know what to do."



A ray of sunlight pierces the kitchen window, momentarily blinding Curtis—snapping him back to the present. He thinks about the dusty cardboard box sitting underneath his desk. Inside are seven worn notebooks, each with a year on the cover.

"Wow..." Curtis says to himself as he thinks back over the past three years. "Writing *has* helped keep me from going crazy." He smiles to himself as he begins to write a new entry:

Entry number 1,102. Tuesday September 9, 2008.

"Maybe today won't be a bad day after all. But I won't know if I don't hurry up and get out of here." He closes the journal, quickly eats the rest of his food, and gets ready for the new day.



As Curtis headed for the train, he thought back to when he, his brother, and his mother first moved into the neighborhood. It was a far cry from their dream home in the suburbs of Teaneck, New Jersey: a five bedroom, three-story house—four if you counted the basement—with a large front yard and an above-ground pool and trampoline in the backyard. Dad had designed it with rooms for everyone and even had his own study.

But that changed after he died. The money bled away—like blood hemorrhaging from a deep wound that wouldn't heal. Mom couldn't keep up with the mortgage payments and there was a problem with dad's life

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insurance policy. One by one the cable, phone and electricity were cut off, until the house was lost and they had to move out.

They had nowhere to go. Mom was an only child and her parents lived in the mid-west. She couldn't see moving Curtis and Omar out there. They just needed someplace to stay temporarily until the family could get back on their feet.

Help came from Aunt Ophelia, one of dad's sisters. She wanted to move back down South; and would be willing to sub-lease her apartment. It was a small three-bedroom place, but it was better than nothing. There was only one catch... it was in one of the worst areas in the South Bronx.

Loud music played at all times of the day. The sidewalks were overrun with trash and the playgrounds were covered with graffiti. Drug dealers stood on corners and gang members walked boldly on the blocks. Building stairwells and elevators smelled like urine most of the time, and people argued in nearby apartments. And when the police showed up, they arrived in force, not knowing what to expect.

Talk about culture shock! But, it was all the three of them had. Aunt Ophelia made things better by introducing them to other families who lived in the same building and nearby—people who chose to make the most out of their situation. They watched out for the Powers family and over time became close friends.

There was a lot to learn and get used to when the family moved into the neighborhood. Mom took many precautions to ensure her boys' safety. Curtis couldn't go outside by himself; Omar would always have to accompany him and even then they couldn't be out once

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it got dark. But, that was almost two years ago. Now the family was more at ease—not laid back—just more at ease.



A passing train, in the distance, catches his attention as he walks faster. He often ‘lived in his head’, but the sounds of the city have a way of snapping his thoughts back to the present. He passes a nearby corner, where two guys stand, wearing the usual urban gear: baggy jeans, fitted hats, name-brand shirts, thick watches and rugged-style boots. He notices them looking at his corduroy pants, faded shirt, jacket and no-name-brand sneakers. They nod in his direction as he approaches.

“What up, Curtis?” one guy says.

He stops for a moment, “How’s it going guys?”

They exchange handshakes.

“How’s your brother doin’?” the first guy asks.

“Good. I just spoke to him this morning.”

“You tell him we said, what’s up. Aiight?”

“I will.” Curtis looks towards the train station.

“You goin’ to school?” the other guy asks.

“First day,” Curtis says, while pushing his slightly oversized glasses up on the bridge of his nose. He wished they didn’t keep sliding down his face, but money’s too tight to get a new pair.

“You’re a smart kid. Keep your head in them books and do somethin’ with your life. If you got any problems, you let us know.”

“Thanks,” Curtis says. “Be safe out here.”

“Keep your head up, lil’ Curt,” the first guy says.

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Curtis remembers when his brother hung out with those guys; but his thoughts don't stay long as he starts running towards the station. The train is coming in the distance and he hopes he's fast enough.



"Please stand clear of the closing doors!" blares through the muffled speakers as Curtis narrowly clears the doors, presses through the crowd and finds a lone, empty seat between two large women. He'd rather stand, than sit between them, but his heaving chest dictates otherwise.

A full speed run, for a block and a half felt good, but now he's paying the price. He awkwardly forces his way between them and closes his eyes while trying to breathe deeply. The woman to his left is reading a book, while the other talks on her cell phone. *Spanish class sure comes in handy*, he thinks to himself, as he listens to her loud conversation.

The train's brakes release, with a burst of compressed air, and starts pulling out of the station. Curtis winces in pain as he pulls a folded piece of paper from his back pocket, while trying not to disturb the two women. He reads the directions again and scans the station map on the wall. It was just a few days ago when he and his mother took this route, but he still felt nervous—and this nervousness made it difficult to calm his breathing on his own. He needed his inhaler.

"Phssshh..." He breathes in deeply as he brings the pump cylinder from his mouth, replaces the cap and puts it back into his jacket pocket.

"Are you alright?" asks the woman who's reading the book. Curtis notices the textured leather cover and thin,

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gold lined pages of her book. He nods his head with a slight smile and pushes the rims of his glasses back up on his nose.

“It’s just asthma.”

“As long as you’re alright. I’ll be sure to say a prayer for you,” she says with a warm smile.

“Thank you, ma’am.”

She raises her eyebrows in surprise—it seems to be a lost art among many youth these days... to show basic respect to their elders.

The train goes through the tunnel and rides on the elevated tracks. Buildings blur as Curtis turns and looks out the window. The two women change their positions slightly, to accommodate him.

“Sorry...” he says.

Now on his knees, staring down at the track, Curtis whispers familiar thoughts to himself—like a self-defeating mantra:



All I've ever wanted to do in life was run. Even in my dreams, I hear the sound of sneakers hitting pavement—rhythmic steps like mini explosions propelling me forward—but asthma won't release its grip! Maybe some dreams aren't meant to come true.



The train screeches to a halt, jarring Curtis' thoughts back to the present. He rises from his seat and exits with the crowd of people, walks down a few flights of stairs and passes through the revolving gates. Once on the street, he

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heads down the block towards the school. He can't help but notice the other students; many wearing the latest styles of clothing, while he looks ordinary. Some look at him and laugh at the way he's dressed.

Curtis tries not to think about them as he focuses his thoughts on his second love: science.

"I wish dad were here," he says to himself. Just as the words leave his mouth, he finds himself suddenly standing in his father's study, back in their New Jersey home. The smell of old and new books fill the air as bookshelves line the wall of the octagonal-shaped room; illuminated by the natural light from four massive skylights in the ceiling.

Curtis scans numerous shelves, which hold several thousand books, magazines and journals on a variety of topics: string theory; particle physics; philosophy; the law of aerodynamics; architecture of ancient civilizations; and so much more... One column of custom shelves, with glass partitions, house detailed replicas of actual buildings designed by his dad. Next to these shelves sits a well-used drafting table, chair and lamp.

Curtis can see everything in his mind, as if he was actually there. In a flash, he and Omar are sitting with their father in front of his drafting table at work.

"Dad!" he exclaims, but no one hears him. He just stands nearby and watches them, looking at schematic drawings of 3D model buildings. He can smell the large format blueprint paper, the ink toner and even the pencil lead. As he draws closer to his father, he smiles when his father begins to speak.

"Boys, don't let anyone steal your dreams from you. If you can dream it, then you can build it. You just have to use your imagination to see all the parts and how they relate to each other."

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In another flash, Curtis finds himself standing in his parents' bedroom—in a suit and tie. The only thing he didn't like about going to work with dad was that he and Omar had to wear suits—like he did. It's amazing how clear these memories were and how Curtis could remember the conversation, word for word:

"Dad, why do we have to wear suits?"

"People take you seriously when you are well dressed. They respect you more."

"I don't care what other people think."

"You don't care about what your mother thinks?"

"Dad, you *know* what I mean!"

"Really? *Tell* me what you mean. Don't just assume someone knows what you're talking about. Now, do you care about what your mother thinks?"

"Yeah!"

"What about your brother? I know you care about what he thinks. You always want to do what he's doing."

"Yeah," Curtis says in a softer tone.

"What about me? Do you care about what I think?"

"Yes."

"Well, there you go. What about your friends at school? You care about what they think?"

"Dad, I get the point."

"You do? What is my point, Son?"

"I care about what people think."

"To varying degrees, we all do. But here's the question we need to ask ourselves: 'Is this person whose opinion I value, worthy of me listening to him in the first place?'"

"What do you mean?"

"Basically, does the person have your best interest at heart or are they trying to use you?"

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Curtis' eyebrows wrinkle. "How do I know the difference?"

"Now *that* is an even better question! Most people don't care about knowing the difference. If they did, it would help keep them out of a lot of trouble. You think about that for a while. In the meantime, tuck your shirt in and fix your tie; then tell your brother we're leaving in five minutes."



Curtis finds himself standing in front of the school building; a growing line of students wait to pass through the security checkpoint.

"It's early and there's already a line?" He joins the others and grows increasingly uneasy. Being new at a new school isn't fun and making friends is hard. *I need a new project*, he thinks—as a way to divert his attention. But as he looks around, he admits that he does care what others think about him. But how does he tell the difference between those who are for him and those who are against him? Soon, after being scanned, Curtis enters the halls of Rheuman High School for the first time.



"Thank you for coming in early to meet with me, Mr. Powers. I've been looking through your transcripts and I must admit that I'm impressed. I rarely see grades like these. This is simply tremendous! I know your parents must be very proud of you."

"...Yes."

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Curtis finds himself seated in front of his guidance counselor, Mrs. Fuller: a very stately looking woman—perhaps in her fifties—regal in her attire, wearing an impeccably starched and creased gray tweed business suit. Her reading glasses sit on the tip of her nose as she leafs through Curtis' transcript folder.

"You are one very smart young man, Curtis. I see you took both biology and chemistry while still in middle school in New Jersey."

"I really like science."

"I can see that. Tell me, how did you cope with being in a class with older students?"

"I mostly kept to myself. The teachers made sure the older students didn't bother me."

"So do you think you're ready for physics?" She takes off her glasses and looks directly at Curtis. "I want to warn you, Mr. Grabowski takes his class very seriously. Most students try to avoid his class and prefer Mr. Peeker because they say he's more personable. Unfortunately for you—or maybe not—Mr. Peeker's class is already full, so you'll *have* to take Mr. Grabowski's class. He will push you, but I think you might be up for the challenge. Am I right, Curtis, do you think you're up for the challenge?"

"I sure hope so."

"Well, the arrangements have been made. I just wanted to make sure. You have several advanced classes, including pre-calculus. That's a formidable workload for a freshman student."

"I can do it," Curtis says assuredly.

Mrs. Fuller smiles. "I like the 'can-do' attitude. I'm pretty sure you can. Just know I'm here if you have any issues—any issues at all. Don't forget to take advantage of extra help if you need it."

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"Thank you. I won't."

She closes his folder and looks at the young boy before her. For all of his apparent confidence, she can see something in his eyes—a bit of uneasiness. She isn't quite sure *why* it's there. Maybe it's the new school or perhaps it's something deeper.

"So, tell me Curtis, what do you want to be when you grow up?"

His face grimaces ever so slightly; but she picks up on the expression immediately.

"I... want to be either an engineer or an architect like my father."

"Those are two excellent choices she says cautiously. Against her better judgment, she asks the next question. "Where does your father work?"

"He used to work for an architectural firm in Manhattan..." his voice trails off.

Is he unemployed? She thinks to herself. That information isn't in his files. Is he incarcerated? Lord, I hope he's not...

Curtis can see her eyes—her mind working, trying to put the pieces of the puzzle together. He takes a deep breath as she slowly leans forward in her chair, trying to decide how to phrase her next question.

Curtis cuts to the chase, "My dad died a few years back... when I was in 6th grade."

"I'm so sorry to hear that, Curtis." Images of a horrific car crash assault her mind. "That piece of important information wasn't in your file. It sounds like you and he had a special relationship."

"We did."

She hesitates for a moment as she asks her next question. "Do you... have any siblings?"

"My older brother, Omar; he's in the military."

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"Really?" she says relieved, "Which branch?"

"The navy."

"That's wonderful! Are you two close?"

"Very. We like pretty much the same things."

"So he's good in science and math as well?"

"He's studying to be a mechanical engineer."

"Do you get to see him often?"

"Not really, but he tries to call every week. I spoke to him this morning."

"I'm glad you are surrounded by people who are supportive. And your mother? Is she... alive?"

"Yes." Curtis smiles.

"Good," Mrs. Fuller says with a large grin. "What does she do?"

"She works and goes to school for her masters."

"She sounds very ambitious: working full time, going to school and raising two sons on her own after losing your father."

"She's the strongest person I know."

"It's inspiring to hear stories about people who overcome incredible odds, especially women. I'd love to meet your mother some day."

"I'm sure she'd like to meet you too. She knew all my teachers back at my old school."

"It sounds like she's very involved in your education."

"She is."

"If I may ask, how did your father die?"

Instantly, his mind goes back to that day when they first found out.



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“Malcolm, I’m afraid I have some bad news,” the doctor said as he entered the room. “Are you sure you want your sons in here with you?”

Mr. Powers took his sons’ hands in his own—Omar in his right and Curtis in his left. “They’re going to find out anyway. It might as well be now.”

“I’m afraid your condition is worse than we thought.” the doctor said as he looked up from the paperwork pensively.

Malcolm tried to force a smile for his boys. “How much worse?”

“It’s inoperable. Perhaps if we’d caught it sooner...”



Curtis hesitates. “I don’t want to talk about my father’s death right now.”

“I respect your wishes. Losing a parent is never easy. My father died in a car crash a few years after I graduated from college. That was a long time ago, but sometimes it’s still difficult to talk about—even now.” She struggles to fight back her own tears.

Curtis looks down at his lap. “I’m sorry... I didn’t know.”

“How could you have known? Our experience may not be exactly the same, but we can relate.”

“I keep myself focused on school. It’s one of the only things that keep me from going crazy. Besides, doing my best would make my dad happy.”

“Your choice to honor your father’s memory is admirable,” Mrs. Fuller says with a smile. “Thank you for your openness. If you ever need to talk, come and see me.”

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Curtis nods as his guidance counselor stands up, while grabbing a slip of paper. "Here's your class schedule. Make sure you have a great day, alright?"

"You, too." Curtis stands, takes his schedule, and walks to the office door. He stops and turns back toward her.

"Sometimes I cry and write in my journal." He opens the door and leaves.

Mrs. Fuller watches him walk down the hall as she says to herself, "Me too, Curtis. Me too..." She turns and looks at her overflowing student filing cabinet. *Now that was a breath of fresh air*, she thinks to herself. "So many students; so many problems; so many distractions; so little time. I wish more had motivation like him."

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Chapter Two Enter the Bully

As the first bell of the morning rings, the halls of the school are filled with students, teachers, and security personnel.

"Alright, let's keep it moving people! It's the first day of a brand new school year. Let's start it off right! Keep it moving!"

Several hall monitors are inundated with questions from freshmen who have no idea where they should be headed. Over the roar of hundreds of jabbering students, locker doors can be heard slamming as most students make last minute preparations for their first class. As usual, an extra five to ten minutes has been allotted for freshmen that get lost trying to find their way. However, there are those who choose to take this time to goof off.

Treyshawn, a young man who could care less about school, comes around the corner. As he walks with his friends, he readily shoves other students out of his way.

"Watch out, fool! You see me walkin' here?"

A massive hall monitor sees him. "Mr. Jenkins. I'm sure you had an eventful summer, but summer's over. You know the rules, lose the do-rag."

Treyshawn reluctantly pulls it off his head. "I told you about sayin' my last name, Mr. Andre."

"I know you don't like it. And maybe I don't like how you act in my hallway."

"Since when is it your hallway?"

"You see this shirt? What does it say? *Hall Monitor*. That means these are my halls, TJ."

"Don't call me TJ either. You know my name is *Lil' Treacherous*."

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Mr. Andre laughs. “*That* was a good one—*Lil’ Treacherous*.... Please. That may be your name in the streets, but this ain’t the streets. In here, you’re Treyshawn Jenkins, otherwise known as TJ! Now where are your books?”

He smiles slyly and taps on the side of his head. “No need to worry about books; I gots everything I need right here.”

“Uh, huh. You must not have much up there because you’re on a two-year plan for grade nine.”

“Why you disrespectin’ me?” Treyshawn cuts back.

“I’m *not* disrespecting you; and you better watch that bass in your voice! You need to focus boy, and leave the other students alone.”

“Who you callin’ *boy*? I’mma man!”

“Yeah? Well start acting like one. Now get to class before I give you detention.”

Treyshawn smiles and nods while turning the corner with his friends. “Man, I can’t stand him. Just because he’s bigger than everybody don’t mean he can push me around. He ain’t my father.”

It’s then that he sees Curtis leaving his locker.

“You gotta be kiddin’ me. Check out that kid. See how he dressed?” They approach him. “Hey, you with the glasses and messed up clothes!”

Curtis keeps walking.

“Hey, I’m talkin’ to you. I know you hear me!”

Curtis turns and looks at Treyshawn while still moving. “I’m late for class.”

“You gon be late, alright; real late if you don’t stop walkin’ away.”

He takes a deep breath, stops and turns around. “Hi, I’m Curtis. What’s your name?”

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The boys start laughing. "What's my name? Are you serious? You don't need to know my name, Smurtis."

"No. It's Curtis."

"I heard you, but Smurtis sounds better to me."

"Look, I don't want any trouble..."

"Well you got trouble. Now what?"

"I've gotta go." Curtis turns to walk away, but Treyshawn blocks his path.

"You go when I say you go."

"What do you want?" Curtis says defiantly.

"You're pretty bold for a skinny kid. You think you smarter than me? I see all them books you got in your red bag. Looks real heavy!" Treyshawn grabs the bag and throws it to the floor.

"Hey!"

"What? What you gonna do, Smurtis?"

Curtis begins to rub his chest. He tries to take deep breaths. His hands start to sweat as he fights to remain calm and pretend he's not afraid. He sizes up Treyshawn—he's taller and stronger than him.

I can't let him know I have asthma; but his breathing becomes more labored by the second. The next bell rings; classes have started.

"Please... I just... want to go to... class."

"You'll go when I say so." Treyshawn's voice suddenly slows. In reality, it's Curtis' perception that changes as he looks for a hall monitor.

"Just... let... me... go..."

"Why you talking slow? Are you dumb?"

Curtis can't wait any longer as he quickly reaches into his pocket. The other boys jump back, unsure of what he's about to do. Treyshawn grabs his arm as he brings his hand out of his pocket.

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"I need... my inhaler..." Curtis says—barely.

Treyshawn lets his arm go as he takes a deep breath and squeezes the pump. "Phsssh..." Just then, Mr. Andre comes around the corner towards them.

"Now how did I know that I'd find you over here Treyshawn?"

"I told you 'bout sayin' my name!"

"And I told you to stop bothering people."

"I'm not, Mr. Andre. I was just talking to my friend here, Smurtis."

The hall monitor looks at the group incredulously and then at Curtis. "Are you alright, Smurtis?"

Curtis takes a deep breath and forces a smile. "Yes sir... I just want to go to class."

"Well you'd better hurry up. The second bell has already rung."

"Thank you... and it's Curtis, not Smurtis."

"Got it. Sorry about that. Have a good day."

Curtis walks away in peace, under the protection of Mr. Andre.

"See you later, Smurtis." Treyshawn says.

"Whew..." Curtis says under his breath. "That was close. I sure hope he's not going to be a problem." He quickly finds his homeroom class and gets situated in the loud room of over forty students.

"Everybody have a seat and be quiet. We have some important information to go over before you all head to your next class," the teacher says.

The room quiets down, except for a few rebellious talkers.

"Young gentlemen in the back of the room. I would hate for you to get detention on your first day of school."

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The boys reluctantly quiet down as the teacher starts going over the information. "Take one and pass it back," he says while handing out sheets at the beginning of each row. Just then another student enters the class. Curtis can't help but moan as he sees the student's face. It's Treyshawn.



Do you want to know what happens
between Curtis and Treyshawn?

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Speedsuit Powers: Chapter 1 and 2a Excerpt
TWO WORLDS COLLIDE IN THIS EPIC TEEN
FICTION STORY!

FICTION


SPEEDSUIT POWERS

The Powersuit: Book 1


Imagine moving from the suburbs to the inner city and colliding with a school bully who's **BIGGER, STRONGER, and FASTER** than you. What do you do? Curtis Powers is living this life! Ninth grade, at a new school, is hard enough, without Treyshawn Jinkins making his days miserable. Curtis just wants to pursue his dreams—now he's got to avoid his nemesis, too!

Some call Curtis a geek; but his smarts won't stop the inevitable. Treyshawn is coming fast and Curtis must do something or face the worst beat-down of his life! With help from his family, his best friend Kelly, and others, he'll put a hi-tech plan into action that will do more than anyone thought possible. And in the process he'll learn that 'when you can't outrun your problems, you have to face them head on.'

ALLEN PAUL WEAVER III earned a BA degree in speech/mass communications and a Master of Divinity degree in theology. He has worked with youth and young adults since 1997 and seeks to inspire them towards their purpose. Allen lives in New York with his wife, Ijnanya, and loves to travel.



US \$15.95
ISBN 978-1-4401-5266-5
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