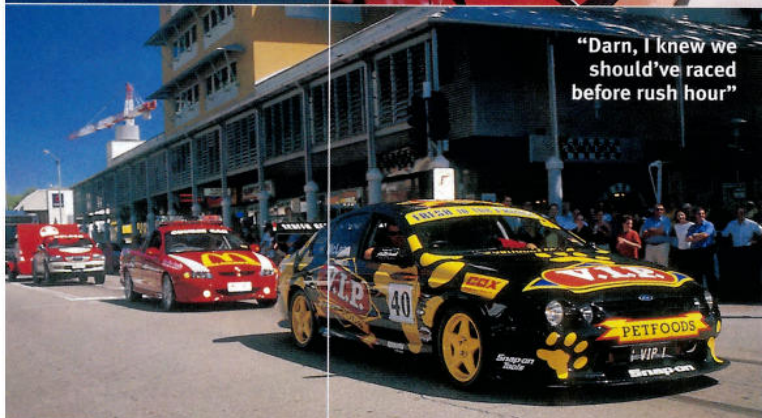


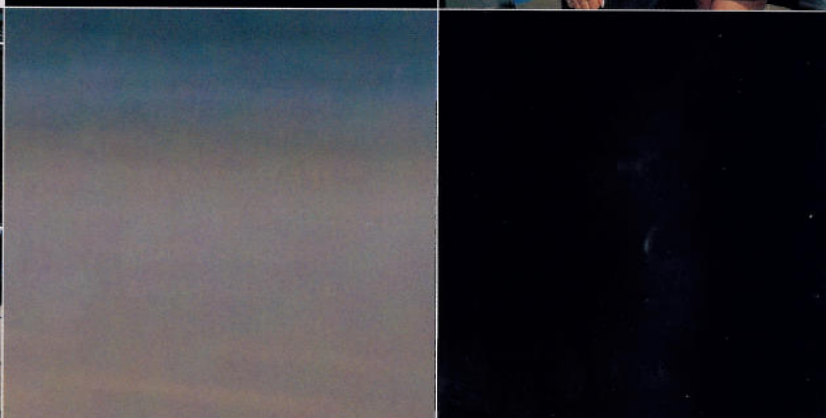
The Kiwi girl enjoyed six



I pass a girl with "Ford" written on each breast. Even Holden fans admire their rival's endorsement



"Darn, I knew we should've raced before rush hour"



getting pissed, but the impact on my V8 Supercar report would be devastating.

I walk over to the Discovery marquee, which is sponsored by the local nightclub. Out the front is a small spa with a good view of the track. This is the best idea in the history of sport. In the spa are several blokes, carefully holding their beers above the water. I ask Joe, a relaxed-looking guy with a can of beer, why he's in a spa.

"To have a great time, get on the piss and have a look at some beautiful girls."

And are you going to see any cars today?

"Hopefully not, no."

What's the temperature like?

"Beautiful."

I meant the temperature of the beer.

"Beautiful."

A fit-looking enthusiastic bloke called Shane is responsible for the lives of those in the spa. "I'm the lifeguard," he

shouts from 35cm away. "I look after them, feed them beer, and pull them out when they get too pissed to swim. I can drink, sure – just less than the people I'm rescuing."

I settle for a can of Red Bull served by one of the Red Bull hotties from the back of their car. The injection of caffeine makes me sprint on the spot briefly while my ears fizz. I stroll at 60km/h to the side of the track in time to see the start of the Wastemaster HQ Holden race.

The old Kingswoods come tearing slowly around the bend, and lean right over on their old suspensions, as if there's a fat bloke in the passenger seat eating pies, kids in the back playing "corners", and a six-tonne anchor hanging from the boot. Then they take ages to hurtle out of sight.

The race commentator isn't trying too hard. "I won't have a stab at the car

that's crashed," he says in a laid-back tone. "But I can tell you it's blue."

Before the V8s finally make it onto the track for qualifying, two Doorslammer Dragsters treat the crowd to eight seconds of pure speed. They cover the track, revving in long, slow rips – like giant vomiting bees.

As the Supercar qualifying session gets under way, I head back towards the pits through the tunnel under the track. Between rows of merchandising tents, two girls in purple lycra hand me a flyer for an auto parts store. "We're the Super Cheap girls," says one. "Some of these promo girls have no luck."

Two nearby fellas are trying to work out why a bloke is recording two girls in purple lycra saying "Super Cheap". "I'm Wally," says one. "I'm a truckie with the army. I come here for chicks, cars, the lot. Mainly the chicks. I mean, look at that [points at the Super Cheap girls]."

"I'm Joker," says the other bloke, wearing a tall hat. "I work with this sad bastard."

What's the best thing about being posted to Darwin?

"The piss drinking. It's the best place to drink piss. And the backpackers. Backpackers are easy."

In the V8 garages, the tyre-rolling and car-tinkering is still going on. Despite this, Chris Nixon – team spokesman for driver Cameron McLean – is happy to talk to me. He is able to answer every single tyre-related question.

"Tyres have a performance cycle," he says. "You're allowed a total of 10 for the weekend. Each tyre has probably got three laps at maximum performance."

After this he talks about things such as suspension, grip, balance and something called telemetry, none of which seem nearly as exciting as driving around at top speed. He shows