

Maybe I should just use the bathroom



I FEEL LIKE THE GOD OF SPEED IN THICK GLASSES

a carbon-fibre and aluminium chassis, a race-bred V6 engine and a total weight of just 675kg. As I wedge into the tiny cockpit, John Calamos, the owner of what I may be about to turn into a fireball, tells me what's what.

This is a basic racer. There are no fancy gear levers on the steering wheel. The tiny shifter is next to my right hand. I'm told to ignore first gear, which is used for racing starts or pulling a tank up the side of a house. Second will get me going, fourth is fine for most of the track, and fifth is for the back straight. I'm told not to get too ambitious or I'll spin. "It's like being bolted to a missile," John concludes.

She starts with an ear-buggering blare. I go 3m and

stall. My crew run after me to help me start back up and try it again. This time I keep up the revs and change gear. Suddenly I'm up the other end of pit lane.

My first lap makes *Driving Miss Daisy* look like *The Fast and the Furious*. I inch into corners like my nanna going to the shops. Every thrust on the right pedal teleports me up the road. I pop it into fifth on the long straight and climb briefly to 250-plus kays, before braking about five seconds early for the bend. I feel like the God of Speed in thick glasses.

My confidence rises far faster than my expertise. I boldly hit the gas on the bend into the main straight and do a 360. It's embarrassing. My tiny on-board battery only gives me three attempts at start-up before the crew has to run all the way over. Thank God it catches. I shove it in any gear and take off again.

This is the fastest thing I've ever been in charge of. Lose concentration and something bad will happen to me – or worse, the car. The top straight has an inconvenient series of bumps that twitch me left at 200 clicks while the wind tries to pull my head off, and a corner I can't even see approaches fast.

I see a chequered flag through the red mist. It doesn't mean I've won; it means get your arse into the pits. When I climb out, I'm vibrating. The God of Speed is here.

My best lap time is one minute 32 seconds. The lap record for this class is 55 seconds. Over a normal 20-lap race here I would be about 13 laps behind the leader. Apparently I'm not the God of Speed. I'm an idiot.

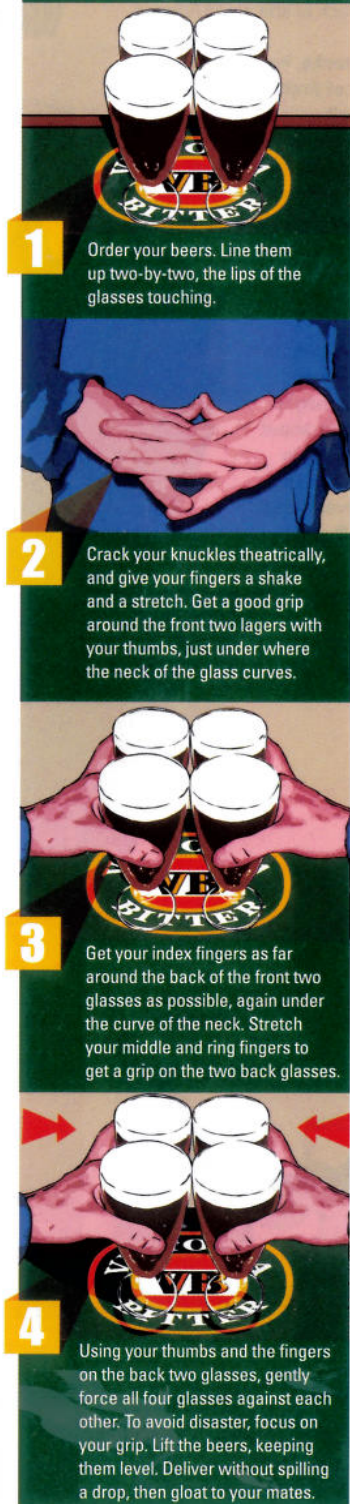
Twenty minutes of track time in a Formula 3000 car will cost you \$880. Go to www.adrenalin.com.au for further details.

Mum's not going to like that stain



HOW TO CARRY FOUR BEERS

If you're keen to become an artist with pub glassware, you've got to master the four-beer carry. Here's how...



1 Order your beers. Line them up two-by-two, the lips of the glasses touching.

2 Crack your knuckles theatrically, and give your fingers a shake and a stretch. Get a good grip around the front two lagers with your thumbs, just under where the neck of the glass curves.

3 Get your index fingers as far around the back of the front two glasses as possible, again under the curve of the neck. Stretch your middle and ring fingers to get a grip on the two back glasses.

4 Using your thumbs and the fingers on the back two glasses, gently force all four glasses against each other. To avoid disaster, focus on your grip. Lift the beers, keeping them level. Deliver without spilling a drop, then gloat to your mates.

Illustrations > Tim Andrew

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