

ARCADE ACTION

When the Funland arcade at the Trocadero in London's Piccadilly Circus set up four Final Lap II machines for eight-player simultaneous racing laffs, the CVG heroes just had to give it a go! After all, Final Lap II is THE best-ever racing game yet seen! So, stopping only to round up the staff from sister magazine MEAN MACHINES, we rushed off to the West End for some serious pedal-to-the-metal fun and frolix in the amazing Arcade Action Grand Prix Challenge!



THE BOY RACERS...

TIM BOONE (CVG): The man who drives the crappiest Vauxhall Nova 1.2 in the entire world had a lot to prove. Would he fill his pants at speeds above 32mph?

FRANK CONNOR (CVG): Ever since he took a ride in Jazza's Peugeot GTI he's suffered from accelerophobia - fear of going around corners at high speed. Could the man Frankie stop shaking on the day?

PAUL RAND (CVG): Self-acclaimed Final Lap II Champ - high things were expected from the man who aspires to a Ford Capri but has to make do with an out-of-date bus pass instead...

OZ BROWN (MM): Self-acclaimed Final Lap II Chump - low things were expected from the man whose only driving experience is a pedal car.

JAZ RIGNALL (CVG/MM): Put him in a car and he grows a pair of horns, a forked tail and breathes fire. Then his brain switches off and he's ready to roll...

RICHARD LEADBETTER (MM): The ice man - but inside that cool, suave exterior is a raving lunatic just waiting to snatch up that wheel...

RADION AUTOMATIC (MM): The man with the brightest haircut in town... and the saddest driving abilities anywhere.

GARY HARROD (MM): Old Toblerone bonce as he's known (check out that haircut!) is UK Streetfighter II Champion - but is he a Final Lap II shambling baboon?



RACE ONE - USA

The Championship started off on the simplest track to give everyone a fair chance - and the race certainly proved exciting. With a screech of tortured engines the racers burned off - leaving skid marks all over the track whilst sad Rad and Gary left a few in their underwear! A five-car pile-up at the first corner left smug-boy Jazza lagging miles behind and Britain's arcade superstar never caught up with the pack. Instead it was headed by Paul Rand, who won the first race and decided to be an annoying Northern git by yelling it to everyone.



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As you can tell from his pained and wan expression, sad Paul Rand is losing.





▲ Mr Psycho himself, Jazza uses his Southend seafront XR3i-bashing driving tactics to smash his way to the front.

▲ A study of concentration as Frank works out which combination of gears and pedals make his car move forward.

RACE THREE - ITALY

The third race turned into a veritable scrap, Tim, Rich and Jazza fought for the lead. On the last hairpin turn, baboon boy Rignall tried to force the other heroes off the track but only succeeding in spinning off - leaving Rich to grab the honours and Tim to amaze himself with second place. Way back down the track, CVG and Mean Machines sad shufflers Frank, Gaz and Oz showed in graphic detail the true meaning of the dribble-drive as they (s)crapped for 6th, 7th and 8th positions.



▲ Look, he's all lonely - it must be Frank O'Connor

◀ Would you trust a man like this with your racing car?



▲ On the grid...

RACE TWO - USA

The Mean Machines morons had their hour as they sped off, working almost as a team to shut out the CVG boys. But then a horribly sad display of gibbon-like driving resulted in Oz spinning out of control in front of Tim, Paul and Gary - taking them all out in one go. While Jaz, Rich 'n' Rad laughed their self-satisfied way around to the chequered flag, the rest of the field limped around to a shambling finish as laughter filled the air...



RACE FOUR - ITALY

That freak of nature, Radion Automatic, had a freak of fortune when he sailed past the finishing post to pick up the honours in race four! Paul Rand had spent the entire race breathing down his neck (ugh!) in an attempt to try and grab some of the glory he thought he so thoroughly deserved. Meanwhile, after a poor start, Tim had fought valiantly though the field to come a close third - while Frank, Oz and Gaz were at the rear with yet another whiffy display of low quality crapdom.



◀ Ice man Rich burns rubber.



▲ Way out in front - it must be Rignall again!

◀ Oz Brown working out how to go forward...

RACE FIVE - MONACO

The twisting, narrow track of Monaco certainly sorted the men out from the boys. Gary Harrod had a moment of glory when he streaked ahead, but the dozy dobber-head forgot to use his steering wheel when he came to a hairpin bend and ended up wrapped around a tree! Paul 'n' Jaz struggled in a bitter battle of monstrous egos - and it was the miserable Northerner left wanting as the lad who recently smashed up his Peugeot GTI streaked past the finishing post first!



THE MEAN MACHINES ARCHIVE

ARCADE ACTION

AWAITING ENTRY
INSERT COIN
CLOSING WITHIN
4 SEC



NOW AWAITING OTHER ENTRIES.



▲ Four tracks to choose from - Monaco is by far the most difficult.

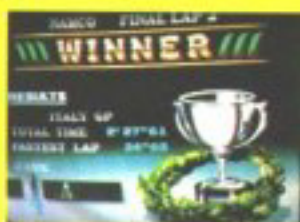
RACE SIX - JAPAN

How the Last of the Great Virgins, Frank O'Connor, won Race Six is such a big mystery that Arthur C Clarke is coming along to investigate. Maybe it was due to the fact that Frankie boy managed to career unscathed through the seven-car pile-up that occurred on the starting grid and notch up such a humungous lead that nobody could catch him! We'll never know...

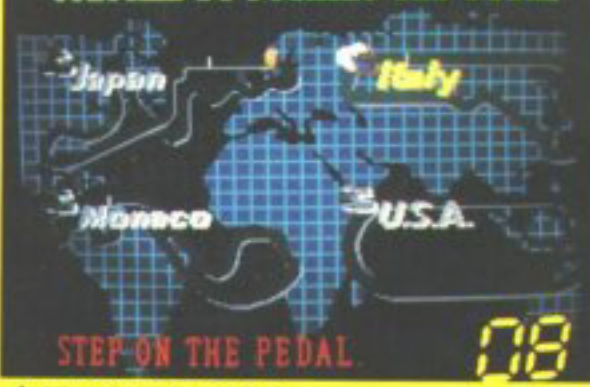


RACE SEVEN - USA

Back on the oval track it was back to the battle of the egos as Jaz, Rich and Paul discovered that the track wasn't big enough for the three of them. Many disgusting, filthy, underhand tactics were in evidence as Jaz bumped both Rich and Paul off the track (to which Paul screamed something about dirty bar stewards, whatever that means) to come first. Tim sadly gave us a veritable clapped-out Robin Reliant of a performance and came such a sad shambling last that everyone else forgot he was still going...



CONFIRM BY PUSHING THE PEDAL



▲ All set for Italian antics!

RACE EIGHT - ITALY

The boy Rand had the last laugh in Italy as he scooted to victory, leaving Jaz 'n' Rich eating his dust. Frank popped up in fourth, with Gary fifth. Tim, lagging far behind the crowd looked a dead cert for eighth, but Oz Brown managed to snatch defeat at the very last moment with another handling debacle as he span off on the last corner, leaving Tim with a grin on his face as he zipped past to take seventh!

▼ Approaching the hairpin on the Italian circuit.



THE BIG RACE RESULTS!

RACE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	TOTAL
JAZ	8	1	3	4	1	2	1	2	58
PAUL	1	6	4	2	2	5	3	1	54
RICH	5	2	1	5	3	3	2	3	52
RAD	2	3	5	1	6	8	7	4	38
FRANK	3	4	8	7	5	1	4	6	36
TIM	4	5	2	3	7	6	8	7	31
GAZ	6	7	7	8	4	4	6	5	25
OZ	7	8	6	6	8	7	5	8	17