



Welcome to the latest CVG challenge, my way of exposing the cretinous CVG reviewers as the bunch of complete incompetents that they truly are. My latest challenge revolved around the latest bunch of Electronic Arts titles released on the Sega Megadrive namely, *Battle Squadron*, *PGA Tour Golf* and *Budokan*. My objective was simple: to inflict maximum humiliation on my sworn enemies!

THE CHALLENGERS

My chosen CVG-reading joystick warrior was one James Davis, who hails from Isleworth in London. He'd proven his scoring worth with the aid of his Amstrad, and seemed keen to pummel his opponents into the ground. Gary Harrod (MEAN MACHINE's drawing person and current holder of the 1991 Smugness Award) was my next participant and he too seemed confident of victory.

Electronic Arts provided a worthy challenger in the form of the mysterious Scott Probin. Well known to MEAN MACHINES readers as the winner of their John Madden Challenge and highly reputed for his dirty tactics - just what I liked! Last, and definitely least, entered CVG's Managing Editor, Julian Rignall - he of the ridiculous mangle-ridden hairstyle. His proven record in these competitions makes sickening reading, but I was sure that rancid Rignall and Mr Puniverse Harrod's disgusting self-confidence would be reduced to a wobbling mess, and so officially opened my challenge.

THE CVG CHALLENGE

WITH
SADIE

GAME ONE: BATTLE SQUADRON

Battle Squadron never really appealed to me. Although there's lots of explosions and napalm death, the ships' weapons just don't seem to inflict the massive amounts of pain and destruction required in games today. However, both smarmy Rignall and farty Harrod seemed rather happy about playing this game - and it was quite an effort for me to keep their clammy hands away from the joypad while James practiced. Scott spent his practice-time moaning about the game confessing that he was "crap" and wondering why he couldn't play John Madden's instead.

I threatened to introduce the toe of my boot to his tender parts before he wisely decided to shut up. I decided that the winner of this round would be the person who scored the most points in a three-minute game.



▲ Harrod's amazing Jack Nicholson impression.

THE MEAN MACHINES ARCHIVE



▲ Here's Julian's impersonation of Gary Harrod.

Heroic James played a pretty boring game, taking out a good deal of the enemy fleet, but losing too many lives for comfort. He also missed a few of the vital green crosses that dot the landscape. He finished his game with a poor 60,000 points. I had expected more from the lad.

Gary Harrod, friend to the tramps, arrived next at the joy-pad, the unhealthy toad-like one more than ready to take on the enemy empire. He bemoaned the power-up weaponry, proclaiming that he "got the crappiest weapons ever made!".



▲ A pensive moment for the thickie twins.

Unfortunately, Harrod's shoot 'em up skills proved to be marginally more effective than his slender grip on the English language and he was rather pleased with his 80,400 performance. Thinking that he'd won the round, he merrily shambling back to his drawing desk - a sickmaking smile of smugness spreading slowly over his pasty fizzog.



▲ The challengers commence combat.



Scott's enthusiasm for his own shoot 'em up skills was completely non-existent and as he approached the Megadrive he made many apologetic noises to his EA boss, Simon Jeffrey. His performance turned out to be predictably flaccid. At one point only three bullets were on-screen, and Scott managed to park his ship right on top of one! Doh! He followed up this feat of incompetence by losing three lives in a mere 20 seconds. Just when he thought it couldn't get any worse, he developed the interesting habit of mistaking his pause key for the smart bomb button - thus losing precious

seconds. However, the Gods were with Scott and he finished the round with 60,750. 750 points more than James. Bah!

The odious Rignall, MEAN MACHINES mega moron, took his turn in front of the Megadrive, extremely eager to let the digital carnage begin. His smug over-confidence was only boosted by his performance on this game. Since this was a timed game, Rignall made excessive use of his smart bombs, deliberately dying on purpose in order to regain another complement of these lethal weapons. *Adapting tactics within the



▲ According to Jaz, it's all in the wrist action.



▲ The action's too much for Gary, who dozes off...

boundaries of the rules*, the vile one called it. Plain cheating more like. I seethed with anger as the hopeless hypochondriac took the round (and the lead) with a nauseating 82,050 points! I felt physically sick as he made many feeble revolting noises of jubilation.



▲ ...Prompting a friendly prod from the warped Jaz.

CVG CHALLENGE

CONTINUES...

GAME TWO: BUDOKAN



Ah! This is a bit better! The one-on-one close-up violence of Budokan is more my sort of game, and for this round each challenger would take on each other. There are four weapons to choose from, and I decided that for this challenge



the Bo (big pointy stick) would be used. This seemed to be a point of much hilarity for the non-participating Richard Lead-better, who likened the Bo to a broom handle - an item of which he has particular affection for, it would seem.

James seemed a bit under-confident after his defeat in



Battle Squadron, but was more than pleased when he decked the moaning Scott (who actually play-tested the Amiga version of the game). Scott, or should that be Scrote, made many excuses about his lacklustre performance, saying that "it's nothing like the Amiga version". His whinging noises were beginning to annoy me. Thankfully they stopped after this defeat, since he managed to deck both Julian and Gary quite effectively.



Blundering through Budokan's complicated control method, Julian managed to pummel James with his big stick but his luck didn't extend to his duels with Scott and Gary. He lost both of them and seemed rather annoyed. I laughed a lot at his ineptitude and his misfortune, but the man with less charm than a a Zambian Stink Pig with BO problems swore revenge in the next game, PGA Tour Golf.

Harrod meanwhile, lost only to Scott - surprising, because



his usual rod-wielding is about as limp as a lettuce in a sauna. He therefore equaled Scott's achievement of two wins and one defeat. Julian and James came joint third with one win and two defeats to their name.

The challenge broke up for lunch, whereupon the simpering Paul Glancey arrived to take the assembled players out for a tasty omelette at his favourite omelette emporium.

GAME THREE: PGA TOUR GOLF



PGA Tour Golf is a strangely relaxing game, which generally involves hitting small white balls with a large club (sounds like my sort of game). Scott wasted no time in spouting forth his own playing tips. He refused to begin the golfing action before he'd had the opportunity to rearrange his caddy and swap some of his clubs about, much to the bemusement of his challengers.

And so the last round began, and Gary seemed confident on winning this game and thus clinching the contest. I could only hope that Gary could snatch defeat from the jaws of victory.



