

TOUGH MONKEYS

F1 Karting Midlands Sprint: 06/11/05

I returned to F1 Karting confident that I could retain my title from the previous open grand prix, and with only 14 people racing tonight there didn't appear to be any real threat to that happening. The six heats had flown by with me taking victory in all but one race. And that one race was purely down to an absolute pig of a kart which not only was down on power but also was crabbing down the straights resulting in a loss of speed as the tyres scrubbed against the track.

Due to the numbers, there were no semi-finals tonight, instead an extended grid in a final ran over a greater number of laps. I had qualified very easily on pole position and was looking forward to picking up the winner's trophy once more. Well, they do say that complacency is the mother of all cock-ups, and tonight would be no different.

I lost the race before it had started it. And I knew I'd lost it when I climbed into my kart in the pit lane. I drawn pig no.1, and could do nothing about it. And since I'd last hooked up with it, the throttle cable had stretched to a ludicrous length and the kart would not be able to achieve full revs.

The race started and I held the lead going into the first series of corners, while a squabble for second let me put some distance between them. However, once the ducking and diving had finished, the second place kart scampered up behind me in no time at all. This was a twelve lap race, and there were still eight laps to go.

And the guy in second place nerfed me at every single corner under braking for each of the next seven laps. Heading off of the bridge down into the hairpin for the penultimate time, the inevitable happened. An almighty whack up my rear end, the kart behind making no effort to brake, pushed me off to the outside of the track while he scampered though. My kart had no response and he was able to cross the line a lap later for the outright win.

I was fuming when I returned to the pit, but I'm not the sort of person who unleashes my anger at people so kept my silence. This became almost intolerable when standing up on the podium collecting my second place medal I was patronised by the winner when he said "well, the better man won I guess". It was all I could do to refrain from inserting my trophy into his backside.