



EVENT ONE

100M SPRINT

Anything Usain Bolt can do, this quartet can do slower, right?





Few nerves at the start. Mostly from Marcus, who wasn't sure how he'd got himself into this



TEAM JAPAN 🇯🇵 1ST

A convincing victory for Japan with the Mazda barely breaking a sweat, despite being on completely standard road tyres. Webb-san – otherwise known as Mario – managed the grip levels perfectly off the line and coasted home. We'll have no more of this purchase price sledging from Team AmeriKa or the Germans either. Team Japan compete with honour, and when that doesn't work, we shout about the fact that the MX-5 was actually the cheapest car here. It set us back just £200 thanks to some fairly major alternator issues, and even with a fix it came in under budget. **GP**

TEAM AMERIKA 🇺🇸 2ND

We knew we stood a chance here, based on the lack of skill on display from the only real competition in the form of Japan and its creative interpretation of '£350 purchase price'. Yes, the AmeriKa was probably sporting less than 50bhp, but a

set of knobby tyres nicked from a quad and its light weight meant we were in the running – an impression cemented when Germany smashed their entire undertray off during the practice run. Masterful use of analogue launch control by pilot Kew (burning the clutch out against a firmly held handbrake) brought us a well deserved second place. And the moral victory. **TF**

TEAM GERMANY 🇩🇪 3RD

Having never seen the A6 tanker turn a wheel until it rolled off the outrageously luxurious transporter, we had no idea what to expect in a sprint. But it had a set of rings on the front of it, so was a born Olympian. But the stats were against us... even if the car had been brand new. With the Audi weighing in at 1,480kg, the titchy AmeriKa and fraudulent MX-5 had us pipped. However, that was also probably the weight of the galumphing Team GB's rear axle. The badge on the back said

1.9 litres, so it should be an 8v inline-four good for 128bhp and a 0–62mph of 10.5 seconds. That wasn't the case. As it appeared we had quite an issue. No boost. We were effectively running without a turbo for the whole day. Which is like Usain Bolt doing the 100m sprint in a pair of size four stilettos. **RH**

TEAM GB 🇬🇧 4TH

Always good to get some points on the board early doors, is it not? So you can imagine our dismay when the first event rolled around... 100m sprint. Ah. A couple of practice runs did little to offer much hope: last and, er, last again. Still, such was the snail pace of the black cab that I had arguably the best seat in the house as Team AmeriKa and Team Japan locked horns in a close call finish, with Team Germany not far behind. Slow and steady we may have been, win the race we did not. But nothing quite like giving the competition false hope, is there? **PR**



EVENT TWO

ARCHERY

Two drive-bys, two tries. Who had the steadiest hand when it mattered most?

TEAM GB **1ST**

You know what they say – if you haven't fired a bow and arrow out of a moving black cab, you've never had a 'proper' night out in Soho. This was our opportunity, then, to justify Team GB's pre-tournament hype, mostly by ourselves on the group WhatsApp. Now, elite archery requires a steady hand, eyesight of a hawk, upper body strength and flawless technique. We had a short man in a cheap morph suit who had never once fired a bow in his life. And yet isn't that what events like this are about? The Eric the Eels, the Eddie the Eagles, the other plucky underdogs named after animals. So with blind hope more than anything, Jack knelt down in the back of a filthy taxi and loosed his arrows slightly nearer to the middle of the target than anyone else. A win that literally nobody saw coming, including us. **JR**

TEAM JAPAN **2ND**

Having stolen some extra practice attempts while photographer Mark

was getting a shot of the glorious sight of Mario firing suction arrows from the open roof of a moving Mazda MX-5, Team Japan was confident heading into this most technical of disciplines. When it mattered, two arrows into the outer rings of the board made for a respectable mid-range score, which suddenly looked much better than average as Germany failed to get anywhere near the target. Second place was secured, although we couldn't escape the feeling that the fans were expecting a victory here given the obvious advantages provided by a cabrio. **GP**

TEAM AMERIKA **3RD**

Bullish into the second round event, Sam drove like a demon at 5mph in an almost straight line past the target, while Ford shot from the passenger sill of the, er, Ford. Chosen as resident bushman/archer on the basis that he owns a multitool and once camped, Ford scored well on the passenger-side run and prepped for the win.

Unfortunately, Sam's valiant attempt to cheat by slowing down on the return leg fatally confused Ford, who then fired his remaining arrow into his own roof, causing a 'nul point' situation. A situation that resolved into a disappointing third place given the complete and utter hopelessness of Team Germany. **TF**

TEAM GERMANY **4TH**

In hindsight, getting the tallest and lankiest member to fire at a moving target while standing on the sill with the door open probably wasn't our finest idea (don't try this at home kids). A situation not improved by our quite frankly award winning* (*requires ratification by governing body) livery stripes that had in fact sealed the rear windows completely shut, topped off with our second tallest-slash-lankiest member, Rowan "lead foot" Horncastle, thinking he was still in the 100m race. Essentially, our fate was sealed in the planning phase. Nul points. **AF**



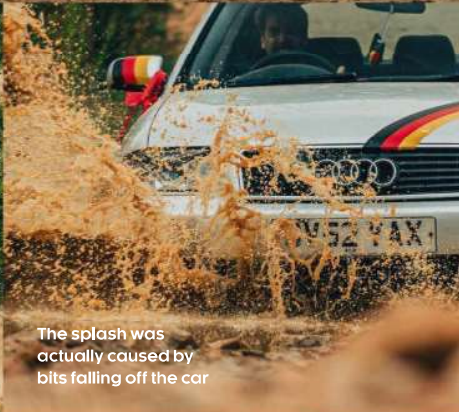


**“TEAM JAPAN WAS
CONFIDENT HEADING
INTO THIS DISCIPLINE”**



Princess Peach is in for a long wait if these guys can't get past the second level

Would've helped,
but didn't want to get
accidentally thrown in too



The splash was
actually caused by
bits falling off the car



Atmospheric smoke
on a budget from the
canny Germans





Team GB tries to blame sluggish performance on being too tired...



EVENT THREE

WEIGHTLIFTING

Who's the strongest of them all? Rallycross-style weightlifting should settle it

TEAM AMERIKA 🇺🇸 1ST

Reverse psychology came into play during the weightlifting – for this we needed someone who could pilot the AmeriKa through a complex course, while not adding any actual extra weight. As our lightest crew member, Sam Burnett stepped up and was masterful. A neat, precise lap with all four tyres rubbing in the arches ensued, with a hearty BANG over the back hill that had us thinking that either Sam had rolled or snapped the car in half. He hadn't, though we're still not sure what position we finished in, simply because we were laughing too hard at Sam's face over the final – large – bumps. We've since christened the expression 'fearful constipation'. **TF**

TEAM GERMANY 🇩🇪 2ND

The A6's commodious boot swallowed the sacks of sand wonderfully. Given it's done a quarter million miles in its life, it's probably done endless runs of

the M4 corridor with a urinal cube salesman behind the wheel and a boot full of citrusy yellow bricks. Or bodies. The suspension wasn't as happy; groaning as the wheels smacked the top of the arches and the bump stops gave each other high fives. Still, Simon Bond's commitment and local course knowledge brought home another solid second. See, consistency is key. And possibly chemo, given the black death now being belched from in, under and out the back of the car. **RH**

TEAM JAPAN 🇯🇵 3RD

We had assumed that the Mazda MX-5's boot would be too small to swallow all 350kg of ballast that the *TopGear* Summer Games weightlifting committee required, and so hoped it would be spread around the cabin for better weight distribution. Alas, the strongman squeezed every last kilo into the back – damn you Mazda and your practical convertibles – and the subsequent rear suspension sag gave

the impression that the MX-5 had forgotten how to bow. The crash of metal on Lincolnshire rock could be heard at Mazda's Hiroshima HQ, and upon crossing the line I realised my phone had pocket dialled 999. A demonstration of commitment, but some semblance of mechanical sympathy hampered our speed. **GP**

TEAM GB 🇬🇧 4TH

I was quietly confident going into the weightlifting. After all, the mighty TXII was designed specifically to ferry the world's weightiest tourists and their oversized baggage around the West End, so it ought to have no problem with a few kilos of sand. But I'd still need to deploy Full Send to overcome the performance deficit laid bare by the drag race. So when the flag dropped I buried my foot in the bulkhead and kept it there for, ooh, 90 per cent of the run. With a time only a second off the MX-5's, I claim the moral victory. If not an actual victory. **TH**



EVENT FOUR

RHYTHMIC GYMNASTICS

Just 90 seconds to impress a professional strongman... no pressure

TEAM AMERIKA 🇺🇸 1ST

After watching Germany absolutely lose their tiny minds (the dancing will stay with us, shudder), Japan fail to really get the hang of their open diff and Great Britain burst both front tyres by simply *turning corners*, we knew we needed something special for this event. Thus, Team Spangle drafted in the least mechanically sympathetic, most disposable member to drive. And Ford did not disappoint, drawing on a misspent youth by committing wholly to a series of J turns, reverse donuts and handbrake triple salchow that impressed the judge simply through the ferocity of the execution. A deserved first place, we thought, although most were still chuckling at Team GB trying to drive a London taxi around a quarry on bare front rims. **TF**

TEAM GERMANY 🇩🇪 2ND

Majestic. Balletic. Acrid. That's what real judges would say about our routine. But we didn't have real judges, we had a lusciously bearded

ex-cricketer addicted to protein. So the appeal process starts here, as Germany was robbed of gold in rhythmic gymnastics. C'mon! Who doesn't love two wiry guys twirling ribbons like they're having a seizure in the Berghain? All to Nena's *99 Luftballons* while an Audi A6 furiously lengthens its handbrake cable, executes dusty reverse donuts and blows its turbo hose clean off. Simone Biles, eat your heart out. **RH**

TEAM GB 🇬🇧 3RD

Handbrake turns, power slides, a flurry of wheelspin and a perfectly executed J turn, these are the tools of a well trained automotive rhythmic gymnast. And ribbons. Literally miles of ribbons. Unfortunately, a black cab with several hundred thousand miles on the clock lacks the grace, agility and lightness of foot to perform any one of these. Frankly I've seen toilet blocks with more pizzazz. The strategy, if you can call it that, was to substitute balletic choreography for mindless aggression, which is how I found myself charging across

the arena with no plan other than to yank the wheel hard left and keep it pinned, while Peter did his best to keep his lunch down in the back. The effect of this in a car where the front wheels can turn at a right angle to the direction of travel is to rip both tyres off the rims. It wasn't pretty, but it was dramatic. Third place felt like a win. **JR**

TEAM JAPAN 🇯🇵 4TH

A tough break for Webb-san here. Being first on the mat meant he had nothing to compare his routine to, and given that automotive rhythmic gymnastics is yet to take off internationally, it's fair to say he was going into this event blind. Some neat handbrake turns and a couple of well-executed powerslides looked promising, but (as is so often the case) trying and failing to skid into a giant inflatable ball was his downfall. Still, it was a damn sight more graceful than Team GB's tyre-killing attempt – clearly the referee had been influenced by the partisan crowd and we were left floundering in last place. **GP**

Imagine these guys in knitted jumpers and that's the TopGear Christmas party



**“MAJESTIC. BALLETTIC.
THAT’S WHAT REAL
JUDGES WOULD SAY”**



"Where to guv' nor?"
asks Jack. Not the top
of that hill, that's for sure



EVENT FIVE

CLIMBING

Four cars versus one 'very steep' hill
in the deciding event? Child's play...

TEAM AMERIKA 🇺🇸 = 1ST

Given his success in the sprint, Kew reprised his skills for the hillclimb event in a more vertical manner, absolutely scampering up what we knew to be ‘our’ probable best chance at success. The Ka’s tyres and weight advantage – as well as Kew’s ‘flat-to-the-mat’ attitude, saw it crest the summit in record time, earning some well deserved cheering from his teammates – although Sam’s American accent sounded worryingly Welsh. Still, success and a tappety valvetrain ringing heartily in his ears, Kew celebrated by accidentally driving the Ka into a mud bog, which meant we ate his celebratory biscuits. **TF**



TEAM JAPAN 🇯🇵 = 1ST

After some input from the on-site safety team that essentially amounted to “if you stop on that hill and reverse down, there’s a strong chance you’ll roll the car” (and all too aware that the only protection against that sort of thing in the Mazda was my Amazon-sourced Luigi hat), there was little chance of Team Japan not making it all the way to the top and reaching the sanctuary of level ground. First gear and max revs did the trick, earning us maximum points alongside the Ka. We’ll be calling for an official doping inquiry into AmeriKa’s use of off-road tyres, though. **GP**



TEAM GERMANY 🇩🇪 3RD

There’s a big hill at Tixover. In technical terms the gradient would be considered ‘really bloody steep’, and it’s designed to test the metal – and mettle – of hardy 4x4 enthusiasts. So, can you torpedo a 1.5-tonne luxu-berge – devoid of its intercooler hose – and make it to the top? Um, no. Right when it needed boost, the A6 disappeared into a plume of its own black smoke, curiously from both ends, several metres from the top. What’s the saying? *Scheisse*. **SB**



TEAM GB 🇬🇧 4TH

With two front tyres flapping around the rims, it was a miracle we made it to the starting line at all. But it’s incredible what grit, determination and a highly illegal twin tyre system on the rear axle can do. So when the flag dropped, we eyeballed our Everest and gave it everything we had. The diesel engine summoned one final roar, the prow rose skyward and we exploded forward at a rate best described as ‘not really moving’, before coming to a complete halt roughly three metres from base camp. You’ve seen athletes tweaking a hammy off the start line – this was more like cardiac arrest and a compound leg fracture before the first hurdle. Hard to watch. **JR**



POST-EVENT ANALYSIS

After an intense day of high-level athletics, endeavour, mechanical unsympathy and blatant cheating, the results have been totalled (as have two of the four cars). In fourth place and missing even a cursory glance at the podium is the plucky, but ultimately absolutely s**t, British team.

Earning bronze is Germany, whose efficiency saw them nurse an A6 huffing more smoke than a barn fire through the event. Ralf Hornschloss commented: “We will return next year better, and likely rig up some sort of emissions cheat device.”

A well deserved silver medal goes to Team Japan, a sad loss for a coxless pair that showed so much promise. Greg

Potts-San looked mournful, realising too late that dressing as Italian Super Mario characters while representing the Japanese nation was pushing his Nintendo homage too far.

Which means that we announce the winners of the 2021 TG Summer Games... the team representing the United States of AmeriKa. A worthy performance that nailed the brief by brazenly cheating and finding a car that was neither sold nor designed in the US, and making it excellent at nothing, and average at everything. “If in doubt, be slightly mediocre and hope that everyone else fails” turning out to be a clumsy, if appropriate, motto. No budget? No problem. **TF**

FINAL STANDINGS

TEAM AMERIKA 🇺🇸	17
TEAM JAPAN 🇯🇵	14
TEAM GERMANY 🇩🇪	12
TEAM GB 🇬🇧	10