

## The Renault Magnificent

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I still get goose bumps writing this article when I think about the Renault Megane Sport RS. The excitement and thrill I got from jetting through the streets of Jozi in this mean machine are comparable to very few driving experiences I have had in my life. The acceleration, the torque, the speed and the fun were worth the back ache I got from the uncomfortable bucket seats.

The Megane RS was delivered to my offices just over a month ago and as it drove in to the office park I was rather unfazed by its delivery.



I had an idea in my head of what was being delivered so I didn't even take notice of where they parked it, what colour it was and what it looked like. I signed for the car and continued on with my work. Unbeknown to me, there was a steady exodus of staff out the front door and before I knew it, the office was empty and I was sitting alone. I clambered out of my seat and went outside to see what all the fuss was about. There stood all the staff huddled around the Megane, peering through the window for a peek of what was inside. The Megane was shocking yellow, with audacious racing mags that caught the eye instantaneously. The red brake callipers that were visible through the mags, only added to the sporty look and aggressive aura that surrounded this beast of a machine. I have had a stack of million rand cars to test, from some of the world's leading motor manufacturers and none of them have received the attention the Megane has. After I

drove it into my townhouse complex, the security guards came down to my unit to have a look at it. The neighbour's kids stared at the car with a look in their eyes that seemed to say they wanted a replica for their toy collection. People on the street turned heads, other motorists looked on in envy as I predictably whizzed by them effortlessly and I felt a sense of pride in myself behind the wheel of my loan vehicle for that week.

And for all its good looks, the RS over delivered on the drive. The 2.0 litre engine under the bonnet packed serious amounts of punch for its size and with the mix of power and torque, the Megane raised the heart rate. It is not a comfortable ride, the suspension is terribly hard and made for a bumpy ride on the shoddy Joburg roads, but it did add to the race appeal and level of grip through corners. The racing bucket seats in the front felt like two solid pieces of plastic, scantily wrapped in leather that were designed to make you feel so uncomfortable that you needed to drive as fast as possible in the RS, so you could spend as little time as possible in it. With no real back seat space, only you and a friend could actually enjoy the RS at any one time, but who actually wants to share anyway?



This car is a rocket and a damn sexy rocket at that. It is so fun to drive that I pushed my luck and asked to keep it for another week at the expense of my next review – which was denied. It is so good-looking that I would drive to fetch my post from the gate, just so I could be seen in it and it is so fast that I often got carried away with it and am expecting to be reimbursing the City of Johannesburg at some point for the fun I had behind the wheel. I know when reading a motor review you would hope to get all the facts and figures about the car so you can compare it to the others in its class, but regardless of where it may stand in a head to head competition, I would choose the RS over all others.

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