

## Big yellow taxi?

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the crazy tourists willing to give a Go Car a whirl.

With a 50cc engine and a top speed of 48 km/h, it's difficult to do a lot of damage in one of these vehicles. By our second intersection, it becomes clear to us that we're king of the road as buses and cars wait patiently for us to cross.

"If you wish to visit East Beach, turn right at the entrance. If not, continue straight," offers a well-modulated voice from two speakers under the dashboard. We look at each other wondering if East Beach is worth stopping for. As if reading our minds, Peggy Sue (yes, we named our virtual guide) chimes in: "I would love to show you East Beach with its beautiful views of the bay and Golden Gate Bridge."

Peggy Sue wins! We pull off to explore East Beach. It's our first stop on a tour that takes us through the neighbourhoods of San Francisco. East Beach provides us with our first vantage point of the Golden Gate Bridge, one of many along the route, and Alcatraz Island appears to float mysteriously in the distance.

The Go Car's 50 cubic-centimetre, roaring, two-stroke engine struggles to tackle some hills but that just adds to the fun. On one climb, as the passenger, I have to jump out below the crest so it can conquer the steep incline.

"Check that view out, man!" says Peggy Sue as we round a corner opening onto a Pacific panorama.

Back at the garage, Go Car founder Nathan Withrington, a motorcycle buff who loves to tinker, is getting ready to franchise their operations. The first branches are opening this year in San Diego and Miami. Perhaps one day we might even see those spunky yellow cars zipping around Melbourne!

GoCar Rentals are at 2715 Hyde Street, San Francisco, phone +1 415 441 5695 or visit <http://www.gocarsf.com>. The cars cost about \$56 for the first hour.

*The writer was a guest of Go Car Tours.*

I NOW know what it must feel like to be famous. Bundled up in unfashionable bulky windcheaters accessorised by safety helmets, my partner and I are stopping the traffic on the streets of San Francisco. People stare and point; one car even trails us for a few blocks. No, we aren't celebrities or movie stars, just tourists tootling along the streets in a bright yellow Go Car, a three-wheeled, two-passenger vehicle that looks like a cross between a motorcycle and golf cart.

At first, from my seat close to the ground, the cars and buses appear intimidating. But after spinning around a few blocks I realise that other drivers are considerate of