

Ride 425 Report – 15 January 2012

A Truckstop Ride!

Hares: Barry Rigby - "Slowcum", Jackie Rigby and Copy Cat.

Commercial Vehicle Park Bukit Batok/ Jurong Road junction.

Beautiful sunny morning and within easy riding distance of my house, so ambled along to the venue finding it took less time than I thought. My head was full of thoughts as to where this ride would go having set copious hash runs and a few bike hashes around this zone. One thing for certain there would be no hills on this pre Chinese New Year ride, but no lack of excitement with awards to follow.

Barbarian was already at the ride site. Our GM has become more akin to a migratory bird, flying in from distant parts for rare occasional sightings by the eager throng of bike hashers. This rare sighting came with a barb though, he was collecting yearly subs. He was worse than those semi unemployed muppets who ride around checking on parking coupons. Outright extortion! Sixty bucks for great rides, beer, fun and broken shoulders. Call that value? Of course it f*^%ing is!

So to the ride. First off, it should be mentioned that the hares had to scramble around relaying paper as it had dumped down the night before. This was an interesting pre-emptive excuse as every ride I have set, I have been up at the crack of dawn laying paper. But more of this later.

Escapades have prevented me from doing this write up in good time but I remember Patrick Hyde zooming off through the lorry park at the beginning calling everyone on left along the path skirting Bukit Batok Road. Clearly, the hobbit's knee is rotating better these days, so much so that he failed to see the inevitable turnoff into the Jalan Lam Sam area proper. This took us to our first check and first bout of confusion for a small group including yours truly. As the pack is usually crap at checking it took a while for the check to be broken, heading north towards what I know as the tank range (for those not in the know this is still a designated military area). However, in the interim, our group had found paper, wet and clearly held in place by sticks, going in a completely different direction. With no call from anywhere else (nothing new there) our gallant band set off to explore. After a while it became apparent that this wasn't going anywhere so with my local knowledge we continued on a long cut to catch up with the pack.

We eventually caught up with the pack amongst the loops at the north end of the reserve, with Sperm racing all the way and accusing me of driving the pace. The ride took us out of Lam Sam and over to the road into the adjoining jungly area. This was going to be straight, past the one good bit of off trail, to a T check, then back along the one good bit of off trail out onto the old disused Jurong road. Yep.

At this point we had our crash of the day. An unfortunate female virgin (another rare siting these days so I am told) came off going over one of the many slippery roots and gashed her leg quite badly. This soon turned into a regrouping point while emergency repairs were undertaken. Eventually, the virgin appeared all bandaged up, however, we subsequently learned that she got infected and half her leg had to be cut off. Which brings me to the Napoleonic wars. At a time when more combatants died of infected wounds than were killed on the battlefield, Napoleon's surgeons discovered that when wounds were washed clean and left open there was a much higher survival rate. Which is why when you get cuts you should simply wash them well and let them bleed unless the you have a flow similar to a garden hose. Ointments help keep the dirt in and kills protective bacteria. You then finish the bike ride and go to hospital. Anyway, before you all think of me as a completely insensitive bastard, I hope our virgin recovers soon and regrows another leg so that she can re-join us on the Bash.

Excitement over, we then traversed the boggy plain to the drain, crawled under the PIE and into Chou Chu Kang area. Some nice track in here which took us out through a short building site area. Mechanical difficulty struck me here as the overnight rain had turned what was a dry track into the Somme. Gears, mudguards, wheels became completely jammed with mud and the pack rode off and just left me. I eventually got

debunged and on my way with not a sole in sight. The trail was well marked but I still missed the obvious right turn while going through the nurseries and headed off towards Kranji (I think). Eventually, headed back on the right trail and on back down Bukit Batok to home.

It was awards day so after the usual abuse of the hares, good ride, and sundry insults to various parties (I didn't take notes) we moved into the awards ceremony. Copious bottles of wine handed out for good rides, most improved rider and a new post, Hash Scribe, me. Only being officially appointed at the end of proceedings, I didn't take any notes which is why I cannot remember who got what awards, so visit the Website to find out. Well done to all those award recipients!

At the On On there was enough pizza to sink an Italian cruise ship, though that's quite easy by all accounts. Very tasty when you have ridden hard.

Next ride is blank as no one appointed. Watch this space.

On On

Scribed by,

Wan King

