

# Ride 427 Report – 05 February 2012

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## Ride of the Emergency Hares

Hares: Colin Alexander – “Barbarian” and Jesus Tosca – “Whorenet”.

### Sengkang Riverside Park - Barbarian's Punggol Safari

A beautiful Sunday morning, pick the virgin up and drive to the ride. All seems to be going well but I am convinced that Emilie is having one of her manic depressive fits. Where is she taking us? I thought Anchorvale road was near Tampines. I should mention here that Emilie is my car SatNav. She is prone to cracking up at times (female) but it is preferable to the wining Australian alternative or the American female voice that gives every instruction with the surprise excitement of a three year old, "in 200 meters, TURN LEFT! Wow, awesome!" Much to my surprise, this time Emilie was right in her judgement call but where is Sengkang Riverside Park. Both myself and the virgin consulted the iPhone, looked up again and saw the sign Sengkang Riverside Park right in front of us. We've been here before thought I, but it looks different now.

Parking up, it was somewhat disconcerting to see Barbarian the Hare (which would not be a very apt Hash name unless you were taking the piss), was strapping on not one, but two (!), heart rate bras. Never having seen this before I could only assume that he was taking things to the extreme and was monitoring his anterior and dorsal aortas. Or maybe one was to see if his bollocks were still beating. Who knows, but it is reassuring to know that when your heart fails two monitors move to a straight line.

Barbarian had stepped in to fill a blank in the Hare line (just allot members a date and tell them to get on and sort it out) so we were all expecting a superlative ride. It turned out to be a goldilocks ride, not too long, not too short, not too hilly, not too flat. Indeed, the excursion of the day took us through a mightily changed area where the authorities have tamed the wild countryside into organised parkland.

Having been called to order we were instructed that we were on paper, flour and chalk and that in the environmentally friendly areas the paper would be very small and the chalk marks on lamp posts. So far so good.

The ride started off over the main road bridge and soon moved us off road. And from there my mind begins to go a bit of a blank. Memories are of cloying grass mud clumps, which is always difficult to ride over, some soggy inclines to negotiate, buildings sites and a tour of the newly developed parkland, which it has to be said, has been developed with great aplomb. There was some good use of semi sandy trail tracks and the checks worked well. A touch of the old maestro. The other abiding memory was Sperm who, having been celebrating his loaf stealing, convict heritage at the Australian Day ball the night before, continually threatened to discharge his stomach contents at a moments notice. Indeed, his breath alone was likely to induce a flat tire.

But the really unerring thing was this demented old man on his bike (not Graeme) who seemed to be everywhere we went. When we went in the bush, he was there, off trail, there he was again, shouting some crap at us. Back on the park track, he was there again, in fact, I think if we had taken the plane to Brazil he would have met us at the other end on his bike. No severed limbs this week but crash of the day took place metres from home when Agnes (Spa Barbie – on the left in the picture) caught her handle bar on the bridge railings and wacked her face. According to various Endomondo posts the ride was about 22km and Barbarian's heart kept beating.



Circle was called which showed began proceedings for Barbarian, not orchestrate himself for an On for a good ride. Local virgins were Each then proceeded to bore the Welcome guys. At this point the 'stout shoes' warning to a new diver's boots look like ballerina



that quite a large crowd attended the ride. Tim who being one of the Hares, deemed that he could Down. Abuse was duly hurled at Barbarian and Jesus then brought in, Kelvin, Sean, Brian, Faisal and Idrus. crap out of us with a recitation of their CV's. last bike back arrived. Now this person took the level, sporting footwear that would make deep sea shoes.

Other virgins, Morten, Max, Ian, Nor and Husband all welcomed with a beer. Returnees, Mike Crawford, TI Joe, Peter Lentz and Noel Jago, all On Downed. Good to see you again. Guests, Malacca Hash man and for some reason Mr Fitzpatrick.

Crash of the day and blind bastard of the day were Agnes (Spa Barbie) and Jackie (Jack-off – on the left in the picture above and the “leg” in the adjacent picture). Both injuries looked suspiciously like wife battering. Awaiting results of enquiry. Lars was going so fast that signs were just streaks of colour so missed the turning for home. Stout shoes was recalled, hence forth you shall be known as Puss in Boots. He was also completely, shouting out all sorts of comments and clearly we were the highlight of his day. Finally, Sperm was called in as a Stiffy look-alike for being ponced up for a party and hugging Stiffy.



On On was to be at a micro brewery across the water, and was very good apart from the fact that the staff were completely overwhelmed by a bunch of rowdy, beer drinking bikers!

OnOn  
Scribed by,  
Wan King

