

Ride 428 Report – 04 March 2012

Wan Kings "It's an Epic" Ride.....!

Hares: Colin King – “Wan King” and Per Ovesen

Turf City Adventure Park.....

Setting a 30km ride has certain logistical issues, the main one being that marking all the trail on the morning of the ride is nigh on impossible if you only have two Hares. So it was with a certain amount of relief that the weather was relatively kind and we only had light rain overnight. Nevertheless, it only takes one person to imagine a check to screw up what would have undoubtedly been lead contender for ride of the year.

Taxi arrives at house at 6.30am to take me to my start point on Upper Thompson Rd. "Your bike very dirty ah! It won't fit in the boot. I cannot have boot open...." Once he had picked himself up off the ground I sent him on his way. Plan B, get wife to drive me to location.

From here everything seemed to be going pretty well. Pre-laid paper and chalk were pretty much intact and the only issue was cleaning up paper left by the Dog Hash the previous day, the Hares for which had left the area looking like a Christmas scene. In fact, they laid so much white paper; Santa could have been expected to come round the corner at any point. Clearing this was quite time consuming, but heck, no way is the Bike Hash going near this so why worry about it?

Met up with co-Hare Sonny at Chestnut Avenue and arrived at Turf City with about 10 minutes to kick-off. A fairly large group had gathered, clearly not at all interested in the annual OCBC tricycle ride. Apparently, our GM and other bike hash notables went to this event and frankly, I am surprised that they were allowed to take part as they all clearly look over 15 years old. I have to say that whenever I see someone out riding wearing an OCBC shirt (allow 1.4m) I give them at least a 3m birth in case one of their stabilizers falls off.

The pack were informed that they were going to be in the National Parks area at certain points so not to expect a confetti trail, though some of the paper would look a bit sad. Any deviation from trail would be clearly marked. And so we kicked off, with yours truly sweeping well behind. Sonny's wife had had enough of him and decided to leave him on the day that he was co-Hare and it was the maid's day off, leaving their daughter all alone with nobody to look after her. Vexed by this domestic trauma, Sonny showed real strength of character that most men only dream about, "See you all, I'm going to Pictotin for beer, then I'll head home at some point".

Everything started as planned with the pack heading out over the grassy slopes towards the Swiss Club, then up the bastard hill at Jalan Kampong Chantek and straight on towards the first check at the pipeline at Rifle Range Road. The Hares had assumed that most people would simply go forwards down the pipeline at this point but as the trail was more than 50m from the road, this had most people standing still while a few checked. Eventually, the Hare directed the masses in the right direction and the game was on again. Although commonly used, the pipeline gives some great riding and I have known many go arse over tit and wreck their shoulders on various sections. The trail then headed up onto the bike trail towards Chestnut Avenue, across onto the open land skirting the HDB flats at Bukit Panjang Park, onto the park connector and right under the BKE.

Meanwhile, as the pack wended its way over the pipeline hills, the Hare was laying some paper for the home-trail as the pack would be coming back near to the in-trail. Many stragglers had died on the first couple of hills, so when there was no sight of anyone except Roger, I headed for the BKE intersection. Paper had been laid copiously at this point to ensure that the pack went left up the bastard hill that takes you towards the trail to Mandai. At this point I was more concerned that my gears were packing up on me and didn't notice that paper was scattered around and assumed that the pack was well ahead. Going up the hill and following the Mandai trail I was unaware of any problems, especially, as expected, the checks that had been set further on had been broken by the time I arrived.

From Mandai, the pack would work their way along Mandai Road to Upper Thompson road. Just after the SLE exit the trail went onto the pipeline via the gantry gate and thence to The Woodcutters trail back to Chestnut Avenue. Perfect. What could go wrong? Ride of the year here we come. Get the wine ready.

It was at this point that I remembered that Sonny's marital discord meant that I had to fill the trail near Chestnut Ave to avoid confusion on the way home, so I headed back down the Mandai trail. To my shocked surprise Hubert was peddling along towards me on his own. Not a good sign. "Zer was a complit fuckup at zie BKE!" I was then told how the pack went left up the bastard hill then stopped and, for some reason, came back down again. Back riders then began exploring the other trails heading up towards the area where the Dog Hash had been, found paper and headed into totally impenetrable jungle for bikes. More confusing was that clearly some people were on the right trail as the checks had been broken.

Visions of not receiving an award or copious free bottles of wine began to fill my head. Hubert rode on and was never seen again. The only thing for it was to set the trail at Chestnut Ave and head back to Turf City to get Hash shit, again. Not a big deal as I already hold the lifetime award.

On the way back I passed Mark S who was nursing a flat tire back to base. Why no spare tube? Tubeless tire, never gets a puncture. At this stage more light was shed on the screw up. Someone had called back check on the bastard hill. Having been up and down that hill several times over the past weeks, on Saturday and on the Sunday morning, I was dumbfounded as to how anyone had found a check, let alone a back check as I don't set back checks. There would be an inquest.

Back at base, several riders had arrived having spent a morning exploring the Dog Hash trail and not being impressed. Several mentions of the dam were heard, nowhere did this feature in the real ride. Then as the inquiry got under way, the name Coo Chi Coo began to pop up. At last the epicentre of the confusion was beginning to take form. When he arrived back, the committee (me) was waiting. CCC then broke down and confessed before all, it was he who called back check. With tears running down his face, he explained that he is a blind bastard. On hearing no rebuttal, he explained that he was half way up the bastard hill when he spotted a faint chalk mark on a metal sign, which, in all their rides the Hares have never seen, and which CCC interpreted as a check. The call reverberated down the hill sending confusion through the autistic pack. Meanwhile, CCC rode on up the hill and found.....the continuing trail, which was obvious and less than 20m from the imaginary check. So where was the calling you fuckwits!

At this point, other riders who had done the full ride began appearing. Fantastic ride, brilliant, easily ride of the year, give the Hares a crate of wine, were amongst the plaudits that could be heard. The Hare was almost expecting bunches of flowers to be thrown into the circle. It had all been worthwhile, not.

The circle was convened by CCC who had recovered his composure by now. Hare was thanked for a brilliant ride, by all those who actually did it. The rest said better luck next time, at least I think the word was luck, hard to tell. New boy Nick was named Brick Shit House. Crash of the day went to Jackie otherwise known as Jack Off. CCC was on-downed for creating confusion. Hare announced that the OnOn was A la Carte fine dining at the Indian or Chinese food stall (only ones still open) at the Turf City food court.

Next time I think I will opt for the OCBC toddler ride.

Wan King

OnOn

Scribed by,

Wan King

