

Ride 429 Report – 18 March 2012

Stiffy's Barbie Ride.....!

Hares: Jesus 'Whorenet' Tosca, Agnes 'Spa Barbie' Teh, David 'Stiffy' Hobman.

Sembawang.....

Still reeling from the deliberate sabotage of the ride of the year, I was looking forward with anticipation to the Sembawang special. Seem to remember the last time that I went to the Sembawang locality it took much longer than anticipated to drive there, so picked up (so to speak) Back Entrance early and headed off. Arrived to empty car park, except for two girls oiling their bikes.

Not having had breakfast it seemed a good idea to go and test out the On On for the day and do some pre ride carbo loading with some local nosh. The chicken shack that stood for a high class eating establishment in the area was reminiscent of being in Malaysia. One stall was open with no sense of order as people just milled around pointing. It was also authentic in that, like Malaysia, the food had been cooked much earlier and given plenty of time for the flies to try it first. I decided against a week long bout of intestinal disorders but then spotted a Pau (steamed bun). Unlikely the bacteria will survive that. One bite into the gristly hard lump in the middle had me gagging quicker than a fois gras goose. Enough, let's go cycling.

Many of the survivors of the OCBC tricycle ride had removed their stabilisers and re-joined the grown-ups for a proper ride, which took the numbers above 30 for this new attempt at ride of the year. Would they achieve it? Only time and whether Coo Chi Coo was awake would tell.

Notable returnees included TI Joe showing off a well fashioned dent down the side of his Porche Cayenne but more of this later, but the GM had woken the committee up at 4am to inform them that he was needed elsewhere. They were all very concerned, not. The Hares informed us that the ride was set on paper and chalk and warned us that where there was a bridge, it wasn't a bridge. If you use the bridge you will fall off but if you cross the river you will be swept away or something like that. As with all extremely important instructions, everyone was confused. Curiosity was also roused by Roger's better half Fiona sitting on a bike. Had it come to this - she had to go riding now to ensure Roger finished?

On On was out of the car park, across the road and into the quiet lanes where we seemed to go on for some while without any noticeable paper or markings. Why are we going this way, why no markings, who is in front? Oh no, it's Coo Chi Coo! Surely he's seen a check by now?

As was to be a regular occurrence a Hare appeared to help marshal the situation and we were sent on the correct trail. The Hares made good use of the area. Many trails were set inside military areas with wide gravelly tracks allowing for a high speed ride, yet the Hares achieved some good checks to pull the pack together again. Following the Hares pre ride instructions, every water crossing was thought to be the bridge not to use. There were sections on this ride that made me realise how people might think that the mistakenly used Dog Hash trail on my ride might be deemed as rideable. They also added in one or two hills that you had to work at. Working my way up one particularly steep park section, one cyclist cut straight across me with the sort of crass lack of consideration that would get a dent in the side of your car. Hang on, isn't that rider Belgian? You bet!

Last section was back through the splendid black and white houses and to home. Ride took about 2 hours.

Circle was called by Tim. Hares were called in and all agreed it was a well set ride. Virgin Don, US Navy, in Singapore since 1988. I read stories that US aircraft carriers are so big that it is not unknown for Yankee sailors to get on the wrong deck and never find their way back again. This obviously happened to Don in Orchard Towers. Another Virgin Kalis, was reminded that the Bike Hash is not funded by the PAP and ordered to pay up.

Crash of the day went to Red Snapper for a tiny little scratch on her somewhere. TI Joe was charged for his awful road etiquette, forcing me of my bike. Belgium began conducting driving tests during the 70's, one of the first developing countries to do so, which accounts for the monster dent in the side of his car. Stiffy retrieved Back Entrance's head gear for him – notably the second time he'd lost it and the second time Stiffy picked it up. There then followed a mixture of debate and coercion until eventually Peter Grinstead and Zeek agreed to volunteer and set the next ride.

COME ON PEOPLE, GET OFF YOUR ARSES AND SET A RIDE. IT CANNOT BE THE SAME PEOPLE ALL THE TIME.

Finally, We had an inside view of Ross' mind when she had seen David picking up toilet paper and thought it was discarded tissue from lover's car. She has been too long with Coo Chi Coo.

OnOn

Scribed by,
Wan King

