

Ride 436 Report – 19 & 20 August 2012

A Bintan Extravaganza.....!

Hares: Too Easy and (F)FCB ably supported by Spa Barbie and Jesus

SBH made one of its infrequent visits to nearby Bintan courtesy of some hard work by the Hares and their support team!

Day 1 out and back 45km

Sunday

I thought the ride was pretty easy until I realized that the 4 km tarmac ride out of the Bintan Lagoon hotel was just the ride to the start of the Hash. Imagine how Knobby Boy Scout felt riding in from the Mana Mana hotel. 10.15 was the appointed start time and before we were allowed to ride off we had to suffer the longest briefing in the history of the bike hash with descriptions of semi diurnal ebb and flow, flora and fauna, medevac, carry half your weight in water and height of grass. Finally we moved off down the dirt motorway but not for long as the Hares soon had us imitating that famous African tribe that jumps up and down in the long grass, yes, the 'where the @\$% are we tribe'.

Riding blind through the long grass hoping not to hit a tree was an act of faith and several of us found we should have paid more attention to religious studies.

Half an hour into the ride, the pack assembled on a river bank with mutterings of who is going in first, is it deep and do they have crocodiles over here? A human chain was formed and bikes were floated across. Coo Chi Choo rubbed his hands at the thought of all the business replacing bearings damaged in salt water. (Any discount this week at Two Wheel Action)? The Hares had obviously not checked the tide times or didn't understand them as it was close to high water which meant that if you slipped off the log road you were under water as the website video clearly shows!

Onward through trails and a lengthy beach ride we made our way up the coast and found our way to the drinks stop. We sat down to espressos and freshly baked croissant at the beachside café. No chance! Water and a Pocari, or for the sophisticated a fresh coconut. Coo Chi Choo repaired his puncture having ridden in to the café on a flat.

By now it was very warm and the idea of another two hour ride back was not too appealing. The Hares found the hills and some steep descents which were not to everyone's taste. Jackoff bit the dust bounced on her head leapt to her feet shouting have I broken my neck and will I have concussion. Well they do say that chickens run around if they lose their heads. In the end it was just scrapes and bruises. The river was less deep for the return but Slocum showed his famous log riding techniques where he drops 4 feet onto a log and straddles it. Fortunately the cooling effect of the water probably numbed any feeling below the waist. We all seemed to return in ones and twos but no one appeared missing over dinner (apart from the Hash Brew's sense of humour).

Day 2 one way 25km

Monday

The Hares with support from Jesus were up early to lay the new trail.

Shorter briefing(shorter trail)

We started in the same direction but this time took a southerly route crossing the highway several times on a fast flowing trail with a minor water crossing. Very good single track at times and less tall grass meant that the frb's stretched the pack.

Near the end as we approached the coast through the golf course we headed down for another beach ride. Here I must digress with some background. As a teacher I often hear children trying to explain or justify their actions. Those with weak arguments try to boost them with additions such as 'honestly' or 'its true', if you are a parent you will know what I mean. As I approached the beach I met Coo Chi Choo riding back shaking his head and saying 'you can't get through its too deep'. Well quickly calculating the fact that Coo Chi Choo is about the height of my crossbar I immediately dismissed the claim but it was settled when he said 'trust me'. I knew then that he was not telling the whole truth. The trail lead into the sea....

Yellow squares floated in the surf. Remembering what Too Easy had said about not going into the water alone I promptly ignored it and set off towards the ships on the horizon. I now know that carbon floats! A 10 minute swim got me around the rocks and back on the beach. Why was the bike 3kg heavier?

The end point was the Mana Mana hotel and a refreshing beer at the beach. As the rain descended to clean our bikes, the riders who couldn't get around the rocks on the beach detoured through the golf course. There was little time to thank the Hares or have a circle as riders headed to their hotels and to their ferries.

If you were there then you know how refreshingly different it was to ride outside Singapore. Two excellent rides; a relaxing and different weekend.

Thank you Hares for your dedication in setting it up.

On On

Scribed by,
Stiffy

The Sunday 19th Ride



The Monday 20th Ride

