

Ride 439 Report – 21 October 2012

Coo Chi Coo's Birthday Bash.....!

Hares: Coo Chi Coo (he didn't have any friends.....)

Expectations were high as riders slowly arrived at car park C on Pepy's Road. Wonder why Coo Chi Coo decided to start his ride here.... Could it be because he lives a few hundred metres higher up the hill? Or did he know how this ride was destined to end? Having warned the pack that there were several HDBs to negotiate, paths that were very slippery from the rain the night before (prophetic as it turned out) and a finish that was marked with a "notice" where we could wait and be led on the finale of the ride because the Hare hadn't had time to finish the trail. Or if we didn't feel like more riding, we could go home from there. The Hare having set the scene, anticipation was running high.

The skies were relatively blue as about 30 riders set off down the hill to West Coast Road, only to be diverted down a cul-de-sac and along a path by a drainage canal towards the rear entrance of Hort Park. The pack shot away up the hill towards the "black and whites" on York Road, followed by the Hare who cursed the fact that the pack hadn't ridden over the grass where the trail was laid! Having crossed Alexandra Road, the first of many T-checks found the back of the pack facing the returning leaders. Serves 'em right I hear mumbled.

The trail then led under the Forest Walk and into Gilman Barracks and out again by the swanky new art galleries that have replaced the old barracks sheds full of teak furniture. We were then treated to yet another T-check in a fairly grubby bit of forest reached after a steep, grassy climb. About turn and into the first of the HDB blocks, which turned out to be a whole lot of HDB blocks by the time we'd cleared them.

Into Wishart Road and another T-check up a hill. It said dead end on a sign at the entrance, so why we all rode it I have no idea! Then behind the shop houses on Wishart Road where Sperm, warned that the path was like an ice rink and to push his bike, decided to ride it and promptly fell off, hitting his head on the edge of a drain, breaking his jaw! Copy Cat quickly decided that this wasn't a job for the first aid kit and got a taxi to take Sperm to hospital. He'll mend, but what he's eating at the moment no one knows.

Another T-check at the end of Wishart Road and then onto Telok Blangah where the sod had set yet another T-check at the top of a very steep climb. The leading pack, determined that the rest also be punished, hid behind the turn at the top of the hill until the rest had arrived. Job done, we proceeded down the hill and into the bus depot where we got roundly cursed by a bus driver telling us, in front of a sign saying "No walking in the Bus Depot" that we shouldn't be walking in the Depot. Maybe he didn't notice the bikes.....

We were then treated to a tortuous climb up to the top of Mount Faber and then down again via what must have been the steepest grass slope on the ride or the alternative, the slipperiest, steepest steps ever. Having made it to the bottom, another HDB awaited us as well as very dark skies and a few loud claps of thunder. And then it started to bucket down as we crossed a bridge leading over the old railway line. A few intrepid souls headed down the steps to check for trail, while the rest stood stoically on the bridge getting pissed on by ever heavier rain. Trail was found leading onto the old railway line, which by this time was looking more like a new river. After riding the line for a while we hit the "notice" – a carefully water proofed sheet of A4 as it turned out. The pack eventually came together and decided that the weather was too piss poor to do anything else than ride for home.

Although the lightning was getting more frequent, we started to ride up the newly formed river towards Alexandra Road. Two of the French riders set off like scalded cats, only to miss the exit at Alexandra and then turn up at the car park when everyone else was leaving. What can I say.....! Exiting at Alexandra was interesting to say the least. Torrential rain and a rushing torrent of water down the exit path made it less than easy to get up to the road. One intrepid rider decided to swim in the drain at the top of the path, though he didn't stay in long as the bike seemed to hinder his stroke.

By this time everyone was completely sodden and bikes and riders were covered in muck from the old railway river, so it was with great enthusiasm that we all set off on the short home stretch to the car park on Pepys Road. Having collected most of the riders back at the car park, including the Frenchmen who went missing on the railway line, it was decided that it would be silly to hold a circle in the pouring rain. Coo Chi Coo kindly invited us back to his Condo at the top of the

hill where a smallish circle took place. Quite a few charges were made, but I can't remember them, so no more about that! After the circle many went to the On On at Fat Boys Burger Bar for a "gourmet burger". And it was a nice surprise to be treated to beer by Coo Chi Coo. Well, it was his birthday bash after all!

Verdict: All agreed it was a good ride, well set by a lone Hare in an area not ridden for some time. A tad wet at the end though!

On On

Scribed by,
Back Entrance

