

Ride 441 Report – 25 November 2012

The Franco – German Alliance Ride.....!

Hares: Sebastian Lay and Strapon

Not pissing with rain, which makes a change. Ride is only around the corner from my Kampong so no rush, time for tea and toast. Right, time to go....is the back tyre meant to be flat like that? Quick tube replacement; now having to leg it to the venue. Arrive just on time where about 30 odd Hashers are milling around in the Bukit Batok car park. Certain key players were notable by their absence and I don't mean the GM. The Hare tells us that the ride will be between 20-30km depending on how much checking you end up doing, which ended up being everyone but we will get to that.

We were sent off in the direction of Bukit Timah Road and began to get a taster of what was to come as Indian scouts were sent out ahead to pick up the faint chalk markings liberally spaced out at 500m intervals. The world uses metric measurement, not the Yanks, the world uses dd/mm/yyyy, not the Yanks, the world stops at red traffic lights..... Having avoided Ferrari-style wipe-outs crossing Bukit Timah Road, we were taken along the side of the Condo leading onto to the 'old' railway line trail. Here we encountered the first of the 3km-long back checks. This took us onto the road at the foot of Bukit Timah, past a sign for the **Bukit Timah Mountain Bike Trail**, to the platform overlooking the quarry lake, where, in case there was any doubt, a T-check was placed.

As people queued up for the Mountain Bike Trail, Jack Off was ushering everyone into the trail but no on-call from within could be heard. More savvy checkers began to suspect that the trail was not in the obvious place and began to turn back down the road. At this point everyone's attention was drawn to the bushes as Jack Off hastily jumped to her feet pulling up cycle drawers, the whole "on on is that way" ploy being just a ruse for her to relieve herself. Incidentally, this was a good check, playing on the innate stupidity of Hashers.

The trail was picked up at the bottom of the road and took us round to the Mountain Bike Trail (can never remember the names these loops have) taking us under the BKE to Chestnut Avenue. A number of people thought they spotted paper on the other side of the pipeline and idiot me decided to follow Tinsel Tits into the long grass to nowhere. Having slogged through this I re-joined the pack at Chestnut who were retreating back up the hill from another marathon length T-check. The trail went in through Bukit Panjang Park and onto the Park Connector, which had me thinking we're going up the big muddy hill under the BKE. But no, the trail stayed on the Park Connector to another T-check. We're going up the big muddy hill..... and we did and on to the Mandai trail until we reached the military zone. Good to see that the army was at home today as they can be somewhat erratic and stroppy in this area on occasions.

At this stage I saw a rider coming back towards me so I stopped. Another T-check I told myself. "What's happening" I bellowed at him. Then I realised he was not one of us. "Nice day isn't it?" I said as I continued on my way feeling a complete twat. It was here that the ride got surreal. Following paper up and down the roads, over and through muddy water-filled humps, I exit to no paper and head downhill where the Hare, a Teutonic fellow who would have been resplendent on top of a Panzer Tank with a pair of binoculars around his neck said, "you vil follow me." He then proceeds to stand aloft a hill and says, "It's this way." There then followed an interesting exchange which emphasised why England has no need to be part of the EU.

"We've already been that way."

"This is the way, come on."

"We've been that way, you follow paper all the way round until you arrive where we are now."

"It's this way, trust me, I am the Hare! Come on!"

"I know you are the Hare, but when you follow paper it brings you out here."

"It's this way, come this way, I am the Hare!"

I know how David Cameron feels now. As hypothermia was setting in I gave in, threw down my arms and went up the hill again. As we cycled along the Hare begins to see that we are on paper all the way. "It is the fault of the French!"

He indicated a small break in the undergrowth that took us along the fence line, apparently from a T-check ahead. This then took us to a more relaxing part of the ride as we headed our way back along the road, down a hill with rusty anti-tank rods sticking up and into a building site. A further hunt for paper took us out onto the Upper Bukit Timah end of

town and eventually led us to mass-crossing onto the old railway line trail. We trundled down along this for some way hitting more T-checks.

It should be mentioned here that I was not with the front riders, yet we seemed to encounter T-checks with great regularity which had not been broken. This meant that everyone did the long back checks. Although there are many Bike Hashers who haven't a clue what Hashing is about, there are many Front Riding Bastards who do and should join check paper to make it easier for the slow guys like me and Co Chi Co to keep up.

Drains and Park Connectors brought us to the Home run through Bukit Batok and back to the ride site, where a number of relatively fresh faces, not seen on the ride, were waiting.

Circle was called by Tim. Virgins, Andrew, Julie and Catherine. All vowed it was the best Bike Hash they had ever done and would return again. Wild horses wouldn't stop them. Returnee Chris, works for Moody's, had downgraded the Hash. We will sue her for loss of earnings.

Crash of the Day was Patrick. Full somersault with bike attached. Neuf point.

Singaporeans Ros and Agnes were pulled in as representatives of a country voted as the most emotionless people in the world. As they stood there in a confused catatonic state, blank eyes staring through the Circle, a slow unemotional song was sung to them. Clearly, a people never breast fed, only spoon fed.

Ros charged Sebastian for calling her by the incorrect Hash name of No Use. Ros was charged for being no use. The late comers, Tim, Patrick (lookalike for TI Joe, thanks for turning up) and exFCB.

There then followed an inquisition to press gang members into setting rides for next year. After some time and coercion, several people drank the King's shilling - suckers! All you numpties who think it's just wonderful how people set these lovely cycling jaunts and all you have to do is just turn up, stump up and get involved - be a co-Hare to start with. You will find it is great fun.

Sebastian then persisted with singing a Frenchman Went to the Lavatory (with the wrong words), the entire Circle had that American Idol moment when Simon Cowell looks pityingly at the talentless singer and shouts "Enough!" And the singer continues, convinced of his star appeal. He was duly on-downed and distraught at not making the next round.

Ros was stand in for Jack Off contriving a piss stop. There was also some comment about wife swapping but far be it from me to start rumours. Finally, the Hare and Scribe were given drinks for the altercation over where the paper was going.

Next ride is the Christmas bash set by Lars and Sonny which will be at the Dutch Club. The Dutch were runners up to the Singaporeans.

Jack Off was still not back by the end of the Circle, which led to great concern that she was on her own with Co Chi Co loose in the vicinity. A search party immediately convened to find her. At time of writing, it is believed she was found unharmed. Another theory has it that she cleared the northern part of Singapore so she could have another wee stop.

On On was at block 271 across the road. HDB tucker.

Verdict: The ride spoke volumes for the future of Europe. It's fucked. Really enjoyable though, well set with some good hill work and terrain. As an instigator of long checks I thought they were good. FRB's join the paper! My confusion lies in where most of the pack disappeared half way round the ride?

On On

Scribed by,
Wan King



Image © 2012 GeoEye
Image © 2012 DigitalGlobe

Ride 441

©2010 Google

1°22'27.26" N 103°45'17.48" E elev 63 m

Eye alt 7.26 km