

Ride 447 Report – 07 April 2013

TI Joe Returns.....Again!

Hares: TI Joe & Machine

Location: Mandai Quarry Road

Having spent much of Saturday setting a dog Hash run in eternal thunder, lightning and rain, I was under no illusion that this ride was going to be dry; however, at times it reached proportions that would have put a World War One battlefield in the shadows. Setting off at 9am from the house I spied another bike Hash nutter in the form of Tinsel Tits riding along Bukit Timah Road to the ride. As we both arrived at the site, a reasonable crowd was gathering with everyone admiring everyone else's bike. As usual, Coo Chi Coo had abandoned his wife leaving others to help her get her bike ready. The other notables were Too Easy and Fat Crashing Bastard resplendent in their Marmite lycra, complete with matching helmets. Lars turned up without his stout shoes and was sporting a pair of brothel creepers which could not clip into his pedals. The dumb ass question then went around, has anyone got a spare pair of ordinary pedals. Oh come on, get real!

Given that it was TI Joe and Machine setting this run, there was a degree of trepidation as to whether there would be any paper, would it be shorter than 50km and would members of the SAS recruitment team be in place to welcome us into the unit upon completion of the ride. The fact that the Hares were not at the run site to give us a briefing further added to this anxiety. The group was called together and a voice could be heard emanating from the middle of the gathered riders. Upon closer inspection it could be seen that the voice was coming from what was in fact a dwarf (now if I have gotten this the right way round, a midget is a properly proportioned person, only very small and a dwarf is like Coo Chi Coo) sporting dark glasses and wearing a helmet. The helmet actually added another 6 inches to the dwarf's stature. In any event, he told us that the OnOn was down the road.

At this point as everyone sped off, a thought occurred to me that it might be a good time to go and collect my bike, set the computer and get going. The first obstacle was getting across Mandai Road, which was not too busy at this time, then we turned right into the greenery towards what I think is a water station and then into the jungle. This was a good point to be strategically placed at the back of the pack as this turned out to be a T-check, the actual trail being forwards up the hill around the wire fence heading towards the Kranji intersection and then right onto the broken up roads into Mandai proper. At this point as I headed downhill, I met the front riders coming up again. Looking at quite a steep slope to the left, I asked Too Easy's views on the matter, she agreed it was steep and carried on riding up the lesser hill. As luck would have it your dogged scribe stuck the reins between his teeth (I watched True Grit the other night) and belted up the Eiger like ascent. Thankfully, paper was at the top. Open trail then took us into a quick loop inside the canopy, slippery and muddy which was a portent of things to come. We then pushed on under the expressway and through the overgrown grass trail that was easily rideable but many still pushed, which then led us to the top of a hill that the brave slid down, narrowly avoiding a drain at the bottom. This led to the bog by the wire fence. Rain had turned this into a mud trap, the sort of thing that in millennia to come, archaeologists will be digging up bike Hashers still clipped in on their bikes and will wonder what ancient ritual took place on this site to cause such sacrifice. The bodies will be perfectly preserved in the oxygen deficient ooze, scientists will puzzle over the obscure meaning of Hash names like Doggy Style, Wet Beaver and Wanking and probably determine that this was a sect of sexually depraved expat druids with their Singaporean concubines where sacrifices were made to the Hash gods by making people wear stout shoes and then clipping them onto bikes to weight them down in the bog.

For the lucky ones who overcame this obstacle the trail led round the drain, conveniently through water to wash our shoes and then up a short steep slope just this side of Turf Club Avenue. At this point (and many others) Coo Chi Coo was convinced of a check to come. However, he popped up at the front of the pack several times during the ride even though he never passed anyone. A quick traverse of Turf Club Avenue took us to a check at the War Memorial. A few riders thought of riding across grass, so pristinely manicured that you could have played snooker on it. For the uninitiated, snooker is a British derived game of skill played on a big table with small pockets, unlike the American invention Pool, played on a tiny table with bucket sized pockets so that a blind hypo can pot the balls or a Filipino bar girl can rest her tits in them. The check was broken by Woodlands Road, even though Goes Both Ways had found a sheet of paper elsewhere, quite an achievement for Wendy who normally sabotages most checks by turning back just before she finds paper.

We ended up on a long section of old railway trail, surprisingly hard work I felt but then I am a softy. Arrived just at the point a check had been broken and headed over the footbridge across Upper Bukit Timah then into a building site where it got seriously muddy again. Watching Tinsel Tits, at this stage he looked like he was ruining his earlier idea of riding to the Hash, a thought that was going through my mind as well. Things were going well until FCB stalled and like dominos everyone dismounted. The trail took us to another open area; where a T-check had been broken just as I arrived, then out onto the tarmac road where a smug Flemish Hare told me I was very slow. Sucking up the encouragement I headed towards the green fence last seen during Stiffy's and the Paddies ride three weeks ago. This time we turned into the army vehicle training zone and as we came past the steep concrete ramps I thought we were going up them (I have seen Tim do it so it can be done) but thankfully not. As we exited the zone heading towards the Mandai Road we were taken into the bush for what the Flem called the technical part of the ride. This was good jungly trail which on a dry day would have been technically challenging but mostly doable. On the day the mix of a crowded trail, slippery roots and many fallen logs made it both tiring and frustrating at times (it's amazing how pushing a bike is more tiring than riding it) and the section was finished off with a good slope down over some metal cladding onto the pipeline. By this time I was beginning to flag and one Mummies Boy was telling me to get my fucking bike out of the way. I politely moved to one side as a procession of riders went past, including the fat Dane, who muttered something about me not making the training runs. Notification of those rides is about the only sodding message that I don't get on Facebook from him. Somewhere around this point we went under the BKE not to the other side, but heading back into jungle trail. Many riders I had not seen the whole ride seemed to have turned up at this point. The last section was through the jungle onto Mandai Road and home.

Circle was called by Tim. Hares called in and everyone agreed it was a great run. Machine had only arrived back from holiday the night before so he was the spear carrier for TI Joe. Guests included a Paddy who was a bike Hasher nine years ago, had come back to Singapore to have a baby and wasn't sure where he was going after that. To be sure to be sure. Charges included Hares for some reason, the dwarf was called in for continually short cutting and he, in turn, charged Fat Crashing Bastard and Too Easy for instigating austerity measures by sharing the same hair dye. Next ride is by Hash Brew, venue don't know.

Breakfast was at Blooie's, as last time. We have now negotiated discount for Hash OnOn's held there.

Verdict: Great ride, not that long but still quite tough and challenging, made all the more so by the conditions. Certainly many trails that you could ride on your own. Well done Hares.

Scribed by,
Wan King

