

Ride 453 Report – 18 August 2013

More Red White & Blue Ride!

Hares: Lucas Jodogne & Fat Stuck Bastard

Location: 74 Commonwealth Drive

Back from hols in the UK and the first problem is jet lag and trying to wake up in time having eventually dropped off to sleep around 3am. All a bit of a blur but at least the ride is only down the road by Holland Village or Haw Par to be precise. With no disrespect to the Hares, I wasn't expecting much from this area but we were to be quite surprised by what they had cooked up. It was getting to be quite a hot day as we milled about in the car park of gulag 74, but where was the Hare? Knobby Boy Scout put in an appearance on Earth and to protect his alien skin he had opted to wear arm coverings that looked like they had been cut from a tart's worn out pair of white stockings. This might not have looked so odd had he not worn them with a sleeveless shirt, leaving 6 inches of bare flesh between the stockings and the shirt. This gave the look of a cross dresser without any dress sense who hadn't got the wig and lipstick on yet. Asking how he would cope with the bare flesh design flaw he said he would put suntan lotion on that area. At gone 10am, Hare Fergus appeared so GM Tim called us together only to be told by Fergus that he required a further 5 mins while he recovered, which got us all thinking. At last Fergus was ready to give us detailed instructions. "It's on....chalk.....flour and.....".

"Paper?"

"Yes, that's it, paper. There's also a bit of a cross over at the railway line and in the black and whites, oh you'll sort it out when you see it."

On On was out of the back of the car park which was a relatively straight forward track over some boards, no problem unless you have 40 bikes converging on it at the same time. I had forgotten to restart my Garmin at this point and despite the pervading feeling of tiredness I remember a somewhat surreal ride as we rode around the little England that is the Black and White enclaves of the area. Saying cheery good mornings to everyone and their barking dogs, it could have been Dorking on a Sunday morning only it was 30°C. Having said goodbye to the good folk we ended up going underneath Portsdown road and onto the old railway line. At this point I remembered to switch on my Garmin and can now recount with accuracy the trail we took from here.

Along the railway line we headed off to the right past the mosque and onto Jalan Hang Jebat. My wife used to work in one of the houses on this road so it's curious how when you are jet lagged and you come at the road from a different direction you can be clueless as to where you are. I was also completely oblivious to the fact that I was riding next to Tanglin School's sports field. At this rate it's amazing that I remember being on the ride. The only thing that seemed to keep me awake was the repeated comment by Sonny that he would rectally abuse me if I fell asleep, which provided considerable motivation to stay awake. It's not the pain you understand, it's the fact that, if the persistent rumours are true about Sonny, I probably wouldn't have noticed.

Across really uneven ground where Coo Chi Coo made one of his many shortcuts of the day hugging the AYE instead, but some good off road trail as well which brought us to Warwick Road, thence to the drain system and a cunning T check. The trail was found going down the drain in the opposite direction. Ross showed his complete lack of Hash etiquette (in fact I am not sure he knows that he is on a Hash) by creating a vicious swing back that might have decapitated a less sturdy athlete than myself and I forgot to charge him for this in the circle afterwards. The long drain section took us back to the mosque intersection at the end of Jalan Hang Jebat which was obviously what Fergus was babbling about before the ride. To further add to the confusion, at this juncture we were met by the strange sight of a little pixy looking fellow mimicking rabbit ears with his hands and jinking his head towards our right. It late transpired that this was Lucas, the virgin Hare, giving us forward guidance in Bananke speak.

From here it gets confusing on the Garmin. We went across country to Alexandra Road then we must have partly gone

off road to Bury Road and along to the newish pedestrian walkway at Hyderabad Road. It must have been like marauding hoards as a large gang of sweaty, predominantly Ang Mo yobs were wielding bikes all over the place. People out for a stroll pinned themselves against the walls in an effort to escape. No wonder the Singaporeans want us AM's out. This short section took us down to the track that traverses across to Lock Road, probably rideable but too much congestion for that. At Gillman Village the wimps at the front were confronted with an off road hill that showed promise but everyone decided it was a T-check. It was.

From Lock Road some fast riding took us to Telok Blangah Drive and then through some off road to bring us to what seemed to be a check at Pender Road. With those in the know that this led to a bugger of hill, notably Coo Chi Coo again, confusion broke out as every avenue was explored apart from the obvious, that being that the trail continued up the hill. Not knowing this was a real mother I blasted up the slope confident that the hill petered out just round the next corner, well, must be the next corner then or the next. Having more or less reached the top of Mount Faber we then went down the other side via a long set of steps. A certain rhythm was in place until Stiffy just decided to stop in mid step causing a mass pile up (slight exaggeration, it was just me) but Ross demonstrated some impressive biking skills on this section amongst others.

The steps took us to Telok Blangah Way and according to Bing we worked our way around a very impressive looking building and then along the drain to another unmarked check. By this time Coo Chi Coo had realised that the Pender Road was in fact the right way and aborted his short cut. Appearing at the back of the pack he found the trail back along the old railway line, not that we hadn't figured that out already, but it's good to let the old folks feel useful in life. There followed a long section on the old railway line which ended at a T-check by... (drum roll) the mosque intersection at Jalan Hang Jebat. Coming up at the rear, I was confronted by a stampede of front riders. Using my Winchester rifle I brought down the first three until the others came to a halt. Seeing their dead companions, they explained that the consensus of opinion was that the trail was further back by the AYE, (it was) but please don't shoot us. (OK it's not real but it makes for more interesting reading). Heading back to the check, chalk arrows now led both left and right and it is fair to say that the Hares screwed up here. If the pixy rabbit was needed, it was now. Your scribe, Stiffy and Back Entrance went left to Jalan Hang Jebat but unbeknownst to us, the rest of the pack went right. More confusion with chalk marks led me and Back Entrance to the drain thence to the same trail past Tanglin School playing fields that we had been along earlier. Realising this we decided that this could not be the trail. Apparently, it was. We opted to head home by going down Portsdown Road when Stiffy appeared again having had no success with the other chalk marks. Turning onto Wilton Road again from Portsdown, as we crossed the old railway line to home, the rest of the pack came in down the railway line track. Consensus (two people) was that the ride was 17km plus.

Once the Hares eventually returned, the circle got underway. Everyone thought the ride to be top drawer and the Hares to be congratulated on their endeavours. Fergus asked if everyone did the Kent Ridge section and the response was a sea of blank faces. Apparently, we should have gone past Tanglin School sports field and across the bridge over the AYE and then up to Kent Ridge and back (somehow). The Hares clocked 25km. We did not have any guests on this ride but we did have a new member in Gail the Dentist. Returnees were Knobby Boy Scout and Bob Graf. It turns out that Knobby is a bit of a scribe himself and has just had a book published called "Parting Glances – Singapore's Evolving Spaces" which includes many historical pictures of Singapore taking in Knobby's many trips to Earth over the years. Sounds very interesting though so do buy, available in that Japanese bookstore and also on Amazon.

It was such a safe ride through little England that the Crash of the Day award had to be categorised as the Scratch of the Day award for which Stiffy was the inaugural winner, though this was probably self-inflicted. Other charges included Chris for being a lost refugee. Virgin Hare Lucas was charged by his co-Hare for wanting to use a large stapler to affix paper to the trees and Knobby for his stocking arms. The Penang ride in October was advertised, do go to the website for details, it will be great riding and a good time. Bike Hash (Singapore) is now an officially registered Club (society).

Having lost his haring virginity it was suggested that Lucas' Hash name should be Bunny Tool which was duly endorsed by those gathered and the ceremony presided over by Coo Chi Coo.

Next ride is being organised by Tinsel Tits in the Bukit Brown Cemetery vicinity. On On was at the Colbar on Portsdown Road.

Verdict - An excellent ride set by the Hares even if we didn't do the final Kent Ridge section. In some ways a pity but I was not complaining. The jet lag was not so bad now and my man hole was still virginal.

Scribed by,
Wan King

