

Ride 454 Report – 8 September 2013

Possibly a Grave Situation Ride!

Hares: Tinsel Tits, Bunny Tool and Rubber Toe

Location: Watten Heights Playground, Watten Estate Road (off Hillcrest Road)

The preceding week saw some of the wettest weather for some time, having rained consecutively for four days leading up to the ride. A cry for a replacement Hare had already gone out a few days before the ride, the original Hare having been lost in a newly created swamp somewhere. I had been reliably informed that the reason for the rain was that the Singapore government, in their godlike manner, had given instructions for cloud seeding to take place so as to initiate copious rainfall prior to the F1 in a few weeks' time, thus keeping the track dry. I find a few flaws in this hypothesis, the first being that it is highly debatable whether cloud seeding actually works and why would you induce rain weeks before the event? The other argument against *nucleation* (as we scientific types refer to it) is why would the organisers of F1 want to rule out a factor such as heavy rain when it is the one thing that might invigorate an event in a sport that competes with watching paint dry for excitement. It was different in the old days, drivers hit trees, burning petrol erupted over crowds and there were multi-car pileups, now that was entertainment. What we need is stuff like Rollerball where the objective of wiping out the opposition is implicit in the rules, "A game? It was never meant to be a game"!

Which brings us to the ride. There was a mega storm during the night and with rain still persisting as I rode to Watten Estate playground (it must make parents uneasy to have a large group of mainly unshaven men wearing tight lycra hanging around near the swings at the kiddies playground) I did begin to think that we might have the conditions that would provide the sort of carnage that was graphically depicted in the film Rollerball. After the usual assessment of each other's bikes it was decided that the Pimp my MTB award for the week went to Back Entrance. With so much high tech equipment on the bike the only thing that was missing on his Harleysque machine was some aerodynamic cowling, pannier bags and maybe a ghetto blaster strapped to handlebars. I could add a Thai bird strapped on the back seat but that would be going too far.

Just before 10am Tinsel Tits emerged with a toilet roll that looked like it had been flushed three times down the toilet, dangling off the front of his bike. We were informed to our immense shock and surprise that the ride was very wet and that it was on toilet paper (if we could find any) and chalk. The other plus factor was the rain had at last stopped. On that note we were herded off on our way up the hill. Initial thoughts of an early hill climb were quickly dispelled as chalk marks were picked up leading us up a drain to the right and through the wet terrain to some steps leading down beside a house to another drain. Comments of where the Hares found this were quite frequent at this point. In some ways this little stretch to Lornie Road was indicative of the ride as a whole as what seemed a fairly innocuous bit of riding was more awkward in the sodden muddy conditions than it would have been under firmer conditions. Even crossing drains was tricky as Bruno's partner slipped over on the greasy surface. She should count herself lucky, judging by his comments in the Circle, that Coo Chi Coo was not standing behind her when it happened.

The pack was already becoming very spread out at this early stage. Heading down Lornie Road we were taken over the footbridge and then further down Lornie Road on the other side. Chalk arrows then headed us up Chee Hoon Avenue, University Road and under the flyover on Kheam Hock Road. When I say us I mean myself and Graeme. After the flyover, we went off road into the Bukit Brown Cemetery area, ignoring the excited calls of the trimmer men and along a narrow, mused up, slippery, grassy muddy section (which could describe most of the trails). To begin with this was mostly rideable and it was clear that the Hares had put a considerable amount of time recceing the area but muddy conditions did make me thankful that, for once, I was not clipped into the pedals. Having bashed my ribs during the previous weeks I played the girl and held back from doing some of the downhill parts, but afterwards thought that this was probably the best day of all to have a go as if you came off it would have been like landing in a mud bath and not hitting concrete. As we went deeper into cemetery it was a bit frustrating that we had to dismount more often to get

over trees and obstacles, but nevertheless there was still some good riding to had, albeit that you had to work that much harder in the mud. Eventually, we exited into the open ground off Jalan Mashhor and right up Gymkhana Ave to Mount Pleasant Road and off into the woods again. What I found particularly galling was the way in which people had buried their ancestors all over the place forcing me to negotiate bricks and fallen urns. At last we broke out into daylight, down the steep slope to the bottom of Onreat Road and the PIE.

I was about to go up Onreat Road when an On On cry alerted me to a gathering of Bashers thoughtfully regrouping on the footbridge over the PIE. By now we had ridden a daunting 5km! The last stragglers came through, amongst them the GM, Copy Cat, who had the audacity to refuse to climb the footbridge steps because he thought it was a T-check. Yeah, that's why we were all up there. Eager to get on with the race Ross, Philip and others were already edging away from the crowd. I am still not sure that Ross understands that he is on a Hash.

Having cajoled the GM up the steps the ride recommenced along Whitley Road to Thomson Road, where an ambling Hare, Bunny Tool, was loitering to make sure we didn't screw up on the return journey as we were about to enter an off road hinterland bounded by roads with Toa Payoh in their name. This was a really good section with squidgy grass plains leading to an uphill trail that was going really well until a fallen bush blocked our path. Throwing my bike over the obstacle, I finally broke down, "what's the point"! It was my second girly moment of the day but after a few sobs I got over it and continued on through trail that the Hares had done well to find and incorporate into the ride. Emerging back on Thomson road, it was over the footbridge and onto Jalan Mashhor and along to the soggy grassland leading to where we had previously exited from the cemetery. I had been watching Coo Chi Coo all the while, knowing full well that he would ride on the road until the last possible moment that he had to move onto grass and sure enough...

We headed back into the trail that we had exited earlier in the ride. It's going to be a fuck-up. But no, we use a different trail this time and I know what's coming, a series of climbs up the slopes between the dead people, it's a dead cert. But the pain never arrives; instead we are heading on the trail towards the Bukit Brown Cemetery gates. At this point Too Easy is advising everybody that there is an arrow saying HOME on it, but don't be fooled by that, it is clearly wrong and everyone must go into the cemetery and do as they are told. Admittedly, we had only done about 12km at this stage but help was at hand as Tinsel Tits arrived and told us that we had missed the point where paper went left off the trail. Being a Hash purist, I duly went back and entered the virtually unseeable track only to be confronted by a procession of front riders, including Philip, Ross, Sperm and Fat Dane all asking me what I am doing. Planting turnips? Why are you all coming back? Don't know. Dumb shits. This was a fairly unridable section that exited on Kheam Hock Road, at which point Philip rides pass telling me that Home is down the road and continues in the opposite direction. Bloody Frogs! - yes, Belgians are French, they just don't know it. This was a key error, as we subsequently found out the trail went across the road and back into more dead body territory and a big loop back onto Lornie Road.

Isolated and all alone, my moment of confusion came. When we had reached the PIE bridge earlier on in the ride, paper was hanging from a tree on the adjacent slope but this was trumped by more plausible chalk markings. Was this now the way home? I rode in through the woodland and had a deja vu moment when I confronted a steep hill. Hadn't we come down this slope before? I went back out onto the road again and cycled around in circles while nearby workmen wondered what this Ang Mo twat was doing. At this point I noticed some chalk arrows on the pavement pointing back in the direction of the woods that I had just come from. Hauled my bike up the steep slope onto a trail that become more and more unridable until I found myself in the middle of a swamp with old tennis balls everywhere and the sound of a tennis game in the background. It doesn't get more surreal than this, and I was convinced that I had detoured onto some other Hash's paper. There was only one way out of this crap and that was to climb up onto the road above and head the most direct way home. Lugging my bike over the drain, there dangling from a tree was paper! The trail went back onto Lornie Road and picked up previous chalk marks. The trail actually went over the footbridge and back to the run site, but I had forgotten my special spy glasses that allow you to see invisible chalk, so I continued on down to Dunearn Road, Hillcrest and home.

Most people clocked 15km for the ride but the Hares were adamant that it was 20km, the discrepancy being accounted for by the fact that hardly anyone did the loop after Kheam Hock Road. I must admit this is a bit bewildering as the front riding dorks all got to Kheam Hock Road and then turned around and came back. Why? As with the previous ride, it would have made sense to position someone at this key junction to make sure everyone went across the road, especially the blind boy racers.

The Circle was called together but I forgot to take notes, so as I remember.... We had some guests, all vowed that they loved the ride and would definitely come again. We had a returnee in the form of Sperm. Bruno's partner and Coo Chi Coo were charged for something. Coo Chi Coo's head was at the same height as the young lady's breasts and those of us in the know just knew there was going to be some remark from him. Sure enough we ended up burying our heads in our arms as he alluded to the lady's physique. It's always good to know that PC has not caught up with him yet. Too Easy had gone home, showered, dried her hair, done the shopping and then arrived at the Circle to join us smelly oiks who don't have bathrooms. Needless to say an On Down was awarded. I was pulled in for my comment on life and the GM was charged for being a wussy and not climbing the footbridge steps. During the course of the Circle proceedings we were briefly interrupted when a very serious looking local man with a camera was seen loitering on the edge of the circle. Maybe we shouldn't be surprised at the attention we were getting, after all, there is nothing out of the ordinary with a crowd of sweaty (mainly) Ang Mo singing, "...he's no f& *%ing use at all..." on a Sunday morning next to parents and kids playing on the swings. As our gaze swung towards the man he began commenting that we were an illegal gathering. Before this garnered replies from the circle he broke into a grin of sorts and walked away. Thank goodness we are now a registered society and Tim can take the blame.

The On On was down the road at Peperoni's where some tasty pizzas and beer was downed by some stinky bike Hashers.

Verdict: a great effort put in by the Hares not helped by the conditions before and on the day. The wet weather detracted from the ride in some ways but added to it in others but, regardless, everyone was well satisfied that they had had a good blast.

Scribed by,

Wan King

