

Ride 455 Report – 29 September 2013

Coo Chi Coo's Birthday Ride!

Hares: Coo Chi Coo

Location: Pepys Road Car-park C & D

In my dreams I must be thinking of water falls as the urge to have a piss is building up. Just at the point when the water fall is at its loudest I wake up to realise that the water fall is heavy rain and a loud crash of thunder literally rocks the house. It is now 6.30am and I am awake. Now usually at this time the last thing that would be in my mind is Coo Chi Coo but for some reason today was different. Quite worrying really. But today was Bike Hash day and Coo Chi Coo's birthday ride and what was patently clear was that any attempt to lay paper the day before would have been thoroughly washed away by the unceasing torrent outside. Best to expect a bike procession with CCC leading the way. Shame as he usually sets good rides.

9.20am, banana, toast and tea inside me, the rain abating, I set off to ride down the connectors from Clementi to Commonwealth Ave, thence to South Buona Vista and Pepys Road. A good sign was a newish looking piece of wet toilet paper littering the turning to Vigilante Drive. Hmmm, are we going up or down. Now a quick look on iPhone 8 maps had given me the impression that Pepys Road was only a centimetre from the bottom of South Buona Vista, but when this turned out not to be the case and having explored one or two roads not called Pepys Road, I consulted iPhone again. It was now about 9.57am. Realising it was much further down West Coast Highway than I first thought; I got myself to Pepys Road asap not knowing that the slight incline at the beginning led to a long steep ascent, a bit of a shock to the system at that point in time. Arriving at 10.05am I was in luck to find that the pack had waited for me to turn up as I promptly collapsed in a heap. The weather had clearly put the poofter riders off with a smaller than average crowd of 20 riders in attendance.

With CCC still out repairing his trail, it was left to his trusty assistant Ros to tell us about the toilet paper or lack of it. Pointing up the hill, I was glad that we were near the peak, which led us down some steps and a relaxing peddle traversing down the hill on the park connector to the bottom and a T-check. Everyone now turned round and cycled back up the hill to the right hand connector branch heading towards Kent Ridge Park. The trail took us to the top of the mountain bike trail at Vigilante Drive and the beginning of the descent down. This is great trail, quite technical with some challenging parts, which even the seasoned riders were reticent to take on in such wet and slippery conditions. Emerging on South Buona Vista the pack regrouped where the toilet paper was seen earlier.

The trail took us further down South Buona Vista and right into Zennder Road, where the front riding bastards went charging on, missing out a good hill section that the Hare had gone to great lengths to build into his ride, and picking up withered paper again on Science Park Road. From here we entered onto the West Coast connector where the race continued. To be fair, CCC had done a good job relaying much of his trail apart from where we mistakenly deviated off track, past campers into a pot holed swamp. Clearly not the trail. I remembered most of this section for the moisture spraying my face, emanating from Too Easy's rear end (I'm talking about her bike!). The end of the connector took us around some good little trails reminiscent of Pulau Ubin by the lakes and down the side of a large drain which I remember climbing across on some other ride. It was here that the devious Hare led the pack astray taking them up to West Coast Highway and back down the other side of the drain to a check. Sitting smugly back at West Coast Highway, Stiffy consulted the almanac on his Garmin to find the previous ride located in the area and confirm that, unless you were riding a Chinook Helicopter, there was indeed no exit from the T-check other than back. The trail was quickly picked up taking us over the footbridge and along the West Coast Highway path, now designated a connector, to West Coast Road to the bridge over the Pandan River. Although this sounds like an Alec Guinness war epic it is really a euphemism for a large drain and we turned right bumping our way over an extreme rubble track that seemed to have

been made of disintegrated bathroom ceramics, to the edge of the AYE at Clementi Ave. 6. At this point Too Easy had a blow-out and the pack stopped to watch, which was more interesting than looking for paper which was nowhere to be seen. Apparently, we had missed a T check on the way in but after some forlorn searching and scratching of heads, most of the pack fought their way back over the rubble to the bridge where paper was picked up on the other side of the river.

This being my home turf I had a pretty good idea where everything was going from here. The pack showed a due consideration to their fellow riders by waiting for the slower riders on the newly constructed bridge that now spans both sides of the AYE. Once Philip, Too Easy, Stiffy, etc. had managed to catch up the mother f*&kers just pissed off into the distance towards Clementi Road. The trail veered up the slope under Commonwealth Avenue, but as we arrived there a Grand Tour style multi bike wipe out was taking place further back on the connector, tick box for Crash of the Day. The slope led us out into the Temple car park where some people were erecting some form of metal frame and all the pieces were laid out in position across the car park. Being a good local resident I duly got off my bike and carefully stepped across the metal stanchions so as not to damage them. On receiving Back Entrance's video of the day I was aghast to see Shut the Fuck Up riding straight across all the metal work. The residents committee will have a fit! In fact the video may get called as exhibit A. From the car park we headed towards the old railway line at which point a loud bang indicated that it was my turn for a blow-out. Kindly folk assisted me while I changed tubes while others merely made aspersions that I was indulging in some form of sexual self-abuse.

Back on the trail we headed into an HDB area where the trail was lost again. Checking over the bridge I returned to find nobody. Every bugger had pissed off. Surmising that the trail probably went to Clementi Road, I headed through the HDB and picked up paper to the lights at Clementi Road and across to the adjacent connector that runs down the side of Sungai Clementi. Actually, I made that up, it's another drain. I fell for the T-check up a dead end drain and then caught up with the pack as they came back from a check on the other side of the drain. Here it went a bit pear shaped as the Hare intended the pack to go back across the footbridge and continue down the left hand side of the drain but we actually continued down the wrong side until we spotted paper across the water. Crossing over the convenient, new footbridge we traversed the scrub area alongside the drain and up to Commonwealth Avenue, under North Buona Vista onto the old Malaysian railway line.

Following a similar trail to the previous ride we came out onto Portsdown Road where Ros was waiting and where there was also was another check. Ros had no idea where the trail went from here and the FRB's (Philip) were equally incapable of finding a new trail at less than 45 kph. Wiser minds thought that the trail might head back towards the railway line and a quick look up Wilton Close confirmed this. Following another blast down the railway line we exited at Alexandra Road, crossed the AYE and headed up Royal Road. Serious mechanical issues began to manifest themselves at this point as, what had been a slight wobble with my back wheel, became an outright shudder, the rear suspension having finally gone kaput. Feeling like I was flying a Lancaster bomber on one engine and one wheel down, we headed over the grassy hilltops down to Canterbury Road and towards the earlier T-check and the climb back up towards the start site. By this stage steering was becoming a real problem and at last I crash landed back in the car park.

Really good ride. Pity we missed the hill section earlier on.

My next surprise was when the birthday boy appointed me GM for the day. First Treasurer, now GM, promotion comes fast on the Bike Hash, tomorrow the World! First of all we had to wait while Too Easy went through her bathroom routine. Fat Crashing Bastard had turned up for a beer (as indeed had Hash Brew) and it was explained to me that Too Easy is so accustomed to being on the podium after her rides these days that she now has to look her best for all the photo opportunities that fall upon her. Anyway, that's captured on video as well and can be seen at http://www.singaporebikehash.com/youtube_fun.html. Newbee (i can't take notes and conduct the circle) (*Ed. Stephen Costar*) was introduced to the circle and sworn to return to again. Crash of the Day went to connector pile up person. Just as all this was happening our lost Singaporean rider (see video) (*Ed. Peter Chew*) arrived completely knackered and in time for a refreshing and rehydrating Tiger beer. Our inconsiderate FRB's were on downed as was I for self abuse while changing a tyre. Ros charged somebody for something and the Birthday boy was given his song.

Coo Chi Coo gave us several choices of venue and in true Singaporean democratic style the group opted for Fat Boy's Burger Bar (or something like that) to where we all adjourned the moment CCC said that the beers were on him. Jolly good burgers they were too!

Happy Birthday CCC and many more. Great ride!

Scribed by,

Wan King

