

# Ride 457 Report –10 November 2013

---

## Meaning of Life Ride!

### Hares: Bunny Tool (Lucas) and Brick Shit-House (Nick)

### Location: Chee Ghee Deang Chiang Chin Meow Temple (say 3 times fast!)

Yikes! It's time for true confessions. I've never been a scribe before. After several down downs at the circle, I was happily coerced by No Good and Back Entrance to scribe for the event. Now 1.5 weeks later, and Hash 457 is a happy, muddy, wet blur in my memory. Lessons learned, when being a scribe, pay attention to the ride, remember Hash names, note who is called up into the circle and why, learn how to download a GPS file (yep – never done that before), and write up the ride directly after Sunday nap. Then maybe you have a chance to be a scribe as detailed and amusing as Wanking.

So what about all this meaning of life?

- Is it: whistling on the cross? “always look on the bright side of life” (Monty Python)
- Is the answer = 42? What's the question = 7x8? (Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy)
- Is it: a Sunday morning ride with the Singapore Bike Hash, starting with temple chanting wafting by as we circle up, bright shiny, clean, and ready for adventure?

Well, I won't start an argument (yes I will, no I won't....ok too much Monty Python), but if you check out the photos in the gallery and look at the pictures of us – after the Hash – we were extremely muddy, slimy, sweaty and had huge smiles all around! Yep – the meaning of life is certainly adventure riding with friends Sunday mornings on the Singapore Bike Hash! ☺

So what did we do on ride 457?

We came, rode hard, got muddy and wet, circled, laughed, had many down downs, and ate pizza!  
The Hares did a great job! Fantastic ride, great food, and a good time had by all!

Oh – you wanted some more details?

- Bunny Tool, setting his third Hash of the year, with his partner, Brick Shit-House, who was finally back on the bike after his shoulder surgery. They set a great Hash that covered lots of territory!
- A small group of riders gathered in the parking lot of Chee Ghee Deang Chiang Chin Meow Temple. Chanting wafted over the circle as we gathered in the parking lot and as the clouds gathered
- We set off eagerly through the grass on the old, abandoned Jurong spur railway line, which soon led us to very jungle-y bits. We lifted and carried our bikes over trees and whacked away at vines which always seemed to catch on our pedals
- We rode through old overgrown roadways, were challenged by back-checks where no one had any idea where to go, yet the FRB's found it and sped away from the pack
- Somehow we got out of the jungle, slipping down muddy slopes, grabbing trees so as not to end up on our bums, crossed busy roads, to find the FRB's waiting to regroup (apparently just having finished their relaxing cappuccinos).
- We made our way somehow over to Bukit Batok, with Stiffy grumbling that; “we'd better turn right otherwise this will be a bloody long ride”, but yes, we turned left and made our way around the lake, up the hill, over the river and through the woods. Crossed the road and Brick Shit-House guided us back onto the railway line (I pleadingly hoped this was not another back check), where we had a super muddy long slog on the railway line. Ditch, an Aussie rider and I missed the trail somehow, which apparently went through some channel, and finally popped up at a very short/steep slope up to the main road (the Aussie was quite a gentleman helping me with my bike up the slope) and we then muddled our way back to the temple
- Waiting for stragglers, Bunny Tool showed us his phone bunnies! Wow, quite a bunny fetish...
- Stragglers, one of the newbies and Pat, the famed biking guide, seemed to have gotten extremely lost (was Copy Cat trying to get rid of his guest???) and showed up when we were well into the circle

So what happened in the circle? It's all a blur!

- TI Joe got down downs for his brand new pretty red bike

- Returnees got down downs: Knee Jerk (Mark Crawford), James, Brick Shit-House, Pat Fitzpatrick
- Newbies were supposed to get down-downs, but only one returned: Evans, Daniel (friend of Jean-Marie) went MIA, heard he got too bloody tired and halfway through headed home
- Lost riders got down-downs: Pat & his lost mate!
- There were 4 crashers of the day, TI Joe, me and 2 others, but I only remember my own crash!
- FRB's – who knows? Hardly saw them! Phone Sex, Goes Both Ways, TI Joe and Copy Cat
- Charges – no idea, can't remember anything else, but I'm sure Coo Chi Coo and Graeme did something worthy of a charge!

Really good ride!

A small (muddy) contingency of 10 rolled over to Il Siciliano restaurant on Faber Drive, who had opened up especially on Sunday afternoon to serve the SBH (wow!) so they could cook great pizza's, serve many beers, and wipe up muddy seats on the bar stools outside. With fantastic service, which included setting up a hose so we could clean up bikes and hose off Hashers, a good meal was had by all! Definitely give this place a try, whether you are in muddy lycra or clean khakis!

Great ride!

Scribed by,  
Wet Beaver

