

# Ride 462 Report – 02 March 2014

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## The Taffy's Day Ride!

**Hares: Wan King & Bunny Tool**

**Location: Bulim Avenue (Jurong Avenue 2 area)**

Well this was by far and away the best ride of the year and will be a worthy winner of ride of the year for those Hashers with memories longer than a gnat's piss, not many I would venture by past voting numbers. We had one or two issues (more of that later) but mark it down now, best ride: Wan King and Bunny Tool. Thank you. I should first point out that although the ride was billed as the Taffy Day Ride (for non Brits, Taffies is the endearing name that the English inhabitants of the British Isles give to an homogenous tribe of depressing twats who inhabit a region called Wales. Although they like to think of themselves as Celts they are in fact totally unrelated to that group, their closest genetic links being to the Basques. Taffy is derived from the river Taff in Cardiff, so was originally applied to someone from Cardiff) I am thoroughbred English and it was a coincidence that my ride coincided with St. David's Day, the Welsh National Day.

Somewhat fortuitously, I found out earlier in the week that the Dog Hash was setting a run in the same area as our ride. Although this avoided a screw up similar to the Bukit Timah ride, where their exuberant use of toilet paper turned the entire hill into a nativity scene, it meant that I had to set the first stage paper beforehand and was not around for the pre ride briefing. As it turned out the ride had everything, excitement, shooting and lots of dead bodies, but it may have been useful to warn people of these details beforehand in case they were expecting a ride in the park. My first task had been to put up a sign to indicate where the ride site would be. The whole area used to be an open expanse of land with a big drain running through the centre. It is now all roads and development and the drain is now a tunnel. It was contemplated taking the Bash through this tunnel, but bike lights (if you have them) don't work that well and the strong smell of urine was the clincher. Putting up the sign, what was striking was how the whole place had suddenly become a must go lorry park for itinerant commercial vehicles. An area that had been vacant was now packed with trucks which accounted for the appalling littering that was evident.

The ride set off across the baked open plain towards Jurong West Street 23, which entailed going up a small slope, a simple manoeuvre for most but difficult for Jascha (Phone Sex), King of Penang Hill, the toughest, meanest climb in South East Asia, who managed to fall off. The trail headed down into the big open drain towards the PIE and then up the embankment and along the side of the PIE to Jalan Bahar. If you were like me, your gears got completely matted with dry grass being sucked up into the cogs which was a pain to remove. North up Jalan Bahar then across the lights on Nanyang Avenue and almost immediately right into the woods. Uphill on some really good off trail riding, out onto the track, then back into some tricky off trail to a check. Trail went over a wooden bridge, on to Lorong Danau up the hill and beyond. Here was mainly track riding, the aim being to get the pack to a very daunting hill. Those that did the hill found a circle check at the top and tried to coerce their fellow riders all the way up the hill before checking back. The view at the top is one of the best in Singapore and it's a shame that this is army land. Vaguely, in the distance, the sound of gun fire could be heard.

It was at this point that the beginning of a screw up began to take place. Several riders were not that keen to take on the hill and sweeper Bunny Tool pointed them forwards in the direction where the trail would reconvene with the hill trail. Although there was obviously no paper on the trail if you stayed straight you would find some, though I don't know if those instructions were given. He then went up the hill. What I didn't know was that the co-Hare had a fixation on picking up paper even though we were not in a National Park zone.

From the check at the top of the hill, the trail was back and to the left taking the riders down to the army checkpoint (a friendly crew who wave at you) and beyond towards another check in the road and louder gun fire. Now I must admit, there is something a little daunting about the sound of bullets when you are riding along. You expect someone to be taken out in front of you. However, the gunfire was coming from the Singapore Gun Club, which is nothing to do with the army, and it lent a certain surrealness to the occasion. From here the front riders picked up paper which led them out onto Old Choa Chu Kang road and past the cemeteries to the crossing with Jalan Bahar.

I stress the front riders, as by this time, Bunny Tool, doing his civic duty as only good EU members do, was picking up every bit of paper that he could lay his eyes on. This is despite the fact that I had been laying extra paper to ensure a clear trail. The result was that with a mixture of vague directions from the hill, when the laggards eventually reached the army checkpoint, there was no paper to be seen.

Meanwhile, the front riders were taken into the cemetery on the left hand side of Jalan Bahar. The trail went along a not much used grassy track and then right to eventually bring the pack onto a wide open long grassy stretch. This should have been straight forward, without any checks, but somehow the riders seemed to scatter. Some sheep herding by the Hare got what seemed to be a small pack, on the right trail again. At this point Bunny Tool came up the rear. "Are you the last?"

"Yes, there is no one behind me" were the prophetic words he uttered. Not realising he had picked up all the paper, I still thought the absence of riders rather odd, my rides aren't that bad.

From the cemetery, the trail went into the jungly tracks and down to a circle check in the Ulu, which then took them through a nursery and back out onto the gravelly trails. Heading forward, what should have been an absolute doddle of a T-check, caused chaos as the pack went a long way back to check. The simple reason for this is that the Hare sat on his bike 20 metres back from the check and the pack completely ignored the obvious road to the left 20 metres from the check to go to where the Hare was. Suckers! This was good as Coo Chi Coo was removing a 6 inch rod from his tyre. Eventually, the pack sussed it out and sped further East taking in some more jungly bits. Picking up the trail along the side of the drain the pack exited at Old Choa Chu Kang Road and crossed to the drain on the other side. The section here eventually took the pack into some roughly cleared but technical jungle trail to finally exit on Jalan Tapisan. Up the road and along Old Choa Chu Kang off down into the drain. The dry weather made riding along this quite fun, eventually coming out on the Jalan Lam Sam area roads for a relaxing home run. By this point, as I was laying the final bits of paper so that any stragglers would have no difficulty in finding their way home, Bunny Tool caught up with me, carrying plastic bags bulging with toilet paper.

The final stretch took the pack on open terrain to Jurong Road and home via the off road trail behind the old Jurong Road which was once a great trail but has now been Singaporeanised, i.e. pussy tame and safe. Back at the ride site were many people not seen on the ride. Not surprising really as none could find any paper. The ride was about 24km for those lucky enough to stay ahead of Bunny Tool.

The circle was called and the Hare chastised for being too near to a military area, too near to guns and waking the dead. Full marks were given for clean and tidiness on the part of the EU co-Hare. Phone Sex was called in for Crash of the Day and there were a few other nefarious charges. On On was at the nearby hawker stalls.

Verdict: Definitely ride of the year. Unfortunate that people did not do the whole ride as those who did commended it highly for having all the ingredients, hills, off trail, jungle, etc. just no paper.

Moral: Screw picking up paper unless you are Nparks zone.

On On

Scribed by,  
Wan King

