

# Ride 466 Report – 18 May 2014

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## Are We There Yet Ride!

**Hares: Slocum, Jackoff, Whorenet, Spa Barbie.**

**Location: Nusa Jaya, Malaysia**

Having told my young work colleague that a good, off trail ride was taking place in Johor on the Sunday, with oil palm, hills and great trails, he immediately began pleading with me to let him and his mate come along. Previous experience told me that there was a strong likelihood of a no show come the day so an internal memory bet was placed. Sunday morning, wake up early to the sound of rain splatting on the roof. Ooh er. Down the porridge and begin loading the car, rain is coming down more heavily now. Check phone at this point to see message from said youth, "Sorry Col, both got monster hangovers, won't make it." Youngsters today, no staying power, bet won. Leave around 8.20am and head for Tuas. On the way, the rain turns into a 2km waterfall which I suddenly exit as if coming out from behind a curtain. Then my first wrong move happens at the Tuas immigration, I get drawn into the lane where the immigration kiosk is on the passenger's side of the car. Now even the numpty Malaysians are not so thick as to expect drivers to try and negotiate immigration by transacting through the passenger window. The female officer speaks to the glass window, which for some incomprehensible reason, I can't hear, but the glass heard perfectly. Here's another thing, why do immigration kiosks need glass windows that you can't speak through? To fend off armed robbers or people who are going to steal their stamps? I get out of the car and go to the kiosk window with my passport, plonk my card in the slot while still not understanding what the officer was saying. The glass would not translate for me.

Malaysian immigration by comparison was a doddle. They have actually designed their kiosks to be on the side where the driver sits, I mean, how stupid is that? Customs were asleep, let's face it, who is going to smuggle anything from Singapore into Malaysia (hey uh, you want to buy some very expensive cigarettes ugh?). Then came my next test, Touch n Go. I have had a Touch n Go card for ages with plenty of money on it, but on tapping the box I'm told I have no credit. Four cars reverse back to let me out and I cut across a lane or two to reach a human being. Again the Malaysians have outthought the Singaporeans, no glass in the kiosk. The polite lady with a pillow case on her head tells me that my card has expired and I have to buy a new card. Ah, the famous Malaysian vanishing money trick. After some remonstrations, she explains that I can take my old card to a Touch n Go office and have the credit transferred to the new card. Why can't you do that in the kiosk? Singapore would never be that inefficient!

The ride venue was at the R&R stop just up the road. Despite the minor hurdles that I had to endure, it has to be said that it was quicker to get to this point than travel to Sembawang, though I suppose if you live on the east coast you might not be of the same opinion. By this time, the rain had set in again and riders were huddling in groups under shelter with little intention of changing into cycling shoes, oiling the gears, tweaking the brakes, warm up rides, checking the tyre pressures, adjusting the shades, ensuring the GPS had satellites and all the other bollocks that people do before falling off their bikes. The Hares were ominously absent. I decided to go for a teh tarik which, for people who have only lived in Singapore for 5 years, means pulled tea, after the way the tea is poured into a mug to mix it. Having lived in Kuala Lumpur for 11 years, the locals thought my pronunciation of 'teh tarik' was hilarious, but then again they seemed to laugh at everything, which gave a surreal effect rather like a Malaysian version of the film Deliverance. All that was needed was a Malay lad with a banjo outside and the setting would have been complete.

Joining my compatriots with my teh tarik, the rain was now pelting down with about 10 minutes to kick off. At last the Hares arrived, a live Hare ride was looking on the cards. More riders had turned up by this time giving us a respectable pack of about 30 people, including Coo Chi Coos sporting black socks and sandals, very Dutch. The Hares explained that the ride was going to be a fuck up and told us that it was originally set on paper the

day before. This was going to be an adventure. We were instructed to take a road behind the R&R and with Fiona leading the way we sped off. Surprisingly, we could still pick out odd spots of toilet paper and after about 500m we hit the first back check (or maybe there was no paper) which took us through a small tunnel (bridge) and directly into the plantation. I've got to say that in terms of time getting to the site and ease of access to quality trail, this was fantastic.

The rain was really beginning to drum down as we felt our way into the early stages of the trail, which was mainly plantation roads and track. The rain actually made this even more fun to my mind, but it was good pace riding and nothing too technical. Good checks, helped by the fact the paper had been smashed up, had the sprinters searching far and wide and kept most of the pack together. Crossing the railway track, we entered a section with typical plantation trails, semi over grown but quite rideable and you knew that there was not going to be a concrete block or piece of rebar hidden underneath. The trail was gradually taking us to higher, more exposed areas of the plantation while at the same time, the noise and flashes of the storm were quickly escalating as the rain came down harder. Given the conditions and lack of paper, regrouping from time to time was a necessity and following a T-check, the pack regrouped at the top of an exposed hill, huddling under what seemed like a solitary tree (in a plantation!) for cover as loud electrical cracks ripped through the air.

It was here that Fat Crashing Bastard decided that cowering from thunderstorms was a nancy thing to do and set off alone across the open plain. As we watched him disappear into the distance the group discussion with Too Easy turned to talk of life insurance policies, where were they kept, were they up to date, how much is the death benefit and had payments been kept up to date. A big smile spread from cheek to cheek at the thought of all that dosh, As the storm raged on, some plantation workers invited us to take shelter down the slope in their.....shack? A nailed together plywood construction held several, semi naked Indonesian looking gentlemen who we communicated with through nods and sign language. Not long after, the storm seemed to be moving away and impatience was setting in so the pack got under way again. What residual paper there was had been completely wiped out by the storm and the beginning of let's guess which way we are going began. Trail took us down various plantation tracks where we needed to wait for guidance from Whorenet as to which way to go when we eventually came back to a tunnel where Fat Crashing Bastard was lurking. The pack regrouped at this point while FCB somehow copied the trail from the Hare's GPS to his own GPS, all very NSA. At last we set off into what, in some ways, was the pinnacle of the ride, taking in great plantation hills and tracks. However, paper was still at a premium and confusion broke out following a steep downhill section and Back Entrance and Phone Sex headed off down a trail never to be seen again until the circle. Picking up the trail back up the hill, more confusion broke out as the lead Hare, Slocum was uncertain as to where the trail actually went and confided in the scribe (of all people), "See if you can find the paper". Moving in what seemed to be the correct general direction the pack pushed on with FCB shepherding the stragglers while monitoring his GPS and directing us towards civilisation. Eventually, we were back in the long grass speeding towards the original tunnel that we first entered and back down the hill to the ride site.

The circle took place under a mini bandstand or perhaps a pagoda type structure with Coo Chi Coo standing in for the GM. The Hares were congratulated on their efforts under adverse conditions. Next time use waterproof toilet paper (Izal - you have to be old and British to understand that one) and all will be well. Various charges ensued until half way through proceedings Back Entrance and Phone Sex arrived, which was a relief to everyone - not really. CCC attempted a Hash christening but nobody was enthusiastic about the name, which has duly been consigned to the forgotten part of the brain.

On On was back at Slocum and Jack Off's house and boy, what a spread awaited. Delicious kebabs, pita bread and dips and the odd glass or two of wine. Outright winner for best On On so far, both in Singapore and overseas.

Verdict: I would ride that terrain every week if I could. Very good ride, great fun and frankly, the elements added to the fun of it. Fantastic On On.

On On

Scribed by,  
Wan King

