

Ride 484 Report – 12 April 2015

A Ride in the Park! aka The Franco German Ride!

Hares: Phone Sex & Christian Le Duff

Location: Mandai Quarry road

Another beautiful day in Gotham City. Sun is shining, what a day for riding, what could possibly go wrong? Having burned the midnight oil long into the night to put a smoke screen over the accounts, so nobody would suspect the new Hash car that had been ordered (hiding this under N Parks fines looked a good option) I was looking forward to a relaxed ride around the Mandai zone. A gentle amble down the old railway line, aka the Green Corridor (for now) to get the body cranks loosened up followed by a 5 min max AGM should get us off to a good start. It will be a ride in the park.

Shortly before 10am Back Entrance ushered everyone around to begin the AGM. For those not in the know, Hash AGMs are models of Asian democracy in action. Mass canvassing by the proposed officers along the lines of a free T-shirt and a can of 100Plus had hopefully set the way for a trouble free transfer of power to, well, the same people as before, with the exception of GM Copy Cat who was retiring to write his memoirs and a great job he has done too. The minutes of last year's AGM were approved (15 seconds). Matters arising, a blank silence (2 seconds). Officer's were proposed, there being no other candidates (apparently there had been some other candidates but they were arrested the night prior to the AGM, something to do with indiscretions at a place called Orchard Towers, making their candidacy invalid). Pity. The same committee as last year (bar Copy Cat) were re-elected. The surprising outlier for GM was Bunny Tool, who thought the role came with a six figure salary. GM Bunny Tool, not PM! You've got to love the Flem's (1 minute). On Cash reported that we seem to reasonable sums of money available. The only slight problem looming being that, as a non-profit organisation, N Parks seem intent on bankrupting us for leaving trail markers lying around, albeit these were picked up by the rangers within 2 hours of the ride and before the Hares could retrieve them within the allotted time (3 minutes). So within 5 mins, AGM done and dusted, over to the Hares.

Phone sex explained it would be a short ride with few hills. Yeah right! On On was through the immediate barrier and down the rubbly track. This was looking better than some starts we have had from this location, notably the time we went fifty meters down the road, over the drain to nowhere and the point of that was? This time it would be different. After a short distance a T-check sent everyone back in the direction of the cars. This left only two options, back to the cars or skirting the military fence which would take us up the notoriously steep slope that we occasionally ride down and where somebody invariably becomes hospitalised. The Hares had chosen the latter option. Oh, did I tell you this also entailed traversing a deep washed away gully by shuffling along a small ledge of concrete while holding onto the fence. This caused a big tailback as work parties were set up to coordinate the transfer of bikes across the obstacle. This was fine unless you were the last person and there was nobody to hand your bike to, as Back Entrance found out as he plummeted into the black hole. Fortunately, he got away with just scrapes and bruises. This minor version of Man v Wild would have not seemed so unnecessary had the hill the other side been rideable. As I watched the technically proficient Ross manage about three meters before alighting I knew this wasn't on. Walking our bikes up to the top it seemed like this was becoming an ironman cyclo-cross ride. I've got to say that this bettered the drain crossing start as the most unnecessary beginning to a ride.

When we eventually began cycling, it was along the fence line; out onto the tarmac'd Mandai Quarry Road along to the track off the broken up Mandai Quarry Road. The front riders sped on up the hill missing the T-check on the right, which took us back up the hill and into some decent jungle stretches. Pity these sections are all too short and interspersed with fallen trees. This brought us out onto the train terminus development site at Woodlands Road. As the front riders peddled up the steep embankment by the main road it looked an unlikely route and it is possible a check was called at the top. While riders began to explore the few likely options I decided to walk my bike over the grassy verge to the footpath. It was here that Vietnamese foreign workers had prepared a trap by covering the narrow drain with long grass so that I would stumble into it and smack my knee cap into sharp edge. Sighting blood the girl riders around me immediately began reaching for their antiseptic sprays. Fearing that they had probably mixed this up with their mace sprays and that my injury would be compounded by being blinded I refused the offers of help. Getting back on the bike I

carried on hoping that the knock wasn't serious. Catching up with Ditch I reminded him that he had paid his subs twice, good one for the circle.

Trail went via the footbridge over Woodlands Road (doing stairs hurt which was ominous) and headed south on the Green Corridor. For some reason Coo Chi Coo was practicing reversing using forward and reverse gears causing chaos and narrowly avoiding crashing into people. Eventually we came out at the junction by the commercial vehicle park on Woodlands Road and the surprise move of the day for me as we headed across the road onto Senja Way and a spell of path riding around the Senja's and Segar's until we reached the park connector taking us under KJE and up ever increasing inclines of the pipeline, which was not too boggy this day. As everyone was bracing themselves for the last steep climb the trail took us off left into the Mandai military area towards Mandai Road, which seemed the likely destination when we began riding up the grassy knoll in that direction and where we must surely go for some more hill work. But the Hares wanted the anticipation to build up and brought us back underneath the BKE and headed us into the undergrowth on some good trail which eventually brought us out onto the Mandai N Parks trail. The purist went up over the pipeline at this point but by now my knee was beginning to give me jip and the easier option was to ride the connector, with Geoff Leeming (known as Grommit on the Dog Hash) in tow. As we headed towards Mandai Road, Fat Crashing Bastard came flying round the corner mashing the gears, with Too Easy behind him and, out of nowhere, Goes Both Ways had appeared. The story goes that she got stuck in some ancestor festival and arrived late and did the reverse ride. You can see the headline: Goes Both Ways does it Backwards.

Next stop Lorong Asrami and hills. By now the ride was getting into its long phase and the temperature was certainly escalating. Unlike the front riding bastards I did the right thing and stopped to mark the trail direction at the circle at the gate. This meant that the FRBs pissed off and left a severely injured rider, low on water, food rations non-existent, all alone to find his way. At the next junction, delirium set in as I imagined toilet paper hanging off a bush and headed up the gravelly hill to nowhere. Perhaps there was some inner bodily function inside me willing me to see toilet paper, which in my mind I did, until it became obvious I was not on toilet paper. Heading up another steep hill once down the other side the decision was sod it, head home. Following the road around I saw the paper going up the hill to the water tower but the knee said no. As I rode back towards the main road it was as blindingly obvious that the trail had gone right when I imagined paper. As I went out, Whore Net was riding in. "Paper's that way". The trail apparently went up to the water tower, around Hamburger hill, then another hill then home, at least that is the gist of what riders inadequately described to me afterwards.

Back at the ride site, short cutters were waiting patiently for Hash Brew to return. The discourse was whether Back Entrance had gone to hospital after his Acapulco dive off the ledge. The short cutters included Ditch, Graeme and a few other reprobates. The knee was now beginning to throb and walking five metres up the road to where the drinks were now being dispensed was beginning to feel like a trek across the Sahara during sun spot activity peak season. At last the riders started appearing up the road, with Fat Crashing Bastard riding flat out to take gold at the finishing post eager to put one over on Too Easy. With most people back, except the new GM, Back Entrance and one or two other less important people, Coo Chi Coo got the circle underway. This was meant to be Guillaume's and the Frogs ride but pathetic excuses abounded as to why the Frogs had let us down for a second year running. God help us if this generation of Frenchmen have to defend us against marauding Ruskies, we'll get a Gallic shrug with the bottom lip sticking out, "I'm bizzy....poof!" In spite of the short notice, it was deemed the Hares had done a pretty good job.

Guests were welcomed in, tears of pain in my eyes meant that I was incapable of taking notes at this stage. Rob Ayliffe had signed up to being a new member though and shortly afterwards was awarded the Hash tag of Twinkle Toes for the very stylish glittery nail polish he was sporting on his toe nails. There was some lame excuse given for this but people just looked to the ground with a knowing look trying to give Twinkle Toes face. By this time Back Entrance had come bleeding back to the ride site and was on downed along with myself for Crash of the Day. A somewhat broad interpretation in my opinion as neither party was on their bike at the time. The knee had given up completely now and I almost collapsed into the circle for my award.

The charges and awards over, On On was announced as being at Blooies, Railway Mall. The question was will I be able to get there on a bike with a stiff leg? Somehow managed it. After a burger and few cokes, four Ibuprofen tablets and a bottle of red wine seemed to do the trick, by late evening I was feeling no pain. A week later x-ray revealed a fractured knee cap. A Ride in the Park.

On On

Scribed by,
Wan King