

Ride 508 Report – 07 August 2016

1-800 Ride Me Ride! aka Fast & Far in the East Ride!

Hares: Phone Sex, Copy Cat & Goes Both Ways

Location: The Punggol Settlement, Punggol Point Road.

The Punggol Settlement brought the SBH contingency to the far reaches of the island, in a welcome change from our mainstay routes in the western and central region of Singapore.

This corner of the island has a dark history, for at the end of Punggol Road lies the Punggol Beach Massacre Site (referenced on some signage provided by The National Heritage Board). These days, the verdant area offers inviting trails and roads for mountain bikers. After a short detour to this infamous heritage site, the riders spent the next 10km on groomed trails and Park Connector pathways. Walkers and cyclists on foldable bikes probably did a double take when a throng of imposing, sweaty mountain bikers rode amongst them chanting “On On!” in a call-and-response chorus.

We had some fun, albeit scary, moments along the way – one of them being when Goes Both Ways signalled for everyone to descend the cement slope leading to the drain and water channel below us. We all went down light-footed and cautious, trying not to become a Crash-of-the-Day statistic when merely pushing our bikes. Once everyone was safely down, we cycled a few hundred metres before being signalled to ascend the same cement slope. With new cleats on my cycling shoes, their smooth plastic surface offered little chance of gaining a foothold and I saw myself – in slow motion – sliding down the precipice. As I was moving backwards, with my bike taking a slight spill, I saw Ditch coming down quickly. He did a kind of quickstep dance that enabled him to remain upright until he reached the very bottom of the channel. Well done, Ditch – you truly lived up to your Hash name for literally landing in a ditch. Fat Crashing Bastard apparently met the same fate as us, although I didn’t see that dramatic episode myself. The down downs that they drank after the ride certainly soothed their bruised egos.

Our next regroup came when we were about to enter the first truly off-road portion of the ride. Goes Both Ways reported that this morning – unlike their previous recces and trail-laying – there were two dozen motorcyclists sharing the same route as us. After I checked that they were finished with their motocross event, the green light was given for the Bike Hashers to enter the trail – now muddy and torn up from the motorcycles that had been going through there all morning. We left the motorcyclists – and their pile of discarded PET bottles – behind us as we entered the demanding course. It’s ironic that those cyclists and motorcyclists who are so devoted to outdoor sports are the same ones who throw their empty cans and bottles in the woods for others to clean up. How can?

The course at this point became challenging, with some of our feet disappearing into the deep, brown puddles. The bumps that came one after another added to the challenge to remain upright and on the bike. As Copy Cat remarked at the Circle that followed, “Never tell Wendy

where a hole is or she'll look for it." We could hear the giggles of Goes Both Ways regardless of whether she was speeding along or knee-high in a quagmire.

There was a bit of a mix-up in finding the out trail, as Bunny Tool and I mistakenly followed paper that re-entered the motocross trail while others followed another set of paper markings. When Bunny Tool spotted some cyclists coming towards him, he said, "the paper is going that way" – the same direction from which a small group was pedalling. "We just came from that direction" was their response. Never mind, we all got sorted out quickly and made our way back to civilization.

Back on the road, Dirty Muddy Happy announced that we had 10km more to go before reaching home. With the clock approaching noon, we knew it would be another late circle. Fortunately, the roads and sidewalks leading back to the Point Settlement were flat and paved... until we reached a steep and unforgiving grass slope that tested our mettle during the closing moments of the ride. Kudos to any SBH members who were able to cycle up that 15 percent gradient.

After a 30-32km tour that brought us through much of Singapore's northeast shores, our entire cohort eventually gathered at the circle for drinks and a few chuckles. However, one virgin was missing: Richard's friend, he of the Hawaiian-themed cycling shorts and a water bottle in lieu of a Camelback. It was only as we were halfway through our meal that the 40-year old virgin finally showed up to a round of applause. Richard, we're counting on you to bring our friend back for another outing. Hopefully, he won't think every Hash is as arduous as this one.

Virgins Claudette, Adrian and Ben were summoned into the circle to say a few words and drink their first down-downs. They all made an outstanding effort on their first SBH ride – let's hope they make it a habit. Adrian picked the wrong sports activity, though, as he should be playing centre position for the Singapore Slingers instead. He joins the stable of 2-metre men in the SBH who stand like giants among us.

Sperm was called in for his returnee status, and for crashing when he tried and failed to negotiate two posts standing in his way.

Too Easy was paraded before us and given a note for getting a hole in her shorts during the ride. New cycling shorts will be our loss and her gain...

Moments after Ditch and FCB drank their down-downs for living up to their Hash names and "crashing into a ditch," Bunny Tool announced that Ditch should get a down-down for his dramatic slide downwards to the ditch. And for his oversight, Bunny Tool was called forth to come into the circle to pay penance. "B-I-MBO and Bimbo was his Name-O..."

It wouldn't be a circle without a word from Coo-Chi-Coo, and sure enough he came on cue in to promote his upcoming birthday ride and to scold the Hares for stealing his ride plan. He had even done a few recces already! Not to worry, Coo-Chi-Coo, save your GPS for 2017 and I'm sure that everyone will come out in full force to celebrate your next birthday... We will have most likely forgotten about today's course by then anyway. The circle ended with the Hares coming in to take a down-down for infringing on Coo-Chi-Coo's turf, during which Goes Both Ways got an

unexpected kiss from our cheeky veteran Aussie. Upon seeing this, the other Hares quickly sprinted away to avoid meeting the same fate.

The ensuing meal at the nearby café was well-attended and offered good food and cold beer, although we put their staff into a spin with our orders and billing. Let's hope that we are still welcome back there in the future...

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by:
Knobby Boy Scout

