

Ride 512 Report – 06 November 2016

The Old Farts Ride!

Hares: Graeme, Back Entrance & Turtle Head

Location: Coronation Road West

A sizable turnout of two dozen of the faithful turned up at Graeme's lovely home that morning – low on sleep but high on expectations. Graeme has been known to set some epic, never-ending rides... 20 km for this man is merely a warm-up. Would today prove to be any different? We would soon find out.

Much of the ride was spent traversing a rather muddy Green Corridor, which left our bikes and ourselves covered with a brownish sheen as we then rode through kilometers of park connectors. It has not been the first time that the Bike Hash has triggered responses ranging from bemusement to shock as we passed cyclists on foldable bikes and families out for a Sunday stroll. Having been well trained, our cohort dutifully gave way to the Pioneer Generation and small children we encountered, and dismounted our bikes at all overhead bridges.

Ultimately, the ride did fulfill Graeme's track record of being longish (31km according to some among us), but it was manageable and nearly all rideable. Without nasty hills to climb and perilous descents, there were few injuries to speak about in the circle that followed.

Back at Graeme's place, GM Bunny Tool called things to order and invited the Hares to step forward to take their down-downs. Graeme and Back Entrance – the old farts – took centre stage and brought in their secret weapon, Turtle Head, who did the hard work of laying trail as Graeme and Back Entrance drank a lime juice and directed him from the command centre. Before they raise a fuss, let it be known that this was, in fact, a team effort and all of the Hares made their 'mark' on the park connectors and sidewalks across Western Singapore. "Here's to the Hares, they're true blue..."

The Hareline for 2017 has been set, and it has been infused with 'new blood' as Andrew and My Precious were called in and asked (or was it ordered?) to join a veteran Hare to set a future trail. The scribe owes Andrew and Stu special thanks for sorting out his broken chain during the ride, and for stepping up to serve as co-Hares with Kiyoko and I for the inaugural ride of 2017. It seems that this won't be purely a Girl Guide Ride after all!

Earle stepped forward to claim the 'Crash of the Day' award, as Fat Crashing Bastard emoted the lyrics, "Here's to the C.O.D., he's true blue..." in a voice and manner not unlike the legendary Laurence Olivier reciting Shakespeare.

It seems as if someone took the elevator this morning to reach an overhead bridge. For sheer laziness, Tinsel Tits took his 'medicine' like a man and was publicly shamed. Bunny Tool remarked, "It sounds like it's his funeral the way you sing it."

Another group was called forth for repeating a T-check two or even three times at the end of the ride. Too Easy, Goes Both Ways, Time, and Sonny – who came out of nowhere from a side street near Coronation Road West and joined me as I was reaching 'home' – all walked away from the Circle with a Tiger Beer 'moustache.' "B-I-M-B-O, and Bimbo was their name-o..."

My Precious came in yet again on a 'mudbogging' charge given by Copy Cat. It seems as if this 'unstoppable force' was indeed stopped as he tried and failed to traverse some bumpy, muddy terrain. Good on ya for tryin', mate!

It seems as though there was some tyre abuse happening on the ride. Too Easy commanded Whorenet and Time to centre stage for this unforgivable sin. "Here's to the flat spots, they're true blue..." Whorenet's new shoes didn't go unnoticed either, and this prompted Back Entrance to summon in Spa Barbie for having identical shoes. "Here's to foot fetish, they're true blue..."

Copy Cat remarked how the Hare's writing skills need some brushing up, as the riders could barely make out the words, "CHareful, loa both ways" as cars whizzed by them. For not being able to read basic English nor being able to write it, Turtle Head was taken to task and heralded with a song and beer.

The circle wound down with its usual nonsense – members trying to describe where the next ride will be taking place. Every variation of Turf City, Turf Club, Horse City, Grandstand, car park and so on were uttered in what sounded like a House of Commons session. Anyway, be sure to check the website's Google Map for the upcoming ride so that no one gets a B-I-M-B-O charge for not finding the start point.

My Precious stumbled into the circle for his fourth charge of the day. As he has been known to bring new female recruits to the Bike Hash, Spa Barbie was confused about which of them was, in fact, his girlfriend. Will the real girlfriend please stand up? Well, we can't fault the guy for being too popular. "He's all right, he's all right, he's got a teeny weeny willie but he's all right!"

At this point, one rider – John – arrived back at the Circle from an arduous ride. Sweaty and still wearing his Camelback, John came into the circle for a much-deserved beer. Welcome back and hope that you had a good ride!

A topless, bespectacled man was seen roaming the streets, a nuisance to small children and upstanding citizens. Not to worry, folks, it was just our beloved Coo Chi Coo giving himself a scoop shower at the back of his car. He's harmless and friendly if you talk to him, so no need for a pervert alert or outrage of modesty charge after all... let's give him a note, instead...

Lastly, No Good was issued a Tiger beer on ‘shortcutting charges.” She drank it with her ever-present smile, before the cohort sat down for a lovely meal of curry, chicken or mutton graciously provided by Graeme on his tranquil porch, surrounded by nature and good conversation.

For their heroic efforts, let’s thank these Old Farts - these members of the Pioneer Generation (supported by a tall Kiwi by the name of Turtle Head) – for giving us a reason to get out of bed on Sunday morning. It was another successful SBH outing and didn’t fail to not disappoint...

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

