

Ride 513 Report – 27 November 2016

Hide and Seek Ride!

Hares: Missing in Action, Phone Sex, Per Ovesen & Lars Nelleman

The loyal ones convened at a spacious parking lot at Horsecity on this fine Sunday morning. Clear weather foretold of good things to come. At 10am sharp, we mounted our 'steeds' for what would become another fulfilling SBH outing.

A comedy of sorts occurred during the opening minutes of the ride. Traversing sandy and occasionally muddy terrain was required as the pack maneuvered through the riding paths at Horsecity. The unfortunate ones were seen stepping or riding in horse dung. When Bunny Tool was confronted by an escaped, wide-eyed horse, he reassured everyone with his plea to "stop horsing around!" Fortunately, no calamity ensued and our entourage left Horsecity unscathed. Apparently the horse was as scared of Bunny Tool as we were of the horse.

The ride itself was a muddy affair that left the car wash attendants at my local SPC rolling their eyes at the sight of my filthy bike. There were hills aplenty, and some steep and muddy ascents and descents thrown in that could only be tackled by us having to grab onto some foliage or tree stumps in order to pull our bikes and ourselves up an extreme incline. This was a workout for the upper body as much as for the lower body. The Hares did a great job of making us work hard for the 100 Plus, water and beer that we savoured afterwards.

Back at the parking lot, GM Bunny Tool called in the Virgins amongst us for a down-down. Colin from New Zealand and Annie from Ireland came forward to make their introductions and take a swill of Tiger. Annie was lauded for doing the entire ride – no mean feat. "Will they be back?" was the question of the day, and with a twinkle in her eye, Annie responded, "I'm hardly going to say no, am I?" "Here's to the virgins, they're true blue..." Annie proved to be a better cyclist than a drinker,

prompting one of our lot to exclaim, “I’ve never seen an Irish girl drink so slowly!” As they were not seen today on subsequent ride 514, let’s hope that we did not scare them off and that Colin and Annie will indeed grace our presence again.

The Crashes of the Day were summoned in, and “Hash Flash” -Puffy and Wet Beaver dutifully stepped forward. Puffy committed the unthinkable – he crashed on tarmac in the children’s playground – scaring the children and losing any remaining dignity in the process. Wet Beaver thanked her thighs for buffering her fall when she was manoeuvring a technical descent with rocks and vines. And the crowd bellowed, “They ought to be publicly pissed on...”

My Precious was called in by Puffy for some Gollum-like behaviour during the ride. When confronted by a menacing dog, My Precious did a stare-down that left the canine whimpering and cowering in his tracks. Such is the power of our Kiwi’s death-stare. For his newly-discovered talent, My Precious was issued a Tiger beer and a chorus of “He’s the meanest...”

Wanking stepped forward to give one of his customary ‘roasts’ to the most deserving. In this case, Coo Chi Coo was ushered in for having hair as henna-red as an aging Indian ‘uncle.’ You could say that it was redder than the scribe’s or even the mane of comedian Carrot Top, for that matter. Coo Chi Coo had a laugh and accepted the piss-take like a gentleman and thus our self-proclaimed ‘bachelor’ walked out of the circle.

Whorenet was given an impromptu down-down for incorrectly identifying Spa Barbie on her bike in the distance. What should have been a Singaporean Chinese woman proved to be a man and child having a Sunday outing on their push bikes.

Wanking gave another much-deserved charge to the fast riders who didn’t bother to break a circle check. Apparently our fastest cohort was in a conspiracy to keep the rest of us comfortably behind. Give them a note! “Here’s to non-circle breakers, they’re true blue...”

An auspicious naming took place on this day: the rider formerly known as Jose was christened VA (Virgin Abuser) by leaving his companion to the whims of nature and Spa Barbie. As the beer was still dripping from his head, his friend was nowhere to be seen or heard. Jose was protesting against his charge, but in the end he ended up as they all do: on his knees and accepting of his fate.

Wet Beaver brought in Virgin Annie for a special naming ceremony. Overhearing Annie's comment that she had traversed a lot of mud and was a "Dirty Girl," Wet Beaver saw the opportunity for a naming. Was it to be Dirty Girl or Mud Maiden? GM Bunny Tool had Annie assume the position to receive her new Hash name of "Dirty Girl" "Here's to Dirty Girl, she's true blue...". But then we discovered she wasn't a Hash member, so the naming didn't count after all.

The scribe ushered in Whorenet for a charge of "Missing in Absentia," because as he was enjoying the circle and some laughs, his wife was left alone to navigate the jungle with his surrogate. For his part, the surrogate seemed unprepared for the rigors of a bike hash: he was wearing running shoes with no tread and was seen drinking from a hose extending from a canister attached to his front fork. Wet Beaver cheekily commented that Spa Barbie was 'playing with a virgin.' For putting his cycling needs above those of his spouse, let's give Whorenet a note for being 'Missing in Absentia.' And the masses sang out: "He ought to be publicly pissed on..."

Bunny Tool gracefully took his charge for being chased by a horse and was told to "Quit Horsing Around" and just drink his down-down. "He's all right, he's all right..."

Let's give a shout out to those from our XTerra veterans (plus Goes Both Ways and Old Worn Stump) who managed to cycle up the last slope of the day – a never-ending ascent located just a few clicks away from 'home.' Too Easy, TI Joe, Old Worn Stump and Goes Both Ways performed a superhuman feat by cycling up these

formidable slopes that had most of us gasping as we pushed our bikes up. Let's give a note to these 'midlife crisis' weekend warriors.

Tinsel Tits stepped forward to tell us about the Christmas Ride and the ensuing On-On at Chez Philip. It promises to be a wonderful affair.

After another enjoyable outing, the SBH sought some food and drink at an upscale, chill restaurant called The Hill Social. Pizza and appetizers washed down by a tower of beer brought a welcome relief and marked the end of a morning that pushed us to our very limits. This was a great choice of a restaurant – I'll certainly be back for a return visit to The Hill Social and of course, to the adventure awaiting us at the next Singapore Bike Hash.

Let's give a round of thanks to the four Hares who did a mammoth job of laying trail and giving us another reason to get out of bed on a Sunday morning.

Until the next ride, On On!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

