

# Ride 517 Report - 19 February 2017

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## **Brösel Goes to Batam Ride!**

### **Hare: Slippery Nipples**

Our first international Bike Hash outing for 2017 was destined for Batam. 25 keen cyclists – or at least the 25 most kiasu riders who signed up early for the event – woke up earlier than usual this Sunday ready to fulfil their dreams. The usual Hash mismanagement presided over the entire lead-up to the event, with Slippery Nipples declaring himself out of the equation at the Ride 516 circle. *Danke* to our Swiss friend for doing a stellar job of tracking our passport numbers and names in advance of his unexpected withdrawal. FCB and Too Easy generously took over the ticket distribution duties, but as dawn rose on the morning of our departure from Harbourfront Centre, the lovely pair was nowhere to be seen. There was some early chaos as the Bike Hashers were going up and down the escalator like a scene from a Mr. Bean rerun, and I said to myself as I went up the escalator, “I’m expecting to see FCB soon and no doubt he’ll be instructing the staff about the bike handling workflow.” Sure enough, when I arrived at Level 2 FCB was teeth-to-jowl with a female employee and setting her straight about the procedures. All’s well that ends well, though, and we departed from Harbourfront with our honour intact and able to return for a future excursion to Batam. Bring the lovely staff a chocolate bar on your next visit, FCB, and she’ll welcome you back with open arms!

There was a bit of French drama that morning, too – one that would rival its entry for the Academy Awards, or perhaps the César Award in this case. Apparently being true to his name, Coq-up had a massive cock-up that morning by forgetting his passport at home. At Harbourfront, his comrades Jean-Marie and Guillaume came to his aid and managed his bike while David did a *aller-retour* (French for round trip) in record time and sweet-talked his way through customs to board the ferry with only

moments to spare. *Mon dieu!* For Coq-Up, this was only the start of what would no doubt become among the most dramatic days in his life.

The team from Drak Bike Park has mastered the logistics of staging a large group ride, and this was evident from the moment their vehicles came to meet us. From our pick-up at the ferry terminal, to the ride itself, to hand-washing our bikes after the ride, Stewart and his team did an awesome job of managing our needs and expectations. The park's meandering single-track easily provides a day's worth of thrills and twisty terrain. For the more adventurous, like virgin Hasher Dean, there were numerous man-made jumps that gave him a chance to show that there is another Aussie besides Coo-Chi-Coo who can handle himself in the saddle. Speaking of Coo-Chi-Coo, he was already waiting for us in the van when we climbed in. Apparently he had come out to Batam the day before for some business "research." He can explain the details better than I can here; I can just say that it's not what you're thinking.

While the Drak Bike Park trail is largely man-made, the risks aren't eliminated. Whether it was the numerous roots that caught a cyclist off guard, or a vine that lassoed my neck and left me with a red welt and a sharp pain, the 40+km route was not to be underestimated. Coming home on the optional extended ride with Drak staff cyclist Adrian, I built up speed through some lovely trails before finding myself in mid-air and going head-long over the handlebars. Not knowing what put me on the ground, Adrian pointed out a stump – only about six or eight inches tall and four inches wide – that blended in well against the forest terrain. Brushing myself off and mounting my steed, I continued on to 'home' and to enjoy a cold beer. Just minutes from the highway, I was startled again as my momentum carried me through a pink plastic cord that a farmer had put up that very morning to keep out trespassers and random cyclists. Fortunately, my eyeglasses bore the pressure of the plastic pulling across my face before the cord finally snapped. With a welt on my neck and a horizontal red line across my face, I made my way into the bike shop and savoured a much-deserved Bintang.

Bunny Tool called the circle to order with a humorous quip about Slippery Nipples not being present because he had lost his virginity in Batam and couldn't return because he couldn't pay his bills.

Eight new members have recently joined the ranks of the SBH, and a handful of them stepped forward to receive a note, *"Here's to the new members, they're true blue..."*

There were many crashes that occurred that day, but among the worst casualties were Dean and Coq-Up. They both limped into the circle to recount their collateral damage: Dean had endured a face-plant doing some hard riding, and David had sustained a deep wound on his lower leg when he gashed it against the teeth of his crankset. David reported at this writing that his injury is healing well and that the stitches will be coming off by the end of next week. Hopefully we'll see him back in the saddle soon, no doubt giving Too Easy and Troels a run for their money. *"They're all right, they're all right, they've got teeny weeny willies but they're all right."*

Wet Beaver stepped forward to offer a few quotes-of-the-day. She called in Coo-Chi-Coo, who had been spotted coming out of the bathroom in his full cycling togs and helmet. He had declared, "It's always better when you pee with your helmet on," which is admittedly better than peeing in your helmet. So let's give helmet head a note, *"Here's to helmet, he's true blue..."*

Meanwhile, our Danish friend Per had been heard giving counsel to a young Canadian on the topic of remaining safe around bears. Per had declared that you must never run in the presence of bears, because food runs. You have to stand still. *"Here's to bear snacks, he's true blue..."*

Wan King came forth and ushered in Dean, who had been spotted performing some flashy Evel Knievel moves, only to collapse on the ground after a fall and going into a last rites scenario. Sorry, there are no priests amongst us, Dean! *"Here's to wussy, he's true blue..."* Dean came back with a cheeky retort that, "You cannot win in this company."

Coo-Chi-Coo, ever the raconteur, stepped forward to continue the bear story. He softly and dramatically recounted, “Two hikers were in the woods when they encountered a large bear. As the bear stood up threateningly on its hind legs, one of the hikers slowly bent down to take off his hiking boots and put on his running shoes. His friend looked over at him and said, ‘You can’t outrun a bear,’ to which he responded, ‘I just have to outrun you.’ The circle had a good laugh at that one...

Coo-Chi-Coo went on to describe how he had been hearing a mysterious voice on the ride periodically calling out, “Head... head...head...” Was it a voice in Coo-Chi-Coo’s head? No, it was none other than the voice of our tallest rider, who on this day shall forevermore be known as Jar Jar Binks. Jar Jar was asked to get on his knees, but even when he did so he was nearly at chest level to Bunny Tool. *“Here’s to Jar Jar Binks, he’s true blue...”* Not being a Star Wars geek myself, I took a moment at home to do some research on this character, and learned that Jar Jar Binks height is listed on Wikipedia as being 196 cm, whereas our Hash brother is, in actual fact, a whopping 205cm. May I suggest that our Jar Jar Binks donate the balance of 9cm to Coo-Chi-Coo?

Coo-Chi-Coo wasn’t clear of the circle yet, because he was cited by the Grandmaster for his shower etiquette. Breaking from his tough guy reputation, Coo-Chi-Coo didn’t do the ball-busting long ride and opted to return early to the start point. Was he fatigued? No. Was he dehydrated? Hardly. He merely wanted the chance to open each shower door quickly in hopes that an unknowing female rider would be caught “Naked and Afraid.” Sadly, our dirty old man was left disappointed that his fantasies were not realized. *“He ought to be publicly pissed on, he ought to be bloody well shot, he ought to be nailed to the shithouse, and left there to fester and rot.”*

There were yet more antics on the ride that deserved a note. FCB ushered in My Precious and Jar Jar Binks, who were spotted half-naked on the bike trail, doing their own version of the All-Blacks Haka. As Wet Beaver and FCB approached them at full

speed, our All Blacks cheerleaders were spotted gyrating and swatting to clear themselves of the hornets' nest that they had stumbled upon. Our very own "Stan and Ollie" eventually recovered and managed to make it to the circle intact. FCB, offering his sage advice, cautions the bike Hash to always keep moving if you come across a hornet or bees' nest as they are very territorial. And the choir sang, *"They're all right, they're all right, they got teeny weeny willies but they're all right."*

Bunny Tool seems to like ordering young women on their knees, because he proceeded to do this a few times that afternoon. First up was Claudette, who was named "Deviant" because she deviated from the ride protocol of stopping at a junction if you are unsure of which way to go. When Bunny Tool asked her if she accepted her Hash name, the crowd bellowed out that she has no choice! It has already been made unto law.

Wan King called forth My Precious to account for his sins, the chief among them being that he was passing gas into the contingency of riders behind him. The shame of it! No wonder riders were recklessly going into the trees, Wan King noted. For being guilty on the charge of 'jet propulsion,' My Precious was given the seldom-used refrain of *"He's the meanest...he's the horse's ass!"* Remind me not to cycle behind My Precious on the next ride... The scribe suggests that we have a wine cork on hand next time to resolve the problem immediately.

The scribe was called in for getting a puncture on the ride (as you do). Thankfully Oliver was there to lend me a pump, and everything got sorted out and my bike and I made it back to the start point intact. Admittedly, I'm not mechanically-inclined, so I'll opt to write about bike problems rather than settle them myself. FCB was fond of my Bento Box, as he kept fixating on it - a bit jealous, perhaps? For the record, it contained some gels, some CO2 cartridges and tire levers, but no sushi.

Kiyoko was next called into the circle on the charge of making men bruised and sluggish on the bike. With the GM bellowing "On your knees," she assumed the 'seiza' pose before him and accepted her name of 'Rough Sex.' Despite her appeal of

‘Why me?’ she didn’t waste time in downing her Bintang and managed to do so with a smile on her face.

Lastly, FCB called Coq-Up into the circle for having the arrogance of trying to enter Indonesia without a passport. FCB lent his convincing Pepé Le Pew accent to tell the tale of Coq-Up’s early morning passport snafu, and proceeded to call in his compères to join him. “*When one Frenchman drinks, all Frenchmen drink!*” With a bit of *bon vivant* playfulness, our French brethren enjoyed a bit of song and dance in the circle.

The GM closed the circle by promoting Ride 518, for which he exclaimed, “*There is nothing like the rush of being shot at!*” With this cryptic declaration, thus ended both the longest ride and the longest circle of 2017. May the fun and frolic continue when Ride 518 convenes on Sunday, March 12<sup>th</sup>! We look forward to seeing you there.

Until the next ride, On On!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout