

Ride 523 Report – 28 May 2017

Dunny Ride Well Ride!

Hares: Shit Stop, My Precious, Cruelty to Virgins and Flaming Janus

This Sunday morning brought us further afield in Johor than we normally go. The prospects looked good as Wet Beaver drove us towards the starting point, where nearly two dozen of the brethren gathered to prepare for a promising ride. The Ketam Kings generously stepped up and put in a major effort to organize the ride. They even spent the night before in a nearby hotel and faced an insurmountable challenge – a rainy weekend that saw minor showers falling on us about a half-hour into the ride itself.

We quickly got our bikes assembled and tried our best to get dressed in our togs – but not before I was spotted baring my pale arse by Fat Crashing Bastard. I wasn't mooning the neighbors, but just trying to get changed and apply a bit of the old chamois cream down under. We departed at 10am sharp, and entered a clearing into the woods that looked reminiscent of Fangorn Forest from *The Lord of the Rings*. Was this an evil plot by My Precious to bring us into his lair?

The light rain made everything just a bit more slippery and kept us on our toes. After a few long leaps across some wide streams, we navigated precariously across a narrow beam that overlooked a murky, muddy stream that you would dread to fall into. Fortunately, we all made it across without incident. It was at this point that my vintage bike encountered a mechanical issue (again) in which the derailleur could make incremental small gear changes, but would allow no shifting on the big rings. At this point I found myself with Coo Chi Coo and Old Worn Stump, and we traversed a hill before finding ourselves at the junction where the off-road track met the main road. We followed the arrows to the right and carried on for four or five kilometers, looking in vain for chalk or paper that would enable us to carry on. We cycled back to where the main road and off-road met, and weighed our options. Old Worn Stump couldn't reach his daughter on his mobile phone, so I suggested that Coo Chi Coo could give one of the Hashers a call. He took out his phone and asked me to remember FCB's phone number, which I then recited back to him as he input the numbers. "What's the country code for Singapore?" asked this hard-boiled expat who has spent more than half his life here. "I never call myself," he sheepishly added as an afterthought. "Here's a good one for the circle," I thought, as I responded with "65."

Realizing that we would never be able to complete the ride after spending a half hour looking in vain for washed-out markings, we opted to head back to the start point and I headed back into Fangorn Forest to look for my Cat Eye wireless computer that had gone missing after 1 or 2 kilometers into the ride. Alas, I couldn't find it in the thick forest but I did manage to get a flat tire on my short detour before walking my bike out and back to the cars, my head hanging dejectedly. I now joke that it will take me longer to get my tire changed, my bike washed and my gearing fixed than it did for me to do the ride itself – but never mind. Any ride, especially one in Malaysia, beats a lazy Sunday morning in bed. Kudos to the Ketam Kings for taking the initiative for introducing a new ride site to us and braving the elements to pull off a ride full of fun and camaraderie. And with that, we gathered in what had become sunny weather for our traditional circle that closes every ride.

"What did we think of the ride?" queried our guest GM, FCB. "It could have been a great ride," Coo Chi Coo quipped. The Hares came into the circle – Shit Stop, My Precious, Cruelty to Virgins and latecomer Flaming Janus – and were served beer by Rough Sex and Old Worn Stump. Shit Stop promoted the On-On site, a Chinese restaurant called Tian Lai, which sounded tempting but after hearing the circuitous route we had to take to reach it we had flashes of more trail marking mismanagement. Someone suggested marking the Hares' cars to make them easy to identify on the road, which garnered a laugh.

Virgins were summoned to the circle, and Jens stepped forward. Good on him for coming all the way to Malaysia for his first Hash ride! Jens proceeded to tell us the story of his life as FCB was waving his hand in

a circle to hasten things up. “And would you come back?” FCB concluded. “Absolutely,” said the virgin. And the crowd refrained, *Here’s to the Virgin, he’s true blue...*

FCB then asked for visitors to come forward, and some blokes stepped in who looked like they had just come off of patrol in Desert Storm. Our ‘Special Forces’ – comprised of Angelo, Guy, Peter and Bob Graf – were somehow joined by Coo Chi Coo, who said ‘a beautiful Japanese waitress gave me a beer,’ so what else was he supposed to do? And with that our visitors and imposter Coo Chi Coo were regaled with the verse, *They ought to be publicly pissed on, they ought to be...*

Coo Chi Coo didn’t get a break from the circle, for he was immediately called back in on a Crash of the Day charge. A few of us saw him take a bad spill, after which this ‘commando’ merely splashed a bit of water on it and refused our wet wipes. Hash video man Slippery Nipples and photographer Puffy then documented his wounds like he was a laboratory specimen – no doubt the images will be on the Hash website soon. *Here’s to tree hugger, he’s true blue, he’s a bastard through and through...*

Now we all know that leeches are banned in Singapore, but that is not the case in Malaysia, as our ‘leech brothers’ can testify. Four of the riders who encountered some nasty leeches stepped forward to numb their pain with a beer: Flaming Janus, Slippery Nipples, Puffy and Bob Graf. The men then looked down and could be heard asking whose was the biggest... some things never change, apparently. *Here’s to the suckers, they’re true blue, they are bastards through and through...* Of course, Slippery Nipples drank his beer with one hand while holding his Go Pro in the other.

My Precious came forward to tell us about the next ride, which will be at Pasir Ris Park (the Punggol end). No passports are required – only a sense of fun and adventure. You can bring a road bike but only at your own risk. The On On will take place at a bar with a lovely ocean view, so be sure to stay on after the circle, My Precious advises.

At that point, Coo Chi Coo was summoned and graciously took a down-down for having a senior moment when forgetting the country code for Singapore. *Why was he born so beautiful, why was he born at all...?*

The scribe was brought in for more mechanical mismanagements, as I more often than not have a breakdown or flat along the course. This begs the question, is it the bike or the rider? *He’s all right, he’s all right, he’s got a teeny weeny willy but he’s all right.*

Coo Chi Coo stepped forward to recount how the tall man in front of him barely missed the drain that we had to step over during the ride. He then paused looked around the circle quizzically, realizing that every man there was tall compared to him. He somehow settled on Puffy, who seemed to be startled that he was cited for being very tall. In any case, Puffy drank his beer with a smile as the crowd sang, *Here’s to drain f\$%ker, he’s true blue...*

Wet Beaver took the spotlight to call in the Hares for setting the world’s biggest T-check. “It could be seen from outer space,” she exclaimed, with the circle nodding in agreement. “But how the hell did all of us miss it, I don’t know?” And the choir chanted, *They ought to be nailed to the shithouse and rot...drink it down, down, down, down, down.*”

Peter called Old Worn Stump into the circle for a “Father of the Year” charge. As a Hare (ironically named Cruelty to Virgins) entered Fangorn Forest to retrieve a damsel-in-distress (Marine, the daughter of Old Worn Stump), the father was miles away and couldn’t be bothered. *He ought to be publicly pissed on...*

FCB then called in My Precious for an unforgivable offense that involved young boys and spear fishing. The terms of the offense were not quite clear, and it could be a case of FCB’s over-active imagination. In any case, My Precious heard the masses bellow, *Here’s to spear fisher, he’s true blue, he’s a bastard through and through...*

And upon that note, the circle came to close and we loaded the cars and proceeded on to a delightful Chinese meal at Tian Lai. Despite the off-and-on weather – and many of us doing different rides of varying

