

# Ride 530 Report – 29 Oct 2017

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## The Halloween Chase Ride!

### Hares: TI Joe, Dirty Muddy Happy, Goes Both Ways, Shit Stop & Phone Sex

Today's outing brought us to the much-loved oasis that Pulau Ubin offers in overdeveloped Singapore. The island never fails to disappoint, and it is hard to believe that it is only about 8km at the longest length and no more than 1.7km in width. As always, the Hares were determined to show us as much of the terrain as possible in a 2-hour time window. With the wealth of trail knowledge gleaned from Ketam Kings' organizer, Shit Stop, this team managed to take in much of what Pulau Ubin has to offer. Noticeably absent that morning were a few missing faces who had better things to do, such as watching men drive fast cars in Malaysia...

Much like an appointment with a dentist, the Hares left promptly at 10am - or perhaps a few minutes prior - because when we turned up at the basketball court at 10:03 the place was empty. Fortunately, a bystander directed us to where the group had headed and we joined up with them as they emerged onto the tarmac from a trail. I was never so glad to see Flaming Janus as I was then, because he was the first one to appear out of the bush and the whole contingency behind him.

For the next hour, we would peddle hard for a bit – perhaps up a hill here and down a long fire road there – and then regroup so that the two 'groups' of riders could stay in sync. As we headed into a Black Diamond trail of Ketam Mountain Bike Park, we encountered the first bit of trail whereby many had to dismount and push their bikes up the rock-strewn slopes. The group apparently did only a portion of the trail before heading on to Chek Jawa, but a handful of other riders and I were unaware of this and we proceeded to ride most (or all) of the Ketam trail. No matter, any excuse to get out to Pulau Ubin for some morning cycling in fine weather suits us just fine...

Finding myself on my own, I enjoyed following the network of 'fire roads' as they meandered in a maze-like pattern. If I came to a fence or dead-end, that was an excuse to head back and try another road. I passed the better part of the second hour this way, without another rider in sight. I even found a moment to stop and say hi to the 88-year old uncle who runs the colourful refreshment stop where the bright yellow signage greets you: "Why you so like that? Buy a drink lah!" He and his son remembered me from when I photographed him years earlier for the coffee-table book, *Parting Glances*. Seeing how fit and ageless this man is serves as a reminder about the health benefits of island living. He asked if I wanted to buy a drink but I declined and pointed to my Camelbak. Sadly, I didn't follow the sign's request that you buy a drink at his stall...

As noon was approaching, I made my way to the basketball court and found a few early returnees. Old Worn Stump and son arrived, and Tinsel Tits was already there – the victim of a flat tire. We collectively headed to the ferry dock and made our way to the Promised Land – well, not quite, but the next best thing – The Little Island Brewing Company.

Arriving at the restaurant, I saw a familiar face ordering a beer – none other than Handbag - who has missed most of the 2017 season due to sustaining a bad injury on the first ride of the year (Hared by the Scribe and friends). He and I ordered food and drinks and were tucking into our hot meals just as the Circle was called to order.

The Hares were ushered in and given a hearty note for their diligent efforts. Some of them had recently returned from taking part in the Cape to Cape event in Western Australia, so they deserve much praise for stepping up to duty just a week after their return.

A lovely Scottish lass was brought in on the charge of being a Virgin. She's been in Singapore for 4 months and was invited by Deviant. Things we know about her is that she has little to no Scottish accent (as she lived in Egypt for many years and lost her accent, she claims). She can down a beer quickly, which should come as no surprise due to her Scottish ancestry. What we don't know about her is her name, which I only learned after the fact is Kirsty. Kirsty, we always welcome fun-loving riders like yourself at the Singapore Bike Hash, so please join us in the future for more antics and great rides.

Our old friend and Webmaster, Back Entrance, was called forth by GM Bunny Tool for a down-down. Back Entrance is adverse to cold weather and much like a snowbird he likes to pay a visit to Singapore around this time (after Oktoberfest, of course!). We will be able to enjoy a few rides with him before he heads back to his adopted homeland of Germany in 3 months' time. *Here's to the returnee, he's true blue, he's a bastard through and through...* At this juncture, the GM attempted some Belgian humour with his remark, "Will you be Back – ENTRANCE?" and was told to take a down-down himself.

Wet Beaver was deserving of a note for being Crash of the Day (having fallen not once but twice on the ride), but as she had left early that award was given instead to the Scottish lass, Kirsty. As this 'swollen virgin' flashed her gams at the GM, the choir sang out: *She's all right, she's all right, she's a little flat-chested but she's all right!*

TI Joe called forth Shit Stop into the circle for a few charges – for wearing some sandals in lieu of cycling shoes – and more importantly, for leaving the riders stranded as he cycled off with a pretty young thing to give her a private island tour. TI Joe was left babysitting the other riders in the meantime, and for that Shit Stop was told, "You bastard – drink it!" *Five, four, three, two, one – drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

Shit Stop was given a 'bullying' charge by Brick Shithouse for running him off the road and into a tree as these two weekend warriors cycled madly up a hill to see who could reach the summit first. The tree dispersed a lot of red ants that had Brick Shithouse seeing red... *He ought to be publicly pissed on...*

Handbag called in the Scribe for causing personal damages during the first ride of 2017, during which Handbag fell 1-2 metres into a drain and was put out of commission for the rest of the year. "Don't send me the medical bill," I quipped, but I owe this man a beer at a future time to help him self-medicate until he recovers fully. My people will contact his people. Handbag, have a safe recovery and we look forward to having you back on the bike in 2018! And the crowd sang forth, *He ought to be publicly pissed on, he ought to be f&%king well shot, he ought to be nailed to the shithouse, and left there to fester and rot, drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

Shit Stop – who has had a busy year on the Hareline – stepped forward to announce the next ride, called the Sake to Me Ride! It will take place on 12 November and depart from the former Byx shop near Bukit Timah Nature Preserve, and will no doubt cover some well-worn but much-loved territory. For those who are keen to get their hands on a new mountain bike jersey, bring \$20 to this ride and a bit more for the barbeque lunch on offer after it.

And with that, the Circle dispersed to grab a table and enjoy the excellent food and drink from our friends at The Little Island Brewing Company. A heavy downpour even took care of washing our bikes for us as we shared spirits and laughs in each other's company.

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

(Editor's note: There is no GPS available for this ride and hence no picture.....)