

Ride 532 Report – 03 December 2017

Can You Dig it Ride

Hares: Tinsel Tits, Fat Stuck Bastard & Long Khlong

Silver with assistance from Suction Cup.

Watten Heights Playground served as this morning's departure point, making it convenient for the high concentration of SBH riders who live in the West, particularly in the Bukit Timah area. I never did quite figure out why it had been named the "Can You Dig It Ride?" but that didn't stop me from turning up to what turned out to be a very pleasant ride under favourable weather conditions. There was a large turnout of three dozen riders, and for once many of the usual suspects were there, including our Scottish friend Ted Bogucki, who could almost be heard delivering a line made famous by Al Pacino: "Just when I thought I was out, they pulled me back in!" GM Bunny Tool was missing in action but he – along with Ted – are plotting an imminent departure from Singapore once and for all. Let's hope that they can both make it for the upcoming Christmas ride and on on, which will no doubt be a festive party not to be missed. A few other regulars, including Rough Sex, had better things to do this morning – such as run a half marathon organized by Standard Chartered. Also among the absentees was Back Entrance, who had left Singapore earlier than planned to undergo what he describes as "the biggest operation of my life." Let's wish our resident webmaster a successful recovery and we look forward to having him join us on his beloved Niner as soon as possible.

The Hares didn't make it easy for themselves by choosing their territory; with Singapore becoming increasingly developed, finding some green arteries amidst the concrete and glass was no mean feat. It was no doubt a substantial effort to find some Bike Hash-worthy trails amidst the suburban sprawl of Western Singapore.

Minutes into the ride, we found ourselves descending some slippery, narrow steps that led down to a ravine and a creek. One by one, we passed our bikes across and fortunately, a human chain had formed so that both people and bikes could make an assisted crossing. Hats off to Old Worn Stump and others for being Good Samaritans and helping to pull us across the imposing embankment. After all that work of crossing the stream, we only cycled a few hundred metres before emerging back on the sidewalk. The things we do to find a bit of usable trail!

For the next two hours we meandered alongside roads, through the ominous tombstones at Bukit Brown Cemetery, navigated horseshit around the Turf Club and survived some bumpy, grassy terrain best handled on a full-suspension bike rather than my hardtail. Thankfully I had generously applied some chamois cream earlier that morning on my 'assets' to cushion the impact.

Making frequent use of pedestrian bridge crossings that SBH is so fond of, this became a fine example of an urban bike Hash that tried to extract every metre of off-road terrain that the Hares could find. At the circle that followed, Tinsel Tits decreed that this was 'his area' and declared it his turf – much as a dog would mark its territory at a fire hydrant or mailbox.

The Hares did a splendid job of keeping the pack together and delivering us safe and sound to the start point at precisely noon or moments after. I somehow managed to arrive with Goes Both Ways, so clearly the Hares had done their homework in order to bring everyone in at close to the same time. After handling some demanding rides earlier in 2017 (such as Ride 528, co-Hared by Wan King and My Precious), it was nice to reach 'home' with a bit of reserve left in my fuel tank.

Wan King assumed GM duties and, surprisingly, he was in good spirits and feeling charitable. Co-hare Long Khlong Silver was grateful for receiving good 'head' (on his beer) in the Circle, while his partner Suction Cup smiled knowingly. Co-hares Tinsel Tits and Fat Stuck Bastard raised a glass with their partners in crime as the crowd sang forth, *Here's to the hares, they're true blue, they are bastards through and through, they are piss pots so they say, tried to go to heaven but they went the other way. Drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

A French virgin (is there such a thing?) named Nicolas stepped forward to accept some punishment for being part of a growing foreign menace. Even FCB was heard to say, "Too many French!" – and being half-French himself, you know that this must be a real crisis indeed. Our French friend admitted to being here for 20 years and for being a guest of Old Worn Stump, so we will let him off the hook this time. Ironically, he shares the same hobby as Pete and our other favourite Frenchman, TI Joe... not wine or women, but riding his motor-cross bike in Malaysia. *Here's to the Virgin, he's true blue...*

Returnee Bob Graf stepped forward to accept a down down, declaring simply, "I'm Bob." The Circle applauded his well-chosen words and our American friend drank his Tiger with a Cheshire grin. *Drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

A Crash of the Day charge was called and since the accused – described as The Big Orange Guy - was nowhere to be found, lookalike Rik stepped in on his behalf. Yutaka was an eyewitness to see him go head over handlebars in a Youtube-worthy moment. Our other COD contender, Lazy F%cker, was a good-humoured bloke who also had an ass-over-head moment and a second bad fall but lived to tell about it. Will he come again, Wan King inquired? "Oh yes!" replied Lazy F%cker. *Why were they born so beautiful, why were they born at all, they're no f&ckin' use to anyone, they're no f%&kin' use at all...*

A quote of the day was uttered by our esteemed Senior, Coo Chi Coo. First sighted topless at the Circle's edge, he donned his shirt and cap before proceeding into the lion's den. Wet Beaver gave him a solid charge by labelling him guilty of watching too much American TV, for Coo Chi Coo was heard shouting, "Let's Do This!" and "You Can Do This" throughout the ride. *He's all right, he's all right, he's got a teeny weeny willie, but he's all right!*

The fat Dane (aka Sonny) was called in by Wan King for losing face. Apparently our cherubic Viking was cycling through a bumpy grassy patch, warning everyone of dangerous snakes and perilous holes before he was seen falling into one of them himself. Perhaps feeling bashful of being called a fat Dane, he drank water in lieu of beer that morning. And the crowd bellowed, *He ought to be publicly pissed on...*

Ditch wandered in to deliver a humorous charge to Geoff, a friendly Kiwi whose squeaking bike nearly startled the horses as we silently pedalled through their domain. We had been warned to proceed silently through the Turf Club, but Jeff's bike refused to listen. *Here's to the squeaker, he's true blue...*

FCB was not spared, either, as he was called by Wan King in for actually NOT having a Crash of the Day. Is that even possible? And the mob sang forth, *Here's to NOT the Crash of the Day, he's true blue...*

Wet Beaver is capable of delivering some hilarious charges, and she had a lovely one in store for Pete. She called in the winner of the "29er contest" for uttering, "I love it when they squeal!" during the ride. He was referring to his brakes on a downward descent, of course. What else could you have been thinking of? *Here's to the squealer, he's true blue...*

Fat Stuck Bastard was summoned by stand-in GM Wan King for having some tissue paper stuck up his cycling shorts. Was he padding his manhood? Nope. Was he anticipating an incontinence emergency? Hardly. He was still in Hare mode and had the paper easily accessible as and when needed on the ride. Obviously this reveals a bit of the engineer in FSB. *Here's to incontinence man, he's true blue...*

Hash Brew was called in for a BIMBO charge for not only forgetting the restaurant where the on-on will take place (Pepperoni Pizza) but also forgetting which branch it is. Hash Brew then enjoyed a down down and for once had a beer handed to him rather than the other way around. The crowd chanted *...and Bimbo was his name-o!* as Hash Brew downed his hops.

Lars then came forward to announce the next ride that will take place on 17 December, to be followed by an extravaganza and awards ceremony at Picotin on Fairways Drive. Lars forewarns that you can expect a bit of repetition from today's ride, but no matter – the usual Hash camaraderie and humour should be enough to get you up early on a Sunday morning. And with a round of applause for a job well done by the Hares, thus concluded another memorable outing courtesy of the Singapore Bike Hash.

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

