

Ride 538 Report – 25 March 2018

Back to Nature Ride!

Hares: Slocum, Jackoff, Whorenet, Fat Stuck Bastard & Spa

Barbie

After an early rise-and-shine to embark on the cross-border ride to Johor, close to twenty of us convened at an empty lot near the Setia Eco Gardens housing estate. As the start-time of 9:30am approached, more familiar faces were seen driving in. The last to arrive – Slippery Nipples and Bunny Tool – were frantically pumping their tires as the cohort assembled, with refrains of “Why are we waiting?” heard among the *kiasu* riders. The delayed start time gave everyone a chance to mix and mingle, some of us not having seen Slocum and Jackoff for a long spell. Another familiar face from the past, Pussylifter, made a cameo and we were happy to see our German friend after an absence from SBH for a few seasons.

A special word of thanks should go to those Hashers who stepped up to offer a ride to the carless amongst us. A few kind souls contacted me to lend a ride, and Wet Beaver kindly picked me up only to announce that she was planning to catch a late afternoon flight. She deserves special recognition for being the most devoted rider of the day, while Old Worn Stump deserves a shout out for returning The Scribe home in one piece. The teamwork displayed by the SBH is truly a rarity in today's world.

Under cloudy skies, we set off around 9:50am and spent about 15 minutes playing follow-the-leader, with leaders who didn't necessarily spot the paper out-trail. After a Keystone Cops routine of searching this way and that, the Hares revealed to us the overlooked 'escape hatch' that had us finally going off-trail and into the palm plantations. As promised by the Hares, there were plenty of hills, cows, and dung – especially during the first half of the ride. Minutes into our adventure, a stampede of 20 cows crossed a path about 100 meters ahead of me. I waited until the remaining calf joined the herd before continuing on. The morning proved a bit comedic as small groups of riders were spotted going in different directions, as the course used an endless labyrinth that often had us cycle down one path only to cycle back on the adjacent one. The topography forced us to cycle over countless fallen palm trees, their sharp edges lying in wait to puncture an unsuspecting tire.

We were occasionally met with a creek to cross, which entailed us jumping over the running water while holding our bikes. The most dangerous part of the ride – aside from provoking a bull separated from its calf – was when we approached a barbed-wire fence that was, fortunately, marked with coloured ribbons for high visibility.

Compared to previous Malaysian rides, this one was definitely an adult-sized portion as there was a steady supply of slopes and gradients that awaited us. We seldom needed to push our bikes up a hill, but the heat and the 30km distance put all of us to the test. 15km into the ride, we cycled over some rocks that might have led to my getting a flat tire. If it wasn't the rocks, it must have been a fallen, spiked palm tree. The Hares did a commendable job of keeping the pack together and on track and managing any geographical or mechanical problems that needed sorting.

Despite needing time to repair a flat tire, I managed to catch up to the group when they returned from a long T-check that took them a few kilometres off course. Whether the route they followed was mismarked by the Hares or misread by the riders didn't matter in the end, as everyone finished within about 3km of each other according to the GPS readings. The Hares had thoughtfully created 3 shortcuts that allowed riders to complete a 22km course instead of the full 30km version.

The epic trails laid by our devoted Hares required a mammoth amount of lead time to prepare. Whorenet and Spa Barbie spent two weekends prior to the ride day doing multiple recces, and Fat Stuck Bastard defied human limits by turning up the day before the ride after an international flight and having spent four hours in his car to cross the border checkpoint. Meanwhile, Slocum and Jackoff had turned their lovely home into an impromptu B&B to handle the Hares on their many return visits. Truly, their combined efforts demonstrate the passion and attention to detail that the Singapore Bike Hash embodies. The only setback to all of their planning and preparation is that the route cannot be enjoyed by more cyclists.

After 3 hours out on the trail, many of the riders had returned and more were pulling into the parking lot every few minutes. Spa Barbie emerged from over the hill and nearly missed the parking lot – in her dazed state, she rode past the carpark and kept going. Coo Chi Coo had a big laugh and thought it was hysterical.

Under greying skies, we unloaded the Eskies from the trunk of Old Worn Stump's car and got hydrated and changed. This all occurred under the watchful eyes of a few plantation workers who were curious to watch some pale, middle-aged cyclists change out of their spandex.

Our beloved GM, Bunny Tool, graced the centre of the Circle for the last time with his customary humour and aplomb. He certainly deserves a round of applause for his years devoted to improving the Singapore Bike Hash and for many thoughtful contributions – for example, how he designed and printed SBH business cards to recruit fresh blood (Editors correction: Back Entrance designed and printed the initial set of cards). We look forward to him joining us as a Returnee whenever he pays a visit to Singapore in the future and will think of him as he proudly wears his SBH cycling togs to impress half of Western Europe.

Bunny Tool called in all five of today's Hares for a much-deserved note: "Here's to the Hares, they're true blue, they are bastards through and through, they are piss pots so they say, try to go to heaven but they went the other way!"

Slocum, Jackoff and Pussy Lifter were called into the Circle as Returnees, where they drank their Tiger beers after a round of, "Why were they born so beautiful, why were they born at all...?"

Too Easy called in Ditch on a charge intended for Wet Beaver, who had to rush off early to catch her flight. Apparently Wet Beaver had encountered some rattan on the trail and did a face-plant of sorts, coming up a bit bruised and bloodied. Was her blow softened by the cow patties that littered the course? You will need to ask her that yourself at our next outing! For Crash of the Day *in absentia*, the denizens gave Ditch a proper round of, "He's all right, he's all right, he's got a teeny weeny willie but he's all right! Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

Ditch then brought in Bunny Tool for a second Crash of the Day charge. Our Belgian GM was spotted on the trail doing some type of Jim Carrey-move, with his bike spinning around him as he miraculously remained standing. For his ungraceful moves, Bunny Tool was given the humiliating charge of "B-I-M-B-O, and Bimbo was his Name-o! Drink it down, down, down, down, down..." He then guzzled his beer with so much eagerness that he fell backwards and nearly had yet another

Crash of the Day on dry land. The bemused onlookers asked if he was drinking schnapps or Tiger Beer...

Coo Chi Coo then stepped forward holding a print-out of the SBH website. Displaying what could be called Fake News!, he flashed a photo of a man's bruised and bloodied legs and challenged us to guess who the man in the photo is. Coo Chi Coo eagerly ran from man to man to compare the photo against our various knees. Without a clear-cut candidate, Whorenet stepped forward to gracefully accept a down-down. "Here's to knobby knees, he's true blue, he's a bastard through and through, he's a piss-pot so they say, tried to go to heaven but he went the other way! Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

Coo Chi Coo then summoned in Jackoff for a BIMBO charge. Her crime, you ask? She was standing a bit behind a slope when signalling the riders about a trail marking, so some observant riders like Coo Chi Coo only saw an arm flailing in the distance as her head remained hidden from view. For trying to help us but managing to confuse some of us, let's give our beloved Jackoff a note, "B-I-M-B-O, and Bimbo was her Name-o! Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

Ditch then called in our lovely co-Hares, Spa Barbie and Whorenet, for a two-in-one Charge. The first Charge was issued for laying all of the shortcuts in the first half of the Ride. Moreover, when people began to use the shortcut, they were instructed not to use it by our shouting Spaniard friend. This his-and-her cycling duo was issued a secondary Charge for squabbling about directions and general Hash mismanagement. For demonstrating that couples that cycle together stay together, let's give our co-Hares a note: "They ought to be publicly pissed on, they ought to be bloody well shot, BANG BANG, they ought to be nailed to the shithouse, and left there to fester and rot. Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

The Scribe then called in three of our brethren on a "Fashion Don't" Charge. Their crime, you ask? It is something that has long been the subject of countless jokes in the US and elsewhere; namely, the sad but true stereotype of European men wearing sandals with dark socks. Three of them were in our midst that very afternoon, and for offending the fashion police, let's give a note to TI Joe, Bunny Tool and Old Worn Stump! "Here's to the dark socks, 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..." Thankfully, none of them were wearing a Speedo, although TI Joe was wearing an outfit that could be described as "short shorts."

No Circle would be complete without an appearance from our high-spirited raconteur, Fat Crashing Bastard. He rose to the occasion by calling in Bunny Tool for a deserved down-down. For as it happened, Bunny Tool was often heard rather than seen all morning - his squeaking bike was louder than mattress springs in Geylang, according to FCB. For using grease on a carbon bike, then adding some dry lube into the mix, Bunny Tool managed to create a perfect storm that resulted in a high-pitch squeak that will haunt us in our dreams. FCB's vivid description must have offended the gods, because at that point a heavy downpour let down from the skies as we bellowed our final Charge of the day: "He ought to be publicly pissed on, he ought to be bloody well shot, BANG BANG, he ought to be nailed to the shithouse, and left there to fester and rot. Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

The angry mob then ordered the GM to close the Circle as the clouds let forth with a heavy downpour. Ever the responsible GM, Bunny Tool then promoted our next ride that will take place on April 15th at Pulau Ubin. Join us for the 24 Carat Ride! And AGM that will be followed by our perennial favourite On-On destination: Little Island Brewing Company.

And as the Circle drew to a close, the faithful huddled under umbrellas as hard rain fell, washing the dirt from our bikes and the sweat from our brows. We took refuge for a few minutes and packed our cars before proceeding to the On-On at a Chinese eatery a few kilometres from Setia Eco. There, we managed to impress the waitresses as we tucked into a variety of local delicacies, ranging from fried tofu to seafood to pig trotters. As always, SBH made an impression on the public at large and we hope that Malaysia welcomes us back in the future.

As we made our way back to Singapore and queued at the checkpoints, we all agreed that it had been an eventful, exhausting, yet satisfying morning – one that qualifies as a definite contender for Overseas Ride of the Year!

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

