

Ride 545 Report – 19 August 2018

Prison Break Ride!

Hares: Cruelty to Virgins, Shit Stop, My Precious Ass & Jar Jar Binks

As the clock struck 10am, our scribe had just disembarked from a taxi and was rolling towards the two-dozen strong Bike Hash as they were setting off. “Okay, we can start now!” I joked, as the cyclists skirted around me and were off in search of their first trail marking. The Hares had the foresight to start their ride from our favourite watering hole, Little Island Brewing Company. This morning was exceptional, however, because Pulau Ubin wasn’t on the menu. Instead, we would be exploring the East Coast of the mainland and all that it had to offer.

The Hares had worked in teams to set an ambitious ride that turned out to be a 38km odyssey by the time it was finished some 90-100 minutes later. The course included plenty of tarmac to be sure – be it the roads or the park connector network. Occasionally, we would shoot off through a grassy field, sometimes encountering steep ascents and descents to keep us on our toes. The best was saved for last, as we made our way into the 4-5km trail in Tampines that puts mountain bikers and motorcyclists on shared terrain. Just when we thought it was all over, we found ourselves with 8-10km left to go before reaching home. Truly, it was a never-ending ride but a fulfilling one nonetheless.

Some of the trail had large gaps between markings, which posed a problem not only to the riders but to some of the Hares as well. At one point, a half dozen of us found ourselves with Shit Stop as we rode along in search of some elusive chalk or paper. Shit Stop used the familiar excuse that we all have heard before (in fact, most of us have used this excuse ourselves): “I didn’t set that part of the trail.” We had a laugh and followed him on his steed, eventually spotting the trail and staying on course nearly the whole way home.

We managed to do a comprehensive tour of Eastern Singapore – Changi, Loyang, Pasir Ris, Tampines and still more enclaves were all checked off the list. Kudos to the Hares for taking a different path instead of opting for Pulau Ubin. It’s always nice to have an occasional change in the line-up.

The weather had remained hot throughout the morning, and much of the ride had been without shade. By the time we assembled at Little Island Brewing Company, we were more than ready for a 100 Plus or something a bit stronger. As we gathered for the Circle, half of us were holding a cold pint in our hands.

Copy Cat wore the GM crown that day to kick off with a toast to the Hares for a job well done. Kudos to the Ketam Kings for taking the lead and giving us another exhausting ride. Their synergy has brought a lot of love and laughter to the Hash.

Two virgin riders – Peter and Derek - were called forth and festooned with a Tiger for surviving their long inaugural ride. “Here’s to the Virgins, 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...”

Our Norwegian friend, Stig (he of the Arrogant Bastard shirt fame) was called in for a free beer on a new member charge. “Drink it down, down, down, down, down...”

Virgin rider Peter was summoned forth on a COD (crash of the day) charge. “How could you fall down on today’s ride?” Copy Cat queried. “I have handlebars on my bike and it was hanging on one of the branches,” our Bora-shirt newbie replied. Let’s give him a note! “B-I-M-B-O, and Bimbo was his name-o!”

Shit Stop announced the news that the owners of Little Island Brewery had a hose out back where we could wash our bikes for free. The only problem with that was that for once we scarcely had any mud to wash off! It seems that on this particular day, the masses favoured a cold beer over a clean bike.

The next ride was announced by upcoming Hare Wet Beaver. “I have no idea where it will be, so... Watch this space!” she heartily exclaimed. No doubt it will be a laughter-filled outing so be sure to mark September 9th on your calendars.

Fat Crashing Bastard brought in Phone Sex on a charge of ignoring his directions. At a T-junction near the motorcycle track, everyone veered left except for Phone Sex, who headed right. He shouted out to the group, “That’s a T-check, that’s a T-check!” with swagger and panache. Phone Sex promptly disappeared and wasn’t seen again for the next 45 minutes. And the choir sang forth, “He ought to be publicly pissed on...”

Flaming Janus, FCB and Phone Sex were called into the circle by Jar Jar Binks. Their crime, you ask? Jar Jar reminded us that this was the Prison Break ride, after all, and the course was designed to circumnavigate the prison walls. These renegade riders decided that the nearby tarmac suited them better, foiling the Hares’ attempts to replicate that Prison Break sensory experience. And the Circle chanted, “Why were they born so beautiful?”

Old Worn Stump wore his birthday best – namely, a first-generation yellow SBH jersey that has seen better days – as he strolled into the Circle for a birthday charge. “Happy Birthday, f&*K you, happy birthday dear Stumpie, happy birthday to you!”

Wet Beaver summoned Coo Chi Coo and Jar Jar Binks to join Old Worn Stump in the Circle. Apparently, the Tour de France is not the only occasion where drafting occurs. On today’s ride, Old Worn Stump and Coo Chi Coo were seen hugging Jar Jar’s back wheel. No doubt this would have made an amusing sight that sounds like something straight out of a Pixar animated film.

FCB called in our ever-jolly veteran, Coo Chi Coo, for some tomfoolery that occurred during the recent 4-day stage race in Australia called Reef to Reef. Apparently Coo Chi Coo was passed by a young man on his bike, along with his still-younger girlfriend. Coo Chi Coo’s

hormones kicked in and he immediately assumed the slip stream position, riding her back wheel as long as he possibly could. No wonder he ended up with such an impressive time that day! “Here’s to Coo-Chi, 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, down...”

No Good ventured in to give a group charge to the contingency of riders who took part in the Reef to Reef race. Bob Graf, FCB, Too Easy, Wet Beaver, Coo Chi Coo and supporter No Good stepped up to acknowledge their massive achievement. “Here’s to the Reefers, 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...”

The Scribe came in to dedicate the next charge to the flatulent arse of My Precious Arse. Today My Precious was in fine form as he dispelled some gas when we met him at a stream crossing in Pasir Ris. Fortunately, we had some distance this time and were able to quickly make haste. A cyber cork was presented to him, as Little Island Brewery doesn’t use conventional wine corks. In his defence, My Precious Arse quipped that he was merely trying to get some propulsion going. Do we still love him? Of course, we do! “This is your down-down song, it’s not very long, drink it down, down, down, down, down...”

No Good ushered a guilty charge as Old Worn Stump was summoned into the Circle for dereliction of duty. His crime? No Good had asked Old Worn Stump to brief the two virgins about the Hash markings and protocol. When No Good came to them moments later to ask if they were briefed, they said no. Old Worn Stump’s silhouette could be seen vanishing into the distance, so No Good had to source another rider to conduct the impromptu briefing. “He ought to be publicly pissed on...”

There was a brief public announcement stating that a non-SBH rider had been fined \$500 and had his bike confiscated for riding in the military area around Mandai. So best to give that area a miss until further notice... and kindly pass on the message to your cycling friends.

In what was perhaps the most amusing moment of the entire morning, the always affable Handbag stepped forward with his bike helmet in hand. The only problem was that it **wasn’t** his bike helmet, for someone had taken his helmet and placed his money and phone inside a helmet that he had never seen before. Fortunately, the helmet fitted so the only thing lost was a bit of pride. “If the helmet fits...” or so the saying goes. Whoever the mysterious thief was, he or she was kind enough to leave Handbag’s money, keys and phone behind. Only in Singapore!

Hash Song of the Day:

Today’s tune is a nastier version that can be used in lieu of our familiar refrain, “B-I-M-B-O and Bimbo was his name-o!” This version comes with an RA rating and can often be heard at local running hashes...

“You’re dumb, you’re dumb, you’re really, really dumb!
If it wasn’t for your mother, you’d be a spot of cum!”

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

