

Ride 549 Report – 11 November 2018

Lost in Plentong Ride!

Hares: Old Worn Stump, My Precious Arse, Too Easy & Fat Crashing Bastard

Despite having a start-time an hour earlier than our usual 10am, a healthy turnout of nearly two dozen riders made the excursion to Plentong in anticipation of another fulfilling ride – and we didn't leave disappointed. Our start point was a quiet street adjacent to a Malaysian mini-mall, where I had a fresh banana at a Kopitiam shortly before we set off. This was to be a led ride, helmed by four seasoned Hares. FCB set off in the first wave, trying to keep within eyesight of his beloved Too Easy on his equally beloved S-Works. Bringing up the rear was Old Worn Stump escorting a few riders. Maya aka Faker and I found ourselves in between, but an unlucky detour caused us to lose 15 minutes as we stood waiting at a trail junction for the sweeping Hare to catch up to us. We made our way back about 500 meters, only to discover that the Hare had led his charge straight on through the bush. We pedalled hard to catch them, with Faker exchanging some directional information with some rubber-tapping locals. Even her fluency didn't seem to help us, as we ended up in a kind of mountain bike park with a few man-made jumps nearby. With nary a soul in sight, we stood around for another 5 minutes before heading back to find the out trail. By this time we were 20 minutes from the nearest Hashers, so we decided to ride on and just have fun. We negotiated the endless single-track and fire roads by following the fat tires of new recruit, Ray. His behemoth tires cut a wide swath through the trails and kept us on course, so we hope that he brings out his plus-sized 'steed' on future SBH outings.

Faker and I managed to ride hard without suffering the harsh crashes that befell many of our brethren that day. The rain from the previous day had hardened the ground into a clay-like sheen (topped by green slime) that was as slippery as black ice in parts. We finally emerged from the forest canopy when we came to a clearing where there was a long and steep climb up a single-track slope. At the top, we carried on a bit before coming to civilization – and that is where we lost the trail and opted to head home via paved roads. We had cycled for two hours, although we had lost 20 minutes due to being directionally challenged. We crossed the highway at a stoplight and carried on back to town. Faker proved to be as lost in JB as I was, for we stopped security guards, car drivers and motorcyclists asking them where the lake was. At one point, Faker looked at her Google Map on her

phone and told me we were 25km from the start point. Ultimately, it emerged that we were 25km from Woodlands, but we were never quite sure of where we were nor where we were heading as she continued asking the locals how we could reach the promised land. We meandered down a quiet road that looked like where we had parked, until we realized that every street in the area looked like the one from which we had set out. We returned in small packs until everyone was safely home; all except for one "Rough Sex." Old Worn Stump was kind enough to get in his car and we didn't drive far before we found her less than 400 meters from Home. We loaded her bike onto the rear rack and passed her an icy 100 Plus. After this bit of drama, everyone was reunited and the Circle was about to get underway.

GM Wan King was in decidedly mellow form as he invited The Hares to step forward to reap their much-deserved rewards. *Here's to the Hares, they're true blue, they are bastards through and through, they are piss-pots so they say, tried to get to Heaven but they went the other way! Drink it down, down, down, down, down...* Fat Crashing Bastard and Too Easy demonstrated why they are an old married couple when they took turns finishing each other's sentences when giving detailed instructions on how to get to the On-On at Amansari Residences Resort.

GM Wan King was about to call for Guests to come in when he spotted a Kiwi wearing sunglasses and a Cheshire grin while sitting in the GM's lounge chair. What's more, he had his mobile phone in his lap and was texting a message as all of this transpired. Surely this deserved a charge. Geoff Nichols admitted his breach of etiquette and stepped forward to down his Tiger like a man, or at least like a Hasher. The GM had to fend off some talkative wannabees as he brought the crowd to order and watched as Geoff quaffed his drink. *Here's to the asshole, he's true blue...*

Guests and returnees were summoned forth to do a self-intro and explain themselves. Suppository and his wife, Faker, introduced themselves and we heard about Faker's old cycling rivalry with Goes Both Ways. Ray – he of the fat bike fame – was looking cool as he charmed the crowd in his sunglasses. Long-time webmaster, Back Entrance, stepped forward as if coming back from the dead, our GM remarked. We are glad to see him back on these shores after surviving a surgery and the cold European climate. A Texan lass by the name of Leslie stepped forward to mention how she joined the bike Hash in 2011 and is only now having another go. Too bad she and husband, Noel Ritter, are already back on American shores, as she is a strong rider and can evidently handle a cold Tiger as well. Faker (not F&%ker) then gave the camera a friendly intro as she recalled how she was named by Coo Chi Coo on a similar JB excursion in 1997. We look forward to having Faker and

Suppository join us more often, but I wonder if we are fated to only see them in Malaysia? *Why were they born so beautiful, why were they born at all...?*

Crash of the Day charges included Too Easy and Wan King for some spectacular falls. Apparently this ride was not “Too Easy” for her, after all. Ric was called in for having something of a spill himself, and Rough Sex met a similar fate as she fell into one of the many deceptively deep puddles en route. *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...*

Our GM called in FCB for practicing hard to nip the GM post on the next election. Faker made a great remark that she shouldn't have to pay guest fees when we were cycling on her people's indigenous lands, after all. There was a compromise that perhaps she could pay in Ringgit. If you are seeking the stingiest people around, look no further than the Hash – and this comes from a scribe who is part Scottish! On the Hash, though, it is termed value-for-money rather than stingy.

Yours' truly, the scribe, was called in by FCB for lubing his bike at the outset and for mentioning that Rough Sex gets well-lubed before a hard ride. Of course, that seemed to bring a knowing smile and a chorus of laughter to our deviant Hash minds.

My Precious Arse brought in the GM for being a stubborn-minded Brit who ignored the Hare's attempts to escort and assist him with some shortcuts to catch up to the front pack. “No need, I'll be fine on my own,” the GM quipped as he went off on his own into the great unknown (yes, he got lost and separated from the pack, as you could imagine).

Faker charged Ray in a friendly exchange to thank him for riding his Fat Bike that day. His massive tracks left visible bread-crumbs for the rest of us to follow. Thanks, mate!

Back Entrance called on Jar Jar Binks for not reading his emails and downloading the GPS that he later asked our webmaster to send him, while Ray was chastised for not knowing whether we were on paper or not the entire ride.

And with the beer emptied and appetites growing by the minute, the crowd dispersed until we meet again this Sunday for Ride 550. Be sure to join us as we convene at an easy-to-reach spot in the West of Singapore! All of the details can be found, of course, on the SBH website homepage. We look

forward to seeing you there, although in the event of heavy rain I might be sitting at home watching Japan Hour and drinking a hot coffee... but if the weather is fair to middling you can expect to see me there ready for another great Sunday ride.

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

