

Ride 473 Report – 28 September 2014

There Are No Hills In Singapore.....!

Hares: Phone Sex, Recipricunt & Back Entrance

The ride is at Mandai Quarry Road and it is a lovely sunny day so a jaunt up the green corridor to the ride site seems like a good way of starting the day. I'm all GoPro'd up as I know Back Entrance is the Hare so unlikely to be filming proceedings today. I enter the trail by Hillview Road and all is going well until the Choa Chu Kang intersection. Experience should have told me to circumvent this section via the park connector but I thought I would get back on trail via the commercial vehicle park. Alas, the entrance to the ex-railway track that we used several weeks back was being dug up. No doubt a minor prelude to the inevitable encroachment that will take place with the rest of the GC in due course. The lack of access meant finishing the rest of the pre Hash ride on Woodlands Road. As I neared the Mandai Road junction, I passed Jan M who was idly looking at his phone. Shouting On On I carried on but later found out that I should have stopped to show the way to the venue.

Arrived at the site, a relatively small crowd was assembling as many of our usual biking couples were revamping their relationships by interspersing some cycle rides in-between the eating, drinking and whatever else they were doing in the crappy and totally uninteresting surroundings of Tuscany (that's in Italy for anyone who never watches anything other than Redneck Television aka StarHub). And showing a tremendous lack of commitment to the bike Hash to boot. As we counted down the time to kick-off, No Good began to take an interest in the position of Roger's right nipple in relation to his backpack strap. With Coo Chee Coo close to hand (an apt phrase) some would say that this sort of talk led to the inevitable as the next thing we knew was that CCC was shaking No Good's breast. What goes on at home one asks?

Fortunately, kick-off time arrived and we were instructed that the ride was on paper with a few chalk marks thrown in for good measure. The pack were directed back down the road a short way and then off left across the drain over a small makeshift metal bridge. This bridge would appear to have no purpose other than to provide an easy access for foreign labourers working on the huge complex opposite, to have a really good shit in peace and quiet. It clearly wasn't that rideable, in fact it didn't look like anyone had been this side of the drain in years, why would you? Which is why we hit a T-check. What a hoot! The Hares little joke for the day out of the way, we got back to the serious stuff heading down and across Mandai Road and our first Circle-check at the entrance to the trail that takes us past some fenced off official building. The track is so top secret it cannot be named on Google Earth, in fact it doesn't even exist. Stupidly, I went forward along Mandai Road when the only place of interest it could really go was up the slope, along the fence around the top secret building to a T-check, the real trail being along the remaining exit in the direction of Turf Club Avenue and out onto another check, which we were quickly deducing were not going to be in short supply this day. The ex-road trail was picked up right taking us underneath the BKE, across the slope to the first of several steep hills that we were to encounter. The Hares favourite ruse of the day was to set a T-check at the bottom of a steep hill so that the FRBs would have to grind back up the slope. This proved very effective and we went through a series of climbs and descents with concealed T-checks at the bottom which led to the FRBs trying to bluff the pack down to the check. This eventually led to the pack refusing to go down hills until it had been confirmed that it was the right trail. What I would term the first half of the ride terminated after some jungle slogging and a technical downhill section to the army shelter at the bottom where everyone regrouped. Regroup is a euphemism for being absolutely knackered, boiling over, gulping water down and generally recuperating in any way possible; anything but keep riding. Frankly, I felt utterly shagged out at this point and welcomed the rest. This was proving to be quite a testing ride, so much so that Coo Chee Coo went to sleep on the bench. From his twitching he must have been dreaming about playing with breasts.

A Hare arrived and extolled the view that we were a bunch of pussies and headed into the bush adjacent to the shelter. Our resident bike hobbit Ditch, was straight in after him on his new, aptly named, Giant 27.5 MTB which he was riding with all the excitement of a new toy. On entering the bush we were confronted with another steep slope which came out somewhere, but by this time a feeling of delirium was coming over me and I could have been on Mars for all I was caring. What I do know is that gradually, the ride seemed to become easier, we still had hills to contend with but everything just seemed more serene and manageable. Clearly I was close to Nirvana, if only I could bottle this, I would make a fortune. We had one or two interesting checks such as by the Banyan tree where paper went up a steep rubbly road and at the same time paper could be seen 50 meters away to the left. The result was a double game of bluff with half the riders at the top of the hill waiting for everyone to come up while the other half waited at the bottom for the others to come down. This time round we were meant to go up the hill but later on we came to the same spot and headed the other way. Having conquered another hill (it was becoming easy now) the trail moved into the Lorong Lada Hitam area. Another T-check after a long descent took us back up on top of Hamburger Hill and past the water station (every building is a water station to me) where toilet paper could be seen wrapped around the barrier fencing. It seemed likely that we would turn off the road and into the tree line where a good riding trail is located, but as there were no chalk marks or indications to the contrary, I carried on down the hill where two riders were already on Mandai Road. As I got closer I began to have doubts when I saw that one of the riders was Peter, one of our Singaporean members, who had set off in the wrong direction of Mandai Avenue. Not hearing my calls, it meant riding after him to get him on the right trail. Meanwhile, riders were beginning to gather back up the hill at the point where paper was last seen wrapped around the barrier. However, this had now disappeared and an air of confusion abounded. Obviously, we could just head home along Mandai Road but there were no markings. A much more interesting ride home would be on the path through the trees which a group of riders took, but nowhere was there any paper to be seen. Coming out into the open we went the wrong way but found our way back to the Mandai Road exit with GPS devices. As we hit the main road we came onto paper and out onto Mandai Road where the chalk arrows indicated we should be going back in to the area we'd just come from. Clearly, we have paper hoarders in the Bike Hash which is causing a problem in completing rides when there is no paper to follow. Phone Sex was definitely to blame. A short ride home and we were back at the ride site where all the recriminations regarding no paper, ballsed up trail, incompetent Hares and solar flares could be heaped upon the Hares as we rehydrated. On inspection of the GoPro I realised that that it had recorded the first 30 seconds before the memory card was full and my Garmin computer had run out of power. Great.

A very small and tired pack were called together for the circle, Coo Chee Coo presiding in the absence of the GM. Although we had three guests booked in for the morning I don't recall any being present in the circle and returnees were also thin on the ground. At this point Jan M, the last of the riders, arrived home and following a request for any other charges, immediately stepped forward and charged the scribe for not stopping on the way to the ride to give directions. Phone Sex was charged for the Bike Hash fixation of picking up paper before the riders have reached it. The charge that should have been would have gone to breast shaking Coo Chee Coo, after all, there are people in the UK at present on trial for related acts.

Overall, a well set, very challenging ride with good checks. A pity that for all the effort that had gone into the ride, not that many got to ride it. Maybe a repeat offering is in store at some stage.

On On

Scribed by,
Wan King



9/28/2014 12:00

Hash Ride 473 - A Hare's Perspective 28-09-14

Image © 2014 DigitalGlobe

Google earth

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Imagery Date: 3/9/2014 1°24'53.88" N 103°46'29.57" E elev 25 m eye alt 3.24 km