

Ride 529 Report – 1 Oct 2017

Coo Chi Coo's Birthday Ride!

Hare: Coo Chi Coo

A solid turnout of two dozen riders were prepped and rearing to go as 10am struck at Equestrian Walk Car Park, off Woodlands Ave. 3. The weather was favourable as riders exited the parking lot with high hopes and in fine spirits.

As usual, Hare Coo Chi Coo sets a high standard and somehow manages to keep the riders on course – sometimes even eclipsing those rides that have 4 or more Hares working in tandem! This is due to his advanced age and having spent decades traversing hill and dale across Singapore on his trustworthy steed, “Santa Cruz.”

The ride made a large loop that did take in some of the same route as the previous ride helmed by Wan King and My Precious, but there was enough variation that it felt fresh. With plenty of off-road trails and single track, there was something for every ability of rider. Admittedly, the weather was cooler than our last outing and the hills were much less punishing, giving us a deserved break from our previous gruelling experience. Coo Chi Coo clandestinely gave his route details to No Good so that she and Rough Sex could take a shortcut back to Home. No Good managed to leave her slippers home today and was riding in ‘stout shoes’ – perhaps the bullying she endured in the Circle on our previous ride had made her think twice about wearing those slippers again.

In the latter part of the ride, everyone began to splinter into various smaller groups, and some of them – like the group that I rode in with Fat Stuck Bastard, Bunny Tool, Dirty Muddy Happy and Phone Sex (among others) – had to improvise our way home after we emerged onto Mandai Road after cycling through Track 15. The rain that began after we had finished about 80% of the ride helped to mask the chalk marks that were our ticket home, so we improvised a course and hoped that Phone Sex knew the way. We eventually made our way past Singapore Turf Club and were closing in on Home at the nearby Singapore Turf Club Riding Centre. We came in about 20 minutes after twelve, a bit waterlogged but still smiling.

Under drizzling weather conditions, the Circle was called to order and Bunny Tool stepped forward to usher in Coo Chi Coo for a note. It was at this point that Wan King and Coo Chi Coo started a friendly debate on who had discovered the great single track we rode, with each man stubbornly claiming to have found it first. In recognition of his superhuman effort and going it alone as Hare, let's give Coo Chi Coo a note for a well-laid ride: *Here's to the Hare, 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...*

Those Virgins who joined us for the ride were still out on the course, so GM Bunny Tool then summoned the candidates for the Crash of the Day. To the GM's dismay, no one stepped forward to claim this dubious prize. “Perfect!” exclaimed our jovial Hare – “a well-laid trail.” Everyone had a laugh that the course was so good that no one had even a minor crash or flesh wound to speak of.

With that, our sole Visitor – or should we say Returnee - stepped forward to introduce himself. Visiting us all the way from Vietnam was Jeff Nichols, who said that it was his fourth time to ride with SBH. He recently recovered from surgery, but we were happy to have him join us for this satisfying ride. Everyone seemed to think that he looked like Copy Cat, although Goes Both Ways seemed to disagree on that matter. Too bad Copy Cat was in Oz getting his driver's license renewed, otherwise we could have had a side-by-side comparison to judge for ourselves. And the crowd sang, *Here's to the returnee, he's true blue..*

Dirty Muddy Happy was brought in for a charge for having disappeared for the past year. It seems that she has had lower back pain, which prompted Coo Chi Coo to ask TI Joe what he's been doing to her. "Don't ask, don't tell" is the best slogan to use in this situation... "He's French, not Greek," was uttered by a cheeky man amongst us. *Here's to the Returnee*, the choir refrained

No Good came in to give a charge, and let it be known that No Good's charges are consistently great. When No Good saw Dirty Muddy Happy (known henceforth as DHM), she asked where she had been for the past year a half. DHM gestured to her groin area that she was having some pain there. "Is it your saddle?" No Good inquired. "No, I'm using a woman's saddle," DHM replied. "Oh, then it must be too much sex," No Good remarked knowingly. TI Joe stepped forward, was handed a beer, and smiled guiltily as the choir bellowed, *Here's to (inaudible), they're too blue, they are bastards through and through...*

Wan King stepped forward to deliver the Quote of the Day. I was waiting for my name to be called, but was relieved that he had found another victim. Goes Both Ways and Brick Shit House were brought in as Wan King announced that he had no idea of what their conversation was about, but it had piqued his attention. The conversation went along the lines of "Oh, you must have done that when you were playing with your cleat this morning." *Here's to the cleats, they're true blue, they are bastards through and through...*

At that point, two riders arrived and were summoned into the Circle. Were they Virgins or Returnees? There was some speculation on this matter. Teeny Weeny Willy rode on Ride 528, so he is definitely a Returnee. He was joined by a Yorkshire girl who hails from Sheffield (C'mon luv, give us your name!). The lass quipped, "It's not my favourite thing, but I do enjoy it." She was not talking about sex, as you might have been thinking, but about mountain biking. She reckons that she was off the bike more than she was on the bike, however.

The Scribe then brought the one and only Jeff Nichols into the circle. His charge, you wonder? It is for being the most gentlemanly Hasher to grace our presence in a long time. Jeff was spotted helping men and women cross ravines by graciously holding their bikes for them, and he coached Dirty Muddy Happy as she descended a steep incline on her ass, with her feet out in front of her. For teaching us a thing or two about chivalry, let's give him a note: *Here's to the gentleman, he's true blue...*

No Good then summoned her husband and Hare, Coo Chi Coo, on a Dirty Old Man charge. It seems that Coo Chi Coo desperately wanted to contact Dirty Muddy Happy to invite her to his birthday party, at which women in bikinis got free food. Those women who did not wear bikinis had to pay. He was begging and pleading until he finally got her number, yet ironically he couldn't reach DMH despite his best efforts. Her line was always busy or engaged, leaving Coo Chi Coo feeling deprived and dejected on his special day. For spending too much time on her phone, DMH was forced to join her not-so-secret admirer for a down-down. *Here's to the pervert, he's true blue, he's a bastard through and through...*

The Scribe was ushered into the Circle for a down-down, this time courtesy of Wan King. Just as FCB is obsessed with my ass, Wan King is similarly obsessed with my shorts. Despite being purchased about a year ago from a distinguished Swiss company, Wan King likened them to an old lady's knickers. Is it the cut of the shorts or the contours of my body? We may never know. The shorts are intentionally baggy, uttered the Scribe in his defense. In any case, *Here's to well-hung, he's true blue...*

Wan King then brought in the Front Riding Bastards, who could be heard bickering that they weren't part of that pack, for directional mismanagement. Apparently the guilty ones dashed across the main road and missed a directional arrow, and later totally missed a T-check in their haste. *Here's to the violating bastards, they're true blue...*

Coo Chi Coo came into for a friendly down-down in honour of his birthday, for setting a marvellous and ambitious ride, and for buying the beers at the lunch to follow. And with that, a large turnout joined the birthday boy to celebrate at nearby Cheval Restaurant. Despite not getting his main birthday wish of seeing DMH in a bikini, he managed to sit next to her at lunch and could be seen bearing a large grin on his face for the remainder of the meal...

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Coo Chi Coo, happy birthday to you!

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

