

Ride 535 Report – 04 February 2018

What's Up Doc Ride!

Hares: Bunny Tool, Puffy and Wet Beaver

SBH convened at a seldom used start point that is likely to become one of our regular future destinations. Nestled inside the NTU campus, Cleantech Heights offers plenty of free parking in a tranquil cul-de-sac. Here the faithful gathered slightly before 10am, with some like Pole Dancer even rolling up as the ride briefing was underway. Long Khlong Silver and Suction Cup didn't sleep in, as they cycled an hour just to reach the start point. Despite the temperate weather and Bunny Tool's claim that the 30km ride is laid 99.9% off-road, only about 15 riders made the effort to turn up that morning. I suppose the Ketam Kings were doing their weekly Ubin ride and the usual suspects were either travelling or hung-over. Regardless, our band of lycra-clad cyclists wended our way through the quiet NTU campus and into the unknown.

The course was ideally suited for every level of rider and featured plenty of gradient trails that we could ride as hard as our legs could manage. We followed Too Easy and Coq-Up for much of it, with FCB peddling madly in their wake. Portions of the course ventured into Running Hash territory, as we had to carry our bike through thick foliage and over stumps that rendered the course un-rideable – but those sections were relatively few and far between. The ride became a bit wet as we cycled through a few water-filled pools, not realizing how deep they were until we fool-heartedly pedalled through them. Suction Cup went through the first pool unscathed but slowed down and opted to walk her bike through the second one. Wet Beaver lived up to her name as she was occupied with her GPS at that time and did a royal dismount into the brackish pool – leaving her and her beaver water-logged.

The Hares had something tricky up their sleeves for us as we approached a canal and had to climb a fence before descending a steep cement slope. Aided only by a slim rope with a few knots in it, we managed to form a chain and bring everyone down to the canal 'floor' unscathed. Slippery Nipples, who was wearing a picture-worthy blue lycra top, got caught up in changing the batteries for his beloved Go-Pro and fell behind the pack. He had to heroically and single-handedly descend the canal wall on his own before managing to catch up with us some time later.

True to their word of 99.9% off-road, the Hares had us busy crossing every available bit of grass – such as a massive field that was a bit water-bogged and gave us a spin-class experience as we made our way diagonally across it. Not wanting to fall behind his better half, FCB paid no heed to the stoplight signals and bulldozed his way across busy roads to the sound of our chants and catcalls. Could this be the same man who informed me earlier that it is safer to bring a mobile phone with you rather than leave it behind in the car?

Wet Beaver had guided No Good and Rough Sex on a short course that had them back to Home before anyone else, and they watched as Too Easy and Coq-Up rode proudly in, shoulder-to-shoulder in a display of EU unity. Others followed in ones and twos until the whole lot of us were hydrated and cleaned up.

Bunny Tool then called the Circle to order as the Hares could be heard boasting, "Ride of the Year" in the background. Bunny Tool danced into the middle, flanked by Wet Beaver and Puffy. "What do we think of the Ride?" Bunny Tool implored, to the replies of "very good!" Coo Chi Coo called out, "Just like the old days," so that is perhaps as strong an endorsement as you are likely to get on the Hash! Be it Ride of the Year or Ride of the Month, this "threesome" of Hares did a stellar job of executing a clearly-laid and well-organized Ride that kept the group intact and smiling. Explaining that this ride was a copy of Ride 470 that was done about four years ago, Bunny Tool then toasted himself with the familiar refrain: *Here's to the Hares, they're true blue, they are bastards through and through. They are piss-pots, say they say, tried to go to heaven but they went the other way! Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down...*

Geoff Nichols was awarded a group shout-out for joining SBH as a new member. He is a bit too old to be a Virgin, but let's give this experienced rider a note anyway: *Here's to the Kiwi, he's true blue...* I learned all about Geoff's Kiwi love of mountain biking on the ride home, but don't get him started on the topic of KTM bikes...

Coq-Up came into the Circle as a Returnee, with the GM making a joke in his honour that fell on deaf ears: "Our friend works for Mac and works in an office without Windows." The joke went over like cake at a diabetics' convention, but never mind. Slippery Nipples complained that the joke was too intellectual for our lot. And with that, the crowd bellowed, *Here's to Returnee, he's true blue, he's a bastard through and through...*

Bunny Tool issued the COD (Crash of the Day) charge and two culprits stepped forward: Too Easy and Wet Beaver. The latter even had a spot of blood on her legs, but that was due to a crash on the recce and not from today. Wet Beaver received a proper mud bath as she fell into a brown pool while consulting her GPS. At least her skin will be perfect, she smiled. Too Easy had a dramatic dismount as she was launched out of her saddle and into the bush when her handlebars got caught up in some trees. Would she have considered slowing down to navigate the thick foliage? Not on your life... Let's give our two lovely lasses a note: *They're all right, they're all right, they're a little flat-chested but they're all right! Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down...*

Wet Beaver called in Coo Chi Coo because she had been thinking about him that morning. Whether it was at 1am or 9:40am was unclear, but when our senior member was seen getting himself sorted out and looking desperately for a saddle, a familiar song came to Wet Beaver's mind: *He's back in the saddle again, he's back in the saddle again... Here's to the cowboy, he's true blue, he's a bastard through and through...* An enterprising Bike Hasher can launch a new SME by bringing an extra saddle, wheels, tools and lube to the start of each ride and renting them out for a premium. Now Coo Chi Coo and Ditch just need to remember to bring cash to each ride...

The Scribe called in Wan King for a down-down on a “famous last words” Charge. As we cycled through some terrain earlier that day to the sound of gunfire, Wan King called out, “Don’t worry, they’re not going to shoot us.” For giving us a bit of a Murphy’s Law scare, let’s give our fun-loving Treasurer a note: *Why was he born so beautiful, why was he born at all? He may be a joy to his mother, but he’s a pain in the asshole to me. Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down...*

Wan King then summoned the Hares front and centre for a Charge. Their crime, you ask? They were apparently too quick to point out where the paper was - even breaking their own checks at times. *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, down...* Wet Beaver drank her beer and quipped, “You know, you’re dissed if you over-mark, dissed if you under-mark...” Don’t worry, Hares – you did a great job of delivering us a 30km ride that had everyone back to the start point by 12:15pm – a stellar achievement and a cause for celebration!

Pole Dancer was called forth for completing the ride on a single-speed bike. Not that his bike was designed as a single-speed, mind you. His derailleur fell off amidst the dense jungle and forced him to ride with it hanging precariously off his bike. Not only did he ride with an impaired bike, he had his baseball cap and bike lock on his handlebars throughout the epic 30km odyssey. Let’s give him a note! *Here’s to derailleur boy, he’s true blue, he’s a bastard through and through...*

Living up to his quiet and reserved demeanour, Old Worn Stump was brought forth and handed a glass of Tiger. His crime? He was spotted doing a massive bunny hop while riding, but not in front of Puffy’s camera. Puffy could only see him performing his acrobatics when he turned around and saw Old Worn Stump pedalling behind him. For not wanting to display his X Games bravado on camera, let’s give him a note! *He’s to the shy one, he’s true blue, he’s a bastard through and through...*

FCB walked confidently into the Circle and said, “A bike hash would not be a bike hash without a charge for Knobby,” so the Scribe was brought forth to hear his felony: the guilty one had asked FCB for a spot of bike lube moments before the ride start. The Scribe last had some lube in his bike bag on the Cape to Cape ride months before, but he hadn’t seen it of late. FCB reminded everyone that the Cape to Cape ride took place in October, warranting a Charge for our “Ponzi Scheme” hero: *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, down...*

Our Scottish friend, Ted Boguki, alias Slow Leaker, was summoned in for making a late arrival back to the Circle. Did he have a puncture? Not today, he clarified. Did he stop for a pint along the way? Not that we know of. “I was just slow today – first Hash of the year for me,” he confessed. And with that, Wet Beaver heralded, *Here’s to the puncture, he’s true blue, he’s a bastard through and through...*

The GM and Too Easy hyped our next ride, which will be helmed by Flaming Janus, Cruelty to Virgins & My Precious and will set out from Teachers Estate Playground on the morning of February 25th. Let’s aim for a massive turnout for what

promises to be a great Ride as we explore the nooks and crannies of the Upper Thompson region. SBH welcomes you and looks forward to seeing you there. Distribute those SBH business cards and invite a cyclist friend along so that we can swell our ranks in 2018...

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

