

Ride 537 Report – 11 March 2018

St. Patrick's Day - Luck of the Irish Ride!

Hares: Ditch & Old Worn Stump

Under clear and blue skies, the faithful gathered at a familiar ride site for the SBH – the very end of Lorong Lada Hitam, off Mandai Road. Around 20 of us turned up and spent our final moments before the start fine-tuning our bikes, lubing our chains, and consuming some energy gels. Proxy GM Wan King then declared the ride officially underway, and we pedalled madly in search of the out-trail. After a few false starts, we wended our way over some sidewalks and a grassy knoll before settling into some terrain that had us exploring both sides of Mandai Road.

The Hares had an ambitious route mapped out for us, and it was well-marked with chalk and toilet paper throughout. The 2.5-hour odyssey was comprised of fire roads interrupted occasionally by boggy stream crossings and some forays into dense vegetation and forest. Fortunately, we were able to remain on our bikes more than 80% of the time and the punishing inclines put all of us to the test. After the 90-minute mark, the hills didn't stop coming and at one point I heard Telekom loudly sigh and bemoan, "Again? Another one?" For those who can't get enough mountain biking, today's outing was a slice of heaven and a testimony to the steadfast work of the Hares. Could this be shortlisted for Local Ride of the Year? Only time will tell, but certainly no one today went home disappointed

Today's outing comprised exclusively of men, with the exception of No Good, but this brotherhood took good care of each other and every half hour or so there was a re-grouping that gave us time to recover from the hot sun and kept the ensemble on track. Along the way, a few folks dropped out or headed home. Pole Dancer was last seen giving his brakes an impromptu repair job, while TI Joe took a premature exit to head home early. By 12:30pm, around 15 riders had found their way 'home,' with only 5 or 6 of us having completed the entire trail. I was proud – but exhausted - to have been one of them.

Without our usual peanut gallery of charismatic members like Fat Crashing Bastard and Bunny Tool, the Circle was comparatively short and sweet. GM Wan King kicked it off by saying, "Tough ride, guys, but I think we knew what to expect. Even though you know it's coming, you know it's going to be a lot of work!" Ditch and Old Worn Stump were called in for a down-down for their excellent Hare-ing. Here's to the Hares, 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.....

There were no Guests to speak of, or at least any that returned alive, so sole Returnee Guillaume was ushered in for a note and to show us his war wound that he received while avoiding some pedestrians at a petrol station. Not seeing a deep hole in the ground that was camouflaged by grass, our French friend went over his handlebars and was taken to

hospital. When he emerged, he was sporting a 5mm metal plate in his right shoulder. On the upside, at least now he has a reason to take off his shirt at parties to show to all the women who are concerned for his well-being! Here's to Returnee, he's true blue... As Guillaume drained his glass of beer, the GM patted him on the shoulder before panicking that he was going to cause further injury.

Wan King then called out for the Crash of the Day candidates to step forward, before dramatically taking a long stride himself into the Circle to regale us with the tale of how he and his bike encountered a woody bit on the trail that caused him to end up 'grounded.' Wan King was spotted on the ground alongside his steed by Co Chi Co and the Scribe, who were riding directly behind him. Here's to Crash of the Day, he's true blue, he's a bastard through and through.....

The Scribe then called in two members for being "Whingers of the Day." Wan King was pronounced guilty of whinging about how his sore legs were still recovering from a 100km road ride that he had done the previous day, while Slippery Nipples was put in the dock for ranting about "too much nature" when he was mired in a boggy swamp early into the ride. Let's give these killjoys a note: Here's to the whingers, 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...

Ditch then stepped forward to announce a down-down for the world's most useless f&%kin' Co-Hare: himself! His sins, you ask? They included postponing a recce since he had prior plans, exiting a recce prematurely because he had prior plans, and turning up late on the morning of the Hash itself because he had forgotten his contact lens and other essentials back at home. For having a senior moment and for being otherwise fairly useless, let's give our Irish-American friend a note: He ought to be nailed to the shithouse, he ought to be bloody well shot, he out to be nailed to shithouse, and left there to fester and rot! Drink it down, down, down, down, down... Not to be faulted completely, our guilty Co-Hare tried to make amends by coming to the Circle in festive St. Patrick's Day attire – a green "Chang Beer" T-shirt, olive army pants and a whimsical green necklace with a beer mug motif. Let's give him some charity points for going the extra mile in the wardrobe department.

Puffy was then ushered into the Circle by our GM-in-waiting. Wan King had coffee recently with Bunny Tool, who was coughing relentlessly due to having contracted microplasma pneumonia. "It's not contagious, don't worry," our Belgian friend assured him.

Now it seems that our Dutch friend was doing a recce a few weeks ago with Bunny Tool. Was it any surprise, then, that Puffy turned up today coughing with a case of microplasma pneumonia? For having contracted and spread a virus, let's give a note to the guilty parties: Here's to Mr. Contagious, he's true blue, he's a bastard through and through...

Sunday Hash regular runner, Telekum, was summoned into the Circle by the GM. His crime? Eating too many pineapple tarts and other goodies during Chinese New Year. Like many running hashers, his legs are chiselled like Usain Bolt's while his midriff is closer to that of Bart Simpson. Not to worry, Telekum might yet sport the abs of TI Joe if he keeps returning

to the Bike Hash! Who ate all the pies, who ate all the pies, you fat bastard, you fat bastard, you ate all the pies! Drink it down, down, down, down, down...

Wan King then brought The Circle to a close by saying that he had put his candidacy in for GM. Fortunately, he didn't use the phrase, "Let's make Singapore great again!" so we are hopefully in good hands. Wan King announced that Singapore Bike Hash is now seeking On Cash and that we should give it some thought. Ditch quipped, "Okay, we've through about it – let's move on." And with a heartfelt laugh, we packed our gear and loaded the cars; a handful made their way to an impromptu On-On site: Blooie's Roadhouse at Rail Mall. After an exhausting ride and mellow Circle, we parted ways until our next outing that will take place on 25 March in Malaysia. We look forward to seeing you then for some spectacular riding in the state of Johor!

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

