

Ride 539 Report – 15 April 2018

24 Carat Ride! And AGM

Hares: My Precious, Silver Fox, & Deviant

A ride at Pulau Ubin never disappoints, and today's well-organized jaunt was a case in point. Our saga began at 10am at the infamous basketball court where we traditionally begin every Ubin ride.

The smell of change was in the air, as the AGM signalled the end of one era and the beginning of another. With our fun-loving EU representative, Bunny Tool, scheduled to return to his beloved homeland in the coming months, a new figure emerged from the shadows to declare himself King. Generally stern-faced, but revealing a sharp wit when called for, Wan King stepped forward to assume the crown that adorns the GM of the Singapore Bike Hash. Will our Brexit-loving English friend wear the mantle of democracy that comes with the title – or will this be the dawn of a foreboding, dark chapter? While the crowds silently yearn for a manager - not a dictator - they look for guidance and an encouraging word from our new figurehead. Long Live the (Wan) King! And let us not forget the tremendous dedication and enthusiasm that Bunny Tool brought to the table during his years as our devoted GM. Be it telling jokes that occasionally fell flat or dancing a jig for our amusement during the Circle, Bunny Tool embodies the best of Singapore Bike Hash. We certainly wish him well as he guides his new Cannondale across the hills and dales of Western Europe, and hope that he makes an occasional visit to join us for future outings.

Once the AGM was concluded in a matter of minutes, the ride got started and our thirty-strong cohort broke into two groups – one riding full-throttle, the other at a more comfortable speed. One member who wasn't on the saddle that morning was Ditch, who had mistakenly left his cycling shoes at home. He missed a good ride but soaked up the atmosphere at The Circle and at Little Island Brewery afterwards - so his day wasn't a total write-off, after all.

As we wended our way through the familiar Ubin paths in the opening minutes, an anthemic Malay soundtrack wafted through the jungle, growing louder by the second. As we came over a slight incline in a path, a clearing emerged and we saw a friendly local standing alongside his kampung house. He seemed to be expecting us as we cycled past him, exchanging smiles and waves as he heralded our procession. It was almost like a choreographed scene from a movie, except that it wasn't. That moment has stayed in my mind, and it bode well for the start of something magical. The flawless weather was a welcome sight, too.

The fast group – led by Ketam Kings regulars, My Precious and Silver Fox – would cycle at racing speed for a few kilometres and then stop to regroup. This proved to be a smart strategy that kept most of our group intact. It was only when we entered the Black Diamond Ketam trails towards the latter half of the ride that our group dissolved, only to reconvene at the Ubin town jetty or at the On-On site back on the mainland, Little Island Brewery.

Deviant did a capable job of guiding those who wanted a slower ride, for Pulau Ubin has become her second home as she has been adopted by a boys' club, otherwise known as Ketam Kings.

The ride was fulfilling on many levels - offering enticing gravel and dirt fire roads as well as technical portions that challenged even the heartiest Hashers or Ketam Kings amongst us.

By 12:30 or 12:45, the majority of us had arrived at Little Island Brewery and assembled in the patio area for the Circle to get underway. Newly-adorned GM Wan King scolded the ignorant or the Virgins who were unaware that they should not sit down during the Circle.

The Hares were summoned and the cohort chanted, "Too Much Paper!" but the general consensus was that it had been a great ride! We extolled, "Here's to the Hares, they're true blue, they are bastards through and through, they are pisspots, so they say, tried to go to Heaven but they went the other way, drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

A herd of Virgins had joined us that day, and they were called forth to come for a down-down. The first of them – an affable Chinese man who joked that he was from the UK - remarked that it had been the best ride of his life. Nancy, Tina from Denmark, Sandra from Australia, and Stig from Norway all took their down-downs with a smile. Tina was regaled with a chant from the masses that is reserved expressly for those from Scandinavia – sort of a *ur-ye, ur-ye, ur-ye* Viking call that we sang heartily in unison. Stig was the fun-loving Norwegian who was wearing a cycling shirt that proclaimed, Arrogant Bastard – a shirt that our own Fat Crashing Bastard was eyeing jealously. "Here's to the Virgins, they're true blue, they are bastards through and through, they are pisspots, so they say, tried to go to Heaven but they went the other way, drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

The Guests stepped forward; namely, a Scottish lass and a bloke from London named Jamie. He is a scientist who has been here for 5 years, but he is still deciding if he wants to join SBH. Our Scottish friend, whose name was lost over the din of the live music at Little Island Brewery, is familiar to us (mostly to the men) for her legendary short-shorts. "Why were they born so beautiful, why were they born at all, they're no f*&king use at all. They may be a joy to their mothers, but they're a pain in the asshole to me. Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

Goes Both Ways, Coo Chi Coo, Bunny Tool and our humorous Chinese friend then were called in to display their battle wounds for a Crash of the Day Award. Goes Both Ways spent a lot of time arguing that her wounds were the most serious, whereas Bunny Tool was spotted splayed over his bike when the GM and Scribe came across him. It was a tight contest, but Bunny Tool took the prize for the COD. "Here's to the COD, he's true blue, he's a bastard through and through. He's a pisspot, so they say, tried to go to Heaven but he went the other way. Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

Bunny Tool was bullied into staying in the Circle for another down-down, and was given a warm congratulations for his 3-year stint by our newly-crowned Wan King. "Well done, mate, you've done a good job, now fuck off!" And the crowd regaled, "Here's to the ex-GM, he's true blue..."

Whorenet, Too Easy and a Guest were brought in for being part of a mass pile-up while launching a mountain attack. They were stymied by a herd of riders who apparently didn't have the legs for it. Let's give the die-hards a note...

The Hares were brought in again for not keeping everyone on track during the opening moments of the Ride, during which time the GM and Dirty, Muddy, Happy were separated from the pack. The GM didn't seem to have any complaints about having to cycle behind her, though. And the crowd sang forth, "They ought to be publicly pissed on, they ought to be publicly shot, they ought to be nailed to the shit house, and left there to fester and rot. Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

Slippery Nipples was ushered in and given a public scolding for missing the AGM, and he drank his Tiger beer with a smile before buggering off.

The Scribe called in long-time veteran Hasher, Ditch, who had changed into his cycling gear earlier that day only to realize that his shoes were left somewhere in West Singapore. Co Chi Co was called in by Too Easy to join him, as our veteran Aussie friend had a senior moment and forgot his saddle in Malaysia. Let's give these lovely lads a note for having a 'senior moment...'

Ted Bogucki called in the Scribe for fearing that his 14-year old Trek hardtail was going to be stolen, and for removing the seat post. "He's all right, he's all right, he's got a teeny weeny willy but he's all right! Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

Wet Beaver summoned Bunny Tool and My Precious in on a charge revolving around a 'pee' theme. My Precious mentioned that his solution for first aid is to pee on the wound, but 'you have to have good aim and take off your shoes first,' he claimed. Bunny Tool, on the other hand, is a magnet for felines who can't wait to pee into his shoes. Victimized on two continents, Bunny Tool's shoes can be smelled before they're seen. Let's give these two men a note for their urinary misdeeds.

The GM then promoted his choice of pubs for an upcoming Bike Hash Social – it's called Tipples on Middle Road (not Nipples). This 3-hour binge fest is subsidized by Singapore Bike Hash and members will receive special pricing – so be sure to sign up soon if you want to reserve a spot to attend.

Chi Co Co strolled into the Circle with a cheeky grin and we knew that something was amiss. He brought in The Scribe, Slippery Nipples, Jamie and the Scottish lass on a "Best Shorts of the Day" charge. Wearing a pair of shorts that looked like they were stolen from a pole dancing instructor, our Scottish friend was the grand prize winner and she stepped forward to drink her down-down. The GM quipped that the Dirty Old Man responsible for this dubious charge qualified for a suitable Hash name of #MeToo... thus proving that our newly-bestowed GM has a comedic flair that would put a smile on Ricky Gervais' lips.

Wan King promoted the next Ride, which coincidentally will be his own and is currently TBA. This seemed to come as a surprise to him, for which he was given an impromptu B-I-M-B-O charge. Slippery Nipples then announced that members will get priority for Ride 541 at Batam's Drak Bike Park, and that an email for this annual event will be sent out shortly.

And with that, the Circle was brought to a close and our merry band of lycra-clad nature-lovers savoured the fine food and drink on offer at Little Island Brewery, where they were serenaded by the sounds of an acoustic guitar and live vocals. It was a wonderful end to an energizing ride amidst the flora and fauna of Pulau Ubin.

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout