

# Ride 540 Report – 6 May 2018

---

## **The Wild West (or the bits that aren't closed, being upgraded, new development, collapsed, fenced off, etc.) Ride!**

### **Hares: Wan King & Wet Beaver**

Under clear skies, the faithful gathered once again for a group ride – this time to explore some of the hidden and less-travelled portions of Western Singapore. For some of us, it was a five or ten km journey to reach the start point. For My Precious, the day started much earlier as he headed off from Pasir Ris on his new KTM hardtail to make the 40km odyssey to the start point at Boon Lay Way. This determined Kiwi was gung-ho enough to make the return journey by bike afterwards, despite having a sore ass and fatigued legs by that point.

The ride was a pleasant mix of sidewalks, park connectors, and off-road terrain – much of it in an urban or suburban setting. The Hares made the most of it to give us a 29km outing that had all of us smiling in the Circle that followed.

About 15 minutes after starting off, we reached the Pandan Reservoir and meandered along some of the broken roads that lined the canals. Of course, this being the Singapore Bike Hash, there was some drama along the way – Slippery Nipples was madly hitting and rubbing himself during the first half hour. Was he experiencing angst and fury with the world? No, he had brushed up against some red ants – surely, a cyclist's worst nightmare. Dirty, Muddy, Happy didn't look too happy as she took a dramatic fall on some flat terrain alongside a canal. Apparently, her front wheel had hit an obstacle that had her going over the handlebars. Fortunately, she wears more padding than a motocross rider and on this Sunday it finally paid off in spades. Moments afterward, three or four men were seen quickly rushing to her aid. You've never seen the 'gentlemen' of the Hash so eager to help a damsel in distress!

We gradually made our way eastwards, arriving at West Coast Park before moving on to South Buena Vista and Vigilante Drive. There were a few T-checks and circle checks along the way to make it a proper Hash ride in every sense of the word.

Wet Beaver did a marvellous job of keeping the pack together for who favoured shortcuts; for the gung-ho who wanted to do the full course, we were told to ride through Kent Ridge Park and into the Portsdown area and One North before reaching home. With scant markings and little paper to be seen, a trio of us managed to stay on course before we finally lost the trail around MediaCorp. We made our way home by heading along Alexandra Road to Commonwealth, continuing westward until reaching Boon Lay.

The riders arrived 'home' in dribs and drabs. Slippery Nipples looked up when I reached home with what can only be disappointment as he muttered, "oh, it's you." It turns out that

he was really hoping that it would be Old Worn Stump and his car keys – for the gang was feeling quite thirsty by that point and keen for some iced drinks. There were murmurs among the cohort that we need to get Old Worn Stump to pass a duplicate of his car key to one of the front riders so that we can indulge in refreshments in the event that he is still out and about.

20 or 30 minutes later, a chorus of “Why are we waiting?” could be heard as a trio of Hashers (Old Worn Stump, Whorenet and Puffy) escorted a Virgin rider back to the parking lot where we were assembled. A 50-year Virgin (55 to be precise) by the name of Tosser arrived back safe and sound, looking a bit worse for the wear but still standing.

We circled up as our lovely Co-Hares stepped in for a charge. Wan King’s query of “What did you think of the ride?” was met with catcalls and laughs from the crowd: “Good ride, too much chalk, too much jungle!” For their steadfast dedication and long hours spent in the saddle, let’s give them a note: “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...” Wet Beaver quaffed her cold beer with a grateful sigh like it was going out of production tomorrow.

Guests were then called in, and our German friend Henning – otherwise known as Tosser – limped forward to accept a glass of beer. He has been in Singapore for twenty years, but declared that “I’m more into the Dog Hash and the Ladies’ Hash,” which caused the group to erupt with laughter. Wet Beaver summarized it best: “He’s graduated from dogs to ladies to bikes!” When GM Wan King inquired, “Will we see you again?” Tosser contemplated this for a moment before replying, “I guess – it was a bit on the limit.” Has the Bike Hash broken the spirit and body of yet another Virgin? Let’s hope that we see our humorous German friend again, as we love his self-deprecating humour. Tosser gave a warm round of appreciation to the three riders who escorted him home, and the patience and support shown by Whorenet, Puffy and Old Worn Stump is really what makes the Bike Hash the exceptional community that it is. Kudos to these fine lads! And with that, the Circle gave the Virgin a round of “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...” As it turns out, Tosser is another German who is not accustomed to drinking beer... how is this possible?

A new member by the name of Noel Reuter stepped forward to accept a cold beer and was given a hearty charge, “Here’s to the new member, he’s true blue...” No sooner had our American friend quaffed his Tiger beer than Wan King was chasing him to set a ride in six weeks’ time. Our startled new member looked up at him and realized that perhaps he was not joking... leaving Noel to ponder whether he did the right thing by joining SBH, haha.

Whorenet was brought forth by the GM on a charge of being the last to put on his shoes and saddle up before the ride, and the last to come in that day. For taking a Spanish siesta, let’s give him a note: “Why was he born so beautiful, why was he born at all?”

While my phone memory signalled it was full and abruptly stopped recording, Ditch came to my rescue with his trusty mobile phone. During the handover, Co Chi Co was called in for

helping out a female damsel in distress (certainly no complaints on his part). And the Circle gave him a spirited note of “He’s the meanest...”

Bunny Tool was brought in to the Circle on a humorous charge from Wet Beaver. As the ride had progressed that morning, Bunny Tool could be heard shouting at random, “I’ve lost my Virgin!” Puffy, Whorenet, and Old Worn Stump, however, managed to find and ‘break in’ this middle-aged Virgin and made him their ‘bitch’ that morning. Was this an episode from the TV series Oz, 60 Days In or Locked Up Abroad? No, just another morning on the Singapore Bike Hash. Let’s give the guilty ones a note: “They ought to be publicly pissed on, they ought to be bloody well shot, they ought to be nailed to the shithouse, and left there to fester and rot. Drink it down, down, down, down, down...”

Penguin was ushered in on a lady-killer charge. Not only did he cause Dirty, Muddy, Happy to take a spill, but he caused Too Easy to sustain a minor fall in the parking lot. For being a Trump-like bully to women, let’s give our American friend a note: “Here’s to lady-killer, he’s true blue...”

A Crash of the Day charge was called and the ‘fallen’ among us were beckoned. Dirty, Muddy, Happy had gone home prematurely to nurse her wounds... but we look forward to seeing her in full form on the next ride!

Some B-I-M-B-O charges were next issued, and Wet Beaver began with a lengthy charge for Wan King, who had had some misadventures involving his backpack and a friendly fisherman. It seems that Wan King’s bag had somehow ended up in the ocean, and the fisherman who had retrieved it from the water had tied it nicely from a tree branch for him. For his careless bag handling skills, let’s give our newly-appointed GM a note: “B-I-M-B-O, and Bimbo was his name-o!”

No Good ushered in Sippery Nipples on a humorous charge for the usual Hash mismanagement. No Good had tried in vain multiple times to make payment to his bank account, but lo and behold, the account number was wrong. After some back and forth with Slippery Nipples, everything was reconciled and good to go. Or was it? Slippery Nipples had updated his details, but there was a day or two lag before everything could be updated on the SBH website. To hear the two of them banter about it was like listening to two politicians having at it, but never mind, we love them anyway. Fat Crashing Bastard was the only genius among us who just looked up Slippery Nipple’s bank account number from last year and effortlessly submitted his payment. Let’s give our Swiss friend a note for causing panic and mayhem: “He’s all right, he’s all right, he’s got a teeny weeny willie but he’s all right!”

Ditch called forth the Scribe on a B-I-M-B-O charge on account of his phone memory becoming full, which prevented him from filming the Circle for the ride report notes. For forgetting his ‘memory,’ let’s give him a note! “3,2,1, drink it down, down, down, down, down...”

Bunny Tool stepped forward to accept a charge for leaving us – at least temporarily. Not to worry, we expect to see him back here again in a few months’ time. The GM quipped that in

the space of a month, our esteemed Belgian friend has gone from serving as GM, to Treasurer, to nothing. No worries, we love him anyway! And in the spirit of the Hash, we sang a refrain that is serenaded to all those departing these shores and is not meant to carry any disrespect but only affection. "F&\*k off, you c#%t"... Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

Slippery Nipples came in to officially promote his upcoming Batam Ride, which is now filling up fast, while the GM promoted the social event that is happening on May 12. It has been another great year thus far for SBH and I'm happy to report that I've done every ride thus far for 2018 (despite arriving late for Ride 536). Batam promises to be a wonderful excursion to Indonesia that you really don't want to miss. Be sure to sign up soon and – for the Senior Moments among us - don't forget your passport and cash on the day itself...

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

