

# Ride 542 Report – 17 June 2018

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## Eat's a Piece of Cake Ride!

### Hares: Geoff Nichols, Phone Sex & TI Joe

A healthy turnout of two dozen eager riders turned up near the far end of Mandai Quarry Road for what promised to be another arduous but satisfying ride. Something unexpected, however, was the fact that on this day the women stayed away in droves, as we only had three of the fairer sex join us that morning. Was it something we said? No doubt, some of the women were traveling or had other commitments. For our beloved Too Easy, today's course was, in fact, too easy. She had her sights on bigger goals, such as dominating the pack at another overseas Xterra competition. For the rest of us, we were graced with the presence of Goes Both Ways, No Good and Rough Sex; otherwise, there would have been a surplus of testosterone that morning.

At 10am, the cohort gathered around GM Wan King and the Hares as they gave a few sage words of advice before we set out. TI Joe was introduced as being "not TI Joe, but his father incognito," because our veteran Hare had arrived that morning with a full-on beard. Resembling a rogue mercenary from a Jason Bourne film, or perhaps a visiting professor from INSEAD or SMU, TI Joe came looking like he meant business and was not to be trifled with.

Moments later, we were off in search of our newest adventure. It didn't take long for us to reach the first of a dozen hills that we would traverse that morning. Some of them were paved, while others had an earthen, broken gravel surface. TI Joe was seemingly everywhere, be it at the bottom of a steep hill as we ascended, or at the base where we later emerged. Some of us managed to make it up a particularly long slope, but few of us managed to ride up every one – the 20% gradient of "Hamburger Hill" was simply more than most mortals can withstand. On one severe slope, Flaming Anus managed to go over his handlebars on an uphill climb. Thus was the extreme course that our Hares had laid for us that day.

The trail was well-marked throughout, and at 18-22km in total it was a manageable distance for us to handle. There were plenty of fire roads and expansive grassy slopes to give us a welcome break from the steep hill ascents. The 'obstacle course' in the N S Men area involved us cycling through a fun maze of 'boulders' that we had to dodge. All in all, we covered a large quadrant that had us on both sides of the BKE and both sides of Mandai Road. The Hares had the foresight to add a long/short split that allowed everyone to reach their waiting cars and iced beverages on schedule. Only during the last 5km did the Hares run out of paper, because riders arrived back 'home' in dribs and drabs since some of us had to improvise a route to bring us back safely to Mandai Quarry Road. I managed to arrive back home precisely at noon, whereas some of the FRBs only arrived fifteen minutes later as they had lost the trail.

After spending some time changing and rehydrating ourselves, the GM called The Circle to order and those still present gathered around. A few cyclists who rode the full course decided they didn't want to stick around for the tomfoolery and made a mad dash to leave before The Circle even began. I spotted Coq-Up in racing mode on Mandai Road as he was fleeing the scene, and Rik and Guillaume were gone before I had even reached the finish line.

"What did we think of the ride?" the GM queried. "Too much paper, too flat, too much shiggy" were among the replies. TI Joe, Phone Sex and Virgin Hare Geoff Nichols were called forth to reap their rewards for a job well done. Geoff looked as fatigued as I have ever seen him as he raised his cup to his mouth. "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 Virgins among us that day, so the GM summoned the Guests in for a note.

Lazy F\*cker from Singapore, but originally from Phuket, introduced himself as the GM had a laugh at his expense. "You can tell he's from Southeast Asia from his Cockney accent," quipped the GM. Fifi's Bitch is actually a Frenchman based in Singapore. There was much amusement and derision as he told how he earned his Hash name. "Fifi" is another Frenchman, you see, but we will leave the details to your imagination. As they are already accustomed to the Hashing scene, we hope that these lovely lads pay us a return visit at future rides.

The GM next brought in Geoff Nichols, who was spotted on trail madly in search of paper. "I think they're coming through this way, but there's no paper!" His excuse was as old as the annals of Hashing history: "I didn't set that section." And the Circle chanted, "Here's to the lost Hare, he's true blue..."

Wan King then summoned Coo Chi Coo for a note. Now as you all know, doing strenuous exercise in challenging conditions can cause mental fatigue or – in the case of heat stroke – even the onset of a complete mental breakdown. This medical condition was on display for keen observers that morning, for as Coo Chi Coo pedalled his way back up Mandai Quarry Road, he was visibly beset with outright concern for his wife's well-being! As the lovely couple were reunited at last, he could be seen fawning over her and asking if she was alright – or was it all merely an illusion? And the masses sang forth, "He ought to be publicly pissed on..."

Today's Crash of the Day cases were a bit unusual, for at least one of them occurred going uphill. Flaming Anus managed to go over the handlebars while attacking a steep slope. Goes Both Ways dubbed it, "Collapse of the Day." Copy Cat was also brought in for sustaining a fall of some sort. Fortunately, it was not a rib-breaker like the one he endured in Bali a few years ago. "Here's to the COD's, they're true blue..."

One of today's Hares, Phone Sex, was summoned by the GM on a charge of lying. What were the circumstances behind this grave offense, you ask? Phone Sex encouraged the GM to ride up a precariously steep gradient, promising him that it was the last one he would come across that day. The GM pushed hard up the incline, depleting himself down to his last reserves. But lo and behold, there were another four hills awaiting him that Phone Sex had 'forgotten' to mention. For his crimes against humanity, the jury decreed, "He ought to be publicly pissed on..."

The Scribe brought in Coo Chi Coo on a Quote of the Day charge. During the ride, we had cycled up a steep slope to reach a Y-fork at the summit. The paper trail led uphill to a second peak that was even higher. This was a case of the Hares adding insult to injury. Upon coming to this painful realization, our 'Mr. Coo' asked out loud, "Is there a Plan B?" To which The Circle chanted in unison: "Here's to Plan B, 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, down..."

The GM brought in Knobby Boy Scout on a charge, this time for a wardrobe malfunction. It wasn't the UV-protection armbands this time, nor his shorts; his recent haircut made him resemble Beaker from The Muppets. "Here's to Beaker, 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."

GM Wan King then announced the next ride, to which someone uttered, "Mandai Road, but in reverse – this time it'll all be downhill!" In fact, the next ride will be held on Sunday, July 1<sup>st</sup> at Pulau Ubin, helmed by these lovely Hares: Fat Stuck Bastard, Time, T.I. Joe, Copy Cat & Goes Both Ways. Be sure to reach the former basketball court start point before 10am, otherwise you are likely to find the ride has already started without you!

The GM then asked the group if there were any last charges. There was a resounding silence. "Going once, going twice..." From out of the blue, a female voice cried out, "Wait, wait, wait!" No Good decreed that in light of it being Father's Day, we ought to give all of the fathers present a note. There was some hesitation as, being Hashers, the men struggled to remember if they had sired any children or even how many. Finally, Flaming Anus ran in excitedly to claim his beer. This father-to-be couldn't wait to celebrate, even though Copy Cat whinged, "You don't know what it's like, mate..." Finally, about half of The Circle joined Flaming Anus to claim a beer and celebrate their special day. "Here's to the Dads, they're true blue..."

And with that, The Circle was officially brought to a close and we made our way to Blooie's, where the beer was as cold as the service was lacklustre. The meals were served sporadically, with TI Joe and I just receiving our dishes long after others had finished their's. Ditch brought us a lot of laughs as he tried to finesse a special Hash discount that he recalled we somehow had, until TI Joe told him to hurry up and order, we're hungry!

We look forward to another great day of cycling in one week's time (Sunday, July 1<sup>st</sup>). The pristine trails at Pulau Ubin - followed by an R&R session at Little Island Brewing Co. - never fails to disappoint. Be sure to join us and invite your fellow mountain biking enthusiasts or wannabees to see what SBH is all about! A good time is sure to be had by all.

Until the next ride, On On!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

