

Ride 543 Report – 1 July 2018

Canuck Day Mounted Capers Ride!

Hares: Fat Stuck Bastard, Time, T.I. Joe, Copy Cat & Goes Both Ways

We arrived at the start point less than 10 minutes after 10am, but my phone message to the Hares in which I pleaded for a late departure had gone in vain. Apparently, the Hash waits for no man – or woman. Instead, Rough Sex and I arrived at a basketball court full of policemen enjoying some team-bonding activity. A duo from Singapore's Finest pointed the way in which the pack had gone. From there, whenever we came across a mountain biker, he would point us in the direction the pack had gone – Ketam Mountain Bike Park. At one point, Rough Sex and I were riding on the main fire road when a biker pointed out that the pack had entered through a fenced-off barrier. Of course, being the Bike Hash, they took the road less travelled!

Moments later, we met the first Hare, Fat Stuck Bastard, and we cycled with him and a few of his pack. Our Norwegian friend, Stieg (the Arrogant Bastard) and Copy Cat were among them. Our group proceeded to head up some familiar paths that approached an old kampung homestead. Everything was looking lovely until I went down hard, prompting the riders ahead of me to turn around only to see me grimacing in pain. The slopes looked deceptively inviting, when in fact the packed earth had become a hard clay that was as slippery as black ice. As we often pay a visit to Pulau Ubin, be extra-cautious if you see packed clay (especially if it has a greenish veneer), or you may be its next victim.

As is our usual protocol on led-rides, the Hares re-group periodically, and it was at one such juncture that I joined up with another group led by TI Joe and Goes Both Ways. Today would prove to be a bit of a Keystone Cops routine, as Goes Both Ways took us down more than one false trail. Never mind, a morning of mountain biking at Pulau Ubin in agreeable weather is always satisfying. Everyone had a smile on their face during the riding portions, but on this particular morning we spent as much time idly regrouping as we did pedalling. At one point we were waiting for our sole Virgin to re-appear from the bush, which he eventually did. The Hares did a stellar job of protecting our Virgin from wild boars and reckless Hashers.

TI Joe did a formidable job of giving some of us a round-the-island tour, as we didn't enter the expert path that is renowned for its boulders that have felled many an unsuspecting rider. We all regrouped at the quaint shelter-cum-waiting area and carried on. A number of us entered an ominous path; one that TI Joe was warning us as having a lot of mosquitos and steep hills. We managed to overcome both without any major issues, and in under 10 minutes we were back on the paved road. We found a few more off-road trails before emerging back at Ubin Town and boarding the ferry back to the mainland.

After a quick bike wash on Ubin, we took the ferry under gloomy skies to the Promised Land – or in this case, Little Island Brewing Company. An impromptu Circle got underway in the

parking lot, as a soft rain began to fall. Some of our comrades – the Ketam Kings – were not present that day, as Richard and Jose had raced at Bukit Timah the preceding day. Apparently, they had celebrated heavily the night before and were probably still sleeping it off at noon.

As the Hares took centre stage in the Circle, the GM asked the crowd what they thought of the ride. The usual buffoonery ensued: “Too much paper, too many lost Hares, Hash mismanagement.” “They didn’t even follow their own trail from yesterday,” quipped the GM. “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...” “Good effort, Hares,” the GM bestowed.

Our humble Virgin, Derrick, was called forth and took his roasting with a grin on his face. He confessed that his bike was better suited to picnics than to mountain biking, and immediately tried to sell off some of his kit to us right then and there. Is he Chinese, you ask? No, he’s half-British and half-French, making him an instant BFF to Fat Crashing Bastard. “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...”

A sole Guest ventured forth into the Circle that morning: Stieg the Viking. With a friendly grin on his bearded face, this man has Hasher written all over him. When asked when he would become a member, he gave the familiar refrain: “Next time!” No Good will no doubt be on his case to “make good” on his promise.

The Scribe, AKA Knobby Boy Scout, was brought in for a deserved down-down for showing up late and asking for the group to hold up the Ride on his account. “He ought to be publicly pissed on, he ought to be bloody well shot – bang bang! - he ought to be nailed to the shithouse and left there to fester and rot. Drink it down, down, down, down, down...”

Goes Both Ways was called in for being guilty of going both ways. Apparently, she was “outed” for multiple cases of bringing the Riders onto wrong paths – despite doing a recce the day before. Never mind, we love hearing her laugh during the ride or when defending herself in the Circle. The GM had to nearly break up a domestic dispute between Copy Cat and Goes Both Ways, but all was forgiven when the gang sang this ditty: “Here’s to outfinder, she’s true blue...”

Slippery Nipples was brought in on a charge of never listening, and TI Joe was brought in simply for being Swiss (or close enough). TI Joe recounted how Slippery Nipples went off course twice before they both accepted their drinks like men. Let’s give them a note: “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...”

Bob Graf – his legs bloodied and bruised - Time and Knobby Boy Scout stepped forward on a Crash of the Day charge. All of us had been brought down by the hard-packed mud at Pulau Ubin, evidently. They awaited the verdict: “Why were they born so beautiful, why were they born at all? They’re no f*ckin’ use to anyone, they’re no f*ckin’ 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..."

Copy Cat summoned the Coo Family in for a charge. Despite taking such delicate care of his wife on the last ride, today No Good lied to the Sweep when asked if anyone was behind her. "There's no one behind me," she declared, when five minutes later Coo Chi Coo emerged from the bush. For giving false information to the Hare, let's give both the accused and the victim a note.

But before they could do so, Fat Stuck Bastard stepped forward to mention how Coo Chi Coo was staying behind No Good throughout the ride because "they have an agreement for tonight." Apparently Coo Chi Coo is still sowing his oats as the crowd sang forth, "Here's to the lovebirds, they're true blue..."

No sooner did he have his down-down than Coo Chi Coo proudly showed off his wife's carpet burns. While her husband pumped his arms in the air like Harry Kane scoring another goal for England, No Good accepted her charge with a gracious smile. "She's all right, she's all right, she's a little flat-chested but she's all right. Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

FCB called in Dirty, Muddy, Happy on a Quote of the Day charge. She had seen a spider on the trail that was "THIS BIG" (hands open at a 90-degree angle). Not to lead your mind astray, let's give her a note! "Here's to the screamer, she's true blue..."

The tables turned, and the GM brought in FCB on a charge of wife abuse. Evidently, Too Easy couldn't attend today's ride because of a sore bottom (or lower back, same difference) and FCB was heard gagging on his words earlier that morning. Let's give our veteran Hasher a note: "Here's to wife abuse, he's true blue..."

Coo Chi Coo recounted how he managed to go off-trail whilst led by a Hare. On one such occasion, he ended up with a coat hanger caught in his rear derailleur. Which Hare had caused him near-harm (and damage to his beloved Santa Cruz)? Goes Both Ways was called forth on a B-I-M-B-O charge, over which we could hear her laughing and trying in vain to defend herself.

The GM said how the Hash had gone a bit soft – a far cry from its rough-and-tumble heyday. As evidence of this, he brought in a handful of riders who were still wearing their protective knee pads. Fat Stuck Bastard, Dirty, Muddy, Happy and Silver Fox were presented as Exhibition A. For being over-protected on a led-ride, let's give the delicate ones a note! "Here's to soft ones, they're true blue..."

GM Wan King then called in FCB to describe our next ride in Malaysia. It won't be a led-ride, it won't be led by Goes Both Ways, but it will feature 30km of single-track bliss. Heralded as having Ride of the Year potential, be sure to join the Singapore Bike Hash for what will be pristine riding through some of the most awesome trails we have ever ridden. And with that, the crowd dispersed to enjoy the food and ambiance at Little Island Brewing Company...

The Scribe would like to close this Ride Report with a friendly request to add more variety to our Hash Circle Songbook. Our current selection is as stale as some Hashers' shorts. In the past dozen years, it seems as if the only song that has been added to our repertoire is the seldom-used ditty, "He's the meanest..." Otherwise, we recycle the same two or three songs and let it go at that.

In this spirit, I will be sharing a few tunes at the close of every Ride Report in the hope of expanding our repertoire! Some of these songs will be pleasant refrains, while others will make a Merchant Marine blush or cry for his mother.

Today's tunes are:

The first one is sung to the tune of "My Fair Lady" and can be sung when there is a Japanese in the Circle:

"Moshi Moshi, Anone, Anone,
Moshi Moshi, Anone
Aso-desu ka
Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

Our second tune is often heard at running hashes around the world, and is nearly as short as "5-4-3-2-1 Drink it down, down, down, down, down..."

"This is your Down-Down song,
It isn't very long .
Drink it down, down, down down..."

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout