

Ride 546 Report – 16 September 2018

The Gillman Jungle Bunny Ride!

Hares: Wet Beaver, Slippery Nipples, My Precious Ass & Axel Johansson

As the clock struck 10am this past Sunday, around 20 of the faithful gathered at the parking lot within Gillman Barracks. With favourable weather, our lycra-clad cohort listened as Wet Beaver gave instructions with military precision about every possible detail of the ride. No doubt this lovely American lass would have risen high in the ranks of the Armed Forces... after her five-minute briefing, we were off in search of our next adventure.

Promising some virgin territory for the Bike Hash, Wet Beaver and friends must have followed the paper left by the running Hashers from previous weeks and used that as a starting point. We made our way over perilous drains, up steep slopes and through thickets that left residual bits of grass and weeds in our chains. At one point, we were pushing our bikes up a steep embankment as Wet Beaver remarked, "I'm just trying to get your heart rates up!" The ride offered a history lesson of sorts as we meandered up steps that were once part of a vast British military barracks that have since been reclaimed by the jungle.

The Hares did an impressive job of creating some technical sections that rivalled Kent Ridge Park. In particular, we had to manage steep descents that had rocks or trees at the bottom that made it challenging for even the likes of TI Joe and his 'Rocket.' For those who didn't get enough of an adrenaline rush on the trail descents, there were plenty of concrete stairs to conquer.

A group of us were escorted by Hare Axel, and we savoured the moments of cycling up Mount Faber's paved roads surrounded by greenery and quaint homes. Some riders carried on to do a lap at Kent Ridge Park, while others made our way back Home to the familiar parking lot at Gillman Barracks. While I didn't do the Kent Ridge Park extension, I was surprised to find that after a morning filled with constant ascents and descents I had only ridden 14.5km (and probably walked another 1km with my bike in tow).

GM Wan King called the Circle to order and summoned forth the Hares. With his customary sense of humour, Wan King exclaimed, "I've got to say, that was one of the best Hash runs I've ever done!" "What did you think of the ride?" he added, to which some called out "Good ride" while others shouted out "Good run!" Too Easy summarized it by saying that we had completed three running Hashes that morning. For offering up a challenging ride, let's give this quartet of Hares 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...*

The GM called forth the sole Virgin into the Circle. Apparently there had been another Virgin that morning who didn't follow the etiquette and bugged off. The Virgin that morning will no doubt be highly sought after by the women amongst us, as he is a 25-year old intern from Denmark named Matthias. He was worried about his cardio fitness, but apparently he didn't need to be as he finished the course in fine form. The women can thank Lars Nelleman for bringing this sturdy, fresh European specimen to the Singapore Bike Hash. *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, down...

Long-time friend of SBH, Axel Johansson, was brought in by the GM for not quite knowing his status... was he a Guest, a Returnee, or simply a Wannabee? There was plenty of back-and-forth as he was decreed to be a Returnee, for which he drank his down-down like a man. What will it take for this man to hand over \$100 for his annual dues? *He ought to be publicly pissed on, he ought to be bloody well shot, "bang bang!" he ought to be nailed to the shit house, and left there to fester and rot. Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down...*

Jar Jar Binks was summoned by the GM on a B-I-M-B-O charge. Jar Jar had been admonishing another rider that morning, saying "Your front brake is not working – how can you ever consider riding on that bike?" Amidst all of his lecturing, Coo Chi Coo quietly strolled up, did a quick check and announced that Jar Jar had been pulling the wrong lever! What he lacks in height, our Aussie friend certainly makes up for in bike mechanic know-how. Jar Jar, of course, stood tall when getting his down-down charge: *Why was he born so beautiful, why was he born at all...?*

Wan King commanded the first three riders to reach Home to enter the Circle. Ric, Flaming Anus and Cruelty to Virgins stepped forward to await their fate. These FRB's were scolded and pronounced guilty by the GM on a charge of failing to remove T-checks and forcing the less-capable among us to suffer as a result. And the crowd sang a resounding version of *They're the meanest...*

The Hares were called in AGAIN by the GM for displaying confusion about who was clearing the paper on the trail. Some riders had been following a non-existent trail, as the paper had been cleared ahead of them by another Hare who was unaware that there were other riders behind him. *They ought to be publicly pissed on, they ought to be bloody well shot, "bang bang!" they ought to be nailed to the shit house, and left there to fester and rot. Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down...*

No Circle is complete without a Crash of the Day charge, and the lucky recipient on this day was My Precious Arse. He had attempted to descend a gravel trail that has a sharp turn at the bottom, but failed. He ended up on the ground, his leg a bit bloodied and his ego somewhat diffused. No matter, we love him anyway! *Here's to the COD, he's true blue...*

Wet Beaver delighted us with a charge for two old-timers who spent as much time that morning whining as they did riding. Wan King and Coo Chi Coo stepped forward to drink their Tigers, knowing deep in their hearts that Wet Beaver spoke the truth. *Here's to the little whiners, they're true blue...*

The GM told Coo Chi Coo to stay in the Circle for another down-down. His charge, you ask? Coo Chi Coo was confused on the ride and wanted to go inside The Home for Moral Welfare rather than follow the chalk marks that led to the trail around the perimeter of the building. Despite some coaxing from Hare Slippery Nipples (looking like he had just performed onstage at Glastonbury Music Festival), Coo Chi Coo was reluctant to leave the sanctuary of the Moral Welfare Home. *Why was he born so beautiful, why was he born at all?...*

Our lovely Hares were summoned in once again, this time by Too Easy, for a bit of a mash-up charge. Wet Beaver was responsible for a quote of the day, saying "My Precious Arse is

great for lifting trees.” With Slippery Nipples on chainsaw duty and Axel providing nail clippers, our quartet of Hares created some Virgin trail that was quasi-rideable. The Hares declared it very rideable, whereas the mortals amongst us may have disagreed. *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...*

Coo Chi Coo then marched front and centre into the Circle to announce the next ride on September 30th - Coo Chi Coo's Birthday Ride! The location will be the same as last year, at the Equestrian Walk Car Park in Woodlands. The On-On at Cheval’s will definitely be worth staying for, as the drinks that day will be courtesy of Coo Chi Coo!

Coo Chi Coo left us with some sage words of advice, which is to never mark arrows at a bus stop, while the GM said best to never lay paper on someone’s front gates!

And with that, the cohort left for the Promised Land, which in this case was The Handlebar restaurant within the Gillman Barracks complex.

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

