

# Ride 550 Report – 25 November 2018

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## A Titstillating Ride!

### **Hares: Tinsel Tits, Fat Stuck Bastard, Long Khlong Silver & Suction Cup**

The weather at dawn was foreboding, with heavy storms saturating the ground throughout Western Singapore. Our resilient Hares were not daunted, however; they did a mammoth job of re-laying the trail that kept (most of) the pack intact throughout the ride.

Using Watten Heights Playground as our starting point, we meandered along sidewalks, pavement, and plenty of off-road segments that showcased the diversity of the area. There were also numerous grassy corridors alongside the highway on which we rode – these narrow, grassy strips have lured many a rider into their trap. The faster you ride, the harder you are likely to fall when you go over a slippery tree stump or discover a hidden drain. The still-wet roots brought down many a brave cyclist, making an apparently easy ride into one that had many of the riders hobbling into the Circle later that day.

The high point of the ride was navigating through Bukit Brown cemetery before finally taking a long stretch of pavement before we arrived back at the playground. Not all of the riders were so fortunate, however. A few who got lost (Wan King) and a few who didn't do the final stretch (Rough Sex and Back Entrance) retreated to the comfort of Baker & Cook for coffee. To summarize, Ride 550 was long and fast, largely rideable, and catered to every level of cyclist. In the Circle to follow, GM Wan King described it as being the second cyclocross ride of the year.

With the cohort relaxed and lubricated at the Circle, the GM got the proceedings underway. With Back Entrance standing in for Fat Stuck Bastard, we sang our refrain in hushed tones so as to not scare the children and neighbours: *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 Virgins were summoned forth, and Andrew Buzzwell hobbled into the Circle looking like he had spent the night in a jail cell with a burly inmate. He related how he was living in Singapore but is originally from East Africa, and discovered the Hash website when a friend tipped him off. Hubert from Germany was on 'vacation' in Singapore and was lent a bike by Florian to join us that day. Let's hope that they both have a chance to join us on future outings. And the crowd bellowed another round of *Here's to the Virgins...*

Returnee Florian stepped forward to take his down-down like a man. This friendly German quaffed his beer like it was water, and described the ride as "awesome" before being taunted by our cherished tune, *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...*

The Crash of the Day candidates were called forth, among them Fat Crashing Bastard - in a full arm sling - trying to pawn a free beer. Our motley crew consisted of Bob Graf, Ditch, Slippery Nipples, and Pole Dancer, most of whom went over the handlebars that morning. They were joined by similar COD candidates Whore Net, Florian, Coo Chi Coo, and No Good. Bob Graf, who had the foresight to wear knee pads that day, was declared the winner for falling down on pavement. *Here's to the COD's, they're true blue...*

The Hares were summoned by the GM on a Charge of arrow mismanagement. Declaring himself to be a purist, the GM was confused by the double arrows that the Hares had used periodically along the trail. Apparently the arrows indicated that you should go forward and then come back out the same way. Was this Hare error or user error? As he got lost during the Ride, Wan King was certain that the fault lay with the Hares. You decide. *They 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...*

FCB was called forth to explain the prognosis for his injured arm. For the next three months, our friend will be wearing his sling (the GM suggested that he is in need of a patch and parrot to complete this fashion statement). We wish him a speedy recovery and send our condolences to Too Easy, who has to put up with his non-stop requests to pass him the remote control or a glass of wine. *Here's to the cripple, he's true blue...*

Pole Dancer was called in by the GM on a charge of being a man for all seasons. When the weather turns hot, this long-time Hasher can swap his helmet for a cap. The only thing that he is missing are a few compact discs hanging from his bike to act as reflectors. *Here's to cap man, he's 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 is full of surprises, and today was no exception. As most of us were sleeping, our elder statesman was fully awake and climbing 69 flights of stairs at the annual Vertical Marathon. Was he honing his muscles and improving his conditioning? Was he vying for a medal? No, our sneaky friend was hoping to spot some sculpted arses of the fairer sex (especially those of a young age-group). For once, he wasn't wearing his sunglasses as he made a valiant effort with his eyes always looking upwards, and not downwards. *Here's to step man, he's true blue...*

Andrew Buzzwell and Florian may be new to the Hash, but they weren't exempted from a breach of etiquette. Spotted by the GM as they were sitting down during The Circle, they were brought forward on a Charge of disobeying the rules. Their punishment, you ask? It was merely to stand up and drink their beers like men and not boys. *They 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...*

Ditch called in Coo Chi Coo for ignoring his spousal duties. Earlier that morning, No Good approached Ditch and asked him to watch out for her during the Ride. Apparently she knew

that Coo Chi Coo was more keen on his speed and endurance than on shepherding his wife to safety. *He's the meanest....*

After announcing the Christmas Ride at Pulau Ubin, the Circle disbanded and we made our way to perennial favourite, Pepperoni Pizza. With pizza and beer on the table, encircled by friends new and old, the social network among us grew stronger and deeper. We look forward to seeing you on the 9<sup>th</sup> December for another wonderful outing brought to you by the fine folks at Singapore Bike Hash.

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

