

Ride 552 Report – 13 January 2019

The Good Old Trails Ride!

Hares: Phone Sex, Old Worn Stump, Goes Both Ways, Copy Cat and TI JOE

2019 was off to a solid start in the hands of these veteran Hares. They organized a led-ride that brought many Hashers out of the woodwork – some three dozen turned up for what would prove to be an eventful day. Departing from Mayfair Park, we wended our way up Rifle Range Road until diverting into the woods before the Singapore Army site. The group carried on through the pipeline artery that eventually led us to Chestnut North and South bike trails. I had made a wrong turn early into the ride and didn't see a Hasher in sight for about 10 minutes. I grew more concerned when I saw a chalk mark point to Home in the direction from which I was coming. Fortunately, the SBH entourage was clustered around the entrance the 5km bike loop on Chestnut and stood out in their fashionable togs.

We carried on and left Chestnut to link up with the renowned Track 15 – the major mountain bike trail connecting Bukit Timah with Mandai terrain further north. I had quite a scare when a rider coming from the other direction did an aerial launch just metres from me; fortunately, I was to be spared from an accident on that occasion. I'm sure many collisions happen on a regular basis on this cycling artery that is popular with weekend warriors.

The Hares did a superb job of keeping us together, and they dispersed themselves nicely so that most packs had a Hare to themselves – something akin to a guided tour. We carried on and entered the familiar corridor of groomed trails near Mandai that mark the far end of Track 15, and everyone was still smiling, despite having to endure the ambitious 'altitude' target set by the Hares. Their goal was to see how much altitude they could achieve in a 2.5 hour ride, and from the looks of the riders as they reached home, the Hares had succeeded in their task. With the weather hot at 10am and growing hotter by the hour, the Ride was challenging in terms of the heat, the distance and the hills.

There was some drama along the way, as a few riders (myself included) suffered Crashes of the Day. As for myself, it was my first time to do a face plant when descending a sharp drop off under a freeway overpass. Fortunately, I fell onto wet, thin plywood rather than concrete and my wounds were mostly superficial. As I continued riding towards home for another 30-45 minutes after that, I was touched by the concerned Hares who asked about my well-being and helped to shepherd me home. This is one of the reasons why I consider the Bike Hash to be more than your average cycling club – it is something of a community and even akin to a family.

A bit bloodied but still capable of cycling, I returned to the start point and The Circle was soon underway. Copy Cat was prepared to stand in for GM Wan King, who was not to be seen until he emerged at 12:48pm on his new 'steed.' Either he got lost again on trail or perhaps he stopped for an espresso like during our last outing in the area. Wan King, who was looking like a character from the Netflix series, *Vikings* or *Outlaw King*, quaffed his down-down and was finally ready to get the proceedings started. The GM was quick to scold the Hares for ride mismanagement, but that might just be sour grapes from his losing the trail. For their concerted efforts after the holiday break, let's give the 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 Virgins were summoned and a few souls came forth. The first was an American man by the name of Dave Wochalski, who was bullied by the GM upon speaking his first words. When Dave mentioned that he thought the Ride was "awesome," he was corrected by Wan King to say it was "f%*king great!" Soren from Denmark was brought to the Hash by Lars, and he received our proverbial greeting of "Ule, ule, ule, ule" as spoken by the Swedish Chef from the Muppets. *They're all right, they're all right, they've got a teeny weeny willie but they're all right! Drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

"I had a great life." This is how Returnee Bunny Tool described his hiatus in France since exiting the Bike Hash about a year ago. It seems our Belgian friend was passing his days there drinking red wine and dining on fois gras. Until June, though, we are stuck with him again. It was still a nice surprise to have him join us this morning, and we are looking forward to him regaling us with more tall tales in the months ahead. Bunny Tool was joined in the Circle by fellow returnee, Andy, who first circled with the SBH some 16 years ago. Since then, he has been ensconced in Scotland with Andy Murray. Let's give these two Returnees a note: *Why were they born so beautiful, why were they born at all?...*

The CODs (Crash of the Day candidates) were called into the Circle, the Scribe was called in for his face-plant that occurred only 300 metres from the sidewalk that would lead us to Home. Andy had a wrestling match with his electronic seat post that found him hitting the brakes instead of the seat riser. The seat post won and Andy lost, since Andy ended up on the floor. *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...*

Knobby was called in again by the GM. With my bruised face and military haircut, I was told that I looked like I was auditioning for a WWI role of a soldier. I think that Shit Stop and I would both be suitable candidates for the role! And the Circle sang forth: *He ought to be publicly pissed on...*

The GM tried to resolve a legal dispute by calling in the plaintiff and the accused. It seems that our lovely Suction Cup purchased a used, Orbea bike in the hopes that she could gain some of Too Easy's superpowers. This attempt was foiled by the devilish doings of Fat Crashing Bastard, who did the maintenance of the bike prior to the sale. Suction Cup's latest acquisition seized up during the ride, forcing the Hares to escort her home and to safety.

Who is right and who has been wronged? Let the Circle decide! *Why were they born so beautiful, why was they born at all?...*

Fat Stuck Bastard summoned Rough Sex into the Circle. On South Chestnut bike trail, she obligingly dismounted and pushed her bike as the signs told her to. Like all Japanese, she obeys the signage posted by the authorities. Unlike the Japanese, our British GM barrelled through on his bike while shouting at the others to get the "F" out of my way! The Scribe seized the occasion to add a new refrain to the SBH songbook, and it goes like this: *Moshi moshi, anone, anone, anone, moshi moshi anone, ah so desuka! Drink it down, down, down, down, down...* (sung to the tune of "London Bridge is Falling Down, it can be used whenever there is a Japanese being charged).

Coo Chi Coo called forth Rough Sex and Knobby Boy Scout for a charge. The occasion? The veteran Hasher spotted them cycling earlier that morning on Pasir Panjang Road, with Rough Sex in front and Knobby drafting behind her. You would have loved the view from where I sat, Coo Chi Coo! And the crowd sang forth: *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...*

TI Joe stepped forward to give the GM a charge. While I am a fan of beards, TI Joe quipped that the GM looked like his grandfather with his beard. TI Joe was gaining his come-uppance for being told the same thing a year ago! Those Hashers and their beards will be short-listed to appear in the cast of *Vikings* and *Outlaw King*. *3,2,1, drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

FCB called in the Scribe to congratulate him for his recent film premiere of *The Last Artisan*. With a lovely gift of champagne and encouraging words, FCB's comments were both touching and inspiring. It was a wonderful evening at which many Hashers came together to lend their support, and I hope that more of you can see the film later this year at a future theatrical screening (I will keep you posted through the Webmaster). Initially, I thought that "Geek of the Year Award" was akin to "Nerd of the Year Award," but FCB reassured me that the former is a compliment. Thanks again to FCB for his gift and gab.

The festivities of the day continued at the On-On at Pepperoni Pizza, where we ordered too many pizzas and washed them down with too many beers. This was the only time in my life that I had heard of people ordering "vegetarian pizza with meat." We shared many laughs and wonderful moments that afternoon, and left in high spirits.

A few days after this memorable ride, we received word of the passing of our beloved Hash Brew, Roger Corbett. A stalwart Bike Hasher for more than a decade, Roger exemplified a detached, British sense of humour and was always quick with a smile. I told him when I first met him around 2005 that he looked like the actor John Cleese, and I like to think that he felt a hint of British pride at that. I never saw him upset or lose his cool in all of the years I knew him. I roomed with Roger on one of my first trips to Bali with the Singapore Bike Hash, and it was there that he introduced me to Bernard Cornwell, a British writer whose historical fiction intrigued my father and myself throughout his many books in the Richard Sharpe series. Cornwell also created the excellent Netflix series, *The Last Kingdom*, which I highly recommend. I shared many a laugh with Roger and his dear wife, Fiona and son,

Cameron, over the years. I saw Cameron serve drinks at The Highlander pub while wearing a kilt, and joked with him that he was too good looking and a temptation to women everywhere. We will all miss Roger deeply, and this Ride Report is dedicated to his memory. May he be remembered by those of us who knew him for his wit, charm and humility.

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout