

Ride 553 Report – 3 February 2019

Can You Keep Up With Rik Ride!

Hares: Rik Oberoi & Puffy

Ride 553 began ceremoniously as twenty riders assembled together for a minute of silence to remember our fallen and cherished member, Hash Brew. Roger brought a lot to SBH in terms of both his substance and his wry sense of humour – let us strive to carry forward his ideals.

The setting that fine morning was Cleantech Heights within the NTU campus – the same venue where Rough Sex and I laid a trail just months earlier. Hmm... and the On-On was Pizza on-site... Hmm... was this going to be using our same terrain, too? Fortunately, we were in luck for it was an altogether different ride during which almost none of our previous route was recycled. Plus, the pizza lunch turned out not to transpire in the end, so the Hares are not in any jeopardy of copyright infringement.

Ride 553 was officially launched as Rik pointed us towards the NTU campus. After that, everything went into 'Keystone Cops' mode as cyclists meandered around looking for some elusive chalk marks. Eventually we found them and we found ourselves on an idyllic trail that brought us to a makeshift squatter's hut. A bit further on, we came to a well-marked T-Check and spent another 15 minutes exploring the NTU campus in search of trail. Rik managed to reach Co-Hare, Puffy, to learn that the T-check was close to where the trail continued, so we all headed back in our tracks to find some paper only about 10 meters from the T-Check.

At that point, we were on marked trail that looked like it was hijacked from the Men's Running Hash. We carried our bikes up ravines and through the undergrowth, managing to stay on course. If he had been present on this ride, even TI Joe would have been running and not cycling this bit of the route.

Eventually, we come to rideable terrain and spent the next 60-90 minutes on some trails that made for excellent riding, although much of it was technically out of bounds. These fire roads allowed us to cover considerable distance in the second half of the ride; the Hares had clocked it as 23km but when I reached Home my odometer was reading 28.3km.

The Hares had the usual mismanagement error of not riding each other's section, but we love them anyway. It was Rik's inaugural outing as Hare, but he was not smiling that morning. In fact, I could almost see a bubble above Rik's head that was saying, "Why am I here?" Of course, the rest of us were glad that he was there to bring us through the extensive paved and off-road segments that we explored that lovely morning.

It was only when we reached Home that I first saw Rik's Co-Hare, Puffy. The two Hares had a few quiet words together and came to some sort of understanding. Not to worry, the Circle was nearly underway and plenty of down-downs were in store for the tag-team.

GM Wan King called in Rik and Puffy for their first of many 'notes': *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 moral of the story, the GM went on to say, was that the Hares should ride the entire course before the actual day itself. But we can still take our hats off to these lovely lads for bestowing us with over 20km of fun riding. In any case, it gives us an excuse to get out of bed and stretch our legs!

The Guests were then called in, and Edward, Leslie and Lazy F*cker stepped proudly into the ring. Edward was side-lined that morning by a tire blowout, which ironically occurred near a Live Firing Range. That scenario had our young Frenchman quickly taking cover on the ground. Jeff "Lazy F*cker" is also a Cheap F*cker as it turns out, because he scoffed at the idea of paying \$100 for a year's worth of riding with SBH. Never mind, this friendly English bloke is welcome back anytime as long as he brings his registration dues for Hash Cash. Leslie, wife of Noel Ritter and a veteran Hasher in her own right, was visiting her husband before heading back for American shores. And the crowd sang forth: *Here's to the Guests, 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...*

Two Crashes of the Day were summoned, but only one victim was present. Lars' friend, who had toppled over his bike when hitting a hidden log, had made an early exit that day. Meanwhile, Lazy F*cker had been hobbled and humiliated by another log that he rode over in the cemetery. It seems to be a case of Man versus Nature on Ride 553, with Nature coming out victorious. *Here's to Crash of the Day, 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 called in Rik for a BAFTA nomination. His charge, you ask? Rik's face revealed his inner angst that morning as he was unable to point us in the direction of the trail laid by his counterpart, Puffy. With looks ranging from desperation, turmoil, rage and bewilderment, Rik is indeed ready for his close-up alongside such acting legends John Gielgud and Ian McKellen. Not only can the man ride like the wind, he is also a formidable actor in the making. The GM led the choir in a round of *He ought to be nailed to the shithouse, 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 Scribe was called in for abandoning his charge on the Ride. Not to worry, the GM tried to stand in as a surrogate to lead her to safety. It's a good thing that we were in the backcountry today, otherwise he might have invited her for another coffee break like in Watten Estate. And the Circle refrained, *Here's to Knobby, he's true blue...*

Knobby was told to remain in the Circle as Rough Sex was summoned forth, along with Lazy F*cker. For once, we were innocent of all charges because our driver that morning turned up late – despite the fact that we had booked her taxi the previous day. *They ought to be nailed to the shithouse, 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...*

Ditch called in Coo Chi Coo on a charge of spousal neglect. Apparently Coo Chi Coo was lost in the moment and enjoying the cycling so much that No Good was left in the lurch. Ditch took up the slack by giving her the attention and moral support that she had been missing. And the GM called forth: *3-2-1, drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

Noel Ritter was called forth for being a Cheap Charlie and not buying his wife a proper bike. Never mind, she said, she likes her bike as it is... *Here's to broken-down bike, they're true blue...*

Wan King then announced, “Rik, just when you thought it couldn't get any worse...” before declaring that a Hash-naming ceremony was in order. Wan King ordered Rik on his knees (it's not what you're thinking) and announced, “By the power invested in me, as the GM of the Bike Hash, you will hereby be known as Haemorrhoid.” And as he found himself anointed in Tiger Beer, our newest naming victim stood up a reborn man. *Here's to Haemorrhoid, 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...*

Coo Chi Coo was waiting on the sidelines to come in and give our English GM a lesson in the Mother Tongue. “It's pretty rare for an Australian to teach an Englishman proper English,” our Aussie friend quipped, before going on to say that, “the word is ‘vested’ and not ‘invested.’ Wan King let himself off the hook by saying that he is a finance guy, after all! *3-2-1, drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

The Scribe was called in yet again – this time by Bunny Tool - to show his new theft-proof lock for his seat post. The GM remarked that no one is going to steal a 15-year old bike, but that might not stop them from stealing the Thomson seat post or Crank Brothers pedals, right? Kudos to Old Worn Stump for showing me how to unlock the ‘theft-proof’ seat post! I will keep SBH posted if the bike or any components go missing... The Scribe then proceeded to give the Hash a hands-on demo that left the GM “gobsmacked,” to use his words. “Here's to the bike that will never get stolen!” the GM exclaimed. And the Circle sang forth: *He ought to be publicly pissed on, he ought to be f*cking 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 Next Ride was announced and will occur on Sunday, 17 Feb.... but during that important briefing, two voices could be heard bickering in the background. Apparently the maid hadn't cleaned someone's shoes well enough, eh Coo Chi Coo? Someone had left sand inside the shoes after cleaning them... For disrupting the GM's mind and his speech, Coo Chi Coo and No Good were dragged into the Circle for another charge – this time for potential maid

abuse! Here's to maid abuse, 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...

And thus Ride 553 and the ensuing Circle drew to a close, with everyone tired and growing hungry for the On-On.

Join Hares Geoff Nichols and Wan King for Ride 554 at Jalan Lam Sam on 17 Feb. The On-On will occur at a Thai speciality restaurant located nearby. No doubt there will be a happy ending to Ride 554!

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout