

Ride 556 Report – 24 March 2019

St. Patrick's Day - Luck of the Irish Ride!

Hares: Brick Shit House & Bunny Tool

The weather was clear but warm as two dozen riders set off from the carpark in front of Red Dot Brewery, nested within the lush greenery of Dempsey Hill. We made our way a few hundred metres through the parking lot and then hit a bottleneck as we walked single-file through a long concrete drain. Ditch earned some bonus points for cycling along the drain, using his legs to push himself forward. Ten minutes later, as the last of us were climbing up a slope and passing our bikes to a helpful pair of hands, we were still only a half-kilometre from where we had started. 25km – the distance that the Hares had briefed us about moments before – seemed still a long way away.

We soon found ourselves close to Holland Village and climbing over a fence into a corridor that the Hares assured us was PUB property. A *kiasu* female condo guard had her phone out to videotape us, but it was a futile gesture on her part. We tried to quickly move through the area and avoid any further issues, and soon were pedalling up some steep grassy slopes through which the pipeline passed. This turned out to be a recurring theme, as the Hares had fun seeing how many pipelines and how much vertical climb they could challenge us with in one day.

We eventually reached Sixth Avenue and crossed over Dunearn Road in search of trail. Some cyclists veered left and some veered right. Hearing that the left option was a T-check or off trail, I followed the pack heading right and we soon reached Gallop Stable and did a lap on the horse track. Fortunately, we didn't have to cycle amidst any horses that morning. We then followed a scenic route through much of Turf City and its playing fields. At one point, Slippery Nipples was ahead of me. He appeared to fall over in slow motion and then I could no longer see him in my field of vision. I heard a voice calling out, somewhere between laughter and pain, and then saw a pair of feet kicking the air. Whether he fell into the grassy bit due to not being able to remove his clip-in shoes, or not watching where he was going, Slippery Nipples deserves a down-down for the 'world's most unnecessary fall.'

At one point, a handful of us ended up on a mountain bike path in Turf City that was marked with race flags. Coo Chi Coo must have been reliving his racing career by leading us onto that path. Suddenly a young racer came through at high speed as we sheepishly walked our bikes up and out of the race course.

We carried on and found ourselves facing more pipelines and hills, which proved to be a challenge in the climbing temperatures. At one point we were in a pack of four or five riders, when Coo Chi Coo announced that he was bailing and heading Home. Slippery Nipples and a few others carried on and eventually came out at Rifle Range Road. We opted to shortcut the bit that went into Bukit Timah Nature Preserve, as we wanted to get back in time for the Circle. After a longish pedal along the sidewalks of Holland Road, we managed to reach

Home around noon. It had been a wonderful and scenic two-hour jaunt that combined road and off-road segments into a tempting cocktail.

Brick Shit House and Bunny tool were called into the Circle for a much-deserved down-down. The duo had put in some serious time and effort to devise a creative, challenging loop that pushed us all against the wall and had us asking for more. Some people had 17km on their computers, others had more than 20, but we all had fun and returned Home safely. *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, down...*

A Virgin was summoned forth to introduce himself. Kishore, from Southern India, stepped forward and told us that he knew Hasher Peter Meucci and that he worked at Apple. Never mind the details, what's important is that Kishore had such a great time amongst the SBH that he signed up for a year's membership on-the-spot! We look forward to him regaling us with more tales of his homeland on future rides. And the crowd sang forth as one: *Here's to the Virgin, he's true blue...*

Not a Virgin to the Hash, and not a Virgin by any stretch of the imagination, our Irish friend, Neil (aka Sperm Off Ice) stepped forward into the Circle on his inaugural Bike Hash. He will charm you with his Irish brogue, and wow you with his athletic prowess. Fathers, lock up your daughters! Sperm Off Ice is a fit runner so it should not come as a surprise that he is no slouch on the bike, either. We hope to see more of this "Lucky Charm" on future Bike Hashes and not only on Saint Patrick's Day. And the goon squad sang out, *Why was he born so beautiful, why was he born it all?*

The GM called in Brick Shit House for challenging him at the outset of the ride. Apparently each of them wanted to have the last word about the ride logistics. The two of them sounded like two politicians sounding off, neither one willing to 'stand down.' Never mind, we still love them both dearly. Let's give BSH a note: *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...*

Copy Cat called in the GM, Ditch and Danish lookalike, Noel Ritter, on a charge of derelict behaviour. These lads apparently went on a six-hour bromance after the last Hash and drank like Vikings throughout. If you believe the rumours, they were asked to leave by the restaurant management and cycled home in a beer-soaked stupor. Well, it sounds like just another afternoon in the life of a Hasher. *Here's to the drinkers, they're true blue...*

The GM called in Brick Shit House to recount what happened with the female condo security guard confronted him as we made our way through adjacent PUB property. Apparently she asked for his IC number and he asked for her name, and then it became a stalemate as they each pointed their mobile phones at each other in the video recording mode. Remind us to get a crack lawyer onto the SBH Committee next year! *Here's to Mr. Diplomacy, he's true blue, he's a bastard through and through...*

The GM called in Goes Both Ways and the Ritters for coming Home first. Coq Up might have been among the FRB's as well. These *kiasu* ones refused to break the circle checks we came across that day, and the GM was holding them to account. They didn't want to lose their lead by getting off their bikes to break the Circle. Or was the GM jealous that he couldn't keep up with them? Wan King chastised them for thinking that it was a race as he segued into a chant of *Drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

We had two Crash of the Day charges, and ironically both of them fell off static – or nearly static – bikes. Wendy fell off in the ditch early into the ride, whereas Slippery Nipples fell off within the Turf City compound close to the antiques warehouse. Here's to the COD's, they're true blue...

Hash Brew (Old Worn Stump) stayed in character by coming late to the Circle as we were nearly done with it. Fortunately, he had the foresight to pass his car keys to someone else so he had a cold beer waiting for him as he stepped forward to take his charge. *Drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

Brick Shit House was on a roll by trying to dispatch three charges in one go. The first charge was for his Co-Hare, Bunny Tool. Now as you may know, Bunny Tool has had some issues with animals in the past. First a cat peed on his bike shoes in Singapore, then another cat peed on them in Australia. On the recce before the Hash, the dogs took their revenge on him as Bunny Tool cycled through a still-warm turd that his Co-Hare was signalling to. Phone Sex earned a charge for getting too hot on the ride, and BSH declared that he was deserving of the Hash name "One Nut" if he didn't have a Hash name already. Let's give all of the candidates a note: *Here's to One Nut, he's true blue...*

The GM called in Brick Shit House for wearing his zipper low on his shirt that day. BSH claimed that this wasn't his doing. Coo Chi Coo was fixated on pulling down his zipper, it seems. Let's give "David Hasselhoff" and his admirer a note! *Here's to the Hasselhoff Twins, they're true blue, they are bastards through and through, they are piss-pots so they say, tried to get to Heaven but they went the other way. Drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

Pole Dancer was brought in by Ditch for a note. Now being the Good Samaritan that he is, Ditch leaned over a precipice and tried to assist Pole Dancer by hoisting his bike up for him. Unbeknownst to him, the bike was heavier than Ditch and nearly pulled our American friend into the drain! give Pole Dancer and his heavy 'steed' a note: *Here's to the bike man, he's true blue...*

The GM called in Slippery Nipples to plug his upcoming Bike Ride in Batam. Slippery Nipples, normally an outspoken man, had almost nothing to say except that 18 people had paid up and that was all that mattered. See you in Batam for what will no doubt be another great outing organized by the capable crew at Drak Bike Park. For those of you who haven't been there, Drak Bike Park offers some of the best riding available locally and their crew of motorcycle riders helps to keep everyone on the right path, so to speak. See you there on April 7th!

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

