

Ride 563 Report – 4 August 2019

Bastille Day Ride!

Hares: Old Worn Stump, Too Easy & FCB

Some of us woke up early and loaded our bikes into the boot for the cross-Causeway journey to the Malaysian start point. There are a few hardcore riders amongst us for whom a 30+km hash is mere child's play. Tinsel Tits, for one, left his house at 4am on his beloved 'steed' to reach the start point in time for our 9am start. My Precious Ass took a taxi to the checkpoint and pedalled 15+km to join us, and Flaming Anus (living up to his name) also made the long journey in his saddle. They joined the cohort of 20 others who had the foresight that this would be a special ride, one perhaps worthy of being Ride of the Year.

At 9am, we left the safety of the quiet side street near some hawker centres to venture into the unknown. Fortunately, we were briefed beforehand by FCB and had a good idea of what to expect. There were five 'fingers' that extended around a lake and if you wanted to shorten your ride you could do so by bypassing one or more fingers. Options for riders ranged from under 20km to nearly 35km. It all sounded good in theory.

The weather was ideal that day, free from rain and overcast skies, and the riding conditions were outstanding. We soon splintered into packs and I found myself riding with Penguin for the first half of the ride. The single-track terrain was endless and most of it was rideable, with not a stoplight or paved path to be seen all morning. The gradient was also perfect because it usually remained under 5% or 10%. Occasional pools of water challenged us because we didn't know if it would be an easy jaunt across or – as sometimes happened – the muddy water would come up to the middle of your legs and it was a coin toss whether you would make it across or end up swallowed by muddy bog. My bike looked like it had gone through Mordor by the time I reached Home.

15km into the ride, FCB and I rode a number of kilometres together through picture-perfect single-track until he got a flat tire. I carried on and was told to look for a short cut marked with pink plastic squares, which I followed as instructed. At some point the white paper signalled the trail and I dutifully followed it. I found myself doing the same loop more than once because I could recognize the same horizontally-protruding tree stump that was charred black on the end. I commenced phone messages with Rough Sex and Too Easy and was told to stay on paper, and I did so until I needed to get home as soon as possible to reach the Circle in good time. I had lost valuable time doing one 5km trail more than once. I was able to track my distance from the cars on Google Maps, and proceeded along the main connecting fire trail while viewing the distance growing shorter on the map display. I lost 20-30 minutes due to text messaging back and forth, and lost another 20+ minutes when I tried to get around a long fence that led into a large construction site which housed some large dismantled trucks. That fence separated me from getting onto the roads that were only a few kilometres from the On-On site of Amansari Residences Resort. The gate of the fence

was locked and there was a narrow clearing at its edge through which I could reach freedom. I cautiously stepped onto a piece of PVC alongside the gate, only to find that the PVC had been cracked and my foot became lodged in the narrow opening. This created a kind of one-way trap and my right foot was by that time thoroughly wedged into the tube. The more I tugged my foot to release it, the tighter the PVC seemed to grip my ankle. A few minutes went by like this and the dreaded mosquitos began to collect on my exposed skin. At this point I started to panic and my options were becoming fewer. Finally, I was able to reach through the PVC and release the latches on my shoe and dislodge my foot. My right foot finally saw daylight again and I fell back onto the grass, but in doing so my calf suffered a tremendous spasm (what we call a Charley Horse in the US). It was one of those muscle-gripping cramps that had me crying like Deviant's baby. It took about three or four days for that fierce muscle cramp to eventually subside. Some minutes later, I retrieved my shoe and mounted my trusted hardtail. I had managed to breach the fence and cross to the other side.

I rode through a barren, rocky landscape that had been laid to waste by mankind. It was a massive quarry that resembled a barren lunar surface. I rode towards the only building in sight, only to hear a voice call out, "Hello?" Two foreign workers emerged from the dark interior and I asked how to get to Amansari Residences Resort, but soon we realized that there was no communication when one said, "No English." We finally arrived at the word, "Outside," and I followed the direction of his hand in the hope that it would get me to the main road. Perhaps one kilometre later, I emerged at the paved road that was roughly 3km from the Resort. I cycled back hastily, knowing that Wet Beaver had been out in her car looking for me between the Lake and Amansari Residences Resort.

When I finally pulled into the courtyard of Amansari, I had put 45km on my bike – about 10km more than the 35km route the Hares had mapped out for us. My Precious Ass was standing there, holding his hands above his head triumphantly like a boxer after winning a bout. My muscles and mind relaxed as I sat down and tucked into some Chinese food paired with "Tiger on ice." The Hares had done a formidable job of re-working the terrain that they had used so effectively last year. Given the expansive area and the fact that there was so much signage from previous Hashes already there, some more frequent sprinklings of pink chips and laminated signage can plug the gaps in terms of trying to get all of the riders safely Home. The ones who were guided by Old Worn Stump were able to avoid any missed turns, but if you were on your own the risk of missing a trail marking became more of a possibility.

The Hares were feted in the Circle with a much-deserved Down Down: *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...*

Multiple Virgins were out in numbers that day. They included Craig, an Aussie based in Singapore who was brought by Steig. Also joining us was Azhar from Johor, who has been intermittently riding with SBH since 2005. Lastly, there was a smiling Maliwal. Her husband, Old Worn Stump, apparently had made her come... *Here's to the Virgins, 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...*

Next up were the CODs, or Crashes of the Day, to be more precise. Azhar managed to fall into Wet Beaver that morning, or at least into her bike, in a chaotic moment that seemed to surprise them both. Craig got a vine wrapped around his leg, and the vine won. It was a case of Man versus Nature, in which Nature trumps most mountain bikers. *Here's to the CODs, 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...*

FCB summoned My Precious Ass into the Circle. My Precious Ass is known to be an energetic, muscled man who rides his bikes mercilessly. He has gone through three or four bikes in the time that I've known him. On this occasion, he had borrowed Deviant's bike only to pull off his rear derailleur in an attempt to straighten it. Fortunately, FCB was able to come to his rescue and get the bike operational to return in one gear to the start point. *Here's to the derailleur fucker, 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...*

Wet Beaver next called in Tinsel Tits, Flaming Anus and My Precious Ass, all of whom did the border cross on their bikes rather than in the comfort of an air-conditioned car. Tinsel Tits even cycled home because he was either testing the limits of the human body or he is part Scottish and looking to save money on the taxi fare. *Here's to the Centuries, 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...*

FCB brought in Old Worn Stump to give him a note for a suggestion he gave when the Hares were discussing how to set their Ride. With his heavy French accent and in a serious tone of voice, he said, "It's got to have a Happy Ending." Mais oui, spoken like a true Hasher! *Here's to Happy Ending, 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...*

Wet Beaver brought in Rough Sex on a 'some sex' charge. With the Scribe still making his way back on trail and road, there was no certainty of sex that day for her. She was not disappointed in the end. And the Circle sang forth: *She's all right, she's all right, she's a little flat-chested but she's all right.*

Too Easy informed everyone to look out for the 31 August ride that will be roughly 35km and is a joint Hash led by SBH, the Ketam Kings and another group. So do put that event on your calendar...

Kudos to Deviant and My Precious Ass on the birth of their son, Ricardo. No doubt the lad will be on a mountain tricycle as soon as he is able to stand up.

On a final note, I will be relinquishing the role of Scribe after submitting Ride Report 568 due to time constraints. After having written 49 reports thus far, I am ready to pass my pen on to the next member. Any writer or wannabe should contact the Webmaster or myself,

otherwise there will be no forthcoming reports in 2020. They have been fun to write, but after four years of duty I am now moving on to pursue freelance assignments and other projects that I have put on hold for too long. All hail the next Scribe!

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

