

Ride 564 Report – 1 September 2019

Virgin Territory Surprise Ride!

Hares: Wan King & Puffy

The weather was clear and spirits were high as close to thirty riders gathered in the parking lot on Chu Lin Road, a place where some of us laid a trail less than two months beforehand. Questions raced to my mind: would Ride 562 be recycled by today's Hares? Where exactly is this mysterious virgin territory? And where were all these cyclists six weeks ago when we Hared our ride?

After a short ride brief by Wan King, and having identified at least one Virgin in our midst, we set off in search of single-track glory. We weren't disappointed, although it should be noted that the first half of today's ride was laid by NParks. After a ramble through Bukit Timah Nature Preserve, we made our way towards Chestnut Nature Park (North) and did a lap there before heading across the paved road into the Track 15 artery. By this point, we were well spread out and Wan King did a commendable job of standing on the road near the trailhead to direct bike traffic into and out of the Chestnut Nature Park (North) loop. By the time No Good and Rough Sex came to the loop, however, Wan King had bugged off and as they were unable to find the trail markings, our lycra-clad duo cycled home after doing the 5-6km loop.

I found myself cycling with a few riders, including Slippery Nipples and JC from Namibia (not his Hash name), through the Chestnut region. Along Track 15, however, I was on my own and searching for paper, which had been in scant evidence since the start of the Ride. I did see some white toilet paper hanging from a tree along the main corridor, so I carried on straight for many kilometres. There was no other paper after that, so I could only assume that this was to comply with NParks' protocol. It was only after returning Home that Wan King informed me that there was a route I missed that veered off towards a military area.

I continued straight along Track 15, with nary a Bike Hasher or strand of toilet paper in sight. From the amount of money spent on paper and chalk for this ride, you would figure the Hare to be a Scotsman. In this case, it was an Englishman making a strong case for austerity measures. I eventually emerged at Mandai Road (near Mandai Lake Road), only to get a shock seeing Wan King approach from another direction. We cycled together for a stretch, and it was only then that I saw the first chalk marking in what must have been seven or eight kilometres. I would have ordinarily just cycled back Home on Woodlands Road/Upper Bukit Timah Road to Hume Avenue, but Wan King led me to the Green Corridor that we used to get back to the promised land – The Jolly Roger. Where exactly the Virgin Territory is located, or the whereabouts of co-Hare Puffy, remained a mystery as neither was spotted by me that morning.

I joined up with Slippery Nipples and Spa Barbie on the long haul along the Green Corridor back to Bukit Batok. The Ride was right on target in terms of distance and time, as most everyone made it back Home by 12:30pm. More than a few got lost or side-tracked, as a bunch of FRBs rolled in after many of us had returned. It had been another great morning of cycling, and fortunately the dry weather meant that nearly all of us returned with dry bikes and barely a speck of mud on us. There were ample bits of single-track, such as through Bukit Timah and Chestnut loop, and plenty of off-road paths such as Track 15 and the Green Corridor. We had gotten our money's worth, you could say – especially those of us who cycled to or from the Jolly Roger.

At the Circle, chaos ensued as voices were clashing and ringing out. It sounded like a packed House of Commons having a shout-out as Boris Johnson and Jeremy Corbyn are at the mic. In this case, it was our Brexit-loving GM trying his best to call the Circle to order. As Wet Beaver and others cried out, "Here's to the Hare!" Wan King was telling them to be quiet, he wasn't finished with his tall tale yet. He managed to lay the blame on a Hare that wasn't present, saying that Puffy claimed that everyone knew the route already. With the GM boasting that it was a brilliant ride, he summoned a toast to himself: *Here's to the Hare, 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...*

Guests and Virgins were called forth, so in stepped Morton from Denmark, another Viking from Denmark named Sørin, and a Cheap Charlie with the hash name of Lazy F%cker. The latter is a friendly chap, but a stingy bastard for paying a la carte for Rides when he could be buying a buffet instead. *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...*

There were three near-casualties that morning, in which some Hashers were almost strangled from overhanging vines. Looking a bit like used inmates or someone up to deviant behaviour, Fatboy Slim, Goes Both Ways and Justin displayed the welts on their necks as they lifted their heads back to imbibe some Tiger beer.

My Precious Arse was summoned to step forward. "Who's your daddy?" quipped Wet Beaver. Apparently this new father told Deviant that out of sympathy for her lengthy pregnancy, he has offered to have the second kid. At this point, the GM rubbed the Kiwi's 'Buddha belly' to show that he is already a few months along. *Here's to Number Two, 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...*

Editor's Note: at this exact moment, a lone Hasher cycled into the parking lot, which shows that more than one of us got lost along the way...

The GM called on Knobby Boy Scout to show himself, which he dutifully did. Wan King gave him a playful rib for getting lost on the trail, whereas the others could somehow manage (except for the fellow who just rolled in, apparently). *Here's to Knobby, 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 next summoned by the GM on a charge of losing his way. For part of the Ride, the Hare was able to tell Coo Chi which way to turn, but when they got separated Wan King feared for the worst. He even asked some young local riders if they had seen our Pioneer Generation Hasher, but all of them answered in the negative. Fear not, Coo Chi forged his own trail home on these streets that he has plied for more than fifty years. *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...*

Knobby Boy Scout came forward with a charge from the floor. He spoke of an urban legend in the US that claims that half of Europe takes the entire month of August off, during which time they sit by the Seine, sipping a spritze in their Speedos. Some of them will complete this look by wearing tall black socks and sandals. And by God, it's true! I say this because when I asked the Europeans who took the month off to step forward, half of the cohort came down and presented themselves. No matter, we love them anyway (but please do not wear a Speedo, socks and sandals to Coo Chi Coo's Birthday Bash). As they made their way into the Circle, leave it to the GM to ask all of the Brits to step to one side. Wet Beaver, meanwhile, was feeling feisty and calling on them to show her their Speedos. *Here's to the Euros, 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...*

Editor's note: yet another lone cyclist arrived in the Circle at this point in time.

The GM called in JC from Namibia on a charge of getting lost on the Green Corridor. He tried to say that he was following Goes Both Ways or Slippery Nipples, but the GM didn't let him off the hook and he was forced to eat a little humble pie to go along with his Tiger. *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...*

Coo Chi Coo got his comeuppance by rushing into the Circle to give the GM a note for forgetting to announce the next ride. "I was just getting to that," the GM protested, but it was too late. *Drink it down, down, down, down, down...*

Coo Chi went on to hype Ride 565, which will take place on 29 September, commencing from Pepys Road Car Park. It will end with pomp and festivities at a special poolside barbeque at the Peak. Coo Chi Coo heavily promoted his campaign that permits all bikini-wearing women to enjoy free food and drink. What makes this a sexist activity, though, is the fact that men who come wearing a small Speedo or even a man-kini still need to pay full-price for their meals. What an outrage. Fortunately, Wet Beaver and I are CPR-certified in case Coo Chi Coo or any other man gets light-headed in the presence of so many bikini-adorned ladies. So throw caution to the wind and come out that morning in support of Coo Chi Coo's birthday or bikinis, take your pick!

Until the next ride, on on!

Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout

